AN UNSUSPECTED LITERARY ANCESTOR

A FEW weeks ago a stranger called at our office and said he had something rather curious to show us. He pulled out a little old volume—leather-covered, brown and worn—and opened it at the title page. There, to our amazement, opposite a quaint, mildewed engraving of the signing of the Magna Charta, we read these words: "THE CRAFTSMAN — by Caleb D'Anvers, of Gray's-Inn, Esq." And underneath was the inscription: "London, Printed for R. Francklin, in Russell-Street, Convent-Garden, MDCCXXXI."

Seventeen hundred and thirty-one—a hundred and eighty-one years ago!

"This," explained our visitor, who had introduced himself as Mr. Max E. Schmidt, of Convent, New Jersey, "is the first of a set of fourteen bound volumes in which was reprinted a series of old English papers. The first of these papers was published December 5, 1726, and the last is dated April 17, 1736. I happened to pass your door the other day, and seeing that copper sign of yours I remembered my fourteen little volumes at home and decided to bring one in to show you."

Needless to say, our surprise was only equaled by our pleasure. After imagining our magazine to be the first of its title, and more or less original in its point of view, here we were suddenly confronted with an unsuspected literary ancestor. It was like meeting a comrade, shaking hands with one of the old pioneers!

Noting the genuine interest which the discovery had given us, Mr. Schmidt was kind enough to leave the book in our hands so that we might look through it more at leisure. This we did, with more interest, amusement and admiration than can be readily expressed.

The "dedication" of the volume captured our sympathy at once. "To the People of England," it was headed. *The people*—these, to Caleb D'Anvers' democratic mind, were his "most proper patrons." *The Craftsman*, he goes on, "thinks it would be a sort of Derogation from that publick Cause, in which He hath been so long engaged, if He should offer his Incense at the Shrine of any single Man, or particular Body of Men, however great They may be, either by their own real Merit, or the adventitious Circumstances of Wealth and Power."

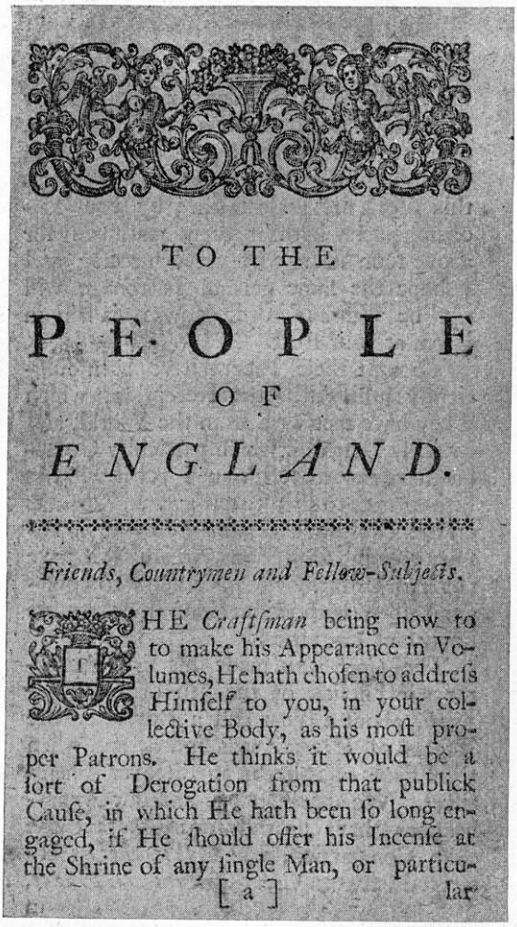
THE
CRAFTSMAN.
BY
CALEB D'ANVERS,
of GRAY'S-INN, Esq;

Reus in Judicium adductus est C. VERRES, homo vita atque factis, omnium jam opinione, damnatus; pecuniæ magnitudine, sua spe, ac prædicatione absolutus. Huic ego causæ, Judices, cum summa voluntate & expectatione populi Romani actor accessi; non ut augerem invidiam ordinis, sed ut infamiæ communi succurrerem. Adduxi enim hominem, in quo reconciliare existimationem judiciorum amissam; redire in gratiam cum populo R. satisfacere exteris nationibus possetis; depeculatorem ærarii; vexatorem Asiæ atque Pamphiliæ; prædonem juris urbani; labem atque perniciem provinciæ Siciliæ; de quo, si vos severe, religioseque judicaveritis, auctoritas ea, quæ in vobis remanere debet, hærebit. Sin istius ingentes divitiæ judiciorum religionem, veritatemque perfregerint, Ego hoc tamen assequar, ut judicium potius reip. quam ut reus judicibus, aut accusator reo defuisse videatur. CIC.

LONDON. Printed for R. FRANCKLIN, in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden, M.DCC.XXXI.

TITLE PAGE OF OLD ENGLISH MAGAZINE "THE CRAFTSMAN."

The author of these papers, as he describes himself in a short autobiographical notice, was "the second Son of Abraham D'Anvers, Esq., a Gentleman of an ancient Family and no inconsiderable Estate in the North of England." After his courses at Westminster School and Christ Church College, he studied for the bar; but as he puts it, "having before taken a Disgust to the Chicanry of that Business, and the prevailing Practice of the Courts, I resolved to live a retired Life, and indulge my natural Inclination to the politer Arts." Then, with a subtle sarcasm which might apply even today, he observes: "As I quitted the long Robe early it gave me an Opportunity of furnishing myself with some Degree of Knowledge in most Arts and Professions.



TO THE

PEOPLE

OF

ENGLAND.

Friends, Countrymen and Fellow-Subjects.

THE *Craftsman* being now to to make his Appearance in Volumes, He hath chosen to address Himself to you, in your collective Body, as his most proper Patrons. He thinks it would be a sort of Derogation from that publick Cause, in which He hath been so long engaged, if He should offer his Incense at the Shrine of any single Man, or particu-

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FIRST PAGE OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF OLD ENGLISH MAGAZINE.

I have had Leisure, for these many Years, to make my Observations on Men and Things."

And he proceeds to set forth these observations with no little candor and force. He discusses Liberty of the Press, and cites Bible writers, Greeks, Romans and his own countrymen as the apostles of literary and rhetorical freedom.

He voices his contempt for the hypocrisy and corruption of the "professions" in terms that would fit the twentieth century without much alteration.

He writes of political and industrial conditions and affairs of national and international importance as keenly and wittily as he condemns or praises certain celebrities of his day. To one gentleman, for instance, he accords this flattering and unusual label: *"a Treasurer with clean and empty Hands!"*

Party prejudice he also scores in no uncertain language, and exposes the superficiality of mere names. "We cool by Degrees," he writes, "as we grow old, in our affection for empty Names and idle Distinctions; being taught by Experience that One as well as the Other is all Vanity and Vexation of Spirit."

He urges the need for coalition, which he defines as "the cordial Union and Cooperation of Persons of all Denominations in the true Interest and Service of their Country, without any Attachment to *vain Names*—which can serve only to keep alive our destructive Animosities and promote the sinister Views of ambitious Men, at the Expence of our private Happiness and the publick good. As This is the only *Coalition* which can either be desired or justified, so I hope my Countrymen will no longer suffer themselves to be imposed on by artful *Demogogues* and ill designing Patrons of *Faction;* especially since Experience has, I think, sufficiently taught them the *Mischief* and *Folly* of such Conduct. Instead of dividing ourselves into opposite Parties, and branding one another with odious Distinctions, let us Chearfully concur in the common Cause, and make the Interest of Great-Britain the only Rule of all our Actions. Let us not, for the future, run blind-fold into any Proposals, however romantick and unreasonable, because they are offered by *one* Set of Men; nor madly shut our Ears to any Objections, however just and well-grounded, because they are started by *another.* This will be the surest and only Method of restoring *Peace* and *Commerce;* or reviving our drooping *Manufactures;* or lessening our *Debts,* and reducing our *Taxes;* at the same Time that it will most effectually secure us from foreign *Violence* and protect us against *domestick Corruption."*

What could be more apropos today than this earnest plea for coöperation which comes to us thus by pure chance—an echo from the beginning of the eighteenth century?

The papers of this early "Craftsman" are not wholly serious, however. Their wisdom is frequently allied with wit. One chapter, for example, gives us the point of view of the embryo "Suffragist" of 1727, and the phrasing is so apt, the sense so logical, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote some of it here.

The paper is headed with the following appropriate quotation:

"How hard is the Condition of our Sex?
In all the dear, delightful Days of Youth,
A rigid FATHER dictates to our Wills,
And deals out Pleasure with a scanty Hand.
To his the Tyrant HUSBAND'S Reign succeeds.
Proud with Opinion of superior Reason,
He holds domestick Business and Devotion.
All we are capable of knowing, and shuts us,
Like cloyster'd Idiots, from the World's Acquaintance." ROWE.

Then Mr. D'Anvers publishes a letter received from "a loyal Female Correspondent, in Defence of the most amiable Part of the Creation," observing that he cannot refuse such a request from a member of that sex which he has always so admired. As he quotes:

"Old as I am, for Ladies Sport unfit,
The Power of Beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my Love, and still inspires my Wit."

Here is the letter:

"To Caleb D'Anvers, Esq;
Venerable Sir,

"I have, for a long Time, been a silent Observer of the insolent Superiority which your Sex has assumed over ours; and of the many pretended Advantages which they boast of on their Side. They look upon us, for the most Part, as trifling Amusements and pretty Playthings to toy away an Hour with; to divert the Spleen or soften the Fatigues of ordinary Business. They allow us at best to be good domestick Drudges, only fit to manage the Affairs of a Family; and excuse themselves to their sneering Companions for mating with such poor simple Creatures, by saying with a supercilious Air, that we are *necessary Evils.*

"Nay, some of the old self-sufficient Philosophers of your Sex (for I will not allow that there are no Female Philosophers) have carried the Point so far as to maintain that *Women have no Souls*—Poor Wretches! I laugh at their Folly, as much as I despise their Arrogance; and as wise as they might think themselves, I could easily expose the Absurdity of excluding us from all the Concerns of the *Commonwealth.*

"Indeed, too many, even among us, through Custom, Education and early Impressions given them in their Childhood, look upon themselves in the same Light. They have been bred up in this Opinion; and being contented, either through Indolence or want of Thought, with the humble Station which is allotted them, jog on in their low Sphere without any Ambition and really imagine themselves an inferior Sort of Beings to Mankind, possessed with meaner Capacities and more confined Understandings. But I, Sire, having strictly examined this Affair, am resolved to let you and all the World know (if you dare to publish this Letter) that we not only *have Souls,* but Souls large and comprehensive, as capable of Improvement and of performing great Actions as any of you all.

"Were it only the pretty *Tupée* Sparks and fine Dressers of the Age, who caressed themselves with this Notion, I should not think it worth my while to animadvert upon them; for even the weakest of our Sex (as they delight to call us) is more than a Match for the wisest of them. We lead them by the Nose and make what *Dupes* and *Bubbles* of them we please, at the same Time that they despise us. But what provokes me thus, is to find that several of the best Writers of your Sex have the same despicable opinion of us; one of whom says, that *the utmost of a Woman's Character is contained in a domestick Life.* I deny This with both my Hands, and will prove it to be false; but cannot, by the Way, help observing that, provided it were true, it does not become Gentlemen of so much Honour and good Nature (as They love to be thought) to be always insulting their Inferiors with Boasts of their Preheminence; and continually shewing their Wit upon us silly Women, who are in all respects so much beneath them. Methinks this constant Endeavor to detract from us, looks like a tacit Confession that They do not in their Hearts believe there is so wide a Difference between us as they pretend.

"You say that in Philosophy, Mathematicks and all Points of abstruse Learning, the Advantage is manifestly on your Side. I grant it; but it does not follow that you have better Capacities than we to attain these Arts, provided ours were equally cultivated and improved. We are not brought up to *Literature;* and yet some of us, by our own Application, have made a considerable Figure in it; whereas how many of those vast Numbers of your Sex who are kept seven or eight Years at

School, and as many at the University, and have no Pains nor Expence spared for the Embellishment of your Minds—how many of you, I say, are there who, after all This, know nothing farther than the bare Names of particular Sciences and the Titles of a few common Books?

"To upbraid us therefore with your Superiority in *Learning* is just as reasonable as if one of us should pretend to be a greater Genius than *Sir Isaac Newton,* because she understands *Lace* and *Silks* better.

"In domestick Affairs, I think you grant us the Precedence. You allow that we are very good *Pastry-Cooks;* that we are perfectly acquainted with the Mechanism of a *Pudding,* or the Structure of a *Pye;* that we can make *Jellies* or *whipt Cream,* and manage a *set Dinner* with great Order and Dexterity. Why even This, as trifling as it may seem, is more than half the Men in *England* can do. But is This all the Business of a good *female Oeconomist?* No; how many Women could I mention who have, by their wise Conduct and domestick Policy, retriev'd the distress'd Affairs of their spendthrift Husbands; snatch'd them from the very Gates of Prison, and rescued them from the last Extremities of Hunger and Infamy? Does not This shew some Wisdom? Does it not bear some Resemblance to redeeming the Miscarriages of a weak Government, and settling the Disorders of a convuls'd State?

"Yet such is the Ingratitude of Mankind; and so jealous are you lest we should come in Competition with you for Conduct and good Sense; that whenever any Woman, for the Sake of her Husband and Family, takes upon herself the Administration of Affairs, she is immediately branded by her Neighbours with the Character of a *She-Tyrant;* and the good Man is call'd *Henpeck'd;* as if a Woman could not be prudent and discreet without being a Termagant and a Vixon. From hence comes that witty Saying, *the grey Mare is the better Horse;* and that approbrious Imputation of *wearing the Breeches;* which can imply no more than that a *wise Woman* is obliged to supply the Place of a *foolish Husband.*"

I have hitherto spoken of Women only in a *private Character.* The principal Objection is to be answered still; which is, that they are unequal to *publick Business,* and incapable of managing the great Concerns of *Government* and *War.*

Whereupon the lady says she will not cite "Exploits of *Camilla, Thalestris,* and divers *Amazonian Ladies,* whom we read of," because "perhaps you will reject them as fabulous." Neither, she says, "will I mention other Heroines of remote Antiquity, however well attested, either of our own or foreign Countries; because it will be inconsistent with the Conciseness of a Letter, and I have instances nearer at Hand, sufficient for my present Purpose." The examples she mentions are Queen Elizabeth of "ever glorious memory"; Queen Anne "in whose auspicious Reign the British Arms and Name were carried to so great an height"; the "present Empress of Russia" of "noble Magnanimity and princely Wisdom," and finally great Princess of her own day and nation."

Thus spoke, in England, in 1727, a forerunner of one of our most significant modern movements—a pleader for "Justice to the whole Body of Womankind." So was the "shadow of a coming event" cast beforehand upon the page of history.

A CRAFTSMAN CALENDAR FOR 1913

IN response to many requests we are getting out our first Craftsman Calendar. In it we shall reproduce six of our most popular cover designs, and no expense will be spared to make it as beautiful and as typically "Craftsman" as possible.

The calendar will be printed in rich colors on a heavy brown antique paper, and each leaf will carry a quotation expressing Gustav Stickley's point of view about life, work and art.

The pages will be 10 by 15 inches, loose-leaved, and tied with leaf-green raffia.

The calendar may be obtained in combination with a subscription to the magazine at $3.00, or with our special offer of the magazine, house-plans and "More Craftsman Homes" at $3.75, or separately for 50 cents. For a holiday gift it will be especially appropriate, and we feel sure that every Craftsman friend and reader will give it a welcome place on desk or wall.