
As Poland lyes almost in the same Latitude with England, so the Character the Poet has here given of the Poles, seems so exactly to match what some ill-natur’d People have said of some in England, that he easily foresees this Censorious Age will be apt to misjudge him, as if he had some Oblique Meaning, and that this was a Satyr levell’d at some People nearer Home than the Castle of Warsaw.

To foresee an Accident and not endeavour to be prepar’d against it, is a Piece of Policy peculiar to an Author that sets up to Reform the Errors of Petty Statesmen three times a week to no Purpose; and it adds very much to a Malefactor’s Conviction to be guilty of a Willful Crime. Wherefore He had better, either to have kept his Foresight to himself or stifled his Poem before he had sent it abroad, to the Great Abuse of himself, and the Patriots he has taken the Freedom to Caricature. As for his Skill in Poetry, if it was no better than his Knowledge in Geography, He might have spar’d the Trouble of a Preface to the Reader, since there is so great a Difference between London and Warsaw in their Latitude, that the first is Lon.18.36. Lat.51.32; the last Lon.42.5 Lat.52.7.

But the Author humbly hopes all such Innuendo-Men will consider, that as they can have no Reason to Think so, but Similitude of Characters, so no Conjectures of theirs, ought to pre-judge his meaning, in which he demands to be left to himself, and expects to be understood in the following Poem as he speaks, not as every prejudic’d Man may imagine he meant.

How any Man can humbly hope, that has the Arrogance to say, He can he charged with nothing but similitude of Characters, is beyond the Reach of my Understanding, and if he has not done by the Gentlemen whom he has Injuriously treated, as well as those whose Reputation is blasted with his Commendation, as if he had actually written down their Christian and Sir Names in Capital Letters, then I have no claim to any such Thing as Common Apprehension.

If any are so Weak to tell us, That Smithfield and Cheapside, cannot be meant of Poland, the Author presumes to ask such People, if ever they have been at Warsaw; and, if they have, and don’t know that there is both a Smithfield and a Cheapside, as well as a May-Fair; and a Bear-Garden, he is sorry for their Heads, and desires them to step thither again to Reform their Memories.

Poland may have Places put to the same uses as Smithfield and Cheapside, and Fairs and Bear-Gardens may be in Request there; but it is none of his business, to bring English Transactions upon the Polish Theatre. And any Man of Compassion has very great Reason to be sorry for his Head, who thinks to conceal what was Printed near Bartholomew-Close, under the sorry Artifice of an Impression from Dantzick.

But suppose there are not places call’d directly by those Names, if there are places apply’d to the same Uses, what has any Body to question the Allegories? A poor Author must never Write at all, if he is not at Liberty to chuse His Metaphors, and all the rest of the necessary Figures of Speech to help out his Expression.
He has forgot his Tryal at the Old-Baily for writing *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, or he would never insist upon an Author’s Liberty to chuse what Metaphors He thinks fit; for, though He did not pay so dearly for his beloved Ironies as he deserv’d, yet the Sentence then pass’d on Him by the Bench might have had such an Effect upon his Temper, as not to make him uneasie, but when he was breaking through the Bonds, he was engag’d in to the Government, in being tyed up to his Good Behaviour.

If ’tis alleg’d that there is too great an Affinity in the Story, he Answers, If that be True, he is sorry for it; but at the same time he Hopes not, and the matter of Fact ought to be prov’d, before he stands Censur’d for Calumny.

Though the Character of the Persons his Satyr points at are False and Malicious, yet they bear so near a Resemblance to what is said of them by their Enemies of the Dissenting Party, that the Scandal is fix’d beyond an Excuse, and ought to be Animadverted upon with the utmost severity, unless the Gentlemen in Power close with the Libeller, and fling off all Deference and Respect for the Memories of their Predecessors.

’Tis very hard that a Man cannot Write of the Follies of other Nations, but People will be always comparing them with their own. One would ha’ Thought the Author had Travell’d far enough to find out Histories and odd Passages to divert us; but if neither China, Poland, nor the Inhabitants of the Moon will protect Folks from being Hang’d, as the Frenchmen said, for Sinking, go on, Gentlemen, and if the Cap fits any Body let ’em wear it. You are Welcome to say these Polish Grandees represent Englishmen, but look to it, ye Sons of Censure, that can Swear to a Man’s Meaning, and know his Inside without the help of his Outside: For if the People your Profoundity pretends to describe, are Affronted, the Action of Slander lies against You, and not the Author. In the Writing ’tis a Poem, you, in the Reading, turn it into a Libel, and you merit the Punishment for the Metamorphosis.

An ingenneus Confession of the Author, who would be thought to take the Pains of Concealing himself. If neither China, Poland, nor the Inhabitants of the Moon will protect Folks from being Hang’d, &c. Your Humble Savant Mr. Daniel Foe! You might as well have given us your Name at large, for every one knows who wrote the *Consolidator*; and as to your Meaning, they must be Men of profound Stupidity indeed, that cannot find it out by your Gaping, you are so Intelligible your self, amongst your want of understanding. So that the Scandal will be laid at your Door who made it a Libel, not at your Readers, who finds it as such.

Perhaps there is a sort of Affinity among the Vicious part of Mankind in all Countries and Climates; and the Author Doubts not he should have run the fame Risque of Misconstruction, had he Wrote this at Paris as at London, that he should have been summon’d before the Court of Hanover for Libelling the Princes of the Blood, the Sorbonne, or the Councillors of Parliament: ’tis very hard it should be there, and here too.

Had such a Piece of Scurrility dar’d to show its Face at Paris, the Author of it would scarce have had his Heels at Liberty during Life, and if some People whom it concerns to make enquiry of this nature, would but perform those Duties which are
owing to the Well being of the Government, He may chance to meet with none of the Civilest Treatment in London for his Impudence, since no Term can be too opprobrious for a Person who thinks no Appellation Bitter enough against these Directors of the Publick Affairs, who act contrary to the Methods He would prescribe to them.

Since then this is the Fate of Authors, and he must expect it, he Submits, but desires however, that these Unchristian Censurers will take this along with them, and so make a Vertue of their want of Charity. Than wherever the Similitude of Character pinches them too close, they would prevent the Severity of the Application, by Reforming the Likeness; the Satyr wou’d then have the desired Effect, viz. By drawing the Imaginary Picture of Outlandish Devels, really Transform our own.

The Fate of an Author that calls such a Reproach on the Church and Government Establish’d, ought not to terminate in a Scotch Casement; but He, that has offer’d up a Hymn to the Pillory, and made it clap its wooden Wings for Joy, at the Reception of its new Tenant, would not be much lamented if the Three-Legg’d Tree, a Mile and a half out of Town, should pay him the same Compliment: Since it is not his Reader’s want of Charity, but his own, that renders him Criminal.

Nor do I apprehend the World will be less Solicitous about who is the Author of this: Some perhaps will guess one, some another; and the Hawkers, they tell me, will according to Custom, Cry it about the street in the famous Name of Daniel de Foe. And tho’ they might as well Guess it was Wrote by the Man in the Moon, yet I am content, He, or any body else should go away with the Credit of it. ’Tis enough that I am out of the Reach of the Polish Resentments, and cannot be Prosecuted by the Cardinal Primate, most of the Persons here toucht at being his Friends, and all of them in his Interest; and as for the World they may do their Worst.

I am their Unconcerned Humble Servant,

Anglipoloski of Lithuania.

When an Outrage is committed, it is but natural to be in Quest of the Person that caus’d it; and it will not be difficult without the assistance of the Hawkers, who are more as his Service than his Handmaids the Nine Muses, to find that this Libel is not, without sufficient Grounds for so doing, charg’d with a Name those Prophane Throats are incessantly piercing our Ears with. Which may prove his being out of the Reach of the Polish Resentments, to be a mere Chimera and false suggestion; for though the Ecclesiastical Authority may not take him to Task, He may be grinded to Powder by the Secular Arm, which he must own himself obnoxious to, notwithstanding his Borrow’d Name of Anglipolski.