

**TOM BROWN'S**  
**TALE OF A TUB**  
  
**and**  
  
**Selected Works of Brown**

**by**  
**Ronald K. Olson**

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# TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

## Introduction

A Tale of a Tub was written by Tom Brown, not by Jonathan Swift. The application of Swift's name to the work for over two hundred fifty years represents an erroneous conclusion made without substantiating facts. This work accumulates the essential evidence for Swift, finds it wanting in substance, circumscribes a boundary around its mythological parts, and advances a new and more probable candidate for consideration—Tom Brown.

A studied effort has been made to avoid detrimental and desultory speculation and to present the provable and known facts in such a manner that they directly relate to the basic premise, authorship of the Tale. The facts referred to are those that have been accumulating for the past half-century, beginning with E.N.S. Thompson's revelation of a connection between Swift and Brown and progressing on to Miriam Starkman who notes Brown's absence from the Tale. The evidence is there and heretofore has been uncollected and unrelated. This work is, in effect, a conclusion for these facts.

For the sake of clarity, the author of the Tale is nameless through the entire work; in other words, neither Brown nor Swift is referred to as author. The need for this makes itself apparent early in the first chapter that introduces evidence for Brown.

The relative anonymity of Brown amplified an already difficult task. To offset this, the reader is referred to Boyce's biography of Brown, and a selected variety of Brown's writing appended to the final chapter of this work.

Acceptance of the proposition advanced herein will have its effects. What they will be is not a matter that falls within the province of this study. However, a rather self-evident observation might be advanced. Most strongly affected will be those studies which have tied their conclusions to a personality rather than an idea. Happily enough, most of the excellent research on the Tale remains as valid as ever.

The seeming temerity of this writer in daring to advance such a monstrous idea finds its fuel in nothing greater or less than old-fashioned idealism. A humble desire to see a long-standing error corrected has impelled this writer to advance the idea upon which this book was conceived and created. Thus, it is with honest humility that this writer faces a literary world proud of its traditions of scholarship, understandably defensive of its past, and perhaps not a little hostile

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toward that which would disarrange, undermine and rebut one of its favorite myths.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, not is, nor e'er shall be.  
In ev'ry work regard the writer's End,  
Since none can compass more than they intend;  
And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

An Essay on Criticism

Alexander Pope

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## Chapter I

### Meet Tom Brown

Tom Brown is not presently a well-known literary figure. There are many reasons for this, foremost among them is the fact that those who do know him call to mind most readily his extreme vulgarity. It is also generally assumed by many of those who have heard of Brown that he never wrote anything of note. Most associate his name with the Quatrain:

“I do not love you Dr. Fell  
But why I cannot tell;  
But this I know full well,  
I do not love you, Dr. Fell.”<sup>1</sup>

By far the best biography of Brown available is Tom Brown of Facetious Memory by Benjamin Boyce.<sup>2</sup> Yet even in this excellent work, Brown is referred to as “small beer”.<sup>3</sup> I would rather disagree with this evaluation and incline to George Saintsbury’s suggestion that Brown is a “person of more importance in literary history than has usually been allowed him.”<sup>4</sup>

Brown has been described by Baugh, among others, as one who “vulgarized” the “manner”<sup>5</sup> of Butler, and the one who “recorded or invented” the stammering remark...“The Town may da-da-damn me for a poet, but they si-si-sing my Songs for all that.”<sup>6</sup> Baugh goes on to present the general picture of Brown as one “whose prose illustrates most of the types popular in the period.”<sup>7</sup> This prose incidentally has been shown by “four American scholars--Martha P. Conant, Dr. Edward B. Reed, Professor E.N.S. Thompson, and Dr. William A. Eddy” to have “connections” with the works of Addison, Stenne, Fielding, and especially Swift.” Boyce adds Lamb “to the list.”<sup>8</sup>

Perhaps Brown’s obscurity is best explained by this commentary, “With one or two exceptions, all the accounts of his life written by contemporaries came from his enemies, and, their aim being not biography but defamation, they did their work well.”<sup>9</sup> That Brown was indeed vilified after his death is further attested to by his first biographer and personal friend, Dr. James Drake, who says, “The unfair and injurious Liberties that have been taken with Mr. Brown, since his Death, render it necessary, by a just Character, to remove that Load of Dirt and Ribaldry, which have been thrown upon his Ashes; and to vindicate his Wit and Learning from the rude Insults of those that have

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neither.”<sup>10</sup> However, unknown though Brown may be to our time such is not the case for his own age. Dr. Drake perhaps exhibits a bit too much zeal but illustrates the point when he asserts that “To sum up all, if he cannot be called one of our best poets, he was undeniably one of our greatest Genius’s; and tho’ some may have excelled him in some Particulars, scarce any one has reach’d him in all. It was his Misfortune to appear upon the Stage on the World when Fears and Jealousies had sour’d the Peoples Blood, and Politicks and Polemicks had almost driven Mirth and good Humour out of the Nation; so that that careless gay Humour, and negligent chearful Wit, which in former Days of Tranquility would have made him the Delight of Princes, was in a quarrelsome contentious Time lost upon a parcel of thoughtless Men, whom either want of Interest of Ambition rendered incapable of serving themselves or others.”<sup>11</sup>

The great Swift himself praised Brown; speaking through Simon Wagstaff he says, “I have read Mr. Thomas Brown’s works entire, and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest genius of his age.”<sup>12</sup> This acclamation may be a bit satirical, but it serves to help illustrate the fact that in his own time Brown was widely known and read.

Still another illustration of Brown’s popularity is the assertion Dr. Drake “that most of the Anonymous things that took with the Town, were father’d upon him. This tho’ an Injury in Reality to him, is a plain Demonstration of the Universality of his Reputation.”<sup>13</sup> Whether Brown was the most well known wit or the second best known is, of course, an academic question, Suffice it to say here that there is more than enough evidence to establish the fact the Brown was in the front rank of his literary world.

Brown was born January 1, 1663 in the “picturesque old village of Shifnal in Shropshire.” He attended the “Free Grammar Schools of Newport” where “the fundamentals of Latin and Greek and of history were drilled into him for life.” At this school “he imitated Anacreon, Demosthenes, and . . . he could translate French, Spanish, and Italian” Later, “On June 4, 1678,” Brown entered Christ Church, Oxford, where he remained until he won “the degree of B.A. on March 20, 1684.” During his study at the university, Brown began to lay the groundwork for his later vocation, in short, he began to write. Exactly what he studied is not known, but there is good evidence that Brown “entered the university . . . as a servitor, and, according to John Dunton, was intended for holy orders.”<sup>14</sup> After completing his stay at school, Brown taught

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school at Kingston-on-Thames before migrating to London where he took up residence and entered upon his writing career.

In addition to the already cited quatrain composed for Dr. Fell, Brown, while still at Oxford, composed among other pieces, A Declamation of Adverbs, writ by Mr. T. Brown upon a pair of Bellows at Mother Warners in Oxford; the piece was in Latin. It has been described as being, "a nonsensical jumble of ancient history, perhaps of vinous eloquence, and certainly of boyish high spirits. . . ." <sup>15</sup>

Brown's first significant work, Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity, was composed in 1687; it affords us one of the most important pieces of evidence for substantiating his authorship of the Tale. Although Mr. Alsop was composed in 1687 it "appeared first in The Second Volume of Miscellaneous Works, Written by George, Late Duke of Buckingham, 1705." <sup>16</sup> The astonishing similarity between the allegory of the Tale and Mr. Alsop is developed in another section of this work.

Brown made himself known and "established his reputation: as a satirist of some merit with The Reason of Mr. Bays Changing his Religion; this piece appeared in 1688. "The two succeeding parts, published in 1690, definitely established his reputation; even at court." <sup>17</sup> These works are, with two notable exceptions, considered to represent Brown's best efforts. Boyce tells us that "nothing was better known." <sup>18</sup> Mr. Bays is a satiric attack upon the great poet John Dryden; this aspect of the work is in itself significant and will be amplified in a later section.

Still developing his talents, we see Brown writing among other things a thirty-page pamphlet entitled Wit for Money; or Poet Stutter in 1691; and in the same year a better piece, Novus Reformer Vapulans, or the Welch Levite Tossed in a Blanket. The first-named work is significant only in so far as it is an indication of Brown's many and varied developmental pieces. It is a rather extended effort running to some thirty pages. The second-named work is of more import because of its content. "Speaking with abhorrence for the tattered fringed of Latitute which disgraced the divinity of the Established Church, Brown analyzes the causes and tendencies of that corruption in a way to make the High Church attitude unusually perspicuous. And though he attacks the forces of 'decay' with unmitigated wrath, he succeeds also in speaking reasonably and lucidly, so that he carries the reader, both heart and mind, with him." <sup>19</sup> Here we see Brown's true religious sentiments peeping through, he was an Anglican first and last. Also in this work we see his inclination to attack satirically the evils of religion.

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A continuation of literary activities is noted in his participation in the writing of The Lacedemonean Mercury, which “began on February 1, 1692, and appeared twice a week until its last issue on May 30.” This was avowed “imitative competitor of Dunton’s journal.” Because of this and other activities, “Brown soon became feared, suspected, hated” and “A free spoken author with more art than grace, who would aim his shafts at whomever he chose.”<sup>20</sup>

Brown’s life was most certainly not characterized by tedium. In addition to suggestions of near physical violence in his adventures with The Anthenian Mercury, Brown frequently found himself in straits with creditors, a condition which continued to beset him throughout his life. Loans from his publishers extorted by his promise to write must have often saved him from jail.

In addition to his financial ineptness Brown’s lack of diplomacy brought another kind of difficulty down upon his shoulders. His piece, The Salamonea Wedding, a published letter about Titus Oats’ marriage but really a reminder of his foul deeds, did not sit well with William who had pensioned Oats. Although nothing came of it Brown was hailed before a justices “for libel.”<sup>21</sup> The case was later dropped apparently with no reason. However, Brown played a repeat performance in Old Bailey as a result of his Satire upon the French King, on the Peace of Reswick, Written by a Non-Swearing-Parson, and Drop’d out of his Pocket at Sam’s Coffee House. After being indicted, Brown again escaped punishment, for the trial was never held and the case seems simply to have faded away.

In addition to his brushes with the law, Brown was busily turning out a lion’s share of the many and varied translations that were demanded by the reading public of the day. Boyce very ably treats that subject of Brown’s work as a translator. It will be sufficient for the purpose of this study to note in passing that Brown translated from Latin, Greek Italian, and French. He translated everything from textbooks to such works as, Marriage Ceremonies; or the Ceremonies in all Parts of the World by Signior Gaya Translated from the Italian . . . By Mr. Tho Brown. As to quality, Boyce points to the perhaps rather grudging remark made by John Dunton to the effect that Brown could translate “either Latin or the French Incomparably well.”<sup>22</sup> With respect to notoriety Boyce notes, “He was, after L’Estrange, Dryden, and perhaps Motteux, the best-known professional translator of the day. John Phillips, Cotton, and others may have won fame for some single work,



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but none of these men rivaled him in frequency of appearance on title page, in variety of work undertaken, or in adaptability of style."<sup>23</sup>

A significant fact of Brown's literary talent, or lack of it, is noted by Boyce who, when speaking of "Letters for Popular Entertainment," point out that, "Either by nature or because of his notorious habits of dissipation Brown lacked the ability to compose and execute a continuous, extended original work. His longest productions were either episodic in construction or, as in the case of the second pamphlet satirizing Dryden, notably wanting a sense of outline."<sup>24</sup> Because of this inclination to short works, Brown seemed naturally drawn to the composition of epistles, suited to the popular taste. Throughout his Letters we see constant illustrations of his "Satiric side glances, especially at lawyers, quacks, priests, and physicians," this is coupled with a propensity to cast "slurs upon Dr. Bently, Dr. Sherlock, Burgess and Blackmore."<sup>25</sup> A final characteristic of Brown's Letters must be recognized here because it too is relevant to the basic contention of this work. This characteristic is the inclination toward "coarseness (in) Brown's letters."<sup>26</sup> This flavor is not only ingrained in his Letters but into almost everything written by him.

That Brown was embroiled in the ancient-modern controversy is certain. Indeed, he was involved to the extent that his activities provoked the accusation that he was "Secretary to the Confederates at Will's Coffee-house." Sir Richard Blackmore, the recipient of much of Brown's caustic attention, speaking of the wits in A Satyr against Wits, said, "Their Captain Tom does at their Head appear."<sup>27</sup> Other examples are available to establish beyond question that Brown was sufficiently involved in this "Bounce of the Paper Pellets"<sup>28</sup> to know the issues and participants quite well enough to satirize both.

Out of this literary storm that ushered in the new century comes still another meaningful series of circumstances in Brown's life. Much of Brown's work, prior to 1700, had been published by Abel Roper; however, in January, 1700, Roper's Post Boy painted this description: "that common Reproacher of Mankind, Tom Brown; a sharking Mercenary, Infamous Poet."<sup>29</sup> Brown, braced by liquid courage, again sought after adventure; he called on Roper, a scuffle ensued in which Brown came out second best. This event, coupled with subsequent unkind acts by Roper, rendered the relationship between Brown and Roper untenable. "At that point," says Boyce, "the ten-year association of poet and publisher came to an end."<sup>30</sup>

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After this schism we see John Nutt emerging as a frequent publisher of Brown. In 1700 came A Collection of Miscellany Poems, Letters, & c. To which is added, A Character of a Latitudinarian. The first edition of this work in 1699 was published by Abel Roper, the second in 1700 was done by John Nutt, thus the shift is illustrated. Also, in 1700, came the rather well-known Amusements Serious and Comical, Calculated for the Meridian of London, and Familiar and Courtly Letters. True, Nutt had no monopoly on Brown and others published his works, but it would be fair to say that Nutt and Sam Briscoe, together and separately, published most of Brown after 1700. The Nutt-Brown relationship continued right up to Brown's death for we see Nutt's name affixed to various works in 1702, 1703, and 1704. Happily enough for the assertion that Brown wrote the Tale is the fact that Benjamin Tooke, publisher of the celebrated Fifth edition of the Tale, also published Brown before and after Brown's death.<sup>31</sup>

Of the personal life of Brown we know little, and consequently must rely on conjecture in filling out the picture of his life; however, this is a task in itself and is best left to others. We are reasonably certain that Brown, in general, lived a debauched, dissolute life. However coarse he might have been, he was certainly not lazy; he produced too large a volume of work to suffer such a label. That he was guilty of plagiarism is readily admitted; that he was also original is not to be denied. He may not, in fact, have been the "greatest genius of the age," but he was a leading literary figure--a place he earned. Brown's having mastered Italian, Spanish, French, Greek, and Latin in itself is forceful and positive evidence of his intellectual capacity; how he utilized that capacity is still another story. In the literary give-and-take of Grub Street, Tom most certainly sharpened to a fine edge his already sharp wit. Many of his writings in the decade prior to his death nicely fit this description. "It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness of images, and vivacity of diction. . . ."<sup>32</sup>

Even in the date of Brown's death there is possible significance. He died in Aldersgate Street on 16 June 1704, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, near his friend, Mrs. Aphra Behn."<sup>33</sup> A Tale of a Tub was published almost simultaneously with his death. Some have placed the publication of the Tale as early as "April or May of the year 1704."<sup>34</sup> Guthkelch has it "in the spring of 1704."<sup>35</sup> Accepting Brown as the author of the Tale gives rise to much varied speculation on these coincidental occurrences. Admittedly this is a small

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matter; however here, as in all things, it is from an accumulation of small things that larger things are wrought.

In summary, we see Brown as translator, notorious wit, master of obscenity, Letter and pamphlet writer, a man hated, feared by many, yet stoutly defended by others. Brown was a figure of sufficient enormity to force his enemies to endure until his demise before they could destroy his reputation. Boyce entitled the final chapter of his excellent biography, "After Death, Damnation."<sup>36</sup> It was quite natural that those he had subjected to the sting of his satire should retaliate in kind, and so they did. They were effective to the degree that not until modern times has there been a call to note the "Learning and literacy judgment that revealed themselves in his criticisms of contemporary and ancient authors." Boyce goes on to comment, "modern eyes have likewise been unable to see the seriousness of his ideas about church and state because they lay beneath the usual coarseness and buffoonery of seventeenth-century journalism"<sup>37</sup>

Continuing our summary of Brown, we see him as a satirist of proven ability (Mr. Bays, and Mr. Alsop), a destroyer and attacker of others (Partridge-developed later, Dryden, and Bentley). One of the most obvious characteristics of Brown was his omnipotent hatred of "dissenters" and "papists." In the expression of this hatred Brown exhibited an admiration of Rabelais and Lucian. In Brown, we see one whose style, whose mind, whose very life all seemed to render him incapable of engaging in any lengthy creative work. He worked best as a pamphleteer and epistle writer.

Brown seems to have hurried through life seldom slowing his pace long enough to consider himself or his work seriously. The full measure of his genius will perhaps never be known, but it is certain that it extended further and deeper than heretofore supposed. Tom Brown, by education and experience, was able to create such a work as the Tale; that he did, will be unequivocally confirmed by what follows.

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### Footnotes – Chapter I

<sup>1</sup>Tom Brown, The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown, 8<sup>th</sup> ed. (London: Henry Lintot, and Charles Hitch, 1744) IV, 100.

<sup>2</sup>Benjamin Boyce, Tom Brown of Facetious Memory (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1939).

<sup>3</sup>Ibid., p. vii.

<sup>4</sup>Boyce., p. vii.

<sup>5</sup>Literary History of England, ed. Albert C. Baugh (New York, 1948), p. 738.

<sup>6</sup>Ibid., p. 746.

<sup>7</sup>Ibid., p. 818.

<sup>8</sup>Boyce., p. vii.

<sup>9</sup>Ibid.

<sup>10</sup>Thomas Brown, The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown, three volumes (London, 1707-1708) Drake's Introduction prefixed to V. I. Unless otherwise noted, citations from Brown will be from this edition and will be referred to as Brown's Works.

<sup>11</sup>Brown's Works, V. I., Drake's Introduction.

<sup>12</sup>Jonathan Swift, The Works of Jonathan Swift, ed. Sir Walter Scott, (London, 1883), IX, p. 366.

<sup>13</sup>Brown's Works, V. I., Drake's Introduction.

<sup>14</sup>Boyce., pp. 3-18.

<sup>15</sup>Ibid., p. 13.

<sup>16</sup>Ibid., p. 16.

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<sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 19.

<sup>18</sup>Ibid.

<sup>19</sup>Ibid., p. 34.

<sup>20</sup>Ibid., pp. 39 - 44.

<sup>21</sup>Ibid., p. 48.

<sup>22</sup>Ibid., p. 72.

<sup>23</sup>Ibid., p. 73.

<sup>24</sup>Ibid., p. 96.

<sup>25</sup>Ibid., p. 101.

<sup>26</sup>Ibid., p. 102, the parentheses are my own.

<sup>27</sup>Ibid., p. 119.

<sup>28</sup>Ibid., pp. 109 – 133, this is the title of Boyce's Chapter VI.

<sup>29</sup>Ibid., p. 122.

<sup>30</sup>Ibid., p. 123.

<sup>31</sup>Publication data is from Boyce's Bibliography of "Publications Containing Works by Brown", Boyce, p. 189.

<sup>32</sup>Jonathan Swift, A Tale of a Tub, ed. A.C. Guthkelch and D. Nichol Smith (Oxford, 1958), p. xix. Hereafter cited as Guthkelch.

<sup>33</sup>The Dictionary of National Biography, ed. Sir Leslie Stephen and Sir Sidney Lee (London, 1886), VII, p. 30.

<sup>34</sup>Jonathan Swift, D.D., ed. Temple Scott, (London, 1987), I, p. XCV.

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<sup>35</sup>Guthkelch, p. xi.

<sup>36</sup>Boyce, p. 178.

<sup>37</sup>Ibid., p. viii..

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## Chapter II

### Jonathan Swift

Although Jonathan Swift is a well-known literary figure and the many facets of his interesting life have been thoroughly discussed to the extent that we now find ourselves discussing the discussions, it is necessary here to restate some of the known biographical facts as they relate to this study.

Jonathan Swift, 1667-1745, was, at the time the Tale is generally believed to have been written, 1696-97, thirty years old, and amanuensis to Sir William Temple at Temple's home, Moor Park. Before living at Moor Park, Swift had attended Kilkenny School and Trinity College. He obtained his B.A. degree from Trinity in 1686, and after graduation stayed on until 1689 studying for the M.A. degree. This study was interrupted before completion of the work; however, Swift later received his M.A. degree from Oxford in 1692. In 1694 Swift, was, "Ordained a deacon in the established church."<sup>1</sup> A few months later Swift was "Ordained a priest" and established in a parish in Ireland.<sup>2</sup> A year and a few months later in 1696, he returned to England and took up residence with Sir William Temple at Moor Park where he remained until Temple's death in 1699. While Swift lived at Moor Park he read extensively and supposedly wrote the Tale.

That Swift had the ability to write the Tale would seem to be well established by the diverse and extensive reading list reprinted by Guthkelch.<sup>3</sup> This list purports to be an enumeration once seen in Swift's own handwriting of the books he read during the years 1697 and 1698. Presumably these volumes were available to him through Sir William Temple's library. There is no reasonable way to dispute this listing; indeed, there is not real need to call it into question in this study. The reasons are obvious: first, the list in no way relates to the writing of the Tale because the Tale is supposed to have been written two years prior to the time encompassed by this list. Viewed in its general import, rather the contrary is implied--that the learning succeeded, rather than preceded, the application of it. Secondly, granting that Swift had read all the works listed and had read them prior to his alleged composition of the Tale, no writing ability automatically accompanies reading, however extensive. The significance of the list is in the inferences drawn from it by those seeking to establish Swift firmly in the position of author of the Tale. Guthkelch says of the list, "But the list has a much wider interest.

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It admits us, as it were, to a secret view of Swift's habits of mind when he was gaining his full powers. . . . The list gives only a fraction of the reading that went to the making of the Tale."<sup>4</sup> This writer contends that Guthkelch makes a more relevant and important statement further on in his text when he notes, "The ingredients of a dozen Tales lie ready to hand for any writer who has the wit to make another."<sup>5</sup> Thus we see that the authorship of the Tale should not be substantiated by lists of what any person read, but rather on evidence of their proven abilities to assimilate this readily available material--then present it. The ensuing discussion is directed at pointing out the fact that Swift did not demonstrate these indispensable abilities either prior to, or within any reasonable time subsequent to, the composition or publication of the Tale.

During his residency under Temple, Swift's early writings include such works as Ode to the Hon. Sir William Temple, Ode to the Athenian Society, Ode to Doctor William Sanscroft and To Mr. Congrave. Of these early attempts at writing Quintana says, "They can be called poetry only by courtesy."<sup>6</sup> Quintana goes on to say that the only value of them is that they give "use our first glimpse into Swift's mind."<sup>7</sup>

How Swift developed from the writer of the above poetry into the author of the Tale, which "is the philosophy of hate, of urbanity, of civilization, expounded with breath-taking originality by a conjured spirit refined to easy insolence by the bland air of Moor Park,"<sup>8</sup> in four years takes some explaining indeed. Quintana, in trying to explain this metamorphosis, says, "It was at Moor Park and in the presence of Temple that Swift's genius took shape,"<sup>9</sup> All this and other such explanations are, of course, attempts to explain the genius that is exhibited in the Tale. If Swift is to be credited with the Tale, then some such explanation is imperative. Did Swift suggest the Tale in any of his works written before the Tale? By this it is meant did he suggest a gift for great satire, did he suggest the beliefs that are fundamental in the Tale in any piece he is known to have written before 1697 or before 1704? The answer given heretofore is fraught with uncertainty, equivocation and evasion. Quintana recognized the difficulty, and attempts to explain, "It is not a problem of development but of discontinuity: a new element appears; there is a shift in level."<sup>10</sup> Nothing further is advanced of a concrete nature except that Swift shifted his medium from verse to prose and Quintana would have us believe the magic fairy touched Swift and Whisk! "Implementation took the place of formal statement; insolent



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assurance supplanted the grace airs; irony, sober-countenanced, indulged at will in preposterous sport."<sup>11</sup> The gist of this and other attempts to attribute Swift's comet-like ascendancy to great proficiency is his great reading and study at Moor Park, and the influence of his environment. This is interfused with an intangible and elusively unnamed quality and the product is Swift's Tale.

These explanations are all typified by the embarrassment for their goals, for they attempt too much. To accomplish their aim they must go too far, and the result is a persistent aura of trying too hard. There are always the excuses of lack of sufficient knowledge, but this also fails because these unhappy facts remain: Swift was a literary nonentity as demonstrated by his own writing, then in an amazingly short time, without any extended practice in his new medium, he became a genius. This returns us to the earlier query—did anything portend this work by Swift? The answer is No. The next question that must be posed is perhaps even more embarrassing. Did Swift follow the Tale with anything resembling it in thought, structure or ability? He could have, if he wrote the Tale, for according to present theory he had seven years between its composition and its publication. What did he write during that period? The pamphlet, Contests and Dissentions in Athens and Rome, published in 1701,<sup>12</sup> is certainly not a noteworthy achievement for the author of the Tale. It is a dull lifeless piece seldom noted. Looking at this "Discourse" one immediately notices the differences between it and the Tale in that the "Discourse" is not in any way satiric; instead, it is a serious work about the doctrine of balance of power. In its scope the work is an application of the principle of balance of power to the ancient Greek and Roman civilizations. As contrasted to the Tale, which is beset with a notoriously disorganized presentation, the "Discourse" is a model of organization and exhibits a conscious and strongly disciplined logic throughout. The prose is in no way to be likened to the prose of the Tale. The sentences of the "Discourse" are extremely long and involved and often void of substance, For example:

"In the time of the second Punic war, the balance of power in Carthage was got on the side of the people, and this to a degree, that some authors reckon the government to have been then among them a dominatio plebis, or Tyranny Of the Commons; which it seems they were at all times apt to fall into, and was at last among the causes that ruined their state: and the frequent murders of their generals, which Diodorus tells us was grown to

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an established custom among them, may be another instance, that tyranny is not confined to numbers..”<sup>13</sup>

Generally then, it is noted that in this “Discourse”, published three years before the Tale, Swift’s sentences are much longer, the approach is completely different from the Tale and there is nothing in the “Discourse” to substantiate the claim made for Swift’s authorship of the Tale.

Did Swift produce anything after 1704 that might substantiate his claim to authorship of the Tale? Certainly not immediately after 1704, for the listings of his Works do not reveal the existence of any piece that, in structure, tone or content, is reminiscent of the Tale. As the years went by Swift began producing a few, short pamphlets at first, then more and longer ones; all of which show an orderly and logical progression toward the masterful Gulliver’s Travels which appeared some twenty years after the Tale. A few specific examples should clarify the concept being advanced here.

The Thoughts on Various Subjects by Swift is supposed to have been written in 1706,<sup>14</sup> two years after the publication of the Tale. Do these suggest the genius that composed the Tale? On the contrary, they are very much like Brown’s Book of Common Places.<sup>15</sup> In the first instance they are brief, amounting to only a few hundred words. Their tone is one of observations of commentaries on life and the times. They lack the sharpness of the Tale and the subjects are quite diverse, seldom is religion ever mentioned. When it is mentioned, it is, at most, mildly chided. They can hardly be believed to be of the same hand that produced and published (or let be published) the Tale.

A well-known series of papers by Swift are the humorous Bickerstaff papers.<sup>16</sup> Here we see Swift, not as the original genius he has been heralded to be, but rather as one who does not invent, who gets his ideas from another. In order to help establish and emphasize the point that Swift did not immediately, subsequent to his purported production of the Tale, produce anything that can be considered on a level with that great satire, more detailed examination of this affair is necessary.

The attendant implication is, of course, fundamental to this work. If Swift did indeed somehow mysteriously rise to genius by adoption of a prose approach and write the Tale, this writer seeks to see some further example of that genius. At this writing none is forthcoming; hence, this void would suggest a legitimate implication that Swift did not write the Tale, unless the Bickerstaff Papers illustrate his originality and purported genius.

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Ironically, Tom Brown helps his own case here, because it was he who preceded Swift in the Bickerstaff affair. It can be conclusively proven that Brown attacked John Partridge twenty-three years before Swift joined him. Swift did indeed throw what may be called the telling blow but, as Elbert Thompson say, after Brown had done the groundwork, "Swift had simply to carry on the joke"<sup>17</sup> William Eddy says that accounts of this affair are "inaccurate and incomplete" and

"Investigation shows Brown was the earlier as well as the most persistent of Partridge's tormentors, and that his mock predictions, published in 1700, anticipated almost every point in Bickerstaff's later attack, except Swift's inimitable gravity and pseudo-seriousness."<sup>18</sup>

Not only does Brown precede Swift, the "persistence of Brown's attack is noted by John Nichols, who says, "that he saw eighteen numbers among the Harleian MSS at the British Museum, all dated 1700,"<sup>19</sup> That Swift was familiar with Brown's writing on this matter is a certainty. Brown's Works were published in 1705, a year after his death, and again in 1707, a year before Swift's "Predictions." Not only was Swift almost certainly aware of Brown's work, but certain unmistakable similarities have been noted between the writing of the two men. The excellence of Swift's continuation is not denied, only his originality in the affair is disputed. But of greatest import is the absence in the "papers" of any theme, structure, tone, or any hint of similarity between the Swift who produced them and the Swift who is said to have written the Tale.

This summary does not pretend to examine all the works of Swift published or written during the years immediately surrounding the Tale. Only various ones were selected in an attempt to make a point--Swift before or after the Tale never demonstrated adequate evidence of his reputed early great ability. His only claim to great skill comes from his being named author of the Tale. If this claim of authorship for Swift is to be seriously drawn into question, so must his ability to write such a work. Such works as Meditations Upon A Broom Stick cannot be considered relevant because they were written too long after the Tale (1710).<sup>20</sup> Swift's ability as a writer is not questioned, rather the contention that he demonstrated this skill as early as 1697. In Gulliver's Travels (1726), Swift established forever his greatness, but this work was the product of many years of practicing his art; hence, it can be said that he ended by writing such a great work as Gulliver's Travels, but to contend that he began his writing career by writing another great work is

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illogical and contradicts the growth pattern that he exhibits through the course of his later productive years.

### Footnotes – Chapter II

<sup>1</sup>Ricardon Quintana, The Mind and Art of Jonathan Swift (Oxford, 1953), p. 2.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid.

<sup>3</sup>Guthkelch, pp. 1vi – 1vii.

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., pp. 1vii – 1viii.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid., p. 1ix.

<sup>6</sup>Quintana, p. 7.

<sup>7</sup>Ibid.

<sup>8</sup>Ibid., p. 13.

<sup>9</sup>Ibid.

<sup>10</sup>Ibid., p. 46.

<sup>11</sup>Ibid., p. 47.

<sup>12</sup>Temple Scott, I, p. 230.

<sup>13</sup>Ibid.

<sup>14</sup>Ibid., p. 271.

<sup>15</sup>Brown's Works V. III, part 2, page 128. Since each volume of the Works is divided in two or three parts and the pagination of each part is an entity, reference will always be made to the part wherein the reference is located.

<sup>16</sup>Temple Scott, I, p. 311.

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<sup>17</sup> Elbert N.S. Thompson. "Tom Brown and the Satirists," Modern Language Notes, XXXII (1917), p. 92.

<sup>18</sup> William A. Eddy, "Tom Brown and Partridge the Astrologer," Modern Philology, XXVII (November, 1930), p. 163.

<sup>10</sup> Ibid., p. 164.

<sup>20</sup> Temple Scott, I, p. 331.

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## Chapter III

### The Apology

The Apology that is prefixed to the fifth edition of the Tale has frustrated those seeking to clench the claim made for Swift's authorship until, quite distraught, they find themselves in the untenable position of accepting some statements as sober truth and rejecting others as being satirical. This rejection or acceptance is dependent upon the point to be made and does not consistently fit into any pattern for the Apology. In the interests of exhausting all the evidence for Swift's authorship, the statements that are used to establish this authorship must be fully examined. In the interests of clarity it must be noted at this juncture that Swift's authorship of the Apology and Postscript to the Apology is not in any way questioned; that he wrote them both is certain.

The strongest piece of evidence is the statement at the end of the Apology wherein the "Author asserts that the whole Work is entirely of one hand."<sup>1</sup> This is taken to be a proof of authorship because it is assumed that Swift is speaking for himself as author of the Tale. The comment is too often cited out of context and its true meaning thereby obscured. Let us therefore examine the Postscript as a whole.

"Since the writing of this, which was about a year ago,<sup>2</sup> a prostitute bookseller,<sup>3</sup> has published a foolish paper, under the name of Notes on the Tale of a Tub,<sup>4</sup> with some account of author:<sup>5</sup> and, with an insolence which, I suppose, is punishable by law, has presumed to assign certain names.<sup>6</sup>

The next sentences of the Postscript fall reasonably into place, and are extremely meaningful when read in the light of the following comments by William Wotton in his Observation on the Tale. At the risk of appearing to be excessively burdensome Wotton's entire paragraph is reprinted for it is vital to a complete understanding of Swift's comments in the Postscript.

"For admitting that this Writer intended to make himself and his Readers Sport, by exercising his Wit and Mirth upon a Couple of Pedants, as he esteems Dr. Bentley and myself; yet sine the Tale may thus be explain'd, and since to your knowledge and mine, Sir, it has been thus interpreted by Unconcerned Readers, the Mischief which it does is equally great to Mankind. Besides,

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even that Excuse will not serve in the Fragment, which is leveled at no particular Man that I can find whatsoever. Dr. King, late of Christ-Church, was so sensible of this, that when by reason of the Personalities (as the French call them) in the Book, it was laid at his Door, he took care immediately to print such Remarks upon it, as effectually cleared him from the Imputation of having writ it: He therein did like a Christian; and he that is one, would be very uneasie under the Character of being none. And that is what Mr. Swift is yet under greatest Obligations to do because of his Profession. The World besides will think it odd, that a Man should in a Dedication play upon that Great Man, to whom he is more obliged than to any other Man now living; for it was at Sir William Temple's Request, that my Lord Sommers, than Lord-Keeper of the Great-Seal of England, gave Mr. Swift a very good Benefice in one of the most Delicious Parts of one of the Pleasantest Counties of England. It is publicly reported that he wrote this Book: It is a Story, which you know, Sir, I neither made, nor spread; for it has been long as public as it can well be. The Injury done to Religion, that any of its Ministers should lie under the Imputation of writing such a Burlesque upon it, will be irreparable, if the Person so charged does not do it and himself Justice. I say Himself, for in my own Conscience I acquit him from composing it. The Author, I believe, is dead, and it is probable that it was write in the Year 1697, when it is said to have been written.<sup>7</sup>

Continuing now with the Postscript, we see Swift complying with Wotton's suggestions.

“It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper<sup>8</sup> is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair.<sup>9</sup> The author farther asserts, that the whole work is entirely of one hand, which every reader of judgment will easily discover. The gentleman who gave the copy to the bookseller, being a friend of the author,<sup>10</sup> and using no other liberties besides that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasms appear under the name of desiderata.<sup>11</sup> But, if any



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person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth, and tell his name and titles; upon which, the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next editions, and the claimant shall from henceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author.<sup>12</sup>

To return to the Apology, the identification of the author of this piece, written at least fifteen years after the Tale, with the author of the Tale itself has given rise to untold amounts of speculation. This association would seem at first glance to be natural and logical; a closer look reveals that it is neither. Because one writes a preface, introduction, explanation, apology, or whatever and such piece being prefixed to the work itself does not in any way in itself imply authorship of the work to which it is attached. The Apology for the Tale is no exception.

The greater part of the Apology "is devoted to a careful explication of the Author's satiric purpose."<sup>13</sup> There is wonder expressed, "Why should any clergyman of our Church be angry to see the Follies of Fanaticism and Superstition exposed. . ."<sup>14</sup> There is an exceptionally lucid statement of the purpose of the Tale, "there is not a Person in England who can understand that Book that ever imagined it to have been anything else, but to expose the abuses and Corruptions in Learning and Religion."<sup>15</sup> Nothing in the Apology would indicate any justification for identifying the author of it with the author of the Tale except for the shifting point of view.

There are numerous usages that apparently are in conflict throughout the Apology. An example that implies that one person wrote both the Tale and Apology is: "The Author cannot conclude this Apology. . ."<sup>16</sup> Here and in other instances it appears that the author of the Tale is speaking. Two possibilities exist to explain these references. The first is rather untenable, the use of the word author by Swift in this manner was in reference to the author of the Apology. This is obviated by the other more numerous references to the author throughout the Apology that are clearly used in reference to another person. Such usages, as "In the author's original copy. . .,"<sup>17</sup> "How the author came to be without his papers," and "He had. . ."<sup>18</sup> This point of view is maintained through most of the Apology, hence it is clear that reference is to another as the author of the Tale. Accepting this, it follows then that Swift intended no identification and sought to avoid it by attempting to induce the reader to believe that the Apology was written by one other than the author of the Tale and, as is seen in many of the references, trying, rather clumsily, to create the impression that the Tale's author

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still lived. Note the present tense, "But he desires. . . ," and "He acknowledges. . ." <sup>19</sup> Now notice the shift to the past tense, "In the author's original copy there were not so many chasms as appear in the book; and why some of them were left, he knows not; had the publication been trusted to him, he would have made several corrections of passages, against which nothing hath been ever objected."<sup>20</sup> The general tone suggests an author who is dead. Incidentally, this passage is further support for the contentions that Swift edited the Tale and is here saying Brown would have had he been able. As we have seen, Brown was not able because he was either dying or dead when the Tale was being published. Along these lines an earlier comment in the Apology is noteworthy, "but he has been told the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy."<sup>21</sup> Again this nicely fits the proposition that Brown wrote the Tale and Swift acted for him, and perhaps carried to him the news of the bookseller's pain, it is certainly the kind of medicinal news that would have warmed the heart of the dying Brown.

The shifting points of view and tenses are inconclusive and confusing. It does seem clear that Swift was trying to protect the anonymity of the true author. His studied attempts to write of that author as though he were alive and had been consulted about the Apology very probably present a situation wherein he "doth protest too much."

The same holds true for yet another section of the Apology wherein Swift strongly, too strongly perhaps, protested a debt of the Tale to one of Brown's works. The debt was pointed out by Wotton in his Observations. "Before I leave the Author, be he who he will, I shall observe Sir, that his Wit is not his own, in many places. The Actors in his Farce, Peter, Martin and Jack, are by Name borrowed from a Letter written by the late Witty D. of Buckingham, concerning Mr. Clifford's Human Reason: And Peter's Banter upon Transubstantiation, is taken from the same D. of Buckingham's Conference with an Irish Priest only here Bread is changed into Mutton and Wine, that the Banter might be the more crude; there a Cork is turned into a Horse. But the wonderings on the one side, and the Asseverations on the other, are otherwise exactly alike."<sup>22</sup> Swift, rather too loudly denies the very obvious similarity, and replies facetiously, "Whatever Wit is contained in those three Names, the Author is content to give up, and desires his Readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly that he never once heard of that Letter, except in this Passage of the Answerer."<sup>23</sup> In response to the second debt concerning

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transubstantiation the Apology again protests, "This the Author confesses to have seen, about ten years after his Book was writ, and a Year or two after it was published. Nay, the Answerer overthrows this himself, for he allows the Tale was writ in 1697; and I think that Pamphlet was not printed in many years after."<sup>24</sup> "It was necessary, that Corruption should have some Allegory as well as the rest; and the Author invented the properest he could, without enquiring what other People had writ, and the commonest Reader will find, there is not the least Resemblance between the two Stories."<sup>25</sup>

On this supposed refutation by Swift, certain observations need to be made. First, Wotton was absolutely correct in noting the parallels between the Miscellaneous Works, Written by His Grace, George, Late Duke of Buckingham, edited by Tom Brown and A Tale of a Tub. Heretofore there has been no explanation offered for this parallel, it has been ignored, probably because the Works of Buckingham was not published until 1705, perhaps as early as 1704,<sup>26</sup> and no explanation is possible as long as Swift is assumed to be the author of the Tale. The Works of Buckingham is a collection of works; and since Brown edited the work he very obviously knew of the names and the "Transubstantiation" episode, perhaps years before the Tale was published. That Brown used the names even sooner will be seen in the discussion of Mr. Alsop. Again Brown, as author of the Tale, clears the air and explains a good deal of what has to date been ignored for lack of understanding. That Swift was not familiar with the Works of Buckingham is obvious; he "overthrows" himself. In the first rebuttal concerning the names he says "that he never once heard of that Letter, except in this Passage of the Answerer."<sup>27</sup> In the second rebuttal concerning "Transubstantiation" he apparently doesn't realize he is speaking of the same work (Works of Buckingham) for he says, "This the Author confesses to have seen, about ten years after his Book was writ, and a Year or two after it was published."<sup>28</sup>

Actually it could be contended with some degree of reputability that Swift was intentionally giving away, to a world that refused to see it, the identity of the Tale's author. He denies the debt of the Tale to a work by Brown then, over-acting again, he says, "The commonest Reader will find, there is not the least resemblance between the two Stories."<sup>29</sup> This is the favorite trick of the satirist, making a point through exaggeration and ridicule, and using this device, Swift is apparently admitting the similarity.

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Illustrative of the many futile and ill-founded attempts to associate the author of the Apology with the author of the Tale is the comment in Temple Scott's works on Swift. The Apology, in describing the author, says of him when he wrote the Tale, "He was then a young gentleman much in the world."<sup>30</sup> This is footnoted with this commentary, "Swift resided at Moor Park, in 1696, and unquestionably the companion of Sir William Temple must be considered as 'living in the world'."<sup>31</sup> This example is not intended as a useless jibe at a very respectable work but is pointed out as being indicative of the seemingly determined attempts to ignore the heart of the entire matter and settle upon Swift as the author of the Tale in any possible manner.

From what has been presented in this section it should be apparent that the Tale fits much less snugly upon the shoulders of Swift than before. Brown has been proffered as a likely author, and a more exhaustive consideration of the Tale itself is justified. For this deeper penetration we must now turn to the body of the Tale itself.

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### Footnotes – Chapter III

<sup>1</sup>Guthkelch, p. 20.

<sup>2</sup>Reference is to the Apology.

<sup>3</sup>Edmund Curll.

<sup>4</sup>Full title – A Complete Key to the TALE OF A TUB with some Account of the AUTHORS, The Occasion and Design of Writing it, and Mr. Wotton's Remarks examined – Guthkelch, p. 329.

<sup>5</sup>Curll says, “A preface of the Bookseller to the Reader before the Battle of the Books shows the Cause and Design of the whole Work, which was performed by a couple of young Clergymen in the Year 1697, who having been Domestick Chaplains to Sir William Temple, . . .” Curll goes on to delineate which sections were written by Jonathan Swift and which by Thomas Swift after naming them thusly, “Thomas Swift is Grandson to Sir William D’avenent, Jonathan Swift is Cousin German to Thomas Swift both retainers to Sir William Temple.”

<sup>6</sup>As already noted, Thomas and Jonathan Swift.

<sup>7</sup>Guthkelch, p. 327.

<sup>8</sup>Curll's Key.

<sup>9</sup>This is one overt and clear cut denial of authorship by Swift himself.

<sup>10</sup>It is possible that Swift is “The gentleman.” This possibility is strengthened by the remainder of the sentence which is, in effect, an autobiographical defense of the “gentleman.”

<sup>11</sup>Swift may indeed have edited the manuscript before submitting it to the bookseller.

<sup>12</sup>An eminently safe offer since Brown had been dead some six years. This final sentence may indeed be a “challenge to Thomas,” but does not reflect in any way on authorship.

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<sup>13</sup>Quintana, p. 169.

<sup>14</sup>Guthkelch, p. 5.

<sup>15</sup>Ibid., p. 12.

<sup>16</sup>Ibid., p. 18.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 17.

<sup>18</sup>Ibid., p. 16.

<sup>19</sup>Ibid., p. 4.

<sup>20</sup>Ibid., p. 20.

<sup>21</sup>Ibid., p. 17.

<sup>22</sup>Ibid., pp. 327 – 328.

<sup>23</sup>Ibid., p. 13.

<sup>24</sup>Ibid., pp. 13 – 14.

<sup>25</sup>Ibid., p. 14.

<sup>26</sup>Boyce, p. 202.

<sup>27</sup>Guthkelch, p. 13.

<sup>28</sup>Ibid., pp. 13 - 14.

<sup>29</sup>Ibid., p. 14.

<sup>30</sup>Temple Scott, I, p. 13.

<sup>31</sup>Ibid.

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## Chapter IV

### Letter to Tooke

After examining and discrediting the evidence advanced for Thomas Swift as co-author of the Tale, Guthkelch is moved to assert, "All doubt is now laid to rest. There is Swift's own letter about the Tale; there are the recurrent parallelisms in phrase and thought with his acknowledged writings; and there is the overheard muttering of the old man (which goes some way toward justifying Johnson's doubts) – 'Good God! What a genius I had when I wrote that book'."<sup>1</sup> This citation with the exceptions of the "parallelism in phrase and thought with his acknowledged writings," which will be dealt with in another section, rather closely outlines this section.

There is indeed the letter, but what does it really say? Again we see passages taken out of context to be used to establish Swift's authorship of the Tale. The only way to avoid doing this is to present the entire Letter.<sup>2</sup>

Swift to Benjamin Tooke

Dublin, June 29, 1710<sup>3</sup>

Sir,

I was in the country when I received your Letter with the Apology inclosed in it; and I had neither health nor humour to finish that business.<sup>4</sup> But the blame rests with you, that if you thought it time, you did not print it when you had it. I have just now your last, with the complete key.<sup>5</sup> I believe it is so perfect a Grubstreet piece, it will be forgotten in a week. But it is strange that there can be no satisfaction against a bookseller for publishing names<sup>6</sup> in so bold a manner. I wish some lawyer could advise you how I might have satisfaction;<sup>7</sup> for at this rate, there is no book, however vile, which may not be fastened on me.<sup>8</sup> I cannot but think that little Parson-cousin of mine is at the bottom of this;<sup>9</sup> for, having lent him a copy of some part of, &c.<sup>10</sup> and he showing it, after I was gone for Ireland, and the thing abroad,<sup>11</sup> he affected to talk suspiciously, as if he had some share in it.<sup>12</sup> If he should happen to be in town, and you light on him, I think you ought to tell him gravely, 'That, if he be the author, he should set his

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name to the &c.' and railly him a little upon it: and tell him 'if he can explain some things, you will, if he pleases, set his name to the next edition.' I should be glad to see how far the foolish impudence of a dunce could go.<sup>13</sup> Well; I will send you the thing, now I am in town, as soon as possible. But, I dare say, you have neither printed the rest, nor finished the cuts; only are glad to lay the fault on me. I shall, at the end, take a little contemptible notice of the thing you sent me;<sup>14</sup> and I dare say it will do you more good than hurt. If you are in such haste, how came you to forget the Miscellanies? I would not have you think of Steele for a publisher; he is too busy. I will, one of these days, send you some hints, which I would have in a preface, and you may get some friend to dress them up. I have thoughts of some other work one of these years: and I hope to see you ere it be long; since it is likely to be a new world, and since I have the merit of suffering by not complying with the old. Yours, &c.

In Tooke's letter to Swift, he speaks of the Key, of the "cuts" by Sir Andrew Fountain, of the Apology, of the Tale, and of the Miscellanies," but nowhere in any way does he say anything that is evidence of Swift's authorship of the Tale itself. We must remember at all times that in this exchange of correspondence the subject was the fifth edition of the Tale in 1710, therefore, the fact that they discuss the Tale is no imputation of authorship. The only references to authorship are a denial of it by J. Swift expresses as contemplated legal action, and ridicule of the pretensions of T. Swift coupled with anger at him for involving J. Swift in the affair.

The preparation of this work evokes a serious question as to the advisability of offering a rebuttal of the "Good God!" statement. This uncertainty grew out of a hesitancy to grace such ludicrous offerings with the dignity of honest effort. However, since some scholars apparently take the statement seriously it must be discussed.

History is deeply indebted to Swift's housekeeper, Mrs. Whiteway, for her sharp auditory perceptiveness in overhearing the "muttered" admission of authorship. Temple Scott recounts the incident, "she observed, on one occasion, the Dean looking over the Tale when suddenly closing the book he muttered to himself unconsciously."<sup>15</sup> One cannot help but wonder if this same faithful servant was one of those



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who “used to take money for allowing people to come in and stare at him.”<sup>16</sup> Assuming the hearing of the remark took place before 1742 and the official declaration of incompetence, “He himself had long complained of loss of memory, and such complaints increased, justifiably, in the last year.”<sup>17</sup> Swift’s biographers have been reluctant to discuss this period fully and understandably so; however, it cannot be denied that his mental condition in his last years forbids the acceptance as evidence of any mutterings to himself. In addition to this, this kind of evidence is, at best, second-hand hearsay evidence and thereby lacking of enough respectability to have any value whatsoever.

The next contention for Swift that must be met occurs in Deane Swift’s Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character, of Dr. Jonathan Swift (1755).<sup>18</sup> This is another roundabout, back-door attempt at proving Swift’s authorship of the Tale. In the above-mentioned work, Deane Swift says,

Mr. Warren, the chamber fellow of Dr. Swift in the university of Dublin, and a gentleman of undoubted veracity, (whose sister had made some very considerable impressions upon the Doctor’s heart in the days of his youth) assured a relation of mine, whom he courted for a wife about eight or nine and forty years ago, that he saw The Tale of a Tub in the hand-writing of Dr. Swift, when the Doctor was but nineteen years old; but what corrections or improvements it might have received before its publication in the year 1697, he could by no means declare.<sup>19</sup>

Guthkelch, to whom this writer is again indebted, does an excellent job of discounting any credibility this passage could have when he says, “Deane Swift is not always trustworthy authority and this statement is full of blunders; he gets Waring’s name wrong, calls him a ‘chamber fellow’ when in fact he did not enter Trinity College till three years after Swift had left, and gives the date of publication of the Tale as 1697, whereas it was not published till 1704.”<sup>20</sup> Yet after noting the errors, Guthkelch goes on in an attempt to substantiate the idea of the Tale being seen in Swift’s handwriting. The evidence employed to establish this idea is incredibly flimsy. The Reverend John Lyon, “who had charge of Swift in his last illness,” in his own copy of Hawkesworth’s Life of Swift, adds to Hawkesworth’s paraphrase of the passage in Deane Swift’s work the words, “So did other persons.” These words were added so that they were in continuation of the words ‘declared that he

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then saw a copy of the Tale of a Tub in Swift's own handwriting'.<sup>20</sup> Another such annotation is made by Lyon in his Hawkesworth. The Essay says "he corrected and improved his Tale of a Tub." Lyon adds, "which he had begun in College."<sup>21</sup> In the face of this apparently strong evidence certain very relevant observations need to be made. First, the reliability of Rev. Lyon, the annotator, has never been established. Second, the Reverend does not identify the "other person." It is entirely possible that he heard that "other persons" did; perhaps these "persons" told him they saw it, perhaps not. At any rate it is hearsay attached to a very disreputable work. If the Reverend read and believed Hawkesworth's paraphrase of Deane Swift's Essay, and he apparently did for the annotated what he believed to be an incomplete statement, then what he believed about a manuscript of the Tale would be open to question. Lyon's statement "which he had begun in the College,"<sup>22</sup> is likewise extremely unreliable; he could be and probably was, merely repeating what he had been told or had heard.

That Swift made the second set of notes for the Tale is not subject to question. Since they did not appear until the fifth edition in 1710, they relate in no way to the question of authorship of the Tale itself or the original set of notes. This second set of notes is relevant to this study only insofar as they tend to indicate that their author is not the same person as the author of the Tale.

The first such note which says, "This I think the Author should have omitted, . . . if one may venture to censure one who is so severe a Censurer of others, perhaps with too little distinction,"<sup>23</sup> can be interpreted loosely to be the author of the Tale chiding himself, but a rather more reasonable interpretation is that Swift is mildly censuring the author whom he knew and perhaps respected. The corrective note is just what it appears to be, a correction by Swift of the author. So it is with the other notes mentioned by Guthkelch--pages 62, 86, 170, 208, and 250. The notes that are in disagreement with the text are explained by Guthkelch to be written with "roguish frankness" by Swift and to be in his "manner."<sup>24</sup> No such uncertain explanation, based upon speculation, is necessitated if we accept the idea that Swift was not the author of the Tale. All the notes are logical when viewed simply as what they are--Swift's commentaries on a book for which he had written an Apology.

The reader may, at this point, be asking the proper question, "Where does Tom Brown fit into this picture?" The proper answer is, into the Tale itself and its elaborate introductory sections, the latter of which shall be our next subject.

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### Footnotes – Chapter IV

<sup>1</sup>Guthkelch, p. xix.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid., pp. 249-250.

<sup>3</sup>Six years after the publication of the Tale.

<sup>4</sup>Reference can be to either the Apology on the notes Swift was preparing for the Fifth Edition.

<sup>5</sup>Edmund Curl's Key.

<sup>6</sup>Thomas and Jonathan Swift.

<sup>7</sup>Swift is obviously speaking of possible legal action against Curl.

<sup>8</sup>Here is a clear, forceful denial of his authorship--not for the public as the Apology might have been--not satirical--but simple, and direct. Would Swift consider legal action for being named as author of a work he wrote? Logic should obviate this incongruity. Swift was understandably angry at having his name connected with this kind of work. His words, however vile, express his opinion of the Tale. As with Brown, "The Anonymous things that took with the town were father'd upon him." Swift feared that other "vile" works would be "fastened on me."

<sup>9</sup>Swift feels that Thomas Swift is responsible for their names being given in Curl's Key.

<sup>10</sup>&c could, and probably does, mean a copy of the Tale.

<sup>11</sup>The Tale being out or published.

<sup>12</sup>It would have had to be known or T. Swift's suspicious talking would have been meaningless.

<sup>13</sup>Nothing in this suggested "raily" names J. Swift as author of the Tale. It is nothing more than J. Swift expressing disgust at T. Swift's pretensions to authorship--this negative attitude contains nothing

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whatever positive supporting his own authorship. This fits is Swift is assigned the role of one acting for Brown. He could thereby know the true author as he also suggest in the Apology is here again defending his anonymity.

<sup>14</sup>Curl's Key—Swift promises to note it in the Postscript of the Apology. As has been seen Swift publicly denies authorship in the Postscript.

<sup>15</sup>Temple Scott.

<sup>16</sup>Baugh, p. 867.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid.

<sup>18</sup>Guthkelch, p. xxxiv.

<sup>19</sup>Ibid., p. xxxiv-xxv.

<sup>20</sup>Ibid., p. xxxv.

<sup>21</sup>The incident is fully recounted in Guthkelch, p. xxxv. The various brief citation preceding the note are all from that text.

<sup>22</sup>Guthkelch, p. xxxvi.

<sup>23</sup>Ibid., p. 42.

<sup>24</sup>Ibid., pp. xxiv – xxv.

# TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

## Chapter V

### Introductory Sections

The first edition of the Tale had facing the title page a curious list of works described as "Treatises writ by the same Author, most of them mentioned in the following Discourses; which will be speedily published,"<sup>1</sup> The feeling of kinship between the Tale and the Works of Brown really begins with this list. That these treatises are not forgotten by the author is evidenced by the eight direct references to them. Since these pieces are not known to exist, and only the titles are ever mentioned on the facing page and in the text, they can only be examined for the implications, and tones implicit in them.

The author of the Tale professes to have written A Character of the present Set of Wits in this Island; this is suggested by the words, "Treatises writ,"<sup>2</sup> yet in the text of the Epistle Dedicatory he speaks as though the work were yet to be written. "I intend to write a Character of the present Set of Wits in our Nation: Their Persons I shall describe particularly, and at length, their Genius and Understanding in Mignature."<sup>3</sup>

At the time of the publication of the Tale, Swift had never indicated any inclination to write any type of ad hominem pieces; however a palpable broadside at the "present Set of Wits" is synonymous with the theme and substance of many of Brown's writings. The outstanding example of this is Brown's The Reason of Mr. Bays changing his Religion, 1688, which is a sustained, energetic literary assault upon John Dryden. That Brown preceded Swift in the attack on John Partridge is a well established fact. In his Amusements Serious and Comical, 1700. Brown lambasted, among others, Sir Richard Blackmore and Daniel Burgess, "the Dissenting Preacher,"<sup>4</sup> Thus is one were to pick someone of the period to write a satiric work on the wits of the time, Brown would stand out as leading candidate for the job.

A Panegyric Essay upon the Number THREE, listed in the Tale, is a jibe at the superstitions and religious traditions which attach significance to such numbers and "THREE" and "its two great Rivals SEVEN AND NINE."<sup>5</sup> Brown's continuous attack upon religion will be developed later. His work, entitled The Men and Women Saints in an Uproar; or The Superstitions of the Romish Church pleasantly expos'd in a Dialogue after Lucian's manner written in the Year 1686,<sup>6</sup> is thematically similar to the assault on religion.

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Concerning A Dissertation upon the principal Productions of Grubstreet, which is the third treatise claimed by the author of the Tale to have been "writ" by him, it would seem apparent again that Brown would be the most logical one to envision such a work. This likelihood grows out of his position as one whose life is studied "for the light is shed upon the opportunities and limitations, the objectives and accomplishments of Grubstreet."<sup>8</sup>

Care must be taken not to carry the relating of the titles in the Tale to other works to an illogical extreme. The Lectures upon a Dissection of Human Nature<sup>9</sup> have no parallel in Brown's works as strong as those already mentioned, still there are similarities deserving of mention. The tone of Brown's Table Talk<sup>10</sup> is unmistakably inclined toward analysis of human nature. "To be concerned for a Family, for Children, and things after us, is only proper to Men;" "How apt are we to flatter ourselves, and overlook our own Infirmities."<sup>11</sup> Swift's Thoughts Moral and Diverting, 1706, are similar to Table Talk but being composed after 1704 are of no consequence here.

The return to the attack on religion by the Tale's list is evident in An Analytical Discourse upon Zeal, Histori-theo-physiologically considered.<sup>12</sup> This missile is directed at the dissenters through Jack, for Jack's remembrance of "Lord Peter's Injuries, produced a Degree of Hatred and Spight, which had a much greater Share of inciting Him, than any Regards after his Father's Commands. . . . However, for this Meddly of Humor, he made a Shift to find a very plausible Name, honoring it with the Title of Zeal, which is, perhaps, the most significant Work that hath ever been yet produced in any Language."<sup>13</sup> Swift, in all his known works, is mute on the subject of Zeal per se, not so Brown. In his A Declamation in Praise of Wealth,<sup>14</sup> Brown says, "Has not Fancy the Direction of all our Gifts, and do we bestow any thing, but as blind Inclination leads us. If we do thus it is an Argument of our Zeal, when the Votary is wholly conformed to the Nature of his Divinity, and what Justice can punish us for a Sin of Zeal? It is Zeal that has opened my Mouth for your Honour."<sup>15</sup> For another application of the word zeal we look to Brown's A Walk round London and Westminster:<sup>16</sup> in the section, "Doctor's Common's,"<sup>17</sup> the term is used in the same sense as its use in the Tale. In the Tale, zeal is used to describe Jack's "Hatred and Spight," hence is an a-religious application. Brown's usage is the same when he says "profess'd" Jacobites, "They are a drunken, roaring, nonsensical Generation, that have abundant Zeal without a Scruple of Religion."<sup>18</sup>

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The writings of Brown are abundantly interfused with examples of his thoughts on Zeal and his most common application of the work is to the “dissenter” and religious “fanatic.” When so applied the work is used to suggest a zealous front covering a personal fault or corruption. Thus the use of the work in the Tale is synonymous with its use by Tom Brown.

Rather than press the point too vigorously, it would be best to note the lack of positive, known similarities between A general History of Ears<sup>19</sup> and any writing by Brown and, so doing, move on to the next one of the “Treatises Writ” by the author of the Tale. A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages,<sup>20</sup> perhaps sounds, in its general tone, more like something that Brown would likely write than any of the titles on this list.

The “Defence of the Rabble” is very suggestive of A Declamation against Wealth and Quality, in Praise of Poverty,<sup>21</sup> a piece by Brown. What could be said to be a defence of the common folk occurs in this work by Brown, and relates to “all Ages” when he writes, “since in the first Ages of the Word there were no Men of Quality.”<sup>22</sup> As to the “Proceedings of Rabble,” Brown even lists some: “the Egyptians for adoring Onions and Cabbages, Cows and Crocodiles; to the Cannibals for devouring one another; to the Irish for drawing with the (sic) Tail of their Horses.”<sup>23</sup> The “all Ages” part of the title in the Tale is repeated again in this reference from Brown’s A Declamation: “for if your Goddess-ship has for so many Ages been in the wrong.”<sup>24</sup>

The treatise, A Description of the Kingdom of Absurdities,<sup>25</sup> is mentioned as having been discussed by Swift in a manuscript, the “authenticity” of which “may be accepted.”<sup>26</sup> No disagreement with this is herein expressed simply because no date is given to the non-existent manuscript, and as to Dr. Lyon’s reference to Swift’s having written “and Account of the Kingdom of Absurdity,”<sup>27</sup> this can be accorded the same credence given to other verifications by Lyon, who, writing some fifty years after the Tale, purports to have known and seen much—all unsupported by concrete evidence.

For A Description of the Kingdom of Absurdities we need simply to turn to Brown’s Amusements Serious and Comical, 1700, the section entitled “The Philosophical, or Virtuosi Country.”<sup>28</sup> The following section illustrates the parallel between the title from the Tale and the text by Brown.

Tempted by these Nobel Curiosities, I desired the  
favour of seeing some of the Gentlemen they called

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Improvers of Nature, and immediately they showed 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.<sup>29</sup>

This writer submits that this application of the title of the treatise is as valid as any other and stands upon firmer ground than any unsubstantiated effort to connect Swift to the title with a non-existent manuscript.

Moving down the list of treatises, we next encounter A Voyage into England, by a Person of Quality in Terra Australis incognita, translated from the Original.<sup>30</sup> Swift had definite plans for a work of this nature as early as 1704. Guthkelch cites the Journal to Stella 28, April, 1711, wherein Swift makes reference to his suggestion to Steele or Addison “about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England,”<sup>31</sup> Apparently his suggestion was adopted for the Spectator of 27, April 1711, “purports to give in translation the substance of a paper left behind by one of the four Indian kings who visited this country in 1710.” Guthkelch goes on to point out that “It is important to note that we have Swift’s definite statement in 1711 that ‘he intended to have written a book on that subject’ and that the title of the book was made public as early as 1704.”<sup>32</sup>

Even more significant is the fact that in 1700, four years before the publication of the Tale, Brown presented such a work to the world. His Amusements Serious and Comical are written on this very pattern--an Indian visits England and his adventures as he travels about with the author are recorded. Brown begins his section on “London”<sup>33</sup> by idly wondering “what an Indian would think of such a motley Herd of People, and what a diverting Amusement it would be to him to examine with the Traveler’s Eye all the remarkable things of the might City. A Whimsy now takes me in the Head, to carry this Stranger all over the Town with me. . . . Thus I am resolv’d to take upon me the Genius of an Indian,



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who has had the Curiosity to travel hither among us, and who had never seen anything like what he sees in London.”<sup>34</sup> Brown is quite fanciful in bringing the Indian to England. “I will therefore suppose this Indian of mine dropt perpendicularly from the Clouds, and finds himself all of a sudden in the midst of this prodigious and noisy City, where Respose and Silence dare scarce show their Heads in the darkest Night.”<sup>35</sup>

The conclusion to be drawn from the foregoing discussion rests upon the assumption made by Guthkelch that the title A Voyage in the Tale refers to a work Swift intended to write about an Indian. What is apparent is that the work intended by him in 1704 was written by Brown at least four years earlier and published in 1700. The reference then in the Tale to a work “writ” by the author, A Voyage into England, by a Person of Quality in terra Australis incognita, translated from the Original<sup>36</sup> is strikingly similar to Brown’s Amusements which were, in large measure, translations from a French work, Amusemens Serieux et Comiques, 1699<sup>37</sup>. The translation was, of course, by Brown. This fact in itself is some further support for Brown’s case, because it would be quite natural for him to list a translation since this kind of action was a large part of his life’s work. It should also be observed that for Swift to have cited a translation would be just as unnatural for he is not, and was not at the time of the Tale’s composition, a translator.

The final treatise listed, A Critical Essay upon the Art of Canting, Philosophically, Physically, and Musically considered,<sup>38</sup> is a return to the attack on religion, especially the “dissenters.” As certainly as this is true, so is it true that Brown delved into the subject to some depth. Swift, in his writings, did not touch upon the subject, at least not in works known to have been written by him the ten years before or after the Tale was written.

Brown, in his Amusements, in the section wherein the author and the Indian visit “A Presbyterian Meeting-House,” describes Burgess’s presentation as a “Harangue and Nonsennse.”<sup>39</sup> Of the meeting Brown says, “The odd Looks, the Groans that echo one another; some with their Hats on, others off, some writing, some ogling the Women, some the Teacher; his merry Postures, and Pop-gun-way of Delivery, with the Whimsical Medly of his Words, is, I confess, and Amusement, says my Indian.”<sup>40</sup> With respect to the text, the delivery, and the motive behind it all, Brown says, “As for what he says beyond, or of his Text, which he often racks as much as the Tyrants of old did the Primitive Martyrs, till it die under the Torture. But this brings in Money, and Money buys Land and Land is an Amusement they all desire, in spite of their Hypocritical

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Cant.”<sup>41</sup> In this same piece Brown says they (the dissenters) often use and “unknown Tongue, or at least. . . a Jargon neither understands; for Sense in this Prayer, as well as in their Sermon, would favour too much of Human Invention, and not give latitude enough for Enthusiasm, and Cant.”<sup>42</sup>

It may be well contended that other writers also directed their efforts toward satiric attacks at the canting of the Dissenters. This is granted, however, the point here is that Brown was among those who did. Swift was not. As to the nature and extent of Brown's attacks on the dissenters, we first note that “Throughout the Tale, Swift has satirized Protestant dissent from the established Church by ridiculing the ardent enthusiasm of Jack.”<sup>43</sup> This general point is expanded in detail by Clarence M. Webster who detects fourteen “. . . themes of attack . . . found both in the Tale of a Tub and in the earlier satires.”<sup>44</sup> After elaborating on these themes, Webster concludes this discussion of the background of satiric attack on dissenters with Tom Brown, since, “he marks a singularly reactionary tendency in satire of the Puritans. . . . With Brown we have once more . . . the old ridicule of a people who must have changed greatly since the days of Peter and the Quaker Christ James Naylor.”<sup>45</sup> Then as if in anticipation of the contention of this study Webster cites sixteen articles by Brown that, although all are not known to precede the Tale, “are part of the English scene in the last years of Seventeenth century and were undoubtedly available to Swift.”<sup>46</sup> Reflecting on these articles, Webster indirectly asserts that because these works are in keeping with the views of a “large group of English people,” “then we have established one important place of the immediate background of Swift's treatment of Jack.”<sup>47</sup> Accepting Brown as the Tale's author, one sees the satiric attacks on the dissenters become much clearer, and explanations of this aspect of the Tale are less complex and artificial. This, coupled with the many other strong parallels yet to be developed between the writings of Brown and the Tale, justify the attention given to Brown. It is toward the further developing of these parallels that we now direct our efforts.

### The Dedication

In the Tale's dedication To The Right Honourable John Sommers,<sup>48</sup> the author gets in a good jibe at those who write fawning and meaningless dedications when he says, “I should now, in right of a Dedication, give your Lordship a List of your own Virtues, and at the

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same time, be very unwilling to offend your Modesty; But chiefly, I should celebrate your Liberality towards Men of great Parts and small Fortunes, and give you broad Hints that I mean myself.<sup>49</sup> On the general subject of dedications Brown notes in his "Preface" to the *Amusements*, "Some will think it another Amusement to find a Book without a Dedication, especially from the Hand which this came from: . . . for I can flatter as well as I could twenty years since, and still retain the knack of dignifying and distinguishing such as do not deserve it."<sup>50</sup> Brown goes on to predict the demise of the tendency to write dedications. "Elegies, I am afraid, must henceforth supply the place of Dedications, and Men of my Profession will be more employ'd in wiring on the death of Muses, and making gross Comments on the lives of those who do not think 'em worth living."<sup>51</sup> The two viewpoints, coincide, although the *Tale* expresses its disgust at excessive flattery through satire; Brown's expression in the "Preface" to the *Amusements* is undisguised.

Yet another parallel exists between the same two pieces. The author in the *Tale* tells of his experience in attempting to gather material for a "Panegyrick upon your Lordship's Virtues." The wits he engaged for this task present him with ten pages which they vouched to be from "Socrates, Aristotle, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard Names." However, the author is dismayed because "when I came to read over their Collections, there was not a Syllable there, but what I and every body else knew as well as themselves: Therefore, I grievously suspect a Cheat; and, that these Authors of mine, stole and transcribed every Word, from the universal Report of Mankind."<sup>52</sup> Compare the above citation to the following from Brown's "Preface" to his *Amusements*: "Nothing will please some Men but Books stuff 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*,"<sup>53</sup>

The similarity between the two foregoing passages is exciting in the bold implications that naturally arise from their similarity. The "Book of the World" (*Tale*) and the "universal Report of Mankind," (*Amusements*) are evidently synonymous. In addition to this, both passages relate to copying from the "Book" and "Report" respectively. Brown, in the same piece, refers to the "Report" at least two more times. "The Book of the World is very ancient, and yet always new," says Brown and then goes on to elaborate on the subject of this "Book" which he says is "Men and their Passions."<sup>54</sup> The similarity of meaning is

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amplified by thinking of the “universal Report of Mankind” in terms of these references from Brown who speaks of “Those who are qualified to read and understand the Book of the World” as being “beneficial to the Publick.” Brown then pursues the concept by speaking metaphorically, “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.”<sup>55</sup>

### The Bookseller to the Reader<sup>56</sup>

There is no valid reason for not accepting this section as being by the Bookseller. The Apology restates the relevant points made in this section and if any significance is to be attached to the section it is this: There is no reason for Swift restating in his Apology what he said in the Bookseller section, that is, if Swift wrote both. However, since he wrote only the Apology, logic returns to these introductory sections and we may conclude that either the Bookseller or Brown wrote the piece – it is impossible to tell which. As to the piece being in Swift’s style, what is meant is it is in the style of the author of the Tale.

### The Epistle Dedicatory, To His Royal Highness Prince Posterity

The first sentence of this section refers to the work as “such Amusements, as this,”<sup>57</sup> In his “Preface” Brown says of the Amusements Serious and Comical, “I have given the following Thoughts the name of Amusements.”<sup>58</sup> Such a usage would be logical for Brown who produced and had published Amusements, in 1700, some two to three years after the Tale was written and four years before it (the Tale) was published.

The author of the Tale proceeds in the Dedicatory to facetiously assure the “Prince” that the age is rich in excellent writings, and offers as examples Dryden, Tate, Tom Durfey, Rymer, Dennis, Bently, and Wotton. In setting forth these names the author is setting the stage for later attacks on these and others in the Tale. This inclination to satirize other literary figures is a vital aspect of the Tale and will be considered in a later section. Suffice it to say here that this tendency coincided precisely with the same tendency in Brown, and is illustrated by this comparison of the Tale, which says, “There is a Third, known by the Name of Tom Durfey, a Poet of vast Comprehension on universal Genius, and most profound Learning,”<sup>59</sup> to Brown’s Pindar of Thebes to Tom D’Urfey.<sup>60</sup> Both are facetious praise of Durfey; the Pindar says of

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him "In short, Friend Tom, I love and admire thee for the freedom though hast taken with me, and this I will say in Commendation, that thou hast in this respect done more than even Alexander the Great darst do."<sup>61</sup> The message and tone of both pieces exhibit strong indications of being by the same hand, indeed evidence of much lesser substance has been used to Advance Swift's authorship of the Tale.

### The Preface<sup>62</sup>

In this, the last of the sections that precede the Tale proper, the author undertakes to explain how he came upon the title, A Tale of a Tub. He relates how "Sea-men have a custom when they meet a Whale, to fling him out an empty Tub, by way of Amusement, to divert him from laying violent floods upon the Ship."<sup>63</sup> Since the author believes the ship of state is endangered by the "terrible Wits of our Age" he feels that "they should be divested from that Game by a Tale of a Tub."<sup>64</sup>

Guthkelch informs us that "The phrase 'a tale of a tub' is found frequently in the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."<sup>65</sup> Granting this fact that the phrase had been employed before in various forms, it must be noted in this study that Brown proves his knowledge of the phrase's existence. He also demonstrates that he is conversant with its meaning as "aflim flam," or 'idle discourse'.<sup>66</sup> In Jo. Haines's 1<sup>st</sup> Letter to Will's Coffee House, 1702, the following dialogue is recorded, "Ay, cries, the Queen of Sweden, what other Business can Man and a Woman have I the dark but, as the fellow says in the Moor of Venice, to make the Beast with two Backs? not to pick Straws, I hope, or to tell Tales of a Tub"<sup>67</sup> – this is two years before Tale's publication.

The Tale is being offered to appease the wits until the "great Work" is completed. This "great Work" is a proposal

"... that a large Academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three Persons; which by modest Computation is reckoned to be pretty near the current Number of Wits in this Island. These are to be disposed into the several Schools of this Academy, and then pursue those Studies to which their Genius most inclines them. The Undertaker himself will publish his Proposals with all convenient speed, to which I shall refer the curious Reader for a more particular Account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal Schools There is first, a large Pederastick

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School, with French and Italian Masters. There is also, the Spelling School, a very spacious Building: The School for Looking Glasses: The School of Swearing: The School of Criticks: The School of Salvation: The School of Hobby-Horses: The School of Poetry: The School of Tops: The School of Spleen: The School of Gaming: with many others too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted Member into any of these Schools, without an Attestation under two sufficient Persons Hands, certifying him to be a Wit.<sup>68</sup>

The similarity between the above proposed academy and the academy of Tom Brown's Amusements is marked and cannot be ignored. This correspondence is made most apparent by the following selection satirizing physicians.

In this Land of Physick they have erected themselves a College, for the improvement of the Mystery of Manslaughter, which may be call'd their Armory, for here are their Weapons and Utensils forg'd, and a Company of Men attending to kill Poor Folks out of meer Charity.<sup>69</sup>

In the Tale the school is for "Wits"; the "college" of the Amusements is for quacks. Brown refers to them as "Gentlemen of the Faculty," and "chirurgeons." As the "Academy" in the Tale is departmentalized, so is the "college" of the physicians of the Amusements.

One of the schools proposed in the Tale is "The School of Looking Glasses."<sup>70</sup> Brown, in the section of the Amusements entitled "The Philosophical, or Virtuosi Country," parallels and elaborates this idea.

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 persuade 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

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Lark look as big as a Turkey-Cock and a Three-penny  
Chop as large as a Chine of Mutton.<sup>71</sup>

The "School of Gaming"<sup>72</sup> in the "academy" of the Tale is the subject of a section in the Amusements entitled "Gaming-Houses." Of them Brown says, "In some places they call Gaming-Houses Academies."<sup>73</sup> Later he repeats himself and says, "Instead of Academies these places should be call'd Cheating-Houses."<sup>74</sup> The similarity is too obvious to need elaboration. If only the slightest weight is to be accorded this similarity, Brown's case is nevertheless advanced in that he wrote on the subject very near the time of the Tale's composition--Swift did not.

The following passage from the Tale has heretofore been interpreted as Swift's satire on the stereotyped Grub-Street hack.

"I have recollected, that the shrewdest Pieces of this Treatise, were conceived in Bed, in a Garret: At other times (fore a Reason best known to my self) I though fit to sharpen my Invention with Hunger; and in general, the whole Work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long Course of Physick, and a great want of Money."<sup>75</sup>

The tinge of irony implicit in this passage is unmistakable. Written by Brown, this citation is a flash of autobiography and when so interpreted fits Brown perfectly. The satiric aspect of this portion of the "Preface" arises out of the assertion that immediately precedes it, that to fully understand the Tale one must put himself "into the Circumstances and Postures of Life, that the Writer was in, upon every important Passage as it flow'd from his Pen."<sup>76</sup> However, the presence of the satire does not preclude the autobiographical tone and the attendant slight flavor of bitterness.

Closely following the above passage the author proposes to tell the "Reader a short Tale." The "Tale" is being told because, says the author, after "perusing some hundreds of Prefaces," he has noticed "many of these polite Prefaces, to be not only from the same Hand, but from those who are not voluminous in their several Productions."<sup>77</sup> Then is told the "Tale" which is a most startling bit of evidence, the significance of which cannot be overstated. Guthkelch notes the parallel but somehow passes over it without comment. The reason for this could be the fact that the citation he notes and recognizes as being from Brown is from a 1719 edition of Brown's works, thus any intimation of an unexplained circumstance is avoided.

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From the Tale: (1704)

“A Mountebank in Leicester-Fields, had drawn a huge Assembly about him.”<sup>78</sup>

From Brown's Amusements: (1700)

“In Leicester-fields, I saw a Mountebank on the Stage, with a Congregation of Fools about him.”<sup>79</sup>

Squarely facing the fact of the prior publication of the Amusements by Brown, the incontrovertible conclusion is that both passages are by the same hand--Tom Brown. This is concrete, positive evidence of Brown's authorship and this writer submits that it is far stronger than any piece of evidence offered as proof of Swift's authorship.

Still more evidence of Brown's authorship of the Tale is to be found in the “Preface,” although slightly less definitive than the above described circumstances it nevertheless adds substantially to the case as thus far presented in his interest. The Tale's author speaks of his intention to add to the work a piece “entitled, A Modest Defense of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages.” This and another he “had thought to publish by way of Appendix to the following Treatise, but finding my Common-Place-Book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another Occasion.”<sup>80</sup> It is in reference to his “Common-Place-Book” that our interest lies. The writer speaks of it as if it were a book that was not written in the usual sense of the term. One gets the impression that this is the type of work that grows or is accumulated. When Brown is revealed as author of the Tale, this entire passage takes on meaning. The reference is unquestionably to Mr. T. Brown's Pocket-book of Common Places<sup>81</sup> which becomes an exact verbal parallel when, in a shortened form, the title is placed at the top of each page of that section in Brown's Works, as Mr. Brown's Common-Place Book.

The “Preface” of the Tale as a whole is unquestionably intended as a satire on prefaces in general. The author, by way of explaining his being unable to write the two pieces he had intended to add to the Tale, illustrates this satire.

Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that Design, by a certain Domestick Misfortune, in the Particulars whereof, tho' it would be very seasonable, and much in the Modern way, to inform the gentle Reader, and would also be of great Assistance towards extending this Preface into the Size now in Vogue,



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which by Rule ought to be large in proportion as the subsequent Volume is small; Yet I shall now dismiss our impatient Reader from any farther Attendance at the Porch; and having duly prepared his Mind by a preliminary Discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime Mysteries that ensue.<sup>82</sup>

In close duplication of this, Brown, in the "Preface" to his Amusements, speaks satirically of the length of Prefaces, derides them for being products of vanity and in the same vein as the Tale's "Preface" which says that prefaces can "kindle a Wonderful Expectation of what is to ensue,"<sup>83</sup> speaks of the same quality of prefaces. The "Preface" to the Amusements states,

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 ventur'd 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.<sup>84</sup>

It is inconceivable that two different persons thought so similarly about prefaces and expressed those views in different writings, each acting independently. Since Brown could not have copied the yet unpublished Tale and the Tale was written but unpublished before the Amusements, elementary logic points to Brown as the author of both. As has been seen, Brown did, as a matter of record, incline toward writing the kind of thing written in the Tale's introductory sections. Swift was not so inclined in any of his writings known to have been produced within a decade of the Tale's composition date. It now remains for us to go to the Tale-proper for a similar consideration of authorship.

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### Footnotes – Chapter V

<sup>1</sup>Guthkelch, p. 2.

<sup>2</sup>Ibid.

<sup>3</sup>Ibid., p. 38.

<sup>4</sup>Boyce, p. 37.

<sup>5</sup>Guthkelch, p. 58.

<sup>6</sup>Brown's Works, V. I, part 1, p. 106.

<sup>7</sup>Guthkelch, p. 2.

<sup>8</sup>Boyce, p. vii.

<sup>9</sup>Guthkelch, p. 2.

<sup>10</sup>Brown's Works, V. I, part 2, p. 43.

<sup>11</sup>Ibid., p. 37 and p. 35 respectively.

<sup>12</sup>Guthkelch, p. 2.

<sup>13</sup>Ibid., p. 137.

<sup>14</sup>Brown's Works, V. I, part 1, p. 121.

<sup>15</sup>Ibid., p. 125.

<sup>16</sup>Ibid., V. III, part 3, p. 3.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid., p. 10.

<sup>18</sup>Ibid., p. 11.

<sup>19</sup>Guthkelch, p. 2.

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<sup>20</sup>Ibid.

<sup>21</sup>Brown's Works, V. I, part 1, p. 127.

<sup>22</sup>Ibid., p. 128.

<sup>23</sup>Ibid.

<sup>24</sup>Ibid., p. 129.

<sup>25</sup>Guthkelch, p. 2.

<sup>26</sup>Ibid., p. 351.

<sup>27</sup>Ibid.

<sup>28</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 100.

<sup>29</sup>Ibid., p. 101.

<sup>30</sup>Guthkelch, p. 2.

<sup>31</sup>Ibid., pp. 351-352.

<sup>32</sup>Ibid., p. 352.

<sup>33</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 16.

<sup>34</sup>Ibid., pp. 14-15.

<sup>35</sup>Ibid.

<sup>36</sup>Guthkelch, p. 2.

<sup>37</sup>Boyce, p. 136.

<sup>38</sup>Guthkelch, p. 2.

<sup>39</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 3, p. 12. Reference here is to A Walk round London and Westminster which was written as a continuation of

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the Amusements; therefore reference in the text will be to the Amusements.

<sup>40</sup>Ibid., p. 40.

<sup>41</sup>Ibid., p. 18.

<sup>42</sup>Ibid., p. 13.

<sup>43</sup>A Collection of English Prose, 1680-1800, ed. Henry Pettit (New York, 1962), p. 76.

<sup>44</sup>Clarence M. Webster, "The Satiric Background of the Attack on the Puritans in Swift's Tale of a Tub," PMLA (March, 1935), p. 210

<sup>45</sup>Webster, p. 221.

<sup>46</sup>Ibid.

<sup>47</sup>Ibid.

<sup>48</sup>Guthkelch, p. 22.

<sup>49</sup>Ibid., p. 23.

<sup>50</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, pp. 5-6.

<sup>51</sup>Ibid., p. 6.

<sup>52</sup>Guthkelch, pp. 24-25.

<sup>53</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 5.

<sup>54</sup>Ibid.

<sup>55</sup>Ibid.

<sup>56</sup>Guthkelch, p. 28.

<sup>57</sup>Ibid., p. 30.

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<sup>58</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 2.

<sup>59</sup>Guthkelch, pp. 36-37.

<sup>60</sup>Brown's Works, V. II, part 1, p. 42.

<sup>61</sup>Ibid.

<sup>62</sup>Guthkelch, p. 39.

<sup>63</sup>Ibid., p. 40.

<sup>64</sup>Ibid.

<sup>65</sup>Ibid., p. xxvooo.

<sup>66</sup>Ibid.

<sup>67</sup>Brown's Works, V. II, part 1, p. 13.

<sup>68</sup>Guthkelch, pp. 41-42.

<sup>69</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 104.

<sup>70</sup>Guthkelch, p. 42.

<sup>71</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 102.

<sup>72</sup>Guthkelch, p. 42.

<sup>73</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 70.

<sup>74</sup>Ibid., p. 71.

<sup>75</sup>Guthkelch, p. 44.

<sup>76</sup>Ibid.

<sup>77</sup>Ibid., p. 46.

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<sup>78</sup>Ibid.

<sup>79</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 78.

<sup>80</sup>Guthkelch, p. 54.

<sup>81</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 128.

<sup>82</sup>Guthkelch, p. 54.

<sup>83</sup>Ibid., pp. 42-43.

<sup>84</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 2.

# TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

## Chapter VI

### The Tale

#### Section One

It is not necessary to proceed too deeply in the Tale to find additional proof of Brown's authorship. After noting the difficulty encountered by anyone who would be "heard in a Crowd," the author suggests that the solution to this problem has been devised by philosophers. "To this End, the Philosopher's Way in all Ages has been by erecting certain Edifices in the Air." This has disadvantages, one of which is "That the Foundation being laid too high, they have been often out of Sight, and even out of Hearing."<sup>1</sup>

Brown, in his Amusements, suggests precisely the same thing and the parallel is reinforced by the duplicate application to philosophers in what constitutes a nearly perfectly synonymity.

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.

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.<sup>2</sup>

The Tale discusses the merits of three "Oratorical Machines," one of which is the pulpit. The author gives the assurance that because of its "near Resemblance to a Pillory, it will have a mighty Influence on human Ears."<sup>3</sup> In a work published in 1691 and therefore of lesser significance because of its early availability to any writer, Brown satirically speaks of ears. The Dialogue between Two Oxford Scholars centers around the intention of B to go to London and through deceit obtain a "Call to be Pastor of, or Holder-forth in some Congregation or other."<sup>4</sup> In the course of the discussion B assures A that with a "pack of Phrases: and "demure look, and some other Remarkable signs of Grace, either in my Face, or in the fashion of my cloaths, will do as much as all the Parchment and Wax in the World." B then goes on to assert that he "can hold for the Gospel boldly, and pray out of a Nonsensical Sermon

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without fear of a Spiritual Court; and Scratch and Tickle the Ears, the Itching Ears of my Godly Hearers, till they cry out, O precious Man!"<sup>5</sup> This is not offered as proof of authorship but rather as an additional example of the general similarity between the Tale and a piece by Brown. Of more interest is the entire Dialogue as a satire on corruption in religion. The piece thusly considered clearly demonstrates Brown's inclination to write this type of material some six or seven years before the Tale was written.

Before leaving the Dialogue it would be prudent to comment on one further similarity between it and the Tale. The Tale describes the hearers of sermons and their positions with respect to the "Orators." These hearers are located below the speakers so that the "Air . . . when loaden and press'd down by Words; which are also Bodies of much Weight and Gravity" can fall down with sufficient weight to make "deep Impressions." The author goes on to say that he has observed that in these meetings "Nature itself hath instructed the Hearers, to stand with Their Mouths open, and erected parallel to the Horizon."<sup>6</sup> The similarity of this idea to the following statement from the Dialogue seems rather pronounced. The parishioners who, as noted before have had their ears tickled, are speaking, "O that we were sensible of our Happiness: O that we had but enlarg'd Mouths to receive it!"<sup>7</sup>

The author of the Tale lists in addition to the "Pulpit" and the "Ladder," the "Stage-Itinerant" as an "Oratorical Machine."<sup>8</sup> It would seem that the "Stage- Itinerant" was chosen as an instrument of satire. The intent was to ridicule the excessive emotion of the dissenters. Paulson supports this view, "In the branches of literature that are covered by the stage itinerant (plays and Grub Street productions) the emphasis on sheer effect was also carried to extremes."<sup>9</sup> Perhaps Miriam Starkman would disagree with this for she states that, "The 'stage' of the stage itinerant must then be understood to be synonymous with platform, and insofar as the Grub Streeter was serviceable upon any occasion and carried his materials about with him, he may be said to have been itinerant."<sup>10</sup>

The text seems clear on this point, however, and both viewpoints seem logical since the author is asserting that through the means he enumerates the Grub-Street writers have triumphed over time. They have, he tells us, "clipt his Wings, pared his Nails, Filed his Teeth, turn'd back his Hour-Glass, blunted his Scythe, and drawn the Hob-Nails out of his Shoes."<sup>11</sup> That this was done with such a wide variety of productions attests to the transient or itinerant nature of the "Grub Streeter,"



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The total effect is a satiric broadside at the productions of the stage and in this regard Brown's sentiments are relevant. He makes known his position in the Amusements wherein he says,

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  
admir'd, even from huffing Dryden to singsong  
D'Urfey, who always stutters at Sense, and speaks plain  
when he swears. 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 errant'st Plagiaries in Nature, and, like our  
common News-writers, steal from one-another.  
When a Humor takes in London, they ride it to death  
e're 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, Humor with a Dance,  
and Argument with Lightning and Thunder, which has  
oft repriev'd 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 Diaphragm, Slit  
my Windpipe, Sink me Then thousand fathom deep; rig  
up a new Beau, tho' in the main 'tis but the same  
everlasting Coxcomb; and ther'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 Eke's about "em.<sup>12</sup>

That the author of the Tale is attacking the theatre is unmistakably evidence by his comment, "I confess, there is something yet more refined in the Contrivance and Structure of our Modern Theatres."<sup>13</sup> The ensuing paragraph of the Tale exhibits such disparagements of the theatre as "whining Passions, and little starved Conceits" and sarcastic comments of the "Twelve-Peny Gallery."<sup>14</sup> Consequently the view of both works is the same; both attack the productions of their own time.

Although somewhat indistinct, there appears in the Tale another autobiographical glimpse through the author's grossly overstated

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battered condition. This aspect appears most strongly in this commentary, "From a Head broken in a hundred places, by the Malignants of the opposite Factions, and from a Body spent with Poxes ill cured, by trusting to Bawds and Surgeons, who, (as afterwards appeared) were profess'd Enemies to Me and the Government, and revenged their Party's Quarrel upon my Nose and Shins,"<sup>15</sup> The feeling that this may be in some measure autobiographical is enhanced by the near certainty that the satire would not be greatly advanced by the references to "poxes ill cured" and the seeming subjectivity of the reference to "Nose and Shins." If any measure of autobiography is admitted, then the application of it is certainly to Brown, for as we have already seen he did engage in a bit of fisticuffs with Abel Roper and another occasion was very nearly drawn upon, however this is becoming merely speculative rather than conclusive.

Moving on we see that Guthkelch contains a note that must be mentioned. Immediately following the passage cited above, the author of the Tale goes on to claim that "Four score and eleven Pamphlets have I written under three Reigns, and for the Service of six and thirty Factions."<sup>16</sup> This is footnoted and the note cites a passage from Gulliver's Travels wherein the same numbers are used. The note then says, "From the curious coincidence of the numbers in these two passages, Professor Porson inferred that both were written by the same person, that is, that Swift was the author of the Tale of a Tub, (Tracts and Miscellaneous Criticisms of Richard Porson, ed. T. Kidd (1815), p. 317)."<sup>17</sup> One can only marvel at this tragedy of logic. All the similarity could possibly mean is that Swift had read, had known the Tale, and had copied from it, but not that he wrote it. This episode is recounted here only because Porson's silly implication typifies much of the blind work done on the Tale and the attendant unreliable conclusions, one of which is the assertion that Swift wrote the Tale. This type of research begins with the conclusion that Swift was the Tale's author and then goes on to prove it without regard for facts to the contrary.

This section of the Tale is concluded with a final blow aimed at excessive prefaces in general. He says he has "employ'd a World of Thoughts and Pains, to split my Treatise into forty Sections, and having entreated forty Lords of my Acquaintance, that they would do me the Honor to stand, they all made it a Matter of Conscience, and sent me their Excuses."<sup>18</sup> In the Amusements, Brown tells the readers of his "Preface" that the omission of a dedication is due to the "want of a Patron." Brown goes ahead to expand upon his attempts and failures to

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obtain a "Patron: and gives the "Excuses," "But D\_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ loves to be call'd a Hero no where but in the Frontispiece of a Play; and the M\_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ civilly returns his Thanks to the Gentleman for his Present, but without one piece of Gold to enable him to live up to the Title he compliments him with."<sup>19</sup> The Tale then is spared a division into "forty sections" for want of patrons, and the Amusements comes out without a dedication because of the excuses of proposed patrons. This synonymy is obvious and overwhelming. Finally, this interesting quote from Boyce's biography of Brown is relevant to the section as a whole and its concern with "Oratorical Machines" and their use. "Brown must have given considerable thought to style of pulpit satire while he was at Oxford, and a highly critical attitude toward preaching among both laymen and clergy in his day helped maintain his interest in it."<sup>20</sup>

### Section Two

This section of the Tale is given over to introduction and elaboration of the allegory around which a large portion of the work is centered. It is also this section which contains what is perhaps the strongest evidence yet to support Brown's authorship of the Tale.

Guthkelch makes a penetrating inquiry into the main sources that have been suggested as sources for the allegory of the Tale. Foremost among them is a sermon by John Sharp, delivered in May, 1686, but not published until 1735. After an analysis of the available evidence, Guthkelch concludes: "The resemblance is slight," and "there is nothing in common but the ancestor, the descendants, and the will."<sup>21</sup> Guthkelch continues to discuss four other possible sources for the allegory and generally, from the discussion, there emerges the concept that the basic form of the allegory is quite old and its actual source quite difficult to establish. The originality of the allegory of the Tale is one of degree and the establishment of any work as a source for this allegory must be content with developing, not a positive source but, one with a close congruity.

One suggested source for the allegory, or part of it, that Guthkelch discusses is Miscellaneous Works of the Duke of Buckingham. William Wotton, in his Observations on the Tale of a Tub, 1705,<sup>22</sup> asserted that the author of the Tale borrowed the names Peter, Martin, and Jack from the collected Works of Buckingham. Guthkelch is careful to point out that these Works were published in 1705 and that

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“No earlier edition is now known.”<sup>23</sup> The denial of the debt for the names expressed in the Apology is accepted and the matter of the duplication of names is left unresolved. Guthkelch closes the matter by saying that in the long period between the Tale and Apology “he may have forgotten how he came to being it,”<sup>24</sup> Because of the position taken in this work the heart of the entire matter is the fact that these Works were collected and edited by none other than “the Late Ingenious Mr. Tho. Brown.”

On the subject of the allegory in general, Guthkelch admits that “yet it is not improbable that Swift was unconsciously indebted for the rough idea of the allegory to one or more of the books that have been cited,”<sup>25</sup> Happily we now no longer need to accept doubt concerning the immediate source of the allegory for the Tale. Our study of Brown opens the door to an indisputable resolution of the mystery.

Brown's Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity was written in 1687. No reason can be advanced for this piece bearing a false date, on the contrary, events of that year, i.e., the Declaration of Indulgence, sustains the date. “Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity appeared first in The Second Volume of Miscellaneous Works, . . . 1705.”<sup>26</sup> The delay of eighteen years between composition and publication is mentioned by Boyce who says, “The fact that they did not incline to print it until nearly twenty years later when its author had also become an editor is not surprising.”<sup>27</sup>

It will be remembered that in the Tale the three brothers are given identical coats by their dying father who admonishes them to “wear them clean, and brush them often.”<sup>28</sup> He also provides the sons with a will in which there are “full Instructions in every particular concerning the Wearing and Management of your Coats.”<sup>29</sup>

In contrast to this, Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity becomes significant. Here the story is told of a “gentleman of a very large estate” who “in process of time. . . had occasion to go on a journey into a far country, and so calls his tenants together, and tells them, he's leaving them for a little while; but advises them as they tender his love, to mind their plantations, keep up the fences, and watch for one another with a mutual help and love.”<sup>30</sup>

The similarities at this point are evident. The tenants can be equated to the bothers--father's death is the equivalent of the landlord's long journey. The brothers are told to live together as the tenants are told to “watch for one another.”<sup>31</sup> The list of similarities does not end here for Brown antedated the Tale in the use of the name Jack and in the still more important area of Jack's nature. In the Tale, Jack is made the

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dissenter or radical and he, after his split with Peter and being in very ill temper, “made a Shift to find a very plausible Name, honoring it with the Title of Zeal.”<sup>32</sup> Jack fortifies himself with it; his resultant activities are best described in the Tale, “I record therefore, that Brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous Compound, reflecting with Indignation upon PTERS’S Tyranny; and father provoked by the Despondency of Martin; prefaced his Resolutions to this purpose.”<sup>33</sup> Jack then proceeds to rip from the coat its false symbols.

Having thus kindled and enflamed himself as high as possible, and by Consequence, in a delicate Temper for beginning a Reformation, he set about the Work immediately, and in three Minutes, made more Dispatch than Martin had done in as many Hours. For (Courteous Reader) you are given to understand, that Zeal is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a Tearing; and Jack, who doated on that quality in himself, allowed it at this Time its full Swinge.<sup>34</sup>

The parallels with Mr. Alsop are immediately evident. In the first instance Mr. Alsop’s Jack becomes enraged only after the schism. “at last, it came to a breach; for Jack said, it was contrary to the landlord’s will that there should be any enclosures.”<sup>35</sup> The enclosures around the plots of the tenants represent, as do the decorations on the brothers’ coats, the misrepresentations and additions to the original doctrines. As had been seen, Jack of the Tale ripped the trappings off his coats – Jack of Mr. Alsop anticipated him and did the same to the enclosures.

But Jack, vex’d to the heart at this, coming drunk home one night, and as full of malice as liquor, . . . the moon shew’d him an agreeable prospect of his neighbor’s enclosure on one hand, and the very dunghill his own was grown, on the other; what does he me, but leaps into the mote, and scrambles up the bank, demolishes the dam, and lets the water into the lower grounds.<sup>36</sup>

Not only did Jack destroy the enclosure, but he became “drunk” before he did it, all of which amplifies the similarity to the related incident in the Tale, wherein it was “Brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous Compound,”<sup>37</sup> who ripped at his coat.

That the Jack of the Tale represents the dissenters has never been challenged. Brown’s creation of Jack as a dissenter, likewise, cannot be questioned, because Brown clearly identifies Jack when Mr. Alsop says,

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“You make Jack an obstinate fellow, and a mischievous invader of his neighbor Harry's enclosures; whereas the dissenters are men of tender consciences.”<sup>38</sup>

The similarity between the Tale and Mr. Alsop is too strong to be passed over as coincidence and to date has not been satisfactorily explained. It is possible that they are dependent upon a common source, but if so, it has not come to light. The nature of the similarity goes to the heart of the structure of the Tale, and is a similarity of theme, subject, and even names.

In addition to the parallel with Mr. Alsop, the Tale bears a resemblance to, A Declamation in Defence of W\_\_\_\_\_ and Gaming, Against Drunkenness. This piece bears the heading, “Written in Latin by Beroaldus, made English by Tho. Brown.”<sup>39</sup> The originality of this Declamation or the lack of it is a matter I leave to others. The value of it here is the strong similarity of “The Argument” to the allegory of the Tale.

### The Argument<sup>40</sup>

A Father had three Sons, one a Whoremaster, another a Gamster, and the third a Drunkard: being sick, he made this Will, That the most wicked of his Sons should be disinherited. He being dead, they go to Law, which of 'em was by this Will disinherited: he Cause is heard before the Judges by way of mutual Accusation of each other; the Drunkard having made his Defence, other two give the following Answer.

The divergence of the Declamation's “Argument” from the Tale in the matter of the disinheritance of the “most wicked of his Sons” is quite obvious. However the idea of their going to law indirectly resembles the involved interpretations of the will in the Tale. Further pursuit of the source of the allegory would be of no avail and hence this quest must change direction and, as always, return to the Tale. The allegory, as generally interpreted, is not being drawn in question, only the source from whence it comes as related to authorship in our concern here.

After an uneventful seven years the Tale's three brothers, Peter, Martin and Jack, go “up to Town,” and “On their first appearances. . . met with a very bad Reception; and soon with great Sagacity guessing out the Reason, they quickly began to improve in the good Qualities of the Town.”<sup>41</sup> It is in those “Qualities” that we are interested and a listing of them parallel to a listing from Brown should be both interesting and revealing.

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A Tale of a Tub<sup>42</sup>

The brothers  
 "writ  
 Raillyed  
 Rhymed  
 Sung  
 Said, and said nothing  
 Drank  
 Fought  
 Whor'd  
 Slept  
 Swore  
 took Snuff  
 went to new plays on  
 the first night

haunted the Chocolate-

Houses  
 beat the Watch  
 lay on Bulks  
 got Claps  
 bilkt Hackney-  
 Coachmen  
 ran in debt  
 Kill'd Bayliffs  
 Kick'd Fidlers down  
 stairs  
 eat at Lockets'  
 loitered at Will's  
 talk'd of the Drawing-  
 Room and never came  
 there  
 David with Lords they  
 never saw  
 Whisper'd a Dutchess and  
 Spoke never a word"

A Declamation in Praise of Poverty<sup>43</sup>

"Thoughtless, Raking, Roaring, Drinking  
 Scoundrel who knows no Pleasure beyond  
 scouring the Watch  
 breaking windows  
 unrigging Whores  
 bilking Bawds and Coaches  
 Lamblacking Signs  
 rubbing out of Milk-scores  
 ticking Tavern Recknings  
 Brawling  
 Quarrelling  
 throwing a Merry Main  
 and all the rest of the Noisie  
 Verities, which assures us of little  
 Sense and less Thought."

A Walk round London and  
 Westminster<sup>44</sup>

"Thither Beaux flock to  
 Shew their Vanity  
 Drink Healths to their Mistresses  
 boast of Conquests never made  
 praise Beauties they never saw  
 brag of Duels they never fought  
 censure Books they never read  
 damn Authors they never knew  
 talk familiarly of Noblemen they  
 had never the Honour to speak to  
 commend the Vertue of Women  
 they made Whores and  
 rob those of their Reputation  
 they could never conquer"

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Both the list from the Tale and from Brown's Works continue; enough has been shown to establish similarities--of method, tone, and content.

Engaging in the above-listed activities was enough to obtain for the brothers (Tale) the rating of "most accomplish'd Person in Town: But all would not suffice, and the Ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible."<sup>45</sup> The "Ladies" referred to were "Dutchess d'Argent, Madam de Grande Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil,"<sup>46</sup> the objects of the affections of the brothers. In pursuit of the ladies' approbation the brothers turned to a new approach.

For, about this Time it happened a Sect arose, whose Tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the Grande Monde, a and among every Body of good Fasion. They worshipped a sort of Idol, who, as their Doctrine delivered did daily create Men, by a kind of Manufactory Operation.<sup>47</sup>

The note accompanying the text assures us that the "Idol" is a reference to a "Taylor,"<sup>48</sup> Brown's reference to "Taylors" is identical in its imputation of worship of clothes. Speaking of the Quakers he says, "Their Religion indeed seems chiefly in their cloaths, and so they have more need of Taylors than Teachers."<sup>49</sup> Even more closely related to the passage from the Tale, are Brown's comments in the Amusements where, in reference to an overdressed fop he says,

This latter Spark a little while ago was less than a Man among you, at present 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.<sup>50</sup>

The word "Deity" deserves special note. "Deity" is used to describe the head of the group that worshipped the clothes of the "Spark." That the "Sect" in the Tale also deified clothes is evidenced by the putting of their "Idol" "on an altar," and the later reference to the "Idol" as "This God," Still farther on, the verbal parallel is struck and the Tale says, "The Worshippers of the Deity. . . ." <sup>51</sup>

In the manner of the author of the Tale a brief digression is in order. The author leaves the brothers completely so that he may discuss and develop the "Sect" and their worship of their ostentatious "idol." This stylistic quirk is interesting in that it is also exhibited in the Amusements. Early in the Amusements Brown warns his readers, "I will set both his (the Indian companion) and my Imagination on the ramble.



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Those that won't take the pains to follow us may stay whose they are, and spare themselves the trouble of reading further in the Book; but they that are minded to amuse themselves they ought to attend the Caprice of the Author for a few moments."<sup>52</sup> Still more to the point and very candidly Brown, still in the Amusements, explains his viewpoint on digressions is an excellent editorial-like explanation. The significance of this passage is its applicability to the Tale.

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 allow'd to take him up again when I'm weary of traveling alone. I will likewise make bold to quit the Metaphor of my Voyage whenever the Fancy takes me; for am so far from confining my self like a Salve 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 tiresome to the modern Reader; for I know well enough that Variety is the predominant Taste of the present Age.<sup>53</sup>

Returning to the Tale we find the three brothers confronted with the dilemma, decorate their coats and be in style or not decorate according to the injunction of their Father's will and fall out of fashion and favor. Illustrative of the scorn heaped upon them because of their plain coats is the passage, "If they went to the Play-House, the Door-keeper shewed them into the Twelve-peny Gallery. If they called a Boat, says a Water-man, I am first Sculler,"<sup>54</sup> In parallel to this, Guthkelch cites this passage from Brown's A Walk round London and Westminster. "Finding my antipodean Companion thus agreeable to my Humour, I steer'd him down Black Fryers towards the Thames-side. 'till coming near the Stairs, where from their lousy Benches up started such a noisy Multitude of old grizly Triton in sweaty shirts, and short-skirted Doublets halloring and hooting out, Next Oars and Skullers."<sup>55</sup> Little need be here recorded other than this, "Brown presumably wrote his continuation of the Amusements in 1699 or 1700."<sup>56</sup> This date is of no consequence, however, because the date of Brown's death necessitates its composition prior to the Tale's publication. The passage above differs from the one cited by Guthkelch and comes from the first edition printed of the Walks, 1707. The difference is in the inclusion above the

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phrase “in sweaty Shirts and short-skirted Doublets” which greatly enhances the similarity noted by Guthkelch. The brothers in the Tale are mistaken by the theatre “Door-keeper” as “Twelve-peny Gallery” patrons and for the same reason, their plain coats, mistaken by the “Water-man” as scullers. Thus the reference to the attire of the scullers “sweaty Shirts” and “short-skirted Doublets” in the Walks advances the satirical identification made with the Tale of the brothers and scullers.

The brothers acquire various decorations for their coats and circumvent their father's will by various devious interpretations of it. Among the decorations was “Embroidery with Indian Figures of Men, Women, and Children.”<sup>57</sup> This coupled with the already-mentioned clothes deity is alluded to in this passage from Brown's Amusements. “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 a Prince; these are not Civilities, but downright Adorations.”<sup>58</sup> Farther along Brown Says, “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.”<sup>59</sup> Again in the same piece the reference to clothing as a deity appears, “They rank the Wealthy Coxcomb in the Number of the Gods.” Before leaving the subject, Brown casts a final bark as the “Brute there in the rich Embroidery.”<sup>60</sup>

Of course the reference in the Tale to “Indian-Figures” flows naturally from the Amusements wherein the Indian plays a major role and whose observations are the objectivity that is a foundation for much of the humor of the work. The embroidery parallel and the synonymous use of clothes as symbols of a deity or the worship of clothes as an “idol” or a “God” are self-evident and positively unique. Brown's hand in both is obvious.

### Section Three

Although he has alluded to it before, it is in this portion of the Tale that the author really opens the door to the ancient and modern controversy. The “True Critick” is depicted as a modern and throughout this section is subjected to satire. With this in mind it is necessary to turn to the “Much ado about nothing” and establish its place in this work.

What would have been the ultimate fate of the ancient and modern controversy in the eighteenth century had not Sir William

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Temple revitalized it is not certain. It is evident that there was still enough life in it to come to a boil when Temple rekindled the fire under it with his Essay upon Ancient and Modern Learning in 1690. Strangely enough the rebuttal to this was four years in coming. When it did appear, it took the form of Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning by William Wotton, 1694. Fuel was added still later by Richard Bentley in 1697 when he affixed an attack upon Phalaris' letter to a second edition of Wotton's Reflections. Temple's answer was slow in coming and did not appear until 1701, a year after his death. Here Swift enters the fray for it was he who published this last commentary by Temple on the dispute, Some Thoughts upon Reviewing the Essay of Ancient and Modern Learning.

The disputation generally centered around the excellence of the two groups. As Miriam Starkman states the proposition, "Or as the combatants in the Ancients-Moderns controversy asked the question more specifically, which had the greater genius and learning, Antiquity or Modernity?"<sup>61</sup> Temple's position is illustrated by these final lines from the Essay upon Ancient and Modern Learning.

That among so many things as are by Men possessed or pursued, in the Course of their Lives, all the rest are Baubles, besides Old Wood to Burn, Old Wine to Drink, Old Friends to Converse with, and Old Books to Read."<sup>62</sup>

On the opposing side were Wotton and Bentley along with Boyle, Bacon, and other men of the world of modern learning. It is not contended here that the sides were as clearly defined or drawn as might be implied. However, some degree of generalization is necessitated by the desire to avoid entangling digressions so that the central theme of the work, authorship of the Tale, not be obscured.

The affixing of the place of the Tale in the controversy has not been quite as neatly done as might be wished. Quintana envisioned Swift, writing a satire on religion, and being rudely interrupted by the assault on Temple that appeared in the second edition of Wotton's Reflections, which carried the appended piece by Bentley. The gallant Swift depicted by Quintana stopped long enough to write The Battle of the Books, a defense of his well-loved Temple. We thereby have a convenient explanation for the composition of The Battle. The structural chaos of the Tale is also neatly explained, for we are told that Swift now wanted to attack both religion and learning so he simply combined his two satires into one work. "By any other writer such a satire would have

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rejected as soon as conceived, promising only a hopeless hotch-potch.”<sup>63</sup> The implication is that Swift was, at the time, an imposing literary figure, a masterful writer, and somehow above “any other writer.” Some slight inconsistency seems apparent here, for up to this time, 1696-97, Swift had not written anything but some rather hopelessly bad odes. If the structure of the Tale must be justified then let us go to an eminently more reasonable justification presented by Starkman, “In joining the satire on the abuses in religion and learning in one book, then Swift was merely taking the whole contemporary intellectual milieu as his target and ascribing one and the same error to all its parts, Modernity,”<sup>64</sup>

All such speculation is founded on one strongly felt need--to establish Swift's place in the controversy and thereby through association link him to the Tale. That we might relieve Swift of this ill-fitting burden, it is necessary that the Tale be viewed in its proper place in the stream of the ancient and modern controversy. This is best accomplished by bringing into the picture the author of the Tale--Tom Brown.

Here we have one whose involvement in the literary affairs of the day was such that composition of a work on ancients and moderns seems perfectly natural. Boyce chronicles Brown's involvement in the controversy and is best studied there; however some relevant illustrations can be mentioned here. Significant in this complex literary warfare is that fact that Brown was characterized as “Their Captain” by Sir E. Richard Blackmore; his supposed army is impressive and “Captain Tom,” being associated with them attests to the position others believed he held. His fellows were said to be “Dryden, Boyle, Congreve, and John Locke.”<sup>65</sup> This picture of Brown is not quite accurate because it was drawn by Blackmore who particularly hated Brown and for the more significant reason that Brown was not the modern he was said to be. Perhaps Brown himself is the best authority of his sentiments toward the controversy. First he says of the Moderns, “Some of our Modern Writers that have built upon the Foundations of the Ancients, have far excell'd in disguising their Notions, and improving the first Essays, that they have acquired more Glory and Reputation than ever was given to the Original Author; Nay have utterly effaced their Memories.”<sup>66</sup>

Brown refuses to commit himself to anything but a definite neutral position with respect to the whole controversy as is evidenced by this passage.

Those who rob the Modern Writers study to hide their  
Thefts; those who filch from the Ancients, account it

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their Glory. But why the last should be more reproach'd than the former, I can't imagine, since there is more Wit in disguising a Thought than in Mr. Lock's than 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 the Age till they have form'd their Judgments from the Standard of the Ancients, and the delicacy of their Expression from the Variety and Turns of the Moderns; and I know no reason why it should be their Disparagement, to capacitate themselves by these helps to serve the Publick.<sup>67</sup>

As we have seen, Brown's writings demonstrate an aptitude for translation of the Ancient's works, and at the same time these translations are often rendered in a very modern style. Other original works by Brown are out and out productions of the times--modern in every way. Thus Brown's neutral position secures for him the place of a confirmed mugwump.

The Tale is an amplification of, or, an expansion of the pet subjects of Brown. As has already been shown and will be elaborated upon later, Brown is known to have written on every topic mentioned in the Tale and without exception his sentiments on the subject parallel those in the Tale. Thus the Tale is an extension of Brown's ideas to the degree and in the areas he desires to fit it into the Ancient and Modern controversy.

The attempts to establish Swift as the author of the Tale and the defender of Temple are then made. The lack of proof for this proposition, causes writers to make the claims and back up in the same breath. To wit: "As everyone knows, the immediate reason for A Tale of A Tub--or at any rate for The Battle of the Books was a defense of Temple."<sup>68</sup> After this bold hesitancy Paulson pulls the rug out from under his own assertion. "Swift pays lip service to the greatness of Phalaris and other points upon which Temple was incontrovertibly proved wrong."<sup>69</sup> It would seem the defender fails to defend. We are later told that Swift really defends what he "abstracts" from the controversy and nothing remains of the label of the defender of Temple. Swift's place in the ancient-modern controversy is unknown and heretofore has been deduced from the Tale. All that is known, is that he lived with a conservative--Temple, and subsequent to Temple's death published a work by him relating to the controversy.

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Essentially the Tale is, as it relates to the ancient-modern controversy, a rejection of the new science or new learning largely expressed through satire of contemporaries. As such, the Tale is eminently more suited to Brown, who as a neutral could go either direction. That the Tale exhibits a strong ancient sympathy is not intolerable to Brown, especially since this position is taken to facilitate an attack upon the writers of 'criticks' of his milieu, a favorite diversion of the much-hated Brown.

Returning to the "Digression concerning Criticks" and its more obvious subject, critics, we at once can see the satiric attack of the author on them. The Tale tells us the "True Critick . . . is a Discoverer and Collector of Writer's Faults,"<sup>70</sup> That all ages have suffered from the oppression of the "criticks" is pointed out in the Tale when the author says that such a figure of Herodotus speaks of them as "ASSES" because he and other "Ancient Writers treated this Subject only by Types and Figures . . . because they darst not make open Attacks against a Party so Potent and so Terrible, as the Criticks of those Ages were; whose very Voice was so Dreadful, that a Legion of Authors would tremble, and drop their Pens at the Sound."<sup>71</sup> The timelessness of the "Time Critick: is attested to in the Tale, "For it hath been observed both among Ancients and Moderns, that a True Critick hath one Quality in common with a Whore and an Alderman, never to change his Title or his Nature."<sup>72</sup>

Brown's scorn for the critics is, of course, evident in many of his other writings but being of a different nature eludes the quest for clear-cut specific statements. In his various other works Brown's attacks on the critics took the form of satiric jeers at the men themselves. His feud with Sir Richard Blackmore is testimony of this. Such pieces as To Sir R-----  
----- Bl----- upon his unhappy Talent of Praising and  
Railing, and to Sir R----- Bl-----'s prospect to erect a  
Bank of Wit.<sup>73</sup>

### Section Four

In this section is recorded the transformation of the brother Peter in to "Father PETER; and sometimes My Lord PETER. To support this Grandeur, which he soon began to consider, could not he maintained a Better Fonde than he was born to; After much Thought, he cast about at last, to turn Projector and Virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous Discoveries, Projects and Machines, which bear great Vogue and Practice at present in the World, are owing entirely to Lord

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Peter's Inventions."<sup>74</sup> The first such project of Peter's was to purchase from the discoverers, "Terra Australis incognita" then sell it. When the buyers were "Shipwrecht in the Voyage" to it, Peter would resell it, this he did "again, and again, and again, and again."

Peter's next project "was his Sovereign Remedy for the Worms."<sup>75</sup> Following this are a multitude of other inventions, all evincing the same object-satire of the Pope. For the record, it should be noted that Brown parallels the idea of a worm remedy in Joe Haine's 2<sup>nd</sup> Letter to Will's Coffee-hour.<sup>76</sup> The Charlatan, Signior Guisippe Hanesio, in advertising his cures lists: "Seventhly, and lastly, My Pulvis Vermifugus, or Intivermatic Powder brings up the rear, so famous for killing and bringing away all sorts of Worms incident to human Bodies."<sup>77</sup>

The satiric attack of Peter, which portrays him as "Projector and Virtuoso," "exhibits a strong hatred of the author for these members of society. In order to demonstrate the improbability of Swift writing the Tale and thereby exhibiting these sentiments, we now turn briefly to a development noted by William Ewald in his The Masks of Jonathan Swift. Ewald cites the pamphlet, The Sentiment of a Church of England Man, With Respect to Religion and Government.<sup>78</sup> This pamphlet is believed to have been written in 1704, the year of the Tale's publication; in it Swift is the Church of England man who is speaking. The Reflections is taken to be a true reflection of Swift's feelings' Ewald cites evidence for this and concludes his presentation of this section. "As further evidence that the Church of England Man expresses Swift's sincere judgments. . ."<sup>79</sup> With this in mind, we cannot ignore the pious churchman saying, "I believe, I am no bigot in religion; and I am sure, I am none in government. I converse in full freedom with many considerable men of both parties."<sup>80</sup> One can only marvel that it can be seriously contended that Swift wrote this work and the Tale.

Even more incongruous is the next episode which is Swift's, "A Project for the Advancement of Religion and the Reformation of Manners (1709), which he write as a projector, with the grand scheme which quickly and easily could sweepingly reform English moral behavior."<sup>81</sup> Ewald goes on and notes the wide divergence, "Yet one who has read the description of Lord Peter's projects in A Tale of a Tub and the satire on projectors in Gulliver's Travels . . . might well wonder whether Jonathan Swift could go all the way with his 'author' in believing that the English people could speedily be made better by a system."<sup>82</sup> The doubt is there, but Ewald fails to reach a rational

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explanation because the gap is too wide to bridge. Consider the true case and difficulty disappears. Swift did not write the Tale, Gulliver is another matter for it comes almost fifteen years later. Any other explanation would have Swift bitterly assailing "projectors" in the Tale, then becoming one--and a very naïve one at that--a few years later. Such a proposal stretches the imagination a bit too far.

Brown's sentiments respecting projectors is quote easily established, (he never became one) indeed one cannot read far in his Works without noting a disparaging remark concerning them. For example in the Amusements he says,

From thence I sail'd 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 ow'd him Money: He was shewing the way to be rich when Taxes rise and Trading falls, and descanting upon all Humors 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.<sup>83</sup>

Still more to the point Brown devotes a section of the Amusements to "The Philosophical, or Virtuosi Country."<sup>84</sup> In it he ridicules the absurd projects being worked on such as: "cutting Asp-leaves into Tongues, . . . Dissecting Atomes, and Mites in Cheese, and transfusing the Blood of an Ass into an Astrogical 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."

The final significant aspect of Section Four is the intense assault on Catholicism expressed through the ridicule of Peter, his corruption and outlandish behavior. It would not be practical or desirable here to enumerate these examples of Peter's aberration. Only those examples that can be closely tied to similar passages in other works by Brown are mentioned here. Comments like "where a Fellow was talking Nonsense as confidently as if he had got a Patent for it, and confirm'd the Popish Masim, that Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion."<sup>86</sup> and "If you go to Church and don't make a liberal Contribution to us, we say you are a Papist,"<sup>87</sup> are indications of Brown's attitude toward the Roman Church. As Peter introduces the concept of transubstantiation and through satire expose it to ridicule, Brown takes another tack but scorns the same idea again when he says, "Some Romish Authors have done the same to support that monstrous Doctrine, Transubstantiation."<sup>88</sup> In this same



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vein it has already been noted that the transubstantiation satire in the Tale was said by Wotton to have been borrowed from the Miscellaneous Works of the Duke of Buckingham, a work edited by Brown. Such titles as, The Men and Women – Saints in an Uproar; or the Superstition of the Romish Church pleasantly exposed 1687 go far toward pointing out Brown's early feeling toward the Catholic Church. Examples of his consistent dislike and attacks on the Church could be multiplied here, but it must be sufficient to note that Brown's attitude toward the Catholic Church was in every way coincidental with the views expressed in the Tale.

### Section Five

This section returns to the ancient-modern controversy. It facetiously praises "that Worth Modern, Dr. B \_\_\_\_\_tly." This is significant because Brown attacks Bently elsewhere, as is illustrated by this from Boyce, who speaking of Brown's letters says, "The similes are turned rather too often into slurs upon Dr. Bently."<sup>89</sup>

Farther on, the Tale's author returns to the subject of an overabundance of "Prefaces, Epistles, Advertisements, Introductions, Prolegomena's Apparatus's, To-the Reader's."<sup>90</sup> Bringing Dryden into the discussion the Tale says.

Our Great Dryden ahs long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible Success. He has often said to me in Confidence, that the World would have never suspected him to be so great a Poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his Prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it.<sup>91</sup>

Compare this with Mr. Bays, "who lives and who, in his loquacity, his logical ingenuity, and his perfect faith that all he does and thinks and writes will be of absorbing interest to the reader."<sup>92</sup> This attitude, "is as close to the Dryden of the printed prefaces as to the hero of The Rehearsal, so that even Dryden's admirers could not but be amused."<sup>93</sup> Brown's further disgust with excessive introductory sections has been documented elsewhere.

### Section Six

The Tale now turns to the adventures of the remaining two brothers, Jack and Martin. Having fallen out with Peter and living apart

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from him, they took to reading their father's will, which had been locked up during the process of ornamenting their coats. This reading inspires them "to reform their Vestures into the Primitive State, prescribed by their Father's Will,"<sup>94</sup> Martin began the stripping of the coats, but before proceeding to any extreme "he demurred a while . . . and resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the Work."<sup>95</sup> Such was not the case with Jack, the dissenter, however, for he proceeded in quite a different manner. Before recounting the details of Jack's activities, the Tale tells us that Jack's "Adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great Part in the Remainder of this Discourse."<sup>96</sup> The import of this comment is the fact that, insofar as Brown concerns himself in his other writings with religious issue, the greatest part of about the dissenters.

For an accurate synopsis of Brown's feelings about the dissenter other than the one expressed by him in the Tale, we may turn to A Walk round London and Westminster. In addition to the many slight and subtle references that flavor both A Walk and the Amusements, Brown devotes a section to "The Presbyterian Meeting-House" and "The Quaker's Meeting," in A Walk.<sup>97</sup>

Jack is described in the Tale as being filled with zeal; he implores his brother, Martin, to follow his lead to "do as I do, for the Love of God; Strip, Tear, Pull, Rent, Flay off all, that we may appear as unlike the Rogue Peter, as it is possible: I would not for a hundred Pounds carry the least Mark about me, that might give Occasion to the Neighbours, of suspecting I was related to such a Rascal."<sup>98</sup> Jack's exhortation failed to rouse Martin, and this apathy only served to "put Jack in a Rage," Since his own coat was now in tatters, Jack "thought fit to lend the whole Business another Turn, and to dress up Necessity into a Virtue."<sup>99</sup> Being unable to induce Martin to join him by renting his coat, "what alas, was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but offer a Million of Scurrilities against his Brother, to run made with Spleen and Spright, and Contradiction."<sup>100</sup>

Keeping these characteristics in mind we are all to fill in the concept of the dissenters held by Brown by looking to his Directions to make the Fanaticks Diascordium.

Take of the Herb of Hypocrisie and Ambition, of each one handful; Of the Spirit of Pride, two Grains; Of the Seed of Dissention, Discord and Sedition, of each one Once; Of the Root of Obstinacy, Stubbornness and Covetousness, of each one quarter of a Pound: Bruise

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the Herbs, break the Seeds, slice the Roots, and pound them all together in the Mortar of Vain-Glory, with the Pestle of Contradiction; put in a Pint of the Water of Strife; to be infus'd over the Fire of feign'd Zeal, adding thereto four Ounces of Syrup of Self-Conceit.

The Use of the Cordial, is;

When 'tis like-warm, let the Dissenting-Brother take one Spoonful of it Morning and Evening, before Exercise; and when his Mouth is full, let him wink with his Eyes, make wry Mouths, and shed some few dissembling Tears, and then let him speak as the Spirit of Giddiness gives him utterance.

The Effect of the Cordial, is;

It will make the Schismatick maintain the Alchoran, assist the Pope to foment Rebellion, and call it by Name of Subjects Liberty.

This Diascordium is to be had at every Coventicle in England.<sup>101</sup>

### Section Seven

This section of the Tale is entitled A Digression in Praise of Digressions. Much has been said and deeply penetrating studies written which have as their avowed purpose the proving of the unity of the Tale. Dr. Paulson has produced an excellent work that seeks to do just that. "The second point I have tried to demonstrate is that the Tale is a unified structure, not only about something but cunningly planned and executed."<sup>102</sup> The opposite view is that the Tale is a meaningless, unconnected maze, a "savage exhibition . . . a game, played because it is the insolent pleasure of the author,"<sup>103</sup> The truth lies somewhere in-between these views. Paulson's views are for the most part valid and exhibit a high degree of insight into the Tale. They narrowly miss the point when the attempt is made to reconcile the Tale and Swift, Paulson sounds the alarm that something might be amiss in regard to the Tale's authorship but fails to take heed.

Thus one of the facts about the Tale that contribute to its curiously unique air is that a reader is never wholly convinced of the fiction, nor unconvinced: if he were convinced, a passage like the above would be accepted without hesitation as the Hack's and enjoyed as such.

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But the Hack, in spite of all the details which can be shown to prove his psychological consistency and almost independent existence, never completely detaches himself from Swift. It is not easy to see why; but the critical evidence of two and a half centuries. . . shows that most readers find the ambiguity there.<sup>104</sup>

And well they might, for the “ambiguity” arises out of the persistence to assign the Tale to Swift. Paulson must have suspected the truth when he suggested an “independent existence” but the age old attachment to Swift refused to permit him to make the break and he, as the hack, “never completely detaches himself from Swift.”

To the proposal that the Tale is a unified structure this writer is quite warmly disposed, but it must be realized what the unifying element is; it is simply the mind of Tom Brown. Running through the Tale we see the expression of ideas oft expressed by him and we cannot fail to see his tongue-in-cheek humor pervading every page. We see it in the structure of the Tale. As was noted in the biographical section on Brown he seemed incapable of composing any lengthy work; the Tale is not a lengthy work; it is a series of loosely connected pieces that just as easily could have been published as pamphlets except for the unifying element—the brothers. Brown states his view of digressions:

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 son uncontested, that I am resolv'd to continue 'em.<sup>105</sup>

Upon reading this it is impossible to look upon A Digression in Praise of Digressions as anything but another “Amusement” and one of a rather loosely connected group of short pieces.

In this section of the Tale “Modern Wits” are satirized through the claim of the author that they have the talent “of deducing Similitudes, Allusions, and Applications, very Surprising, Agreeable, and Apposite, from the Pudenda of either Sex, together with their proper uses.”<sup>106</sup> In writing this Brown must have been remembering J. Haine's 2<sup>nd</sup> Letter to Will's Coffee-House wherein the quack Giusippe Hansio said, “Those who are not able to come to me, let them send their Urine, especially that made after Midnight, and on sight of it, I will tell them what their Distemper is, and whether Curable or no.”<sup>107</sup> He goes on to list a multitude of other things he can discern and predict through this method

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but enough has been noted to establish the similarity, which lies in the proposed method of diagnosis.

### Section Eight

In the course of his discussion of the Aeolists, the author describes the priest of the sect as preaching his doctrines from a "Barrel"<sup>108</sup> with the top beaten out. A similar use of a tub as a pulpit is seen in Brown's Amusements wherein we see a "Tubster," also described as a "Vociferous Holder forth" speaking "upon all Humor and Manners."<sup>109</sup>

The Tale also described the fact that in the "Barrel" is hidden "secret Funnel" which "is also convey'd from his Posteriors, to the Bottom of the Barrel,"<sup>110</sup> This to a degree resembles Brown's description of a dissenters group which is inspired in this manner, "Every Man, nay every Woman too, is here inspir'd; the Spirit speaks in them, they are but Stentonorophonic Tubes, thro' which that speaks."<sup>111</sup> The reference is made to the Quakers as is the parallel section of the Tale. The similarity between the two passages is enhanced by the inclusion of women in both sources. As is seen above Brown says, "nay every Woman, too."<sup>112</sup> The Tale includes them by observing, "It is true indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by Female Officers, whose Organs were understood to be better disposed for the Admission of these Oracular Gusts, as entering and passing up thro' a Receptacle of greater Capacity."<sup>113</sup> This last citation from the Tale is in itself strong evidence of Brown's authorship for it deals with a subject that obsessed him and it is dealt with in a manner typical of him.

### Section Nine

This section which is A Digression on Madness begins by establishing the cause of madness to be "Vapor" that "has . . . got up into the Brain."<sup>114</sup> In satirizing "the Present French King" the author tells us "At Last the Vapour or Spirit, which animated the Hero's Brain, being in perpetual Circulation, seized upon that Region of the Human Body, so renown'd for furnishing the Zibeta Occidentalis, and gathering there into a Tumor, left the rest of the World for that Time in Peace. Of such mighty Consequence it is, where those exhalations fix; and of so little, from whence they proceed. The same Spirits which in their superior

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Progress would conquer a Kingdom, descending upon the Anus, conclude in a Fustula.”<sup>115</sup>

Brown used this same idea in 1697, and significantly enough used it for exactly the same purpose—to satirize the French King. In A Satyr upon the French King we note these lines:

May Pope, and Thou, be never Cater Cousins and  
Fistula's they Arse-hole seize by Dozens.<sup>116</sup>

The Tale goes on to take the reader on a tour of Bedlam and we see a veritable chaos. The over-all picture resembles the tour of Bedlam taken in the Amusements by Tom and his Indian companion.

A particular quality of the Bedlam scene in the Tale must be developed here. We see a “Student tearing his Straw in piece-meal, Swearing and Blaspheming, biting his Grate, foaming at the Mouth, and emptying his Pispot in the Spectator's Faces.”<sup>117</sup> Later another inmate is described, “Accost the Hole of another Kennel, first stopping your nose, you will behold a surley, gloomy, nasty, slovenly Mortal, raking in his own Dung, and dabbling in his Urine. The best Part of his Diet, is the Reversion of his own Ordure, which expiring into Streams, whirls perpetually about, and at last reinfunds. His Complexion is of dirty Yellow, with a thin scattered Beard, exactly agreeable to that of his Dyet upon it first Declination; like other Insects, who having their Birth and Education in an Excrement, from then borrow their Colour and their Smell,”<sup>118</sup>

Swift's strongest advocates have been puzzled by this quality exhibited in the Tale. Speaking “of that obsession by excremented details” evident in the Tale and The Battle of the Books, Quintana asks, “What is to be made of this strange fascination which the emissions of the human body held for Swift?”<sup>119</sup> After briefly cogitating on the mystery and noting that the earliest examples of this “fascination” are in the Tale and the Battle Quintana concludes, “One can only admit defeat.”<sup>120</sup> Since our concern here is only with the Tale, Swift's later obsession for the subject is not questioned, but it is noteworthy that this “fascination” did not appear in his writings before the Tale and not until long after. Again to accept Swift as author of the Tale would be contrary to the trends seen in his early work and contrary to what is known to have been his choice of subject matter.

On the other hand, Brown's tendency toward “excremented details” and toward all other forms and types of obscenity is well known. Substantiation for this assertion is extremely simple for Brown's every work abounds with references to every conceivable obscene topic; one

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needs only to open his Works and read a page or two. In order to see his talent on fully display and yet remain aligned with the idea of "excremented details," the following passage must suffice as an example. The scene finds Tom and his Indian friend in a boat on the Thames; their boatman is addressed by the passengers of another boat.

No sooner had we saluted each other with these Water-Compliments, as we pass'd by, but a Western-Boat, stow'd with a mixture of both Sexes, began a fresh Attack upon us in a manner following, viz. How now Old Dad, Whether are your Man and you carrying that King of the Gypsies you have pick'd up for a Fare? Why he looks as if he had painted his Face with a Child's Surreverence, to make his Countenance shine like a Tumerick Pudding. Out you nasty t--d colour'd Dog, born upon a Dung-hill without a Head, that your Mother was forc'd to supply the Defect with a yellow Pumpkin."<sup>121</sup>

In the Tale the Bedlamite's, "Diet, is the Reversion of his own Ordure," Brown displays the same inclination toward obscenity and displays the identical idea later in the same piece. Another "gam" produces this dialogue.

What Kin are you to Tim Collet of Staines, that Beat his own Father, stood Pimp to his Mother, lay with his Sister, and B-----d his Brother, all in one Night: He was a Western Bangeman, you Rogues, he was so. Fah, you nasty Dogs, reply'd the Barge-men, that get your Bread by the drippings of other Peoples Fundaments.<sup>122</sup>

This is more than enough to illustrate the point, but we must not be too harsh with Brown. He wrote this kind of material, it is true, but to a certain degree his milieu excuses him. This must be coupled with the fact that he acted in an effort to be satirical knowing the nature of his acts. Before recording the preceding passage, eh tells us that the one boat "was much outdone in stupendious Obscenity, tonitrous Verbosity, and malicious Scurrility, as if one side had been Daniel D-----f-----'s Party, and the other the Observator's:" Then in the interests of satire Brown explains his copying of the lewd exchange. "And because the Reader shall have a Taste of their modest Dialect, and incomparable Breeding, I have ventured to stain the Paper with some of their spiteful Eloquence."<sup>123</sup> Although this does not excuse Brown, it does help us understand him, which is the first step toward toleration.

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### Section Ten

The author begins this section with facetious thanks to all the groups and places satirized in the Tale; "I accept their Approbation, and good Opinion with extream Gratitude."<sup>124</sup> He then goes on to satirize "an Author" unnamed, but possibly Blackmore (Guthkelch cites Blackmore's preface to Prince Arthur as an "example" but the similarity is strong enough when related to Brown's feud with Blackmore to assert that it is Blackmore) by asking him "how his lost Piece hath succeeded; Why truly he thanks his Stars, the World has been very favourable, and he has not the least Reason to complain: And yet, by G---, He writ it in a Week at Bits and Starts, when he could steal an Hour from his urgent Affairs,"<sup>125</sup>

In 1703, Brown wrote Jo. Haines 3d Letter to Will's Coffee-house; in it he satirized Blackmore's hurried composition of Prince Arthur.

Virgil, one of the topping Wits of Antiquity, was forced to retire out of the noise and hurry of Rome to his Country Villa, and bestow'd some ten or twelve Years in composing his Aeneis: Whereas Sir R-----d Bl-----re, who passes but for a sixth rate Versifier among us, was able to Write both his Arthurs in two or three Years time and that in the tumult and smoak of Coffee-houses, or in his Coach as he was jolting it from one Patient to another, amidst the vast multiplicity of his Business too, which, as the City Bard frankly confesses was never greater than then.<sup>126</sup>

The similarity lies in the ridicule of the writer who wrote between other business affairs and is created through the comparison, and as Brown wrote the Tale it is logical that the barb would be aimed at Blackmore, his long-time enemy.

### Section Eleven

The Tale returns to the affairs of Jack, and tells us how he began to interpret his father's will and of his resolve "to make sue of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paltry, Occasions of Life."<sup>127</sup> In the course of this interpretation Jack exhibits a language change, "his common Talk and Conversation ran wholly in the phrases of his Will,



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and he circumscribed the utmost Eloquence within that Compass, not daring to let slip a Syllable without Authority from thence."<sup>128</sup> This is, as is pointed out by the notes, satire on the dissenters' use of "Scripture Phrases in their serious Discourses."<sup>129</sup> That Brown pursued this identical line of attack on the dissenters in still another work is evidenced by Mr. Brown's Sermon at a Quaker Meeting.

Dear sister Ruth, the spirit moveth me to lay thee down,  
that I may fructify upon thee; and she answered him  
again, and said, Resist not the spirit, for from thence  
proceedeth no ill; and when it came to pass. . ."<sup>130</sup>

Combined with the satire on the use of biblical phrases is the ridicule of the supposed sexual immorality of the dissenters.

The doctrine of predestination comes in for a bit of derision in the Tale, and is presented through another oddity of Jack.

He would shut his Eyes as he walked along the Streets,  
and if he happened to bounce his Head against a Post, or  
fall into the Kennel (as he seldom missed either to do  
one or both) he would tell the gibing Prentices, who  
looked on, that he submitted with entire Resignation, as  
to a Trip, or a Blow of Fate, with whom he found, by  
long Experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to  
cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would  
be sure to come off with a swinging Fall, or a bloody  
Nose. It was ordained, said he, some few Days before  
the Creation, that my Nose and this very Post should  
have a Recounter, and therefore, Nature thought fit to  
sent us both into the World in the same Age, and to  
make us Country-men and Fellow-Citizens.<sup>131</sup>

The Tale also expresses the belief that the dissenters' attempt to conceal all their misbehaviours behind or, rather, justify them with the doctrine of predestination.

WHEN he had some Roguish Trick to play, he would  
down with his Knees, up with his Eyes, and fall to  
Prayers, tho' in the midst of the Kennel.<sup>132</sup>

Continuing we note the obscenity again.

Then it was that those who understood his Pranks,  
would be sure to get far enough out of his Way; And  
whenever Curiosity attracted Strangers to Laugh, or to  
Listen; he would of a sudden, with one Hand out with

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his Gear, and piss full in their Eyes, and with the other,  
all to be spatter them with Mud.<sup>133</sup>

Again we can turn to the Amusements and find the same ideas expressed. Not exact duplications which would imply a simple copying, but rather a variation which is obvious restatement of a pet peeve of Brown--the dissenters, their immorality, hypocrisy, and anything distasteful not covered by those two categories, justified by predestination.

Here sits a Holy Sister, full of Spiritual Pride in her Face, the Word of God in her Hands, the Parson in her Eye, and the Devil in her Tail: She pays her Quarterage justly, and that makes her recta in Curia with her Guide; for a Saint may make bold with her Husband's Bed for her Gallant, provide she make as bold with his Purse for her Preacher; nor can they much be accus'd, if their Doctrine of Predestination be true, for, they needs must go whom the Devil drives. Necessity has no Law, and if they offend, 'tis the fault of the first Mover, whose Machines they are. So that if they pick a Pocket, betray their Trust, bear False Witness, commit Adultery, Incest &c. the Fault's not theirs, they are but meer Passives, and what they cannot help they cannot suffer for. This may be one reason, the Ten Commandments are not in their Meeting-Houses as well as in the Churches, because they are only for the Wicked, who own Free-Will, and not for the Godly, who deny it, and cannot sin. The Promises and Threats of the Scripture have nothing to do with them, for those are directed to free Agents, who are Masters of their Actions; that can comply with or break the Laws of God, as they think fit.<sup>134</sup>

### The Tale's Conclusion

There is little in this section of a unique or original nature. The author simply returns to the subject of booksellers briefly, just long enough to slightly twist the literary knife. That the Tale is in some way against Bentley is alluded to by the bookseller who says, "I have already hired an Author to write something against Dr. B---tl-y, which, I am sure will turn to account."<sup>135</sup>

In this section, the writer takes leave of his readers but not before taking care to insure their understanding that he is writing as a

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“Modern.” One feels here that he is a bit afraid that the reader will miss the point and is therefore reminding him. His “Common Place Book,” which he mentioned occasionally throughout the Tale is again on his mind, and although he seems to satirize Common Place Books the impression is vivid that he is truly making reference to a particular one--his own. He speaks of it as “my Book of Common Places” and says that in five years his attempts to utilize its sayings have almost totally failed. “I have not been able after five Years to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a Dozen. Of which Dozen, the one Moiety failed of Success, by being dropt among unsuitable Company; and the other cost me so many Strains, and Traps, and Ambages to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over.”<sup>136</sup> If it was the intention to merely satirize Common Place Books then he would hardly have pointed to the failure of his own, not at least from the position of the immodest, bragging modern he had assumed throughout the Tale. It would seem reasonable to conclude that Brown is seen here recording an after thought that, having been closely brushed by reality tends to let an autobiographical ray shine through.

### Battle of the Books

The title page of the first edition of the Tale announced itself, then stated, “To which is added, An Account of a Battel Between the Antient and Modern Books in St. James’s Library.”<sup>137</sup> The time of composition is set at 1697 in the forepiece, The Bookseller to the Reader, which was itself, according to Guthkelch, written just before publication in 1704.

This introductory section begins by asserting, “The following Discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same Author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former, I mean, the Year 1697 when the famous Dispute was on Foot about Antient and Modern learning.”<sup>138</sup> The piece then continues with a resume of the controversy. A significant commentary is made in this resume, “But, the Manuscript, by the Injury of Fortune, or Weather, being in several Places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the Victory fell.”<sup>139</sup>

In the same vein, Ewald poses a very significant question, “This satiric spirit does not properly belong to the impartial historian of the great battle. But does it with complete sincerity belonging to Swift, who could hardly speak of his ‘long experience.’ at least in literary controversy; who in the Tale ridicules the modern satirists who lash the

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world; and who seems throughout the Battle to be laughing more or less at both sides of the overblown controversy?"<sup>140</sup> This passage is another example of a very near miss; Ewald must have had shadows of doubt concerning authorship cross his mind.

Insofar as the Battle expresses impartiality toward the controversy, we find additional evidence of Brown's position. The preface to his Amusements contains these thoughts.

What need all this Toil 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 Translation, and the Application wherewith he graces 'em, is enough to persuade 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.<sup>141</sup>

Even the most caustic critic must see that these sentiments are more profound than any that could be expected from the typical hack. Brown's comments that succeed those above go farther and establish a well thought out impartiality.

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 Judgements from the Standard of the Ancients, and the Delicacy of this Expression from the Variety and Turns of the Moderns; and I know no reason why it should be their Disparagement to capacitate themselves by these Helps to serve the Publick.<sup>142</sup>

Taking a philosophical view, Brown goes on to observe:

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 deliver'd 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 Judgement.<sup>143</sup>

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This evident impartiality must not be construed to be such that it impairs in any way the interpreted point of view of the Tale. The Tale does not, in spirit, contradict anything cited here, it is more of an attack on contemporaries, the follies of individuals, and modern scientists than on all modernity. Also relevant to this impartiality is the contention that Swift wrote the Battle in defense of Temple. Consistency in the emotion and rational mind of any man would not move him to write an "impartial defense" of anyone.

Two characteristics of the Battle need elaboration here as they relate to the authorship of the work. If both the Battle and the Tale are by the same hand then the authorship of the Tale will be clarified in proportion to what is developed.

The first of these is the obscenity of the Battle. The dialogue between the Spider and the Bee typifies this vulgarity. The Spider addresses the Bee: "A Plague split you, said he, for a giddy Son of a Whore; Is it you, with a Vengeance, that have made this Litter here? Could you not look before you, and be d-----n'd? Do you think I have nothing else to do (in the Devil's Name) but to Mend and Repair after you Arse?"<sup>144</sup> Again Brown's hand is in evidence and reference need only be made to the Water-man's dialogue in A Walk round London and Westminster to illustrate his propensity toward this type of tirade.<sup>145</sup>

The second characteristic of the Battle is the singling out of certain moderns for special abuse. In addition to the attack upon Bentley, the satirizing of John Dryden is quite sustained. One particular instance is seen in the encounter between Virgil, who "appeared in shining Armor, compleatly fitted to his Body;" and one of the "Foe" who "issued from among the thickest of the Enemy's Squadrons; But his speed was less than his Noise; for his Horse, old and lean, spent the Dregs of his Strength in a high Trot, which tho' it made slow advances, yet caused a loud Clashing of his Armor, terrible to hear."<sup>146</sup> When the two warriors began to close "the Stranger desired a Parley, and lifting up the Vizard of his Helmet, a Face hardly appeared from within, which after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden."<sup>147</sup> The satire is pursued in the ensuing description.

The brave Antient suddenly started, as one possess'd with Surprise and Disappointment together: For, the Helmet was nine times too large for the Head, which appeared Situate far in the hinder Part, even like the Lady in a Lobster, or like a Mouse under the Canopy of

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State, or like a shrivled Beau from within the Penthouse of a modern Perewig: And the voice was suited to the Visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden in a long Harangue soothed up the good Antient, called hi Father, and by a large deduction of Genealogies, made it plainly appear, that they were nearly related. Then he humbly proposed an Exchange of Armor, as a lasting Mark of Hospitality between them. Virgil consented . . . tho' his was of Gold and cost a hundred Beeves, the others but of rusty Iron. However, this glittering Armor became the Modern yet worse than his Won. Then they agreed to exchange Horses; but when it came to the Trial, Dryden was afraid and utterly unable to mount.<sup>148</sup>

Thus Dryden is made the butt of satire as he was in the Tale, especially in reference to self-flattery via extensive prefaces and other introductory sections. The lengthy and various introductory sections of the Tale are themselves quite probably aimed at John Dryden and his habit of presenting lengthy introductory pieces. This very obvious and pointed attack on Dryden is part of a larger picture in which many men were attacked. Out of this aspect of the Tale and the Battle arises one of the most significant pieces of evidence yet brought forward in the advancement of Brown as true author of the works. In discussing the type of man satirized in the Tale, Starkman notes this fact, but being tied to the Swift legend is unable to go on to pose the critical question of authorship that is implicit in the fact. She says,

That composite manner of many men which Swift satirized in A Tale of a Tub is the manner of what he calls--Grub Street. The fine line of demarcation which according to Swift separated the hackney writer from his legitimate colleagues is not drawn very clearly in the Tale. His relegation of Dryden, Wotton, Bently, D'Urfey, Dennis, Blackmore, and L'Estrange to the purlieu of Grub Street is a little startling in its lack of discrimination. We must conclude, then, that as Swift uses the term Grub Street it is pejorative rather than descriptive. This pejorative connotation would explain, for example, why Dryden is made the prototype of the Grub Street hack, rather than Tom Brown who is conspicuously absent from A Tale of a Tub.<sup>149</sup>

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The “lack of discrimination” suggested is not now “startling;” it is natural; from Tom Brown, it is expected. Of those listed, Brown, in other writings, is known to have attacked Bentley, and D’Urfey. His bitter feud with Blackmore is well documented by Boyce, and only Wotton escaped his sarcastic lash; perhaps further study will be more revealing. Brown would, as is evidenced from his long sustained attack on Dryden, which began with Mr. Bays and continued through the Amusements, use the term Grub Street in a “perjorative” manner and also Dryden would be the very one to be “made the prototype” of the hack. Finally the “Conspicuously absent” Brown has, by absenting himself from the Tale, in effect, signed his name and thereby stands boldly, as the true author, for all who will see.

Looking at the Battle in perspective it becomes apparent that there yet remains one final similarity that merits development. Brown, in 1699, within a year or two of the time the Battle must have been written, wrote A Collection of Letters on Several Occasions which were printed in 1700. One of these letters is entitled, “To a Physician in the Country; giving a true state of the poetical War between Cheapside and Covent-Garden.”<sup>150</sup> The similarity is, in at least one respect, specific; the scene in both cases is Parnassus. The battle in both the letter and the Battle is a conflict over literary affairs. Because of the relative lack of familiarity with Brown and the overall similarity, the entire letter is reproduced here.

To a Physician in the Country; giving a true State of the  
Poetical War Between Cheapside and Covent-Garden<sup>151</sup>

Sir,

We are almost barren of News; the War betwixt the Northern Crowns, and the Poetical Physicians is the only Subject at present; Holstein and Riga, Cheapside and Covent-Garden the Scene of all our Coffee-house Debates. What passes in our two first, the Publick Prints will inform you; the latter I shall endeavour to give you some Account of: You are not Ignorant of the Civil War that is broke out amongst the Subjects of Apollo, and what Disorders we have lately had in Parnassus. Two brawny Heroes, the Sons of Paeon, head the opposite Factions; both have signalized themselves extraordinarily, one in Four Poems, which he has

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Printed, and t'other in a Poem printed four times. The City Bard takes Arms to drive out Wit, as an Evil Councillor from all the Realms of Apollo. The Covent-Garden Hero rises in its Defence, and maintains its Services. This Quarrel is so far spread, that it's not like to be decided *Proprio Marte*; each Chief has his Faction, the Knight of the Round-Table has gathered a Body of Mercenaries, to whom, on the other side, are opposed a Squadron of Auxiliary Volunteers; and thus, as in Forty one, Blew-Aprons, and Laced-Coats are drawn up against one another, and the Rabble and Gentlemen set together by the Ears; each Side confident of Success, that trusting to their Multitudes, this to their Courage and Conduct. The Pestle and Mortar-men are drawn up against the Asculapian Band; the first, who like Taylors and Women measure the Goodness of every Thing by the length, assert the good old Cause of long Bills, and long Poems, against the *Jus Divinum* of Efficacy and Sense; and think it infinitely more Meritorious to write three or four Folio's without Wit than to fill a small Octavo with it, and prefer the Art of Swelling a Bill, before the Skill to Cure a Disease. The Cheapside Hero, they say, devotes himself wholly to their Service, and Rhimes as well as Prescribes to the use of their Shops: However, this doubtly Chief, in the midst of his Cheapside Triumphs, has been brought under Martial Discipline, and forc'd to run the Gantlet in Covent-Garden, and Switch'd through the whole Posse of Parnassus, for fighting against the law of Arms with false Colours. Those that favour his Cause complain of the Injustice and Indignity of his Punishment, alleging he suffers for what he never did. They on the other Hand defend their Proceedings, and affirm they know him through his Disguise, and that coming upon 'em in Masquerade, he ought to suffer as a Spy, or an Assassin; and deserves no more Quarter, than he gives to his Patients. Notwithstanding this, his Party have rallied once more, and the Mercenaries are brought to the Attack, who hope to effect that by Stratagem, that they despair of by plain Force; and, like the Scots at the Bass,



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since they can't reduce em' by Arms, attempt to poison them with Sink-Pots. At the Head of those, is a Mendicant Rhymer, one that begs with a Poem, like a Pass in his Hand, and with a Sham Brief, as a Sufferer by Poetic Fire, has Collected the Charity of well-disposed persons through all Parnassus for above twice Twelve Month; and like a true Beggar, when he has tired 'em out, falls a railing. For a Bribe from his Ballad-Printer's not large enough to Rob him of the Benefit of the Act of Parliament for the Relief of poor Prisoners, and the Promise of a Dinner now and then from Sir Arthur, he has consented to Libel his Benefactors, and return to his old Quarters, and subsist for the Remainder of his Life upon the Basket. Thus countenanced and encouraged, he lays about him most desperately, and like one not much concerned for the Success, draws his Incense, and his Ammunition from the same House of Office; Friends and Foes are treated alike in Compliment, he Paints one with the same Sir-reverence, that he aims to bedaub the other; and when his Hand is in, like the Conqueror in Hudibrass's Ovation, bestows his Ordure very liberally amongst the Spectators. Thus, Sir, I have given you a true account of the State of the Poetical War, headed on both Sides by Gentlemen of your Faculty; among whom, though here has been no Blood-shed, there has been as much Noise of Slaughter and Execution, as in Holstein, or Livonia. You may expect more on the same Subject, for the Quarrel is not like to drop, while Hopkins can tell his Fingers, or Wesley subsist on Mumping in Metre.

I am, &c.

### The Mechanical Operations of the Spirit<sup>152</sup>

“This so-called ‘fragment’ (for it is actually a complete pamphlet of the ‘letter to a friend’ variety) has, from the very first been printed along with A Tale of a Tub and The Battle of the Books, sometimes preceding both those works, sometimes following them. The relationship of The Mechanical Operation of the Spirit the Tale and the Battle has always been puzzling.”<sup>153</sup>

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It is entirely possible that there is no conscious and intended relationship between the Mechanical Operation and the Tale. It is quite likely that the Mechanical Operation was a half-hearted attempt at summarizing the Tale's themes; such speculation is supported by Brown's inclination to state his thought, then repeat himself on other occasions. That this piece represents an attempt to summarize is supported by the point made by Starkman that, "There is very little in The Mechanical Operation that is not done more fully in A Tale of a Tub; every theme in The Mechanical Operation is present in the Tale, and the satiric technique by which these themes are handled is much more sophisticated and subtle than the way in which they are developed in The Mechanical Operation of the Spirit."<sup>154</sup> Even in this we see the nature of Brown; by this time he had wearied of the Tale (we have already seen his disinclination to embark on extensive works) and probably wished it done, however badly. The epistolary form also suggests Brown as author, as does the scrambled, rambling style. The themes, modern-ancients, religion, the corruption and the immorality of the dissenters, and satiric attacks on individuals, all are suggestive of Brown for they are his favorite subjects of ridicule.

This last section I commend to the reader; let him peruse The Mechanical Operation then in an objective spirit of comparison let him turn the Works of Brown, particularly the Amusements, and peruse them in a similar spirit. The general tone is so much the same, as is the style and treatment of subject matter, that perhaps this reader too will hear Tom Brown speak out in his own behalf.

### Footnotes – Chapter Six

<sup>1</sup>Guthkelch, pp. 55-56.

<sup>2</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 100.

<sup>3</sup>Guthkelch, p. 58.

<sup>4</sup>Brown's Works, V. I, part 1, p. 5.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid.

<sup>6</sup>Guthkelch, p. 60.

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<sup>7</sup>Brown's Works, V. I, part 1, p. 6

<sup>8</sup>Guthkelch, pp. 58-59.

<sup>9</sup>Ronald Paulson, Theme and Structure in Swift's Tale of a Tub (New Haven, 1960), p. 20.

<sup>10</sup>Miriam Starkman, Swift's Satire on Learning in A Tale of a Tub (Princeton, 1950), p. 132.

<sup>11</sup>Guthkelch, p. 63.

<sup>12</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, pp. 45-46.

<sup>13</sup>Guthkelch, p. 61.

<sup>14</sup>Ibid.

<sup>15</sup>Guthkelch, p. 70.

<sup>16</sup>Ibid.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid.

Footnotes – Chapter VI (continued)

<sup>18</sup>Ibid., p. 72.

<sup>19</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 6.

<sup>20</sup>Boyce, p. 144.

<sup>21</sup>Guthkelch, p. xxxvi.

<sup>22</sup>Reprinted in Guthkelch, beginning on p. 314.

<sup>23</sup>Guthkelch, p. xlii.

<sup>24</sup>Ibid., p. xliii.

<sup>25</sup>Ibid.

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<sup>26</sup>Boyce, p. 16.

<sup>27</sup>Ibid.

<sup>28</sup>Guthkelch, p. 73.

<sup>29</sup>Ibid.

<sup>30</sup>Circumstances necessitate reference here to a later edition of Brown's Works. Tom Brown, The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown, 8<sup>th</sup> Edition, (London, 1744), IV, p. 132.

<sup>31</sup>8<sup>th</sup> Edition of Brown's Works, V. IV, p. 132. See note 30.

<sup>32</sup>Guthkelch, p. 137.

<sup>33</sup>Ibid., p. 138.

<sup>34</sup>Ibid.

### Footnotes – Chapter VI (continued)

<sup>35</sup>8<sup>th</sup> Edition of Brown's Works, V. IV, p. 132. See note 30.

<sup>36</sup>Ibid.

<sup>37</sup>Guthkelch, p. 138.

<sup>38</sup>8<sup>th</sup> Edition of Brown's Works, V. IV, p. 132. See note 30.

<sup>39</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 131. The reference here is again to the 1707-08 editions of Brown's Works. All subsequent references are to the older edition unless noted.

<sup>40</sup>Ibid.

<sup>41</sup>Guthkelch, p. 74.

<sup>42</sup>Ibid., pp. 74-75.

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<sup>43</sup>Brown's Works, V. I, part 1, p. 141.

<sup>44</sup>Ibid., V. III, part 3, p. 5.

<sup>45</sup>Guthkelch, p. 75.

<sup>46</sup>Ibid., p. 74.

<sup>47</sup>Ibid., p. 76.

<sup>48</sup>Ibid.

<sup>49</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 2, p. 23.

<sup>50</sup>Ibid., V. III, part 1, p. 96.

<sup>51</sup>Guthkelch, p. 77.

### Footnotes – Chapter VI (continued)

<sup>52</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 15.

<sup>53</sup>Ibid., V. III, part 1, p. 48.

<sup>54</sup>Guthkelch, p. 82.

<sup>55</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 3, p. 57. The citation here is from the 1707-08 edition that has served as text for this study. It differs slightly from the passage cited by Guthkelch from a later edition--the earlier edition is probably more reliable.

<sup>56</sup>Boyce, p. 143.

<sup>57</sup>Guthkelch, p. 89.

<sup>58</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 95.

<sup>59</sup>Ibid., p. 96.

<sup>60</sup>Ibid.

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<sup>61</sup>Starkman, pp. 7-8.

<sup>62</sup>Pettit, p. 60.

<sup>63</sup>Quintana, p. 86.

<sup>64</sup>Starkman, p. 7.

<sup>65</sup>Boyce, p. 119.

<sup>66</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 4.

<sup>67</sup>Ibid., pp. 4-5.

### Footnotes – Chapter VI (continued)

<sup>68</sup>Paulson, p. 92.

<sup>69</sup>Ibid.

<sup>70</sup>Guthkelch, p. 95.

<sup>71</sup>Ibid., p. 99.

<sup>72</sup>Ibid., p. 101.

<sup>73</sup>Brown's Works, V. I, part 2, p. 11.

<sup>74</sup>Guthkelch, p. 105.

<sup>75</sup>Ibid., P. 107.

<sup>76</sup>Brown's Works, V. II, part 2, p. 1.

<sup>77</sup>Ibid., p. 14.

<sup>78</sup>William B. Ewald, The Masks of Jonathan Swift (Oxford, 1954), p.40.

<sup>79</sup>Ibid., p. 45.

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<sup>80</sup>Ibid., p. 41.

<sup>81</sup>Ibid., p. 43.

<sup>82</sup>Ibid., pp. 43-44.

<sup>83</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 79.

<sup>84</sup>Ibid., p. 100.

### Footnotes – Chapter VI (continued)

<sup>85</sup>Ibid., p. 101.

<sup>86</sup>Ibid., p. 79.

<sup>87</sup>Ibid.

<sup>88</sup>Ibid., p. 135.

<sup>89</sup>Boyce, p. 101.

<sup>90</sup>Guthkelch, p. 131.

<sup>91</sup>Ibid.

<sup>92</sup>Boyce, p. 24.

<sup>93</sup>Ibid., pp. 24-25.

<sup>94</sup>Guthkelch, p. 135.

<sup>95</sup>Ibid., p. 136.

<sup>96</sup>Ibid., p. 137.

<sup>97</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 3, pp. 12 and 19 respectively.

<sup>98</sup>Guthkelch, p. 139.

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<sup>99</sup>Ibid., p. 141.

<sup>100</sup>Ibid.

<sup>101</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 3, p. 90.

<sup>102</sup>Paulson, p. 233.

<sup>103</sup>Ibid., p. 4.

<sup>104</sup>Ibid., pp. 34-35.

<sup>105</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 48.

<sup>106</sup>Guthkelch, p. 147.

<sup>107</sup>Brown's Works, V. II, part 2, p. 16.

<sup>108</sup>Guthkelch, p. 156.

<sup>109</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 79.

<sup>110</sup>Guthkelch, p. 156.

<sup>111</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 3, p. 19.

<sup>112</sup>Ibid.

<sup>113</sup>Guthkelch, p. 157.

<sup>114</sup>Ibid., p. 163.

<sup>115</sup>Ibid., pp. 165-66.

<sup>116</sup>Brown's Works, V. I, part 1, p. 93.

<sup>117</sup>Guthkelch, p. 176.

<sup>118</sup>Ibid., p. 178.



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<sup>119</sup>Quintana, p. 153.

<sup>120</sup>Ibid.

### Footnotes – Chapter VI (continued)

<sup>121</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 3, p. 59.

<sup>122</sup>Ibid., p. 64.

<sup>123</sup>Ibid.

<sup>124</sup>Guthkelch, p. 182.

<sup>125</sup>Ibid.

<sup>126</sup>Brown's Works, V. II, part 3, p. 202.

<sup>127</sup>Guthkelch, p. 190.

<sup>128</sup>Ibid., p. 191.

<sup>129</sup>Ibid.,

<sup>130</sup>8<sup>th</sup> Edition of Brown's Works, V. I, pp. 105-106. See note 30.

<sup>131</sup>Guthkelch, pp. 192-193.

<sup>132</sup>Ibid., p. 194.

<sup>133</sup>Ibid., pp. 194-195.

<sup>134</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 3, p. 13.

<sup>135</sup>Guthkelch, p. 207.

<sup>136</sup>Ibid., pp. 209-210.

<sup>137</sup>Ibid., p. lxiv.

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

### Footnotes – Chapter VI (continued)

<sup>138</sup>Ibid., p. 213.

<sup>139</sup>Ibid., p. 214.

<sup>140</sup>Ewald, p. 23.

<sup>141</sup>Brown's Works, V. III, part 1, p. 4.

<sup>142</sup>Ibid., pp. 4-5.

<sup>143</sup>Ibid., p. 5.

<sup>144</sup>Guthkelch, p. 230.

<sup>145</sup>Note 121.

<sup>146</sup>Guthkelch, p. 246.

<sup>147</sup>Ibid.

<sup>148</sup>Ibid., pp. 246-246.

<sup>149</sup>Starkman, p. 108.

<sup>150</sup>Brown's Works, V. I, part 2, p. 128.

<sup>151</sup>Ibid.,

<sup>152</sup>Guthkelch, p. 261.

<sup>153</sup>Starkman, p. 141.

<sup>154</sup>Ibid., p. 143.

# TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

## Chapter VII

### Summary

As one casts about in the indistinct areas of the authorship of the Tale, a sense of hopelessness is inevitable and the urge to seize upon small bits and magnify them into a prominence far beyond their true magnitude is almost irresistible. Only by constantly keeping uppermost in mind the greater design of authorship can true perspective be maintained and still the insignificant creeps in. In the course of this study a multitude of possibilities for development have constantly been available and crying out for recognition; perhaps some unwarranted assumptions have been made based upon uncertain facts. With regard to this possibility, this summary is created with the intention of restating the proposition with its attendant primary factors and, by so doing, help to divorce the significant from the trivial.

Swift's life has been analyzed, criticized, evaluated, related and written about in every other conceivable manner. Many of these works are to be commended for their excellence, others put aside for the outrages they would perpetrate with little fact and much fiction. Out of all this comes certain very salient facts that are the concern of this work. These are what is known about Swift's early life and early writings. His earliest attempts in the literary field were some hopelessly bad Odes, which were followed by a barren period of some years. During the years 1695-1704 the only works particularly identified as Swift's are some pamphlets which produce little more than a shrug and tolerant smile on the part of even his most avid biographers. Even after 1704, Swift developed slowly and wrote nothing of merit until perhaps 1708 depending on the individual's standard of excellence and which dates are accepted for these later works. It was in 1696-97 however, back in the period of Odes and one or two very unexciting pamphlets that Swift is said to have written A Tale of a Tub. One of the contentions of this work, expressed throughout, is that Swift never displayed any ability in the decade before or after 1697 that would, in any way whatever, substantiate the claim made for his alleged writing talent. Try as they do, his biographers cannot produce any evidence to refute the claim made here that the Tale is clearly anachronous in the literary history of Swift. This is not an original assertion; Dr. Samuel Johnson said the same thing over two hundred years ago in his Life of Swift. "I doubt," he said, "if the Tale of a Tub was his: it has so much more thinking, more knowledge,

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more power, more colour, than any of the works which are indisputably his.”

With respect to the two themes to the Tale--religion and learning--much of what has already been said applies here also. Nothing Swift wrote in the period immediately before or after the composition of the Tale indicates a disposition to treat these themes. He does not attack the Pope, the dissenters, or religious excesses or religious corruptions in any other writings known to be his. Nowhere does he exhibit the vehemence, obscenity, sarcasm, irony, and sardonic humor, all of which characterize the Tale. That Swift did compose the Apology is not open to question; this same certainty applies to the second set of notes. That Swift had an interest in the Tale, is exhibited by his participation in the Fifth Edition. It is probably this edition, more than any other single factor, that has caused many to unquestioningly attribute the Tale to Swift. There is more in the association between Swift and the Tale than is now known or will ever be known and only speculation can fill out the total picture.

In contrast to the relatively sedate, well-ordered life of Jonathan Swift, is the maelstrom that was the life of Tom Brown. Brown made a very successful debut into the literary world with his The Reason of Mr. Bays Changing his Religion, 1688; this pamphlet “met with a Reception suitable to the Wit, Spirit, and Learning of it,” and “brought him abundance of Reputation.”<sup>1</sup> Having thus launched himself with this masterful extended satire on John Dryden, Brown, apparently feeling at home in his vocation, turned his entire attention to the business of writing. Brown’s command of French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, and Greek is demonstrated in his many translations; this work proved to be an excellent training ground and school for Brown who later utilized the skill and knowledge acquired in these other worlds in the formulation and composition of the Tale. The Tale is an exhibition of more than reading knowledge; it is a display of working knowledge; for the Tale demands not merely familiarity but an intimacy with the sources that are intrinsic to the work. Beginning with Mr. Bays and continuing through the Amusements, Brown writes on both the themes of the Tale. As the greater part of the Tale deals with Religion, so does Brown in his other original writings concern himself with the corruptions and abuses of Religion. Within the bounds of religious concern, the Tale treats the dissenters and Catholics most harshly, again an identical concern is evidenced in Brown’s other writings.

With regard to the satire of the Tale on other writers of the time, especially Dryden and Blackmore, the parallel with Brown’s Mr. Bays

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and his feud with Blackmore cannot be ignored. As Miriam Starkman notes, the Tale types Dryden as a Grub Street hack, attacks other writers classifying them as hacks with an abandon that is mystifying. In this process Brown signs his name, for he, as the most notorious of all the Grub Streeters, is “conspicuously absent from A Tale of a Tub.”<sup>2</sup>

Brown's inclination to write short pamphlets and letters indicates an inability to compose extended works; however, no inconsistency is manifested by this. The Tale can legitimately be viewed as a series of pamphlets very loosely tied together by the allegory of the three brothers. Quintana diagrams the Tale to facilitate his discussion of it and to enhance his reader's understanding of his discussion.<sup>3</sup> All those who have written commentaries are similar in their inability to come to grips with the work as a whole. The enigma of a gordian knot structure is neatly resolved by accepting as author, Tom Brown and his inclination toward literary constructions of short length.

As to writing ability per se Brown is not always consistent, but that he did have better than average talent is attested to by his Mr. Bays, parts of his Amusements, and his original Letters. Not unearned was the posthumous appellation, “the late Ingenious Mr. Thomas Brown.”

Brown's personal life is a consequence here only insofar as it is reflected in his writings. Brown's biographer, Benjamin Boyce, tells us that “Brown came forth into our century as merely a scurrilous and filthy wit, a foolish-minded and debauched idler.”<sup>4</sup> It can be expected that many first reactions to the identification of Brown as author of the Tale will include some tendency to reject the proposition because of Brown's inclination to obscenity. To those who would offer this response, this writer can only say that they perhaps might do well to reread the Tale and the two pieces appended to it.

To disengage the name of Swift from the Tale naturally makes requisite the discrediting of the evidence that attaches him to it. The first and perhaps the most formidable connection is the one cemented by two hundred fifty years of association of the name with the work. Proceeding from this back to the beginning of the connection is not as difficult and lengthy as might be supposed. The great majority of commentaries have begun with the assumption of Swift's authorship and therefore are not relevant to the question. By far the best study done to date on the matter of the Tale's authorship is Guthkelch and Smith's admirable work, which is the text used for this study. Guthkelch's work is valuable for its presentation of the evidence that points to Swift as author. That some

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basic errors of interpretation are made does not detract from the value of the book, if these errors are kept in mind.

Swift's letter to Benjamin Tooke is offered as the strongest piece of evidence for Swift's composition of the Tale. This letter, written in 1710, six years after the publication of the Tale, does indeed make reference to the composition of the Tale. In order to properly understand the letter we must remember that Swift was writing to his publisher; he was writing a letter that he very obviously never intended for publication. The anger expressed by Swift at his cousin for hinting at his own (Thomas Swift) possible composition of parts of the Tale and the attendant implication that he (Jonathan Swift) also had a hand in it is understandable. In reference to Curll's Key, Swift wonders at possible legal action against Curll for pointing to him as author. In a very significant but overlooked statement that is rich in its suggestiveness, Swift says of Curll's naming him, "I wish some lawyer could advise you how I might have satisfaction: for at this rate, there is no book, however vile, which may not be fastened on me."<sup>5</sup> Now if Swift were the author, he would not express such outrage and consider legal action in a private epistle intended for only one man's eyes. This, coupled with Swift's statement about Curll's Key in Apology is, instead of evidence for his authorship, evidence against it. Speaking of the Key and its naming him as author he openly and strongly denies authorship, "the Writer of that Paper (Key) is utterly wrong in all his Conjectures upon that Affair."<sup>6</sup> Therefore, in the circumstances surrounding the letter to Tooke and the Apology's Postscript, we see both a private and public denial of authorship by Swift. The letter has been incorrectly interpreted because in Guthkelch, as in all other works on the subject, the writer begins with the assumption that Swift wrote the Tale, and instead of questioning this basic proposition, merely relates instances which generally point to Swift.

Various other bits of scattered evidence are marshalled to prove Swift's authorship of the Tale. They are typified by the oft repeated story of words overheard by a housekeeper and marginal notes by an authority who is utterly unreliable. Out of all this, one uncontestable fact emerges. There is not extant one concrete, positive bit of evidence which establishes Swift as author of the Tale of a Tub. Even the accumulation of second-hand, overheard mutterings of a legally incompetent old man, and non-existent marginal notes, and assertions of those who knew somebody who saw handwritten copies of the Tale do not make anything more than a weak case for Swift. This, then, is the foundation upon which rests two hundred and fifty years of acceptance of an unproven

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allegation; the connection between Swift and the Tale is not now as secure as before. To sever it completely and create a new attachment, however strong, can be done most effectively by advancing a new and more likely candidate for authorship of the Tale--Tom Brown.

The outstanding similarity between Brown's Mr. Alsop's State of Conformity, written in 1705, and the allegory of the Tale can only be explained realistically by attributing the Tale to Brown. Brown's extensive and sustained attack on the dissenters and Catholics in spirit and method coincide with the same attacks in the Tale. The ridicule and disparagement of other literary figures is a major characteristic of Brown; this too is a characteristic of the Tale. The obscenity of the Tale, the Battle, and the Mechanical Operation is strikingly similar to the same characteristic to be seen in almost everything to which Brown set his hand. Finally, there are the exact verbal parallels between various works of Brown and the Tale. These and the near verbal parallels noted in this work were, in almost every case, written between the Tale's composition and publication. This creates a circumstance that admits no author of the Tale except Brown.

The proposition has been stated, and based upon an impartial evaluation of what is known about the composition of the Tale, this study can now close upon this final observation. The rightful province of scholarship in needful inquiry into those matters that are deemed intellectually precious by the world that is concerned with man and his achievements. On this basis the light of a gigantic literary figure has been dimmed that the glow of another can be perceived, but of greater import is the free inquiry of the free mind and the justice that evolves through this sacred process. After two hundred fifty years, Tom Brown must still be smiling his sardonic smile but perhaps with a greater contentment.

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### Footnotes – Chapter VII

<sup>1</sup>Brown's Works, V. I, Drake's Introduction.

<sup>2</sup>Starkman, p. 108.

<sup>3</sup>Quintana, p.

<sup>4</sup>Boyce, p. viii.

<sup>5</sup>Guthkelch, p. 349.

<sup>6</sup>Ibid.



# TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

## Appendix

Recognition of the near obscurity of Tom Brown and the attendant unfamiliarity with his writings requires the inclusion of this appendix. It consists of selected pieces from his works which are intended to fulfill a two-fold purpose. In the first instance they will serve to familiarize the reader with Brown's style and tone. The second purpose in presenting these pieces by Brown is to provide a basis, however marginal, for comparative work in conjunction with the Tale. No great degree of sagacity is required to see the limitations of this selection. The restrictions imposed by such brevity will soon be overcome for a well-indexed and annotated edition of Brown's Works is presently being prepared and should soon be available.

Selections for this appendix were made with an eye to illustrating, as well as possible, Brown's work in different media, his vast learning, and creative ability. The selections are taken in order in which they appear in the Works.

Brown, Thomas, The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown, London, Printed for Sam Briscoe, and Sold by B. Bragg, 1707, 2 Vols. (a 3<sup>rd</sup> in 1708).

### To the Lords in Council Assembled<sup>1</sup>

The Petition of Thomas Brown,  
by which he receiv'd  
his Enlargement from Prison.

### PINDARICK

Humbly Sheweth,  
Shou'd you order Tom Brown,  
To be whip'd through the Town,  
For scurvy Lampoon.  
Grave S-----n and Crown,  
Their Pens wou'd lay down.

Even Durfey himself, and such Merry Fellow,  
That put their whole Trust in Tunes and Trangilloes,  
May hang up their Harps and themselves on the Willows,  
For if Poets are punish'd for Libelling Trash,

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John Dryden, tho' Sixty, may yet fear the Lash,  
No Pension, no Praise,  
Much Birch without Bays,  
There are not right ways,  
Our Fancy to raise,  
To the writing of Plays.  
And Prologues so witty,  
That Jirk at the City,  
And now and then hit,  
Some Spark in the Pit,  
So hard and so pat,  
'Till he hides with his Hat,  
His monstrous Cravat.

The Pulpit alone,  
Can never Preach down,  
The Fops of the Town.

Then Pardon Tom Brown,  
And let him write on;

But if you had rather, Convert the poor Sinner,  
His foul Writing Mouth may be stop'd with a Dinner:  
Give him Cloaths to his Back, some Meat and much Drink,  
Then clap him close Prisoner without Pen and Ink.

The Men and the Women Saints in an Uproar;  
Or, the Superstition of the  
Romish Church Expos'd.<sup>2</sup>

In a Dialogue after Lucian's manner.

Written by Mr. Tho. Brown,  
in the Year 1687.

Scene the Elysian Fields

Enter a Messenger to Pluto.

Mess. Tis well you Majesty's at hand to suppress the Riot newly begun in the Quarter of the Saints yonder. There is such calling of Names, and giving the Lie, such Roaring and Screaming, such Swaggering and Bouncing, both among the Men-Saints and the Women-Saints, that for my part, I expected every Minute when it wou'd come to down-right Kick

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

and Cuss between 'em. If you don't give immediate Orders to have a stop put to this Hubbub, the Lord knows when it will end.----That's all, Sir.

Pluto. Come Friend, leave that Affair to my management. ----But who are the principal Bell weathers of the Mutiny?

Mess. Why first of all, an't please you, there's St. George of Capadocia, a notable Fellow of his Inches, and Metal to the Back, I warrant him. A World of angry words have past between him and a huge two-handed Lubber, St. Christopher I think they call him, but unless I am mightily mistaken in my Man, I dare swear the dapper Cappadocian will bang half a dozen such hulky Rogues as t'other and hardly sweat for't. Then there's a Termagant Fury, St. Ursula by name, at the Head of a eleven Thousand Red-hair'd Bona Roba's, and every one of them Virgins, forsooth, ready to fall upon the Thaeban Legion. The Soldiers call 'em Vagrants, threaten to pluck up their Petticoats, and send them to the House of Correction. The Women on the other hand exclaim against Lobsters and Tatterdemallions, and defie 'em to prove 'twas ever known in any Age of Country in the World, that a Red-Coat died for his Religion.

Pluto. This is merry enough, but go on.

Mess. In another Corner of the Room there's nothing but Fire and Desolation denounc'd on both sides between the Seven Sleepers and the three Kings of Colen. The latter call the former a pack of drowsie sleepy Sots, who getting Drink with Poppy-water and Brandy, fancied they slept several scores of Years at one go-down, when 'twas all Whimsey and Imagination. Ay, ay, Gentlemen, cry the Sleepers, you have great reason indeed to pick holes in you Neighbours Coats, when if you were strip'd of you fine Names and Titles, which never honestly belong'd to you, you'd be found to be no better, nor no worse than three stowling Fortune-tellers. But the oddest and most Comical Scene is still behind.

Pluto. Come, out with it then.

Mess. A venerable Old Gentleman, who they say had been high Pontiff of Rome in the days of Yore, pointing to a rusty Spear, and a Cloak of Antiquity and Fashion, I command you, good People, says he, to pay your respect to these two most incomparable Saints and Martyrs, St. Longinus and St. Amphibalus. Upon my Infallibility they have not their Fellows in the Almanack. Why surely, reply'd I to him, you have a mind to banter Folks out of their Senses. What is not this a Spear? No, Sir, his Name is Longinus, and he was one of the earliest suffers for the Christian Faith; Very well, but won't you own this to be a Cloak? A Cloak Sir! Have a care what you say. A Cloak! Why, he was the undaunted Companion of

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St. Alban, his Name Amphibalus, suffer'd with him near Verulam, and for this I preferr'd him to the Calendar. But why do I trouble your Majesty with these particulars; If you don't send a Battallion or two of your Guards to reduce them out of hand, these Revolters, for ought I know, may prove a damn'd Thorn in your Royal Foot: Don't you hear, what a cursed Hurricane they make.

Pluto. Thou art more afraid than hurt. These Saints, thou talkest of, may do a damn'd deal of mischief at the Head of a parcel of Fools, that would be lead by the Nose by them; but by themselves they can do no more harm than a Physician without his Powder and Pills, or a Lawyer without his Parchments. -----However, since, as it happens, I have a spare Afternoon, no Business upon my Hands, and some of my Subjects may improve this Mole hill into a Mountain to the prejudice of my Affairs, I am resolved to try them my self; therefore order them to repair to me immediately; for all their Hectoring and making this boisterous Noise, I know they dare not disobey me. (Exit.)

Enter St. George and St. Christopher.

(St. George plucking St. Christopher by the Nose.)

Well, Insolence, I shall be even with you before I have done. Dark Nights will come, and then I'll substantially thrash your Jacket for you. What! Such a Booby as thou art pretend to dispute the precedence with a Person of my Quality?

Pluto. Why, how now, Bully Royster! What's the meaning of this Outrage in the Face of Justice?

St. George. This over grown Beast here, an't please your Highness, has not only reflected upon my Parentage, but call my Valour in Question. 'Tis known to all the World, that I am the doughty Hero that deliver'd the King of AEgypt's Daughter, kill'd the Dragon upon the spot, and carried off the Royal Virgin for my Reward. To justifie this Truth, I need urge no other Testimonies than the common Signs in most Towns of Europe, where I am to be seen most magnificently bestriding my Steed with the Dragon under my Feet.

St. Christopher. For all his bouncing and bragging, I believe your Majesty will put him strangely to his Trumps, if you'll but ask him where he was Born, what Profession he was off, and what sort of an Animal it was he Killed?

Pluto. Come hither, Friend, and resolve me a Question or two; Where were you Born?

St. George. Some say in Cappadocia, others in Coventry.

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Pluto. Why truly Coventry lies very near Cappadocia. But what a plague, can't you tell where you were Born?

S. George-----And others have affirm'd, that Alexandria in Aegypt was the place of my Nativity: For my part I cannot precisely tell where I was Born, but that I was Born some where or other, I hope your Majesty has the Charity to believe.

Pluto. Most certainly: But what was thy Profession?

St. George. Some make me a great Officer in the Emperor's Army, and others an Arrian Bp. and a Persecutor.

Pluto. Thou art enough to distract the greatest Patience: I'll allow thee indeed not to know the place of thy Birth, because Children don't use to come into the World with their Ink-horns and Pocket-Books about them; but the Devil's in thee if thou can'st not remember whether thou wer't a Bishop or a Soldier: Those two Professions are not so like one another, that there shou'd be any great danger of mistaking them.

St. George. 'Tis my misfortune that I cannot.--

Pluto. Come then, under what Emperor didst thou live?

St. George. Some say under the Emperor Dioclesian; some-----

Pluto. How! at your Some's again. Thou art a true Original I swear.

Well, I have but one Question more to ask thee, what sort of an Animal was the Dragon which thou valuest thy self so much for flaying; had it Wings, as 'tis commonly painted in the Signs, or was it a Reptile?

St. George. Not exactly resembling it in every particular, not yet altogether different. As for Wings I can say nothing to the matter; for I confess I was under so great an agitation-----

Pluto. I understand your meaning, you were so terribly scar'd in the time of Engagement, that you had not leisure to consider the shape of your Monster. ---Come, come, honest Friend, these shams are too gross to pass upon the World any longer, your Dragons and flying Monsters won't do down at this time of day, therefore take my word for't, I'll take care to see thee turn'd out of the Almanack.

St. George. Well then if it's my fate to be ejected out of my ancient Freehold, I hope your Majesty will be so just, as to make that huge two-handed Fellow keep me Company. I dare engage, that if you ask him the same Questions you put to me, you'l find him as deficient.

Pluto. Nay, I won't favour one more than another, that I assure you.

(To his Officers.) Bring up that tall well-shaped Gentleman yonder to the Bar-----Well, Sir, under whose Reign did you live? What Occupation did you follow? Who was your Father? Come resolve me immediately, for my Times precious.

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

St. Christopher. I liv'd near an Arm of the Sea.

Pluto. Very particularly answer'd. And in what part of the World; for I suppose, you know there are more Arms of the Sea than one?

St. Chr. I can't tell, an't please you.

Pluto. That's honest however. But proceed.

St. Chr. I was a Ferry-Man by my Calling, if I may call that a Calling, which never got me a Farthing; for I was so good Natur'd a Hackney, that I used to carry the Folks over for nothing.

Pluto. Why, how did you maintain your Boat and Tackle all this while?

St. Chr. I kept none, but carried the good People upon my Shoulders.

Pluto. A very pretty story; and so you waded through this imaginary Arm of the Sea, and whipt over your Customers dryshod. Well, I shall ask you now more Questions, for this has given me enough. Turn out both those Fellows there, and Mr. Recorder, pray remember to expunge their Names out of the Calendar.

(Exit St. George, and St. Christopher)

Enter St Ursula, at the Head of the eleven Thousand Virgins, and St. Mauritius in the Front of the Thaebean Legion.

Pluto. Bless me! What a Fantastick fight is here! What a mottly Chequer'd Assembly of Red-Coats and Wastcoateers! Sure it must be some Quarrel of importance, that has put such numbers of both Sexes into so great a Ferment. Come Mistress (for I know you'll have the first and last word whether I grant it you or no) what is the occasion of this Disorder and Mutiny, that you have lately made in my Dominions?

St. Ursula. Why that furious fierce Hero, Col. Kickum, had the impudence to tell me that those ill-look'd shirtless Rascals, lost their Lives for the Christian Religion. A very probable Story indeed! That a pack of Vermin bred up to plundering of Hedges, nimming of Cloaks, rubbing out of Milk-scores, and bilking of their Landladies, should on the sudden be so strangely troubled with qualms of Conscience as to lay down their Lives: For what ----Why for their Religion, forsooth? Whereas I always thought that a Soldier had no other Religion but his Pay.

St. Mauritius. Very pert Miss Termagant, and is it not altogether as probable that Eleven Thousand Virgins should come out of a little pimping Corner of Britain, when some honest Gentlemen of that Nation, but t'other day assured me, that he whole Kingdom hardly affords so many at present, tho' 'tis ten times as populous, as when the Legend supposes you and your Sister Trollops to have lived there.

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

St. Ursula. "Tis some Comfort to me however, Bully-spit-Fire, that thou canst not abuse me, without falling foul upon my Country."

St. Mauritius. Now, if it would not be too great a trouble to your Ladyship, I would desire you to inform the Court, how you and your sandy-pated Companions made a shift for to cross over into France? Swimming Girdles and Cork Shoes, as I take it, were not then in Fashion; and the British Princes, put 'em all together, had not Shipping enough to transport such an Army of Viragoes.

St. Ursula. Come, come, you're impertinent, and I won't resolve you.

St. Mauritius. In the next place, madam, you would singularly oblige your humble Servant, to explain to him after what manner you subsisted your Cloven Regiment, when you had got them over. What! Had you ready Cash enough among you to pay off your Scores as you march'd along, or did you manage it a la militaire, and lay the Country under Contribution.

St. Ursula. Thou everlasting Coxcomb! Why we beat the Hoofs as Pilgrims, and the People Charitably reliev'd us as we pass'd.

St. Mauritius. Nay, the French, I know, are extremely Charitable to the Fair Sex, and forward to relieve their Necessities; but under Favour, such numbers as you had with you were enough to eat up the Country. For my part, I wonder that the Wives and Grandmothers did not lock up their Doors, as you pass'd, for fear their Husbands and Relations might be tempted to trespass upon Pilgrim's Flesh.

St. Ursula. Spoke like a Soldier. You are of the Opinion, I find, that I and my virtuous Attendants are like those lewd Prostitutes, that use to follow your Armies; but I'de have you to know we had no such Folks among us.

St. Mauritius. Well, Madam, your Soldier, as unmannerly a Fellow as he appears to be in these wicked Habiliments, knows somewhat of his Trade, for which reason he's impatient to know that sort of Discipline you observed in your Troops; for having so jolly plump Lasses under your Care methinks 'twas highly necessary for you to order sufficient Out-Guards, and strongly intrench your selves every Night, to hinder the wicked from attacking you by surprise.

St. Ursula. One must have nothing to do, that has leisure enough to answer such insignificant Questions.

St. Mauritius. Besides, 'tis worth any Man's while to enquire, whether you were single or double Officer'd; whether you march'd in one main Body or in several Columns; how you behav'd your selves towards the Magistrates of the respective Cities, thro' which you pass'd; what sort of

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

watch-words you gave, and lastly, who wash'd your Smocks upon the Road; for, Madam, I can hardly believe, that such nice, well-bred Ladies, as those are, would stoop to so vile a Drudgery, if they could help it.

St. Ursula. Well, Sir, go on with your senseless Raillery.

St. Mauritius. -----And when you had travers'd the whole length of France (which by the by was none of the easiest Journey for so many silly Women to undertake) it rejoices me to consider, with what wonderful Alacrity you scamper'd over the Alps, and without a farthing of Money in your Pockets, Guides to conduct you, and safe-guards to protect you, made your way peaceably over those Hills, where none but Annibal and a few Generalissimo's after him with all their Power and Wealth, were able to march any considerable numbers.

St. Ursula. Have you done?

St. Mauritius. No, no, the most whimsical Scene of the Farce is still behind, and therefore, Madam, I most humbly desire you to consider, what a most noble fight it was when you and your Tribes were at Rome, to see the Pope and Cardinals visiting your Squadrons, running into your Tents, feeling your Purses, and rummaging-----

St. Ursula. Well, and where was the harm on't.

St. Mauritius. Nay, there was no harm in't, that's certain; the Pope's a civil worthy Gentleman, and his Cardinals a parcel of as complaisant Persons as any in the World. They do you any Harm! Heavens forbid; for tho' they subsist chiefly by the Spirit, yet no People in the Universe know better how to reconcile the Flesh to the Spirit, than they.

St. Ursula. I see there's no stopping your licentious Tongue, otherwise you would not make so familiar with the Head of the Church.

St. Mauritius. But not to dwell any longer upon this Subject, having received the Papal Benediction, and been often refreshed by the Cardinals, 'twas now high time for you and the rest of your She-Myrmidons, to think of settling in one part of the World or other; so turning your Faces towards the North, and clambering over the same Mountains again, you directed your course by the Banks of the Rhine towards Lower Germany, where not far from the noble City of Colen, a pack of Heathenish Rogues, call'd Goths and Vandals, finding you were not for their purpose, fell upon you with Sword in hand, and made a total Destruction of you and your Virtuous Heroines. Is not this, Madam, the Truth, and the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth?

St. Ursula. Why, so they did, and I'll stand by't.

St. Mauritius. No matter what you'll stand or fall by; But I will appeal to this Honourable Bench, whether ever in this World Eleven Thousand



## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

Virgins, grown to Women's Estate were seen in a Body together, travell'd so many thousand Leagues, and at last made so foolish an end. -----No, Madam, talk no more of the matter, but own your self and the rest of your Sisterhood to be Cheats, and the Court perhaps may be so merciful as to forgive you the Ducking-Stool.

St. Ursula. Cheats! Know thou huffing, puffing, Sconce-building Ruffian, know I am a princess, and of a Royal Extraction.

St. Mauritius. A Princess! Ha! Ha! Ha! A very pretty Princess indeed: You'd break a Man's Sides with laughing, I vow and Swear. A princess? Good Lord! Nay really you look as like a Princess upon second thoughts I say it, as a Hedg-hog looks like a Rhinoceros.

St. Ursula. And the meanest of my Companions are Gentlewomen born and bred. But why do I waste my Lungs to no purpose in talking to an Impertinent? -----Come, my dear Sisters, fall on, Victoria is the word, and let us drubb these Lobsters into better Manners.

Pluto. How! What offer a Riot in the face of Justice? (To his Guards.) Carry off those Wastcoateers, and make them atone for this Mutiny with a Fortnights beating of Hemp. -----As for the Soldiers, send 'em to their respective Homes, if they have any

(Exeunt.)

Enter the Seven Sleepers, and three Kings of Colen.

Pluto. High day! Who have we got here! Such a set of drowsy ill-look'd Sots I have not seen this long while. Come, Gentlemen, what's your business? Where have you been? How many Gallons have you guzzled for your Mornings-draught, that you reel and stagger so?

1<sup>st</sup> Sleeper. We are the Se---Yawning, ---ven Slee -----pers, an't ple--- ase your High---ighness, so---ho, fa--a--mous in His---tory, Sir.

1<sup>st</sup> King of Colen. They are seven as errant Impostors, as ever deluded the Credulous World.

2<sup>nd</sup> Sleeper. No, Sir, we Sle---ep too much, Yawns, to be Impostors: But that Tri---um---virate of Fortune-Tellers are -----

Pluto. Why these drowsie yawning Puppies are ten times more troublesome than either the Dragon-killer and his huge two-handed Adversary, or the Ursulines and Thebeans. Come, Gentlemen, (To the Sleepers) don't think we'll allow you to sleep here in a Court of Judicature. If you have any thing to say for your selves, do it quickly-----

--

2<sup>nd</sup> King. To let your Majesty see, what abominable Cheats these seven Dreamers are, they pretend to have slept two or three hundred Years in a

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

Cave; and as they want no Impudence, have told the Lie so often, that now they begin to believe it.

3<sup>rd</sup> Sleeper. For the truth of this matter of Fact, we appeal to Metasthenes, and the Golden legend; Authors of that undoubted Credit that no body, we presume, will call their Veracity in Question.

Pluto. Tell me not of your fabulous musty Authors, they are of no credit here. But come----how long did you Sleep? 2dly. Why did you sleep? 3dly, How came you, after so long a sleep, to awake?

All three Sleepers. In a time of Persecution (the Lord knows, when and where) we retir'd into a Wood, and in this Wood found out a most solitary Cave where we slept till we waked, and thought it had been but a common Nap; but returning to our respective Homes, we found all our Wives and Acquaintance buried; and instead of sleeping half a score Hours, or so, we found by computation we had slept some hundred of Years.

Pluto. Very well. You must put these Shams upon Blockheads, and not upon me. -----But as for those odd-fashion'd Sparks, yonder, that pretend to be King's, (for you shall see I'm for distribution Justice impartially to all.) Come, what are your Names?

1<sup>st</sup> King of Colen. Melchior, Caliban, and Mamamouchi.

2<sup>d</sup> King of Colen. No, Brother, you are mistaken, our true Names are Rego, Trego, and Don Diego.

Pluto. Merry enough. So, I find you go by different Names. A shrewd suspicion of your being Cheats, let me tell you, Gentlemen, But your Country, what was that?

All. Arabia.

Pluto. How the Plague came you to Cologne then?

All. We were translated, an't please your Majesty—First from Jerusalem to Constantinople -----Then from Constantinople to Milan; and thirdly and lastly, from Milan to Colon.

Pluto. A very pretty Story! Come Messieurs les Roys de Cologne, since you are so given to Translation, you shall find I'll be so good natur'd as to translate you once more; and so (To his Guards) see these translating Gentlemen translated to the Quarter of Lunaticks.

(Exeunt.)

Enter St. Longinus, St. Amphibalus, and the Pope.

Pope. Lord.! How weary I am with lugging these two Saints. Let me repose my self a little-----So, now I have recover'd my Breath pretty well. -----Most noble Monarch, having been abused by Censorious Hereticks, I

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

am forced to appeal to your Impartial Tribunal, and question not but you'll do me and these two Martyrs Justice.

Pluto. Two Martyrs say'st thou? Where the Devil are they?

Pope. On my Right-hand, an't please your Majesty, Don't you see 'em there?

Pluto. Not I, and yet I can dive as far into a Mill-stone as any of my Neighbour Princes. 'Tis true, I see a Spear, and an Old greasy Cloak yonder, but where are your Martyrs with a Murrain to you?

Pope. This it is to want the Eye of Faith: I can assure your Majesty, (and I hope you don't question my Infallibility, which all the upper World consents to own) that neither is one a Spear, nor t'other a Cloak, but two as worthy persons as ever said the Confiteor; and their Names are St. Longinus and St. Amphibalus.

Pluto. Old Gentlemen you may give 'em what Names you please, but I am not to be banter'd out of my Senses. I tell you then, in the face of the Court, that thou art an Elephant, or a Dromedary. (To his Officers) Carry that musty Cloak and Halbard there to my Lumber Office; and (To the Pope) I must advise you Friend, for the future, not to be free of your Almanack. Abundance of Worthless and Fabulous Scoundrils have crept into it through your Connivance; but I am resolv'd to undeceive Mankind, and reform these Disorders. The World shall no longer be impos'd upon with such Idle Impostures. 'Tis pity it has been led by the Nose and Cheated by them for so many Ages.

Falshood disguis'd under Religion's Veil,  
May for a time with Senseless Sots prevail,  
But Truth at last will gain imperial sway,  
At Mists are scatter'd by Apollo's Ray.

Upon the Knighting Sir R-----Bl-----re,  
For his incomparable Poem call'd King Arthur<sup>3</sup>  
Be not puff'd up with Knighthood, Friend of mine,  
A merry Prince once Knighted a Sir-Loin.  
And, if to make Comparisons 'twere safe,  
An Ox deserves it better than a Calf.  
Thy Pride and State I value not a Rush,  
Thou that art now King Phyz, wast once King Ush.

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

Upon King Arthur, partly writ in the Doctor's  
Coach, and partly in a Coffee-house.<sup>4</sup>

Let the malicious Criticks snarl and rail,  
Arthur immortal is, and must prevail.  
In vain they strive to wound him with their tongue  
The Lifeless Foetus can receive no wrong.  
As rattling Coach once thunder'd thro' the Mire,  
Out dropt Abortive Arthur from his Sire.  
Well may he then both time and Death defie,  
For what was never born, can never die.

Upon seeing a Man light a Pipe of Tobacco in  
A Coffee-house with a Leaf of King Arthur

In Coffee-house begot, the short-liv'd Brat  
In Instinct thither hasts to meet his Fate.  
The Phanix to Arabia thus returns,  
And in the Grove, that gave her birth, she burns.  
Thus wandering Scot, when through the World he'as past,  
Revisits ancient Tweed with pious haste,  
And on Paternal Mountain dies at last.

A Comical View of the Transactions<sup>5</sup>  
That will happen in the  
Cities of London & Westminster  
Together with the  
MERRY QUACK:  
Wherein Physick is Rectified for both  
Beaux and Ladies

---

Continued Weekly

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From Octob. 16 to Octob. 22.

Gentlemen,  
Whereas the Town has been banter'd near two Months with a sham-  
account of the Weather, pretended to be taken from Barometers,

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

Thermometers, Microscopes, Telescopes, and such-like Heathenish Instruments, by which means several of Her Majesties good Subjects have put on their Frize Coats, expecting it should rain, when it has been fair; and wore their best Clothes, thinking it would be fair, when it has rain'd to the no little detriment and prejudice of their aforesaid Clothes and Persons: And likewise, whereas the Planets that have regulated the Almanacks for about two thousand Years, have been most wickedly slandered by a late Author, as if they had no influence at all upon the Weather, the Publisher of this Paper has been perswaded by his Friends to print these his infallible Predictions, gathered from the Experience of thirty Years and upwards; and will warrant them to be true, tho' he never travelled abroad, nor pretends to be the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son, nor calls himself the Unborn Doctor, nor has the Seed of the Female Fern, the Green and Red Dragon, or any of the like Secrets.

Wednesday 16. Cloudy foggy Weather at Garraway's and Jonathan's and at most Coffee-houses, at and about Twelve. Crowds of People gather at the Exchange by One, disperse by Three. Afternoon noise and bloody at her Majesties Bear-garden in Hockley-in-the-hole. Night sober with broken Captains and others, that have neither Credit nor Money. If rainy, few Nightwalkers in Cheapside and Fleetstreet. This Weeks Transactions censured by the Virtuoso's at Child's from Morning till Night.

Thursday 17. Coffee and Watergruel to be had at the Rainbow and Nando's at Four. Hot Furmety at Fleet-bridge by Seven. Justice to be had at Doctors Commons when People can get it. A Lecture at Pinner's-hall at Ten. Excellent Pease-potage and Triple in Baldwins-gardens at Twelve. At Night much Fornication all over Covent-garden, and five miles round it. A Constable and two Watchmen killed, or near being so, in Westminster; whether by a Lord or a Lords Footman, the Planets don't determine.

Friday 18. Plenty of Cuckolds trudging from all parts of the city towards Horn-Fair by Eight. Damsels whipt for their good Nature at Bride-well by Ten. Several People put in fear of their Lives by their Godfathers at the Old-bailly at Eleven. Great destruction of Herrings at One. Much Swearing at Three among the Horse-coursers in Smithfield; if the Oaths were registered as well as the Horses, good Lord, what a Volume 'twould make! Several Tails turned up at Pauls School, Merchant-Taylors, &c. for their Repetitions. Night very drunk, as the two former.

Saturday 19. Twenty Butchers Wives in Leaden-hall and Newgate Markets overtaken with Sherry and Sugar by Eight in the morning. Shopkeepers walk out at Nine, to count the Trees in Moor-fields, and

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

avoid Duns. Peoples Houses cleansed in the Afternoon, but their Consciences we don't know when. Jews fornicate away the Sabbath in Drury-lane and Wild-street. Evening pretty sober.

Sunday 20. Great jangling of Bells all over the City from Eight to Nine. Psalms murder'd in most Parishes about Ten. Abundance of Doctrines and Uses in the Meetings, and no Application. Vast consumption of Roast-Beef and Pudding at One. Afternoon sleepy in most Churches. Store of Handkerchiefs stolen in Pauls at Three. Informers busie all day long. Night not so sober as might be wisht.

Monday 21. Whores turned out of the Temple, Grays-Inn, &c. by Six. Catchpoles up early to seize their Prey against the first Day of the Term. Journeymen Taylors, Shoemakers and Prentices Heads ake with what they had been doing the day before. Tradesmen begin the Week with Cheating as soon as they open Shop. If fair, the Park full of women at Noon, some virtuous, and some otherwise. Great shaking of the Elbow at Will's, &c. about Ten. Two Porters fall out at Putt in a Cellar in the Strand at Twelve precisely.

Tuesday 22. Wind, whether E. W. N. or S. no matter, but in one corner or other of the Compass most certain: If high, the Beaux advised to be merciful to their long Periwigs. Muffins and Pepper rise at the East-India House at Twelve. Calicoes fall before Two. Coach'd Masques calling at the Chocolate-houses between Eight and Nine. Bastards begot, and Cuckolds made this Week numberless.

Advertisement to Ladies.

Women, whether with Child, or no? Children, whether Male or Female? Young Maidens, whether they will have their Sweethearts, or no? And Lovers, whether Able and Constant? The Critical Minute of the Day to marry in. What is the best Hour for Procreation? Husbands, whether live long or no? The second Match, whether happy or unhappy? What part of the Town best for a sempstress to thrive in? What the most fortunate Signs for a Shopkeeper, and under what Planet to Set up? What other like Questions, fully and satisfactorily Resolved by me Sylvester Partridge, Student in Physick and Astrology, near the Gun in Moor-fields.

A Collection of Letters  
On Several Occasions<sup>6</sup>

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To his Honoured Friend, Dr. Baynard, at the Bath.

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

July 6, 99

Dear Doctor,

While here in Town we are almost Roasted by the hot Weather, and the Sun plays so warmly on us, that some People who were of no Religion before, talk of turning Adamites in their own Defence; I cannot but laugh to think what a blessed Pickle you are in at the Bath, where such Crowds of you Stew in so little a Pipkin; where you broil upon the Earth, parboil in the Water, and you breath the Composition of Gunpowder; or, were there nothing extraordinary in you Soyl, your Climate, or the Season of the Year, where you have pretty Ladies enough to set you all on Fire, though you were two or three Degrees more to the North than Lapland, and I were Writing to you now in the midst of January.

This is the first Summer since the Revolution, that the sun has been pleased to dispense any Favours to us, for hitherto we have had as little Reason to complain of his Benignity to us, as the Politiques of our Statesmen. Our Fruits have ripen'd without the Influence of the one, as our Affairs have made a shift to rub on without any great Conjuring on the part of the other. But to leave off these censorious reflections upon our Statesmen, and return to the Sun that occasion'd them, this Noble Planet, that ripens the Grape, will likewise ripen Fevers, and such generous Distempers, to the great Joy of the Poets and Physicians; and Phoebus, their common Father, will encourage his own Tribes, by raising up a new Stock of Wines and Diseases. Indeed, where you are, it is almost impossible for the Gentlemen of the Faculty to want Business, for if our last Advices from the Bath don't deceive us, you have almost as many Doctors upon the Spot as you have Patients, that watch the coming in of every Coach, as nicely as a young Boy at the University does the Return of the Carrier, and ply at all Corners of the Street, as regularly, as the Watermen do at Temple Stairs: But it has long ago been observ'd of you Physicians, as of the Lawyers, that they will find of make Work, wherever they come; and accordingly I knew a little Town in Essex, where the Inhabitants, time out of mind, had lived in as uninterrupted Tranquillity, as the happy Indians did in America, before the Spaniards came to beat up their Quarters, but upon an Attorney's coming to reside amongst 'em, the Face of Affairs was immediately alter'd, Tenants conspir'd against their Landlords, Hostlers revolted from their Masters, and the Apprentices took up Arms against their lawful Tyrants: There was nothing but rubbing out of Milk and Alehouse Scores, to the everlasting confusion of their Country Arithmesic; not a Tighe-egg could be had

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

without an Action, nor a Pig under a Suit in Chancery. A Spirit of Division had crept into every Family, Maids betray'd their Mistresses, Girls rebell'd against their Grandmothers, and Sweet-hearts deserted their confiding Damsels; in short, every Man stood as much upon his own Guard, as if he had been in an Enemy's Country; these were the blessed Effects of the Lawyer's living amongst 'em.

Now, Doctor, it were a very hard Case, if having so much Credit at the Bath, you cou'd not do as much for your self as the above-mention'd Attorney did to promote his own Business; if you cou'd not Philosophically Reason People into Distempers they were never troubled with, like the Dissenting Parsons that Fly-blow their Hearers with Scruples they knew nothing of before: If you cou'd not cure them of Ails they never felt, and leave behind you Maladies you never found upon them. But I am inform'd that the Tub-Preachers are very much dissatisfied that you invade their Prerogative of Hell. Your hot and cold Baths (they say) put their Brimstone and Ice out of Countenance; and 'tis reported, that by the skilful Management of your Torments, by scalding your Patients at the Bath in July, and freezing them at Islington in December, you've broke half the Retailers of the Terrors of Pluto's Kingdom.

But to come now to the News of the Town, we have had an Apparition lately here, stranger than in any Glanvill or Aubry; for it has appeared in the Streets at noon Day, and thousands of People are ready to depose they have seen it. By this strange Apparition, I mean the White Parson, so call'd for his wearing a White Hatband, Scarf, and Surcingle, by which he distinguishes himself from the rest of his Brethren. I cou'd wish you had been here in Holbourn t'other Morning, to have seen his Cavalcade: He rode up the Hill as great as a Prince, and like other Princes signalized his Entry with Printed Declarations, with a great Rabble of loud-mouth'd Hawkers, Male and Female, bellowing it on every side of him; and 'tis supposed by the Learned in Astrology, that he will keep this Declaration as Religiously as some other Princes beyond Sea have kept theirs: In short, he pretends to preach the Gospel Gratis, and indeed as he manages it, it is pity he shou'd have a Farthing for it: He calls the rest of his Cloth Hirelings, only for taking what the Law allows them, though unless the Fellow is bely'd, he would accept of a Pot of Ale from a Chimney-sweeper, and has preach'd a hundred times upon a Joint-stool for a pickl'd Herring, and a Poringer of burnt Brandy. The Rozinante, on which this Don Quixote rode, had a Laurel-garland about his Head, and I dare swear, deserv'd the Bays as well as his Master; for the Wretch, as I



## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

am inform'd, is troubled with a Whore of a Wife, and a Jilt of a Muse, but the latter is the more common Prostitute of the two.

But, dear Doctor, News is as scarce in Town, as Fees at the Bath, and it falls out unluckily for you and me, that we must change Places, to find what we want, for I hear you have a Mint at the Bath for Scandal, as we have hear for Money; so that 'tis but shifting the Scene, and we may draw Bills upon one another, to answer our several Occasions, till, when, I am

Your most humble, &c.

To George Moul, Esquire; from the Gun  
Musick-Booth in Smithfield.<sup>7</sup>

Dear George,

Aug. 28. 99.

All Things are hush'd as Law it self were dead,  
Poor pensive Fleetstreet, drops its mournful Heads;  
Smooth Alcalies in Peace with Acids sleep;  
The Church and Stage no longer Difference keep:  
The Strand's a Desart grown.

And now the Spirit of Verification leaving me in the lurch, I come to tell you in honest Prose, that I mean no more by all this rumbling Stuff, than to let you know this is the long Vacation, which Lawyers, poor Whores, and Taylors, as well as many other Trades, agree to curse most plentifully. Yet tho' the generality of our people are glad this penitential Season is near expired, for my part, I cou'd heartily wish, as a Soldier does by the Wars, or a Woman by Enjoyment, it would last much longer.

You'll tell me, that this is a Paradox; for why the Plague shou'd a man desire to be in Town, when it is a Solitude in a manner, and all the best company is gone to Tumbridge, Epsom or the Bath? All this may be true; but before you and I part, perhaps I may bring you to be of my Opinion, I mean, reconcile you to the Long Vacation.

In the first place: You must know, that I hate to be in a Crowd; for which reason I wonder why so many wise Gentlemen shou'd be so fond to go to the Jubilee at Rome, where they are like to be throng'd and crowded, as much as a Spectator at a Country Bull-baiting, and with almost as bad a Mob. I hope you'll pardon the familiarity of the Expression, for indeed, when I consider what a motly Herd of Priests, Fops, and Bigots with troop thither upon this Occasion, I cannot find in my heart to give them a better Name. In short, I love the long Vacation

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upon the same account that some honest Claret-drinkers love walking Home at Midnight, because the Streets are clearer and not so incommoded as at other times. Besides, London is at no time of the Year so thinly peopl'd (God be thanked) but a Man, with a little Industry, may find Company enough of both Sexes, to the ruine of his Health and Consumption of his Estate. But this is not all, a universal Spirit of Civility reigns over all the Town; the Tradesmen are more confiding, and the Harlots better natur'd.

A Vintner, who, in the hurry of Michaelmas-Term, is as difficult of access as a Privy-councillor, will now give you his Company for asking, and perhaps club his Bottle into the Bargain; and the very individual Damsel, with whom, a Month or two hence, nothing below a Senator will go down, or at least a Man that will bribe as deep, is now so humbled by the Emptiness of the Town, that for the Credit of being carried in a Coach to her Lodgings, and the Expence of a Bottle of Wine, to treat her Landlady, she will put on a clean Smock to oblige you, without so much as exacting Money to pay the Landress.

I cou'd say a thousand things more in behalf of the Vacation, but I content my self at present with observing, that it produces Bartholomew-Fair; and when I have said that, I think it needs no farther Panegyrick. If Antiquity carries any weight with it, the Fair has enough to say for it self on that Head. Fourscore Years ago, and better, it afforded Matter enough for one of our best Comedians to Compose a Play upon it: But Smithfield is another sort of a Place now to what it was in the Times of Honest Ben; who, were he to rise out of his Grave, wou'd hardly believe it to be the same numerical spot of ground where Justice Over-do made so busie a Figure, where the Crop-ear'd Parson demolish'd a Ginger bread Stall, where Nightingale of harmonious memory sung Ballads, and fat Ursula sold Pig and bottl'd Ale.

As I have observ'd to you, this noble Fair is quite another thing than what it was in the last Age; it not only deals in the humble Stories of Crispin and Crispianus, Whittington's Cat, Bateman's Ghost, with the merry Conceits of the little Pickle-herring; it produces Opera's of its own growth, and is become a formidable Rival to both the Theaters. It beholds Gods descending from Machines, who express themselves in a Language suitable to their dignity: It trafficks in Heroes; it raises Ghosts and Apparitions; it has represented the Trojan Horse, the Workmanship of the divine Epeus; it has seen St. George encounter the Dragon, and overcome him. In short, for Thunder and Lightning, for Songs and Dances, for sublime Fustian and magnificent Nonsense, it comes not short of Drury-

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Lane or Lincolns-Inn-fields. But, to leave off this Bombast, with which the Booths have infected me, and deliver my self in a more familiar Stile, you must know, that, at this present Writing, your humble Servant is in a Musick-booth; yet, tho' he is distracted with a thousand Noises and Objects, as a Maid whirling round with a dozen Rapiers at her Neck, a Dance of Chimney-sweepers, and a Fellow standing on his Head on the top of a Quart-pot, he has both Leisure and Patience enough to write to You.

Smithfield had always the Reputation of being a Place of Persecution, with this difference, that the Women do that in this Age which the Priests did in the last, and make as many poor Sinners suffer by Fire.

Cheap-side Citts come to see horned Beasts brought hither from all parts of the World, when they might behold the very same Monsters at home, if they would but be at the pains of consulting their own Looking-glasses: Our pious Reformers have been long endeavoring to put down this Nursery of Wickedness and Irreligion, as they call it, but the beloved Wives of their own Bosoms, and their virtuous Daughters, better understand their own Interest, than to lose any Opportunity of getting abroad and planting Cuckoldom of Fornication, as their Mothers did before 'em.

Certainly no place sets Mankind more upon a level than Smithfield does; Lords and Bellowsmenders, Beaux and Fleaers of dead Horses, Colonels and Foot-soldiers, Bawds and Women of Virtue, walk cheek-by-jole in Cloysters, and justle one-another by Candle-light, as familiarly as Nat. Lee's Gods in Oedipus justle one-another in the dark. The poor Vizor-masks suffer most unmercifully, for no sooner can they shew their Heads within this blessed place of all Freedom and no Quarter, but away they are hurried into a corner, and a hundred several Hands about 'em at once, to examin whether they carry any Contraband Goods about 'em.

The Woman and her Children in the Maccabees, that chose rather to part with their Lives than pollute themselves with Swines-flesh, would have died ten thousand Deaths, rather than have touch'd the Ear of a Smithfield Pig, with a thousand of Prince Moloch's Pagan Subjects floating in the Sauce about him. But perhaps our virtuous Citizens swallow Pig and Pork so earnestly, to shew their Aversion to Judaism; as the learned Mr. Selden, I remember, somewhere tells us in his Table-talk, that for the very same reason our Ancestors were wont to provide

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Gammons of Bacon against Easter, which godly Custom their Posterity keep up to this very day.

So much may suffice at present, for I am just now going to a Puppet-show, to see the Creation of the World and Noahs flood, which will give me more Satisfaction, I don't question, than Dr. Woodward's Hypothesis, Mr. Whistons Theory, or any new System of our modern Virtuoso's.

I am your most humble Servant.

### An Exhortatory Letter, to an Old Lady That Smoak'd Tobacco.<sup>8</sup>

Madam,

Though the ill-natur'd World censures you for Smoaking, yet I would advise you, Madam, not to part with so innocent a Diversion: In the first place it is Healthful, and as Galen de usu Partium rightly observes, is a Sovereign Remedy for the Tooth-ach, the constant Persecutor of Old Ladies. Secondly, Tobacco, though it be a Heathenish Weed, is a great help to Christian Meditations; which is the Reason I suppose that Recommends it to our Parsons; the Generality of whom, can no more write a Sermon without a Pipe in their Mouths, than a Concordance in their Hands: besides, every Pipe you break, may serve to put you in mind of Mortality, and show you upon what slender Accidents Man's Life depends. I knew a Dissenting Minister, who on Fastdays used to mortify upon a Rump of Beef, because it put him, as he said, in mind, that all Flesh was Grass; but I am sure much more may be learnt from Tobacco. It may instruct you, that Riches, Beauty, and all the Glories of this World vanish like a Vapour. Thirdly, it is a pretty Play-thing: A Pipe is the same to an Old woman, that a Gallant is to a young one, by the same token they make both Water at Mouth. Fourthly and Lastly, it is fashionable, at least 'tis in a fair way of becoming so; cold Tea, you know, has been this long while in Reputation at Court, and the Gill as naturally ushers in the Pipe, as the Sword-Bearer walks before the Lord-Mayor.

I am your Ladiships humble Servant.

To Madam\*\*\*upon sending her Sir Richard

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Blackmore's Job and Habakkuk. By Mr.  
Tho. Brown, after Balzac's manner.<sup>9</sup>

To shew you what an universal Submission is paid to Beauty, an Eastern Prince comes to wait on you this morning. 'Tis true, he does not appear in the Arabian Magnificence, nor visits you with a Splendor suitable to his rank; but after the manner of Suppliants he addresses himself to you in a penitential habit, and you see him just as he escaped out of Sir Richard's Poetical Powdering-tub, which has prov'd more unfortunate to him than this Dung-hill. However, Madam, it was your Command he should appear before you in this Garb; and the Patriarch, to shew his antient Meekness, has obey'd you. But altho' he enjoys the happiness of your company, yet either discouraged by his late unworthy Treatment, or overcome by your Beauty, he is not able to speak a Syllable for himself. He that had Eloquence enough to describe the least of your Charms; he sees that the natural Armour of his Leviathan is not so impenetrable as your Heart, and that the weakest of your Glances exceeds the Strength of his fam'd Behemoth. Tho' he first saw the Light in a Country which furnishes our Altars with Perfumes, yet he owns, they fall short of the natural Sweetness of your Breath, and confesses, that his own Arabia was improperly call'd happy, since it ne'r produc'd any thing so comely as yourself.

But, Madam, tho' your commands are not to be disputed, Job had hardly ventur'd to appear before you in this Disguise, had not a Brother in Affliction and Fellow-sufferer, come along with him to keep him in Countenance: Both of 'em are so much alter'd for the worse, since they have come out of the Doctor's Hands, who, not content to murder the Living, exercises his Cruelty upon the Dead, that their nearest Relations, were they now alive, wou'd hardly know them. Job complains more of his ill Usage from the City Bard, than all his other Afflictions, which the Devil, in conjunction with his Wife, contriv'd to lay upon him; and Habakkuk bewails the ignoble Captivity he lies under, with a deeper Resentment than that of his Country-men in Chaldea. However, both of them will glory in their Misfortunes, if you'll but vouchsafe to cast a pitying Look upon them, nay, thank their unmerciful Persecuter for putting them in this disadvantageous Dress, if it produces so favourable an Effect.

To Monsieur de la---his Correspondent in Paris.  
Written in the Person of a French-man, and  
giving an Account of all the merry Passages  
he observ'd in London.

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I Had long ago discharg'd my Promise and sent you an Account of the most remarkable things that offer themselves to a Stranger's Curiosity: But London, Sir, is too Gigantic a Place, and the many new Objects one daily meets are so apt to efface the Idea's of the former, that a Man may very well be allow'd to pass a few Months in it, before he can regulate his Thoughts, and reduce them into Method. For your Comfort, I shall not trouble you with any Relations that are not to be found in our common Itineraries. The Discoveries I send you, are either the Result of my own Observation, or such as I gather'd in my frequent Converse with the ablest Virtuoso's of this famous City. In short, they very well deserve your Attention, and you may depend upon the Truth of them.

People may talk as they please; but I am of Opinion that there is more Religion stirring in London, than most Cities in the Universe: Nay, that in a great measure 'tis incorporated with their very Trade. Those worthy Gentlemen the Stage-Coach-Men shew it in their printed Bills, where they never fail to conclude with an If God Permit. Nay, in one of their Lotteries I observ'd the Projector endeavour'd to hook in Customers with a Text of Scripture, and made Solomon Pimp to his Design, by quoting that Saying of his, Time and Chance happen to all. What is more surprizing, your very Beggars in the common Streets use the same Tone with the Presbyterian Parsons. In short, London is so far from being a prophane Place, that some of the most Eminent Citizens, who can afford it, have two Religions going at once, and will march you gravely at the head of fix notch'd Prentices, to Church in the Morning, and a Meeting in the Afternoon.

As for the Women, I'll say that for them, they are perfect Heroines in their Nature; they'll see you half a Score Kings and Queens murder'd upon the Stage, yet shew no more Concern than if so many Nine-pins were tipt down. And then at the Old Baily, tho' the Judge gravely tells them, Look ye, Ladies, we have a smutty trial coming on, where we shall be oblig'd to call every thing by its proper Name, and therefore it may be convenient for you to withdraw; yet the Devil a Lady will flinch for the for the Business, but fit you out the whole Trial without so much as putting on their Masks, tho' the Witnesses now and then talk a Heathen Philosophy that's enough to make even a Midwife blush. -----  
--But the merriest thing of all, is their Pindaric Poetry. Wou'd you know what sort of Verification it is? I will tell you then: Why first of all, here is one huge Line as long as my Arm or longer; then there come one, two, or three short Lines, like a Pigmy behind a Giant; very pretty, begar! Another long Line, and then a short one, and another short; and another

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long, and so on to the End of the Stanza. I was told that the English Poets borrow'd this Fancy from the Faggot-makers; for these Fellows will first of all put you down a long Stick, and then a short one, and after this manner binding the Sticks together, when they have done, call it a Faggot, as the Authors call the other a Pindaric Ode.

Few Towns in Christendom are so apt to promote Scepticism as this. There are at least half a Score Pretenders to Anderson's Scotch Pills, and the Lord knows who has the true Preparation. The same Uncertainty there is about Bateman's Spirit of Scurvy-grass: Nay, as you walk to Hogsden, one Sign tells you, This is the true, old, ancient Farthing-pye-house; and before you can walk three Steps further, you meet another Sign that has the Impudence to tell you the very same Story. Thus a Stranger is wonderfully puzzled which of these two Houses to go to, and not knowing how to clear the Difficulty, sometimes goes to neither. They abound particularly in Holes in the Wall: To the best of my Remembrance there are at least four in Baldwin's Gardens, and as many more about Red-Lyon Square: Now, I believe it wou'd Nonplus the ablest Antiquary of them all to determine which is the right, ancient, and primitive Hole in the Wall.

I have been exceedingly surpriz'd at the great Variety of Spelling in the publick Signs.<sup>10</sup> I cou'd instance in a hundred, but shall content myself with the Word Lancashire, that has been most inhumanly us'd by them. You shall find it written Lanckisheir in one, Lankesheare in another, and Lanckasheer in a third. I foresee that this Difference of Orthography in these publick Inscriptions, as your Alehouse-Signs most certainly are, will give the Grammarians a World of Trouble two of three hundred Years hence: So, for my part, I wonder that Dr. Bentivoglio does not petition the Parliament that no Victualler be suffer'd to set up a Sign till it has been first carefully examin'd and consider'd by Commissioners well skill'd in these Matters, and chosen for the purpose.

They have several Latin Words in and about this Town, that are peculiar to England, and go currant no where else. In one of the Villages about London there is a very noble Hospital, and over the Refectory a Latin Inscription, giving to understand that this Building as erected at the Charge of a Gentleman that belong'd to the Societas Haberdasherorum. I was for a long while perplex'd to know what Countrymen these Haberdasherians were, of from whence they borrow'd their Name. Sometimes I thought 'em the Remainders of the old Aborigines of the Island, and sometimes a People of the Cimbrica Chersonesus, that came over with the Saxons. I consulted Strabo, Ptolomy, Dionysius, Afer,

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Mela, and the old Geographers, about the matter, who gave me not the least Insight into them: Then I turn'd over Cluverius, Ferrarius, DuFresne, Salmasius upon \_\_\_\_\_<sup>10</sup>Suggestive of the Spelling School in the Tale, Guthkelch, p. 41.

Solinus, and who not, but was no wiser than before. At least a learned English Gentleman told me that these Haberdasherians were a civiliz'd moral People enough, and only dealt in harmless Manufactures, as Pins, Tape, Inkle, and Packthread.

Some Airs have been observ'd by Naturalists to breed Agues, as the Hundreds in Essex, some to breed Calentures, as Guinea in Afric, others to breed contagious Distempers, as Barbados and Jamaica. Now the Air of Cheapside has this peculiar Quality belonging to it, as to breed Horns. 'Tis certain (and the Observation has been made ever since William the Conqueror's Days) that not one marry'd Man in a hundred that dwells in that Street escapes them. Nay, I have been credibly inform'd that a Linnen-draper of Cheapside bought him a fine Tortoise-shell Tobacco-box near the Exchange, and before he had wore it full a Week in his Pocket, it was converted to perfect Horn.

The Merchants of London are nothing near so polite as ours in Paris. The Devil a jot do they know of the Ouvrages d'Esprit, whereas ours will discourse better upon Books and Authors than Trade and Commerce. I made a Visit to one of them, and after the first Compliments were past, enquir'd of him what Books of Note had lately appear'd in the World. Oh Sir, says he, since the joining of the two Companies, we have had the finest Bettelees, Palampores, Bafts and Jamwars, come over that ever were seen. Pardon me, Sir, said I, these Affairs are somewhat out of my Knowledge.-----Indeed, as for the Mamoodies, the Lingoes, the Culgees, and the Chints, continues he, they receiv'd some little Detriment by the Salt Water: but-----you mistake me, Sir, cry'd I, for all this while I was talking of-----but then for your Mulmuls Phootaes, Gurrah's, Moorees, and Rostaes, mind me what I say, Sir, I defie the whole World to match us. And so he went on, till I was forc'd to break up abruptly with him.

Foreigners unjustly charge the Londoners with Want to Civility and Invention. Don't they give a plain Proof of their singular Courtesie, when Curates, Surgeons, Operators of the Teeth and Toes, Anglice Tooth-drawers and Corn-cutters, nay, Farriers, and Sextons go by the Name of Doctors? And then, who dares question the Goodness of their Invention, who considers that those noble Curiosities, Swimming-Girdles, Pacing-Saddles, Chalybiate Pancakes, Engines to prevent Leaking, and that great



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Traveller Major John Choke's famous Necklaces for breeding of Teeth, with a numberless Set of Theories were invented here? Besides, the last new Religion that appear'd in these Parts of the World, was it not wholly contriv'd by the Philadelphians?

'Tis worth a Stranger's while to peep into the several Conventicles here, to observe how Affairs are managed among them. The Minister gets up into his Box, talks a great deal of unintelligible Stuff; the People lugg out their Silver Ink-horns, and take it upon Content; which puts me in mind of the Fellow in Hell that was always making of Ropes, and an Ass still devour'd them.

Among other Customs, I observ'd one very singular and ancient, and still kept on foot, which is, to make Fools of People on the first Day of April. I cou'd never inform my self what gave the first Rise to so odd a Frolic; but methinks they might let it alone; for since three Parts in four of the People are Fools every Day in the Year, what occasion is there to set a Day apart for it?

When a Humour takes in London, they ride it to death before they can part with it. As for instance, Lotteries were first set up for Annuities and Pensions; then they came down to Books and Pictures, at last they descended even to Snuff and Balsam, to Plum-Cakes and Mince-Pies. Thus, because AEsop from Tunbridge had the good Fortune to please, a hundred other AEsops from Epsom, Islington, and other Parts of the Kingdom were immediately trump'd up, till the very Name of AEsop at last grew scandalous. The same Folly infected the Theatre, where a Beau at his first Appearance upon the Stage happening to tickle the Fancies of the Auditors, you cou'd have ne're a Play without that Animal to set it off. The first Beau diverted 'em with his huge Muff, the second with his monstrous Periwigg, the third with Buttons as big as Turnips, the fourth with an extraordinary Cravat, the fifth with a fantastical Sword-Knot. 'Twas the fame original Coxcomb all the while, but only a little diversify'd.-----Having seen the famous Brass Monument in Westminster, I went in the next Place to see Dr. Oats, whom I found in one of the Coffee-houses that looks into the Court of Requests. He is a most accomplish'd Person in his way, that's certain. The Turn of his Face is extremely particular; he has the largest Chin of any Clergyman in Europe, by the same token, they tell a merry Story how he cheated a two-penny Barber by hiding it under his Cloak. In short, his Mouth stands exactly in the middle of his Face, like the White in the Center of a Target.

I had the Curiosity sometimes to bestow an half Hour at Mr. B----'s little Mansion in Russel-Court. Some Ministers will make you cry,

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some will make you sleep; but honest Daniel will make you laugh with his Preaching. I happen'd to hear him once, when he took occasion to prove the Tendency of Mankind to Corruption from their loving rotten Cheese. Do but observe, my Brethren, says he, when an old Cheshire Cheese is brought to the Table, how readily every Man sticks his Knife into the blue Part, a plain Indication (and then he nodded his Head) of the Truth of original Sin!

But of all the Virtuoso's in London, commend me to the ingenious Dr. Thimblesworth, who publish'd the Furniture of a Chinese Barber's Shop in the Philosophical Transactions. He is certainly a profound Philosopher, and will assign you a Physical Reason for any thing almost. I will give you one remarkable Instance, to shew you the great Depth of his Penetration. He chanc'd to be in a Gentleman's Company that fainted away at the Sight of a few Eggs. What does my Doctor do upon this, but whips streight into Essex, where the Gentleman liv'd, enquires privately into the secret History of his Family, and finds his Grandfather had stood in the Pillory for forging a Bond. Having made this lucky Discovery, he soon found out the true Reason of the Grandson's Aversion to Eggs. A thousand other Curiosities I cou'd impart to you, but having already swell'd my Letter to too great a Bulk, I will e'en reserve them to a fitter Opportunity, and conclude with assuring you that I am

Your Humble Servant, &c.

A Choice Collection of Letters,  
Out of Aristaenetus.<sup>11</sup>  
Epist. II. Lib. 1  
Part I

Translated from the Greek, by Mr. Brown

I was a singing to my self one of the newest Songs last Evening in the Piazza, when a very merry Adventure befel me: Two pretty young Ladies in the bloom of their Youth, and inferior of the Graces in nothing but their Number, came up to me, and the Elder of them, with a Look that had nothing of the Air of a Coquette in it, was pleas'd to greet me after the following manner.

Whatever you may think of the matter, Sir, you have made two Conquests to Night by your Voice: Love has found a way to our Souls thro' our Ears, we are both subdu'd by your Harmony, and have had a

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Debate with our selves, for which of us you intended this Entertainment. My own Vanity made me believe it was meant for me; my Companion here is as positive that the Compliment was design'd for her. Thus not being able to decide the Controversie among our selves, which had lik'd to have engag'd us in a Civil War, we both agreed to have it determined by your self.

Why, faith, Ladies, reply'd I, to them, you are both of you very Handsome; but the Duce take me if I am in Love with either of you: Therefore I wou'd advise you, as a Friend and a Plain-dealer, not to quarrel about such an insignificant Fellow as I am, but to let all Actions of Hostility cease, and live like good Neighbours together: Not but that I believe I cou'd be heartily in Love with both, or either of you at any other time, but at present my Heart is engaged else-where; and I am confident you have more Generosity and Justice than to usurp the Property of another, or to take up with the leavings of Love.

Oh! Cry'd they, this is a downright Sham. There's not one handsome Woman in this Quarter of the Town, yet you pretend to be in Love; 'tis plain we have caught you in a Story, therefore you shall swear that you love neither of us.

I cou'd not but laugh at the Proposal: Why, Ladies, said I, every thing about me is at your Service; but I have a tender Conscience, and wou'd not willingly be perjurd.

That is as we would have it, said one of 'em; we knew the Truth wou'd come out one way or other, therefore resolve to come along with us, for we won't lose so fair an Opportunity. With that both the Damosels fell a tugging and hawling me forward; they pluckt one way, and I pluckt another; but you know the Proverb, Two to one is odds at Foot-ball; so I was forc'd to submit to my Destiny, and go along with 'em whither they were pleas'd to lead me. So far the Story may be read or heard by all the World, but what follows is a Secret: In short, not to set your Mouth a Watering, with a description of every Particular, I was carried to a Room, where we made an extemporary Bed of Chairs and Stools; so Ingenious is Love when it is put to its Shifts. The two good natru'd Nymphs were not dissappointed; and you humble Servant went off well satisfied with his good Fortune.

Letters from the Dead to the Living.<sup>12</sup>  
Part the Ist.

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A Letter of News from Mr. Joseph Haines, of Merry Memory, to his Friends at Will's Coffee-House in Covent-Garden.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

Gentlemen,

I had done my self the Honour to write to you long ago, but wanted a Convenience of sending my Letters; for you must not imagine 'tis as easie a matter for us on this Side the River Styx, to maintain a Correspondence with you in the Upper World, as 'tis to send a Pacquet from London to Rotterdam, of from Paris to Madrid: But upon the News of a fresh War ready to break out in your Part of the World, (which, by the Bye, makes us keep Holy-Day here in Hell) Pluto having thought fit to dispatch an extraordinary Messenger to see how your Parliament, upon whose Resolutions the Fate of Europe seems wholly to depend, will behave themselves in this critical Conjunction. I tipt the Fellow a George to carry this Letter for me, and leave it with the Master's at Will's in his Way to Westminster.

I am not insensible, Gentlemen, that Homer, Virgil, Dante, Don Quevedo, and many more before me, have given an Account of these Subterranean Dominions, for which reason it may look like Affectation or Vanity in me to meddle with a Subject so often handled; but if new Travels into Italy, Spain, and Germany, are daily read with Approbation, because new Matters of Enquiry and Observation perpetually arise, I don't see why the present State of the Plutonian Kingdoms may not be acceptable, there having been as great Changes and Alterations in these Infernal Regions, as in any other Part of the Universe whatever.

When I shook hands with your upper Hemisphere, I stumbled into a dark, uncouth, dismal Lane, which, if it be lawful to compare great Things with small, somewhat resembles that dusky dark cut under the Mountains called the Grotto of Puzzoli in the way to Naples. I was in so great a Consternation, that I don't remember exactly how long it was, but this I remember full well, that there were a world of Niches on both sides of the Wall, adorned and furnished with Harpies, Gorgons, Centaurs, Chimeras, and such like pretty Curiosities, which could not but give a Man a world of Titillation as he travell'd on the Road. The Three-headed Geryon, put me in mind of the Master of the Temple's Three Intellectual Minds; and when I saw Briarcus with his Hundred Arms and Heads, out of my Zeal to King William and his Government, I could not but wish that we had so well qualified a Person for Secretary of State ever since the Revolution; for having so many Heads and Hands to employ, he might

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easily have manag'd all Affairs Domestick and Foreign, and been both Dictator and Clerk to himself: Which, besides the Advantage of keeping secret all Orders and Instruction, (and that you know, Gentlemen, is of no small Importance in Politicks) would have saved his Majesty no inconsiderable Sum in his Civil List.

Being arrived at the End of his doleful and execrable Lane, I came into a large, open barren Plain, through which ran a River, whose Water was as black as my Hat: Coming to the Banks of this wonderful River, an old ill-look'd wrinkl'd Fellow in a tatter'd Boat, which did not seem to be worth a Groat, making towards the Shoar, beckon'd, and held out his Right-hand to me: Knowing nothing of his Business or Character, I could not imagine what he meant by doing so; but upon second Thoughts, thinking he had a mind to have his Fortune told, You must understand, old Gentleman, says I to him, that there are Three Principal Lines in a Man's Hand, the first of which is called by the learned Ludovicus Vives, Secretary to Tamberlain the Magnificent, the Linea Biotica, or Line of Life; the second, The Linea Hepatica, or Liver-Line; the third and last, The Linea Intercalaris, so called by Sebastian Munster and Erra Pater, because it crosses the Two aforesaid Lines I an Equicrural Parabola. Hold your impertinent Stuff, says the old Ferry-man, Erra me no Erra Paters, but speak to the point, and give me my Fare, if you design to come over. By this I perceiv'd my mistake, and knew him to be Charon: So I dived into my Pockets, but alas! I found all the Birds were flown, if ever any had been there, which you may believe, Gentlemen, was no small Mortification to me. Get you gone for a Rascally Scoundrel as you are, says Charon, some Son of a Whore of a Fidler, or Player I warr'nt ye; go and take up your quarters with those Pennyless Rogues that are Sunning themselves on yonder Hillock. To see now how a Man may be mistaken by a fair Out-side! When I came up to 'em, I found them a parcel of jolly well-look'd Fellows, who, one would have thought, were wealthy enough to have fined for Sheriffs: I counted, let me see, Six Princes of the Empire that were younger Brothers, Ten French Cunts, Fourteen Knights of Malta, Twelve Welsh Gentlemen, Sixteen Scotch Lairds, with abundance of Chymists, Projectors, Ensurers, Noblemens Creditors, and the like; that were all Wind-bound for want of the ready Rhino. Two Days we continu'd in this doleful Condition; and as Dr. Sherlock says of himself, in relation to the 13<sup>th</sup> Chapter of the Romans, here I stuck, and had stuck till the last Conflagration, if it had not been for Bishop Overal's Convocation-Book; e'en so here we might have tarry'd world without end, if an honest Teller of the Exchequer, and a Clerk of

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the Pay-Office, had not come to our relief; who understanding our Case, cry'd out, Come along, Gentlemen, we have Money enough to defray Twenty such Trifles as this; God be praised, we had the good Luck to die before the Parliament look'd into our Accounts. With that they gave Charon a Broad-Piece each of 'em, so our whole Caravan, consisting of about Seventy Persons in all, that had not a Farthing in the World to bless themselves, ferry'd over to the other Side of the River.

As we were crossing the Stream, Charon told us how an Irish Captain would have trick'd him. He came strutting down to the river-side, says he, as fine as a Prince, in a long Scarlet Cloak, all bedaub'd with Silver-Lace, but had not a Penny about him. Dear Joy, cries he to me, I came away in a little haste from the other World, and left my Breeches behind me, but I'll make thee amends by Chreest and St. Patrick, for I'll refresh thy ancient Nostrils with some of Hippolito's best Snuff, which cost me a Week ago a Crown an Ounce. I told the Hibernian, that old Birds were not to be taken with Chaff, nor Charon to be banter'd out of his Due with a little dust of Sot-wood; and giving him a Reprimand with my Stretcher over the Noddle, bid him go like a Coxcomb as he was about his business. The Wretch santer'd about the Banks for a Month, but at last, pretended to be a French-man, got over gratis this Summer, among the Duke of Orlean's Retinue. But what was the most surprising piece of News I ever heard, Charon assured us, upon his Veracity, that the late King of Spain was forc'd to lie by a full Fortnight for want of Money to carry him over; for Cardinal Portocarero had been so busie in forging his Will, that he had forgot to leave the poor Monarch a Farthing in his Pocket; and that at last, one of his own Grandees, coming by that Way, was so complaisant as to defray his Prince's Passage; and well he might, says our surly Ferry-man, for in five Years time he had cheated him of Two Millions.

We were no sooner landed on the other side of the River, but some of us fil'd off to the right, and others to the left, as their Business called them: For my part I made the best of my way to the famous City Brandipolis, seated upon the River Phlegethon, as being a Place of the greatest Commerce and Resort, in all King Pluto's Dominions. Who should I meet upon the Road but my old Friend and Acquaintance Mr. Nokes the Comedian, who received me with all imaginable Love and Affection? Mr. Haines, says he, I am glad, with all my Heart, to see you in Hell; upon my Salvation, we have expected you here this great while, and I question not but our Royal Master will give you a Reception befitting a Person of your extraordinary Merit. Mr. Nokes, said I, Your

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most obedient Servant, you are pleas'd Compliment, but I know no other Merit I have, but that of being honour'd with your Friendship. But my dear Jo. Cries he, How go Affairs in Covent-Garden? Does Cuckoldom flourish, and Fornication maintain its ground still against the Reformers? And the Play-House in Drury-Lane, is it as much frequented as it us'd to be? I had no sooner given him a satisfactory Answer to these Questions, but we found our selves in the Subburbs; so my Friend Nokes, with that Gaiety and Openness, which became him so well at the Play-House, Jo. says he, I'll give thee thy Welcome to Hell; with that he carry'd me to a little blind Coffee-House, in the middle of a dirty Ally, but certainly one of the worst furnish'd Tenements I ever beheld: There was nothing to be seen but a few broken Pipes, two or three founder'd Chairs, and bare naked Walls, with not so much as a superannuated Almanack, or tatter'd Ballad to keep 'em in Countenance; so that I could not but fancy my self in some of Love' little Tabernacles about Wild-street, or Drury-Lane. Come Mr. Haines, and what are you disposed to drink? What you please, Sir. Here, Madam, give the Gentleman a Glass of Geneva. As soon as I had whipt it down, my Friend Nokes plucking me by the Sleeve, and whispering me in the Ear, Prithoe Jo. Who dost think that Lady at the Bar is? I consider'd her very attentively, by the same token she was three times as ugly as my Lady Fright all, Countess of----and three times as thick and bulky as Mrs. Pix the Poetress, and very fairly told him, I knew her not. Why then I shall surprise you, This is the famous Semiramis. The Devil she is! Answer'd I: What is this the celebrated and renowned Queen of Babylon, she that built those stupendous Walls and pensile Gardens, of which ancient Historians tell us so many Miracles; that victorious Heroine, who eclipsed the Triumphs of her Illustrious Husband; that added Aethiopia to Empire; and was the Wonder as well as the Ornament of her Sex? Is it possible she should fall so low as to be forced to sell Geneva, and such ungodly Liquors for a Subsistence? 'Tis e'en so, says Mr. Nokes, and this may serve as a Lesson of Instruction to you, that when once Death has laid his Icy Paws upon us, all other Distinctions of Fortune and Quality immediately vanish. These Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, but in came a formal old Gentleman, and plucking a large wooden Box from under his Cloak, Will you have any fine Snuff, Gentlemen, here is the finest Snuff in the Universe, Gentlemen; a never failing Remedy, Gentlemen, against the Megrimms and Head-ach. And who do you take this worthy Person to be? Says Mr. Nokes. But that I am in this lower World, cry'd I, I durst swear 'tis the very individual Quaker that sells his Herb-Snuff at the Rainbow Coffee-

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House. Damnably mistaken, says Mr. Nokes, before George, no less a Man than the Great Cryus, the first Founder of the Persian Monarchy. I was going to bless my self at this Discovery, when a Jolly Red-nos'd Woman in a Straw-Hat popt into the Room, and in a shrill Treble cry'd out, Any Buckles, Combs or Scizars, Gentlemen, and Tooth-picks, Bottle-Screws or Tweezers, Silver-Buttons or Tobacco-stoppers, Gentlemen. Well now, my worthy Friend, Mr. Haines, who do you think this to be? The Lord knows, replied I, for here are such an unaccountable Choppings and Changings among you, that the Devil can't tell what to make of 'em. Why then, in short, This is the vertuous Thalestyis, Queen of the Amazons, the same numerical Princess, that beat the Hoof so many hundred Leagues to get Alexander the Great to administer his Royal Nipple to her. But Jo, since I find thee so affected at these Alterations that have hapned to Persons who lived so many hundred Years ago. I am resolv'd to shew thee some of a more modern Date, and particularly of such as either thou wast acquainted with in the other World, or at least hast often heard mention'd in Company. So calling for the other Glass of Geneva, he left a Tester at the Bar, and Semiramis, to shew her Courtly Breeding, dropt us abundance of Curtsies, and paid us as much respect at our coming out, as your Two-penny French-Barbers in Soho do to a Gentleman that gives them a Brace of odd Half-pence above the original Contract in their Sign.

We walkt thro' half a dozen Streets without meeting any thing worthy of observation. At last my Friend Nokes, pointing to a little Edifice, which exactly resembled Dr. Burges's Conventicle in Russel-Court; says he, your old Acquaintance Tony Lee, who turn'd Presbyterian Parson upon his coming into these Quarters, holds forth most notably here every Sunday; Jacob Hall and Jevon are his Clerks, and chant it admirably. Mother Stratford, the Dutchess of Mazarine, my Lord Warwick, and Sir Fleetwood are his constant Hearers; and to Tony's everlasting Honour be it spoken, he delivers his Fire and Brimstone with so good a Grace, splits his Text so Judiciously, turns up the Whites of his Eyes so Theologically, cuffs his Cushion so Orthodoxly, and twirls his Band-strings so Primitively, that Pluto has lately made him one of his Chaplains in Ordinary. From this we crossed another Street, which one may properly enough call the Bow-street, or Pall-Mall of Brandipolis. No sawcy Trades-man or Mechanick dares presume to live here, but 'tis wholly inhabited by fine gaudy fluttering Sparks, and fine airy Ladies; who in no respect are inferiour to yours in Covent-Garden. When the Sky is serene, and not a Breath of Wind stirring, you may see whole Covies of



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them displaying their Finery in the Street; but at other times you never see 'em out of a Chair, for fear of discomposing their Commodes or Periwigs. We had not gone twenty Paces, before we met Three flaming Beaux of the First Magnitude, the like of whom were never seen at the Vourhoot at the Hague, the Tuilleries at Paris, or the Mall in St. James's Park. They were all Three in Black (for you must know we are in deep Mourning here for the death of my Lady Proserpine's favourite Monkey) but he in the middle, tho' he had neither Face nor Shape to qualifie him for a Gallant; for he had a Phiz as forbidding as Beau Wh----ker, and was as thick about the Waste as the fat Squab Porter at the Griffin-Tavern in Fuller's-Rents; yet he made a most Magnificent Figure: His Periwig was large enough to have loaded a Camel, and he had bestowed upon it at least a Bushel of Powder, I warrant you. His Sword-Knot dangled upon the Ground, and his Steenkirk that was most agreeably discolour'd with Snuff from top to bottom, reach'd down to his Waste, He carried he Hat under his Left-Arm, walkt with both his Hands in the Wast-band of his Breeches, and his Cane that hung negligently down in a String from his Right-Arm, trail'd most harmoniously against the Pebbles, while the Master of it, tripping it nicely upon his Toes, was humming to himself,  
Oh! Ye happy happy Groves,  
Witness of our tender Loves.

Having given you this Description of him, I need not trouble myself to enlarge upon the Dress of his Two Companions, who, tho' they fell much short of his inimitable Original in point of Garniture and Dress, yet they were singular enough to have drawn the Eyes of Men, Women, and Children after 'em in any part of Europe. As I observed this fight with a great deal of Admiration, Mr. Nokes very gravely asked me, who I took the middlemost Person to be; upon my telling him I had never seen him before, nor knew a Syllable of him or his private History; Why, says, Mr. Nokes, this is Diogenes the famous Cynic Philosopher, and his Two Companions are George Fox, and James Naylor the Quakers. Diogenes, replied I to him, why he was One of the arrantest Slovens in all Greece, and a protest Enemy to Laundresses, for he never parted with his Shirt, 'till his Shirt parted with him. No matter for that, says Mr. Nokes, the case is alter'd now with him, for he has the Vanity and Affectation of twenty Sir Courtly Nice's blended together; he constantly dispatches a Courier to Lisbon every Month, to bring him a Cargo of Limons to wash his Hands with; he sends to Montpellier for Hungary-Water; Turin furnishes him with Rosa Solis; Nismes with Eau de Canelle, and Paris with Ratiffia to settle his Maw in the Morning. Nothing will go down with him but

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Ortolans, Snipes, and Woodcocks; and Matson, that some Years ago lived at the Rummer in Queen-street, is the Administrator of his Kitchen. This, said I to him, is the most phantastick Change I have seen since my passing the Styx: For who the plague wou'd have believ'd that that ancient Quaker Diogenes, and those modern Cynics, Fox and Naylor, should degenerate so much from their Primitive Institution, as to set up for Fops? When we came up to 'em, Diogenes gave us a most gracious Bow, but those Two everlasting Complimenters, his Friends, I was afraid wou'd have murder'd me with their Civilities; for which reason I disengaged my self from 'em something abruptly, by the same token I overheard James Naylor call me Bougre Insulare and Tramontane for my ill Manners.

When the Coast was clear of 'em, says I to Mr. Nokes, every thing is so turned topsie-turvy here with you, that I can hardly resolve my self whether I walk upon my Head or my Feet: Right, Mr. Haines, says he, but Time is precious, so let's mend our pace if you please, that we may see all the Curiosities of this renowned City before 'tis dark.

The next Street we came into, we saw a tall thin-gutted Mortal driving a Wheel-Barrow of Pears before him, and crying in a hoarse Tone, Pears Twenty a Penny; looking him earnestly in the Face, I presently knew him to be Beau Heveningham, but I found he was shy, and so took no further notice of him. Not ten Doors hence, says Mr. Nokes, lives poor Norton, that shot himself. I ask'd him in what Quality, he answered my, as Sub-operator to a Disperser of Darkness, Anglice, a Journey-man to a Tallow-chandler. I would willingly have made him a short Visit, but was intercepted in my Design by a Brace of Fellows that were link'd to their good Behaviour, like a pair of Spanish Gally-slaves; tho' they agreed as little as Fowler and Ringwood coupled together, for one of 'em lugg'd one way, and his Brother the other. I soon knew them to be Dick Baldwin, the Whig-Bookseller, and Mason the Non-swearing Parson, whom, as was afterwards informed, Judge Minos, had order'd to be yoak'd thus, to be a mutual Plague and Punishment to one another. Both of 'em made up to us as hard as they could drive. Well Sir, says the Levite, what comfortable News do you bring from St. Germain's? Our old Friend Lewis le Grand is well, I hope. Damn Lewis le Grand, and all his Adherents, cries Dick Baldwin, Pray Sir, what racy Touches of Scandal have been publish'd of late by my worthy Friends Sam Johnson, Mr. Touchin, and honest Mr. Atwood; and the Gallows that groan'd so long for Robin Hog the Messenger, when is it like to lose its Longing? Have no fresh Batteries attack'd the Court lately from honest Mr. Darby's in

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Bartholomew-Close? And prithee what new Piracies from the Quakers at the Pump in Little-Britain? What new Whales, Devils, Ghosts, Murders, from Wilkins in the Friars? But above all, dear Sir, of what Kidney are the present Sheriffs; and particularly my Lord Mayor, how stands he affected? Why Dick, says I to him, fearing to be stunn'd with more Interrogatories, tho' most of the Folks I have seen here are chang'd either for the better or the worse, yet I find thou art the True, Primitive, Busie, Pragmatical, Prating, Muttering Dick Baldwin still, and wilt be so to the end of the Chapter. In the Name of the Three Furies, what should make thee trouble thy self about Serifs and Lord Mayors? But thou art of the same foolish Belief, I find, with thy Brother Coxcombs at North's Coffee-House, who think all the Fate of Christendom depends upon the Choice of a Lord Mayor; whereas to talk of Things familiarly, and as we ought to do; what is this two-leg'd Animal ycleped a Lord Mayor, but a certain temporary Machine of the Cities setting up, who on certain appointed Days is obliged to ride on Horse-back to please the Cheapside Wives, who must scuffle his Way through so many Furlongs of Custard, who is only terrible to Delinquent-Bakers, Oyster-Women, and Scavengers; and has no other Privilege above his Brethren, as I know of, but that of taking a comfortable Nap in his Gold-Chain at Paul's or Salter's-Hall; to either of which Places his conscience, that is, his Interest carries him. Surly Dick was going to (sic) say something in defence of the City Magistrate, but my Brother Nokes and I prevenaed him, by calling to the next Hackney Coach-man, whom, to my great surprize, I found to be the Famous Dr. Busby of Westminster School; who now, instead of flogging Boys was content to act in an humbler Sphere, and exercise his lashing Talet upon Horses. We ordered him to set us down at Bedlam, where my Friend Nokes assured me we should find Diversion enough; and the first Person we met with in this celebrated Mansion, was the famous Queen Dido of Carthage, supported by the Ingenuous Mrs. Behn on the one side, and the Learned Christiana, Queen of Sweden on the other. Gentlemen, cry'd she, I conjure you, by that respect which is due to Truth, and by that complaisance which is owing to Us of the fair Sex; to believe none of those idle Lies that Virgil hath told of me. That impudent Versifier has given out, that I murder'd my self for the sake of his pious Trojan, the Hero of his Romance; whereas I declared to you, Gentlemen, as I hope to be sav'd, that I never saw the Face of that fugitive Scoundrel in my Life, but died in my Bed with as much Decency and Resignation as any Woman in the Parish: But what touches my Honour most of all, is that most horrid Calumny of my being all alone with Aeneas in the Cave.

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Upon this I humbly remonstrated to her Majesty, that altho' Virgil had taken the liberty to leave her and his pious Trojan in a Grotto together, yet he no where insinuated that any thing criminal had passed between 'em. How, says Mrs. Behn, in a fury, was it not Scandal enough in all conscience, to say that a Man and a Woman were in a dark blind Cavern by themselves? What tho' there was no such Convenience as a Bed or a Couch in the Room; nay, not so much as a broken-back'd Chair; yet I desire you to tell me, sweet Mr. Haines, what other Business can a Man and a Woman have in the dark together, but----- Ay, cries, the Queen of Sweden, what other Business can a Man and a Woman have in the dark, but, as the Fellow says in the Moor of Venice, to make the Beast with two Backs? Not to pick Straws, I hope, or to tell Tales of a Tub. Under Favour, Ladies, reply'd I, 'tis impossible, I should think, for a grave sober Man and a Woman of Discretion, to pass a few Hours alone, without carrying matters so far home as you insinuate. What in the dark! Cries Queen Dido, that's mine A-----in a Band-box. Let Peoples Inclinations be never so modest and virtuous, yet this cursed Darkness puts the Devil and all of Wickedness into their Heads: The Man will be pushing on his side, that's certain; and as for the Woman, I'll swear for her, that when no body can see her blush, she will be consenting. In fine, tho' the Soul be never so well fortified to hold out a Siege, yet the Body, as soon as Love's Artillery begins to play upon it, it will soon beat a Parley, and make a separate Treaty for it self.

Thus her Punic Majesty run on, and the Lord knows when her Royal Clack would have done striking, if a Female-Messenger had not come to her in the nick of Time, and whisper'd her in the Ear, to go to the famous Lucretia's Crying-out, who, it seems, was got with Child upon a Hay-cock, by AEsop the Fabulist. As soon as Queen Dido and her Two prattling Companions were gone out of the Room. Mr. Nokes, says I, you have, without question, seen AEsop very often, therefore pray let me beg the favour of you, to tell me whether he is such a deformed ill favour'd Wight, as the Historians represent him; for you must know we have a modern Critic of singular Humanity, near St. James's that has been pleased, in some late Dissertations upon Phalaris's Epistles, to maintain that he was a well-shap'd handsome Gentleman, and for a proof of this, insists much upon AEsop's intriguing with his Fellow-slave, the beautiful Rhodope. No, no, replies Mr. Nokes, AEsop is just such a crumpled hump-shoulder'd Dog, for all the World, as you see him before Ogilby's Translation of his Fables; and let the above-mentioned Grammmarian, I think they call him, Dr. Bentivolio, say what he will to the contrary, 'tis

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even so as I tell you, and now we are upon the Chapter of Dr. Bentivolio, about a Month ago I happen'd to make merry over a Bowl of Punch with Phalaris the Sicilian Tyrant, who swore by all that was Good and Sacred, that he would trounce the unmannerly Slave for robbing him of those Epistles, which have gone unquestion'd under his Name for so many Ages: But the time is coming, said he, when I shall make this impudent Pedant cry peccavi for the unworthy Treatment he has given me: I have my brazen-Bull, Heaven be prais'd, ready for him, and as soon as he comes into these Quarters, will shut him up in it, and roast him with his own dull Volumes, and those of his dearly beloved Friends the Dutch Commentators.

By this time we were got up to the upper end of the Room, when says Mr. Nokes to me, I will shew you a most surprising Sight. You must know this place, like Noah's Ark, contains Beasts of all Sorts and Sizes; some have their Brains turn'd by Politicks, who except some Three or Four that are suffer'd to go abroad with a Keeper, are lockt up in a large Apartment up Stairs. These Puppies rave eternally about Liberty and Property, and the Jura Populi, and are so damn'd mischievous, that it is dangerous to venture near them. England sends more of this Sort to Bedlam, than all the Countries of Europe besides. Others again have their intellects Fly-blown by Love, by the same token that most of the poor Wretches that are in this doleful Predicament come out of France, Spain, Italy, and such hot Climates. Now and then indeed, we have a filly Apprentice or so, takes a Leap from London-Bridge into the Thames, or decently hangs himself in a Garret, in his Mistresses Garters, but these Accidents happen but seldom; and besides, since Fornication has made so great a progress among us, Love is observed not to operate so powerfully in England as it formerly did, when there was no relief against him but Matrimony. Some again have their Pia Mater addled by Religion, but neither are the Sots of this Species so numerous in Britain, or elsewhere, as they were in the Days of Yore; for the Priests of most Religion have play'd their Game so awkwardly, that not One Man in a Thousand will trust them with shuffling of the Cards.

But of all the various Sorts of Mad-men that come hither, the Rhimers or Verifiers (sic) far exceed the rest in number: Most of these Fellows in the other World were Mayors, or Aldermen, or Deputies of Wards, that knew nothing but the rising and falling of Stocks, squeezing young Heirs, and cheating their Customers: But now the Tables are turn'd, for they eat and drink, nay, sleep and dream in Rhime, and have a Distich to discharge at you upon every occasion. With that he open'd the

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Wicket of the uppermost Door, and bid me peep in. 'Tis impossible to describe to you the surprize I was in, to see so many of my City Acquaintance there, whom I should sooner have suspected of Burglary or Sacrilege than of tacking a Pair of Rhimes together: But it seems this is a Judgement upon these Wretches, for the Aversion the shew to the Muses when they are Living. The Walls were lined with Verses from top to bottom, and happy was the Wretch that could get a Bit of Charcoal to express the happiness of his Fancy upon the poor Plaister. The first Man I saw was Sir John Peak, formerly Lord Mayor of London, who bluntly came up to the Door, and asked me what was Rhime to Crambo? Immediately Sir Thomas Pilkington popt over his Shoulder, and pray Friend, says he, for I perceive you are newly come from the other World, how go the Affairs of Parnassus? What new Madrigals, Epithalamiums, Sonnets, Epigrams, and Satyrs have you brought with you? What pretty Conceits had Mr. Settle in his last London Triumphs? What Plays have taken of late? Mrs. Bracegirdle, doth she live still unmarried? And pray, Sir, how do Mr. Betterton's Lungs hold out? But now I think on't, I have a delicious Copy of Verses to shew you, upon the Divine Melesinda's frying of Pancakes, only stay a minute, while I step yonder to fetch 'em: He had no sooner turn'd his Back, but I pluckt to the Wicket, and gave him the slip; for certainly of all the Plagues in Hell, or t'other side of it, nothing comes up to that of a confounded Repeater. Leaving these verfifying (sic) Insects to themselves, we walked up a Pair of Stairs into the upper Room, one End of which was the Quarter for distracted Lovers, as the other was for the Lunatick Republicans. I just cast my Eyes into Cupid's Bear-Garden, and observed that the Walls were all adorned with mysterious Hieroglyphicks of Love, as Hearts transfixed, and abundance of odd-fashion'd battering Rams, such as young Lovers use to trace upon the Ceiling of a Coffee-House with the smoak of a Candle. Some half a score of 'em were making to the Door, but having seen enough to these Impertinents in the World, I had no great Inclination to suffer a new Persecution from 'em in this. So my Friend and I turn'd up to the Apartment where the Republicans were lock'd up, who made such a Hurricane and Noise, as if a Legion of Devils had been broke loose among them. Harrington, I remember, was the most unruly of the whole Pack. Thanks to my Friends in London, says he, I hear my Oceana is lately reprinted, and furbish'd with a new Dedication to those judicious and worthy Gentlemen, my Lord Mayor and Court of Alderman, by Mr. Toland. You need not value your self so much upon that, says Algernoon Sidney, for my Works were publish'd there long before yours. And so

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were mine, cries, Milton, at the Expence of some worthy Patriots, that were not afraid to publish them under a Monarchical Government. But what think you of my Memoirs, cries Ludlow, for if you talk of Histories, there's a History for you, which, for Sincerity and Truth, never saw its fellow since the Creation. Upon this the Uproar begun afresh, so thinking it high time to withdraw, I jogg'd my Friend Nokes by the Elbow, and as we went down Stairs told him, that Pluto was certainly in the right on't to lock up these hot-headed Mutineers by themselves, allow them neither Pen, Ink, Fire, nor Candle; for should he give them leave to propagate their seditious Doctrines, he would only find himself King of Erebus, at the Courtesie of his loving Subjects.

Just as we were going out of this famous Edifice, I have an odd piece of News to tell you, says Mr. Nokes, which is, That altho' we have Men of all Countries, more or less here, yet there never was one Irish-Man in it. How comes that about, I beseech you? Said I to him. Why, replies, he, madness always supposes a loss of Reason; but he Duce is in't if a Man can lose that which he never possess'd in his Life. Oh your humble Servant, answer'd I, 'tis well none of our swaggering Dear Joys in Covent-Garden hear you talk so, for if they did, ten to one but they would cut your Throat for this Reflection upon the Intellects of their Country, and send you to the Devil for the Honour of St. Patrick.

Letters from the Dead to the Living<sup>13</sup>

Part II

A Letter from Signior Giusippe Hanesio, High-German Doctor and Astrologer in Brandipolis, to his Friends at Will's Coffee-house in Covent-Garden.

By Mr. T. Brown

Gentlemen,

Unless my Memory fails me since my coming into these Subterranean Dominions, 'twas much about this Time, last Year, that I did my self the honour to Write to you: Perhaps you expected a frequenter Commerce from me; and indeed, I should have been very proud to have maintain'd it on my side, since nothing so much Relieves me in these gloomy Regions, as to reflect on the many pleasant Moments I have formerly pass'd in Covent-Garden: But, alas! Gentlemen, not to mention

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the great difficulty of keeping such a Correspondence, our lower World is nothing near so fruitful in News, as yours; one single Sheet of Paper will almost contain the Occurrences of a whole Year; and were it not for the numerous Crowds of Spaniards, French, Poles, Germans, &c. that daily Arrive here, and entertain us with the Transactions of Europe, Hell would be as Melancholly a Place as Westminster-Hall in the long Vacation; and the generality of People among us, would have as little to Employ their Idle Hours as a Lord-Treasurer in Scotland, or a Barber in Muscovy. Besides to speak more particularly, as to my self, that everlasting Hurry and Tide of Business, wherein I have been overwhelm'd ever since I honour'd my self with the Title of High-German Doctor and Astrologer, does so entirely challenge all my time, that if you will take my word, (and I hope you don't suspect a Person of my Veracity) I am forc'd at this present Writing to deny my self to all my Patients, tho' there are at least some half a score Coaches with Coronets waiting now at my Door, that I might receive no interruption from any Visitants, while I was dispatching this Epistle to you.

My last, Gentlemen, as you may easily remember, if you have not buried such a Trifle in Oblivion, concluded with my taking a large House here in Brandipolis, and setting up for a Physician and Fortune-Teller, I shall now proceed to acquaint you, by what laudable Artifices and Stratagems I advanced my self into that mighty Reputation, in which, to the admiration of this Populous town, I at present flourish; what notable Cures I have perform'd; what sort of Customers chiefly resort to me; and lastly, To give you a short Account of the most memorable Occurrences that have lately happen'd in these Parts.

By the Direction of my worthy Friend, Mr. Nokes, who liberally supply'd me with Money to carry on this Affair, I took a spacious House in the great Piazza here, then empty by the Death of one of the most Eminent Physicians of this famous City. This you must own to me, Gentlemen, was as favourable a Step at my first setting out, as a Man could possibly wish; for you cannot be ignorant how many sorry Brothers of the Faculty in London keep their Coaches, and wriggle themselves into Business, with no other Merit to recommend them, than that of dwelling in the same House where a celebrated Doctor lived before them. For this reason, I suppose, it was, (if you can pardon so short a Digression) that the Popes came to monopolize the Ecclesiastical Practice of the Western World to themselves, by succeeding so great a Bishop as St. Peter. So much is the World govern'd by Appearances, and so apt to be cheated, as



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if Knowledge and Learning were bequeath'd to one House of Place; and, like a piece of common furniture, went to the next Inhabiter.

Letters from the Dead to the Living.<sup>14</sup>

Part III

The third and last Letter of News from

Signior Giusippe Hanesio

high German Doctor in

Brandipolis, to his Friends at

Will's Coffee-House in

Covent-Garden.

By Mr. T. Brown

Gentlemen,

I was forc'd to break off my last abruptly, by Reason of the vast crouds of People, which press'd upon me then for Advice, so that I could not present you with a full Catalogue of my Cures, which you will find at the Conclusion of this, or acquaint you with what Transactions of moment have lately happen'd in our gloomy Regions. But having by Miracle a vacant Hour or two at present upon my Hands, which by the by is a Blessing I am seldom troubled with, I was resolved not to neglect so fair an Opportunity of paying my Respects to you, and therefore without any more Preface of Formality will continue the thread of my Narration.

I had no sooner publish'd my Bill and Catalogue of Cures, but my House has been crouded ever since with such prodigious Shoals of Patients, that I can hardly afford my self an Hour to pass with my Friends. They flock from all corners of this Gigantic-City, so that sometimes not only my Court-yard, which is very large and spatious, but even my Chamber, my anti-Chamber, and if you'l allow me Gentlemen to coin a new Word, my Pro-anti-chamber or my Hall, is full of them. I will only tell you the Names of a few customers of Quality that resorted to me for Advise yesterday Morning, to give you an Idea of my Business, and how considerable 'tis like to prove.

About a Month after my setting up, who should rap at my Door but the famous Semiramis? I remembered her Royal Phyz perfectly well, ever since my Friend Nokes carried me to her Coffee-house, and treated me there with a glass of Geneva; however for certain Reasons of State I did not think it proper to let her Babylonian Majesty know that I was acquainted either with her Name or Quality; come good Woman, says I to

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her, what is your Business? Oh, replies she, you see the most unfortunate unhappy Creature in the World. Why what Calamity has befallen you? Only says she, too big for Words to express; with that she wrung her Hands, stamp'd upon the floor, cursing the left handed Planet she was born under, and pouring down such a deluge of Tears, that one would have thought it had been the second Edition of the Ephesian Matron lamenting the loss of one Spouse in order to wheedle on a second. When her Grief had pretty well exhausted it self at the sluces of her Eyes, she thus continues her Tragical Historiette. Were I minded, Doctor, to trouble you with my Genealogy, I could perhaps make it easily appear that few People are descended of better Parents than my self, but let that pass; the Scene is alter'd with me at present, and rather than take up with ill courses, or be troublesome to my Relations, I am content to keep a Coffee-house. Now as I was sitting in my Bar this Morning, and footing a pair of old Stocking for Alexander the Great, in came two rascally Granadiers, and asked for some Juniper? But alas while I was gone down into the Cellar to fetch it, these lubberly Rogues plunder'd me of a Silver-spoon and Nutmeg-grater, and made their escape. Come Mistress, says I, this loss is not so great but a little diligence may retrieve it. Oh never, says she again, unless you help me by your Art, I am utterly undone to all intents and purposes. Finding her so much mortified for the loss of her two Utensils, I resolved to exert the Fortune-teller to her, and banter her in the laudable terms of Astrology, so putting on a very composed Countenance I seem'd very seriously to consult a Celestial Globe that stood before be; then inquiring the precise time when this horrid Theft was committed, I drew several odd Figures and Strokes upon a piece of Paper, and at last the Oracle thus open'd: "Mistress, it appears I find by the Helio centric" Position of the Planets, that Jupiter, you understand me, is become Stationary to retrogradation in Cancer, and consequently, you observe me Mistress, equivocal to him, but how and why in Trine, to Mercury in Scorpio both posted in watery Signs, and at the same time Mars being ascendant of the second House as you may perceive 'tis as plain that he Culminating aspect of Saturn's Satellites, do ye mind, Centres full in the aforesaid configuration. So then, Mistress, the horary Question thus resolves it self, viz. That your Goods were carried away South-East by East of your House, under the Sign of a four-footed Creature, and if you'l leave open your Parlour Windows at Nights, I dare pawn my Life and Honour that both your Silver-spoon and Nutmeg-grater will be flung into the House one of these Night.

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Semiramis was wonderfully pleased to hear such News, dropt me a fee, and went about her Business.

### The Court<sup>15</sup>

The Court is a sort of a totter, an Epitome of what is Universal, and abounds with all the Variety of Amusements that humane Occurrences can present us with, or the Mind of Man is capable of receiving. The Air they breath there, is very fine and subtle; 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 Alleys to cross, so many turnings and winding to find out, that he is soon convinc'd of his Mistake. 'Tis contriv'd into such an intricate Maze, and obscure manner, that the straitest way is not always the nearest; and indirect Practices and Measures are oft-times very effectual Helps to bring you to your Journeys end, and forward your Designs to reach it. It looks gloriously at a distance, 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. A Dutch Boor can as soon out the controverted Article of Predestination, or an English Quaker prove Infallibility from his Wifes lying on her Back, as the most Intelligent Persons in Affairs, that are foreign to the knowledge of it, can discover the Arcana's of it at first sight. 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 'em 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 with, 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

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a great Fortune by the same Defects that rais'd 'em; 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 jostling 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, but make use of the same Methods as are in practice amongst a certain Community of Birds, (Heavens forbid I should say Canary) that expel the Lame and Wounded from their Society, and are no manner of Company for those that are helpless, while they are still clapping their Wings in defense of those who have no occasion for it, and permit every Privilege to those of their feather'd Acquaintance who have the least need of Assistance.

Stout should his Heart, and thoughtful be his Head,  
That would in slippery Paths with Judgement tread,  
And tempt the Dangers which on Courts attend,  
A smiling En'my, and a treach'rous Friend,  
As he of great Preferments waits the Call,  
Certain to flip, and almost sure to fall.

The Difficulties we meet with in this Country are very surprizing; for he takes the longest way about that keeps the old Tract 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 Favourite's Recommendation, if ever he hopes to obtain what he seeks for: So that Virtue is no longer Virtue, nor Vice Vice, but everything is confounded and eaten up by particular Interests.

A profess'd Courtier, tho' he never aims at the Peace of God, is past any Man's understanding, and if he does Good, it may be wholly attributed to Chance; if Evil, you have no reason to impute it to any thing but Design. He that holds him by the hand, is in the same condition with him that has a wet Eel by the Tail, you no sooner think you are sure of him, but you have lost him, and he slips thro' your Fingers with the same swiftness as he dismisses you from his Memory, after a thousand Promises of never forgetting you.

If Familiarity breeds Contempt, he ought to be the most despicable Creature living, for My dear Friend is the first Title you go by, tho' he never saw you before that minute, and the next time you visit me, I shall have nothing to do but to give you Joy of the possession of what

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you are now asking me for, is the Dialect you understand him by, when if you understood him as you ought, you would never lose your time in making Addresses to him.

Would you know what Religion he is of, you must enquire of his Prince, for he is the fittest Person to resolve the Question, provided he can give an account of his own: But have you a desire to be inform'd what Good he has done for his Country? To deal ingenuously with you, follow my Advice, and ask no body, for no man living can tell you. Other Mens Sins stare 'em in their Faces, but these Gentlemens Guilt rides behind 'em, and may be distinguish'd by the multitude of their Liveries. If you offer to present one of 'em, He must be excus'd, he dare not accept of it, it's Bribery, &c. But his Man calls you aside, tells you the Business shall be done, gives the Law a milder Interpretation, and telling over the Guinea's, has a round Sum of his Master for his pains, and is sent out of the way, to prevent the detection of such unwarrantable Proceedings.

But tho' the Courtiers seem to tend one and all to the same Center, and Honour and Interest are what their Wishes and Endeavours terminate in, there are different Species among 'em as they have rais'd themselves by different ways.

Observe that old starch'd Fop there; his Hat and Peruque continue to have as little acquaintance together as they had in the Year 65. You would take him for a Taylor by his Mein, but he is another sort of an Animal I assure you, a Courtier, a Politician, the most unintelligible thing now in being. Ask him his Profession, and you'l puzzle him with the Enquiry, for he has run thro' the whole Circle of Employments, and never has been Master of one grain of Honesty since his admission into either. Transubstantiation, Non-resistance, and Predestination have vice versa been Articles of his Creed; and he is so well provided with Distinctions, that he can prove Infidelity to his Prince to be an Act of Service to his Country, and that the only way to preserve the Protestant Religion, is for such as he to abjure it. Of all Trades that are necessary to set up an Antiquated Beau, his Haberdasher loses the least by him, for he wears no Hat otherwise than under his Arm, lest his Brains should be overheated, and his Head be rendered not cool enough for him to over-reach his Master with. In short, he is Divisible in infinitum, and you may as soon square the Circle, as reduce the several Branches of the matters of Fact he may be charg'd with under one single Head. Your puny unexperienc'd Courtier fears every thing, but his Gentleman is skilful in matters of Change, and so well read in the Vicissitudes of sublunary things, that he disdains the Reproaches of the subject, and being wrapt up in the

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Protection of his Prince, seems apprehensive of nothing, till a Vote of Parliament flings him behind the Curtain, and makes him play at Bo-peep with Politicks: At which Diversion we will leave him, to take a prospect of yonder gay thing, that basks himself in his Sovereign's smiles, and has elbow'd out as good a Man, and as well descended as himself, from his Master's Intimacy. He wears much such another habit on his Shoulders as he formerly carried upon his Arm, and as an instance of his Conquests the last War in the Netherlands, has fix as good Flanders Mares to his Coach as English Money could purchase. Some are apt to blame him for making use of a Coat of Arms on it, and maliciously try their Wits in making Enquiries how much Money was paid the Herauld for the Purchase of it, but I must have more manners, since he's a Great Man, and there's no reason to suspect him for any other than a Wife One, for keeping his ground where the generality of the same Profession lose theirs. He has had as many Estates as any English P----- of 'em all, yet it is endued with that Fore-cast, as not to have a foot of Land in a place where one day his Title may be call'd in question; and as for the Dirty Acres, like Sir Joseph in Mr. Congreve's Old Bachelor, he has wash'd his Hands of 'em, but in another manner, for he has sufficiently daub'd 'em with fingering what he receiv'd in exchange for 'em. In short, his Mansion-house is not in this World, i.e. in the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, tho' his Abiding-place is; and there is such a great Gulph between his Possessions and ours, that a Resumption Act has as little regard with him as that against Immorality and Prophaneness.

But as this Gentleman has work'd himself into favour by his good Looks and Deportment, so it will not be amiss to take a View of that superannuated Sinner there, who has had other Qualifications to recommend him. Let me tell you, Sirs, it's a brave thing to be a G-----l Offi----r, without bearing the Fatigues of a Camp, and there's nothing like being paid for a Regiment of Red Locusts, without running the hazard of bearing 'em company amongst the Desolations of War and Famine. It's the happiest and most contented state imaginable, to see the resemblance of Battles without the danger of being wounded in 'em, and hear the Artillery roar by day, without any apprehensions of being frightened from flashing in the Pan at Night with one's Mistress. As for my part, if it were allow'd me the choose my condition of Life, I should assuredly pitch on such a one as this; only if it was my fortune to have his Bedfellow, I should desire to be without his Age: And in this Wish Madam ----- would not refuse to join with me, if Report speaks true of her, as grey Hairs seem to demonstrate in relation to him.

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I could pursue my Discourse in the Character of that B----- that has a Pendulum on his Neck, as if he mov'd by Mechanism, but, poor honest indefatigable Pains-taker, he has so mortified himself with Fasting and Praying, that the Translation-Bill may not pass, that it would be a piece of Cruelty to triumph over his Imperfections, tho' the World is apt to censure him for taking another Man's House over his Head, and bespeaking the possession of it before the Tenant, for Life, is dead. A multitude of Observations might also be made on others that inhabit in this slippery Tenement, but as the City is more Peopled than the Court, and consequently must have a greater number of Amusements, we must reserve a greater space for Remarks on it, since there is Matter enough to employ us, should we take up the whole duration of Time, and bespeak Eternity for a Life that is equal to it.

### Amusement X

#### The Philosophical, or Virtuosi Country<sup>16</sup>

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 had 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.

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 Truducken, 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.

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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 Prodiges 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 Antediluvian 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 Matter, 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 persuade 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



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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 left 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.

### Mr. T. Brown's Pocket-Book Of Common Places<sup>17</sup>

To see the Number of Churches and Conventicles open every Sunday, a Stranger wou'd fancy London all Religion; but then to see the Number of Taverns, Ale-houses, &'c. he wou'd imagine Bacchus the only God, that is worshipp'd there.

A Man need not go out of London to hear Barbarisms and Nonsense; they are the universal Traffic from Limehouse to Milbank.

If no Trades were permitted, but those which are useful and necessary, Lombard-street, Cheapside, and the Exchange, might go a begging: For more are fed by our Vanities and Vices, than by our Virtues, and the Necessities of Nature.

Tradesmen often break to get an Estate, as Tartars retire to get a Victory.

All the Advantage Quality has of us, is, to eat Asparagus at Christmas, Mackarel in February, and Larks in November; run in Debt, without Fear of the Bayliffs, and put out no Lights in the Winter.

Men often interest Providence in their minutest Affairs, when they forget the greater. Thus a Captain in Flanders, dining at a Tavern, was pawn'd for the Reckoning; but just in the Nick, the Earthquake pay'd it, by knocking out the Brains of his Host.

I wonder the Tax-Projectors in France have never thought on an Imposition on Ice! Unless they have pass'd it over, as not reaching the Poor.

Some wou'd have us believe Camps the Schools of good Manners; but certainly we might as well learn Sobriety in a Tavern, and Chastity in a Brothel.

Tiresias knew more than Solomon; for the blind Prophet knew the Pleasures of both Sexes, which was more, than the nine hundred Concubines cou'd impart to the KING.

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I have found the Women generally against Circumcision, and the dismembering of the Spanish Monarchy; I can't tell their Reason, unless it be, that they are not for lessening the Members.

For a Prince to think to suppress a Faction, by bribing one or two of its Heads, is, to draw a Rent-charge on the Crown; for when Men know they are pay'd for it, the Party will never want a fresh Supply of Leaders.

It's a great Advantage to Traders of all Sorts, to come into a good custom'd Shop: So the Pope gets Money by succeeding St. Peter, Dr. Gibbons by coming into Dr. Lower's House, &'c.

How little is popular Favour to be depended on? Four Years ago Musophilus was voted deserving of the King's Favour, and now voted to be try'd for Mismanagement.

A Fast-Day is only a Vacation from Cheating, and the Drunkard's Holy-day.

After all, I know not, whether a nice Taste be not rather a Curse, than a Blessing; for by that we are pleas'd with fewer Things; and the less Pleasure, the less Happiness.

E'en Avarice has something to say for it self; and Sir John Cutler, perhaps, took as much Pleasure to see his Guinea's, as Neal to squander them away.

Lawyers leave generally perplex'd Wills, and why? But that, as they got their Money by Law, their Heirs may spend it in the same Manner.

A Man, that had a bad Memory, bought a Memorandum-Book, but never cou'd remember he had one. A notable Instance we had t'other Day in a certain Bishop, who forgot where he had lay'd his Book of Memorandums.

Vainlove is a damn'd repeating Poetaster, and his Tongue is like a perpetual Motion, never lying still: Yet speaking of a Brother of the Quill--'Tis a thousand Pities, says he, --He is the honestest (sic) Fellow in the World, only he talks too much.

In the Mosaic Law, if the Whiteness had overspread all the Body, then the Affected had Liberty to go abroad for Air; if some part of the Body was free from Infection, he was to be kept up as unclean. From which I observe first, that Putrefaction is more contagious before Maturity, than after. Secondly, That Men abandon'd to Vice, don't so much corrupt Manners, as half Debauchees, half good, and half evil.

If the Eucharist be the true and real Body of our Saviour, why do you administer it on Fridays, when you prohibit the eating Flesh?

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Tobacco, Ale, and the Protestant Religion, the three great Blessings of Life.

The Roman Sepulchres were erected near the High Ways, to put People in Mind of Mortality; for which Reason we find the Inscriptions address'd to the Viator, or Passenger; ill imitated by us in our Church-Tombs.

Caligula gave his Horse Incitatus a Parsonage; and no doubt on't, but wou'd have dispens'd with the Horse's keeping a Curate to officiate, because he had an Impediment in his Speech.

The Jewish Oeconomy seems never design'd for all the World, but calculated for a narrow Territory, since they were oblig'd to go thrice a Year to Jerusalem.

A reverend, but laborious dull Trifler in his Book, wou'd persuade us, that the Gardens of the Hesperides and Alchous, are taken from the Garden of Paradise; yes, as much as the great Bed at Ware, was borrow'd from that of King Og; and he might as well have drawn the Pope's Triple Crown, from St. Peter's Triple Denial of our Saviour.

Mythologists are indeed very pretty Fellows, and are mighty Unravellers of the Fables of the old Ethnicks, discovering all the Old Testament conceal'd in them. Thus Eve was Ate, Pandora, and Proserpina: Astrea's leaving the World, was Enoch's Assumption in the fiery Chariot: Because Kings, in Scripture, are stil'd Gods, therefore the Pagans deify'd their Kings: Jupiter Ammon, Bacchus, and Pam, are painted with Horns, because Horns, in the Scripture-Phrase, Signify Power. They might, after this Rate, if they had a Mind to it, bring Gammar Gurton in, and make her, and Mother Shipton, and Bess of Bedlam signify'd the Witch of Endor.

The thriving Citizen makes it a chief Article of his Creed, that he must do every thing that will help to promote Trade; for that, to him, is the Law and the Prophets.

### The Quaker's-Meeting<sup>18</sup>

We discover'd the very Ague of Religion, which yet after its shivering, has its hot Fit of Zeal and Noise. This Sect arose from Nailers, as the Presbyterians and Independents from the Jesuits: These indeed may please a greater Antiquity, as having their Rise in the days of good Queen Bess; but the shaking Congregation, not till the days of the Martyr. Some will have it, that the Quakers are the decrepit Age of Religion, where it

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shivers and shakes for want of Youth and Vigor: And indeed, if we may, from the Appearance judge of the Matter, this Fancy is not ill-grounded; for here is scarce any thing of the Christian Religion left, but every Man having the Light within him, as they have no use of Guides, so they are not so improvident as the other Sectaries, to be at the Expense of any. Every Man, nay every Woman too, is here inspir'd; the Spirit speaks in them, they are but the Stentonorophonic Tubes, thro' which that speaks: But it often proves a lying Spirit; and I believe, if they had no more Light than this gives within them, they might still walk in the Dark.

This is the most Sociable Society of all without the Pale; for here every one may speak Nonsense in his turn, and the Women are not excluded the same Benefit of Talking, which for ought I know, not only keeps the Females to their Congregations, but gets Proselytes; or might, if well urg'd among the Sex. So not being oblig'd to hear all and say nothing, one hears his Neighbor speak a great deal to a little or no purpose, that he may do the same by him or her in their turn. I knew a pious old Matron, that every Morning us'd to scold her Maids about half an hour, not that they were in any Fault, but only, as she said, to clear her Pipes. So I believe these People only meet to make a Noise by way of Exercise for Health's sake, all others being unlawful on the first day. These are more just than the other Dissenters, because, as they pull not off their Hats to God, so they pull them not off to Men; whereas the others shall cringe and bow to any Man they can get Sixpence by, but ne'er veil the Bonnet to God, by whom they may get Heaven; it may be indeed, because, contrary to Christ's, their Kingdom seems to be of this World.

To me, said my Indian, these Quakers, as you call them, seem the Bedlamites of Religion, and their Meeting Bedlam, where all that are freakish and mad come together. Do but consider when we were at Bedlam, what odd Objects we saw there: True, said I, and here I see fully as fantastic and whimsical; and I wonder none of their Lights within mov'd them to set Oliver's Porter at Liberty, since he was thoroughly qualify'd to speak in their Congregations. What can be a more pleasant Amusement, than that odd Fellow that speaks now: His crop-ear'd Hair and frizzl'd, short round Forehead, too great goggle Eyes, like two Fish-ponds, and his high thin Nose which is like a narrow Isthmus, hinders them from joining together; his skinny, flabby, hollow Cheeks, that like a piece of half-tann'd Leather, is drawn over his Jaw-bones, while his thin Lips and wide Mouth stretch and open to let forth the Light within, in a hollow unmusical Tone, and show his Toothless Gums with here and there a straggling Stump, that promise us, however he barks he cannot

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bite; his Mountain Back overlooks his Head, and seems to anticipate the Wish of the Cursed at the last day, for the Mountains to fall on him and cover him; with his long scraggy Arms, and lean Hand and Fingers, with which he so belabors the Rail on which he leans: His Belly is the Counter-part to his Back, and seems to poise the Machine, and keep it in Equilibrio on his Catstick Legs; but what Amusement the finds in harassing his worn-out Carcass in this manner, I know not; unless it be a Madness he can't help, and in Madness, they say, there is a Pleasure, which none but Madmen know.

But now there rises up a Monster of another kind; and sure he must have a large share of the Spirit to inform that Quagmire of the Flesh. His Head is as big as Gogmagog's in Guildhall, and his Face not behind the Sign of the Saracen's; only his Eyes are so diminutive, that one would think them retir'd to behold the Light within; for what with his large Beetle Brows, which like a Penthouse overshadow them, and the Agitation of the Spirit, one would think him groping in the dark, without any at all: His cheeks are like two blown Bladders, and a Trumpeters seem no more to him than a Puppets: His ruddy carbuncled Nose, seems as if he suck'd his Inspiration from Bacchus more than the Bible; and we may at best suppose him drunk with the Spirit, and now disemboгуing on the Brothers and Sisters; and when the Spewing-fit is over, he'll sit down to take a Nod: His Mill-post Legs are well adapted for the Load of his Body, which looks like an Atlas able to support the Spheres, but that he is never like to bring his Shoulders near enough to so Heavenly a Burden; like Sir John Falstaff, he is not made for mounting, but must have a strange Alacrity in sinking: The Noise he makes is as particular as his Person, and no more to be understood than his Religion; 'tis perfectly the Language of the Beast, and as well as the Apocalyps, wants Jeureux for an Interpreter. But this, like a great many other Amusements, consists more in Noise and Show than Sense.

But who have we here lifted up by the Spirit? Tho' I fear 'tis such a kind of Spirit, as set our Saviour on the top of the Pinnacle: A brisk dapper Spark, and, if I mistake not, a Taylor; he might be chose King of the Pigmies, and in a second War with the Cranes, might prove as notable a Conqueror, as Mons. Bouffiers, or any of the French Bullies and Hectors. A sharp Nose, a Quick Eye, a high Forehead, meager Looks, a shrill Voice, and a voluble Tongue, distinguish him. He'll out-talk a Frenchwoman, and out-blunder an Irishman, or Teaguelander's Understanding; an Italian's Chastity; Scots Honesty; a Dutchman's Temperance, are his peculiar Qualifications; yet he's as Solemn on the

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first day, and speaks as often as an old Midwife at a Christening. But, like a Cracker, he makes a Noise and splutters a little while, then with a Bounce stinks and goes out.

But what have we here, old Mother Shipton, of the second Edition with Amendments? A close black Hood, over a pinch'd Coif, a little low wrinkled Forehead, so deeply plough'd with Age, that the Furrows, if plac'd beneath her Eyes and Nose as above them, would be very convenient Conveyances, for the Liquids that continually flow from her blear Eyes and dropping Nostrils; which with her hollow Cheeks, pale sallow Complexion; Nut-cracker Chin, that almost meets her Nose; Paralytic Motion of the Head, which keeps pace with her Tongue, and gives much advantage to the shivering of the Spirit, makes a Complete She-Preacher, fit to denounce Hell and the Devil, but for Joys, and Rewards, and the like, she looks them out of Countenance. Nay, says my Indian Friend, if the Womens Tongues begin to run, 'tis time for us to seek another Amusement.

I took him at his word, and quitted this House of Dagon, where a Poet can have no more to do than a Painter, we jogg'd on to our next Adventure; only by the way, I ventur'd to draw this Character of the Sect.

They would be thought the only People of God; tho' their chief Motive to that impudent Ambition, is, that they may claim the Right of pillaging and cheating all the World besides, as AEgyptions. They are a sort of Jews, and not only trade and fornicate among themselves, but many likewise in their own Tribe: But I beg your pardon for talking of Matrimony; theirs is only Whoring with a Witness, while the whole Congregation set their Hands to the Bargain. They won't swear, because they may chance to pay for that; but they will lie confoundedly, because they may chance to get by that. A long Cravat or Wig in a Man, or high Topping and Lace in a Woman, they abominate, as Ensigs of Vanity, but they will wear the best Favours and richest Silks, use the Leather Convenience, and be proudest in their Plainness, than the Haughtiest Lady at Court in her Embroideries and Jewels. Their Religion indeed seems chiefly in their Cloaths, and so they have more need of Tailors than Teachers. For, they are a congregation without Teachers; a Church without Sacraments; a Religion without Worship; Formality without Meaning; Men without Manners, and Christians without Baptism.

## TOM BROWN'S TALE OF A TUB

### A Lent-Entertainment: or a Merry Interview by Moon-light, between the Ghost of Maeuius of ancient Renown, and the City-Bard<sup>19</sup>

Phoebus the witty, gay and bright,  
Was sunk beneath his tedious Light;  
And Nature had her Curtains drawn  
O'er half the World of Sable-lawn;  
The Fairies in the gloomy shade  
Danc'd Minuets, while Hobgoblins play'd;  
The weary Clown with Toil opprest  
Renews his Strength by grateful Rest;  
Not so the Bosoms of the Great,  
Whom Guilt and Cares corrode and eat;  
This sweats beneath Ambition's Itch,  
And that by Frauds and Rapines rich;  
T'other profusely wastes his time,  
Nay cracks his Brains to get a Rhime;  
While various Mortals thus contrive  
By Blood and Factions how to thrive;  
No smaller Pangs our Doctor seiz'd  
How to scan Verse, than cure Diseas'd;  
He long implor'd Apollo's Aid,  
To save the Sick, and sing the Dead;  
(To him both Attributes are due  
Of Poet and Physician too)  
The angry God his Incense burn'd,  
And in a Fury from him turn'd.  
While the neglected Altars smoakt,  
The Priest himself was almost choakt;  
The Bard, sunk down with his Despair,  
Blaspem'd all Wit, and tore his Hair;  
And yet his Folly to evince,  
He with King Arthur backt his Prince,  
And humbly begging both their Aids,  
He thus address the Royal Shades:

\*\*\*

Ye mighty Heroes of your times,  
Who cannot die but by my Rhimes;  
'Tis too much that you should frown,

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Since every Poet knocks me down;  
Goodness waits always on the Brave;  
Sure there's no Malice in the Grave:  
Where have I done your Honours wrong,  
Either in Record, or in song?  
Alas, 'twas never in my Will,  
And 'tis no Crime to have no Skill.

\*\*\*

As he proceeded to rehearse  
The Hardships put upon his Verse,  
And humbly crav'd both Arthurs leaves  
To pin his Fame upon their Sleeves;  
Lo! And 'twas wondrous to behold  
(And can't be without Terror told)  
Of huge Size, a Laureat Wight  
Came prancing in from Stygian-night:  
The wooden Machine at the Door  
Neigh'd thrice, in Homage to his Power:  
His ghastly Brows with Bays were bound,  
The Product of sulphurous Ground!  
His Eye-balls like red-hot Bricks,  
And in his Hand a Quart of Styx;  
Such liquid Flames, such solid Fire,  
Many would fear, but all admire.  
The Bars, and Bolts, and Locks, Oh wonder!  
All of themselves burst quite asunder.  
When he was to the Bed-side come,  
The Bard was struck with Horror dumb;  
The gentle Ghost advanc'd his Arm,  
And told him, Brother, there's no harm;  
Come, thy dejected Spirits cheer,  
Who sings of Heroes should not fear.

\*\*\*

He wipt his Face, and trembling said,  
I was surpriz'd, but not afraid;  
Those verdant Bays that crown your Brows,  
Your Candour, and your Goodness shows;  
Poets are harmless, gay, and kind,  
And shoul'd be to each other blind;  
Since you are then a Son of Fame,



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Forgive my Freedom--What's your Name?  
Tho scoundrel Poets here harass us,  
You look like Praetor of Parnassus;  
And since a Bard of t'other World,  
More Goodness has you hither hurl'd,  
And you to my Assistance come,  
To supersede my rigid Doom,  
You know, wise Sir--Yes, very well,  
Quoth Spright, that you're the News of Hell,  
The Scandal of the Rhiming Crew,  
I blush to have been rankt with you;  
My Rhimes with me were long since rotten,  
And, but for Arthurs, quite forgotten;  
In your curs'd Poems, I revive,  
And now again in Scandal live;  
Pray what has poor Habakkuk done,  
Thus to be lasht in your Lampoon?  
His Character you shou'd have spar'd,  
He was a Prophet not a Bard.  
Job too does in your Poems languish,  
And suffer almost hellish Anguish.  
Were he now living, and thy Theme,  
He cou'd not help, but must blaspheme.

\*\*\*

Sir, by your Favour, quoth the Bard,  
Your Censures are unjust and hard;  
I've done them Honour, as I think,  
Or let my Name for ever stink.  
Why that's most certain, quoth the Spright,  
And thou'rt a Coxcomb, by this Light;  
So empty, senseless, and so dull,  
Thou'rt every School-boy's Ridicule.  
A damn'd Reproach to Verse and Prose,  
As well as the Gallenic dose.

\*\*\*

What! Faith the Doctor, in a Fury,  
I no Physician!----I assure you  
Diseases run from me affrighted;  
My Skill's so great, that I am Knighted;  
Such vast Discoveries I have made

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Throughout the Esculapian Trade,  
The Cits applaud, their Wives adore,  
My numerous Verse, and Medic Power.

\*\*\*

Come, thon'rt a Scoundrel, quoth the Ghost,  
Of Wit and Cures alike you boast.  
Know, I am Maevius, that of old,  
In Thoughts sublime, and Matter bold,  
Did every verifying Ass,  
By a Bar's length, at least, surpass;  
And only am out-done by you  
In lofty Noise and Nonsense too.  
Then Maevius tore his wither'd Bays,  
And threw 'em in the Doctor's Face;  
Who, being scar'd at such a Scene,  
Has promis'd ne'er to Write again.

### Footnotes – Appendix

<sup>1</sup>There is some doubt as to whether or not Brown really wrote this; it was probably composed in 1697. V. I, part 1, pp. 94-95.

<sup>2</sup>V. I, part 1, p. 106.

<sup>3</sup>V. I, part 2, p. 6. Appeared after 1695.

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., pp. 6-7.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid., pp. 43-46. There is only a brief sample of this mocking satire aimed at John Partridge; it was probably written in 1699 or 1700.

<sup>6</sup>Ibid., pp. 83-86. Most of these were probably composed around 1699-1700.

<sup>7</sup>Ibid., p. 105.

<sup>8</sup>Ibid., p. 130.

<sup>9</sup>Ibid., pp. 132-141.

<sup>10</sup>Suggestive of the Spelling School in the Tale, Guthkelch, p. 41.

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<sup>11</sup>Ibid., part 3, p. 3. Published in 1699.

<sup>12</sup>V. II, part 1, p. 1. (1702)

<sup>13</sup>Ibid., part 2, p. 1.

<sup>14</sup>Ibid., part 3, pp. 191-194.

<sup>15</sup>V. III, part 1, pp. 8-12. Published in 1700--four years before the Tale.

<sup>16</sup>Ibid., pp. 100-103.

<sup>17</sup>Ibid., part 2, pp. 128-132.

<sup>18</sup>Ibid., part 3, pp. 19-23. Published after 1700.

<sup>19</sup>Ibid., p. 110.

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