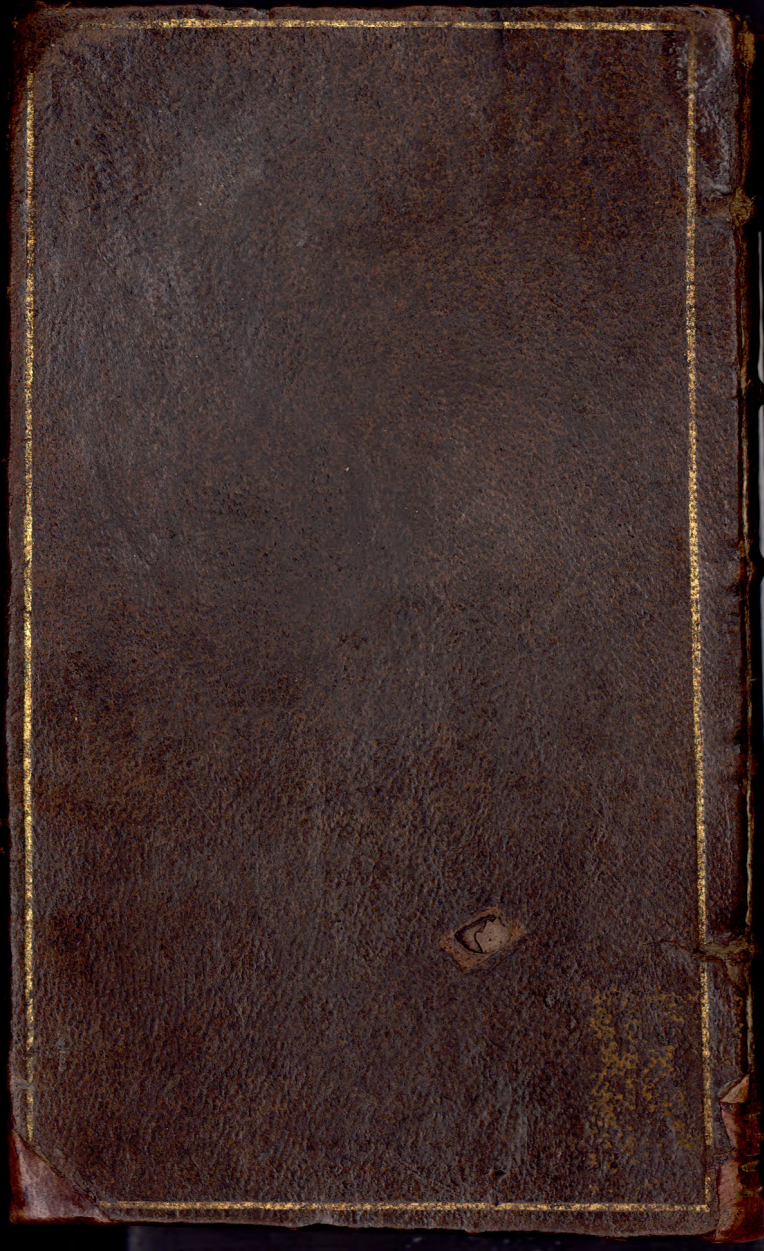


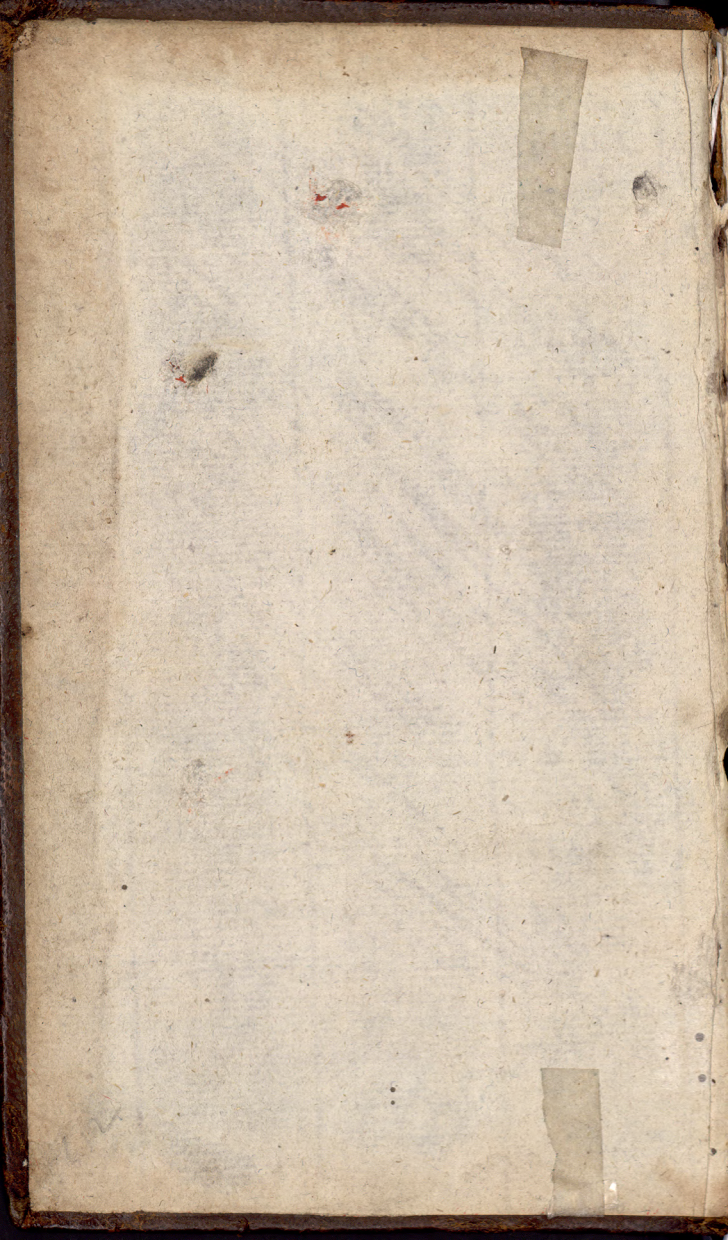


THE
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OF
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THE
VISIONS
OF
DOM FRANCISCO
DE
QUEVEDO
VILLEGAS,

Knight of the Order of St. JAMES.

Made English
BY
Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE, Kt.

The Eleventh Edition, Corrected.

L O N D O N,

Printed by W. B. for RICHARD SARE near
Gray's-Inn-Gate in Holbourn, 1715.

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ST. ROGER'S ESTERANGERS

The Publishers, Calcutta

LONDON

Printed by W. R. for Richard S. and
Gray & Co. in Holborn, 1844

T O T H E

R E A D E R S,

Gentle and Simple.



THIS Preface is meerly for Fashion-sake, to fill a space, and please the Stationer; who says, 'tis neither usual nor handsome, to leap immediately from the Title-Page to the Matter. So that in short, a Preface ye have, together with the Reason of it, both under One: but as to the Ordinary Mode and Pretence of Prefaces, the Translator desires to be Excus'd: For he makes a Conscience of a Lye, and it were a damn'd one, to tell ye, that he has publisht This either to Gratify the Importunity of Friends, or to Oblige the Publick; or for any other Reason of a hundred, that are commonly given in excuse of Scribling. Not but that he loves his Friends as well as any Man, and has taken their Opinion along with him. Nor, but that he loves the Publick too, (as many a Man does a Coy Mistress that has made his Heart ake.) But to pass from what had no effect upon him in this Publication, to that which over-rul'd him in it. It was pure Spite. For he has had hard Measure among the

A 2

Physicians,

P R E F A C E.

Physicians, *the Lawyers, the Women, &c.* and Dom Francisco de Quevedo, *in English, Revenges him upon all his Enemies. For it is a Satyr, that taxes Corruption of Manners, in all sorts and degrees of People, without reflecting upon particular States or Persons. It is full of Sharpness and Morality; and has found so good Entertainment in the World, that it wanted only English of being baptiz'd into all Christian Languages.*



And, to give you your Due, *you Men* can deal better with *us Devils*, than with the *Catchpoles*; for *We flye from the Cross*; whereas *They make use of it*, for a Cloak for their Villany.

But though we differ thus in our *Humours*, we hold a very fair *Correspondence* in our *Offices*; If we draw Men into *Judgment* and *Condemnation*, so do the *Catchpoles*; we pray for an increase of *Wickedness* in the World, so do they; nay and more zealously than we; for they make a *Livelihood* of it, and we do it only for *Company*. And in this, the *Catchpoles* are worse than the *Devils*; they prey upon their own Kind, and worry one another. For our parts, we are *Angels* still, though *black ones*, and were turn'd into *Devils* only for aspiring into an equality with our Maker: Whereas the very *Corruption of Mankind is the Generation of a Catchpole*. So that, my good Father, your labour is but lost in plying this Wretch with *Reliques*; for you may as soon redeem a Soul from Hell, as a Prey out of his Clutches. In fine, your *Algonazils* (or *Catchpoles*) and your *Devils* are both of an Order, only your *Catchpole-Devils* wear *Shoes and Stockings*, and we go *barefoot*, after the Fashion of this reverend Father; and (to deal plainly) have a very hard time on't.

I was not a little surpriz'd to find the *Devil* so great a Sophister; but all this notwithstanding, the Holy Man went on with his *Exorcism*, and to stop the Spirit's Mouth, washt his Face with a little *Holy-Water*; which made the *Demoniac* ten times madder than before, and set him a yelping so horridly, that it deafned the Company, and made the very Ground under us to tremble. And now, says he, you may, perchance, imagine this Extravagance to be the Effect of your *Holy-Water*; but let me tell you, that meer *Water* it self would have done the same Thing; for your *Catchpole* hates nothing in this World like *Water*; [especially that of a *Gray's-Inn Pump*.] But to conclude, They are so reprobated a sort of *Christians*, that they have quitted even the very Name of *Misins*, (by which they were formerly known) for that of *Algonazils*; the latter being of *Pagan extraction*, and more suitable to their Manners.

Come, come, says the Father, there is no Ear, nor Credit to be given to this Villain; set but his Tongue at Liberty, and you shall have him fall foul upon the Government, and the Ministers of Justice, for keeping the World in Order and suppressing Wickedness, because it spoils his Market. No more chopping of Logick, good Mr. *Conjurer*, says the *Devil*; for there's more in't than you are aware of; but if you'll do a poor *Devil* a good Office, give me my Dispatch out of this accursed *Algonazil*; for I am a *Devil*, you must know, of *Reputation* and *Quality*,
and

and shall never be able to endure the Gibes and Affronts will be put upon me at my return to Hell, for having kept this Rascal company. All in good time, said the *Father*, thou shalt have thy Discharge; that is to say, in pity to this miserable Creature, and not for thy own Sake. But tell me now, what makes thee torment him thus? Nothing in the World, quoth the *Devil*, but a Contest betwixt him and me, which was the *greater Devil* of the *Two*.

The Conjuror did not at all relish these wild and malicious Replies; but to me the Dialogue was extreme pleasant, especially being by this time a little familiariz'd with the *Devil*. Upon which Confidence, my *good Father*, said I, here are none but Friends; and I may speak to you as my *Confessor*, and the Confident of all the secrets of my Soul; I have a great mind with your leave, to ask the *Devil* a few Questions; and who knows but a Man may be the better for his Answers, though perchance contrary to his Intention? keep him only in the Interim from tormenting this poor Creature. The *Conjuror* granted my request, and the *Spirit* went on with his Babble. Well, says he smiling, the *Devil* shall never want a Friend at Court, so long as there's a *Poet* within the Walls. And indeed the *Poets* do us many a good turn, both by Pimping and otherwise; but if *you*, said he, should not be kind to us (looking upon me) you'll be thought very ungrateful, considering the Honour of your Entertainment now in Hell. I ask'd him then, what store of *Poets* they had? Whole Swarms, says the *Devil*; so many, that we have been forc'd to make more room for them; Nor is there any thing in Nature so pleasant as a *Poet* in the first Year of his *probation*; he comes ye laden forsooth, with Letters of Recommendation to our Superiours, and enquires very gravely for *Charon*, *Cerberus*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Eacus*, *Minos*.

Well, said I, but what's their Punishment? (for I began now to make the *Poets* Case my own.) Their Punishments, quoth the *Devil*, are many, and suited to the Trade they drive. Some are condemn'd to hear other Men's Works: (and this is the Plague of the *Fidlers* too.) We have others that are in for a Thousand Years, and yet still poring upon some old Stanza's they have made of Jealousie. Some again are beating their Forcheads with the Palms of their Hands, and even boring their very Noses with hot Irons, in rage that they cannot come to a Resolution, whether they shall say *Face* or *Visage*; whether they shall say *Jayl* or *Gaol*; whether *Cony* or *Cunny*, because it comes from *Cuniculus*, a *Rabbit*. Others are biting

their Nails to the quick, and at their Wits end for a Rhime to *Chimney*, and dozing up and down in a brown study, till they drop into some Hole at last, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that suffer the molt, and fare the worst, are your *Comick Poets*, for Whoring so many Queens and Princesses upon the Stage, and coupling Ladies of Honour with Lacquies, and Noblemen with common Strumpets, in the winding up of their Plays; and for giving the Bastonado to *Alexander* and *Julius Caesar* in their Interludes and Farces. Now be it known unto you, that we do not lodge these with other *Poets*, but with *Petty-Foggers* and *Attorneys*, as common Dealers in the Mystery of Shifting, Shuffling, Forging, and Cheating. And now for the Discipline of Hell, you are to understand we have incomparable *Harbingers* and *Quarter-Masters*; insomuch that let them come in whole *Caravans*, as it happen'd r'other day, every Man is in his Quarter before you can say *what's this!*

There came to us several Tradesmen; the first of them a Poor Rogue that made Profession of *drawing the Long-Bow*; and him we were about to put among the *Armorers*, but one of the Company moved and carried it, that since he was so good at Draughts, he might be sent to the *Clerks* and *Scriveners*; a sort of People that will fit you with *Draughts* good and bad, of all sorts and sizes, and to all purposes. Another called himself a *Cutter*: We ask'd him whether in *Wood* or *Stone*? Neither, said he, but in *Cloth* and *Stuff*, (*Anglice* a *Taylor*;) and him we turn'd over to those that were in for Detraction and Calumny, and for cutting large Thongs out of other Men's Leather. There was a *blind Fellow* would fain have been among the *Poets*, but (for likeliness sake) we quartered him among the *Lovers*. After him came a *Sexion*, or (as he stiled himself) a *Buriër of the Dead*; and then a *Cook* that was troubled in Conscience for putting off *Cats* for *Hares*: These were dispatch'd away to the *Pastry-Men*. A matter of half a dozen *Crack brain'd Fools* we disposed of among the *Astrologers* and *Alchymists*. In the Number, there was one notorious *Murtherer*, and him we pack'd away to the Gentlemen of the Faculty, the *Physicians*. The *Broken-Merchants* we kennel'd with *Judas*, for making ill Bargains. *Corrupt Ministers* and *Magistrates*, with the *Thief* on the left Hand. The *Embroylers of Affairs*, and the *Water-bearers*, take up with the *Vintners*; and the *Brokers* with the *Jews*. Upon the whole matter, the Polity of Hell is admirable, where every Man has his Place according to his condition.

As I remember (said I) you were speaking e'en now concerning *Lovers*. Pray tell me, have ye many of them

in your Dominions? I ask, because I am my self a little subject to the Itch of *Love*, as well as *Poetry*. *Love* (says the Devil) is like a great spot of Oil, that diffuses itself every where, and consequently Hell cannot but be sufficiently stockt with that sort of Vermin. But let me tell you now, we have several sorts of *Lovers*; some doat upon *Themselves*; others upon their *Pelf*: these upon their own *Discourses*; those upon their own *Actions*; and once in an Age perchance, comes a Fellow that doats upon his own *Wife*; but this is very rare, for the Jades commonly bring their Husbands to repentance, and then the Devil may throw his Cap at them. But above all, for sport (if there can be any in Hell) commend me to those *Gawdy Monsieurs*, who by the variety of Colours and Ribbands they wear, (*Favours*, as they call them) one would swear, were only dress'd up for a *Sample*, or kind of *Inventory* of all the *Gewgaws* that are to be had for Love or Money at the *Mercers*. Others you shall have so overcharged with *Perruque*, that you'll hardly know the Head of a *Cavalier*, from the ordinary *Block* of a *Tire-Woman*: And some again you'd take for *Carriers*, by their *Pacquets* and *Bundles* of *Love-Letters*; which being made combustible by the Fire and Flame they treat of, we are so thrifty, as to employ upon the finding of their own Tails, for the saving of better Fuel. But Oh! the pleasant postures of the Maiden-Lover, when he is upon the Practice of the *Gentle Lear*, and embracing the Air for his Mistress! Others we have that are condemn'd for *Feeling*, and yet never come to the *Touch*: These pass for a kind of *Buffoon-Pretenders*; ever upon the *Vigil*, but never arrive at the *Festival*. Some again have lost themselves with *Judas* for a *Kiss*.

One Story lower is the abode of *Contented Cuckolds*; a nasty, Poisonous place, and strew'd all over with the Horns of Rams and Bulls, &c. Now these are so well read in Woman, and know their Destiny so well before-hand, that they never so much as trouble their Heads for the matter. Ye come next to the *Admirers* of *Old Women*; and these are Wretches of so depraved an Appetite, that if they were not kept tyed up, and in Chains, they'd Horse the very *Devils themselves*, and put *Barabbas* to his Trumps to defend his Buttocks: For the Truth is, whatever you may think of a Devil, he passes with them for a very *Adonis* or *Narcissus*.

So much for your Curiosity, a word now for your Instruction. If you would make an Interest in Hell, you must give over that Roguish way ye have got of abusing the *Devils* in your Shews, Pictures and Emblems: One

while forsooth we are painted with *Claws* or *Talons*, like *Eagles* or *Griffons*. Another while we are drest up with *Tails*, like so many Hackney-Jades with their *Fly-flaps*; and now and then ye shall see a Devil with a *Coxcomb*. Now I will not deny but some of us may indeed be very well taken for *Hermits* and *Philosophers*. If you can help us in this Point, do; and we shall be ready to do ye *one good Turn for another*. I was asking *Michael Angelo* here a while ago, why he drew the Devils in his great Piece of the *Last Judgment*, with so many *Monkey Faces*, and *Jack-Pudding Postures*. His Answer was, that he followed his Fancy, without any Malice in the World, for as then, he had never seen any Devils; nor (indeed) did he believe that there were any; but he has now learned the contrary to his cost. There's another thing too we take extreemly ill, which is, that in your ordinary Discourses, ye are out with your Purse presently to every Rascal, and calling of him *Devil*. As for Example. Do you see how this *Devil* of a *Taylor* has spoil'd my Sute? How the *Devil* has made me Wait? How that *Devil* has couzen'd me, &c. Which is very ill done, and no small disparagement to our Quality, to be rank'd with *Taylor*s: A Company of Slaves, that serve us in Hell only for Brushwood; and they are fain to beg hard to be admitted at all: Though I confesse they have *Possession* on their sides, and *Custom*, which is another *Law*: Being in Possession of Theft, and *stollen Goods*; they make much more Conscience of keeping your *Stuffs* than your *Holy-days*, grumbling and domineering at every turn, if they have not the same respect with the Children of the Family. Ye have another trick too, of giving every thing to the Devil, that displeases ye; which we cannot but take very unkindly. *The Devil take thee*, says one: a goodly Present I warrant ye; but the *Devil* has somewhat else to do, than to take and carry away all that's given him; if they'll come of themselves, let them come and welcome. Another gives that Whelp of a *Lacquey* to the *Devil*; but the *Devil* will have none of your *Lacqueys*, he thanks you for your Love; a pack of Rogues that are commonly worse than Devils; and to say the truth, they are good neither Rost nor Sodden. I give that *Italian* to the *Devil*, cries a third; thank you for nothing: For ye shall have an *Italian* will chouse the *Devil* himself, and take him by the Nose like Mustard. Some again will be giving a *Spaniard* to the *Devil*; but he has been so cruel wherever he has got footing, that we had rather have his room than his company, and make a Present to the *Grand-Signior* of his *Nutmegs*.

Here the Devil stopt, and in the same instant, there
happening

happening a slight scuffle, betwixt a couple of conceited Coxcombs, which should go foremost: I turn'd to see the matter, and cast my Eye upon a certain *Tax-gatherer*, that had undone a Friend of mine; and in some sort to revenge my self of this *Ass* in a *Lion's Skin*, I ask'd the *Devil*, whether they had not of that sort of Blood-Suckers among the rest, in their Dominions? (an informing, projecting Generation of Men, and the very Bane of a Kingdom.) You know little (says he) if you do not know these Vermin to be the right Heirs of Perdition, and that they claim Hell for their Inheritance: And yet we are now e'en upon the point of discarding them; for they are so pragmatical, and ungrateful, there's no enduring of them. They are at this present in Consultation about an *Impost* upon the *High-way to Hell*; and indeed Payments run so high already, and are so likely to increase too, that 'tis much fear'd in the end, we shall quite lose our Trading and Commerce. But if ever they come to put this in Execution, we shall be so bold, as to treat them next bout, to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe*, &c. and make them cool their Heels on the wrong side of the Door, which will be worse than *Hell* to them; for it leaves them no retreat, being expel'd *Paradise* and *Purgatory* already. This Race of Vipers, said I, will never be quiet, till they Tax the way to Heaven it self. Oh, quoth the *Devil*, that had been done long since, if they had found the Play worth the Candles; but they have had a Factor abroad now these half-score years, that's glad to wipe his Nose on his Sleeve still, for want of a Handkercher. But these new Impositions, upon what, I pray ye, do they intend to levy them? For that (quoth the *Devil*) there's a Gentleman of the Trade at your Elbow, can tell you all; pointing to my old Friend the Publican. This drew the Eyes of the whole company upon him, and put him so damn'dly out of Countenance, that he pluckt down his Hat over his Face, clapt his Tail between his Legs, and went his way; with which we were all of us well enough pleas'd, and then the *Devil*, went on. Well (said the *Devil*, and laugh'd) my Voucher is departed, ye see; but I think I can say as much to this point as himself. The Impositions now to be set on foot, are upon *Bare-neck'd Ladies*, *Patches*, *Mole-skins*, *Spanish Paper*, and all the *Mundus Muliebris*; more than what is necessary and decent; upon your *Tour-à-la mode*, and *Spring-Garden Coaches*; excess in *Apparel*, *Callations*, *Rich Furniture*, your *Cheating* and *Blasphemy*, *Gaming Ordinaries*, and in general, upon whatsoever serves to advance our Empire; so that without a Friend at Court, or some good Magistrate to help us out at a dead Lift,

and stick to us, we may e'en put up our Pipes, and you'll find *Hell* a very *Desart*. Well, said I, and methinks I see nothing in all this, but what is very reasonable; for to what end serves it, but to corrupt good Manners, stir up ill Appetites, provoke and encourage all sorts of Debauchery, destroy all that is Good and Honourable in Human Society, and chalk out in effect the ready way to the Devil?

But you said something e'en now of Magistrates; I hope, (said I) there are no *Judges* in *Hell*. You may as well imagine (cry'd the Spirit) that there are no *Devils* there; for let me tell you (Friend of mine) your *Corrupt Judges* are the great *Spawners* that supply our Lake; for what are those Millions of *Catchpoles*, *Proctors*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Bar-risters*, that come sailing to us every day in *Shoals*, but the *Fry* of such *Judges*? Nay, sometimes, in a lucky year, for *Cheating*, *Forging*, and *Forswearing*, we can hardly find Cask to put them in.

From hence now, (quoth I) would you infer, that there's no *Justice* upon the face of the Earth. Very right (quoth the Devil) for *Astraea* (which is the same thing) is fled long since to Heaven. Do not ye know the story? No (said I.) Then (quoth the Devil) mind me and I'll tell ye it.

Once upon a time *Truth* and *Justice* came together to take up their Quarters upon the Earth, but the one being naked, and the other very severe and plain dealing, they could not meet with any body that would receive them. At last, when they had wander'd a long time like Vagabonds in the open Air; *Truth* was glad to take up her Lodging with a *Mute*; and *Justice*, perceiving that though her name was much used for a Cloak to Knavery, yet that she her self was in no Esteem, took up a resolution of returning to Heaven: and in order to her Journey, she bad adieu in the first Place to all Courts, Palaces, and great Cities, and went into the Country, where she met with some few poor simple Cottagers, that gave her Entertainment; but *Malice* and *Persecution* found her out in the end, and she was banished thence too. She presented her self in many Places, and People ask'd her *what she was*! She answered them, *Justice*, for she would not lye for the matter. *Justice*! (cry'd they) *she is a stranger to us*; tell her *here's nothing for her, and shut the Door*. Upon these repulses, she took wing, and away she went to Heaven, hardly leaving so much as the bare print of her footsteps behind her. Her Name however is not yet forgotten, and she's Piſtured with a Scepter in her Hand, and is still called *Justice*; but call her what you will, she makes as good a
Fire

Fire in Hell as a *Taylor*; and for slight of Hand, puts down all the Jilts, Cheats, Picklocks and Trepanners in the World: To say the Truth, *Avarice* is grown to that height, that Men employ all the faculties of Soul and Body to *Rob*, and *Deceive*. The Leacher, does not he steal away the Honour of his Mistress? (though with her Consent) the *Attorney* pick your Pockets, and shew you a Law for't? The *Comedian* gets your Money and your time, with reciting other Men's Labours; the *Lover* cozens you with his Eyes; the *Eloquent* with his Tongue; the *Valiant* with his Arm; the *Musician* with his Voice and Fingers; the *Astrologer* with his Calculations; the *Apothecary* with Sickness and Health; the *Surgeon* with Blood; and the *Physician* with Death it self. And in some sort or other, they are all Cheats; but the *Catchpole* (in the name of *Justice*) abuses you with his whole Man; He watches you with his Eyes; follows you with his Feet; seizes with his Hands; accuses with his Tongue: and in fine, put it in your *Litany*, From *Catchpoles*, as well as *Devils*, *Libera nos, Domine*.

But how comes it (said I) that you have not coupled the *Women* with the *Thieves*? for they are both of a Trade. Not a Word of *Women* as ye love me, (quoth the Devil) for we are so tired out with their Importunities, so deafen'd with the Eternal Clack of their Tongues, that we start at the very thought of them. And to say the Truth, *Hell* were no ill *Winter-Quarter*, if it were not so overstock'd with that sort of Cattel. Since the Death of the *Witch of Endor*, it has been all their Business to improve themselves in Subtilty and Malice, and to set us together by the Ears among our selves. Nay some of them are confident enough to tell us to our Teeth, that when we have done our worst, they'll give us a *Rowland* for our *Oliver*. Only this comfort we have, that they are a cheaper Plague to *Us*, than they are to *You*; for we have no *Exchanges*, *Hide-Parks*, or *Spring-Gardens* in our Territories.

You are well stored then with *Women*, I see, but of which have you most? (said I) *Handsom*, or *Ill-favoured*? Oh, of the *Ill-favoured*, six for one (quoth the Devil;) For your *Beauties* can never want *Gallants* to lay their Appetites; and many of them, when they come at last to have their Bellies full, e'en give over the sport, Repent and 'scape. Whereas no body will touch the *Ill-favoured* without a pair of Tongs; and for want of Water to quench their Fire, they come to us such *Skeletons*, that they are enough to affright the Devil himself. For they are most commonly old, and accompany their last Groans with a Curse upon the younger that are to survive them. I carried away one t'other day of *Threescore and Ten*,
that

that I took just in the nick, as she was upon a certain Exercise to remove obstructions: And when I came to land her; Alas for thee poor Woman! What a terrible fit had she got of the *Tooth-Ach*! When upon search, the Devil a Tooth had she left in her Head, only she belied her Chops, to save her Credit.

You have exceedingly satisfied me, (said I) in all your Answers: But pray'e once again, what store of *Beggars* have ye in Hell? *Poor People*, I mean: *Poor* (quoth the Devil,) who are they? Those (said I) that have no Possessions in the World: How can that be, (quoth he) that those should be damn'd, that have nothing in the World, when Men are only damn'd for cleaving ro't? And briefly, I find none of their Names in our Books, which is no wonder: for he that has nothing to trust to, shall be left by the Devil himself in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have you greater Devils, than your Flatterers, false Friends, lewd Company, envious Persons? than a Son, a Brother, or a Relation that lies in wait for your Life, to get your Fortune; that mourns over you in your Sickness, and wishes you already at the Devil? Now the *Poor* have none of this; they are neither flatter'd nor envy'd, nor befriended, nor accompanied: There's no gaping for their Possessions; and in short, they are a sort of People that live well, and die better; and there are some of them that would not exchange their Rags for Royalty it self: They are at Liberty to go and come at pleasure, be it War or Peace; free from Cares, Taxes, and publick Duties. They fear no Judgments or Executions, but live as inviolable, as if their Persons were Sacred. Moreover they take no thought for to morrow, but setting a just value on their hours, they are good Husbands of the present; considering that what is past is as good as *Dead*, and what's to come, *Uncertain*. But they say, *When the Devil Preaches, the World is near an End*.

The Divine Hand is in this (said the Holy Man that performed the *Exorcism*) Thou art the Father of Lyes, and yet deliver'st Truths, able to mollify and convert a Heart of Stone. But do not you mistake your self (quoth the Devil) to suppose that your Conversion is my business; for I speak these Truths to aggravate your Guilt, and that you may not plead Ignorance another day, when you shall be called to answer for your Transgressions. 'Tis true, most of you shed Tears at parting, but 'tis the Apprehension of Death, and no true Repentance for your Sins, that works upon you: For ye are all a pack of *Hypocrites*: Or if at any time you entertain those Reflexions, your trouble is, That your Body will not hold out; and then

then forsooth you pretend to pick a quarrel with the *Sin* it self. Thou art an *Impostor* (said the Religious) for there are many Righteous Souls, that draw their Sorrow from another Fountain. But I perceive you have a mind to amuse us, and make us lose time, and perchance your own hour is not yet come to quit the Body of this miserable Creature; however, I conjure thee in the name of the most High, to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy peace. The Devil obey'd; and the good Father applying himself to us, My Masters (says he) though I am absolutely of opinion, that it is the *Devil* that has talkt to us all this while through the Organ of this unhappy Wretch; yet he that well weighs what has been said, may doubtless reap some benefit by the Discourse. Wherefore without considering whence it came; Remember, that *Saul* (although a wicked Prince) Prophesied; and that Honey has been drawn out of the Mouth of a Lyon. Withdraw then, and I shall make it my Prayer (as 'tis my Hope) that this sad and prodigious Spectacle may lead you to a true sight of your Errors, and in the end, to amendment of Life.

The end of the First Vision.



T H E
SECOND VISION,
O F
DEATH and her EMPIRE.



MEAN Souls dō naturally breed sad Thoughts, and in Solitude, they gather together in Troops to assault the Unfortunate; which is the Tryal (according to my observation) wherein the Coward does most betray himself; and yet cannot I for my Life, when I am alone, avoid those Accidents and Surprizes in my self, which I condemn in others. I have sometime, upon reading the Grave and Severe *Lucretius*, been seiz'd with a strange damp;

damp; whether from the striking of his Counsels upon my Passions, or some Tacite Reflection of Shame upon my self, I know not. However, to render this Confession of my Weakness the more excusable, I'll begin my Discourse with somewhat out of that Elegant and Excellent Poet.

“ Put the case (says he) that a Voice from Heaven should speak
 “ to any of us after this manner; What do'st thou ail, O Mortal
 “ Man, or to what purpose is it to spend thy Life in Groans and Com-
 “ plaints, under the Apprehension of Death? Where are thy past
 “ Tears and Pleasures? Are they not vanish'd and lost in the Flux of
 “ Time, as if thou hadst put Water into a Sieve? Bethink thy self
 “ then of a Retreat, and leave the World with the same Content and
 “ Satisfaction, as thou wouldst do a plentiful Table, and a jolly
 “ Company upon a full Stomach. Poor Fool that thou art!
 “ Thus to macerate and torment thy self, when thou may'st enjoy thy
 “ Heart at ease, and possess thy Soul with Repose and Comfort, &c.

This passage brought into my mind the words of *Job*, Chap. 14. and I was carried on from one Meditation to another, till at length, I fell fast asleep over my Book, which I ascribed rather to a favourable Providence, than to my natural Disposition. So soon as my Soul felt her self at liberty, she gave me the entertainment of this following Comedy, my Fancy supplying both the Stage and the Company.

In the first Scene enter'd a Troop of *Physicians*, upon their Mules, with deep Foot-cloths; marching in no very good Order, sometime fast, sometime slow and to say the truth, most commonly in a huddle. They were all wrinkled and wither'd about the Eyes; I suppose with casting so many sour looks upon the Piss-Pots and Close-stools of their Patients; bearded like Goats; and their Faces so over-grown with Hair, that their Fingers could hardly find the way to their Mouths: In the Left-hand they held the Reins, and their Gloves roul'd up together; and in the Right a Staff *à la mode*, which they carried rather for Countenance than Correction? (for they understood no other Menage than the Heel) and all along Head and Body went too, like a Baker upon his Panniers. Divers of them I observed, had huge Gold Rings upon their Fingers, and set with Stones of so large a size, that they could hardly feel a Patient's Pulse, without minding him of his Monument. There were more than a good many of them, and a world of puny Practicers at their Heels, that came out *Graduates*, by conversing rather with the *Mules* than the *Doctors*? Well! said I to my self, if there goes no more than this to the making a *Physician*, it is no marvel we pay so dear for their Experience.

After these, follow'd a long Train of *Mountebank-Apothecaries*,

caries, laden with *Pestles* and *Mortars*, *Suppositories*, *Spatulas*, *Glister-Pipes*, and *Syringes*, ready charg'd, and as mortal as Gun-shot, and several *Titled Boxes*, with *Remedies without*, and *Poysons within*. Ye may observe, That when a Patient comes to die, the *Apothecary's Mortar Rings the Passing-Bell*, as the *Priest's Requiem* finishes the business. An *Apothecary's Shop* is (in effect) no other than the *Physician's Armory*, that supplies him with *Weapons*; and (to say the truth,) the *Instruments* of the *Apothecary* and the *Soldier*, are much of a *Quality*? What are their *Boxes* but *Petards*? Their *Syringes*, *Pistols*; and their *Pills*, but *Bullets*? And after all, considering their *Purgative Medicines*, we may properly enough call their *Shops Purgatory*; and why not their *Persons Hell*? Their *Patients* the *Damn'd*? And their *Masters* the *Devils*? These *Apothecaries* were in *jacquets*, wrought all over with *RS*, struck through like wounded *Hearts*, and in the form of the first *Character* of their *Prescriptions*; which (as they tell us) signifies *Recipe* (*Take Thou*;) but we find it to stand for *Recipio* (*I Take*.) Next to this *Figure* they write, *Ana, Ana*, which is as much as as to say, *An Ass, An Ass*; and after this march the *Ounces* and the *Scruples*; an incomparable *Cordial* to a dying *Man*; the former to dispatch the *Body*, and the latter, to put the *Soul* into the *High-way* to the *Devil*. To hear them call over all their *Simples*, would make you swear, they were raising so many *Devils*. There's your *Opopanax*, *Buphtalmus*, *Astaphylinos*, *Alectorolophos*, *Ophioscorodon*, *Anemasphorus*, &c.

And by all this formidable *Bombast*, is meant nothing in the *World* but a few paltry *Roots*, as *Carrots*, *Turneps*, *Skirrits*, *Radish*, and the like. But they have the old *Proverb* at their *Finger's end*; *He that knows thee will never buy thee*: And therefore every thing must be made a *Mystery*, to hold their *Patients* in *ignorance*, and keep up the *Price* of the *Market*. And were not the very names of their *Medicines* sufficient to fright away any *Distemper*, 'tis to be fear'd the *Remedy* would prove worse than the *Disease*. Can any pain in nature, think ye, have the confidence to look the *Physician* in the *Face*, that comes arm'd with a *Drug* made of *Man's Grease*? Though disguis'd under the name of *Mummy*, to take off the *Horror* and *Disgust* of it: Or to stay for a dressing with *Dr. Whachum's Plaster*, that shall fetch up a *Man's Leg* to the size of a *Mill-post*? When I saw these *People* herded with the *Physicians*, methought the old fluttish *Proverb* that says, *There is a great distance between the Pulse and the Arse*, was much to blame for making such a difference in their *Dignities*, for I find none at all; but the *Physician* skips in a trice from the *Pulse* to the *Stool* and *Urenal*, according to the *Doctrine*

of *Galen*, who sends all his Disciples to those unfavoury Oracles: From whose hands, the Devil himself, if he were Sick, would not receive so much as a Glister. Oh! these curst and lawless Arbitrators and Disposers of our Lives! That without either Conscience or Religion, divide our Souls and Bodies, by their damn'd Poysonous *Potions*, *Scarifications*, *Incisions*, *Excessive Bleedings*, &c. which are but the several ways of executing their Tyranny and Injustice upon us.

In the tail of these, came the *Surgeons*, laden with *Pincers*, *Crane-bills*, *Catheters*, *Desquamatories*, *Dilaters*, *Scissors*, *Saws*; and with them so horrid an Outcry of *Cut*, *Tear*, *Open*, *Saw*, *Flay*, *Burn*, that my Bones were ready to creep one into another, for fear of an Operation.

The next that came in, I should have taken by their *Mein*, for *Devils* disguis'd, if I had not spyed their Chains of Rotten Teeth, which put me in some hope they might be *Tooth-Drawers*, and so they prov'd; which is yet one of the lewdest Trades in the World; for they are good for nothing but to depopulate our Mouths, and make us old before our time. Let a Man but yawn, and ye shall have one of these Rogues examining his *Grinders*, and there's not a sound Tooth in your Head, but he had rather see't at his Girdle, than in the place of it's Nativity: Nay, rather than fail, he'll pick a quarrel with your *Gums*. But that which puts me out of all Patience, is to see these Scoundrels ask twice as much for drawing an *Old Tooth*, as would have bought me a *New One*.

Certainly (said I to my self) we are now past the worst, unless the Devil himself come next: And in that instant, I heard the Brushing of *Guitars*, and the Ratling of *Citerns*, Raking over certain *Passacailles* and *Sarabands*. These are a Kennel of *Barbers*, thought I, or I'll be hang'd; and any Man that had ever seen a Barber's Shop, might have told you as much without a Conjuror, both by the Musick, and by the very Instruments, which are as proper a part of a *Barber's Furniture*, as his *Comb-cases*, and *Washballs*. It was to me a pleasant Entertainment, to see them lathering of *Asses Heads*, of all sorts and sizes, and their Customers all the while winking and sputtering over their *Basons*.

Presently after these, appear'd a Consort of loud and tedious Talkers, that Tir'd and Deafn'd the Company with their shrill and restless Gabble: But as one told me, these were of several sorts. Some they call'd *Swimmers* from the motion of their Arms in all their Discourses, which was just as if they had been *Padding*. Others they call'd *Apes*, (and we *Mimicks*) these were perpetually making of *Mopps*, and
Mowes,

Mowes, and a thousand Antick Ridiculous Gestures, in derision and imitation of Others. In the Third place, were *Make-bates*, and *Sowers of Dissention*, and these were still Rolling their Eyes (like a *Bartlemy Puppet*, without so much as moving the Head) and Leering over their Shoulders, to surprize People at unawares in their Familiarities, and Privacies, and gather matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Lyars* follow'd next; and these seem'd to be a jolly contented sort of People, well fed, and well clothed; and having nothing else to trust to, methought it was a strange Trade to live upon. I need not tell you, that they are never without a full Audience, since all *Fools* and *Impertinents* are of their Congregations.

After these, came a Company of *Medlers*; a Pragmatical Insolent Generation of Men, that will have an Oar in every Boat, and are indeed the Bane of honest Conversation, and the Troublers of all Companies and Affairs; The most Prostitute of all Flatterers; and only devoted to their own Profit. I thought this had been the last Scene, because no more came upon the Stage for a good while; and indeed I wonder'd that they came so late themselves, but one of the *Bablers* told me (un-ask'd) that this kind of Serpent carrying his Venom in his Tail, it seem'd reasonable, that being the most Poysonous of the whole Gang, they should bring up the Rear.

I began then to take into thought what might be the meaning of this *Ogllo* of People of several Conditions and Humours met together; but I was quickly diverted from that Consideration, by the Apparition of a Creature which look't as if 'twere of the Feminine Gender. It was a Person, of a thin and slender *make*, laden with *Crowns*, *Garlands*, *Scepters*, *Scythes*, *Sheep-hooks*; *Pattins*, *Hob-nail'd-Shoes*, *Tiaras*, *Straw-Hats*, *Miters*, *Monmouth-Caps*, *Embroideries*, *Skins*, *Silk*, *Wool*, *Gold*, *Lead*, *Diamonds*, *Shells*, *Pearl*, and *Pebles*: She was dress'd up in all the Colours of the Rainbow; she had one Eye shut, the other open; Young on the one side, and Old o'the other. I thought at first, she had been a great way off, when indeed she was very near me; and when I took her to be at my Chamber-Door, she was at my Bed's-head. How to unriddle this Mystery I knew not; nor was it possible for me to make out the meaning of an Equipage so Extravagant, and so Fantastically put to together. It gave me no affright however, but on the contrary I could not forbear laughing; for it came just then into my mind, that I had formerly seen in *Italy* a *Farce*, where the *Mimick*, pretending to come from the other World, was just thus Accoutred, and never was any thing more Nonsensically pleasant. I held as
long

long as I could, and at last, I ask'd what she was? She answer'd me, I am *Death*. *Death!* (the very word brought my Heart into my Mouth;) and I beseech you, Madam, quoth I, (with great Humility and Respect) whither is your Honour a going? No farther (said she) for now I have found you, I am at my Journey's end. Alas, Alas! and must I die then, (said I.) No, no, (quoth *Death*) but I'll take thee Quick along with me: For since so many of the *Dead* have been to visit the *Living*, it is but equal for once, that one of the *Living* should Return a Visit to the *Dead*. Get up then, and come along, and never hang an Arse for the matter: For what you will not do willingly, you shall do in spite of your Teeth. This put me in a cold Fit; but without more delay, up I started, and desired leave only to put on my Breeches. No, no, (said she) no matter for Cloaths, no body wears them upon this Road; wherefore come away, naked as you are, and you'll travel the better. So up I got, without a word more, and follow'd her, in such a Terror and Amazement, that I was but in an ill Condition to take a strict Account of my Passage; yet I remember, that upon the way, I told her, Madam, under Correction, you are no more like the *Deaths* that I have seen, than *an Apple's like an Oyster*: Our *Death* is Pictur'd with a *Scythe* in her Hand, and a *Carcass* of Bones, as clean, as if the Crows had pick'd it. Yes, yes, (said she) turning short upon me, I know that very well; but in the mean time your Designers, and Painters, are but a company of Buzzards. The *Bones* you talk of, are the dead, or otherwise *the miserable Remains of the Living*; but let me tell you, that you your selves are your own *Death*, and that which you call *Death*, is but the *Period of your Life*, as the *first moment of your Birth*, is the *beginning of your Death*: And effectually, ye *Die Living*, and your *Bones* are no more than what *Death* has left, and committed to the Grave. If this were rightly understood, every Man would find a *Memento Mori*, or a *Death's-Head* in his own Looking-glass, and consider every House with a Family in't, but as a Sepulchre fill'd with dead Bodies; a Truth which you little dream of, though within your daily View and Experience. Can you imagine a *Death* elfewhere, and not in your selves? Believ't y'are in a shameful Mistake, for you your selves are *Skeletons* before ye are aware.

But, Madam, under favour, what may all these People be that keep your Ladyship Company? And since you are *Death* (as you say,) how comes it, that the *Bablers*, and *Make-bates*, are nearer your Person, and more in your good Graces, than the *Physicians*? Why (says she) there are

are more People *Talk'd* to Death, and dispatch'd by *Bablers*, than by all the pestilential Diseases in the World. And then your *Make-bates*, and *Medlers*, kill more than your *Physicians*, though (to give the Gentlemen of the Faculty their due) they labour Night and Day for the Enlargement of our Empire: For you must understand, that though *Distemper'd Humours* make a Man *Sick*, 'tis the *Physician* kills him; and he looks to be well paid for't too; (and 'tis fit that every Man should live by his Trade;) So that when a Man is ask'd, what such or such a one dy'd of, he is not presently to make Answer, that he dy'd of a *Fever*, *Plurisy*, the *Plague*, *Purples*, or the like; but that He dyed of the *Doctor*. In one Point, however, I must needs acquit the *Physician*; ye know that the stile of *Right Honourable*, and *Right Worshipful*, which was heretofore appropriated only to Persons of Eminent Degree and Quality, is now in our Days used by all sorts of little People; nay, the very *Bare-foot Fryars*, that live under Vows of *Humility* and *Mortification*, are stung with this Itch of *Title* and *Vain-glory*. And your ordinary *Trades-men*, as *Vintners*, *Taylors*, *Masons*, and the like, must be all drest up forsooth in the *Right Worshipful*; whereas your *Physician* does not so much Court Honour of *Appellation*, (though if it should Rain Dignities, he might be perswaded happily to venture the wetting) but sits down contented with the *Honour* of disposing of your *Lives* and *Moneys*, without troubling himself about any other sort of Reputation.

The Entertainment of these Lectures, and Discourses, made the way seem short and pleasant, and we were just now entring into a Place, betwixt Light and Dark; and of horror enough, if *Death* and I had not by this time been very well acquainted. Upon one side of the Passage, I saw *three moving Figures*, *Arm'd*, and of *Human shape*: and so alike, that I could not say which was which. Just opposite, on the other side, a *Hideous Monster*, and these *Three* to *One*, and *One* to *Three*, in a Fierce, and Obstinate Combat. Here *Death* made a stop, and facing about, ask'd me, if I knew these People. Alas! No, (quoth I) Heaven be prais'd, I do not, and I shall put it in my Litany, that I never may. Now to see thy Ignorance, cry'd *Death*; These are thy old Acquaintance, and thou hast hardly kept any other Company, since thou wert born. *Those Three*, are, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*; the Capital Enemies of thy Soul: And they are so like one another, as well in Quality, as Appearance, that effectually, whoever has *One*, has *All*. The Proud and Ambitious Man thinks he has got the *World*, but it proves the *Devil*. The *Leacher*, and the *Epicure*, perswade themselves, that they

have

I have gotten the *Flesh*, and that's the *Devil* too; and in fine, thus it fares with all other kinds of Extravagants. But what's he here, said I, that appears in so many several shapes, and fights against the other Three? That (quoth *Death*) is the *Devil of Money*, who maintains, that *He himself Alone*, is equivalent to them *Three*, and that wherever *He* comes, there's no need of *Them*. Against the *World* He argues from their own Confession, and Experience: For it passes for an Oracle, that *there's no World but Money; he that's out of Money, is out of the World. Take away a Man's Money, and take away his Life. Money answers all things.* Against the *Second Enemy*, he pleads that *Money* is the *Flesh* too; witness the *Girls* and the *Ganimedes* it procures, and maintains. And against the *Third*, He urges, that there's nothing to be done without this *Devil of Money*. *Love does much, but Money does all: And Money will make the Poor boy, though the Devil Piss in the Fire.* So that for ought I see (quoth I) *the Devil of Money has the better end of the Staff.*

After this, advancing a little farther, I saw on one Hand *Judgment*, and *Hell* on the other (for so *Death* called them.) Upon the sight of *Hell*, making a stop, to take a stricter Survey of it; *Death* ask'd me what it was I look'd at? I told her, it was *Hell*; and I was the more intent upon it, because I thought I had seen it somewhere else before. She question'd me, where? I told her, that I had seen it in the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of *Wicked Magistrates*; in the *Pride* and *Haughtiness* of *Grandeers*; in the *Appetites* of the *Voluptuous*; in the *Lewd Designs* of *Ruine* and *Revenge*; in the *Souls* of *Oppressors*; and in the *Vanity* of divers *Princes*. But he that would see it whole, and entire, in one Subject, must go to the *Hypocrite*, who is a kind of a *Religious Broker*, and puts out at *Five and Forty* per cent. *the very Sacraments, and Ten Commandments.*

I am very glad too (said I) that I have seen *Judgment* as I find it here, in it's Purity; for that which we call *Judgment* in the *World*, is a meer Mockery: If it were like this, Men would live otherwise than they do. To conclude; If it be expected that *our Judges* should govern *Themselves* and *Us* by *this Judgment*, the *World's* in an ill Case, for there's but little of it there. And to deal plainly, as matters are, I have no great Maw to go home again; for 'tis better being with the *Dead*, where there's *Justice*, than with the *Living*, where there's *none*.

Our next step was into a fair and spacious *Plain*, encompass'd with a huge *Wall*, where he that's once in, must never look to come out again. Stop here (quoth *Death*) for we are now come to my *Judgment-Seat*, and here it is that I give *Audience*. The *Wall* were hung with *Sighs* and
Groans,

Groans, Ill-News, Fears, Doubts and Surprizes. Tears did not there avail, either the *Lover* or the *Beggar*; but *Grief* and *Care* were without both *Measure* and *Comfort*; and serv'd as *Vermine*, to gnaw the Hearts of *Emperors* and *Princes*, feeding upon the Insolent and Ambitious, as their proper Nourishment. I saw *Envy* there drest up in a *Widow's Vail*, and the very Picture of the *Governante* of one of your Noblemen's Houses. She kept a continual *Fast* as to the *Shambles*, Preying only upon *her self*, and could not but be a very slender *Gentlewoman*, upon so spare a *Diet*. Nothing came amiss to her *Teeth*, (*Good* or *Bad*) which made the whole Set of them *Yellow* and *Rotten*; and the Reason was, that though she bit, and set her mark upon the *Good*, and the *Sound*, she could never swallow it. Under her, sat *Discord*; the Legitimate Issue of her own Bowels. She had formerly convers'd much with *Married People*; but finding no need of her there, away she went to *Colléges* and *Corporations*, where it seems they had more already than they knew what to do withal: And then she betook her self to *Courts* and *Palaces*, and officiated there, as the *Devils Lieutenant*. Next to *Her*, was *Ingratitude*, and she out of a certain *Paste* made up of *Pride* and *Malice*, was moulding of *New Devils*. I was extream glad of this Discovery, being of Opinion, till now, that the *Ungrateful* had been the *Devils themselves*, because I read, that the *Angels* that fell, were made *Devils* for their *Ingratitude*. To be short, the whole Place Eccho'd with *Rage* and *Curses*. What a *Devil* have we here to do? (said I) does it *Rain Curses* in this *Country*? With that, a *Death* at my Elbow ask'd me, what a *Devil* could I expect else, in a place where there were so many *Match-makers*, *Attorneys* and *Common-Barrctters*, who are a Pack of the most Accursed Wretches in Nature? Is there any thing more common in the World, than the Exclamations of *Husbands* and *Wives*? Oh! That damn'd *Devil* of a *Pander*: A heavy *Curse* upon that *Bitch* of a *Barwd* that ever brought us together. The *Pillory* and *Ten thousand Gibbets* to boot, take that *Pick-Pocket Attorney*, that advised me to this *Law-suit*, he's ruin'd me for ever. But pray'e (said I) what do all these *Match-makers* and *Attorneys* here together? Do they come for *Audience*? *Death* was here a little quick upon me, and called me *Fool* for so impertinent a *Question*. If there were no *Match-makers* (said she) we should not have the *Tenth Part* of these *Skeletons* and *Desperado's*. Am not I here, the *fifth Husband* of a *Woman* yet living in the *World*, that hopes to send twice as many more after me, and drink *Maudlin* at the *Fifteenths Funeral*? You say well, (said I) as to the business of *Match-makers*; but why so many *Petty Foggers*, I pray'e? Nay then I perceive, (quoth *Death*) now you have a mind to seize me; for that rascally

rascally sort of Caterpillars have been my undoing. Had not a Man better die by the *Common-Hangman*, than by the Hand of an *Attorney*, to be killed by *Falsities, Quirks, Cavils, Delays, Exceptions, Cheats, Circumventions*? Yes, yes, and it must not be deny'd, that these *Makers of Matches, and Splitters of Causes*, are the principal Support of this Imperial Throne.

At these words I rais'd my Eyes, and saw *Death* seated in her Chair of State, with abundance of little *Deaths* crowding about her; as the *Death of Love, of Cold, Hunger, Fear, and Laughter*; all, with their several Ensigns and Devices. The *Death of Love*, I perceived, had very little Brain, and to keep her self in Countenance, she kept company with *Pyramus and Thisbe; Hero and Leander, and some Amadis's and Palmerins d'Oliva*; all Embalm'd, steep'd in good Vinegar, and well dry'd. I saw a great many other sorts of Lovers too, that were brought, in all Appearance, to their last Agonies; but by the singular Miracle of self-Interest recover'd to the Tune of

*Will, if looking Well won't move her,
Looking Ill prevail?*

The *Death of Cold*, was attended by a many *Prelates, Bishops, Abbots, and other Ecclesiasticks*; who had neither Wives, nor Children, nor indeed any body else that cared for them, farther than for their Fortunes. These, when they come to a Fit of *Sickness*, are Pillag'd, even to their *Sheets and Bedding*, before ye can say a *Pater-Noster*. Nay, many times they are *stript*, e'er they are laid, and destroy'd for want of Cloaths to keep them warm.

The *Death of Hunger* was encompassed with a Multitude of *Avaritious Misers*, that were *Cording up of Trunks; Bolting of Doors and Windows; Locking up of Cellars and Garrets; and Nailing down of Trap-Doors; Burying of Pots of Money, and starting at every Breath of Wind they heard. Their Eyes were ready to drop out of their Heads for want of Sleep, their Mouths and Bellies complaining of their Hands; and their Souls turn'd into Gold and Silver; (the Idols they ador'd.)*

The *Death of Fear* had the most *Magnificent Train and Attendance* of all the rest, being accompanied with a great number of *Usurpers and Tyrants*, who commonly do Justice upon Themselves, for the Injuries they have done to Others: Their own Consciences doing the Office of Tormentors, and Avenging their publick Crimes by their private Sufferings, for they live in a perpetual Anguish of Thought, with Fears and Jealousies.

The *Death of Laughter* was the last of all, and surrounded with a Throng of People, *hasty to Believe, and slow to Repent,*

pent; Living without fear of Justice, and Dying without hope of Mercy. These are they that pay all their Debts and Duties with a Jest. Bid any of them give every Man his due, and return what he has either Borrow'd, or wrongfully taken, his Answer is, You'd make a Man die with Laughing. Tell him, my Friend, you are now in Tears, your Dancing Days are done, and your Body is worn out; what should such a Scare-Crow as you are, do with a Bedsfellow? Give over your Bawdy Haunts for shame, and don't make a Glory of a Sin, when you are past the Pleasure of it, and your self upon all Accompts contemptible into the Bargain. This Fellow (says he) would make a Man break his Heart with Laughing. Come, come, say your Prayers, and bethink your self of Eternity, you have one Foot in the Grave already, and 'tis high time to fit your self for the other World. Thou wilt absolutely kill me with Laughing. I tell thee, I'm as sound as a Roach, and I do not remember that ever I was better in my Life. Others there are, that, let a Man advise them upon their Death-Beds, and even at the last Gasp, to send for a Divine, or to make some handsome Settlement of their Estates. Alas, alas! they'll cry; I have been as bad as this many a time before, and (with Falstaffe's Hostess) I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet. These Men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to understand their danger. This Vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the Pains and Marks imaginable of a true Repentance. Well, (said I) since so it is, that Man has but one Life allotted him, and so many Deaths; but one way into the World, and so many Millions out of it, I will certainly at my Return, make it more my Care than it has been to Live with a good Conscience, that I may die with Comfort.

The last Words were scarce out of my Mouth, when the Cryer of the Court with a loud Voice, called out, *The Dead, The Dead; Appear the Dead.* And so immediately, I saw the Earth begin to Move, and gently opening it self, to make way, first for Heads and Arms, and then by Degrees for the whole Bodies of Men and Women that came out, half muffled in their Night-Caps, and ranged themselves in excellent Order, and with a profound silence. Now (says Death) let every one speak in his Turn; and in the instant, up comes one of the Dead to my very Beard, with so much Fury and Menace in his Face and Action, that I would have given him half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition. These Devils of the World (quoth he) what would they be at? My Masters, cannot a Poor Wretch be quiet in his Grave for ye? But ye must be casting your Scorns upon him, and charging him with things that upon my Soul, he's as innocent of, as the Child that's Unborn. What hurt has he done any of you (ye Scoundrels you,) to be thus abused? And I beseech you, Sir, said

said I, (under your favourable Correction) who may you be? For I confess I have not the Honour either to know or to understand ye. *I am* (quoth he) *the Unfortunate Tony, that has been in his Grave now this many a fair Year, and yet your Wife Worships forsooth, have not Wit enough to make your Selves and your Company merry, but Tony must still be one half of your Entertainment and Discourse. When any Man plays the Fool or the Extravagant, presently he's a Tony. Who drew this or that ridiculous Piece? Tony. Such or such a one was never well Taught: No, he had a Tony to his Master. But let me tell ye, he that shall call your Wisdoms to shrift, and take a strict Account of your Words and Actions, will upon the Upshot find you all a Company of Tonys: And in effect, the Greater Impertinents. As for instance, Did I ever make ridiculous Wills (as you do) to oblige others to Pray for a Man in his Grave, that never Pray'd for Himself in his Life? Did I ever Rebel against my Superiours? Or, was I ever so errant a Coxcomb, as by colouring my Cheeks and Hair, to imagine that I could reform Nature, and make my self young again? Can ye say, that I ever put an Oath to a Lye; or broke a solemn Promise, as you do every Day that goes over your Heads? Did I ever enslave my self to Money? Or, on the other side make Ducks and Drakes with it? And squander it away in Gaming, Revelling, and Whoring? Did my Wife ever wear the Breeches? Or, did I ever marry at all to be reveng'd of a false Mistress? Was I ever so very a Fool as to believe any Man would be True to me, who had Betray'd his Friend? Or, to venture all my Hopes upon the Wheel of Fortune? Did I ever envy the felicity of a Court-Life, that sells and spends all for a Glance: What pleasure did I ever take in the lewd Discourses of Hereticks and Libertines? Or did I ever Lift my self in the Party, to get the name of a Gifted Brother? Who ever saw me insolent to my Inferiors, or basely servile to my Betters? Did I ever go to a Conjuror, or to your Dealers in Nativities and Horoscopes upon any occasion of Loss or Death? Now if you your selves be guilty of all these Fopperies, and I innocent, I beseech ye where's the Tony? So that you see Tony is not the Tony you take him for. But (to Crown his other Vertues) he is also endued with so large a stock of Patience, that whoever needed it, had it for the asking; unless it were such as came to borrow Money; or in Cases of Women that claim'd Marriage of him; or Laquais that would be making sport with his Bauble; and to these, He was as resolute as *John Florio*.*

While we were upon this Discourse, another of the Dead came marching up to me, with a Spanish Pace and Gravity; and giving me a touch o' the Elbow; *Look in my Face* (quoth he with a stern Countenance) *and know, Sir, that you are not now to have to do with a Tony. I beseech your Lordship* (said I, saving your Reverence) *let me know your*

your Honour, that I may pay my Respects accordingly; for I must confess, I thought all People here had been, *Hail Fellow well met.* I am call'd (quoth he) by Mortals, *Queen Dick*; and whether you know me or not, I'm sure you think and talk of me often enough; and if the Devil did not possess ye, you would let the Dead alone, and content your selves to prosecute one another. Ye can't see a High-crown'd Hat, a Threadbare Cloak, a Basket Hilt Sword, or a Dudgeon Dagger; nay, not so much as a reverend Matron, well stricken in years, but presently ye cry, this or that's of the Mode or Date of *Queen Dick*. If ye were not every Mother's Child of ye stark mad, ye would confess that *Queen Dick's* were Golden Days to those ye have had since, and 'tis an easy matter to prove what I say. Will ye see a Mother now teaching her Daughter a Lesson of good Government? *Child*, (says she) *you know that Modesty is the great Ornament of your Sex; wherefore be sure, when ye come in Company, that you don't stand staring the Men in the Face, as if ye were looking Babies in their Eyes; but rather look a little downward, as a Fashion of Behaviour, more suitable to the Obligations of your Sex.* Downward! (says the Girl,) I beseech you, Madam, Excuse me: This was well enough in the Days of *Queen Dick*, when the poor Creatures knew no better. Let the Men look downward towards the Clay of which they were made; but Man was our Original, and it will become us to keep our Eyes upon the matter, from whence we came. If a Father give his Son in charge, *to Worship his Creator; to say his Prayers Morning and Evening; to give Thanks before and after Meat; to have a care of Gaming and Swearing.* Ye shall have the Son make Answer, That 'tis true, this was practis'd in the time of *Queen Dick*, but it is now quite out of Mode: And in plain *English*, Men are better known now a-days by their *Atheism* and *Blasphemy* than by their *Beards*.

Hereupon, *Queen Dick* withdrew, and then appear'd a large *Glass-Bottle*, wherein was Luted up (as I heard) a famous *Necromancer*, hackt and minc'd according to his own Order, to render him immortal. It was boyling upon a Quick Fire, and the Flesh by little and little began to piece again, and made first an Arm, then a Thigh, after that a Leg, and at last there was an entire Body that rais'd it self upright in the Bottle. Bless me (thought I!) what's here? A *Man* made of a *Pottage*, and brought into the World out of the Belly of a Bottle? This Vision affrighted me to the very Heart; and while I was yet panting and trembling, a Voice was heard out of the Glass. *In what year of our Lord are we? 1636.* (quoth I) *And Welcome, said he; for 'tis the happy Year I have longed for so*

many a Day. Who is it, I pray'e, (quoth I) that I now see and hear in the Belly of this Bottle? I am (said he) the great *Necromancer* of *Europe*; and certainly you cannot but have heard both of my Operations in General, and of this particular Design. I have heard talk of you from a Child (quoth I) but all those Stories I took only for old Wife's Fables. You are the Man then it seems; I must confess that at first, at a distance I took this Bottle for the Vessel that the ingenious *Rablais* makes mention of; but coming near enough to see what was in it, I did then imagine it might be some *Philosopher*, by the *Fire*; or some *Apothecary* doing Penance for his Errors. In fine, it has cost me many a heavy Step to come hither; and yet to see so great a Rarity I cannot but think my Time and Pains very well bestow'd. The *Necromancer* call'd to me then to unstop the Bottle; and as I was breaking the Clay to open it, Hold, hold, a little, he cry'd; and I prithee tell me first, how goes squares in *Spain*? What Money? Force? Credit? The *Plate Fleets* go and come (said I) reasonably well; but the *Foreigners* that come in for their snips, have half spoil'd the Trade. The *Genoeses* run out as far as the Mountains of *Potosi*, and have almost drain'd them dry. My Child, (quoth he) That Trade can never be secure and open, so long as *Spain* has any Enemy that's Potent at Sea. And for the *Genoeses*, they'll tell you this is no injustice at all; but on the contrary, a new way of quitting old scores, and justifying his Catholick Majesty for a good Pay-master. I am no Enemy to that Nation, but upon the Account of their Vices and Encroachments; and I confess, rather than see these Rascals prosper, I'd turn myself into a *Bosillon* again, as ye saw me just now; nay, I did not care if 'twere into a *Powder*, though I ended my days in a *Tobacco-Box*. Good Sir, (said I) comfort your self, for these People are as miserable as you'd wish them. You know they are *Cavaliers* and *Signiors* already, and now (forsooth) they have an Itch upon them to be *Princes*: A vanity that gnaws them like a *Cancer*; and by drawing on great Expences, breeds a Worm in their Traffick, so that you'll find little but Debt and Extravagance at the foot of the Account. And then the *Devil's* in them for a Wench, infomuch, that 'tis well, if they bring both ends together; for what's gotten upon the *Change*, is spent in the *Stews*.

This is well (quoth the *Necromancer*) and I'm glad to hear it. Pray'e tell me now, what Price bears *Honour* and *Honesty* in the World? There's much to be said (quoth I) upon that Point; but in brief, there was never more of it in *Talk*, nor less in *Effect*. Upon my *Honesty*, cries the *Tradesman*;

Tradesman; upon my *Honour*, says his *Lordship*: And in a word, every Man has it, and every thing is it, in some disguise or other: But duly considered, there's no such thing upon the Face of the Earth. The *Thief* says, 'tis more *Honourable* to *Take* than *Beg*. He that asks an *Alms*, pleads, that 'tis *Honester* to *Beg* than *Steal*. Nay, the *False Witnesses* and *Murthers* themselves, stand upon their Points, as well as their Neighbours, and will tell ye that a *Man of Honour* will rather be *buried alive*, than *Submit*, (though they will not always do as they say.) Upon the whole matter, every Man sets up a *Court of Honour* within himself; pronounces every Thing *Honourable* that serves his *Purpose*, and laughs at them that think otherwise. To say the Truth, all things are now *Topsie Turvie*. A good *Faculty* in *Lying* is a fair step to *Prefement*; and to pack a Game at Cards, or help the Frail Die, is become the *Mark* and *Glory* of a *Cavalier*. The *Spaniards* were heretofore, I confess, a very brave and well-govern'd People: But they have Evil Tongues among them now a-days, that say they might e'en go to School to the *Indians* to learn *Sobriety* and *Virtue*. For they are not really *Sober*, but at their own Tables, which indeed, is rather *Avarice*, than *Moderation*; for when they Eat or Drink at another Man's Cost, there are no greater Gluttons in the World; and for Fuddling, they shall make the best *Pot-Companion* in *Switzerland* knock under the Table.

The *Necromancer* went on with his Discourse; and ask'd me what store of *Lawyers* and *Attorneys* in *Spain* at present? I told him, that the whole World swarm'd with them, and that there were of several sorts; some, by *Profession*, others, by *Intrusion*, and *Presumption*, and some again by *Study*; but not many of the last, though indeed sufficient of every kind to make the People pray for the *Egyptian Locusts* and *Caterpillars*, in Exchange for that *Vermine*. Why then (quoth the *Necromancer*) if there be such *Plagues* abroad, I think I had best e'en keep where I am. It is with *Justice* (said I) as with *Sick-Men*; in time past, when we had fewer *Doctors*, (as well of *Law*, as of *Physick*) we had more *Right*, and more *Health*: But we are now destroy'd by *Multitudes*, and *Consultations*, which serve to no other end, than to enflame both the *Distemper*, and the *Reckoning*. *Justice* as well as *Truth*, went naked, in the days of Old; one single *Book* of *Laws* and *Ordinances*, was enough for the best Order'd Government in the World. But the *Justice* of our Age, is Trickt up with *Bills*, *Parclements*, *Writs*, and *Labels*; and furnish'd with Millions of *Codes*, *Digests*, *Pandects*, *Pleadings*, and *Reports*; and what's their Use, but to make *Wrangling* a Science? And to Embroil us in *Seditious*, *Suits*, and endless *Trouble* and *Confusion*? We have had more

Books Publish'd this last Twenty Years, than in a Thousand before; and there hardly passës a Term without a New Author, in Four or Five Volumes at least, under the Titles of *Glosses, Commentaries, Cases, Judgments, &c.* And the great Strife is, who writes *Most*, not *Best*; so that the whole Bulk, is but a *Body* without a *Soul*, and fitter for a *Church-yard* than a *Study*. To say the Truth, these *Lawyers* and *Solicitors*, are but so many *Smock-Merchants, Sellers of Wind, and Troublers of the Publick Peace*. If there were no *Attorneys*, there would be no *Suits*; if no *Suits*, no *Cheats*, no *Serjeants*, no *Catchpoles*, no *Prisons*; if no *Prisons*, no *Judges*; no *Judges*, no *Passion*; no *Passion*, no *Bribery* or *Subornation*.

See now what a Train of Mischiefs one wretched *Petty-Fogger* draws after him! If you go to him for Counsel, he Hears your Story, Reads your Case, and tells you very gravely: Sir, this is a nice Point, and would be well handled; We'll see what the Law says. And then he runs ye over with his Eye and Finger, a matter of a hundred Volumes, grumbling all the while like a Cat, that Claws in her play'twixt Jest and Earnest. At last down comes the Book, he shews the Law, bids you leave your Papers, and he'll study the Question. But your Cause is very good (says he) by what I see already; and if you'll come again in the *Evening* or to *Morrow Morning*, I'll tell ye more. But pardon me, Sir, now I think on't, I am retain'd upon the business of the *Fens*, it cannot be till *Monday Next*, and then I'm for ye. When ye are to part, and that you come to the Greasing of his Filt; (the best thing in the World both for the Wit and Memory,) *Good Lord! Sir*, (says he) *what do you mean? I beseech you, Sir; Nay pray'e, Sir*; and if he spies you drawing back, the Paw opens, seizes the *Gold*, and good *Morrow Countryman*. Say'st thou me so? (quoth the good Fellow in the Glafs) stop me up close again as thou lovest me then, for the very Air of these Rascals will Poyson me, if ever I put my Head out of this Bottle, till the whole Race of them be extinct. In the mean time take this for a Rule: *He that would thrive by Law, must Fee his Enemy's Council as well as his own.*

But now ye talk of great Cheats; what News of the *Venetians*? Is *Venice* still in the World or no? *In the World*, do ye say? Yes, marry is't (said I) and stands just where it did. Why then (quoth he) I prithee give it to the Devil from me as a token of my Love; for'tis a Present equal to the severest Revenge. Nothing can ever destroy that Republick but Conscience; and then you'll say 'tis like to be Long-liv'd; for if every Man had his own, it would not be left worth a Groat. To speak freely, 'tis an odd

odd kind off *Common-Wealth*: 'Tis the very *Arse-Gut*, the *Drain* and *Sink* of *Monarchies*, both in War and Peace. It helps the *Turk* to Vex the *Christians*, and the *Christians* to Gall the *Turk*, and maintains it self to torment both. The *Inhabitants* are neither *Moors*, nor *Christians*, as appears by a *Venetian Captain*, in a *Combat* against a *Christian Enemy*: Stand to't, my *Masters* (says he) *Ye were Venetians before Ye were Christians*.

Enough, enough of this, cry'd the *Necromancer*, and tell me, how stand the People affected? What *Malecontents* and *Mutineers*? *Mutiny* (said I) is so universal a Disease, that every Kingdom is (in effect) but a great Hospital, or rather a Bedlam (for all Men are mad) to entertain the disaffected. There's no stirring for Me then (quoth the *Necromancer*) but pray'e commend me however to those busy Fools, and tell them, that carry what Face they will, there's *Vanity* and *Ambition* in the *Pad*. *Kings* and *Princes*, have in their Nature much of *Quick-silver*. They are in perpetual *Agitation*, and without any *Repose*. Press them too hard, (that is to say beyond the Bounds of *Duty* and *Reason*) and they are lost. Ye may observe, that your *Gilders*, and great Dealers in *Quick-silver*, are generally troubled with the *Palsy*; and so should all *Subjects Tremble*, that have to do with *Majesty*; and better to do it at first, out of *Respect*, than afterward, upon *Force* and *Necessity*.

But before I fall to pieces again, as you saw me e'en now, (for better so than worse) I beseech ye, one word more, and it shall be my last: *Who's King of Spain now*? You know (said I) that *Philip* the Third is dead: Right (quoth he) a Prince of incomparable *Piety* and *Virtue*, or my Stars deceive me. After him, (said I) came *Philip* the IV. If it be so (quoth he) break, break my *Bottle* immediately, and help me out; for I am resolv'd to try my *Fortune* in the *World* once again, under the *Reign* of that *Glorious Prince*. And with that word, he dash'd the *Glass* to pieces against a *Rock*, crept out of his *Case*, and away he ran. I had a good mind to have kept him *Company*; but as I was just about to start, Let him go, let him go, cry'd one of the *Dead*; (and laid hold of my *Arm*,) he has *Devilish Heels*, and you'll never overtake him.

So I staid, and what should I see next but a wondrous *Old Man*, whose *Name* might have been *Bucephalus* by his *Head*, and the *Hair* on his *Face* might very well have stufed a couple of *Cushions*: Take him together, and you'll find his *Picture* in the *Map*, among the *Savages*. I need not tell ye that I stared upon him sufficiently; and he taking notice of it, came to me, and told me; Friend, (say

he) my Spirit tells me, that you are now in pain to know who I am; understand that my Name is *Nostradamus*. Are you the Author then (quoth I) of that *Gallimaufry of Prophecies*, that's Publish'd in your Name? *Gallimaufry*, say't thou? Impudent and Barbarous Rascal that thou art, to despise Mysteries that are above thy reach, and to revile the Secretary of the Stars, and the Interpreters of the Destinies: Who is so brutal as to doubt the meaning of these Lines?

*From second Causes, this I gather,
Nought shall befall us, Good or Ill,
Either upon the Land or Water,
But what the great Disposer will.*

Reprobate and besotted Villains that ye are; What greater Blessing could betide the World, than the Accomplishment of this Prophecy? Would it not establish Justice and Holiness, and suppress all the Vile Suggestions and Motions of the Devil? Men would not then any longer set their Hearts upon Avarice, Cozening, and Extortion, and make Money their God; that Vagabond Money, that's perpetually trotting up and down like a wandering Whore, and takes up most commonly with the unworthy, leaving the *Philosophers*, and *Prophets*, which are the very *Oracles* of the *Heavens*, (such as *Nostradamus*) to go bare-foot. But let's go on with our *Prophecies*, and see if they be so frivolous and dark, as the World reports them.

*When the marry'd shalt marry,
Then the jealous will be sorry;
And though Fools will be talking,
To keep their Tongues walking;
No Man runs well I find,
But with's Elbows behind,*

This gave me such a fit of Laughing, that it made me cast my Nose up into the Air, like a Stone-Horse that hath got a Mare in the Wind: Which put the *Astrologer* out of all patience. Buffoon, and Dog-Whelp, as ye are (quoth he) there's a Bone for you to pick; you must be snarling and snapping at every thing. Will your Teeth serve you now to fetch out the Marrow of this Prophecy? Hear then in the Devil's Name, and be mannerly: Hear, and Learn, I say, and let's have no more of that Grinning, unless ye have a mind to leave your Beard behind ye. Do ye imagine that all that are married, marry? No, not the one half of them. When you are married, the Priest has done his part; but after that, to marry, is to do the Duty of a Husband. Alack, how many marry'd Men live as if they

they were single! and how many *Batchelors* on the other side, as if they were *marry'd*: after the Mode of the Times. And *Wedlock* to divers Couples, is no other than a more sociable state of *Virginity*. Here's one half of my Prophecy expounded already; now for the rest. Let me see you run a little for Experiment, and try if you carry your Elbows *before* or *behind*. You'll tell me perhaps, that this is ridiculous, because every body knows 'it. A pleasant Shift: As if Truth were the worse for-being plain. The things indeed that you deliver for *Truths*, are for the most part meer *Fooleries* and *Mistakes*; and it were a hard matter to put Truth in such a Dress as would please ye. What have ye to say now, either against my Prophecy or my Argument? Not a Syllable, I warrant ye, and yet somewhat there is to be said; for *there's no Rule without an Exception*. Does not the *Physician* carry his *Elbow before him*, when he puts back his Hand to take his Patient's Money? And away he's gone in a trice, so soon as he has made his Purchase. But to proceed, here's another of my Prophecies for ye.

*Many Women shall be Mothers,
And their Babbies,
Their N'own Daddies.*

What say ye to this now? Are there not many *Husbands* do ye think (if the truth were known) that Father *more Children* than their own? Believe me (Friend) a *Man* had need have good *Security* upon a *Woman's Belly*; for *Children* are commonly made in the *Dark*, and 'tis no easy Matter to know the *Workman*, especially having nothing but the *Woman's bare word* for't. This is meant of the Court of *Assistance*; and whoever interprets my Prophecies, to the Prejudice of any Person of Honour, abuses me. You little think what a World of our *Gay Folks* in their *Coaches and six*, with *Lacquies* at their Heels, by the Dozens, will be found at the last day, to be only the *Bastards* of some *Pages*, *Gentlemen-Ushers*, or *Valets de Chambre* of the Family; nay, perchance the *Physician* may have had his Hand in the wrong Box, and in case of a necessity, good use has been made of a *lusty Coachman*. Little do you think (I say) how many *Noble Families* upon that grand Discovery, will be found extinct for want of Issue.

I am now convinc'd (said I to the *Mathematician*) of the Excellency of your Predictions; and I perceive (since you have been pleas'd to be your own Interpreter) that they have more weight in them than we were aware of. Ye shall have one more (quoth he) and I have done.

*This Year, if I've any skill I'll Weather,
Shall many a one take Wing with a Feather.*

I dare say that your Wit will serve ye now to imagine, that I'm talking of *Rooks* and *Jack-daws*; but I say, no; I speak of *Lawyers*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Scriveners*, and their *Fellows*, that with the Dash of a *Pen* can defeat their *Clients* of their *Estates*, and fly away with *Them* when they have done.

Upon these Words, *Nostradamus* vanisht, and some body plucking me behind, I turn'd my Face upon the most meager, melancholick Wretch that ever was seen, and cover'd all in white. For Pity's sake, (says he) and as you are a good Christian, do but deliver me from the Persecution of these *Impertinents* and *Bablers* that are now tormenting me, and I'll be your Slave for ever, (casting himself at my Feet in the same Moment, and crying like a Child.) And what art thou (quoth I) for a miserable Creature? I am (says he) an antient and an honest Man, although defam'd with a thousand Reproaches and Slanders: And in fine, some call me *Another*, and others *Somebody*; and doubtless ye cannot but have heard of me, as *Somebody* says, crys one, that has nothing to say for himself; and yet till this instant, I never so much as open'd my Mouth. The *Latins* call me *Quidam*, and make good use of me to fill up Lines and stop Gaps. When ye go back again into the World, I pray'e do me the favour to own that you have seen me, and to justifie me for one that never did, and never will either Speak or Write any thing, whatever some Tatling Idiots may pretend. When they bring me into *Quarrels* and *Brawls*, I am call'd forsooth, *A certain Person*: In their *Intrigues*, *I know not who*: And in the Pulpit, *A certain Author*: And all this, to make a Mystry of my Name, and lay all their Fooleries at my Door. Wherefore I beseech ye help me; which I promis'd to do. And so this Vision withdrew to make place for another.

And that was the most frightful piece of *Antiquity* that ever Eye beheld in the shape of an *Old Woman*. She came nodding towards me, and in a hollow ratling Tone, (for she spoke more with her *Chops* than her *Tongue*,) Pray'e, (says she) *Is there not somebody come lately hither from the other World?* This Apparition, thought I, is undoubtedly one of the *Devil's Scare-Crows*. Her *Eyes* were so sunk in their *Sockets* that they lookt like a pair of *Dice* in the bottom of a couple of *Red-boxes*. Her *Cheeks* and the *Soles* of her *Feet*, were of the same *Complexion*. Her *Mouth* was pale and open too, the better to receive the *Distillations* of her *Nose*. Her *Chin* was cover'd with a kind of *Goose-down*, as
Toothless

Toothless as a Lamprey; and the Flaps of her Cheeks were like and Ape's Bags: Her Head danc'd, and her Voice at every word kept time to't. Her Body was Veil'd, or rather wrapt up in a shroud of Grape. She had a Crutch in one Hand, which serv'd her for a Supporter; and a Rosary in t'other, of such a length, that as she was stooping over it, a Man would have thought she had been Fishing for Death's Heads. When I had done gaping upon this Epitome of past Ages; *Hola! Grannum*, (quoth I, good lustily in her Ear, taking for granted that she was deaf) what's your Pleasure with me? With that she gave a Grunt, and being much in wrath to be called *Grannum*, clapt a pair of Spectacles upon her Nose, and Pinking through them, I am, quoth she, neither Deaf nor *Grannum*, but may be called by my Name as well as my Neighbours; (giving to understand, that Women will take it ill to be called Old, even in their very Graves.) As she spake, she came still nearer me, with her Eyes dropping, and the smell about her perfectly of a dead Body. I begg'd her pardon for what was past, and for the future her Name, that I might be sure to keep my self within the bounds of Respect. I am call'd (says she) *Douagna*, or *Madam the Gouvernante*. How's that, quoth I, in a great Amazement? Have ye any of those Cattle in this Country? Let the Inhabitants pray heartily for Peace then; and all little enough to keep them quiet. But to see my Mistaké now, I thought the Women had not died when they came to be *Gouvernantes*, and that for the punishment of a wicked World the *Gouvernantes* had been immortal. But I am now better inform'd, and very glad truly to meet with a Person I have heard so much talk of. For with us, who but *Madam the Gouvernante* at every turn? Do you see that Mumping Hag, cries one? Come here, ye Darn'd fade, cries another. That Old Bawd, says a third, has forgotten, I warrant ye, that ever she was a Whore: And now see if we do not remember ye. You do so, and I'm in your debt for your remembrance, the Great Devil be your Pay-Master, ye Son of a Whore, you: Are there no more *Gouvernantes* than my self? Sure there are, and ye may have your Choice without affronting me. Well, well, (said I) have a little patience, and at my return I'll try if I can put things in better order. But in the mean time, what business have you here? Her Reverence upon this was a little qualified, and told me, that she had now been Eight hundred Years in Hell, upon a design to erect an Order of the *Gouvernantes*; but the right Worshipful the Devil-Commissioners, are not as yet come to any Resolution upon the Point. For, say they, if your *Gouvernantes* should come oncé to settle here, there would need no other Tort-

mentors, and we should be but so many *Jacks out of Office*. And besides, we should be perpetually at *Daggers-drawing* about the *Brands* and *Candle-Ends*, which they would still be filching, and laying out of the way; and for us to have our Fuel to seek, would be very inconvenient. I have been in *Purgatory* too (she said) upon the same Project; but there so soon as ever they set Eye on me, all the Souls cry'd out unanimously, *Libera nos, &c.* As for *Heaven*, that's no Place for *Quarrels*, *Slanders*, *Disquiets*, *Heart-burnings*, and consequently none for *Me*. The *Dead* are none of my Friends neither, for they grumble, and bid me let them alone as they do me, and be gone into the World again if I please, and there (they tell me) I may play the *Gouvernante* in *secula seculorum*. But truly I had rather be here at my ease than spend my Life crumpling, and brooding over a Carpet at a Bed-side, like a thing of Clouts, to secure the Poultry of the Family from strange Cocks, which would now and then have a brush with a Virgin Pullet, but for the care of the *Gouvernantes*. And yet 'tis she, good Woman, bears all the blame in case of any Miscarriage: The *Gouvernante* was presently of the Plot, she had a feeling in the Cause, a Finger in the Pye: And 'tis she, in fine, that must answer for all. Let but a Sock, an old Hankercher, the greasie Lining of a masque, or any such frippery piece of business be missing; ask the *Gouvernante* for this or for that. And in short, they take us certainly for so many *Storks* and *Ducks*, to gather up all the filth about the House. The *Servants* look upon us as *Spies* and *Tell-tales*: My *Cousin* forsooth, and t'other's *Aunt* dares nor come to the House for fear of the *Gouvernante*. And indeed I have made many of them *Cross* themselves that took me for a Ghost. Our *Masters* they curse us too, for embroiling the Family. So that I have rather chosen to take up here betwixt the *Dead* and the *Living*, than to return again to my Charge of a *Donegna*, the very sound of the Name being more terrible than a Gibbet; as appears by one that was lately travelling from *Madrid* to *Vailladolid*, and asking where he might lodge that Night? Answer was made, at a small Village call'd *Donegnas*. But is there no other Place (quoth he) within some reasonable distance, either short, or beyond it? They told him, No, unless it were at a *Gallows*. That shall be my *Quarter* then, (quoth he) for a *Thousand Gibbets* are not so bad to me as one *Donegna*. Now you see how we are abus'd, (quoth the *Gouvernante*) I hope you'll do us some Right when it lies in your Power.

She would have talk'd me to Death, if I had not given her the slip upon the removing of her Spectacles; but could