



N^o 324. *Wednesday, March 12.*

O curvæ in terris animæ, & cœlestium inanes. Perf.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

THE Materials you have collected together towards a general History of Clubs, make so bright a part of your Speculations, that I think it is but a Justice we all owe the learned World to furnish you with such Assistances as may promote that useful Work. For this Reason I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect Informations of a Set of Men (if you will allow them a place in that Species of Being) who have lately erected themselves into a Nocturnal Fraternity under the Title of the *Mobock Club*, a Name borrowed it seems from a sort of *Canibals* in *India*, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the Nations about them. The President is stiled *Emperor of the Mobocks*; and his Arms are a *Turkish Crescent*, which his Imperial Majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his Forehead. Agreeable to their Name, the avowed design of their Institution is Mischief; and upon this Foundation all their Rules and Orders are framed. An outrageous Ambition of doing all possible hurt to their Fellow Creatures, is the great Cement of their Assembly, and the only Qualification required in the Members. In order to exert this Principle in its full Strength and Perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the Possibility of attending to any Motions of Reason or Humanity; then make a general Sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the Streets through which they patrol. Some are knock'd down, others stabb'd, others cut and carbonado'd. To put the Watch to a total Rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive Militia, is reckon'd a *Coup d'eclat*. The particular Talents by which these *Misanthropes* are distinguished from one another,

another, consist in the various kinds of Barbarities which they execute upon their Prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the Lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the Nose flat to the Face, and boring out the Eyes with their Fingers: Others are called the Dancing-Masters, and teach their Scholars to cut Capers by running Swords thro' their Legs; a new Invention, whether originally *French* I cannot tell: A third sort are the Tumblers, whose Office it is to set Women on their Heads, and commit certain Indecencies, or rather Barbarities, on the Limbs which they expose. But these I forbear to mention, because they can't but be very shocking to the Reader as well as the SPECTATOR. In this manner they carry on a War against Mankind; and by the standing Maxims of their Policy, are to enter into no Alliances but one, and that is Offensive and Defensive with all Bawdy-Houses in general, of which they have declared themselves Protectors and Guarantees.

I must own, Sir, these are only broken incoherent Memoirs of this wonderful Society, but they are the best I have been yet able to procure; for being but of late Establishment, it is not ripe for a just History! And to be serious, the chief Design of this Trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleas'd, out of a concern for the good of your Countrymen, to act under the Character of SPECTATOR, not only the Part of a Looker-on, but an Overseer of their Actions; and whenever such Enormities as this infect the Town, we immediately fly to you for Redress. I have reason to believe, that some thoughtless Youngsters, out of a false Notion of Bravery, and an immoderate Fondness to be distinguish'd for Fellows of Fire, are insensibly hurry'd into this senseless scandalous Project: Such will probably stand corrected by your Reproofs, especially if you inform them that it is not Courage for half a score Fellows, mad with Wine and Lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the Manners of *Indian* Savages are no becoming Accomplishments to an *English* fine Gentleman. Such of them as have been Bullies and Scowerers of a long standing, and are grown Veterans in this kind of Service, are, I fear, too hardned

to receive any Impressions from your Admonitions.
 But I beg you would recommend to their Perusal your
 ninth Speculation: They may there be taught to take
 warning from the Club of Duellists; and be put in
 mind, that the common Fate of those Men of Honour
 was to be hang'd.

I am,

March the 10,

S I R,

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Your most humble Servant,

Philanthropos.

THE following Letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the Reader may observe at the same View, how amiable Ignorance may be when it is shewn in its Simplicities, and how detestable in Barbarities. It is written by an honest Countryman to his Mistress, and came to the Hands of a Lady of good Sense wrapped about a Thread-Paper, who has long kept it by her as an Image of artless Love.

To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.

LOVELY, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let Affection excuse Presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the Sight of your sweet Countenance and comely Body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy Treacle or Liqueurish Powder at the Apothecary's Shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming Desire to become your Servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own Man, and may match where I please; for my Father is taken away, and now I am come to my Living, which is Ten Yard Land, and a House; and there is never a Yard of Land in our Field but it is as well worth ten Pound a Year, as a Thief is worth a Halter; and all my Brothers and Sisters are provided for: Besides I have good Household-stuff, though I say it, both Bras and Pewter, Linens and Woollens; and though my House be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard