Anonymous. *The Republican Bullies, or, a sham Battel between two of a side, in a Dialogue between Mr Review and the Observator, lately fall’n out about keeping the Queen’s Peace.* London, 1705. 1-8.

**Review** Well, this is something, to come Face to Face, but to expose one another’s Nakedness to all the World, especially when we are Embarqued in the same Undertaking is a piece of Policy inconsistent with my correcting the Errors of Petty States-Men, or your letting the World into the Knowledge of the hidden things that belong to the Fundamentals of our Constitution.

**Observator** Not so Hidden neither, as you seem to Insinuate, for both my Printer and Publisher can give their Testimony, that I have made such Discoveries in things that were Occult before, that they are as common to those that give themselves the honour of my Company, as Dr Talbor’s *Medicinal Secrets*, which I have been so Witty upon in several of my Weekly Papers.

**Review** True, the Publick holds you for a Grand Discoverer, for you told your Country-man six Months before the Scotch Plot broke out, that there was such a business in Agitation; and you would have done well to have appeared before the Committee at N----d House to have given it a farther Illustration. But I’ll be bold to tell you, since your Country-man with his Oaken Towel is out of the way, that you have made a very great Discovery of your self in pretending to take up the Cudgels against me, who am the very Dymock of the Party.

**Observator** A very apt Similitude, as the chief Champion of England gives a Challenge for Form sake, when he knows no one dares enter the Lists with him for fear of High Treason, so you take the shortest way to exemplify your self in your own case (instead of Gill’s) for a Man of Resolution and Intrepidity, by sham-Vindications of the Queen and Government, when it’s hazardous in this Critical Conjuncture to make a Reply to you.

**Review** Why, there’s the Cream of the Jest, perhaps I have as little Respect for the Queen and Government as your self, but Dissimulation goes a great way now a-days, and a smooth Countenance will hide a Villainous Design. But to the Business in hand. Prithee Friend John, how came you and I that have so long piss’d in a Quill, to fall out, I protest I can’t imagine, what should make us so over seen?

**Observator** Is that a Question for this time of Day? I have no Patience to hear you ask it! Why you Son of a Four-threaded Hose, did not you fall foul upon my Accurate Discourses about the Fleet, and make it your endeavour to rob me of many a Can of Flip, and Bowl of Punch from the Merry Tars, whose Advocate I have written my self, ever since the First of April 1701, when I set my self in Print for an April Fool, by taking upon me to mimick Sir Roger in his Observators? By all my hopes of a Bottle of October with my Country-man and Joan at night, I’d fling a Sentence of Latin at your Head: But Te dolelo, Daniel, I’m sorry for your Weakness.

**Review** But I Hope you’ll stay till I bring my Scotchman with me; for I understand Latin in his Company as well as your Worship, for all your haste.

**Observator** You can Father it you mean, just as you did another Man’s
Philosophical Essay upon the Winds, in your Elaborate Collection about the late Dreadful Storm, when you made bold with several Pages from the Learned Dr Bohun, without saying so much to the Doctor for his Assistance as kiss my A-se. But though your Scotch Amanuensis was here present, believe it, I have both Scraps of Latin, and Impudence enough to enter the Lists with him at any Time.

Review Thou art in no want of the last, my Word for it, else thou would’st never have adventur’d to take one of thy best Friends to task at such a rate about the Coventry Election.

Observator Meaning your Worship forsooth --- Could Flesh and Blood bear with your Quartering two Troops of Horse upon the Townsmen there? Down right Popery, by all that’s good, it smelt so of a standing Army, that it is not got out of my Nostrils to this Hour.

Review There lies the business, you run away with a Notion before you understand it. The two Tacking Candidates in that Town had a very great Majority among the Electors, notwithstanding all the little Artifices of their Opponents to put them by; so that it was impossible to fling them out but by the means of a superior Power, which should influence their Votes, and draw them over to a contrary Interest. Now there were not wanting such of our Party who were of Seditious Inclinations enough to raise Civil Commotions among the Inhabitants, and had actually done it, which gave some People in Authority a handle to Solicit for Assistance from Above.

Observator Oh! now I have you, truly I am not such an Enemy to Troops of Horse on an occasion like this. Had you given me your Reasons before, you and I had never fall’n out about it. For a Standing Army it self is no Grievance, when design’d to propagate the Interest of us the Sanctified and Elect.

Review Had the Court listen’d to my Remonstrances in Print, I would not have given a Fig for Sir Christopher Hales or Mr Grey. I tell thee, Troops of Horse, upon some occasions, are excellent Arguments, and if made use of on the side of the Brethren are convincingly Lawful. But I have something else to tax you with, and that is, the Sin of Ingratitude!

Observator I deny it. Ingratitude is no Sin. I appeal to my Behaviour to King James for his Gracious Pardon after my Petitioning to be Hang’d, my good Wishes for the Glorious King William when I said, that were I to see him sleeping upon a Couch and a Train of Gun Powder under him, just ready to take fire, I valued him so very little that I would not give myself the trouble of taking away the Match : And my esteem for Queen Anne, by whose Lenity and Mercy I am not call’d to any Account for my Frequent Transgressions against Her Majesty and the Government Establish’d.

Review I mean no such Ingratitude as that. Were such a sort to be imputed to us for a Sin I should come in for a share of the Reproach myself. For I have been bound over to my Good Behaviour for seven Years, five of which are still to come, and forfeited my Bonds more than Seventy times seven times, and yet, though my Bail are unquestion’d for Breach of Performances, and old Offences are pass’d by, I am daily adding New to them, and Exasperating the Government by fresh Provocations. Witness my threatening the Queen if she took Part with the Tackers not long since,
&c. But the sort of Ingratitude I take notice of, is that of one Brother Offender to another, when you break through the Obligations you are under to me as your Supporter and Benefactor.

Observator I own no Supporter or Benefactor, but my Countryman and his Wife Joan, to whom I have been always thankful for their Kind Reception of me in the Days of Tribulation.

Review Then you have forgot my Services to you. How that when you and your two Fugitive Companions Skulk’d from Place to Place, for fear of the Serjeant at Arms, I took Pen in Hand, and soften’d your Harsh and Opprobrious Railings, into Beau Billingsgate; by writing several Observators for you; by Raising the Price from Ten Shillings to Twenty; by speaking better of you in all Companies than I did of any Man beside. For I never spake well of another; with abundance of other Civilities.

Observator Sweet Sir, Your Humble Servant. Then there is no Thanks due to me, for summoning the Mob to keep off Rotten Egg and Chanell Salutes from your pretty Face, during your being made Overseer of the Cities of London and Westminster, through your Wooden Machine, call’d a Scotch Casement?

Review Thanks? Did you ever hear that I thank’d any Body for any Good Offices whatsoever? What is done for me is purely the Effects of my Merit. Why, I never thank’d my Lord Nottingham for not Hanging me, even when he had it in his Power, for writing the Bawdy and Traitorous Verses about her Majesty’s Knighting Sir David Hamilton? Since, when I was first taken, Robin Stephens took them from out of my Pocket, and under my own Hand; but on the Contrary abus’d him for his kindness.

Observator My Resemblance to a Tittle, as if one Mother bore us! Come, all Quarrels apart, let us henceforth joyn against the Common Enemy, the Church of England by Law Establish’d.

Review Agreed --- Though it is a cursed sort of a Confinement. For a Man of my Wit can no more contain himself within any Restrictions, than Bottled Ale without flying. (Observe the Naivety of similitude as the Learned Mr Oldmixon has it.) I’ll suppress the Rising Genius within me as much as possible, though I fall into Convulsions through the means of it, as the Priest of Delphos upon the Tripos.

Observator God amercy Scotch-Man for that. I see you are a Man of Ready Parts! Or you would never have benefited so much, as to Introduce such a Quotation out of his Company.

Review There you have hit upon my Character to a Tittle. For how in the Name of Dullness should I Answer Latin Letters, that know not a Syllable of the Matter, Confute false Hypotheses, and lay down new Schemes in Ethicks, Physicks, and Metaphysicks, which I am fam’d for, without some Auxiliaries?

Observator And what the Devil should I do with my old Musty Statute Books? Hengham Magna, Hengham Parva, Plowden, Selden, Pleta, Bratton, my Lord Coke, and abundance of other Crabbed Authors, without an Interpreter. It’s true, I have
forgotten more Latin than ever you Learn’d, but where to have my Canon, Civil, and Common Law, but from my Friends in Doctor’s Commons, at Lambeth, and the Temple, I know no more than the Child unborn, or if anything, can add to the Assertion no more than yourself.

**Review** But it’s our Business to keep the World in Ignorance, as if we were perfectly Masters of all Arts and Sciences. This brings me in a World of Questions, and I don’t have Answers at Mr M—’s the Printer for nothing. What if my project for the Disposal of Charity is quite laid aside I get Money otherways, and by my subscriptions to the *Review*, which I made a Feint of Dropping on purpose to dive into the Pockets of those who were Fools enough to believe me, I get Twice the Money I did by making Pantiles, where I was worse than an Egyptian Task-master, that made his Servants make Bricks without Straw. For I suffer’d them to make them without Money.

**Observator** You wrote the first Volume gratis! So you gave out in Print! Or I am mightily mistaken! Which in my Opinion was want of Foresight! For the Generosity of Scribes are not often of that Temper.

**Review** That was on purpose to be taken Notice of, for a Person of no Common Dispositions. This was the stratagem got my Paper into Repute, or it had been long before at the Pastry-cooks and Grocers with other Mortal Papers. For to stick at a Lye or two, especially when it suits with our Convenience, is such a Puny Qualm of Conscience, that a Man of any Resolution ought to be asham’d of. In plain Truth, you may take it for matter of Fact, though you are not to let the Church Party know of it, I had a handsome Allowance, (viz.) £100 for the first Volume.

**Observator** Live and learn, says the Proverb. Among the whole Circle of my Knowledge I never met with such an Instance as this. Dear Fellow Traveller in the Paths of Iniquity, here’s a Bumper to our Better Acquaintance. What think you? Don’t matters go swimmingly on our side? The Cornishmen have given several of their Old Members the Country Hug, which flung them all upon their Backs; and the Knights for Essex and Middlesex and Surrey are our own. Brave News from Cheshire too! Sir George Warburton, and Sir Roger Mostyn are Routed Horse and Foot.

**Review** Sayst thou so my Boy. From Cheshire? I Despair’d of that Election, especially since it was held at a City for which Two Tackers were Members of Parliament. Communicate, I beseech thee, for I long to hear the Particulars, I pray thee communicate.

**Observator** Between you and me, it was not the fairest Election that I have heard of.

**Review** Fair or Foul it Matters not, since we have carried it. The more Knavery the more Cunning. Would you have a Fool to be a P-----man?

**Observator** Not I, truly, unless he were to be of the Contrary Party. You must know then, that I have intercepted a Letter that came by the last Post directed to a Certain Highflyer, which I would not have to fall into the Author of the *Rehearsal*’s Hands for the World. He would so Maul us with his Plain Proofs, that all the Brass in
our Countenances would not Enable us to keep the Field any Longer. I’ll Read it to you. But before you keep it secret, upon Pain and Peril of my further Displeasure. For if it should once take Air, neither my Pretended Clergyman’s Letter from Ipswich, nor your Squinting Advice from Oxford, will ever be of Force to lessen the Credit of it. (Reads)

Sir,

Mr B---- and Mr O---- have by very illegal proceedings carry’d the Election against Sir George W------ and Sir Roger M----n. For in the first place; the High Sheriff was entirely devoted to their Interest, and when the Preliminaries came to be settled on Tuesday the night before the Election began, he would not consent to allow Writing Inspectors, and the next Morning it was held in debate, near an hour and half before it was granted : The same Day the Dean, with a great Body of Clergy, came from the Choir Prayers, to Poll for Sir George and Sir Roger, and then the other Candidates particularized the Clergy, that they only should be tendered the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy. But on Thursday, about three in the Afternoon the Second day’s Poll, Mr B---- and Mr O---- having got start, examined the Inns, and finding five or six to one was Polled against them, to delay the time, moved that the aforesaid Oaths, should be administered to each particular Person, which accordingly was done, during the Election, which caused a great many to go away unpoll’d.

Mr O---- declared in Court, that he was for the Church of England, as it OUGHT to be by Law Established, and the shouting Party of ’em cry’d, down with the Church, down with the Church, both in the Streets and Hall, and were so insolent, publicly to Affront the Clergy, calling them Dark Lanthorns, and that they ought to have their Gowns pulled off their Backs : And the suppos’d occasion of this Insolency, was the assurance they had of carrying the Election, having made as ’tis said above 1200 new Votes. And in my Thoughts it very plainly appears to be so by the Poll, the same party declaring, they thought it impossible there should be so many Free-holders in Cheshire, as poll’d the last Election for the last Parliament, viz.

Sir Roger Mostyn, 2559. Sir Robert Cotton, 2052.

And Sir George Warburton has polled this time more than he did in the last Election 281 Votes, his whole number this time being 2878; and Sir Roger exceeded his last Election 106 Votes, being this time 2665, so that it very plainly appears, what indirect means they have used; for according to the number that Voted in the Elections before this, there would not be above 1800 Men left for them to Poll; allowing 2878 Polled for Sir George, and 2665 for Sir Roger : And in that Election the very Party, that now has Polled 3088, and 3165, declared there could not be so many Free-holders in the County. Which Numbers seem highly improbable, unless one takes a View of their unjust measures enforcing Men to Poll, that have not above twenty Shillings a Year, and others that receive Alms of the Parish, several of which declared, with what great reluctance they went to take the Oaths usual in such cases, when at the same time, they were sensible, they had not above twenty Shillings a Year, but were constrained by their landlords to Poll, or to Sustain an inevitable Ruin, not only of themselves, but their poor Families, and others, three or four times over : Also single Fields, were made Free-holds, on this Occasion. The Night after the
Election was declared over, the Windows of the Cathedral Church were broke, and several other Audacious Actions were committed.

Sir George Warburton insisted upon Mr B----- not being at Age, in the presence of Members of Parliament, Sir John Conway, Sir Henry Bunbury, Mr Shackerly, and Mr Leigh of Lyme. And altho’ no person attempted to say anything to the contrary, yet the High-Sheriff Declared he would Return him as a Member of Parliament for this County, saying he had taken advice thereupon.

Their Malice extended so far, that they made the Picture of a Gallows with a Rope Hanging at it, and underneath was written upon the Church Wall,

Nicholas Lord Bishop, that this may be thy fate and all that Succeed thee.

There were (Modestly Speaking,) five Gentlemen to one of the Church Party.

Which is all at present from

Yours, &c.

Review But who have you to thank for this Excellent News but my self. I have made such a Noise with Preaching up Peace, Peace to them, that I have set the Country together by the Ears, and have brought the Mob in such a Manner over to our side, that a Clergyman had like to have been Knock’d on the Head by a Brave Fellow at Brentford t’other Day, as he was going to give his Vote for Smithson and Lake, but the Rogue caught a Tartar in a Broken Head for his Pains.

Observator Had my Countryman’s Oaken Towel been there, ’twould have made work with those Black Coats to some purpose. But now you speak of Insulting the Clergy, Remember that’s an Exploit of my Promoting, for I have Employed my self a little during these late Elections in Looing the Mob against them.

Review What! Run away with the Credit of a thing only belongs to me? You may spare yourself the Trouble of thinking of a Reconciliation between us, unless you surrender up all Right and Title to that Experiment.

Observator That would be a good Jest indeed, as if any man upon the Face of Earth could have called them more Rogues and Rascals than I have done? Bilboa’s the Word, and Blood and Slaughter must Ensue. ( Draws)

Review Prithee, Mr Hotspur, put up your Whinyard, a Monmouth Scythe would become you much better. Besides, a Word in your Ear --- good Captain Beffus; some of your Acquaintance tell me you are more talkative than Valiant. No man would dispute the Prize with you, if downright Billingsgate was the Weapon to gain it by. He’s the Champion for a Modern Reader’s Money, that can cut a Throat with a Feather, that can wound the sacred Order by way of Expostulation, and fling Dirt upon them by Dint of Irony as I have done.

Observator The only Figure in Rhetorick that you are Master of! Mere thanks to Nature than Art, who has given it you, without so much as letting you know that it is
One, notwithstanding your Challenge to me in your last, a little before your old Weather beaten Tale of the Mastiff and the Cur Dog, Brown and Black, where the Fools’ Argument of a Wager is proposed to finish the Disputye between us. Had it not been for your Mumping by way of Subscription, and pretending Losses when you were never worth anything, you might have been a great Stranger to Twenty Pounds as myself. But I am loath to tell all I know too, since we are coming to an Amicable Agreement. Therefore desire you, Friend Daniel, the next time you write anything in Vindication of your great Skill in the Latin Tongue, to let your quotation come up to your Pretensions, and not make a Jest of your self, by saying *Oportet Mendacem esse Memoriam; for Memorem, &c.*

*Review* You’ll force me to send for the Scotchman by and by to Cap Verses with you. ----

*Observator* But He’ll scarce come, tho’ you should. For I understand that the poor Caledonian has had a Mischance lately, and the Man with his Mallet in St Martins Lane, has lately been too hard for him. Not that I value him the less for a broken Head. It may be either of our Misfortunes one Day or other: But I’ll take care to be Thrash’d by Proxy as well as your self; for my Countryman shall stand in the Gap when Occasion shall serve.

*Review* Rogues among ourselves, as sure as I Live, or this Accident was so closely conceal’d it never had taken Air --- But to the Purpose in Hand. Friend of mine, you say in your last there are several Clergymen of the Church of England Honest and well-Principled, besides the thirteen Bishops; nay what is more, you confess your self, of the Establish’d Church; neither of which was ever Acknowledg’d by me, which is Enough to give me the Preference, in Scandalizing the Clergy.

*Observator* Ay, but do you know my Reasons for Writing myself a Church of England Man, when I am as much of a contrary Persuasion as yourself? They are just the same as Dr Bates’s for wearing the Church Habit, only to Render the Ministry Scandalous ----

*Review* Is’e Ken, Ye mon---- but dear Jack, be a little more Tractable and agree with me in this Point, and I’ll allow of any other Concession whatsoever. For it will break any Man’s of my multiplicity of Gaul to have spent so much time in rending the Church of England’s Priesthood, Odious and Ridiculous, for thee to run away with the Praise of it.

*Observator* To shew you that I am not inexorable, you shall have your Request granted. But remember Daniel, that you keep within the Bounds of Moderation for the Future, and so behave yourself as if it was my Goodness more than your Desert.

*Review* I shall do any thing in Requital for such a Favour, and am ready to enter into Articles of Peace immediately.

*Observator* I am for any Articles but the Thirty-Nine. Who shall be Guarantees?

*Review* Who should but Roger and my Scotchman? For both of us have broken our Words of Engagement so often, especially my self, who have forfeited my Bonds
over and over, and brought my Bail into a Praemunire, three times a Week ever since my Review has come out often.

**Observator** Draw ’em up then, for you have been writing about Peace so long, that you must needs understand the Nature of these things better than I, who am out of my Sphere when I’m not setting People together by the Ears: But let ’em be as short as possible, because I am not overfond of the Subject.

**Review** To begin then: Articles of Peace concluded between the most Unserene Daniel Foe…

**Observator** By your leave sweet Sir, I must enter my Protest against your being named first: Though I own you to be Superior in one Thing, I cannot in all, therefore I demand according to your Promise of giving me an Allowance for my last Concession, that I have the Precedency.

**Review** Though it goes against my Stomach it shall be so, well then… Between the most incorrigible John Tutchin Scavenger, and Captain General of the Thrice renowned Mobility, and the most Unserene Daniel Foe, Clergy-Flogger in Ordinary to his Highness the Prince of Darkness. *Imprimis*, It is reciprocally agreed and stipulated between the aforesaid Potentates in Scandal, that from the Date hereof, there be a Perpetual Peace between them and their Adherents.

**Observator** I accept against the Word Perpetual, for I can no more keep it, than the Parties concern’d did that at Reswick.

**Review** Be it left out then. Secondly, That all Acts of Hostility be forgotten and laid aside, and that a League Offensive and Defensive be enter’d into between the aforesaid Potentates. Thirdly, That a free Trade be establish’d between the Subjects of either side, and all Embargoes be taken off from those on the Part of the *Observator*, from being hindered to deal with the Mercuries or Hawkers for *Reviews*, and on the side of the *Review* for Observators. Fourthly, That each Party do what in there lies to overthrow the Government and Church Established in the Kingdom of Solunaria, and that for this end they immediately provide themselves with Artillery and Ammunition for this purpose. Fifthly, That they do not declare War against either, but come upon ’em under the Notion of being Friends and Auxiliaries: And by these Means more opportunely forward their Destruction. Sixthly, That they continue to cry up the House of Lords and the Bishops for their Protectors and Defenders, till an Occasion shall offer itself for their being laid aside. As in the Days of the Rump-Parliament. Seventhly, That they never cease exasperating the Court against the Tackers, till it be in the Power of their Party to tack whatsoever Bill shall be thought fitting to diminish from the Royal Prerogative: And …

**Observator** Dear Lad, hold, enough, enough in Conscience, for these pacifick Agreements. For much doubt whether we shall keep half of ’em.

**Review** No matter for that, I dare say ’twill neither be the first time nor the last either of us has or shall break through Obligations of this Nature. Down with your Fist then.
Obsequator Sic subscribitur: John Tutchin, Gent. Author of the Observator.

Review You will have your Latin, though I told you my Scotchman was absent. However, I’ll set my Name and Title to it, though I know not the meaning of those two Pagan Words. Daniel Foe, Author of the True Born English-man and Scandal Club, and Jure Divino in Embryo.