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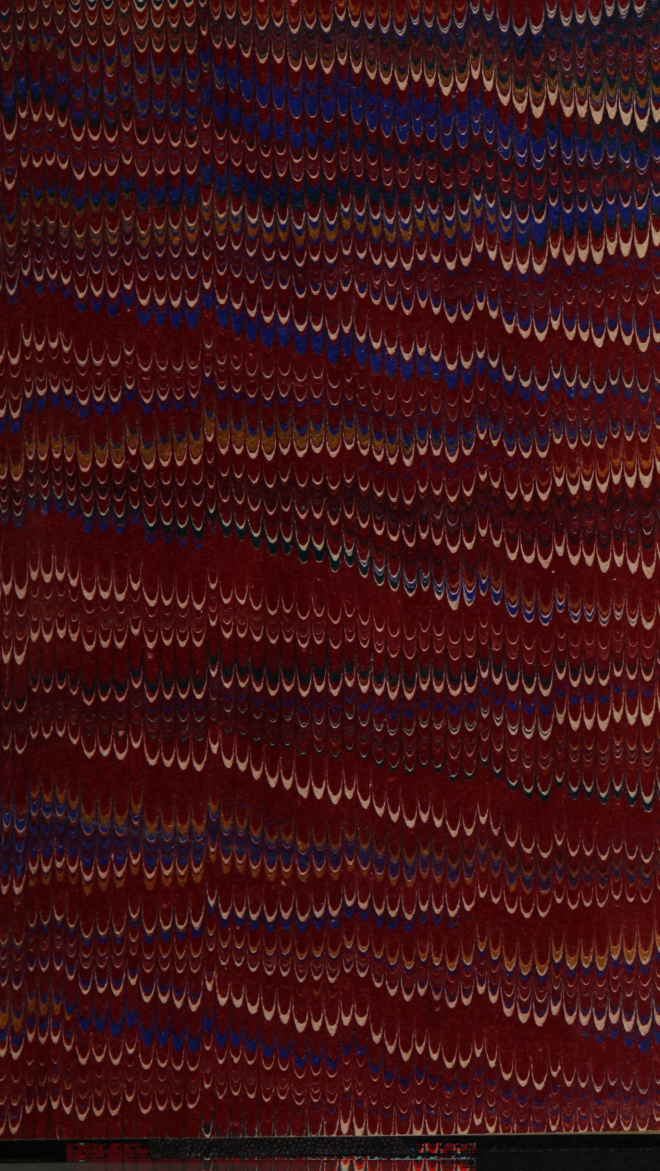
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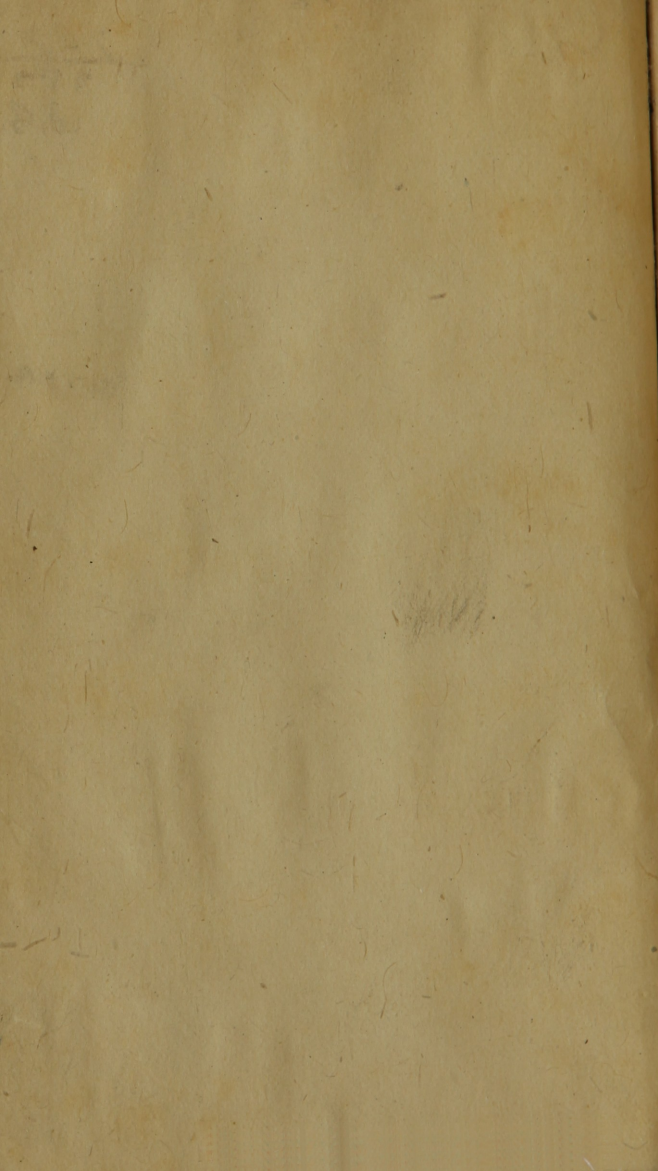
DATE

Section, *Not to be loaned*

73

No. *91395*





Friendly Debate;

OR,

A DIALOGUE

Between

RUSTICUS

AND

ACADEMICUS.

About the late Performance

O F

ACADEMICUS.

Scandal, the Glory of the English Nation,
Is worn to Raggs, and scribbl'd out of Fashion.
You'd all be Wits ———
But Writing's tedious, and that Way may fail;
The most compendious Method is to rail.
Half-Wits are Fleas, so little and so light,
We scarce cou'd know they live, but that they bite.

Dryden.

BOSTON, in N. E.

Printed and Sold by J. FRANKLIN in
Queen-Street, MDCCXXII.

Advertisement.

WHereas Mr. I. G. has lately publish'd a little Friendly Debate, full of broad English, broad Scotch, broad Latin, broad Mundungian, and good Billingsgate; which yet in Vanity he may judge would be acceptable to C. M. D. D. and F. R. S. These are to inform the Reader, that the said I. G. by broad Panegyricks has satyriz'd the said C. M. (who has justly merited the Honour of being a Member of the ROYAL SOCIETY) as well as many eminent and superior Persons among us. And as a Caution to him (who intends shortly to be troublesome to the University of Leyden) lest by his Billingsgate Terms he should impose on the Students of said University, he is to be advertis'd, that a true and faithful Billingsgate Dictionary, explaining all the Difficult Terms used in his Friendly Debate, shall be sent to Holland well vouch'd, and sign'd by some whose proper Business it is to write Dictionaries. Together with a short History of all the VITILIGATING DICTAMENS that have lately appear'd from the North, to the breaking of the Peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, in the CITY OF BOSTON in New-England.

IN DEDICATION

TO THE

Very Reverend and Learned

Dr. COTTON MATHER,

Fellow of the ROYAL SOCIETY,

SIR,

I Know of no Person so proper to present the following Dialogue to as your self: Such has been the unlucky Resolution of your truly blundering Scribe, whom you have appointed to celebrate your Praises, that he has not only call'd the Blessing of INOCULATION a *dangerous Enterprize*, but fix'd the *undivided Honour* of introducing it on Doctor *Boylston*, when in Justice it ought to be divided between him and your self: And hadst not thou mov'd the Doctor to it, perhaps there would not have been found a Soul so *mischievously zealous* as to have undertaken it. for this, Sir, I am bold to say, your Name shall

The DEDICATION.

shall be mention'd with Dishonour, while those Clergymen and others, who have distinguish'd themselves by their Meekness and Silence, shall be otherwise spoken of.

There is indeed as little in this Debate worthy your Consideration (except what respects your Character in *foreign Lands*) as in that of *Academicus*; but one Reason of its coming abroad is, that you, who are blind with Prejudice for *his* Dialogue, may if possible see its Vanity, and the Injustice he has done your self (by his absurd and unmannerly *Elogies*) as well as many eminent and superior Persons among us.

I am, SIR,

Your most Obedient Servant,

RUSTICUS.

From the South Side
of my Hay-stack,
March 9. 1721, 2.

A



A Friendly Debate, &c,

Rust. **H** Ark ye, Mr.' Demicus, a Word with you.

Ac. *With me, Sir; Good now, what Business can you have with me? Do you understand Latin?*

Rust. No Sir, I intend to talk in English, *broad English.*

Ac. *Well, What's your Will?*

Rust. I would *debate* with you about the Pamphlet you have lately publish'd by way of *Dialogue*. Pray Sir, What did you intend by it?

Ac. I intended to let you know that I am a Man of Letters, and that not only Sawny, but all the illiterate Scribblers of the Town (the Leather Apron Men) are proud and vain Fellows, and that 'tis not possible for them, once in their Lives to speak a Word of Truth.

Rust. A brave Design 'Demicus! But was there no other Maggot in your addle Pate that gave you the Itch of Scribbling?

Ac. You're too saucy Sir, I hope you don't think to take the same Liberty with me as I do with Sawny and Mundungus: This is boldly to invade the Province of another.

Rust.

Rust. Right Brother! It is indeed your Province to calumniate. Pray answer my Question, and keep your Province: I'll endeavour to treat you with as much Modesty as the Nature of the Cause will bear,

Ac. Why, I intended to acquaint all the sober People in the Country, that Sawny and his Bloody Brother and constant Friend *Mundungus*, and their Accomplices, design'd to ridicule the Principal Ministers of Religion in the Town, and render their Ministry odious to the People. They are irreversibly resolv'd to destroy the Religion of the Country; and the most effectual Way to accomplish their resolve is, to disaffect the People to their Ministers.

Rust. This Noise comes out of the North, and has been so often repeated without the least Colour of Reason, that 'tis pity we should hear any more of it. Tho' some of our Pamphleteers have given their Sentiments in too harsh Terms, yet there has been no Errors nor Heresies broach'd in any of the late Pamphlets, that I know of, nor have the Ministers been charg'd with any: But if declaring against the Opinion of Ministers in Things indifferent, will rob them of the People's Affection, and destroy the Religion of a Country, their own Order have done more this Way than the Laity.

Ac. Rusticus thou art mad: Sawny and Mundungus, &c. not only differ in Opinion from the Ministers, but call them Incendiaries of Strife and Divisions, &c. The Clergy never charge each other with this; It is a Wickedness that was never known before, in any Country, Christian Turkish or Pagan, on the Face of the Earth; Dr. Cotton Mather (Fellow of the Royal Society) says so.

Rust. Whether much Learning has not made the Doctor mad, and render'd his Books of no Use to him, I will not pretend to determine; but 'tis easy to prove that the Clergy often in their Writings, charge not only particular Ministers but the whole Order with this Crime.

Ac. *That's a Lye, Rusticus: This is peculiar to you and your Accomplices. However, Ly on.*

Rust. Prithee *'Demicus, not so furious: A Spade's a Spade, and Truth's Truth; and to convince you of the Truth of what I affirm, I shall quote a Passage from Mr. Baxter, Against a Revolt to a foreign Jurisdiction, Page 1.*

IT is a dreadful Instance of the sottish deceivableness of Mankind, that one of the most happy Kingdoms on Earth, should be almost consumed by their own hands, in Divisions infamous through the World, and that to this very day the Cause and Matter of them, is not known (except by the contrivers, among ourselves) by such who madly continue the Divisions. Nor is it known who is in the fault, but they strive on, accusing one another. And it's one of the saddest notices in the World, that studious Learned Pastors that are grown old in Studies, and profess all to be devoted to Truth and Love, are so far from having Skill or Will to heal us, that they are the Men that cause the Wound, and keep it open, and are greater hinderers of our Concord and Peace, than Princes, Lords, or any Seculars: And what one judgeth the certain Cause of the Worlds Divisions, another as confidently judgeth the only way to heal them: And both sides confess while they lay it on each other, that it is the Clergy that are the deadliest Enemies of Peace. It is not the noise of Drums and Trumpets, which tells an Army the Causes of the War: The Masters of the War can chuse their own Trumpeters, and talk loudest of that which they would have divert men from the true Cause.

I might likewise add the Opinion of Mr. Daille, formerly Minister of the Gospel in the Reformed Church at Paris, in his *Treatise concerning the right Use of the Fathers*, Page 155. which may also shew you, that an *ACADEMICAL* Education is often lost on those who are favour'd with it,

' I confess, the opinions of particular Persons are very
 ' different one from the other; and the Knowledge of
 ' some of them is very mean, and sometimes also is none
 ' at all. But yet possibly this Reason may chance to ex-
 ' clude even a good part of the *Clergy* also, from the Au-
 ' thority which they lay claim to in this particular; be-
 ' ing it cannot be denied, but that both **IGNORANCE**
 ' & **MALICE** have oftentimes as great a share here, pro-
 ' portionably, as they have among the very *People* it
 ' self. Who sees not, that, if we must have regard to
 ' to the Capacity of men, there are sometimes found,
 ' even among the plain ordinary sort of *Christians* in a
 ' Church, those that are more considerable, both for
 ' their Learning and Piety, than the *Pastors* themselves?
 ' One of those *Fathers*, of whom we now discourse, hath
 ' informed us, *That many times the Clergy have erred, the*
 ' *Bishop hath wavered in his Opinion, the rich Men have*
 ' *adhered in their judgment to the Earthly Princes of this*
 ' *World; mean while the People alone preserved the Faith*
 ' *entire.* Seeing therefore that it may sometimes hap-
 ' pen, and that it hath also many times happened, that
 ' the *Clergy* have held **Erroneous Opinions**, while the
 ' *People* only held the **True**, it is very evident, in my
 ' Judgment, that the Opinion of the *People* in these
 ' cases ought not wholly to be neglected.

Ac. *What a shameless Wretch are you Rusticus, to quote*
these Passages, which only relate to the Clergy of England
and France, when you know in your Conscience, that Bo-
ston can boast of almost an unparallel'd Happiness in
their Ministers: Some of us have travell'd to other and
divers Parts of the World, and we sincerely profess,
we never saw the Place that excelled Boston in this Re-
spect.

Rust. Prithee *Demicus*, stay till you have taken your
 intended Voyage to *Holland*, before you talk of your
 Travels; I am perswaded you have seen more Ships *built*
 than ever you sail'd in. However, you must certainly
 know, that *Mr. Baxter* was a Dissenter from the Church
 of

of *England*, (which I presume will give Credit to his Assertion,) and he makes no Distinction between their Clergy and those of his own Perswasion : And whether you will allow it or no, there are as famous Men for Piety and Learning, among the Dissenting Clergy in *England*, as any among our selves. But pray Sir, tell me who you take to be the *Principal* Ministers of Religion in *New-England* ?

Ac. *Who!* Dr. Increase Mather and his Son.

Rust. I thought so ! But wherein do they excell their Neighbours ?

Ac. *I'll tell you wherein.* The old Gentleman for above Threescore Years has preached the Gospel, and been greatly and justly admir'd : And has also had great Esteem in the Renowned Church of *Scotland* : He has been received with great Respect in the Courts and very Closets of Crowned Heads. The young Gentleman has been above Forty Years a celebrated Preacher, and has been so acknowledged by *Foreign Universities*, as no *American* ever was before him, and justly merited the Honour of being a Member of the ROYAL SOCIETY : He has a GREAT NAME in distant Lands ; and foreign Countries have a great Veneration for him.

Rust. Right agen, 'Demicus, he has certainly a great Name abroad for Something. Tho' many Authors mention him with great Veneration, yet as I am now conversing with an *Academical* Brother, what Mr. Oldmixon says in his *History of the British Colonies*, Page 108, 109, is most to my preient Purpose.

' The *History of New-England* written by Cotton Mather, a Man famous in his Gountry, as appears by the barbarous Rhimes before it in Praise of the Author, is a sufficient Proof, that a Man may have read hundreds of Latin Authors, and be qualify'd to construe them, may have spent his Youth in a Colledge, and be bred up in Letters, yet have neither Judgment to know how to make a Discourse perspicuous, nor Eloquence to express his Sentiments so that they may please and persuade,

swade, the easiest way to Conviction; for of all the Books that ever came from the Press with the venerable Title of a History, 'tis impossible to shew one that is so confus'd in the Form, so trivial in the Matter, and so faulty in the Expression, so cramm'd with Puns, Anagrams, Acrosticks, Miracles and Prodigies, that it rather resembles School Boys Exercises Forty Years ago, and *Romish* Legends, than the Collections of an Historian bred up in a Protestant Academy.

The Reader will excuse this Digression which hardly can be call'd so properly, it serving to give the Reader an Idea of the Use the *New-England* Men make of their University, and to shew how far an Humour or Affectation may prevail to the Prejudice of the most useful and reasonable things.

That History of *Cotton Mather's* is enough to give one a Surfeit of Letters, if all the Schools in the World were like *Harvard-Colledge*. —

This is not said to reflect on the Design of their University, but if possible to make them see their Error in the Execution of it, that they may leave off mean Cant, which was in Fashion a hundred years ago, add the Purity of Language to that of Doctrine, and let the Scoffers see that Religion needs no little Shifts and Arts to support its self, and that the Force and Harmony of the Divine Truths are never so convincing and moving on reasonable Souls, as when they are express'd in Elegant and apt Phrases, free from the Poverty and Tautology of the present *New-England* Diction; let their own *Dr. Bates* instruct them better in his best Pieces, if they think themselves too pious to learn of our *Tillotson* and *Calamy*.

Ac. Then you dont like his whining Preaching; you can't profit by his Canting Ministry I'll warrant ye.

Rust. I like him best in the Pulpit Mr. Demicus, and believe it would be much for the Peace of the Town and Country, if he could for ever be confin'd to it. But 'tis observ'd to the Dishonour of some of our Clergy, that they despise their Brethren of meaner Talents, whose

whose Labours God has very remarkably bless'd to the Conversion of great Numbers of their Hearers.

Ac. I see you can't help discovering your Malice against the young Doctor; I doubt there is much of the Devil in the Business: But I have known a Man, *Rusticus*, that could not boast of more malice and spite against this Gentleman than your self; but when he lay upon his Death-Bed, his ghastly Countenance, and rolling Eyes spoke the Horror of his Conscience; and he expressed an intolerable Uneasiness, and most passionately desired to speak with the DOCTOR: when the DOCTOR came, he declared with all the regret imaginable that he had abused him, and spoke most maliciously of him, and he ardently implored his Pardon; Adding that, he had no other reason, but *Because he saw he did so much Good*,—

Rust. My Friend, you must pardon me, if I call this a holy Cheat, and a sacred Fraud, advanc'd on purpose for a Scarecrow. You make no Distinction between opposing his private Opinion, and maliciously abusing him because he does so much Good. I own his doing so much Good, and yet so much Mischief, has made him famous all over the World; but the Good he does, will not exempt him from a Reproof for the Mischief he is guilty of. Pray 'Demicus, forbear to prostitute Religion to such vile Purposes.——

Ac. Well, have you any thing further to offer? (I must go to my Study.) You have said nothing of Sawny's notorious Lying.

Rust. I suppose Sawny will answer for himself: My Business is to prove that your fulsome Commendations of the young Doctor are but an Abuse on him. And I cannot but pity some other Gentlemen who particularly come under the *Loss* of your Panegyricks: They must be strangely in Love with Praise, if they can take it at the Hands of such an awkward Panegyrist as you appear to be in your Friendly Debate. But, Prithee Mr. 'Demicus, (before you go to your Study,) tell me why you bring in Myndurgus upbraiding Sawny, because he did not dedicate his Book to the worthy Select Men? Ac.

Ac. Because they were saucy in citing the Ministers to appear before them, and examining them about Inoculation, and forbidding them to encourage the Country People to come into Town to be inoculated. And I thought I had a pretty good Opportunity to be reveng'd on them for their Sauciness, by representing them as Patrons of Abuses on the Ministers and sacred Scriptures. I hope our Ministers will stir up all their Friends to get in better Select-Men next Monday: I am certain Dr. Mather has done his Duty in the Affair: His Pastoral Visits have (upon this Account) been more painfully and faithfully manag'd of late than ever they were before, and I hope they will have the desir'd Effect.

Rust. Well 'Demicus, I'll leave you to your self for the present, wishing you good Success in your Studies; And in your next Hercic Epistle to Dr. Boylston, be sure don't forget to conclude it with an *Emusao meo*, which will not only discover your great Proficiency in the Latin Tongue, but be a strong Argument of your great Veneration for the ingenious Author of the following Piece, who is undoubtedly your Fellow-Labourer in studying the Learned Languages: And so Farewell.

A P P E N D I X.

Whereas an *Academical Brother* (Son to a Fellow of the Royal Society) having sent the following Answer to *John Williams* unto the Publisher of the *Courant*, who has favour'd us with the MSS, we thought we could not fill up the vacant Pages more to the Satisfaction of the ingenious and learned Reader, than by annexing it to this *Dialogue*, with a due Regard to the worthy Author's Spelling and Pointing, &c.

A Short Answer to a foolish Pamphlet, Entitled *Several Arguments Proving, that Inoculation is not contained, in the Law of Physick nei-*
ther

ther Natural or DIVINE, and therefore unlaw-
 Full. by John Williams a Tabaconist.

Mity Sir,

YOUR Weighty Syllogisms are so vastly
 Ridiculous, and nonsensically foolish:
 (*Don't think I fear*) that I resolve to take
 pattern by them to learn how to draw Con-
 vincing Arguments to Prove, that Inoculation
 is not Tobacco; as Now you shall see one of
 your Syllogisms in Mood, and Figure, If Ino-
 culation is not Tobacco, it isn't lawful, but it
 isn't Tobacco, Therefore it is unlawful. And,
 Syr, a Much better Syllogism, than ever was
 Eradicated from the Brain of a Tabaconist.
 But it would be very Proper to dissect you in
 order to answer you Syr, Your Religion is a
 Tabaconist, as for your Trade, I question whe-
 ther You know, What it is yourself?

I Should have been at a loss to have known
 who had composed the Learned Discourse, if
 your Honours Name had not been Prefixed to
 it, I should certainly have thought it had
 been some old Woman. But the Particularity
 of your serene Dulness, & undisturbed Non-
 sense would soon have made it Notorious and
 Conspicuous to me.

Quis talia Legendo, temperet

a Ridendo.

How long have you been a Physician? Your
 Saying, Sympathy, and Antipathy does not
 make you a Physician.

Παρεν γελω, Κικοντα Κοις &c.

You

You also Pretend to be a Logician, but by forming Syllogisms, and Creating such Sublime Arguments You show what you are. You pretend to make a Compound Syllogism in Mood, and figure. What is a Compound Syllogism? Define it if you can. all your Pretensions to Learning are but Pretensions. And, Syr, Ple have you to know, You Shew in Your Book as little of your Skill in Divinity, as well as Physick, and Logick. so that you may rightly be stiled, *Omnium Horarum Homo*, i. e. Jack of all Trades and Good at None.

I have now just finished an Answer to your HEAD which I have Treated as a *Father*. Pray take it not amifs if I Turn up your Tail (I will not Say, Afs, You are Afs all over) and correct you as you deserve in the following Doggrel.

How rarely, John, Thou doest Dispute,
 At best thou werest Sadly put to't
 To Answer those above your Rank
 With your Brave Arguments, which Stank
 Of What, I know not, but they are
 Too bad for any, butt John Star.
 Yes, for a Williams they will do,
 Ay, and too Good for Williams too.
 E'en Lett 'em go, They'l do at least,
 For Williams's Virginia best.
 Witty He will be if He can,
 The Duce is in the foolish Man.
 He Understands both Sympathy,
 And Physical Antipathy.

There

There are no other Parts but those
 In Physic. Sure Great Williams knows.
 Of Logic, and Philosophy,
 I am a Master, Says Brave He.
 And so thou art, but without Joke,
 Ile Stand by you, and see your Numbskull
 broke.

Our Ministers as all agree,
 You've taught them their Divinity:
 Or else you think so, that's as Good
 As if you had, Ah Head of Wood.
 Tis Brave for one, who's Antitype
 Of Fuel for Tobacco Pipe.
 If Hellebore wont Cleanse your Brain,
 It won't, I'm Sure, to try, is vain.
 Then Reap the Fruit of thy Past Pain
 And with Tobacco Cleanse thy Muddy
 Brain.

POSTSCRIPT.

I confess My Poetry is not very even but it
 will do for such an inequality, as may Easily
 be found in your Heavy Moulded Lines, Con-
 sider they are by one, who is

TOBACCO PROOF.

Cambridge. Dec. 19. 1721. E Musæo Meo.

F I N I S.

The Author of this Learned Piece is one *Tobacco Proof*,
 a Son of *Harvard*, who now makes no small Figure at
 Colledge, and has lately bless'd the whole Country with
 a matchless and superlatively excellent Letter in the
Boston Gazette: And tho' the Style of this Discourse
 can neither be call'd the *Sublime*, the *Mean*, or the *Indif-*
ferent,

ferent, yet we presume the *Mundungian Language* can afford us a Name for it; (tho' probably the Word *The-rebel* in the *Vocabulary* lately publish'd may do for the present :) And therefore, we propose, that at least Two Thirds of the *Sons of Harvard*, who write in this Stile, may be doom'd to the *Cellar of Mundungus*, to perfect themselves in his Language. We likewise propose, that instead of scattering Scraps of *Latin* and *Greek* in their Writings, (like the Weather in an *Almanack*,) they use now and then a Phrase in the *Mundungian Language*, the very *Sound* of which is *rhetorical* and *perswasive*, and will add a peculiar Beauty to their Performances.

And since all illiterate Men are forbid (by the Learned) to speak in *Publick Assemblies*, we move, that at all *Town-Meetings*, and *Associations of the People*, a *Mundungian Schollar* may be the *Prolocutor*: And, that he may not be lost in the Crowd, we propose, that his Head may be neatly bound with a Roll of *Tobacco*; and that his Neckcloth be made of *WILLIAMS'S* best *Virginia in the Leaf*.

Further, This excellent Language will be of great Use to our *Academical Elegiac Poets*, who in all their *Funeral Elegies* (or *Tears dropt at Funerals*) burlesque the Dead with *Double Rhimes*, and render the Use of all rhiming *Monosyllables altogether useless*. The following Lines may serve to discover the Excellency of the *Mundungian Language* in this particular.

On the Death of a Young Schollar.

Bright was his Wit, and wondrous was his Noleg,
As learn'd a Youth as e'er was bred at Coleg.

On a Virtuous Woman.

Who can discover all her virtuous Acketts?
Or who can tell their sweet and blest Efectets?

On a Country Captain.

Alas! We of the Valiant are berefet!
Nor has our Town a Man to match him lefet!

F I N I S.



Med. Hist.

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