

in *Japan*, will scarce turn Apostles in *Holland* out of zeal for the Gospel.

In his *Journal of June 23*, he shews particularly the Favours they received from *Queen Elizabeth*, who sent 40,000 Men to Support their Cause; and that the *Dutch* might not sit idle at home, while we thus fought their Battles, she gave them leave, *pro tempore*, to Fish on the *British* Coasts. This great Kindness furnished Work and Food to their Poor, Riches to their Merchants, and Wealth to their Treasury. It proved, in short, so sweet a bit, that they have cherished it ever since, and endeavoured to prevent their Benefactors having the Share of their own Property.

But when they grew Rich, the *Queen* hearkening to a Peace with *Spain*, they humbly entreated, that she would not cast off the Cause of God and Man, and leave 60 Towns with a poor distressed People, to be a Prey to the Cruel Spaniard. But *Elizabeth* answered, that she had been often deluded by their deceitful supplications, ungrateful Actions, unhandsome Cavillings, and pretences of Poverty; when their Rich Cities costed them.

In the next Reign, the poor distressed States became High and Mighty, and in order to regain the cautionary Towns pledged to *Queen Elizabeth*, they stopped the Pay of the Garri- sons, and wheedled King *James* to take but a 4th Part of the Money due to *England* for their Surrender.

Their Eagerness to get those Towns out of our Hands, shew'd pretty plainly, that the scheme was then laid of the Game they intended to Play us in the *East-Indies*.

Ambogna ought to be printed deep in the Heart of every Englishman. It is an Island about 60 Leagues in Circuit, so fertile in Cloves, that we had settled three flourishing Factories to manage that great Trade, and built a Fort in the Capital, of the same Name, for the preservation of it. The very Name of a *Dutchman* was scarcely known to a Native of this Isle, for several Years after our Establishment: But King *James* struck up a Treaty with them in 1619, by which the *English* and *Dutch East-India* Companies were jointly to carry on the Spice Trade. Upon this we admitted the *Dutch* Ships into our Harbours, their Factors into our Towns, and their Soldiers into our Forts. Little did our poor Adventurers think that those very Persons on whom they had heaped so many Favours, were to be their murderers. The Island was very fine and fruitful, and our Trade was great and profitable; this was Crime enough against our poor Countrymen, whom they surprized in cool Blood, and barbarously Butchered, after they had put them to all the Tortures that Fire and Water could inflict. They also seized all that belonged to our Factories, which was computed to be, at least, to the Value of 400,000*l*. In this Manner we lost, at one stroke most of the Noble Settlements we had in the *East Indies*. Such was the Treatment we had from our good Friends and Allies.



The Fool, in the *Gazetteer*, humorously proposes a Scheme for preventing the Trouble and Fatigue of reading many Books, by substituting Cuts and Pictures in the Room of tedious Histories, Poems, &c. And after recommending it in several Instances, proceeds thus.

If this undertaking meets with proper Encouragement, I hope we shall be supplied in the same Way, with all that is material in the Roman, Grecian, and other Antient Historians. In like manner all the Fabulous stories of the Antients may be recorded, and the Pencil make *Homér* and *Virgil* speak to our Eyes, in Images more Striking and instructive than their groveling Pens can convey to a Reader of the foundest Judgment, and most lively Imagination: So that we may know, without reading *Virgil*, what passed between *Aeneas* and *Dido* in the Grotto: How she afterwards hanged herself, and upon what account: How the *Trojan Hero* and his followers fought with *Harpies*; and how they eat their Trenchers for want of Plates: And how the wooden Horse was introduc'd into the City of *Troy*; and what *Heroes* and *Commanders* lay conceal'd in its Belly, may be clearly seen only by peeping thro' its Ribs, without ever looking into the Grecian bard for their names.

The Transactions and memorable Events of our own Times might all be likewise recorded in this Manner with equal Ad-

vantage. A masterly Hand might give us a livelier Description or View of the battle of *Blenheim*, than the Pen of the celebrated Addison: And so, in one Print, we may attain a just notion of the affair of *F—nt—a—y*, as the nature of it will admit; and yet understand no more of the *g—l's* disposition, than we do of the order of Battle between *Abraham* and the four Kings, recorded in the 14th chapter of *Genesis*. Then as to Daily petty Occurrences, they may be as faithfully expressed as in a News-Paper, and generally with more safety: Such as the adventures of the *M—m—ze Girl*; the fair of the Bottle Conjurer, with a view of the desperate Battle which ensued, how many Heads were broke, and how many Swords lost: As also, how many hundred Guineas a *G—l* lately lost in wagers and bets at a *Beargarden* or *Bozz* match, &c. &c.—But the greatest benefit accruing from any project is yet behind.

For example: Whores and Rakes of the class need no more pester the Town with apologies for their Conduct, memoirs of their Lives, singular and surprizing Adventures, &c. all they have to do, is to relate the most agreeable and delightful part of their Life and Conversation, to some eminent Artist, and the Public will quickly be furnished with a faithful representation of the most material Scenes, for the instruction of youth of both Sexes, who now purchase the Book, chiefly to learn what a Picture would make them compleat masters of in half a Minute, without spoiling their lovely Eyes, as many of them do, by poring too much upon obscene memoirs and immoral romances.

Thus, I hope, I have proposed an effectual method to prevent the encrease of new Books, and render a vast number of old Authors useless; and I doubt not but the hint will be taken, and duly encouraged by all who have any taste of modern polite knowledge; that so, half our Bookfellers may in a few Years become Bankrupts, and begin the World again in a Print-Shop. But especially I would recommend Pictures, Statues and Busts of living and lately deceased Personages, eminent in Church or State, in the Military or Learned Wars; because we are not so liable to be imposed upon here, as in the case of Antique figures; and as the Face is generally allowed to be the index of the Mind; we may consequently, by conversing with a Man's outward Form; come at the knowledge of his intellectual Faculties, and find out all that is in his soul: Just as I have seen a Room adorned with the Effigies of *Milton*, *Addison*, *Dryden*, *Pope*, *Swift*, &c. but not one Volume of theirs in the House: The reason of which might be, that the Proprietor could not afford to stock himself with books, and so wisely preferred the Shadow to the Substance.



Beatus ille qui procul negotiis.

Hor.

WHAT happy Hours the Man enjoys,
Who far remov'd from City Noise,
Can taste, abstracted from the Throng,
The golden Age of *Ovid's* Song:
Nor Bills, nor Bonds, nor Care, nor Strife,
Disturb his placid Stream of Life;
But well contented with his Lot,
He tills a fair paternal Spot.
The Kine that cultivate his Lands,
Not borrow'd from his Neighbours Hands:
His Garden little, but well grown,
Small tho' it be, 'tis all his own:
The Trump that makes the Mother weep,
Ne'er interrupts his golden Sleep:
The troublesome Drum, the martial Coil,
Ne'er echo thro' his peaceful Soil;
But down to Slumber sweet he lies,
Nor fears Disturbance e'er he rise:
Nor can the sordid Hope for Gain,
Solicit him to tempt the Main,
To banish Peace and gentle Sleep,
Among the Horrors of the Deep;
Nor Praise he seeks, nor Censure dreads,
But leaves Renown to laurel'd Heads,
And tastes content and calm Repose,
Amidst the loudest Wind that blows.
Nor visits he the luckless Seats,
Of everlasting Law-debates;