

T H E / 608 / 718.  
L I F E

And Strange Surprizing

ADVENTURES

O F  
Mr. D--- De F--,

O F  
LONDON, Hofier,

W H O

Has liv'd above fifty Years by himself, in the Kingdoms of *North and South Britain*. The various Shapes he has appear'd in, and the Discoveries he has made for the Benefit of his Country.

I N A

DIALOGUE between *Him, Robinson Crusoe*, and his Man *Friday*.

W I T H

REMARKS Serious and Comical upon the Life of CRUSOE.

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*Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.*

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The Second Edition.

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T H E

# P R E F A C E.

**I** F ever the Story of any private Man's Adventures in the World were worth making publick, and were acceptable when publish'd, the Editor of this Account thinks this will be so.

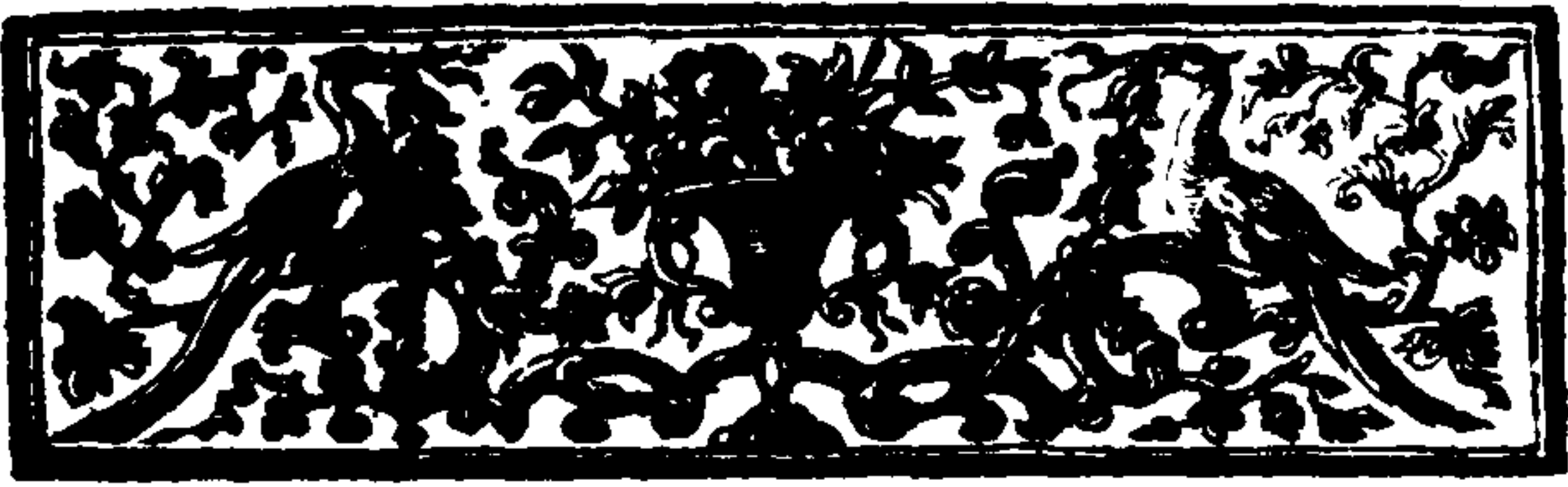
The Wonders of this Man's Life exceed all that (he thinks) is to be found Extant; the Life of one Man being scarce capable of greater Variety.

The Story is told with greater Modesty than perhaps some Men may think necessary to the Subject, the Hero of our Dialogue not being very conspicuous for that Virtue, a more than common Assurance carrying him thro' all those various Shapes and Changes which he has pass'd without the least Blush. The Fabulous Proteus of the Ancient Mythologist was but a very faint Type of our Hero, whose  
Changes

## iv The P R E F A C E.

*Changes are much more numerous, and he far more difficult to be constrain'd to his own Shape. If his Works should happen to live to the next Age, there would in all probability be a greater Strife among the several Parties, whose he really was, than among the seven Græcian Cities, to which of them Homer belong'd: The Dissenters first would claim him as theirs, the Whigs in general as theirs, the Tories as theirs, the Non-jurors as theirs, the Papists as theirs, the Atheists as theirs, and so on to what Sub-divisions there may be among us; so that it cannot be expected that I should give you in this short Dialogue his Picture at length; no, I only pretend to present you with him in Miniature, in Twenty Fours, and not in Folio. But of all these Things, with some very surprizing Incidents in some new Adventures of his own for the rest of his Life, I may perhaps give a farther Account hereafter.*





A

# DIALOGUE

BETWIXT

*D----- F---e,*

ROBINSON CRUSOE,

And his Man

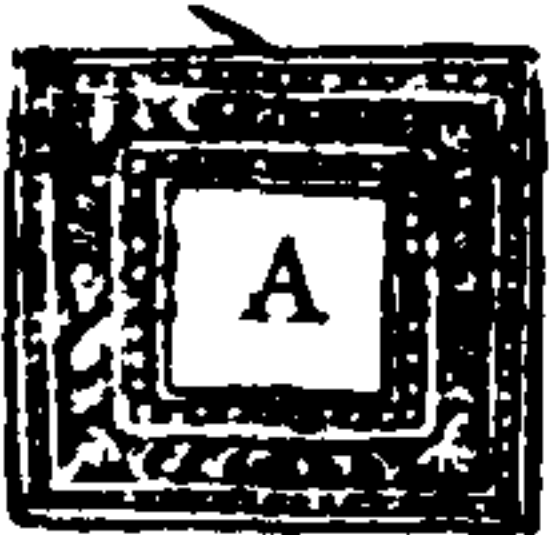
*F R I D A Y.*

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SCENE, *a great Field betwixt Newington-Green and Newington Town, at one a Clock in a Moon-light Morning.*

*Enter D--- F--- with two Pocket Pistols.*

*D--l.*



Fine pleasurable Morning,  
I believe about one a  
Clock ; and, I suppose,  
all the Lazy Kidnapping  
Rogues are by this Time got drunk with



*Geneva* or Malt-Spirits to Bed, and I may pass Home without any farther Terror. However, I am pretty well arm'd to keep off their un sanctified Paws from my Shoulder-----

Bless my Eye-sight, what's this I see! I was secure too soon here, the *Philistines* are come upon me; this is the Effect of my not obeying the *Secret Hint* I had not to come Home this Night. But, however, here they shall have a couple of Bullets in their Bellies----- ha! two of them, great tall Gigantick Rogues, with strange High-crown'd Caps, and Flaps hanging upon their Shoulders, and two Muskets a-piece, one with a Cut-lafs, and the other with a Hatchet; e--g--d I'll e'en run back again to the Green.

[*Turns and runs.*

Oh, plague upon that swift leg'd Dog, he's got before me; I must now stand upon my Guard, for he turns upon me and presents his Musket ----- Gentlemen, what would you have? would you murder me? take what I have, and save my Life.

*Cru.* Why, Father D---n, dost thou not know thy own Children? art thou so frighted at Devils of thy own raising? I am thy *Robinson Crusoe*, and that, my Man *Friday*.

*D---l.* Ah! poor *Crusoe*, how came you hither? what do you do here?

*Cru,*



*Cru.* Ho, ho, do you know me now? you are like the Devil in *Milton*, that could not tell the Offspring of his own Brain, *Sin* and *Death*, till *Madam Sin* discover'd to him who they were. Yes, it is *Crusoe* and his Man *Friday*, who are come to punish thee now, for making us such Scoundrels in thy Writing: Come *Friday*, make ready, but don't shoot till I give the Word.

*Fri.* No shoot Master, no shoot; me will show you how we use Scribblers in my Country.

*Cru.* In your Country *Friday*, why, you have no Scribblers there?

*Fri.* No Matter that Master, we have as many Scribblers as Bears in my Country; and me will make Laugh, me will make *D---l* dance upon a Tree like *Bruin*. Oh! me will make much Laugh, and then me will shoot.

*D---l.* Why, ye airy Fantoms, are you not my Creatures? mayn't I make of you what I please?

*Cru.* Why, yes, you may make of us what you please; but when you raise Beings contradictory to common Sense, and destructive of Religion and Morality; they will rise up against you in *Foro Conscientiæ*; that *Latin* I learn'd in my *Free-School* and *House Education*.

*D---l.*

*D---l.* Hum, hum'----- well, and what are your Complaints of me?

*Cru.* Why, that you have made me a strange whimsical, inconsistent Being, in three Weeks losing all the Religion of a Pious Education; and when you bring me again to a Sense of the Want of Religion, you make me quit that upon every Whimsy; you make me extravagantly Zealous, and as extravagantly Remiss; you make me an Enemy to all *English* Sailors, and a Panegyrist upon all other Sailors that come in your way: Thus, all the *English* Seamen laugh'd me out of Religion, but the *Spanish* and *Portuguese* Sailors were honest religious Fellows; you make me a Protestant in *London*, and a Papist in *Brasil*; and then again, a Protestant in my own Island, and when I get thence, the only Thing that deters me from returning to *Brasil*, is meerly, because I did not like to die a Papist; for you say, *that Popery may be a good Religion to live in, but not to die in*; as if that Religion could be good to live in, which was not good to die in; for, Father *D---l*, whatever you may think, no Man is sure of living one Minute. But tho' you keep me thus by Force a Sort of a Protestant, yet, you all along make me very fond of Popish Priests and the Popish Religion; nor can I forgive you the making me such a Whim-

fical

sical Dog, to ramble over three Parts of the World after I was sixty five. Therefore, I say, *Friday*, prepare to shoot.

*Fri.* No shoot yet Master, me have something to say, he much Injure me too.

*D---l.* Injure you too, how the Devil have I injur'd you?

*Fri.* Have injure me, to make me such Blockhead, so much contradiction, as to be able to speak *English tolerably well* in a Month or two, and not to speak it better in twelve Years after; to make me go out to be kill'd by the Savages, only to be a Spokesman to them, tho' I did not know, whether they understood one Word of my Language; for you must know, Father *D--n*, that almost ev'ry Nation of us *Indians* speak a different Language. Now Master shall me shoot?

*Cru.* No *Friday*, not yet, for here will be several more of his Children with Complaints against him; here will be the *French Priest, Will Atkins*, the Priest in *China*, his Nephews Ship's Crew, and---

*D---l.* Hold, hold, dear Son *Crusoe*, hold, let me satisfy you first before any more come upon me. You are my Hero, I have made you, out of nothing, fam'd from *Tuttle-Street* to *Lime-house-hole*; there is not an old Woman that can go to the Price of it, but buys thy



thy Life and Adventures, and leaves it as a Legacy, with the *Pilgrims Progress*, the *Practice of Piety*, and *God's Revenge against Murther*, to her Posterity.

*Cru.* Your Hero! your Mob Hero! your *Pyecorner* Hero! on a Foot with *Guy of Warwick*, *Bevis of Southampton*, and the *London Prentice*! for *M--w--r* has put me in that Rank, and drawn me much better; therefore, Sir, I say-----

*D---l.* Dear Son *Crusoe*, be not in a Passion, hear me out.

*Cru.* Well, Sir, I will hear you out for once.

*D---l.* Then know, my dear Child, that you are a greater Favorite to me than you imagine; you are the true Allegorick Image of thy tender Father *D---l*; I drew thee from the Consideration of my own Mind; I have been all my Life that Rambling, Inconsistent Creature, which I have made thee.

I set out under the Banner of *Kidderminster*, and was long a noisy, if not zealous Champion for that Cause; and tho' I had not that *Free-School* and *House Learning* which I have given you, yet being endow'd with a wonderful Loquaciousness and a pretty handsome Assurance, being out of my Time, I talk'd myself into a pretty large Credit, by which I might, perhaps, have thriv'd in my  
Way

Way very well, but, like you at *Brasil*, my Head run upon Whimfies, and I quitted a Certainty for new Adventures: First, I set up for Scribbling of Verses, and dabbling in other Sort of Authorizing, both Religious and Prophane. I have no Call to tell you, whether this Itch of Scribbling, or some other Project of *Lime Kilns* or the like, oblig'd me to quit a certain Court near the *Royal-Exchange*, and to play at Hide and Seek; but this did not much trouble me, for it put me on a Sort of diving more agreeable to my Inclinations, forcing me to ramble from Place to Place Incognito; and, indeed, I thought myself something like the great Monarchs of the East, for I took care to be more seldom seen by my Acquaintance, than they by their Subjects. My old Walk from my Court to the Change was too short for my rambling Spirit, it look'd like a Seaman's Walk betwixt Decks; and for that, and some other Reasons which shall be nameless, I pursu'd the Course which I told you.

Well, all my Projects failing, I e'en took up with the Vocation of an Author; which tho' it promis'd but little in the common Way, I took care to make it more Beneficial to me; the principal Method of doing that, was to appear Zealous

leus for some Party, and in the Party I was soon determin'd by my Education, and scribbled on in a violent Manner; till, by making myself a constant Pensioner to all the Rich and Zealous of my Party, I pickt up a good handsome Penny, with little Expence to myself of Time or Labour; for any Thing that is boldly Writ, will go down with either Party; but at last, by a plaguy Irony, I got myself into the damnable *Nutcrackers*; however, that but encreas'd my Market, and brought my Pension in, at least, five fold. I writ on, till some of the wise Heads of the contrary Party thought me worth retaining in their Service; and, I confess, their Bribes were very powerful. I manag'd Matters so well a great while, that both Sides kept me in Pay; but that would not do, my old Friends found that I had in reality forsaken them, and that I trim'd my Boat so ill, that they plainly saw to which Side it inclin'd; and, therefore, a certain Captain not far from *Thames Street*, who had been my Steward or Collector in chief, comes to me, and like the Witch of *Endor*, cried, *God has left thee, Saul*; that is, the Money would be no more given me by the Party, who had every one discover'd that I was enter'd into another Cause. I did all I could to satisfy

fy him and answer his Objections, but all to no purpose, *Buenos Nocturnus* was the Word, good Night *Nicholas*, they would be no longer bubbled; so I fet out entirely for *St. Germans*, or any other Port to which my Proprietors should direct me; but here again, like you, my Son *Crusoe*, in burning the Idol in *Tartary*, I went a little too far, and by another Irony, instead of the *Nutcrackers*, I had brought myself to the *Tripes* at *Paddington*, but that my good Friend that set me to work got me a Pardon, and so, safe was the Word; and I have never forsaken him for that good Office — and his Money, my dear Son *Crusoe*, for it is that which always sets me to Work; and which ever Side the most Money is to be got, that Side is sure of *D---l*. 'Tis true, I made a pretty good Penny among the Whigs, tho' nothing to what I have since done among the Tories: Let me see, let me see, I think, I made by Subscription for my *Jure Divino* about some five hundred Pounds, and yet I writ it in about three Weeks or a Month, six or seven hundred Verses a Day coming constantly out of this Prolifick Head; as for the Sense and Poetry of them, e'en let my Subscribers look to that; they had a *Book*, and a *Book* in *Folio*, and I had their Money, and so all Parties were contented. But what's



this to the Tory Writers, where for a Translation one shall get you three or four thousand Pounds subscrib'd ; and for an Original, seven or eight Thousand ; the Tories therefore for my Money ; not that value the Tories more than I do the Whigs ; but nothing for the Whigs will sell, and every Thing for the Tories does. You seem to take it amiss, that I made you speak against the *English* Seamen, but that was only according to my own Nature, for I always hated the *English*, and took a Pleasure in depreciating and villifying of them, witness my *True Born Englishman*, and my changing my Name to make it sound like *French* ; for my Father's Name was plain *F--e*, but I have adorn'd it with a *de*, so that I am now, Mr. *D----l De F--e*. Next, you seem concern'd that I make you so favourable to Popery, and to ramble at such an Age about the World : First, you must know, that by speaking favourably of Popery, I lay up a Friend in a Corner, and make all of that Religion favourable to me and what I write ; and should the Fox Hunters prevail, that Religion must be the Mode ; if it never does, I at least pass for a Moderate Man both with the Papists and Protestant Fox Hunters ; and to give them the better Idea of me, and the surer Hopes of having me a Convert,

I have

I have written against my old Teachers in the Shape and Form of a *Quaker*, as in a Pamphlet to *T. B. a Dealer in many Words*; and in the same Form I have attack'd the B—— of B——, one who is equally hated by them. To tell you the Truth, Son *Crusoe*, tho' I am now pass'd sixty five, I am just setting out for a Ramble thro' all Religions, and therefore liquor my Boots first with *Holy Water* and the Sacred Unctions of Popery; and next, I don't know but I may step to *Mahometism*, and take a Trip with *Tom. Coryat* to the *Great Moguls* Country, from thence, perhaps, I may turn down to *Siam* and *China*, and make a sort of a Breakfast upon the *Multitheism* of those Countries.

*Cru. Multitheism*, Father D—n, why not *Polytheism*? why do you chuse rather to coin a Word compounded of *Greek* and *Latin*, whereas the other is in common Use?

*D---l. Common*; I hate all that's common, even to common Sense——but no Interruptions Son *Crusoe*, no Interruptions; from thence I may take a Jaunt to the *Greek Church*, in a sort of a Whimsical *Caravan*, over the Desarts which I made you pass, if by the way I don't happen to catch a Tartar, that is, take a Leap into the Dark. By this Ramble thro' all Religions,

gions, I shall be thoroughly qualified for whatever Side may come uppermost; whether the *Spanish* Inquisition, the *Jane-faries* of *Mecca*, or any other Propagators of particular Religions; for betwixt you and I, Son *Crusoe*, I care not who Reigns, whether the *Czar* of *Muscovy*, or the Emperor of *Monomotopa*. I defy them to set up any Religion, to oppose which I will be at the Pain of so much as a Flea-bite. And now you have my Picture, Son *Crusoe*, as well as my Justification in my Draught of yours; I would not have you therefore complain any more of the Contradiction of your Character, since that is of a Piece with the whole Design of my Book. I make you set out as undutiful and disobedient to your Parents; and to make your Example deter all others, I make you Fortunate in all your Adventures, even in the most unlucky, and give you at last a plentiful Fortune and a safe Retreat, Punishments so terrible, that sure the Fear of them must deter all others from Disobedience to Parents, and venturing to Sea: And now, as for you *Friday*, I did not make you speak broken *English* to represent you as a Blockhead, incapable of learning to speak it better, but meerly for the Variety of Stile, to intermix some broken *English* to make my Lie go down the more glibly with the

Vul-

Vulgar Reader; and in this, I use you not worse than I do the *Bible* itself, which I quote for the very same End only.

*Cru.* Enough, Enough, Father *D---n*, you have confest enough, and now prepare for your Punishment, for here come all the rest of our Number which we expected; come *Friday*, pull out the Books, you have both Volumes, have you not *Friday*?

*Fri.* Yes Master, and me will make him swallow his own Vomit.

*Cru.* Here, Gentlemen, every one hold a Limb of him.

*D---l.* Oh, oh, Mercy! Mercy!

*Fri.* Swallow, swallow, Father *D---n*, your Writings be good for the Heartburn, swallow, Father *D---n* — so me have cram'd down one Volume, must he have the other now Master?

*Cru.* Yes, yes, *Friday*, or else the Dose will not be compleat, and so perhaps mayn't work and pass thro' him kindly.

*Fri.* Come, Father *D---n*, t'other Pill, or I think I may call it Bolus for the bigness of it, it is good for your Health; come, if you will make such large Compositions, you must take them for your Pains.

*D---l.* Oh, oh, oh, oh.

*Cru.* Now, Gentlemen, each Man take his Part of the Blanket and tois him immoderately;



moderately; for you must know, Gentlemen, that this is a sort of Physick, which never works well without a violent Motion.

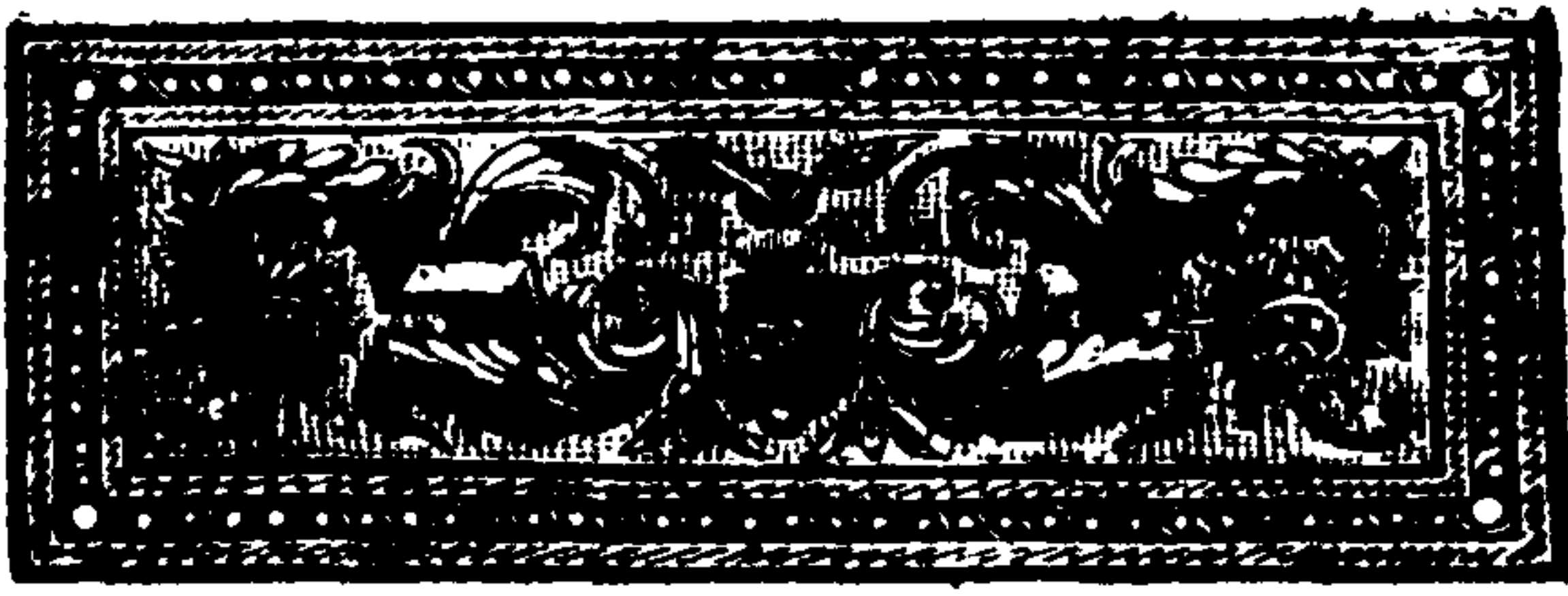
*[They toss him lustily, he crying out all the while.]*

*Cræ.* Hold, Gentlemen, I think our Business is done; for by the unfavoury Stench which assaults my Nostrils, I find the Dose is past thro' him, and so good Morrow, Father D---n. *Past three a Clock and a Moon light Morning.* *[They all vanish.]*

*D---I solus.*

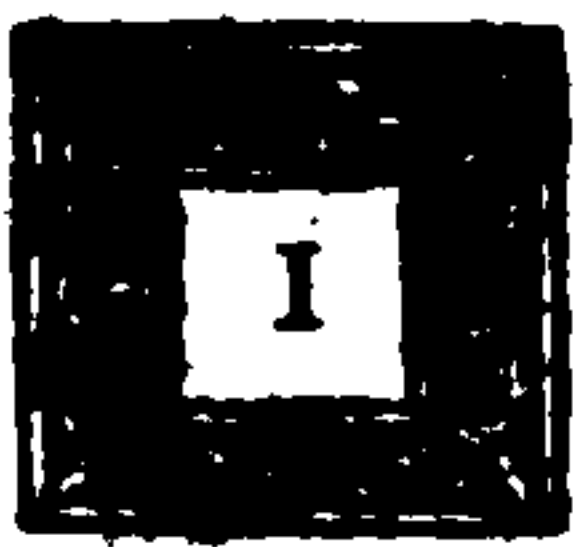
Bless me! what Company have I been in? or rather, what Dream have I had? for certainly 'tis nothing but a Dream; and yet I find by the Effects in my Breeches, that I was most damnably frightened with this Dream; nay, more than ever I was in my Life; even more, than when we had News that King *William* design'd to take into *Flanders* the *Royal Regiment*. But this is a fresh Proof of my Observation in the second Volume of my *Crusoe*, that *there's no greater Evidence of an invisible World, than that Connexion betwixt second Causes, (as that in my Trowsers) and those Ideas we have in our Minds.*

The End of the Dialogue.



A N  
E P I S T L E  
T O  
*D----- D'F---e,*  
The Reputed Author  
O F  
R O B I N S O N C R U S O E.

Mr. *F-----e,*



Have perus'd your pleasant  
Story of *Robinson Crusoe*; and  
if the Faults of it had extend-  
ed no farther than the fre-  
quent Solecisms, Looseness and Incorrect-  
ness of Stile, Improbabilities, and some-  
times Impossibilities, I had not given  
B you

you the Trouble of this Epistle. But when I found that you were not content with the many Absurdities of your Tale, but seem'd to discover a Design, which proves you as bad an *Englishman* as a Christian, I could not but take Notice in this publick Manner of what you had written; especially, when I perceiv'd that you threaten'd us with more of the same Nature, if this met with that Success which you hop'd for, and which the Town has been pleas'd to give it. If by this I can prevent a new Accession of Impieties and Superstition to those which the Work under our Consideration has furnish'd us with, I shall not think my Labour lost.

I am far from being an Enemy to the Writers of Fables, since I know very well that this Manner of Writing is not only very Ancient, but very useful, I might say sacred, since it has been made use of by the inspir'd Writers themselves; but then to render any Fable worthy of being receiv'd into the Number of those which are truly valuable, it must naturally produce in its Event some useful Moral, either express'd or understood; but this of *Robinson Crusoe*, you plainly inculcate, is design'd against a publick Good. I think there can be no Man so ignorant

ignorant as not to know that our Navigation produces both our Safety and our Riches, and that whoever therefore shall endeavour to discourage this, is so far a profest Enemy of his Country's Prosperity and Safety; but the Author of *Robinson Crusoe*, not only in the Beginning, but in many Places of the Book, employs all the Force of his little Rhetoric to dissuade and deter all People from going to Sea, especially all Mothers of Children who may be capable of that Service, from venturing them to so much Hazard and so much Wickedness, as he represents the Seafaring Life liable to. But whatever M. *F—e* may think of the Matter, I dare believe that there are few Men who consider justly, that would think the Profession of a *Yorkshire* Attorney more innocent and beneficial to Mankind than that of a Seaman, or would judge that *Robinson Crusoe* was so very criminal in rejecting the former, and chusing the latter, as to provoke the Divine Providence to raise two Storms, and in the last of them to destroy so many Ships and Men, purely to deter him from that Course of Life, to which at last he was to owe so ample a Reward of all his Labours and Fatigues, as the End



of this very Book plainly tells us he met with.

I know you will reply, that it was his Disobedience to his Parents, for which he was punish'd in all the Misfortunes he met with, and that you frequently remind us of the Conviction of his Conscience in this Particular thro' the whole Course of his Life. I would by no Means be thought to encourage Disobedience to Parents; but the honouring our Father and Mother does not include a Duty of blindly submitting to all their Commands, whether good or bad, rational or irrational, to the entire excluding of all Manner of free Agency from the Children, which would in effect be to make the Children of Freemen absolute Slaves, and give the Parent a Power even beyond that of a Sovereign, to whom both Parents and Children are subject. Tho' the Authority therefore of Parents be great, it cannot extend to the Suppression of our Obedience to Reason, Law and Religion; and when a Child obeys these, tho' contrary to his Parents Command, he is not to be esteem'd disobedient or culpable. To apply this to the Case in Hand, *Robinson Crusoe* was above eighteen Years of Age when he left his Father's House, and this after a  
long

long Deliberation and Struggle with that secret Impulse to a Seafaring Life, to which Impulse you so often recommend a blind Obedience, whether grounded on Reason or not, and would persuade us that it proceeds from the secret Inspiration either of Providence, or some good Spirit; but here *Robinson* had a great many Reasons to urge and justify himself; for notwithstanding the wise Harangue of the Father to the Son of the great Advantages of a middle State of Life; yet I cannot find that he himself thought that what he was to leave his Son would be sufficient to support him in that middle State, on which he had made so tedious an Encomium; for he propos'd to put him out either to some Trade, or to an Attorney. But first, as to a Trade, either he propos'd to put him to a beneficial Trade, or to one that was not so; if to a beneficial Trade, then he departed from his own Principle of a Mediocrity; if to a Trade that was not so, his Design was extremely foolish, since the Cares and Sollicitudes of that mean Profession might prove, and would in probability be as great, if not greater, than those of a more beneficial Employment; and this, indeed, would be contrary to the Design and Aim of all People who  
 put

put their Children to Trades, since they always propose and hope, that the Trades to which they put them will in the end make them Rich and Prosperous. If this was his Father's Design in putting him to a Trade, he acted directly against the Principle he laid down, of being contented with what they had; if it was not his Design, he acted confessedly without Reason, and therefore could not reasonably desire an implicit Obedience to his Will: But if instead of a Trade he design'd his Son for an Attorney, a Conscientious Youth might well scruple to obey him in that particular. You have given him the Education of a Free-School, besides House Learning, as you are pleas'd to call it, which I confess I do not understand, it being a Term I never met with before in all my Reading and Conversation; but by a Free-School Education till eighteen Years of Age, he must have been perfect in all the Classics, and fit for the University; and his Conversation with those Books might well inspire him with Notions abhorrent of a Profession in which there was nothing generous, and I am afraid very little just. But because you have said it, we will suppose that *Robinson Crusoe* was not deter'd from being an Attorney by any of these

these

these more noble Considerations, but by a pure rambling Fancy, which render'd him incapable of taking up any Profession that was more confin'd than that of a Seafaring Person; yet, how could he imagine that he should raise his Fortune by going to Sea in the Manner that he went? that is; indeed, as a common Seaman, contrary to his Friends Inclination, or any Provision made by himself to turn and improve by his Navigation; but this Difficulty vanishes, when we remember what you tell us from his own Mouth, that he never was in the right in his Life. Omitting, therefore, the Oddness of his running away at so well grown an Age, tho' he had not done it in his more early and giddy Years, we'll proceed: He is now set out, arriv'd at *Hull*, and got on Board a Ship, without so much as ever saying one Word to the Master of her, who we must suppose never saw him for about three Weeks, till, after his Ship was cast away, he met him in *Yarmouth*, and was there inform'd by his Son, who, and what he was; tho' presently after he had heard this, he asks him, who, and what he was, as if he had known nothing of the Matter; and plainly tells him that his Ship was cast away upon his Account, making his

**C**ase



Case and that of *Jonas* the same; who was actually in Disobedience to the positive Command and Order of God himself. But you, indeed, every where are pleas'd to make very free with the Holy Scriptures, which you quote as fluently, as the Devil once did, and much to the same End; that is, to make a Lie go down for Truth. But more of this hereafter. Well, the Master of the Ship having now understood who and what he was, makes this fine Speech to him: *And, young Man, said he, depend upon it, if you do not go back, wherever you go, you will meet with nothing but Disasters and Disappointments, till your Father's Words are fulfill'd upon you.* Here he makes the Master of the Ship a Prophet, as well as he had done his Father, which I should as little suspect him to be, considering the wicked Character you give of all Seamen, as that a profest Seaman should make a Speech, and urge the Storms for a Motive against any one's going to Sea. But I must not dwell too long upon mere Absurdities, I shall therefore take no Notice of *Robinson's* swooning away at the Noise of a Gun, tho' he knew not for what end the Gun was discharg'd; yet I cannot pass in Silence his Coining of Providences; that is, of his making Pro-  
vidence

vidence raise a Storm, cast away some Ships, and damage many more, meerly to fright him from going to Sea. If this be not a bold Impiety, I know not what is, and an Impiety for which I can see very little ground; for why should he imagine that the Storm was sent to hinder him from going to Sea, more than any other that were in it, and suffer'd more by it? Nor, indeed, can I see any reason why your *Crusoe* should think it any more a Crime in him to go to Sea, than in a hundred and fifty thousand more, who constantly use the Sea in these Nations, besides ten times that Number in all the Nations of the World who do the same. If Storms are sent by Providence to deter Men from Navigation, I may reasonably suppose, that there is not one of all that vast Number I have mention'd, to whom Providence has not sent the same Warning. At this absurd Way of Arguing, most of the Communication and Traffick of Nations would soon be at an end, and Islanders especially would be entirely cut off from the rest of the World; and if your Doctrine prevail'd, none would venture upon Salt Water, but such as cared not for the Safety either of Body or Soul, both which you all along en-

C deavour

deavour to persuade us are more in danger there than any where else. But sure, dear Sir, you have neither consider'd the Wickedness, nor the Hazards of the Land; for if you had, you would find that it was morally impossible that the Seamen, at least, while on Shipboard, could be guilty of the tenth part of the Crimes which abound every where on Shore. For the Seaman, however wicked he may be in his Will, has not the Power in his floating Castle to reduce that Wickedness to Action; and to conclude that he is so wicked in Will, requires some better Proof than you have been pleas'd any where to give us. It is plain, that the Seafaring Men are generally (for here we speak only of Generals, and not of Particulars) generally, I say, are more free, open, disinterested, and less tricking and designing than those who never go to Sea; and tho' you are pleas'd often to mention the Wickedness of *Crusoe*, whom, being a Creature of your own, you might have made as wicked as you pleas'd: This very *Crusoe*, I say, does not appear to be guilty of any heinous Crimes; and it would be very hard to persuade us to believe, that a Man, who seems in all Things else innocent enough, should be so very abandon'd in Impiety, as ne-

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ver to pray and acknowledge the overruling Providence of God in all the Transactions of this World ; and by consequence in all that did or could happen to him. But after all, if you will needs have him this impious Person ; for he is a Creature of your making, and not of God's ; you have given him *Manners*, as the Critics call it, quite out of Nature, and no ways necessary to your *Fable*. But more of this hereafter.

We must now attend Monsieur *Crusoe* from *Yarmouth* to *London*, where he arrives with what small remainder of his *Yarmouth* Collection he had left ; and tho' a Stranger in this great City, the next thing we hear of him, is, that he abounds in fine Cloaths and Money, being able to put on Board the *Guinea* Man a Venture of forty Pounds, which how he comes by the Lord knows. He tells us, indeed, some time after, that he got this Money of his Friends ; but it is not very probable, at least it is not very common, for People that have Money, to trust it to a young Fellow who had run from his Father, and was likewise under Age. This I say is not common ; nay, I believe, never did happen to any Body in his Circumstances, but to *Robinson Crusoe*, and may well be put into

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the Number of the Miracles of his Life." Well, we'll suppose, with *Robinson* himself, that his Father secretly encourag'd his Friends to supply him ; yet certainly his Father would have been very cautious of letting him be entrusted with Money entirely to manage it himself, since he had given him no Reason to imagine that his Prudence would dispose of it to the best Advantage ; and, indeed, it was very plain that he did not, since he laid it out in fine Cloaths, and keeping Company with such People, from whom he could propose to derive very little Benefit : And, I believe, he is the first young Gentleman that ever thought, that to see the World by Travel, was to go to *Guinea* amongst the barbarous *Negroes*. Well, let that pass, *Crusoe* has found a Master of a Vessel according to his own Heart, and so embarks both his Cargo and himself with him for *Guinea*, makes a prosperous Voyage, his forty Pounds having produc'd about three hundred ; two of which he puts into a Female Friend's Hand, and with the third sets out for a second Voyage to the *African* Shore, but is taken by a *Turkish* Rover and carried into *Sallee* ; where, after he had remain'd in Bondage above two Years, he makes his escape by throw-

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ing his Master's Kinsman into the Sea, and carrying off his Master's Boat, a kind of Long-Boat, and his Boy *Xury*; and in this small Vessel goes above a thousand Miles thro' various Hazards and Adventures, to which I have nothing to say. All that I shall remark, is, that you seem very fond of all Occasions of throwing in needless Absurdities to make the Truth of your Story still the more doubted. What occasion else had you to make *Xury* speak broken *English*, when he never convers'd with any *English* but *Robinson Crusoe*? so that it had been more natural to have made *Robinson* speak broken *Arabick*, which Language he must be forc'd in some Measure to learn; whereas *Xury* had no Motive in the World to study so much *English* as he makes him speak; but this is a Peccadillo and not worth dwelling upon. Well then, we are now to suppose *Robinson Crusoe* and *Xury* got as far almost as *Cape de Verd*, when a *Portuguese* Ship takes them up and carries them to *Brasil*; where, with the Money he had rais'd by the Sale of his *Boat*, his *Skins*, and his *Boy*, he settles himself as a Planter, and accordingly turns Papist in Thankfulness to Heaven for his great Deliverance; and, indeed, he always retains some Spice of the

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the Superstition of that Religion; in that vain Faith, which he not only himself puts in *secret Hints*, as he calls them, but earnestly recommends to all others. Well, having fix'd his Plantation, he sets out upon new Adventures, as Super-Cargo to a *Portuguese* Ship, bound to the Coast of *Guinea* to buy Slaves; and tho' he afterwards proves so scrupulous about falling upon the Cannibals or Men-Eaters, yet he neither then nor afterwards found any check of Conscience in that infamous Trade of buying and selling of Men for Slaves; else one would have expected him to have attributed his *Shipwreck* to this very Cause.

He sets out from *Brasil*, is taken in a Storm, and at last cast away upon an uninhabited Island in the Mouth of the River *Oroonoque*; where he only escapes, all the rest being drown'd. But here I can't omit one Observation of his, which is, that the Waves buried him twenty or thirty Foot in their own Body; I would fain know by what Art *Robinson* could distinguish between five Foot, and twenty five or thirty. Well, be that as it will, your Friend *Robinson* is now got on Shore, tho' bruised in Body and troubled in Mind; and had, indeed, been in a very pitiful Condition, had not you  
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the next Day sent the Ship on Shore after him; I mean, so near the Shore, that *Robinson* could easily get on Board her, and furnish himself with all Necessaries which his solitary Mansion requir'd; that is, with Tools, Powder, Guns, Cutlasses, Bullets, and other Shot, and Lead to make more, as well as Cloaths, Linnen and Woollen; besides so large a Cargo of Rum, that it lasted him, unconsum'd, above eight and twenty Years. Tho' I should have wonder'd how three *English* Bibles came on Board a *Portuguese* Ship, had he not told us, that they had come to him in a Cargo from *England*; yet I must still wonder, why *Robinson* should put three on Board for his Voyage to *Guinea*, when one was likely to be more than he would make use of, if we may believe his own Account of the little regard he had to any Religion. But it was necessary that he should have a Bible, to furnish you with the Means of Burlesquing the Sacred Writ, in the tedious Reflections you design'd to put into his Mouth; of which by and by.

I shall not take Notice of his stripping himself to swim on Board, and then filling his Pockets with Bisket, because that is already taken Notice of in Publick; and in the last Edition, at least, of  
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the Book, you have endeavour'd to solve this Difficulty, by making him keep his Breeches on; tho' why he should do so I can see no reason; and tho' he did do so, I don't find how the Pocket of a Seaman's *Breeches* could receive any Biskets, that being generally no bigger than to contain a Tobacco Pouch, or the like. I cannot pretend to dwell upon all the Absurdities of this Part of your Book, I shall only touch upon some few: And first, on his stated Account of the Good and Evil of his present Condition in Page 77, where he says, on the dark side of his Account, *I have no Cloaths to cover me.* But this is a downright Lie, according to his own Account, by which he brought a considerable Quantity of Linnen and Woollen from on Board the Ship: And then the next Head on the same side is, *I am without any Defence, or Means to resist any Violence of Man or Beast.* This is likewise another plain Contradiction of what he told us before, when he let us know, that he had brought on Shore two or three Barrels of Gunpowder, six or seven Guns, and several Pistols, with Shot and Bullets, besides Swords, Axes, Hatchets, &c. Next, I must observe, that *Robinson*, like other great Wits, has but a very short Memory; for in Page 66, he

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tells us, that the Storm had carried the Wreck or Ship quite out of sight ; or, as he expresses it, *It blew very hard all that Night, and in the Morning when I look'd out, behold no more Ship was to be seen ;* and yet six Months after, he tells us, that *looking towards the Wreck, it lay higher out of the Water than it us'd to do.* I think the Contradiction is pretty plain, if seeing a Thing and not seeing it be a Contradiction.

Not to examine too nicely into Particulars, I shall pass on to Page 155, where he again falls foul upon the Seamen and a Seafaring Life. *But, alas ! falling early into the Seafaring Life, which of all the Lives is most destitute of the Fear of God, tho' his Terrors are always before them ; I say, falling early into a Seafaring Life, and into Seafaring Company, all that little Sense of Religion which I had entertain'd, was laugh'd out of me by my Messmates, by a harden'd despising of Dangers, and the Views of Death, which grew habitual to me by my long Absence from all manner of Opportunities to converse with any thing but what was like myself, or to hear anything that was good or tended towards it.*

I have transcrib'd these Words of your Hero, honest D—n, that I may show you what an ungrateful and lying Rascal

He is ; ungrateful in his Return of so many Favours and so much Honesty, which he had receiv'd from the Masters of both the *Portuguese* and *English* Ships. He bespatters the whole Body of Seafaring Men, as a Company of impious Rogues, nay the most impious and abandon'd of all Mankind ; and as for his Lying, it is plain, from his charging them all with profest Infidelity, and particularly of laughing him out of his Fear of God ; when, if we may give Credit to his own Narration, he never kept Company with Seamen above three Weeks in all his Life, and that was from *Hull* to *Yarmouth* ; and even those Seamen, Master and all included, sent up their Prayers to Heaven in their Distress. But was *Robinson Crusoe's* Religion so very little settled in him, by his Free-School and House Learning, even at eighteen Years of Age, as to be laugh'd out of it in three Weeks time by a Company of ignorant Seamen ? They might perhaps laugh at his Fear of the Storm, they being made intrepid upon that Account by Use. But, honest *D—n*, I am afraid, with all your Sagaciousness, you do not sufficiently distinguish between the Fear of God, and the Fear of Danger to your own dear Carcass. The Fear of God is an Excellence, a Virtue, a Duty ; and, as  
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the Holy Scripture says, *the Beginning of Wisdom*; but the Fear of Danger is mean, scandalous, unmanly, a Vice, and the Beginning of Folly; and, indeed, incompatible with that Fear of God, of which you have talk'd so much. Fortitude is by all acknowledg'd a Virtue, and of that Intrepidity is likewise acknowledg'd a considerable Part; and from hence flows that Contempt of Danger, which you seem to impute to a want of the Fear of God; whereas, it may with much more Reason, and I hope with much more Justice, be deriv'd from a firm Confidence in, or a perfect Resignation to the Divine Providence in all its Dispensations. It is, indeed, as I have observ'd, plain, that you are very much mistaken in your Notion of the Fear of God, which is a sort of a Filial Awe not only consistent with Love, but, indeed, a Child of it; for Love makes every one, who is possess'd by it, afraid of being guilty of any Thoughts or Actions, which may be displeasing or offensive to the Object belov'd; and this you would be very sensible of, if in all your Life you had ever lov'd any thing better than yourself. But the Fear, which you contend for, is a meer abject, womanish Pusillanimity, or rank Cowardice,



perpetually terrified with those Accidents which all sublunary Things are naturally subject to : A Fear, that has been the Mother of all the most dreadful Mischiefs to which Mankind has ow'd great Part of his Unhappiness. It has produc'd both private and publick Murders, Devastations and Ruin of Nations and People ; for to this may we justly attribute the inhumane Barbarities of the *Spaniards* in the *West-Indies*, who, stimulated by this Fury, destroy'd above one and twenty Millions of People according to their own Writers : This Fear is the Ground and Origin of all, or most of our Revenues ; our supplanting one another, and all that Injustice and Dishonesty which is too visible in the Transactions of the World : This Fear, therefore, being but too much spread thro' Humankind, it has been the Care and Study of the Wise and Good of all Polite Nations to root it as much as possible out of the Mind, or at least so far to abate it, as to render its Effect less fatal to our Happiness. And yet this is the Fear which you endeavour to establish as the Fear of God, and measure the Piety or Impiety of Men, by the Share that they have of this ; as if Cowards only could be good Christians. But to return to *Crusoe*, at his  
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coming to Town, he says, he fell into very good Company, and among the rest, into the Acquaintance of a Master of a *Guinea* Ship, who was extremely pleas'd with his Conversation; which, as he tells us himself, was not at that time to be despis'd. Well, he goes to *Guinea* with this honest Captain, was his Messmate, and learnt of him during his Voyage the Art of Navigation; so that he could not have so much Time upon his Hands, as to be laugh'd out of his Religion in his Conversation with the common Seamen; nor do I think he had the Opportunity of knowing their Sentiments in this Particular. It must therefore be the Captain and his Mate, who learnt him to despise God and Religion; and he must have a strange *Alacrity in Sinking*, if he could fall from those settled Notions, that a Religious Education must needs have fixt in him, in one Voyage to *Guinea*; for this is the only time, except the *Hull* Voyage, that he had convers'd with Seafaring Men. But if this were true, he ought not to lay the Crime of the *Captain* and his *Mate* upon all the Body of Seamen, since no Logick will ever allow arguing from a Particular to a General; and as it is bad Logick, so it is worse Religion, to lay the Crime of

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Two upon a Million. Early in his next Voyage he is taken by the *Salleeman*; and for the greatest Part of his fourth Voyage, he had no Companion but poor *Xury*. The Remainder of this Voyage he made in a *Portuguese* Ship, to the Master of which he ow'd, not only his Life then; but his Riches afterwards; and he was too ignorant of the *Portuguese* Tongue, to make any Discovery of the Vices of that Ship's Crew, or of being corrupted by them; nor could he in his fifth Voyage from *Brasil*, to the Time of his being cast away, furnish himself with any fresh Observations of this Kind, they being for the most part in that Storm which brought on their Shipwreck, in which he only escap'd. So that upon the whole, we find that *Robinson Crusoe*, even when he pretends to repent, is for throwing the Guilt of his Sin upon others, who, as far as we can possibly discover, did not at all deserve the Charge; and I dare believe, that he was in reality the only Person among them, who ever liv'd so many Years without saying his Prayers, or acknowledging God and his Providence, and is likely therefore rather to have been the Corrupter, than the Corrupted. But it seems he is not yet come so forward towards a true Repentance,

as to take the whole Guilt on himself, which in reality no Body else had any Share in. He says, indeed, his Repentance was hinder'd by his Conversation with none but such as were worse than himself, and where he never heard mention of any thing that was good. But, dear *D—n*, this seems another gross Fib of your Friend *Robinson*, as I hope I have sufficiently prov'd in what I have said upon this Head. I have been longer than I design'd upon these Remarks, and therefore shall only transiently touch upon some few Occurrences of your Book: And tho' Nonsense be too frequent thro' the whole to merit a particular Remark as often as it occurs, I can't pass over this in Page 164: *And now I saw how easy it was for the Providence of God to make the most miserable Condition, Mankind could be in, worse.* How, Friend *D—n*! worse than the worst, I thought, that beyond the superlative Degree there was nothing; I am sure that *Robinson's* School Learning could not teach him this, perhaps he had it from his *House Learning*, with all the other false Grammar, which is to be found almost in every Page, particularly the *Nominative Case* perpetually put for the *Accusative*. But this is not worth stopping at. To proceed therefore:  
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Tho' I cannot see how he could let the *Goat* out of the Pit, when he says it was so fierce that he durst not come near it; yet let that pass. He tells us, that he went out for five or six Days; he would have done well to have satisfied us, not only how he carried his Provisions for that long Time, but also what became of his *Goats*, who were not milk'd in so many Days; whereas he afterwards tells us, that three Days Absence had lik'd to have spoil'd them on that very Account; he would have done likewise well, to have given his Reasons why he thought the Savages more dangerous than the Devil.

Tho' I have a great deal to say upon his Reflections, and their frequent Repetition almost in the same Words; yet for Brevity Sake, I shall say of them all, that they seem brought in only to encrease the Bulk of your Book; they are seldom Just or truly Religious; but they have this terrible Circumstance, that they demonstrate that the Author has not the Fear of God before his Eyes. *Ludere cum Sacris* is what he has not at all scrupl'd; as if he esteem'd it no Crime to set off his Fable with the Words of the *Holy Scripture*; nay, he makes a kind of *Sortes Virgilianæ* of the Bible, by making *Crusoe* dip into it for Sentences to his purpose. To me

me the Impiety of this Part of the Book, in making the Truths of the Bible of a Piece with the fictitious Story of *Robinson Crusoe*, is so horribly shocking that I dare not dwell upon it; but must say, that they make me think that this Book ought to be printed with *Vaninus*, the *Freethinker*, and some other Atheistical Tracts, which are condemn'd and held in Abhorrence by all good Christians.

It is an odd Whimsy of *Crusoe*, to think of making Malt, which yet he knew not how to compass; whereas, he might make good Wine with little or no trouble. But you tell us that your Friend *Robinson* was never in the right in his Life, and, I think, that you have pretty well kept up that Part of his Character, in all that he says or does.

In Page 207, and several subsequent Pages, as 234, 296, and 342, he presses very earnestly our serious Regard to the secret Hints and Impulses of the Mind, of which we can give no Rational Account. But I must tell him, that this is only the Effect of a blind superstitious Fear, which ought not to be minded by any Man of common Sense or Religion. We read, indeed, of the *Demon of Socrates*, who generally gave him notice and warning of any Evil

that threaten'd him: *Cardan*, a Modern *Italian*, pretended to the same, but has been laugh'd at for that Pretence by all the Learned Men who mention it: There have likewise been some Enthusiastick Papists, who have believ'd that some of their Saints had done them the same Favour; but for a Protestant to recommend this Superstition, is something extraordinary. But here the Dregs of Popery still hang about Mr. *Crusoe*.

I would ask Mr. *Crusoe*, how he could see the faucer Eyes of the Goat in the Cave, when he tells us it was so dark that he could see nothing there; this is not helpt by saying, that a Ray of the Light struck thro' the Mouth of the Cave, for then there was Light, which he says there was not; and if there was, then he might have seen the Goat's Body as well as his Eyes.

He tells us that his Man *Friday* would not eat Salt, but we see not how he himself had any to eat; well, we'll suppose he had made it out of the Sea Water. He would have done well likewise to have told us how *Friday* could make his escape, since he assures us that the Victims were all bound till executed; but perhaps this Caution was made use of after *Friday* had made his escape. He agrees  
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with the *Spaniard* and *Friday's* Father, that they should bring a Contract in Writing, under the Hands of the other *Spaniards*, tho' he knew they had neither Pen, Ink, nor Paper; nay, he had done well if he had inform'd us, how he could give them Instructions in Writing, when his *Ink* was gone so many Years before.

Well, *Crusoe* at last, and his Man *Friday*, get away from his Island into *England*; and from thence he makes a Voyage to *Portugal*, where having settled all his Affairs and found himself a Rich Man, in obedience to his secret Hints, he resolves not to go by Sea back, but thro' *Spain* and *France* by Land, and so only cross the Seas from *Calais* to *Dover*. All that happens in this Land Journey worth taking Notice of, is the monstrous Story of his Man *Friday* and the *Bear*; they are passing the *Pyrenean* Mountains thro' a very great Snow, the Roads were so infested with Wolves, that two of them fell upon their Guide, and wounded him and his Horse, before *Friday* could come up and shoot them; but notwithstanding this Wound of the Guide, and the howling of the Wolves all about, and that it was within two Hours of Night, and they had near three Leagues



to ride in the Snow, he makes a matter of thirty Passengers, and the wounded Guide, stand still in the Cold, to see *Friday* make laugh, as he calls it, with a *Bear*, that by chance came that Way. *Friday* pulls off his Boots and claps on his Pumps, runs to the *Bear* and takes up a great Stone, which he throws at him; but how *Friday* could pick up a great Stone in a Place all cover'd deep with Snow, I know not; nor can I tell, how *Friday* came to know the Nature of the *Bear*, since that is a Creature, which is never found in such a warm Climate, as *Friday's* Country must needs be, since it was so near the *Equinox*: I believe it is equally true, that the whole Company laugh'd at *Friday's* managing the *Bear*; but, indeed, this Book seems calculated for the Mob, and will not bear the Eye of a rational Reader. Well, *Robinson* at last gets again to *London*, marries, has three Children; he is near sixty five Years of Age, which one would think was old enough to leave off Rambling, having especially a plentiful Fortune; yet he tells us, that he takes a Trip, as it were for Pleasure, to his old Island in *America*, and thence to *Brasil*, and so rambles about till seventy five Years of Age, and how much longer I know not, an Account

count of which he promises in his next Volume. I hope, dear D—n, that you have taken more care of Probability and Religion than you have in this; tho' I am afraid you are too harden'd a Sinner in these Particulars, to give us any Proof in your Works of your sincere Repentance, which yet is heartily wish'd you, by

*Your Friend and Servant, &c.*

### P O S T S C R I P T.

Having just run thro' the first Volume and clos'd my Letter, I was told that the second Volume was at last come out. I was too much tir'd with the Badness of the Road in my first Journey, to venture upon another the same Way, without resting to recover my Patience, of which I was to have sufficient use in my passing thro' the second Part. I am afraid that *Robinson Crusoe* reserv'd so much *Opium* for his own Use, when he dispos'd of the rest to the Merchant of *Japan*, that he has scarce been thoroughly awake ever since; and has communicated that somniferous Quality of the Drug to his Writing thro' the whole second Part, which every where prepares you for Sleep;

Sleep ; to avoid a Lethargy therefore, I shall not dwell upon it, and its perpetual Succession of Absurdities, but only touch upon some few, which may serve for Samples of the whole. I cannot, however, omit taking particular Notice of the Editor's Preface, because it is not only written by the same Hand, but also very singular in its kind: You begin with a Boast of the Success of your Book, and which you say deserves that Success by its Merits, that is, *The surprizing Variety of the Subject, and the agreeable Manner of the Performance.* It's well you tell us so yourself, the judicious Reader else must have been puzzel'd to find out the Mystery of its Success. For first, as to the Variety of the Subject, it will be a hard Matter to make that good, since it's spread out into at least five and twenty Sheets, clog'd with Moral Reflections, as you are pleas'd to call them, every where insipid and aukward, and in many Places of no manner of Relation to the Occasion on which they are deliver'd, besides being much larger than necessary, and frequently impious and prophane ; and always canting are the Reflections which you are pleas'd to call religious and useful, and *the brightest Ornaments of your Book,* tho' in reality they were put in by  
you

you to swell the Bulk of your Treatise up to a five Shilling Book ; whereas, the Want of Variety in your Subject would never have made it reach to half the Price ; nay, as it is, you have been forc'd to give us the same Reflections over and over again, as well as repeat the same Fact afterwards in a Journal, which you had told us before in a plain Narration. So *agreeable is the Manner of your Performance!* which is render'd more so by the excessive Sterility of your Expression, being forc'd perpetually to say the same Things in the very self same Words four or five times over in one Page ; which puts me in Mind of what *Hudibras* says,

*Would it not make one strange  
That some Mens Fancies should ne'er change,  
But always make them do and say  
The self same Things, the self same Way?*

'Another agreeable Thing in the Performance is, that every Page is full of *Solecisms* or false Grammar. However, this may be, for ought I know, a very agreeable Performance to most of your Buyers.

Your next Triumph is, that the Reproaches of your Book as a Romance,  
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and as being guilty of bad Geography; Contradictions, and the like, *have prov'd Abortive* (I suppose you mean ineffectual) *and as impotent as malicious*; but here, as well as in other Places, you are guilty of a great Abuse of Words: For first, they have not been impotent, since all but the very *Canaille* are satisfied by them of the Worthlessness of the Performance; nor can the exposing the Weakness and Folly of any assuming and ignorant Scrib-  
bler be properly call'd malicious; they who malign eminent Worth, may, indeed, deserve such a Name; but what hath been said of, or done against such an incoherent Piece as *Robinson Crusoe*, can at worst be only call'd Indignation; and that was what the eminent Satirist was not ashamed to own, as the Motive and Support of his Verses.

*Si Natura negat facit Indignatio versum.*

And thus I may say of my present Letter to you; that if want of Genius forbid my Writing at all, that Defect is largely supplied by Indignation, not Malice or Envy; for Folly and Ignorance can never produce them. However, I find that these Endeavours you seem to contemn as impotent, have yet had so  
great

great a Force upon yourself; as to make you more than tacitly confess, that your Book is nothing but a Romance. You say, indeed, *The just Application of every Incident, the religious and useful Inferences drawn from every Part, are so many Testimonies to the good Design of making it Publick, and must Legitimate all the Part that may be called Invention or Parable in the Story.* But when it is plain that there are no true, useful or just Inferences drawn from any of the Incidents; when Religion has so little to do in any Part of these Inferences; when it is evident that what you call Religion, is only to mislead the Minds of Men to reject the Dictates of Reason, and embrace in its Room a meer superstitious Fear of I know not what *Instinct* from unbodied Spirits; when you impiously prophane the very Name of Providence, by allotting to it either contradictory Offices, or an unjust Partiality: I think we may justly say, that the Design of the Publication of this Book was not sufficient to justify and make Truth of what you allow to be Fiction and Fable; what you mean by *Legitimizing, Invention and Parable*, I know not; unless you would have us think, that the Manner of your telling a Lie will make it a Truth. One may

may say a great deal in Answer to what you urge against the Abridgment of your Book, but it is too absurd to dwell upon, and against the Practice of all Ages and all Nations: What think you, honest *D—n*, of the *History of Justin*? was not that an Abridgment of *Trogus Pompeius*, whose long History of the World is lost, and the Abridgment of *Justin* remains to this Day? nor can I find that ever he was stigmatiz'd for it with a Crime as bad as Robbing on the Highway. What think you of *Darius Tibertus*, a Modern *Italian*, who abridg'd the *Lives of Plutarch* in the *Latin* Tongue? what do you suppose of the Abridgment of the Voluminous History of *Guarini*? what of the *Latin* Abridgment of *Pliny*? what think you of the great *Fontinel*? (for I think I may call him great, after what *Sir William Temple* has said of him) he tells you himself, in his Preface to his *History of Oracles*, that this Book is but an Abridgment of *van Dale*, who writ a prolix Treatise upon that Subject. But not to dwell upon Foreigners, we have a hundred Instances in our own Tongue of the like Practice, in many of which Bookfellers of undoubted Probity have been concern'd; indeed, there is this to be said, that most of these Abridgments

ments have been of Books of a real intrinsic Value ; but yours might for me have continu'd unabridg'd, and still retain'd all its *brightest Ornaments*, as you call them ; but if the omitting of those be the only Fault of the Abridgment, I can't but think his Work more valuable than the Original, nor do I see that he has done your Proprietor any damage, since he has left to your larger Volume all those Beauties you are so fond of, and may, indeed, be said to be only an Advertiser of them to those that have them not. If he has preserv'd the Fable entire, the Judicious will not want your clumsy and tedious Reflections to recommend it ; for, indeed, by what you say, you seem not to understand the very Nature of a Fable, which is a sort of Writing which has always been esteem'd by the wisest and best of Men to be of great use to the Instruction of Mankind ; but then this Use and Instruction should naturally and plainly arise from the Fable itself, in an evident and useful Moral, either express'd or understood ; but this is too large a Subject to go thro', and to shew that by the Rules of Art you have not attain'd any one End or Aim of a Writer of Fables in the Tale that you have given us. I shall therefore proceed to those few



Remarks, which I have made in a cursory reading of your second Part.

The first Thing I remark, is, that you are at your Dreams again Page 3d and 4th; for most of the Religion of your Book consists in Dreams. The next Thing I shall just hint at, is what you say about the three Pirate Sailors in the same Page — *So if I had hang'd them all, I had been much in the right, and should have been justifiable both by the Laws of God and Man,* the contrary of which Assertion is directly true, *viz.* That if you had hang'd them all, you had been guilty of downright Murther by all the Laws of God and Man; for pray, sweet Sir, what Authority had *Robinson Crusoe* so much as to fine, or inflict any Punishment upon any Man?

Some Follies, I find, are like some Dis-temperers, catching: Thus, *Madam Crusoe*, by conversing with her wise Husband, extravagantly fancies his fantastick Whim-sies to be the Impulse of Divine Providence, *ibid.*

Against the next Edition of your Book, profound *Da——l*, I wish you would take the Pains to explain the following Piece of Nonsense, so far as to make it intelligible; for I can meet with no Body, no, not the most skill'd in the

abstruser Sciences, that can so much as guess what you would be at. I transcribe them for your serious Consideration, *Nothing can be a greater Demonstration of a future State, and of the Existence of an invisible World, than the Concurrence of second Causes with the Ideas of Things, which we form in our Minds, perfectly reserv'd and not communicated to any in the World,* Page 10; and in Page 12, he is making it a resisting of Providence, if he did not go a rambling at about sixty five Years of Age. I only note this *en passant*, to remind you of what noble Offices you assign to the Divine Providence, by attributing to the Impulse of that all Things that are irrational; a very pious Notion of the eternal Divine Wisdom! I shall only observe on that odd Account, given Page 20, of the extravagant Joy of the *French* that were sav'd by *Crusoe*, when their Ship was burnt, that they were certainly a Ship-load of extreme Cowards or Madmen; for nothing but the Extremity of Cowardice or Lunacy could ever produce so general a Distraction. It is confess'd, that unexpected Deliverances will have strange Effects upon some very few particular People, but then this Deliverance must be very sudden and very un-

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expected ; but this is not the Case here ; for all the Time the Ship was burning, *Crusoe* discharg'd Guns to let them know that Relief was at Hand ; and all the Night after, when the Flame of the burnt Ship was extinguish'd by the Sea, the same *Crusoe* set out Lights upon his Ship, and frequently discharg'd Guns to direct the Boats loaded with the Crew of the burnt Ship towards their Safety, which they found could not be far off ; and towards which, by this Means, they might every Minute make some approach ; so that Hope was not gone, no not for one Minute, which makes all those extravagant Effects of Joy utterly improbable ; nay, I may say, impossible.

I shall pass *Friday's* speaking broken *English* twelve Years after he had been with his Master, and almost as unintelligibly, as after he had been with him but twelve Days ; nor shall I stop long upon the *Spaniards* Prognosticating Humour, from Dreams and unaccountable Whimsies, because the *Spaniard* seems to have learnt this by dwelling so long in *Crusoe's* Habitation ; for he has the same Notion of secret Correspondence betwixt unbodied and embodied Spirits, which *Crusoe* every where avows. But, dear *Da——!*, you have forgot yourself, you  
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make a *Spaniard* speak here, the most bigotted of all Papists ; and therefore it had been more natural for him to have attributed this secret Intelligence to Saint *Jago*, or the Blessed *Virgin*, or even to his Angel Guardian : But, indeed, you frequently forget the Religion of your Speaker, and make the *Spaniard* in your first Part quote Scripture Instances, which he could never be suppos'd to have read in all his Life, or ever heard mention'd. But to go on, for I will say nothing of the Savages Landing in the Night to make their Feast ; for they are your Savages, and you may make them go where and when you please, and for what you please. I shall pass, therefore, on to *Crusoe's* Learned Discourse with the *French Popish Priest* in Page 146, &c. which has, indeed, as gross Marks of Falshood and inartificial Fiction, as any thing in your Book : You make the Priest call the Living of the four *Englishmen* with their *Indian Wives* (because unmarried according to the Laws and Customs of any Christian Country) Adultery. Had *Crusoe* call'd it so it might have been tolerable, and have pass'd for the Ignorance of a Seafaring Man ; but to make a Priest talk so, whose Trade it is to know the distinct



distinct Names of every Sin, is a plain Proof that all this came out of thy inventive Noddle. For you must know, Friend *Da——!*, that all Carnal Commerce between two single Persons is called Fornication, and not Adultery; Adultery is when a married Woman or a married Man has this criminal Commerce with any other but her Husband, or his Wife: How, therefore, a *Romish* Priest should tell *Crusoe*, that his *Englishmen* without Marriage would live in continual Adultery, is what you would do well to make out; for I am satisfy'd, no Priest in *Christendom* would call it by any other Name but Fornication. Nor has that a better Face of Truth, which you make the *Popish* Priest speak about Idolatry, Page 150; where, in the Person of the *Popish* Priest, he complements *Popery* with a known and intolerable Lie, where he makes him express his Zeal for bringing the *Indians* over to the *Christian* Religion in general; nay, even to the making of them *Protestants*: Now it is very well known, that the *Papists* in general, and much more a zealous *Popish* Priest and *Missionary*, do not allow any *Heretick*, as they call all *Protestants*, any better Place in the next World than that of

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eternal Damnation; so that unless he brought the Pagans over entirely to Popery, he must throw away all his Labour and Pains, in his own Opinion, as much as if he had done nothing at all. Of the same absurd Nature is all that passes betwixt the Priest and *Atkins*; for tho' *Atkins* knows him not to be a Popish Priest, he knows very well that *Atkins* is an *English* Protestant Heretick, and, therefore, that he shall set him no nearer to Salvation by the Repentance he perswaded him to, than if he had left him where he found him. Well, *Atkins's* Wife gets to be christen'd by this Means, and is married to her Husband, as *Jack of all Trades* is to the young Woman taken up at Sea; but for the rest, we hear no more of their Marriage, than of *Friday's* being christen'd himself, during his twelve Years Service with that Zealous Teacher of the Christian Religion *Robinson Crusoe*.

I shall not quit this *Popish Priest*, till I have said something upon a Point, for which he is recommended to our Admiration by this same Protestant *Crusoe*; and that is, upon the Popish Missionaries being sent about the World to make Converts from one Idolatry to another,

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from a less to a greater; that is, from *Paganism* to *Popery*. Well, let us hear what the Priest says in Page 151. *It is a Maxim, Sir, that is, or ought to be receiv'd among all Christians, of what Church or pretended Church soever, (viz.) That Christian Knowledge ought to be propagated by all possible Means, and on all possible Occasions. 'Tis on this Principle that our Church sends Missionaries into Persia, India, and China; and that our Clergy, even of the superior Sort, willingly engage in the most hazardous Voyages, and the most dangerous Residence among Murtherers and Barbarians, to teach them the Knowledge of the true God; and to bring them over to embrace the Christian Faith.*

There is scarce one Word of Truth in all this Quotation; and it is only drest up in Words, that are calculated to give the Protestant Reader an agreeable Idea of Popery, on purpose to smooth the Way, as far as his little Abilities can do it, for the Popish Superstition to enter these Kingdoms; that the Popish Church does, indeed, send Missionaries to these three Places, mention'd in the Quotation, and some others, is certainly true. I do confess that they will roam about the  
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World to make one Profelite, but then it is as true, that they make this Profelite ten times more the Child of the Devil than he was before; it is true, I say, that they do send their Clergy abroad, but not their superiour Clergy, as this Quotation falsely asserts, but *Jesuits* and some other regular *Orders*; nor is their Business in reality to bring the Pagans to the Knowledge of the true God and the Christian Religion, but to carry on a private interloping Trade, by which they bring in vast Treasures into their particular *Orders*. What sort of Christians they make, is evident from that great Noise and Stir, which has been made some Years before the Congregation *De Propaganda Fide* in Rome itself; where it has been prov'd, even by Roman Catholics, that the Jesuit Missionaries in *China* have only incorporated the Heathen Religion of that Place into that which the Romish Church professes; and that they have admitted *Confucius* into the Kalendar among the Saints, to be pray'd to, as well as *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, and the *Virgin Mary*. Dear Da—l, art thou not now ashamed of having brought in such notorious Falsties in the Defence of Popery? If Zeal for the Propagating the



Gospel of Christ were the Motive that set these Itinerant Preachers to work, why do they not go to the poor *Tartars*; whose Ignorance and Idolatry you do pretend to describe? why do they not go to the poor *Laplanders* and *Samoides*, where there is nothing to be got; no Traffick to be establish'd beneficial enough to warm their Zeal, and make it travel for the Conversion of Souls in those cold Countries? why do they seek all the richer and more gainful Part of the World for their Mission? But to go on with these sort of Queries, would be to swell my Postscript to a much greater Bulk than I design. From what has been said, I believe, it may be pretty plain, that this sending of Missionaries of the *Popish Church*, is a mere Political Trick, without the least Tincture of true Religion.

I have been so long upon this, that I shall say nothing of honest *Robinson's* being oppress'd by the Power of the Priest's Reasoning, which yet is so very weak and false as I have show'd you; or proceed to a particular Confutation of what the Priest advances upon Matrimony, tho' in many Things very false. But it is observable that *Crusoe*, after all  
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the Zeal of the Popish Priest against the Pirates living with their *Indian* Wives without Marriage, sends from *Brasil* several Women for the Use of the *Spaniards*, who were not before married; and that without sending any Priest with them to marry them.

I shall pass over, likewise, the Maid's Discourse upon Starving, because I cannot see that it is any ways entertaining or instructive, but a very clumsy Product of the most unphilosophical Head in the World.

And I shall only ask you, how a Man should chuse any particular Way or Vocation of Life, if he must not take his own Judgment; for this is plainly to tell us, that Man must chuse no Way nor Vocation at all, since you will not allow him the only Means of chusing which God and Nature has given him: This is the plain *English* of your Assertion in Page 218. From hence I shall skip to Page 302, where there is a very particular Blunder or Contradiction; for he first tells you, that the Horse the *Chinese Mandarin* rid upon, was a poor lean Creature, not worth above 30 or 40 Shillings; and yet presently after, in Page 304, he says, that there was not a Horse in the Retinue

me of the Mandarin, but was so cover'd with Equipage, Mantles, Trappings, and such-like Trumpery, that you cannot see whether they are Fat or Lean: In a Word, we could scarce see any thing but their Feet and their Heads.

Before I follow him out of China, I shall only add one Word or two on his Account of that famous Kingdom, which, contrary to all those who have really been there, he makes a most despicable Place, where there is nothing of Politeness or Learning; but that Singularity of yours will never persuade us to think, that the Writer of it was ever nearer to *Pequin* than *London*: And, therefore, I shall not doubt but that *Sir William Temple* follow'd as just Relations of this Country, as any *Mr. De F—e* could pretend to meet with, who makes it the most Polite and magnificent Empire in the World.

Well, I am quite tir'd with your Journey of the *Caravan*, and can but just take Notice of *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Scotchman's* burning one of the *Tartarian* Gods, at the Hazard, not only of their own Lives, but of all the rest of the *Caravan*, which must certainly have follow'd, had not the Ingenuity of a *Tartar* in their  
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Let me turn'd off the Storm, and set the ten thousand *Tartars* upon a wrong Scent, which should lead them, at least, five hundred Miles out of their Way. And here I conclude, satisfied with having check'd that Vanity which is so apparent in both your Volumes, especially in the Preface to your last, by offering some few only of that Multitude of Absurdities and Profaneness of which both Parts are full; for to have touch'd upon every one, would have swell'd my Remarks to the Bigness of at least one of your Volumes. But *ex pede Herculem, ex ungue Leonem*, a small Sample is sufficient to give a Taste of the whole.

The Christian Religion and the Doctrines of Providence are too Sacred to be deliver'd in Fictions and Lies, nor was this Method ever propos'd or follow'd by any true Sons of the Gospel; it is what has been, indeed, made use of by the *Papists* in the Legends of their Saints, the Lying Wonders of which are by length of Time grown into such Authority with that wretched People, that they are at last substituted in the Place of the Holy Scriptures themselves. For the Evil Consequences of allowing Lies to mingle with the Holy Truths of

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Religion, is the certain Seed of *Atheism* and utter Irreligion ; whether, therefore, you ought to make a publick Recantation of your Conduct in this Particular, I leave to yourself.

*F I N I S.*

