

The Fable of the Bees or Private Vices

Bernard Mandeville

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The Preface

LAWS and Government are to the Political Bodies of Civil Societies, what the Vital Spirits and Life it self are to the Natural Bodies of Animated Creatures; and as those that study the Anatomy of Dead Carcasses may see, that the chief Organs and nicest Springs more immediately required to continue the Motion of our Machine, are not hard Bones, strong Muscles and Nerves, nor the smooth white Skin that so beautifully covers them, but small trifling Films and little Pipes that are either over-look'd, or else seem inconsiderable to Vulgar Eyes; so they that examine into the Nature of Man, abstract from Art and Education, may observe, that what renders him a Sociable Animal, consists not in his desire of Company, Good-nature, Pity, Affability, and other Graces of a fair Outside; but that his vilest and most hateful Qualities are the most necessary Accomplishments to fit him for the largest, and, according to the World, the happiest and most flourishing Societies.

The following Fable, in which what I have said is set forth at large, was printed above eighta Years ago* in a Six Penny Pamphlet, call'd, the Grumbling Hive; or Knaves turn'd Honest; and being soon after Pirated, cry'd about the Streets in a Half-Penny Sheet.¹ Since the first publishing of it I have met with several that either wilfully or ignorantly mistaking the Design, would have it, that the Scope of it was a Satyr upon Virtue and Morality, and the whole wrote for the Encouragementc of Vice. This made me resolve, whenever it should be reprinted, some way or other to inform the Reader of the real Intent this little Poem was wrote with. I do not dignify these few loose Lines with the Name of Poem, that I would have the Reader expect any Poetry in them, but barely because they are Rhime, and I am in reality puzzled what Name to give them; for they are neither Heroick nor Pastoral, Satyr, Burlesque nor Heroi-comick; to be a Tale they want Probability, and the whole is rather too long for a Fable. All I can say of them is, that they are a Story told in Dogrel, which without the least design of being Witty, I have endeavour'd to do in as easy and familiar a manner as I was able: The Reader shall be welcome to call them what he pleases. 'Twas said of Montagne, that he was pretty well vers'd in the Defects of Man-kind, but unacquainted with the Excellencies of human Nature:¹ If I fare no worse, I shall think my self well used.

What Country soever in the Universe is to be understood by the Bee-Hive represented here, it is evident from what is said of the Laws and Constitution of it, the Glory, Wealth, Power and Industry of its Inhabitants, that it must be a large, rich and warlike Nation, that is happily govern'd by a limited Monarchy. The Satyr therefore to be met with in the following Lines upon the several Professions and Callings, and almost every Degree and Station of People, was not made to injure and point to a particular Persons, but only to shew the Vileness of the Ingredients that all togetherb compose the wholesome Mixture of a well-order'd Society; in order to extol the wonderful Power of Political Wisdom, by the help of which so beautiful a Machine is rais'd from the most contemptible Branches. For the main Design of the Fable, (as it is briefly explain'd in the Moral) is to shew the Impossibility of enjoying all the most elegant Comforts of Life that are to be met with in an industrious, wealthy and powerful Nation, and at the same time be bless'd with all the Virtue and Innocence that can be wish'd for in a Golden Age; from thence to expose the Unreasonableness and Folly of those, that desirous of being an opulent and flourishing People, and wonderfully greedy after all the Benefits they can receive as such, are yet always murmuring at and exclaiming against those Vices and Inconveniences, that from the Beginning of the World to this present Day, have been inseparable from all Kingdoms and States that ever were fam'd for Strength, Riches, and Politeness, at the same time.

To do this, I first slightly touch upon some of the Faults and Corruptions the several Professions and Callings are generally charged with. After that I shew that those very Vices of every particular

Person by skilful Management, were made subservient to the Grandeur and worldly Happiness of the whole. Lastly, by setting forth what of necessity must be the consequence of general Honesty and Virtue, and National Temperance, Innocence and Content, I demonstrate that if Mankind could be cured of the Failings they are Naturally guilty of, they would cease to be capable of being rais'd into such vast, potent and polite Societies, as they have been under the several great Commonwealths and Monarchies that have flourish'd since the Creation.

If you ask me, why I have done all this, cui bono? and what Good these Notions will produce? truly, besides the Reader's Diversion, I believe none at all; but if I was ask'd, what Naturally ought to be expected from 'em, I wou'd answer, That in the first Place the People, who continually find fault with others, by reading them, would be taught to look at home, and examining their own Consciences, be made asham'd of always railing at what they are more or less guilty of themselves; and that in the next, those who are so fond of the Ease and Comforts, and reap all the Benefits that are the Consequence of a great and flourishing Nation, would learn more patiently to submit to those Inconveniences, which no Government upon Earth can remedy, when they should see the Impossibility of enjoying any great share of the first, without partaking likewise of the latter.

This I say ought naturally to be expected from the publishing of these Notions, if People were to be made better by any thing that could be said to them; but Mankind having for so many Ages remain'd still the same, notwithstanding the many instructive and elaborate Writings, by which their Amendment has been endeavour'd, I am not so vain as to hope for bet-ter Success from so inconsiderable a Trifle.¹

Having allow'd the small Advantage this little Whim is likely to produce, I think my self oblig'd to shew, that it cannot be prejudicial to any; for what is published, if it does no good, ought at least to do no harm: In order to this I have made some Explanatory Notes, to which the Reader will find himself referr'd in those Passages that seem to be most liable to Exceptions.

The Censorious that never saw the Grumbling Hive, will tell me, that whatever I may talk of the Fable, it not taking up a Tenth part of the Book, was only contriv'd to introduce the Remarks; that instead of clearing up the doubtful or obscure Places, I have only pitch'd upon such as I had a mind to expatiate upon; and that far from striving to extenuate the Errors committed before, I have made Bad worse, and shewn my self a more barefaced Champion for Vice, in the ram-bling Digressions, than I had done in the Fable it self.

I shall spend no time in answering these Accusations; where Men are prejudiced, the best Apologies are lost; and I know that those who think it Criminal to suppose a necessity of Vice in any case whatever, will never be reconcil'd to any Part of the Performance; but if this be thoroughly examin'd, all the Offence it can give, must result from the wrong Inferences that may perhaps be drawn from it, and which I desire no body to make. When I assert, that Vices are inseparable from great and potent Societies, and that it is impossible their Wealth and Grandeur should subsist without, I do not say that the particular Members of them who are guilty of any should not be continually reprov'd, or not be punish'd for them when they grow into Crimes.

There are, I believe, few People in London, of those that are at any time a forc'd to go a-foot, but what could wish the Streets of it much cleaner than generally they are; while they regard nothing but their own Clothes and private Conveniency: but when once they come to consider, that what offends them is the result of the Plenty, great Traffick and Opulency of that mighty City, if they have any Concern in its Welfare, they will hardly ever wish to see the Streets of it less dirty. For if we mind the Materials of all Sorts that must supply such an infinite number of Trades and Handicrafts, as are always going forward; the vast quantity of Victuals, Drink and Fewel that are daily consum'd in it, the Waste and Superfluities that must be produced from them; the multitudes of Horses and other Cattle that are always dawbing the Streets, the Carts, Coaches and more heavy Carriages that are perpetually wearing and breaking the Pavement of them, and above all the numberless swarmsc of People that are continually harassing and trampling through every part of them: If, I say, we mind all these, we shall find that every Moment must produce new Filth; and considering how far distant the great Streets are from the River side, what Cost and Care soever be bestow'd to remove the Nastiness almost as fast as 'tisa made, it is impossible London should be more cleanly before it is less flourishing. Now would I ask if a good Citizen, in consideration of what has been said, might not assert, that dirty Streets are a necessary Evil inseparable from the Felicity of London, without being the least hindrance to the cleaning of Shoes, or sweeping of Streets, and consequently without any

Prejudice either to the Blackguard¹ or the Scavengers.

But if, without any regard to the Interest or Happiness of the City, the Question was put, What Place I thought most pleasant to walk in? No body can doubt but, before the stinking Streets of London, I would esteem a fragrant Garden, or a shady Grove in the Country. In the same manner, if laying aside all worldly Greatness and Vain-Glory, I should be ask'd where I thought it was most probable that Men might enjoy true Happiness, I would prefer a small peaceable Society, in which Men, neither envy'd nor esteem'd by Neighbours, should be contented to live upon the Natural Product of the Spot they inhabit, to a vast Multitude abounding in Wealth and Power, that should always be conquering others by their Arms Abroad, and debauching themselves by Foreign Luxury at Home.^a

Thus much I had^b said to the Reader in the First Edition;^c and have added nothing by way of Preface in the Second. But since that, a violent Out-cry has been made against the Book, exactly answering the Expectation I always had of the Justice, the Wisdom, the Charity, and Fair-dealing of those whose Good-will I despair'd of. It has been presented by the Grand-Jury,¹ and condemn'd by thousands who never saw a word of it. It has been preach'd against before my Lord Mayor; and an utter Refutation of it is daily expected from a Reverend Divine, who has call'd me Names in the Advertisements, and threatned to answer me in two Months time for above five Months together.¹ What I have to say for my self, the Reader will see in my Vindication² at the End of the Book, where he will likewise find the Grand-Jury's Presentment, and a Letter to the Right Honourable Lord C.¹ which is very Rhetorical beyond Argument or Connexion. The author shews a fine Talent for Invectives, and great Sagacity in discovering Atheism, where others can find none. He is zealous against wicked Books, points at the Fable of the Bees, and is very angry with the Author: he bestows four strong Epithets on the Enormity of his Guilt, and by several elegant Innuendo's to the Multitude, as the Danger there is in suffering such Authors to live, and the Vengeance of Heaven upon a whole Nation, very charitably recommends him to their Care.

Considering the length of this Epistle, and that it is not wholly levell'd at me only, I thought at first to have made some Extracts from it of what related to my self; but finding, on a nearer Enquiry, that what concern'd me was so blended and interwoven with what did not, I was oblig'd to trouble the Reader with it entire, not without Hopes that, prolix as it is, the Extravagancy of it will be entertaining to those who have perused the Treatise it condemns with so much Horror.^a

Endnotes:

[*] This was wrote in 1714.^b

[a] above eight] about fifteen 29

[b] Footnote add. 23

[c] Encouragement 32

[1] See above, i. xxxiii, and below, ii. 387–9.

[1] This is cited from Pierre Bayle's *Miscellaneous Reflections, Occasion'd by the Comet (1708)* i. 97–8: 'Montagne, of whom Messieurs de Port Royal, who are none of his best Friends, are pleas'd to observe, That having never understood the Dignity of Human Nature, he was well enough acquainted with its Defects. ...' Bayle placed the passage in the *Art of Thinking [La Logique, ou l'Art de Penser, by A. Arnauld and P. Nicole]*, pt. 3, ch. 19; but *La Logique* contains no such passage there, although it offers similar criticism of Montaigne in 111. xix. 9 and 111. xx. 6. Nicole elsewhere (*Essais de Morale, Paris, 1714, vi. 214*) asserted that Montaigne, in his analysis of things, 'a eu assez de lumiere pour en reconoître la sottise & la vanité'.

[a] at 14

[b] all together] altogether 32

[a] I om. 32

[1] Collins, only the year before (1713), had introduced his Discourse of Free-Thinking with a similar cynicism: 'For as Truth will never serve the Purposes of Knaves, so it will never suit the Understandings of Fools; and the latter will ever be as well pleas'd in being deceiv'd, as the former in deceiving. It is therefore without the least hopes of doing any good, but purely to comply with your Request, that I send you this Apology for Free-Thinking. . . .' (p. 4).

[a] times 14

[b] the] and the 14, 23

[c] swarm 14

[a] 'tis] it is 14–24

[1] Street shoe-blacks.

[a] Preface ends here 14

[b] have 23

[c] Instead of remainder of preface, 23 has what I have further to say to him he will find in the Additions I have made since.

[1] For Mandeville's account of this presentment in 1723 see Fable i. 383 sqq.

Five years later, on 28 Nov. 1728, the Grand Jury of Middlesex again decided to '... most humbly present the Author, Printers and Publishers of a Book, entituled, The Fable of the Bees, or, Private Vices, Publick Benefits ... , the fifth Edition. ...

' "And we beg Leave humbly to observe, that this infamous and scandalous Book ... was presented by the Grand-Jury of this County, to this Honourable Court, in the Year 1723; yet notwithstanding the said Presentment, and in Contempt thereof, an Edition of this Book has been published; together with the Presentment of the said Grand-Jury, with scandalous and infamous Reflections thereon, in the present Year 1728" ' (see Remarks upon Two Late Presentments of the Grand-Jury, pp. 5–6).

This immunity of Mandeville's is interesting as indicative of powerful patronage. Chancellor Macclesfield, it will be remembered (see above, i. xxvi-xxvii), was his friend. Poor Woolston, one of whose Discourses on the miracles was presented in 1728 along with the Fable, did not escape so easily, but served a term in jail.

[1] On Monday, 12 Aug. 1723, the True Briton published an advertisement wherein it was declared that there was 'To be Printed by Subscription, A Defence of the Charity Schools. Wherein the many false, scandalous and malicious Objections of those Advocates for Ignorance and Irreligion, the Author of The Fable of the Bees, and Cato's Letter in the British Journal, June 15. 1723. are fully and distinctly answered. ... By W. HENDLEY, Lecturer of St. Mary Islington. ... Note. ... The Book to be deliver'd in Two Months Time. ...'—The advertisement was repeated on 16 and 26 Aug. and on 2 Sept.

The book, however, did not appear till nearly August 1724, for not until the Post-Boy of 25–8 July is it advertised as 'This Day is publish'd'. Mandeville's five months are, therefore, no exaggeration.

Mandeville's witticism fixes the date when he added this passage to his preface. It must have been about five months after the initial appearance of the advertisement, or just before the issue of the 1724 edition, which was on sale 18 Jan. 1724 (see above, i. xxxiv, n. 8).

[2] Of this vindication Mandeville elsewhere (Letter to Dion, pp. 6–7) writes: 'First, it came out in a News-Paper [London Journal, 10 Aug. 1723]; after that, I publish'd it in a Six-penny Pamphlet, together with the Words of the first Presentment of the Grand Jury and an injurious abusive Letter to Lord C. that came out immediately after it [27 July 1723, in the London Journal; the 'Presentment' was published 11 July in the Evening Post]. ... I took care to have this printed in such a Manner, as to the Letter and Form, that for the Benefit of the Buyers, it might conveniently be bound up, and look of a Piece with the then last, which was the second Edition.' It was really the third edition (see below, ii. 392).

[1] Mandeville seems to have thought 'Lord C.' to be that staunch Hanoverian, Baron Carteret—to

whom the title of 'Right Honourable' would apply—for he refers, in connexion with the letter mentioned, to the 'Peace in the North' and 'Navigation' (i. 403), matters closely connected with Carteret, who had arranged the 'Peace' and opened the Baltic to English navigation. The double allusion, otherwise unsuspected by the context, is unlikely to have been the result of mere chance.

[a] A table of contents (nine pages) and list of errata (one page) follow preface in 14; see below, ii. 389–91.

Preface followed in 29 by advertisement of 10th ed. of Pufendorf's 'Introduction to the History of the Principal ... States of Europe.'

The Grumbling Hive: or, Knaves turn'd Honest. ^a

A Spacious Hive well stockt with Bees,
That liv'd in Luxury and Ease;
And yet as fam'd for Laws and Arms,
As yielding large and early Swarms;
Was counted the great Nursery
Of Sciences and Industry.
No Bees had better Government,
More Fickleness, or less Content:
They were not Slaves to Tyranny,
Nor rul'd by wild Democracy;
But Kings, that could not wrong, because
Their Power was circumscrib'd by Laws.
T h e s e Insects liv'd like Men, and all
Our Actions they perform'd in small:
They did whatever's done in Town,
And what belongs to Sword or Gown:
Tho' th' Artful Works, by nimble Slight
Of minute Limbs, 'scap'd Human Sight;
Yet we've no Engines, Labourers,
Ships, Castles, Arms, Artificers,
Craft, Science, Shop, or Instrument,
But they had an Equivalent:
Which, since their Language is unknown,

Must be call'd, as we do our own.
As grant, that among other Things,
They wanted Dice, yet they had Kings;
And those had Guards; from whence we may
Justly conclude, they had some Play;
Unless a Regiment be shewn
Of Soldiers, that make use of none.
Vast Numbers throng'd the fruitful Hive;
Yet those vast Numbers made 'em thrive;
Millions endeavouring to supply
Each other's Lust and Vanity;
While other Millions were employ'd,
To see their Handy-works destroy'd;
They furnish'd half the Universe;
Yet had more Work than Labourers.
Some with vast Stocks, and little Pains,
Jump'd into Business of great Gains;
And some were damn'd to Sythes and Spades,
And all those hard laborious Trades;
Where willing Wretches daily sweat,
And wear out Strength and Limbs to eat:
(A.)a While others follow'd Mysteries,
To which few Folks bind 'Prentices;
That want no Stock, but that of Brass,
And may set up without a Cross;¹
As Sharpers, Parasites, Pimps, Players,
Pick-pockets, Coiners, Quacks, South-sayers, ²
And all those, that in Enmity,
With downright Working, cunningly
Convert to their own Use the Labour

Of their good-natur'd heedless Neighbour.

(B.) These were call'd Knaves, but bar the Name,

The grave Industrious were the same:

All Trades and Places knew some Cheat,

No Calling was without Deceit.

The Lawyers, of whose Art the Basis

Was raising Feuds and splitting Cases,

Oppos'd all Registers, that Cheats

Might make more Work with dipt Estates; 1

As wer't unlawful, that one's own,

Without a Law-Suit, should be known.

They kept off Hearings wilfully,

To finger the refreshin' Fee;

And to defend a wicked Cause,

Examin'd and survey'd the Laws,

As Burglars Shops and Houses do,

To find out where they'd best break through.

Physicians valu'd Fame and Wealth

Above the drooping Patient's Health,

Or their own Skill: The greatest Part

Study'd, instead of Rules of Art,

Grave pensive Looks and dull Behaviour,

To gain th' Apothecary's Favour;

The Praise of Midwives, Priests, and all

That serv'd at Birth or Funeral.

To bear with th' ever-talking Tribe,

And hear my Lady's Aunt prescribe;

With formal Smile, and kind How d'ye,

To fawn on all the Family;

And, which of all the greatest Curse is,

To endure th' Impertinence of Nurses.

A m o n g the many Priests of Jove,
Hir'd to draw Blessings from Above,
Some few were Learn'd and Eloquent,
But thousands Hot and Ignorant:
Yet all pass'd Muster that could hide
Their Sloth, Lust, Avarice and Pride;
For which they were as fam'd as Tailors
For Cabbage, or for Brandy Sailors:
Some, meagre-look'd, and meanly clad,
Would mystically pray for Bread,
Meaning by that an ample Store,
Yet lit'rally received no more;
And, while these holy Drudges starv'd,
The b lazy Ones, for which they serv'd,
Indulg'd their Ease, with all the Graces
Of Health and Plenty in their Faces.
(C.) T h e Soldiers, that were forc'd to fight,
If they surviv'd, got Honour by't;
Tho' some, that shunn'd the bloody Fray,
Had Limbs shot off, that ran away:
Some valiant Gen'ral's fought the Foe;
Others took Bribes to let them go:
Some ventur'd always where 'twas warm,
Lost now a Leg, and then an Arm;
Till quite disabled, and put by,
They liv'd on half their Salary;
While others never came in Play,
And staid at Home for double Pay.
T h e i r Kings were serv'd, but Knavishly,
Cheated by their own Ministry;

Many, that for their Welfare slaved,
Robbing the very Crown they saved:
Pensions were small, and they liv'd high,
Yet boasted of their Honesty.
Calling, whene'er they strain'd their Right,
The slipp'ry Trick a Perquisite;
And when Folks understood their Cant,
They chang'd that for Emolument;
Unwilling to be short or plain,
In any thing concerning Gain;
(D.) For there was not a Bee but would
Get more, I won't say, than he should;
But than he dar'd to let them know,
(E.) That pay'd for't; as your Gamesters do,
That, tho' at fair Play, ne'er will own
Before the Losers what they've won.
B u t who can all their Frauds repeat?
The very Stuff, which in the Street
They sold for Dirt t'enrich the Ground,
Was often by the Buyers found
Sophisticated with a quarter
Of good-for-nothing Stones and Mortar;
Tho' Flail had little Cause to mutter,
Who sold the other Salt for Butter.
J u s t i c e her self, fam'd for fair Dealing,
By Blindness had not lost her Feeling;
Her Left Hand, which the Scales should hold,
Had often dropt 'em, brib'd with Gold;
And, tho' she seem'd Impartial,
Where Punishment was corporal,
Pretended to a reg'lar Course,

In Murther, and all Crimes of Force;
Tho' some, first pillory'd for Cheating,
Were hang'd in Hemp of their own beating;
Yet, it was thought, the Sword she bore
Check'd but the Desp'rate and the Poor;
That, urg'd by meer Necessity,
Were ty'd up to the wretched Tree¹
For Crimes, which not deserv'd that Fate,
But to secure the Rich and Great.
T h u s every Part was full of Vice,
Yet the whole Mass a Paradise;
Flatter'd in Peace, and fear'd in Wars,
They were th' Esteem of Foreigners,
And lavish of their Wealth and Lives,
The Balance of all other Hives.
Such were the Blessings of that State;
Their Crimes conspir'd to make them a Great:
(F.) And Virtue, who from Politicks
Had learn'd a Thousand Cunning Tricks,
Was, by their happy Influence,
Made Friends with Vice: And ever since,
(G.) The worst of all the Multitude
Did something for the Common Good.
T h i s was the States Craft, that maintain'd
The Whole of which each Part complain'd:
This, as in Musick Harmony,^b
Made Jarrings in the main agree;^c
(H.) Parties directly opposite,
Assist each other a, as 'twere for Spight;
And Temp'rance with Sobriety,

Serve Drunkenness and Gluttony.
(I.) The Root of Evil, Avarice,
That damn'd ill-natur'd baneful Vice,
Was Slave to Prodigality,
(K.) That noble Sin; (L.) whilst Luxury
Employ'd a Million of the Poor,
(M.) And odious Pride a Million more:
(N.)^b Envy it self, and Vanity,
Were Ministers of Industry;
Their darling Folly, Fickleness,
In Diet, Furniture and Dress,
That strange ridic'lous Vice, was made
The very Wheel that turn'd the Trade.
Their Laws and Clothes were equally
Objects of Mutability;
For, what was well done for a time,
In half a Year became a Crime;
Yet while they alter'd thus their Laws,
Still finding and correcting Flaws,
They mended by Inconstancy
Faults, which no Prudence could foresee.
Thus Vice nurs'd Ingenuity,
Which join'd with Time and Industry,
Had carry'd Life's Conveniencies a,
(O.)^b It's real Pleasures, Comforts, Ease,
(P.)^c To such a Height, the very Poor
Liv'd better than the Rich before,¹
And nothing could be added more.
How Vain is Mortal Happiness!
Had they but known the Bounds of Bliss;
And that Perfection here below

Is more than Gods can well bestow;
The Grumbling Brutes had been content
With Ministers and Government.
But they, at every ill Success,
Like Creatures lost without Redress,
Curs'd Politicians, Armies, Fleets;
While every one cry'd, Damn the Cheats,
And would, tho' conscious of his own,
In others barb'rously bear none.
O n e, that had got a Princely Store,
By cheating Master, King and Poor,
Dar'd cry aloud, The Land must sink
For all its Fraud; And whom d'ye think
The Sermonizing Rascal chid?
A Glover that sold Lamb for Kid.
The least thing was not done amiss,
Or cross'd the Publick Business;
But all the Rogues cry'd brazenly,
Good Gods, Had we but Honesty!
Merc'ry smil'd at th' Impudence,
And others call'd it want of Sense,
Always to rail at what they lov'd:
But Jove with Indignation mov'd,
At last in Anger swore, He'd rid
The bawling Hive of Fraud; and did.
The very Moment it departs,
And Honesty fills all their Hearts;
There shews 'em, like th' Instructive Tree,
Those Crimes which they're asham'd to see;
Which now in Silence they confess,

By blushing at their Ugliness:
Like Children, that would hide their Faults,
And by their Colour own their Thoughts:
Imag'ning, when they're look'd upon,
That others see what they have done.
B u t, Oh ye Gods! What Consternation,
How vast and sudden was th' Alteration!
In half an Hour, the Nation round,
Meat fell a Peny in the Pound.
The Mask Hypocrisy's flung down,
From the great Statesman to the Clown:
And some in borrow'd Looks well known,
Appear'd like Strangers in their own.
The Bar was silent from that Day;
For now the willing Debtors pay,
Ev'n what's by Creditors forgot;
Who quitted them that had it not.
Those, that were in the Wrong, stood mute,
And dropt the patch'd vexatious Suit:
On which since nothing lessa can thrive,
Than Lawyers in an honest Hive,
All, except those that got enough,
With Inkhorns by their sides troop'd off.
J u s t i c e hang'd some, set others free;
And after Goal delivery,
Her Presence being no more requir'd,
With all her Train and Pomp retir'd.
First march'd some Smiths with Locks and Grates,
Fetters, and Doors with Iron Plates:
Next Goalers, Turnkeys and Assistants:
Before the Goddess, at some distance,

Her chief and faithful Minister,
'Squire Ca t c h,¹ the Law's great Finisher,
Bore not th' imaginary Sword,²
But his own Tools, an Ax and Cord:
Then on a Cloud the Hood-wink'd Fair,
J u s t i c e her self was push'd by Air:
About her Chariot, and behind,
Were Serjeants, Bums³ of every kind,
Tip-staffs, and all those Officers,
That squeeze a Living out of Tears.
T h o' Physick liv'd, while Folks were ill,
None would prescribe, but Bees of skill,
Which through the Hive dispers'd so wide,
That none of thema had need to ride;
Wav'd vain Disputes, and strove to free
The Patients of their Misery;
Left Drugs in cheating Countries grown,
And us'd the Product of their own;
Knowing the Gods sent no Disease
To Nations without Remedies.
T h e i r Clergy rous'd from Laziness,
Laid not their Charge on Journey-Bees;¹
But serv'd themselves, exempt from Vice,
The Gods with Pray'r and Sacrifice;
All those, that were unfit, or knew
Their Service might be spar'd, withdrew:
Nor was there Business for so many,
(If th' Honest stand in need of any,)
Few only with the High-Priest staid,
To whom the rest Obedience paid:

Himself employ'd in Holy Cares,^a
Resign'd to others State-Affairs.
He chas'd no Starv'ling from his Door,
Nor pinch'd the Wages of the Poor;
But at his House the Hungry's fed,
The Hireling finds unmeasur'd Bread,
The needy Trav'ler Board and Bed.
A m o n g the King's great Ministers,
And all th' inferior Officers
The Change was great; (Q)^a for frugally
They now liv'd on their Salary:
That a poor Bee should ten times come
To ask his Due, a trifling Sum,
And by some well-hir'd Clerk be made
To give a Crown, or ne'er be paid,
Would now be call'd a downright Cheat,
Tho' formerly a Perquisite.
All Places manag'd first by Three,
Who watch'd each other's Knavery,
And often for a Fellow-feeling,
Promoted one another's stealing,
Are happily supply'd by One,
By which some thousands more are gone.
(R.)^b No Honour now could be content,
To live and owe for what was spent;
Liv'ries in Brokers Shops are hung,
They part with Coaches for a Song;
Sell stately Horses by whole Sets;
And Country-Houses, to pay Debts.
V a i n Cost is shunn'd as much as Fraud;
They have no Forces kept Abroad;

Laugh at th' Esteem of Foreigners,
And empty Glory got by Wars;
They fight, but for their Country's sake,
When Right or Liberty's at Stake.
N o w mind the glorious Hive, and see
How Honesty and Trade agree.
The Shew is gone, it thins apace;
And looks with quite another Face.
For 'twas not only that They went,
By whom vast Sums were Yearly spent;
But Multitudes that liv'd on them,
Were daily forc'd to do the same.
In vain to other Trades they'd fly;
All were o'er-stock'd accordingly.
T h e Price of Land and Houses falls;
Mirac'lous Palaces, whose Walls,
Like those of Thebes, were rais'd by Play,¹
Are to be let; while the once gay,
Well-seated Houshold Gods would be
More pleas'd to expirea in Flames, than see
The mean Inscription on the Door
Smile at the lofty ones they bore.
The building Trade is quite destroy'd,
Artificers are not employ'd;
(S.)^b No Limner for his Art is fam'd,
Stone-cutters, Carvers are not nam'd.
T h o s e, that remain'd, grown temp'rate, strive,
Not how to spend, but how to live,
And, when they paid their Tavern Score,
Resolv'd to enter it no more:

No Vintner's Jilt in all the Hive
Could wear now Cloth of Gold, and thrive;
Nor Torcol such vast Sums advance,
For Burgundy and Ortelans;
The Courtier's gone, that with his Miss
Supp'd at his House on Christmas Peas;
Spending as much in two Hours stay,
As keeps a Troop of Horse a Day.
The haughty Chloe, to live Great,
Had made her (T.)c Husband rob the State:
But now she sells her Furniture,
Which th' Indies had been ransack'd for;
Contracts th' expensive Bill of Fare,
And wears her strong Suit a whole Year:
The slight and fickle Age is past;
And Clothes, as well as Fashions, last.
Weavers, that join'd rich Silk with Plate,
And all the Trades subordinate,
Are gone. Still Peace and Plenty reign,
And every Thing is cheap, tho' plain:
Kind Nature, free from Gard'ners Force,
Allows all Fruits in her own Course;
But Rarities cannot be had,
Where Pains to get them are not paid.
As Pride and Luxury decrease,
So by degrees they leave the Seas.
Not Merchants now, but Companies
Remove whole Manufactories.
All Arts and Crafts neglected lie;
(V.)c Content, the Bane of Industry, 1
Makes 'em admire their homely Store,

And neither seek nor covet more.
So few in the vast Hive remain,
The hundredth Part they can't maintain
Against th' Insults of numerous Foes;
Whom yet they valiantly oppose:
'Till some well-fenc'd Retreat is found,
And here they die or stand their Ground.
No Hireling in their Army's known;
But bravely fighting for their own,
Their Courage and Integrity
At last were crown'd with Victory.
They triumph'd not without their Cost,
For many Thousand Bees were lost.
Hard'ned with Toils and Exercise,
They counted Ease it self a Vice;
Which so improv'd their Temperance;
That, to avoid Extravagance,
They flew into a hollow Tree,
Blest with Content and Honesty.

The Moral

THEN leave Complaints: Fools only strive
(X.) a To make a Great an Honest Hive
(Y.) b T' enjoy the World's Conveniencies,c
Be fam'd in War, yet live in Ease,
Without great Vices, is a vain
Eutopia seated in the Brain.
Fraud, Luxury and Pride must live,
While we the Benefits receive:
Hunger's a dreadful Plague, no doubt,

Yet who digests or thrives without?
Do we not owe the Growth of Wine
To the dry shabby crooked d Vine?
Which, while its Shoots neglected stood,
Chok'd other Plants, and ran to Wood;
But blest us with its noble Fruit,
As soon as it was ty'd and cut:
So Vice is beneficial found,
When it's by Justice lopt and bound;
Nay, where the People would be great,
As necessary to the State,
As Hunger is to make 'em eat.
Bare Virtue can't make Nations live
In Splendor; they, that would revive
A Golden Age, must be as free,
For Acorns, as for Honesty.¹

FINIS.

Endnotes:

[a] : or, Knaves turn'd Honest] om. in heading, although present on title-page, 05

[a] (A.), (B.), etc.] No reference letters in 05

[1] Without money. A cross was a small coin.

[2] Cf. Butler's posthumous *Upon the Weakness and Misery of Man*:

. . . bawds, whores, and usurers,
Pimps, scriv'ners, silenc'd ministers,
That get estates by being undone
For tender conscience, and have none,
Like those that with their credit drive
A trade, without a stock, and thrive . . .

Had Mandeville perhaps seen a MS. of Butler's poem (published 1759)? The poem, incidentally, stated,

Our holiest actions have been

Th' effects of wickedness and sin . .

[a] retaining 05

[1] Mortgaged estates.

[a] Sailors:] Sailors, 32

[b] Some 05–23

[a] 'em 05

[b] Harmony,] Harmony 25–32

[c] agree;] agree, 32

[1] Cf. Livy i. 26: 'infelici arbori reste suspendito'; also Cicero, Pro C. Rabirio iv. 13.

[a] oth'r 05

[b] (N.) om. 14

[a] Conveniences 32

[b] (N.) 14

[c] (O.) 14

[1] Of these lines and their elaboration in Remark P, I note two anticipations (not necessarily sources): ' . . . a king of a large and fruitful territory there [America] feeds, lodges, and is clad worse than a day-labourer in England' (Locke, *Of Civil Government* 11. v. 41); and ' . . . a King of India is not so well lodg'd, and fed, and cloath'd, as a Day-labourer of England' (*Considerations on the East-India Trade*, in *Select Collection of Early English Tracts on Commerce*, ed. Political Economy Club, 1856, p. 594).

[a] else 32

[b] be'ng 14–25

[a] 'em 05

[1] 'Jack Ketch' had become a generic term for executioners.

[2] Probably the sword of justice, although a note in the French translation explains it differently (ed. 1750, i. 21): 'On ne se sert dans les executions en Angleterre que de la hache pour trancher la tête, jamais de l'Epée. C'est pour cela qu'il donne le nom d'imaginaire à cette Epée qu'on attribue au Bourreau.'

[3] Bumbailiffs.

[a] Cares,] Cares; 24–32

[1] 'Journeyman parson' was a slang term for a curate.

[a] (P.) 14

[b] (Q.) 14

[1] A footnote in the French translation (ed. 1750, i. 27) says: 'L'Auteur veut parler des bâtimens

élevés pour l'Opera & la Comédie. Amphion, après avoir chassé Cadmus & sa Femme du lieu de leur demeure, y bâtit la Ville de Thèbes, en y attirant les pierres avec ordre & mesure, par l'harmonie merveilleuse de son divin Luth.' It is possible, however, that Mandeville intended a pun on 'Play' as meaning both music and gambling.

[a] to expire] t'expire 05–25

[b] (R.) 14

[c] (T.) om 14

[a] 'em 05–29

[b] But 32

[c] (S.) 14

[1] Compare Locke's reflection: 'When a man is perfectly content with the state he is in—which is when he is perfectly without any uneasiness—what industry, what action, what will is there left, but to continue in it? ... And thus we see our all-wise Maker, suitably to our constitution and frame, and knowing what it is that determines the will, has put into man the uneasiness of hunger: and thirst, and other natural desires, that return at their seasons, to move and determine their wills, for the preservation of themselves, and the continuation of their species' (Essay concerning Human Understanding, ed. Fraser, 1894, 11. xxi. 34).

[a] (T.) 14

[b] (V.) 14

[c] Conveniences 32

[d] shabby crooked] crooked, shabby 05

[1] In its use of feminine endings the Grumbling Hive is less Hudibrastic than is Mandeville's other verse, containing only some seven per cent of these endings as against the twenty per cent of Mandeville's verse as a whole and the thirty-five per cent of his translations from Scarron in Typhon (1704) and Wishes to a Godson (1712). Perhaps Mandeville consciously imitated this feature of Hudibras, a poem which he twice quoted (Treatise, ed. 1711, p. 94, and Origin of Honour, p. 134) and whose author he called 'the incomparable Butler' (Treatise, p. 94).