

low, brutal, seditious, Enemies to Strangers. The abundance of all the Necessaries of life produced by their Country with little pain, renders them proud and negligent. They have not the same Industry, nor the same Address to Works and Manufactures, as their Neighbours and other People; who are made to love labour, and be industrious, by necessity and the Reviling of their Country. It hath been long since said,

Anglica Gens est Optima flens, sed pessima ridens.

To be persuaded of the Truth whereof, one need only consider the Evils that England hath suffered these thirty or forty years, by the Transport and the Malice of its sour, querulous, opinionative, and dissimbling Spirits. — The Men of Letters often compose their Works with a Pipe of Tobacco in their hands. — The Citizens and Peasants delight in the fighting of Bears and Bulls, Cock-fighting, and Wrestling; which agree with their Inclinations, which are a little cruel. — The Women go without Ceremony to the Taverns. The Gallants carry their Mistresses to them; to pleasure whom the Treat must be concluded with the fighting of Bears and Bulls, Cock-fighting and Wrestling, and many times with all those three together. By saying all three together, he imagines we fight the Bears and Bulls with one another. Now as my Grandfather Heylyn answers to the like Calumnies of Scaliger, by the shooting of the Bow, we may easily guess the quality of the Archer.

If the People of France lived with all the Innocency and the Freedom of the Golden Age, their Censures might have been allowed to pass with the Authority of Oracles. But as it is their unhappiness to be Slaves to the Rack, and the Wheel, and the Gallies; who have filled the Universe with the Outcries of their Persecutions at Home, and their Devastations abroad; and can never be forgotten for the blood of Henry III. and IV. the Barricades of Paris, and the Nuptials of S. Bartholomew's Eve; before they begin the Cry of Cruelty and Seditiousness upon another Nation; let them remember that Divine Character of a Man, who quarrels with a Mote in his Brother's Eye, whilst he hath a Beam in his own. If I know any thing of the Native English Temper, Cruelty is the very Antipodes to it. There is nothing more odious in History amongst us, than the Memory of a Prince, who stains his Reign with Blood. As our Government is a Monarchy without Tyranny, it requires our Obedience without Servility. Torture is excluded our Laws with an abhorrence; not only as a Servility unfit for Christians; but a Barbarity unfit for Men. And that famous ancient comparison of *Angli tanquam Angeli*, shines most especially in the beauty of their minds; composed of Simplicity, Integrity, Modesty, Mercy, Open and Free-heartedness, Peace Gratitude, Generosity, Gallantry and Love; which are all comprehended in one Word, they call Good Nature, so appropriated by God to them and their Language, that it scarce admits of a direct Translation into any other. The true Reading of the Verse, that is quoted by Monsieur Morery, is by an Abuse corrupted and turned into *Anglica gens*. Otherwise it is

Rustica gens est Optima flens, sed Pessima ridens.

And understands the Peasantry, not of Ours, or any Particular Nation, but all in Common. Though the Sense and Equity of it neither so is any better than the Poetry: And I dare be confident the Rhiming Monk that wrote it, never knew in himself what Labour and Oppression means. Whilst the Peasant by the condition of his Being carries a Cross, to add to the weight whereof is barbarous in Oppressing the Oppressed. It is no small sign of a Disposition contrary to Brutal, Insolent, Querulous and Cruel, that England is to a Proverb the Paradise of the Tender Sex. For whom Monsieur Morery hath prepared such a Treatise of Sports, as hath I believe at least one excellence in it, Not to be Common. He ought to have excused those Sports from Cruelty in their favours too; and to have known, that the particular pleasure of the Peasantry therein, is only to see the courage of their Beasts, or laugh at Cowardise even in Beasts. But for the Evils which England (he says) hath suffered these thirty or forty years, or more, it is very unjust to forget the Praises of all the Persons that were innocent of them, and to draw the Character of the whole Nation from the Crimes of the guilty only. Who so far as they forsook Peace, and Love, and the rest of the Virtues abovementioned, degenerated from the Native Spirits of Englishmen. Whilst fearing beyond reason, and immoderately persecuting a Phantasm of Cruelty in others, they begat the Monster amongst themselves. So odious is the apprehension of Cruelty, Slavery, and Brutality here; that the Evils of England have been occasioned by nothing more, than a false fear taken at their Names.

His other Character of the People of England, is, that they are Enemies to Strangers. For which, I never could learn a better Argument, than that of Mons. Sorbier's; (see Dr. Sprays Observations upon the Voyages of Mons. Sorbier;) because he was rudely called *Monsieur*, and