

could not 'scape so neither, for looking about me for a Guide to carry me home again, I was arrested by one of the *Dead*; a good proper Fellow, only he had a pair of *Ram's-horns* on his Head; And I was about to salute him for *Aries* in the *Zodiac*: But when I saw him plant himself just before me, with his *best Leg* forward, stretching out his Arms, clutching his Fists, and looking as sour as if he would have eaten me without *Mustard*; Doubtless (said I) *The Devil is Dead, and this is He*. No, no, cry'd a By-stander This is a *Man*: Why then (said I) he's Drunk, I perceive, and *Quarrelsome in his Ale*, for here's no body has touch'd him. With that, as he was just ready to fall on, I stood to my Guard, and we were arm'd at all points alike, only he had the odds of the Head-piece. Now, Sirrah, (says he) *Have at ye*, Slave that you are, to make a Trade of defaming persons of Honour. By the Death that commands here, I'll ha' my Revenge, and *Turn your Skin over your Ears*. This insolent Language stirr'd my Choler, I confess, and so I call'd to him; *Come, come on; Sirrah*; *A little nearer yet, and if ye have a mind to be twice kill'd, I'll do your business*: *Who the Devil brought this Cornuto hither to trouble me?* The word was no sooner out, but we were immediately at it, Tooth and Nail, and if his Horns had not been flatted to his Head, I might have had the worst on't. But the whole Ring presently came in to part us, and did me a singular kindness in't, for my Adversary had a Fork, and I had none. As they were *Staving and Tayling*, you might have had more Manners (cry'd one) than to give such Language to your Betters, and to call *Don Diego Moreno Cuckold*. And is this that *Diego Moreno*, then, said I? Rascal that he his, to charge me with abusing Persons of Honour. A Scoundrel (said I) that 'tis a shame for Death to be seen in's company, and was never fit for any thing in his whole life, but to furnish Matter for a Farce. And that's my Grievance, Gentlemen, (quoth *Don Diego*) for which with your Leave, he shall give me satisfaction. I do not stand upon the matter of being a Cuckold, for there's many a brave Fellow lives in *Cuckolds-Row*. But why does he not name *others* as well as me? As if the Horn grew upon no-bodies Head but mine: I'm sure, there are Others that a thousand times better deserve it; I hope he cannot say that ever I gor'd any of my Superiors, or that my being *Cornuted* has rais'd the Price of *Post-Horns*, *Lanthorns*, or *Pocket-Inkhorns*. Are not *Shoeing-horns* and *Knife-handles*, as cheap now as ever? Why must I walk the Stage then more than my Neighbours? Beyond question, there never liv'd a more peaceable Wretch upon the face of the Earth, all things consider'd, than my self. Never

was Man freer from *Jealousie*, or more careful to step aside at the time of Visit: For I was ever against the spoiling of sport, when I could make none my self. I confess, I was not so charitable to the Poor as I might have been; the truth of it is, I watch'd them as a Cat would do a Mouse, for I did not love them. But then in Requital, I could have out-snorted the seven Sleepers, when any of the better sort came to have a Word in private with my Wife. The short on't is, We agreed blessedly well together, she and I; for I did whatever she would have me; and she would say a thousand and a thousand times, *Long live my poor Diego, the best condition'd, the most complaisant Husband in the World; whatever I do is well done, and he never so much as opens his Mouth good or bad.* But by her leave, that was little to my Credit, and the Jade when she said it, was beside the Cushion. For many and many a time have I said, *This is Well, and That's Ill.* When there came any Poets to our House, *Fiddlers or Morrice-Dancers*, I would say, *This is not well.* But when the *rich Merchants* came, *Oh very good,* would I say, *this is as well as well can be.* Sometime we had the hap to be visited by some *Pennyles Courtier*, or *Low-Country Officer* perchance; then should I take her aside, and rattle her to some Tune: *Sweet-heart,* would I say, *Pray'e, What ha' we to do with these Frippery Fellows, and Damme Boys? Shake them off, I'd advise ye, and take this for a Warning.* But when any came that had to do with the *Mint* or the *Exchequer*, and spent freely, (for lightly come, lightly go) *I marry, my Dear, (quoth I) there's nothing to be lost by keeping such Company.* And where's the hurt of all this now? Nay on the Contrary, my poor Wife enjoy'd her self happily under the protection of my Shadow, and being a *Femme Couverte*, not an Officer durst come near her. Why should this *Buffoon* of a *Poetaster* now make me still the *ridiculous Entertainment* of all his *Interludes* and *Farces*, and the *Fool in the Play?* By your Favour (quoth I) we are not yet upon even Terms; and before we part, you shall know what 'tis to provoke a *Poet.* If thou wert but now alive, I'd Write thee to *Death*, as *Archilocus* did *Lycambes.* And I'm resolv'd to put the History of thy Life in a *Satyr*, as sharp as *Vinegar*, and give it the Name of the *Life and Death* of *Don Diego Moreno.* It shall go hard (quoth he) but I'll prevent that, and so we fell to't again, Hand and Foot, till at length the very fancy of a Scuffle wak'd me, and I found my self as weary as if it had been a real Combat. I began then to reflect upon the Particulars of my Dream, and to consider what Advantage I might draw from it; for the *Dead* are past fooling, and *Those are the soundest Counsels, which we receive from such as advise us without either Passion or Interest.*

T H E
 THIRD VISION,
 O F
 The LAST JUDGMENT.



HOMER makes JUPITER the Author or Inspirer of Dreams; especially the Dreams of Princes and Governors: And if the matter of them be Pious and Important. And it is likewise the Judgment of the Learned Propertius, That Good Dreams came from above, have their weight, and ought not to be slighted. And truly I am much of his Mind, in the case of a Dream I had the other Night. As I was reading a Discourse touching the *End of the World*, I fell asleep over the Book, and Dreamt of the *Last Judgment*. (A Thing which in the House of a Poet is scarce admitted, so much as in a Dream.) This fancy minded me of a Passage in *Claudian*; *That all Creatures dream at Night of what they have heard and seen in the Day: As the Hound dreams of Hunting the Hare.*

Methought I saw a very handsome Youth tawring in the Air, and sounding of a Trumpet; but the forcing of his Breath, did indeed take off much of his Beauty. The very Marbles, I perceived, and the Dead obey'd his Call; for in the same moment the Earth began to open, and set the Bones at Liberty, to seek their Fellows. The first that appear'd, were *Sword-Men*; As *Generals of Armies, Captains, Lieutenants, Common-Soldiers*; who supposing that it had sounded a Charge, came out of their Graves, with the same Briskness and Resolution, as if they had been going to an Assault, or a Combat. The *Misers* put their Heads out, all Pale and Trembling, for fear of a *Plunder*. The *Cavaliers* and *Good Fellows* believed they had been going to a *Horse-Race*, or a *Hunting-Match*. And in fine, though they all heard the *Trumpet*, there was not any Creature knew the meaning of it (for I could read their Thoughts by their Looks and Gestures.) After this there appear'd a great many *Souls*; whereof some came up to
 their

their *Bodies*; though with much Difficulty and Horror: Others stood wondring at a distance, not daring to come near so hideous and frightful a Spectacle. This wanted an Arm, That an Eye, T^other a Head. Upon the whole, though I could not but smile at the prospect of so strange a variety of Figures; yet was it not without just matter of Admiration at the *All-powerful Providence*, to see Order drawn out of *Confusion*, and every part restor'd to the right Owner. I dreamt my self then in a *Church-yard*; and there, methought, divers that were loth to appear, were changing of Heads; and an *Attorney* would have *Demurr'd*, upon Pretence, that He had got a Soul was none of his Own, and that his Body and Soul were not fellows.

At length, when the whole Congregation came to understand, that This was *the Day of Judgment*, it was worth the while, to observe what shifting and shuffling there was among the *Wicked*. The *Epicure* and *Whoremaster* would not own their *Eyes*, nor the *Slanderer* his *Tongue*, because they'd be sure to appear in Evidence against them. The *Pick-Pockets* ran away as hard as they could drive from their own *Fingers*. There was one that had been Embalm'd in *Egypt*, and staying for his *Tripes*, an Old Usurer ask'd him, if the *Bags* were to rise with the *Bodies*? I could have laugh'd at this Question, but I was presently taken up with a crowd of *Cut-purses*, running full speed from their own Ears (that were offer'd them again) for fear of the sad Stories they expected to hear. I saw all this from a convenient Standing; and in the Instant, there was an Outcry at my Feet, *Withdraw, Withdraw*. The word was no sooner given, but down I came, and immediately a great many *Handsome Ladies* put forth their Heads, and call'd me Clown, for not paying them that Respect and Ceremony which belong'd to their Quality (now you must know that the *Women* stand upon their Pantoffles, even in Hell it self.) They seem'd at first very Gay and Frolick; and truly, well enough pleas'd to be seen naked, for they were *clean skin'd and well made*. But when they came to understand that this was *the Great Day of Account*, their Consciences took Check, and all the Jollity was dash'd in a moment: Whereupon they took to a Valley, miserably Listless, and out of Humour: There was One among the rest, that had had *Seven Husbands*, and promis'd every one of them never to marry again, for she could never love any thing else she was sure: This Lady was casting about for Fetches, and Excuses, and what Answer she should make to that Point. Another that had been as common as *Ratcliffe High-Hay*, would neither Lead nor Drive, and stood *Humming* and *Hawing* a good while, pretending she

she had forgot her *Night-Geer*, and such Fooleries; but spite of her Heart, she was brought at last within sight of the Throne; where she found a World of her old Acquaintance that she had carry'd part of their way to Hell; who had no sooner set Eye on her, but they fell a *Pointing* and *Hooting*, so that she took up her Heels, and herded her self in a Troop of *Serjeants*. After this, I saw a many People driving a *Physician* along the Bank of a River, and these were only such as he had unnecessarily dispatcht before their time. They follow'd him with Cries of *Justice, Justice*, and forc'd him on toward the *Judgment-Seat*, where they arriv'd in the end with much ado. While this pass'd, I heard, methought, upon my Left-hand, a *Padling* in the *Water*, as if one had been Swimming: And what should this be, but a *Judge* in the middle of a River, washing and rinsing his hands over and over. I ask'd him the meaning of it; and he told me, That in his *Lifetime* he had been often dawb'd in the *Fist*, to make the *business* slip the better, and he would willingly get out the *Grease* before he came to hold up his Hand at the Bar. There follow'd next a Multitude of *Vintners* and *Taylors*, under the Guard of a Legion of *Devils*, arm'd with *Rods, Whips, Cudgels*, and other Instruments of Correction: And these counterfeit-ed themselves Deaf, and were very loath to leave their Graves, for fear of a worse Lodging. As they were passing on, up started a little *Lawyer*, and ask'd whither they were going? They made Answer, That they were going to give an account of their Works. With that the *Lawyer* threw himself flat upon his Belly in his Hole again. If I am to go downward at last, (says he) I am thus much onward on my way. The *Vinter* sweat as he walk'd, till one drop follow'd another; That's well done; cry'd a *Devil* at's Bellow, to purge out thy *Water*, that we may have none in our *Wine*. There was a *Taylor* wrapt up in *Sarcenets*, *Crook-finger'd*, and *Baker-legg'd*, spake not one word all the way he went, but *Alas! Alas!* how can any Man be a *Thief* that dies for want of Bread? But his Companions gave him a Rebuke for discrediting his Trade. The next that appeared were a *Band* of *High-way Men*, following upon the heels one of another, in great Distrust and Jealousy of Thieves among themselves. These were fetch'd up by a Party of *Devils* in the turning of a hand, and lodg'd with the *Taylors*: For (said one of the Company) your *Highway-Man* is but a *Wild Taylor*. They were a little Quarrelsome at first, but in the conclusion, they went down into the Valley and Kennel'd quietly together. After these came *Folly* with her Gang of *Poets, Fidlers, Lovers* and *Fencers*; The People of all the World.

World, that Dream the least of a Day of Reckoning: These were disposed of among the *Hangmen, Jews, Scribes* and *Philosophers*. There were also a great many *Solicitors*, wondrous among themselves, that they should have so much *Conscience* when they were *Dead*, and none at all *Living*. In fine, the *Word* was given, *Silence*.

The *Throne* being *Erected*, and the *Great Day* come: A Day of *Comfort* to the *Good*, and of *Terror* to the *Wicked*. The *Sun* and the *Stars* waited on the *Foot-stool*; the *Wind* was *still*; the *Water* *quiet*; the *Earth* in *Suspense* and *Anguish* for fear of her *Children*: And in brief, the whole *Creation* was in *Anxiety* and *Disorder*. The *Righteous* they were employ'd in *Prayers* and *Thanksgivings*; and the *ungodly* in framing of *Shifts* and *Evasions*, to *Extemperate* their *Pains*. The *Guardian Angels* were at hand on the one side, to acquit themselves of their *Duties* and *Commissions*: And on the other side, were the *Devils* hunting for more matters of *Aggravation* and *Charge* against *Offenders*. The *Ten Commandments* had the *Guard* of a *Narrow Gate*, which was so *strait*, that the most *mortify'd Body* could not pass it, without leaving a *good part* of his *Skin* behind him.

On one *Hand* there were in *Multitudes*; *Disgraces*, *Misfortunes*, *Plagues*, *Griefs* and *Troubles*; All in a *Clamour* against the *Physicians*. The *Plague* confess'd indeed, that she had struck many; but 'twas the *Doctor* did their *business*. *Melancholy* and *Disgrace* said the like; and *Misfortunes* of all sorts made open *Protestation*, that they never brought any *Man* to his *Grave*, without the *Help* and *Advice* of a *Doctor*. So that the *Gentlemen of the Faculty* were call'd to *Account* for those they had *kill'd*. They took their *Places* upon a *Scaffold*, with *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper* about them; and still as the *Dead* were call'd, some or other of them answered to the *Name*, and declared the *Year* and *Day*, when such a *Patient* pass'd through his *Hand*.

They began the *Inquiry* at *Adam*, who, methought, was severely handled about an *Apple*. Alas! (cry'd *Judas* that was by) if that were such a *fault*, what will become of me that sold and betray'd my *Lord* and *Master*? Next came the *Patriarchs*, and then the *Apostles*, who took their *Places* by *St. Peter*. It was worth the noting, that at this *Day* there was no *Distinction* between *Kings* and *Beggars*, before the *Judgment Seat*. *Herod* and *Pilate*, so soon as they put out their *Heads*, found it was like to go hard with them. My *Judgment* is just (quoth *Pilate*.) Alack! (cry'd *Herod*.) What have I to trust to; *Heaven* is no place for me, and in *Limbo* I should fall among the *Innocents* I have *Murther'd*; so that without more ado, I must e'en

take up my Lodging in *Hell*: The common Receptacle of Notorious Malefactors.

There came in immediately upon this, a kind of a sowre rough-hewn Fellow; Look ye (says he) stretching out his Arm, here are my Letters. The Company wonder'd at his humour, and askt the Porter, What he was? Which he himself over-hearing, I am (quoth he) *a Master of the Noble Science of Defence*: And plucking out several seal'd Parchments; These (said he) are the Attestations of my Exploits. At which word, all his Testimonials fell out of his Hand, and a Couple of Devils would fain have whipt them up, to have brought them in Evidence against him at his Tryal; but the Fencer was too nimble for them, and took them up himself. At which time, an *Angel* offer'd him his Hand to help him in; but he, for fear of an *Attack*, leapt a step backward, and with great Agility, *alonging* withal. Now, (says he) if ye think fit, I'll give ye a Taste of my Skill. The Company fell a Laughing, and this Sentence was Past upon him; *That since by his Rules of Art, he had occasioned so many Duels and Murthers; He should himself go to the Devil by a Perpendicular Line.* He pleaded for himself, that he was no *Mathematician*, and knew no such Line; but while the word was in his Mouth a Devil came up to him, gave him a turn and a half, and down he tumbled.

After him, came the *Treasurers*, and such a Cry following them, for Cheating and Stealing, that some said the *Thieves* were coming; others said no; and the Company was divided upon't. They were much troubled at the Word, *Thieves*, and desir'd the benefit of Council to plead their Cause. And very good reason (said one of the *Devils*) Here's a *discarded Apostle* that has Executed both Offices, let them take him; where's *Judas*? When the *Treasurers* heard that, they turn'd aside, and by chance, spy'd in a Devil's Hand, a huge Roll of *Accusations* ready drawn into a formal *Charge* against them. With that, one of the boldest among them: *Away, away*, (cry'd he) with these *Informations*; We'll rather come to a Fine and Compound, though it were for Ten or Twenty Thousand Years in *Purgatory*. Ha! Ha! (quoth the Devil, a cunning Snap that drew up the *Charge*,) if ye are upon those Terms, ye are hard put to't. Whereupon the *Treasurers*, being brought to a forc't put, were e'en glad to make the best of a bad Game, and follow the Fencer.

These were no sooner gone, but in came an unlucky *Pastry-Man*; they ask'd him, if he would be try'd. That's e'en as't hits; (said he.) At that word, the Devil that manag'd the Cause against him, prest his *Charge* and laid it home

home to him, that he had put off *Cats* for *Hares*; and fill'd his *Pyes* with *Bones*, instead of *Flesh*; and not only so, but that he had sold *Horseflesh*, *Dogs* and *Foxes*, for *Beef* and *Mutton*. Upon the Issue, it was prov'd against him, that *Noah* never had so many *Animals* in his *Ark*, as this poor Fellow had put in his *Pyes*, (for we read of no *Rats* and *Mice* there) so that he e'en gave up his Cause, and went away to see if his *Oven* were hot. Next, came the *Philosophers* with their *Syllogisms*, and it was no ill Entertainment, to hear them *Chop Logick*, and put all their *Expostulations*, in *Mood* and *Figure*. But the pleafantest People in the World were the *Poets*, who insisted upon it, that they were to be try'd by *Jupiter*: And to the Charge of *Worshipping false Gods*, their answer was, that through *them* they worshipt the *True One*, and were rather mistaken in the *Name* than in the *Worship*. *Virgil* had much to say for himself, for his *Sicelides Muse*; but *Orpheus* interrupted him; who being the *Father of the Poets*, desired to be heard for them all. What *He?* (cry'd one of the *Devils*) Yes; for teaching that *Boys* were better *Bedfellows* than *Wenches*; but the *Women* had Comb'd his *Coxcomb* for him, if they could have catcht him. *Away with him to Hell once again*, then they cry'd, and let him get out now if he can. So they all fil'd off, and *Orpheus* was their *Guide*, because he had been there once before. So soon as the *Poets* were gone, there knockt at the Gate a *Rich Penurious Chuff*; but 'twas told him, that the *Ten Commandments* kept it, and that he had not kept them. It is impossible, (quoth he) under favour, to prove that ever I broke any One of them. And so he went to justify himself from point to point: He had done this and that; and he had never done that nor t'other; but in the end, he was deliver'd over to be rewarded according to his Works. And then came on a Company of *House-breakers*, and *Robbers*: So dextrous, some of them, that they sav'd themselves from the very *Ladder*. The *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*, observing that; Ah! Thought they, if we could but pass for *Thieves* now! And yet they set a Face good enough upon the business too: Which made *Judas* and *Mahomet* hope well of themselves; for (said they) if any of these Fellows come off, there's no fear of us: Whereupon they advanc'd boldly, with a Resolution to take their Tryal; which set the *Devils* all a Laughing. The *Guardian Angels* of the *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*, mov'd that the *Evangelists* might be of their *Council*, which the *Devils* oppos'd; for, (said they) we shall insist only upon the matter of *Fact*, and leave them without any possibility of *Reply*, or *Excuse*. We might indeed content our selves with the bare proof of what they are; for 'tis Crime enough that

that they are *Scriveners* and *Attorneys*. With that, the *Scriveners* deny'd their Trade, alledging that they were *Secretaries*, and the *Attorneys* call'd themselves *Solicitors*. All was said in effect, that the Case would bear; but the best part of their Plea was *Church-member-ship*. And in fine, after several *Replications* and *Rejoinders*, they were all sent to *Old Nick*; save only two or three that found *Mercy*. Well (cry'd one of the *Scriveners*,) *This 'tis to keep lewd Company!* The *Devils* called out then, to clear the Bar, and said they should have occasion for the *Scriveners* themselves, to enter *Protestations* in the Quality of *Publick Notaries*, against lawless and disorderly People: But the poor Wretches it seems, could not hear on that Ear. To say the Truth, the *Christians* were much more troublesome than the *Pagans*, which the *Devils* took exceeding Ill; but they had this to say for themselves, that they were *Christened* when they were *Children*, so that 'twas none of their Fault, and their *Parents* must answer for't. *Judas* and *Mahomet* took such Courage, when they saw two or three of the *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys* sav'd, that they were just upon the point of *Challenging their Clergy*; but they were prevented by the Doctor I told you of, who was set first to the Bar, in Company with an *Apothecary*, and a *Barber*, when a certain *Devil*, with a great Bundle of *Evidences* in his Hand, inform'd the Court, that the greatest part of the *Dead* there present, were sent thither by the Doctor then at the Bar, in Confederacy with his *Apothecary*, and *Barber*, to whom they were to acknowledge their Obligation for that fair Assembly. An *Angel* then interposing for the *Defendant*, recommended the *Apothecary* for a Charitable Person, and one that *Physick'd the Poor for nothing*: No matter for that, (cry'd the *Devil*) for I have him in my Books, and am able to prove, that he has killed more People with two little *Boxes*, than the *King of Spain* has done with *Two thousand Barrels of Powder*, in the *Low Country Wars*. All his Medicines are corrupted, and his Compositions hold a perfect Intelligence with the *Plague*: He has utterly un-peopled a couple of his Neighbour Villages, in a matter of three Weeks time. The Doctor he let fly upon the *Pothecary* too, and said he would maintain against the whole College, that his *Prescriptions* were according to the *Dispensatory*: And if an *Apothecary* would play the *Knave*, or the *Fool*, and put in *This for That*, he could not help it. So that without any more Words, the *Pothecary* was put to the *Summer-salt*, and the Doctor and Barber were brought off, at the Intercession of *St. Cosmas* and *St. Damian*.

After these, came a *Dapper Lawyer*, with a Tongue steep'd in Oyl, and a great Master of his Words and Actions; a most exquisite *Flatterer*; and no man better skill'd in the Art of moving the Passions than himself; or more ready at bolting a lucky Precedent at a dead list; or at making the best of a bad Cause; for he had all the shifts and starting holes in the Law at his Finger's ends: But all this would not serve; for the Verdict went against him, and he was *Order'd to pay Costs*. In that Instant, there was a Discovery made of a Fellow that hid himself in a Corner, and look'd like a *Spy*; They ask'd him, what he was? He made answer, an *Empyrick*; What (said a *Devil*) my Old Friend *Pontæus*: Alas! Alas! Thou hadst Ten thousand times better be in *Covent-Garden* now, or at *Charing-Cross*; for upon my word thou't have nothing to do here, unless, perhaps, for an Oynment for a Burn, or so; and so *Pontæus* went his way. The next that appear'd were a Company of *Vintners*, who were accused for *Adulterating*, and *Mingling Water* with their *Wines*. Their Plea was, that in Compensation they had furnish'd the *Hospitals* with *Communion-Wine* that was *Right*, upon *Free-Cost*; but this Excuse signify'd as little, as that of the *Tailors* there present, who suggested that they had *Cloth'd* so many *Fryars Gratis*; and so they were dispatch'd away together. After these, follow'd a number of *Banquiers*, that had turn'd *Bankrupt*, to cozen their *Creditors*; who finding there several of their old Correspondents, that they had reduced to a *Morsel of Bread*, began to treat of Composition: But one of the Devils presently cry'd out, All the rest have had enough to do to answer for themselves; but these People are to reckon for other Men's scores, as well as their own. And hereupon, they were forthwith sent away to *Pluto* with Letters of Exchange; but as it happen'd at that time, the Devil was out of Cash.

After this, enter'd a *Spanish Cavalier*, as *Upright*, as *Justice* it self. He was a matter of a Quarter of an Hour in his *Legs*, and *Reverences*, to the Company. We could see no Head he had, for his Prodigious starch'd Ruff that stood staring up like a *Turkey-Cocks-Tail*, and cover'd it. In fine, it was so fantastick a Figure, that the Porter was gaping at it, a good while, and ask'd if it were a *Man*, or no? It is a *Man*, (quoth the *Spaniard*) upon the Honour of a *Cavalier*, and his Name is *Don Pedro Rhodomontodoso*, &c. He was so long a telling his *Name* and *Titles*, that one of the Devil's burst out a Laughing in the middle of his Pedigree, and demanded, *What he would be at? Glory*, (quoth he) which they taking in the worse Sense, - for *Pride*, sent him away immediately to *Lucifer*. He was a little severe upon

upon his Guides, for disordering his *Mustachoes*, but they help'd him presently to a pair of *Beard-Irons*, and all was well again.

In the next place, came a Fellow weeping and wailing; but my Masters, (says he) my Cause is never the worie for my *Crying*; for it I would stand upon my Merits, I could tell ye that I have kept as good company, and had as much to do with the *Saints* as another Body. What have we here (cry'd one) *Dioclesian* or *Nero*? For they had enough to do with the *Saints*, though 'twere but to Persecute them. But upon the Upshot, what was this poor Creature, but a small *Officer*, that swept the Church, and dusted the Images and Pictures. His Charge was for stealing the *Oyl* out of the Lamps, and leaving all in the dark; pretending that the *Owls* and *Jack-daws* had drunk it up. He had a Trick too of Clothing himself out of the *Church-Habits*, which he got new-dy'd; and of *Crumming his Porrage with consecrated Bread*, that he stole every *Sunday*. What he said for himself, I know not; but he had his *Mittimus*, and took the Left-hand way at parting.

With that a Voice was heard, *Make way there, clear the Passage*: And this was for a *Bevy* of handsom, buxom, *Bona Roba's* in their *Caps* and *Feathers*, that came *Dancing*, *Laughing*, and *Singing of Ballads and Lampoons*, and as merry as the Day was long. But they quickly chang'd their Note; for so soon as ever they saw the hideous Looks of the Devils, they fell into violent fits of the Mother; beating their Breasts, and tearing their Hair with all the Horror and Fury imaginable. There was an Angel offer'd in their favour, that they had been great Frequenters of *Our Lady's Chapel*: Yes, yes, (cry'd a Devil) *less of her Chapel, and more of her Virtue*, would have done well. There was a notable Whipster among the rest, that confess'd, the Devil had reason. And then her Tryal came on, for making a Cloak of a *Sacrament*; and only *marrying*, that she might play the *Whore* with *Privilege*, and never want a *Father* for her *Bastards*. It was her fortune alone to be condemn'd; and going along, Well! she cry'd, If I had thought 'twould have come to this, I should ne'er have troubled my self with so many Masses.

And now, after long waiting, came *Judas* and *Mahomet* upon the Stage, and to them *Jack of Leyden*: Up comes an Officer, and ask'd which of the three was *Judas*? I am he, quoth *Jack of Leyden*. Nay, but I am *Judas*, cry'd *Mahomet*. They're a couple of *Lying Rascals*, says *Judas* himself, for I am the Man, only the Rogues make use of my Name to save their Credit. 'Tis true, I sold my Master once, and the World has been ever since the better for't: But these

these Villains fell him and themselves too, every hour of the Day, and there follows nothing but Misery and Confusion. So they were all three packt away to their Disciples.

The Angel that kept the Book, found that the *Serjeants* and *Remembrancers* were to come on next; whereupon they were call'd, and appear'd: But the Court was not much troubled with them; for they confess'd Guilty at first word, and so were ty'd up without any more ado.

The next that appear'd was an *Astrologer*, loaden with *Almanacks*, *Globes*, *Astrolabes*, &c. making Proclamation as loud as he could bawl, that there must needs be a gross mistake in the reckoning; for *Saturn* had not finish'd his Course, and the World could not be yet at an end. One of the Devils that saw how he came provided, and look'd upon him as his own already: A provident Slave, (quoth he) I warrant him, to bring his firing along withhim. But this I must needs tell ye (says he to the *Mathematician*,) 'Tis a strange thing, ye should create so many *Heavens* in your *Life*, and go to the *Devil* for want of One after your *Death*. Nay for *Going* (cryed the *Astrologer*) ye shall excuse me; but if you'll *carry* me, *Well and good*. And immediately Order was given to carry him away and pay the Porter.

Hereupon methought, the Court rose; the Throne vanish'd; the Shadows and Darknes withdrew; the Air sweetned; the Earth was covered with Flowers; the Heavens clear: And then I waked; not a little fatisfy'd to find that after all this, I was still in my Bed, and among the Living. The Use I made of my Dream was this: I betook my self presently to my Prayers, with a firm Resolution of changing my Life, and putting my Soul into such a Frame of Piety and Obedience, that I might attend the coming of the Great Day with Peace and Comfort.

The End of the Third Vision.



THE
FOURTH VISION,
OF
LOVING FOOLS.



ABOUT four a Clock in a Cold Frosty Morning, when it was much better being in a *Warm Bed*, with a good *Bedfellow*, than upon a *Biere* in the *Church-Yard*; as I lay advising with my Pillow, Tumbling and Tossing a Thousand Love-Toys in my Head, I pass'd from one Fancy to another, till at last, I fell into a slumber; and there appear'd the *Genius of Disabuse*; Laying before me all the *Follies*, and *Vanities of Love*; and supporting her Opinions with great Authorities, and Reasons. I was carry'd then (methought I knew not how) into a fair Meadow: A Meadow, pleasant and agreeable infinitely beyond the very Fictions of your half-witted Poets, with all their far-fetch'd Gilding, and Enamellings; for a Paper of Verses is worth nothing with them, unless they force Nature for't, and Rise both the *Indies*. This Delicious Field was water'd with *two Riv'lets*; the *One Bitter*, the *Other Sweet*; and yet they mingled their Streams with a pretty kind of Murmur, equal perhaps to the best Musick in the World. The use of these *Waters* was, (as I observ'd) to temper the Darts of *Love*; for while I was upon the Prospect of the Place, I saw several of *Cupid's little Officers*, and Subjects, dipping of *Arrows* there, for their Entertainment and Ease. Upon this, I fancy'd my self in one of the Gardens of *Cyprus*, and that I saw the very *Hive*, where the *Bee* liv'd, that stung my *Young Master*, and occasion'd that Excellent Ode which *Anacreon* has written upon the Subject. The next thing I cast my Eye upon, was a *Palace*, in the midst of the Meadow; a *Rare piece*, as well for the *Structure*, as *Design*. The *Porches* were of the *Doric Order*, excellently wrought; And the *Pedestals*, *Bases*, *Columns*, *Cornishes*, *Capitals*, *Architraves*, *Freezes*, (and in short the whole *Front of the Fabrick*) was beautified with *Imaginary Trophies*,

Trophies, and Triumphs of Love, in Half Relief, which as they were intermixt with other fantastick Works and Conceits, carry'd the Face of several little Histories, and gave a great Ornament to the Building. Over the Porch, there was in Golden Letters, upon Black Marble this Inscription.

*This is call'd Fool's Paradise,
From the Loving Fools that dwell in't:
Where the Great Fools Rule the Lefs,
The Rest Obey, and all do well in't.*

The *Finishing, and Materials* were pleasant to Admiration. The *Portal spacious*; the *Doors* always open, and the *House* free to all Comers, which were very many; the *Porter's* place was supply'd by a *Woman*; Exquisitely handfom, both for *Face* and *Person*; Tall, *Delicately shap'd*, and set off with great Advantages of *Dress* and *Jewels*. She was made up in fine, of *Charms*, and her *Name* (as I understood) was *Beauty*. She would let a *Man* in to see the *House* for a *Look*; and that was all I paid for my *Passage*. In the first *Court*, I found a many of both *Sexes*, but so alter'd in *Habit* and *Countenance*, that they could scarce know one another. They were *sad, pensive*; and their *Complexions* tainted with a yellow *Paleness* (which *Ovid* calls *Cupid's Liver*.) There was no talk of being *True* to *Friends*; *Loyal* to *Superiors*; and *Dutiful* to *Parents*: But *Kindred* did the *Office* of *Procurers*; and *Procurers* were call'd *Cousins*. *Wives* lov'd their *Husbands* *She-Friends*, and *Husbands* did as much for *Them*, in loving their *Gallants*.

While I was upon the *Contemplation* of these *Encounters* of *Affection*, there appear'd a strange *Extravagant Figure*, but in the likeness of a *Humane Creature*. It was neither perfectly *Man*, nor perfectly *Woman*, but had indeed a *Resemblance* of Both. This *Person* I perceiv'd was ever busy, up and down, going and coming; beset all over with *Eyes* and *Ears*, and had one of the *Craftiest* distrustful *Looks* (methought) that ever I saw. And withal, (as I observ'd) no small *Authority* in the *Place*, which made me enquire after this *Creature's Name* and *Office*. My *Name* (quoth she, for now it prov'd to be a *Woman*) is *Jealousy*, and methinks you and I should be better acquainted; for how came you here else; However for your *Satisfaction*, you are to understand that the greater part of the *Distemper'd* *People* you see here, are of my bringing; and yet I am not their *Physician*, but their *Tormentor*; and serve only to *Aggravate* and *Imbitter* their *Misfortunes*. If you would know any thing farther of the *House*, never ask me, for 'tis *Forty* to *One* I shall tell you a

Lye; I have not told you half the Truth even of my self, and to deal plainly with you, I am made up of *Inventions*, *Artifice*, and *Imposture*: But the good Old Man that walks there is the *Major Domo*, and will tell you all, if you will but bear with his slow way of Discourse.

Thereupon I went to the Good Man, whom I knew presently to be *Time*: And desir'd him to let me look into the several *Quarters* and *Lodgings* of the House, for there were some *Fools* of my Acquaintance there I'd fain Vilit; He told me that he was at present so busy about making of *Candles*, *Cock-broths*, and *Gellies* for his Patients, that he could not stir; but yet he directed me where I might find all those I enquired for, and gave me the freedom of the House to walk at pleasure.

I pass'd out of the *First Court*, into the *Maid's Quarter*, which was the very strongest part of the whole Building; and so't had need; for divers of the *Young Wenches* were so Extravagant and Furious, that no other place would have held them. (The *Wives* and *Widows* were in another Room apart.) Here ye shall have *One* sobbing and raging with *Jealousy* of a *Rival*. There *Another* stark mad for a *Husband*, and inwardly bleeding because she durst not discover it. A *Third* was writing of Letters all *Riddle* and *Mystery*, Mending and Marring, till at last the Paper had more *blots* than *whole words* in it. Some were practising in the *Glass* the *Gracious Smile*, the *Rowl* of the *Eye*, the *Velvet Lip*, &c. Others again were in a Diet of *Oatmeal*, *Clay*, *Chalk*, *Coal*, *Hard Wax*, and the like. Some were conditioning with their Servants for a *Ball* or a *Serenade*, that the whole Town might ring of the *Address*. Yes, yes, they cry'd, *You can go to the Park with This Lady, and to a Play with That Lady, and to Banstead with T'other Lady, and spend whole Nights at Beste or Ombre with my Lady Pen-Tweezel; but by my Troth, I think you are asham'd to be seen in My Company.* Some I saw upon the very point of *Sealing* and *Delivering*. *I am thine* (cries one) *and Thine alone, or let all the Devils in Hell, &c. But be sure you be constant. If I be not* (says he) *let my Soul, &c.* and the silly *Jade* believes him. In one Corner ye shou'd have them praying for *Husbands*, that they might the better love at *Random*: In another, nothing would please them but to be *Marry'd Men's Wives*, and this Disease was look'd upon as a little *Desperate*. Some again stood ready furnish'd with *Love-Letters* and *Tickets* to be cast out at the Window, or thrust under the Door, and these were look'd upon not only as *Fools* but *Beasts*.

I had seen as much already as I desir'd; for I had learn'd of Old, that *He that keeps such Company, seldom comes off without a scratch'd Face*: But if he misses a *Mistress*, he gets a *Wife*,

and stands condemn'd to a *Repentance during Life*, without Redemption, unless One of the Two dies. For *Women* in the *Cafe* are worse than *Pyrats*; a *Gally Slave* may compound for his *Freedom*, but there's no thought of *Ransom* in *Cafe of Wedlock*. I had a good mind to a little *Chat* with some of them, but (thought I) they'll fancy I'm in *Love* with them. And so I e'en marched off into the *Mairy'd Quarter*.

Where there was such *Ranting*, *Damning*, and *Tearing*, as if *Hell* had been broke loose. And what was all This? but a Number of *Women* that had been lock'd up and shack'l'd by their *Husbands*, to keep them in *Obedience*, and had now broken their *Prisons*, and their *Chains*, and were grown ten times madder than before. Some I saw *Caressing* and *Cokesing* their *Husbands*, in the very moment they design'd to betray them. Others were picking their *Husbands* Pockets to pay now and then for a *By-Blow*. Some again were upon a *Religious* point, and all upon the *Humour* (forsooth) of *Pilgrimages* and *Lectures*; when alas! they had no other business with the *Altars* or *Churches*, than a *Sacrifice to Venus* or a *Love-meeting*. Divers there were that went to the *Bath*; but *Bathing* was the least part of the *Errand*; Others to *Confession*, that mistook their *Martyr* for their *Confessor*: Some to be *Reveng'd* of *Jealous Husbands*, were resolving to do the thing they fear'd; and pay them in their own *Coin*. Others were for making sure afore-hand by way of *Advance*; for that's the *Revenge*, they say, that's as sweet as *Muscadine* and *Eggs*. One was *Melancholy* for a *Delay*; Another for a *Defeat*; a *Third* is preparing to make her *Market* at a *Play*. There was one among the rest, was never out of her *Coach*; and asking her the *Reason*, she told me, she lov'd to be *Jolted*. In this *Crow'd* of *Women*, you must know that there were no *Wives of Ambassadors*, *Soldiers*, or *Merchants* that were abroad upon *Commission*; for such were consider'd in effect as *single Women*, and not allow'd as *Members* of this *Commonwealth*.

The next *Quarter* was that of the *Grave and Wise*; the *Right Reverend Widows*; *Women* in appearance of *Marvellous severity* and *reserve*, and yet every one of them had her weak side, and ye might read her *Folly* and *Distemper* through her *Disguise*. One of them I saw crying with one *Eye* for the *Loss of one Husband*, and laughing with t'other upon him that was to come next. Another, with the *Ephesian Matron*, was solacing her self with her *Gallant*, before her *Husband* was thorough cold in the *Mouth*; considering, that he that dy'd half an hour ago, is as dead as *William the Conqueror*. There were several others passing to and again quite out of their mourning, that look'd so demurely (I warrant ye) as if *Butter* would

would not have melted in their Mouths, and yet *Apostate Widows* (as I was told) and there they were kept as strictly, as if they had been in the *Spanish Inquisition*. Some were laying Wagers, whose mourning was most *A-la-mode*, and best made; or whose *Peak* or *Veil* became her *Best*: And setting themselves off with a Thousand tricks of *Ornament* and *Dress*. The *Widows* I observ'd that were marching off, with the *mark* out of their *Mouths*, were hugely concern'd to be thought *Young*, and still talking of *Masques*, *Balls*, *Fiddles*, *Treats*, *Chanting* and *Jigging* to every *Tune* they heard, and all upon the *Hoyty-Toyty*, like *mad Wenches* of *Fifteen*. The *Younger*, on the other side, made use of their time and took pleasure while'twas to be had. There were two of the *Religious strain*; a People much at their *Beads*, and in *private*; and these were there in the *Quality* of *Love-Hereticks*, or *Platonicks*, and under the *Penance* of perpetual *Abstinence* from the *Flesh* they lov'd best (which is the most *Mortifying Lent* of all other.) Some that had skill in *Perspective*, were before the *Glass* with their *Boxes* of *Patch* and *Paint* about them; *Shadowing*, *Drawing out*, *Refreshing*, and in short *Covering* and *Palliating* all the *Imperfections* of *Feature* and *Complexion*, every one after her own *Humour*. Now these *Women* were absolutely insufferable; for they were most of them *Old* and *Head-strong*, having got the better of their *Husbands*, so that they would be taking upon them to *domineer* here, as they had done at *home*; and indeed, they found the *Master* of the *College* enough to do.

When I had tir'd my self with this *Variety* of *Folly* and *Madness*, I went to the *Devotes*; where I found a great many *Women* and *Girls* that had *Cloyster'd* up themselves from the *Conversation* of the *World*; and yet were not a jot *soberer* than their *Fellows*. These one would have thought might have been easily cur'd, but many of them were in for their *Lives*, in despite of either *Counsel* or *Physick*. The *Room* where they were was *Barricado'd* with strong *Bars* of *Iron*; and yet when the *Toy* took them, they'd make now and then a *Sally*: For when the *Fit* was upon them, they'd own no *Superiour* but *Love*, come what would on't in the *Event*. The greater part of these good People, were writing of *Tickets* and *Dispatches*, which had still the *sign* of the *Cross* at the *Top*, and *Satan* at the *Bottom*, concluding with this, or some such *Postscript*; *I commend this Paper to your Discretion*. The *Fools* of this *Province* would be *Twatling* *Night* and *Day*; and if it happen'd that any one of them had talk'd her self a weary, (which was very rare) she would presently take upon her very gravely to admonish the *Rest*, and read a *Lecture* of *Silence* to the *Company*.

There were some that for want of better Entertainment fell in Love with one another; but these were look'd upon as a sort of *Fops* and *Ninnys*, and therefore the more favourably us'd; but they'd have been of another mind, if they had known the Cause of their Distemper.

The Root of all these several Extravagancies was *Idleness*, which (according to *Petrarch's* Observation) never fails to make way for *wantonness*. There was one among the Rest, that had *more Letters of Exchange upon the Credit of her insatiable Desires, than a whole Regiment of Banquiers*. Some of them were sick of their *Old Visiter*, and call'd for a *Fresh-man*. Others, by Intervals, I perceiv'd had their wits about them, and contented themselves discreetly with the *Physician of the House*. In short it e'en pity'd my Heart to see so many poor People in so sad a Condition, and without any hope of Relief, as I gather'd from him that had them in care: For they were still Puddering and Royling their Bodies; and if they got a little Ease for the present, they'd be down again, as soon as they had taken their Medicine.

From thence I went to the *Single Women* (such as made Profession never to marry) which were the least Outragious, and discompos'd of all; for they had a thousand ways to *Lay the Devil* as well as to *Raise* him. Some of them liv'd like *Common High-way-Men*, by *Robbing Peter to Pay Paul*; and stripping honest Men to cloath Rascals, which is (under favour) but a lewd kind of Charity. Others there were, that were absolutely out of their seven Senses, and as mad as *March-Hares* for *This Wit*, and *T'other Poet*, that never fail'd to pay them again in *Rhimes* and *Madrigals*, with *Ruby Lips*, *Pearly Teeth*: So that to read their Verses, a Man would swear the whole Woman to be directly *Petrify'd*.

*Of Saphir fair, or Cristal clear,
Is the Forehead of my Dear, &c.*

I saw one in Consultation with a *Cunning-Man* to know her *Fortune*: Another dealing with a *Conjurer* for a *Philtre* or *Drink*, to make her Belov'd. A Third was *daubing* and *patching* up an *Old ruin'd face*, to make it fresh and young again: But she might as well have been *washing of a Black-more to make him white*. In fine, a world there were, that with their *borrow'd Hair*, *Teeth*, *Eyes*, *Eye-brows*, look'd like fine folks at a distance, but would have been left as *Ridiculous*, as *Aesop's Crow*, if every Bird had fetch'd away his own Feather. 'Deliver me (thought I, smiling and shaking my Head) if this be *Woman*.

And so I stept into the *Men's Quarter*, which was but next Door, and only a thick Wall between. Their great Misery was, that they were *deaf to good Advice*, obstinately *hating and despising* both *Physick*, and *Physician*: For if they would have either *quitted*, or *changed*, they might have been *Cured*. But they chose rather to *Dye*; and though they saw their *Error*, would not mend it. Which minded me of the Old Rhime:

*Where Love's in the Case,
The Doctor's an Ass.*

These *Fools-male* were all in the same Chamber; and one might perfectly read their *Humour*, and *Distemper*, in their *Looks* and *Gestures*. *Oh! how many a Gay Lad did I see there, in his Point Band, and Eraboider'd Vest, that had not a whole Shirt to his Back! How many Huffs and High-boys that had nothing else in their Mouths, but the Lives and Fortunes they'd spend in their sweet Ladies Service! That would yet have run Five Miles on your Errand, to have been treated but at a Three-penny Ordinary? How many a Poor Devil that wanted Bread, and was yet troubled with the Rebellion of the Flesh? Some there were, that spent much time in setting their Perruques, ordering the Mustache, and dressing up the very Face of Lucifer himself for a Beauty: (The Woman's Privilege, and in truth an Encroachment, to their prejudice.) There were others, that made it their Glory to pass for *Hectors*; *Sons of Priam*; *Brothers of the Blade*; and talk'd of nothing but *Attacques*, *Combats*, *Reverses*, *Sramazons*, *Stroccados*: Not considering that a *naked Weapon is present Death to a timorous Woman*. Some were taking the *Round of their Lady's Lodgings*, at *Midnight*, and went to *Bed* again as wise as they rose. Others fell in *Love by Contagion*, and meerly conversing with the *Infected*. Some again went *Post* from *Church to Chapel*, every *Holy-day*, to hunt for a *Mistress*; and so turn'd a *Day of Rest* into a *Day of Labour*. Ye might see others, skipping continually from *House to House*, like the *Knight upon a Chess-Board*, without ever catching the (*Queen or*) *Dame*. Some, like *crafty Beggars* made their *Case worse than 'twas*; And others, though 'twere ne'er so bad, durst not so much as open their *Mouths*. Really it griev'd me for the poor *Muses*, and I wish'd with all my Heart, their *Mistresses* had been *Witches*, that they might have known their *Meaning by their Mumping*; but they were lost to all *Counsel*, so that there was no advising them. There was another sort of *Elevated and Conceited Lovers*: And these, forsooth, were not to be satisfied without the *Seven Liberal Sciences*, and the *Four Cardinal Virtues*, in the shape of a *Woman*; and their *Case* was desperate. The next I observ'd, were a *Generation of modest**

Fools, that past under the Notion of People *dissident of themselves*. They were generally Men of good Understanding, but for the most part, *Younger Brothers*, of *Low Fortunes*, and such as for want of wherewithal to go to the Price of *higher Amours*, were fain to take up with *ordinary Stuff*, that brought them nothing in the end, but *Beggery* and *Repentance*. The *Husbands*, I perceiv'd, were horribly furious, although in *Manacles* and *Shackles*. *Some of them left their own Wives*, and fell upon their *Neighbours*. Others to keep the good *Women* in *Awe* and *Obedience*, would be taking upon them, and playing the *Tyrants*; but upon the *Upshot* they found their mistake; and that though they came on as *fiere* as *Lions*, they went off as *tame* as *Muttons*. Some were making *Friendships* with their *Wives* *She-Cousins* and agreeing upon a *Cross-Gossiping*, whoever should have the first *Child*.

The *Widowers* that had bit of the *Bridle*, past from place to place, where they staid more or less, according to their *Entertainment*, and so were in effect, *as good as marry'd*, for *as long*, or *as little while as themselves pleas'd*. These liv'd single, and spent their time in *Viiting*, first one *Friend*, then another. Here they fell in *Love*, there they kindled a *Jealousy*, which they contracted themselves in one place, and cur'd it in another. But the *Miracle* was, that they all knew, and confest themselves a *Company of Mad Fools*, and yet continued so. Those that had skill in *Musick*, and could either *Sing* or *Fiddle*, made use of their *Gifts*, to put the silly *Wenches* that were but *half Mop'd* before, directly *out of their Wits*. They that were *Poetical*, were perpetually hammering upon the *Subjects of Cruelty and Disappointment*. One tells his *good Fortune* to another that requites him with the story of *his Bad*. They that had set their *Hearts* upon *Girls*, were *Beating the Streets all Day*, to find what *Avenues* to a *Lady's Lodgings at Night*. Some were *Tampering* and *Caressing* the *Chamber-maid*, as the ready way to the *Mistress*. Others chose rather to put it to the *push*, and attempt the *Lady* her self. Some were examining their *Pockets*, and taking a view of their *Furniture*; which consisted much in *Love-Letters*, delicately seal'd up with *perfum'd Wax*, upon *Raw Silk*; and a thousand pretty *Devices* within all wrapt up in *Riddle*, and *Cypher*. Abundance of *Hair Bracelets*, *Lockets*, *Pomanders*, *Knots of Ribband*, and the like. There were others, that were call'd the *Husband's Friends*, who were ready upon all occasions to do this, and to do that *Kindness* for the *Husband*. Their *Purse*, *Credit*, *Coach* and *Horses*, were all at his service: And in the mean time, who but they to *Gallant the Wife*? To the *Park*, the *Garden*, a *Treat*, or a *Comedy*:
Where

Where forty to one, by the greatest good Luck in the World, they stumble upon an Aunt, an old House-keeper of the Family, or some such Reverend *Goer-between*, that's a Well-willer to the Mathematicks; she takes the hint, performs the good Office, and the Work is done.

Now there were two sorts of Fools for the *Widows*; the one was *Belov'd*, and the other *not*; the *latter* were content to be a kind of *Voluntary Slaves*, for the compassing their ends: But the *other* were the happier: for they were ever at perfect Liberty to do their pleasure, unless some Friend or Child of the House perchance came in, in the mischievous Nick, and then in case of a little Colour more than ordinary, or a tumbled Handkercher, 'twas but changing the Scene, and struggling for a Paper of Verses, or some such business, to keep all in Countenance. Some made their Assaults both with *Love* and *Money*, and they seldom fail'd; for they came doubly arm'd; and *your Spanish Pistols are a sort of Battery hardly to be resisted.*

I came now to reflect upon what I had seen; and as I was walking (in that Meditation) toward another Lodging, I found my self ('ere I was aware) in the *first Court* again; where I enter'd, and in it I observ'd new Wonders: I saw that the Number of the *Mad-Fools* increas'd every moment; although time (I perceiv'd) did all that was possible to recover them. There was *Jealousy* tormenting even those that were most confident of the Faith of what they lov'd. There was *Memory* Rubbing of *old Sores*. There was *Understanding* lock'd up in a *dark Cellar*: And *Reason* with *both her Eyes out*. I made a little Pause, the better to observe these Varieties and Disguises. And when I had look'd my self a weary, I turn'd about and spy'd a Door; but so narrow, that it was hardly passable; and yet strait as it was, divers there were that *Ingratitude* and *Infidelity* had set at *Liberty*; and made a shift to get through. Upon which Opportunity of returning, I made what haste I could to be one of the first at the Door, and in that instant my Man drew the Curtain of my Bed, and told me the Morning was far gone. Whereupon I wak'd, and recollecting my self, found all was but a *Dream*. The very fancy however of having spent so much time in the Company of Fools and Madmen, gave me some disorder, but with this comfort, that both sleeping and waking, I had experimented *Passionate Love* to be nothing else but a meer *Frenzy* and *Folly*.

The End of the Fourth Vision.

THE
FIFTH VISION,
OF
The WORLD.



It is utterly impossible for any thing in this World to fix our *Appetites* and *Desires*, but they are still flitting and restless like *Pilgrims*; delighted and nourish'd with *Variety*: Which shews how much we are mistaken in the Value and Quality of the things we Covet. And hence it is, that what we *pursue* with the greatest *delight* and *passion* imaginable, yields us nothing but *Satiety* and *Repentance* in the *Possession*: yet such is the power of these *Appetites* of ours, that when they *call* and *command*, we *follow* and *obey*; though we find in the end, that what we took for a *Beauty* upon the *Chase*, proves but a *Carcass* in the *Quarry*; and we are sick on't as soon as we have it. Now the *World* that knows our *Palate* and *Inclination*, never fails to feed the *Humour*, and to flatter, and entertain us with all sorts of *Change* and *Novelty*; as the most certain Method of gaining upon our *Affections*.

One would have thought, that these Considerations might have put sober Thoughts and Resolutions in my Head, but it was my Fate to be taken off in the very middle of my *Morality* and *Speculations*; and carry'd away from my self by *Vanity* and *Weakness*, into the wide World, where I was for a while after, not much unsatisfy'd with my Condition. As I pass from one place to another, several that saw me (I perceiv'd) did but make sport with me: For the farther I went, the more I was at a loss in that *Labyrinth* of *Delusions*. One while, I was in with the *Sword-men*, and *Bravoes*; up to the Ears in *Challenges*, and *Quarrels*; and never without an Arm in a Scarf, or a broken Head. Another Fit, I was never well, but either at the *Fleece Tavern*, or *Bear at Bridge-Foot*, stuffing my Guts with *Food* and *Tipple*, till the Hoops were ready to burst. Beside twenty other Entertainments that I found

found, every jot as extravagant as these, which to my great trouble and admiration, left me not so much as one moment of Repose.

As I was in one of my unquiet and pensive Moods; some body call'd after me, and pluckt me by the Cloak: Which prov'd to be *A Person of a Venerable Age, his Cloaths miserably poor and tatter'd, and his Face just as if he had been trampled upon in the Streets, which did not yet hinder, but that he had still the Air and Appearance of one that deserv'd much Honour and Respect.* Good Father, (said I to him) why should you envy me my Enjoyments? Pray'e let me alone, and do not trouble your self with me or my doings. *You're past the Pleasure of Life your self, and can't endure to see other People merry that have the World before them.* Consider of it; you are now upon the point of leaving the World, and I am but newly come into't. But 'tis the trick of all Old Men to be carping at the actions of their Juniors. Son (said the Old Man, smiling) I shall neither hinder, nor envy thy Delights, but in pure pity I would fain reclaim thee. *Dost thou know the price of a Day, an Hour, or a Minute? Did'st ever examine the value of Time? If thou had'st, thou would'st employ it better; and not cast away so many blessed Opportunities upon Trifles; and so easily and insensibly part with so inestimable a Treasure. What's become of thy past hours? Have they made thee a promise to come back again at a Call, when thou hast need of them? Or, can'st thou shew me which way they went! No no; They are gone without Recovery; and in their flight, methinks, Time seems to turn his Head, and laugh over his Shoulder in derision of those that made no better Use of him, when they had him. Do'st thou not know, that all the minutes of our Life, are but as so many Links of a Chain that has Death at the end on't? and every moment brings thee nearer thy expected End; which perchance, while the word is speaking, may be at thy very Door: And doubtless at thy rate of living, it will be upon thee before thou art aware. How stupid is he, that Dies while he lives, for fear of Dying! How wicked is he that lives, as if he should never Dye: and only fears Death when he comes to feel it: which is too late for comfort, either to Body or Soul: And he is certainly none of the Wisest that spends all his Days in Lewdness and Debauchery, without considering, that of his whole Life, any minute might have been his last,*

My Good Father (said I) I am beholding to you for your excellent Discourses; for they have deliver'd me out of the Power of a thousand frivolous and vain Affections, that had taken possession of me. But who

are you, I pray'e? And what is your Business here? *My Poverty and these Rags*, quoth he, *are enough to tell ye that I am an honest Man; a Friend to Truth, and one that will not be Mealy-mouth'd, when he may speak It to the Purpose.* Some call me the *Plain-Dealer*; others, the *Undeceiver General*. You see me all in *Tatters, Wounds, Scars, Bruises*. And what is all this, but the *Requit* the *World* gives me for my *Good Counsel*, and *Kind Visits*? And yet after all this endeavour to get shut of me; they call themselves my *Friends*: Though they curse me to the Pit of Hell, as soon as ever I come near them; and had rather be hang'd, than spend one Quarter of an Hour in my Company. If thou hast a mind to see the *world* I talk of, come along with me, and I'll carry thee into a place, where thou shalt have a full Prospect of it; and without any inconvenience, see all that's in't; or in the People that dwell in't; and look it through and through. What's the Name of this place? quoth I. It is call'd, said he, *The Hypocrites Walk*; and it crosses the *World* from one Pole to t'other. It is *large and populous*; for I believe there's not any Man alive, but has either an *House* or a *Chamber* in't. Some Live in't for *altogether*; Others take it only in *Passage*: For there are *Hypocrites* of several sorts; but all Mortals have, more or less, a *Tang* of the *Leaven*. That Fellow there in the Corner, came but t'other day from the *Plow-Tail*, and would now fain be a *Gentleman*. But had not he better pay his Debts and walk alone, than *break* his *Promises* to keep a *Lacquey*? There's another *Rascal* that would fain be a *Lord*; and would venture a *Voyage* to *Venice* for the *Title*, but that he's better at building Castles in the *Air*, than upon the *Water*. In the mean time he puts on a *Nobleman's Face* and *Garb*; he *Swears* and *Drinks* like a *Lord*, and keeps his *Hounds* and *Whores*, which 'tis fear'd in the end, will devour their Master. Mark now that piece of *Gravity* and *Form*; he *walks* ye see, as if he mov'd by *Clock-work*; his words are *few* and *low*; he makes all his Answers by a *Shrug* or a *Nod*. This is the *Hypocrite* of a *Minister of State*; who with all his *Counterfeit* of *Wisdom*, is one of the veriest *Noddies* in Nature.

Face about now, and mind those decrepid Sots there, that can scarce lift a Leg over a *Threshold*, and yet they must be *dying* their *Hair*, *colouring* their *Beards*, and playing the *Young Fools* again, with a thousand *Hobby-Horse Tricks*, and *Antick Dresses*. On the other side, ye have a Company of *filly Boys* taking upon them to govern the *World* under a *Vizor* of *Wisdom* and *Experience*. What *Lord* is that (said I) in the *Rich Cloaths* there, and the *fine Laces*? That *Lord* (quoth he) is a *Taylor*, in his *Holy-day-cloaths*; and if he were now upon his *Shop-board*, his own *Scissors* and *Needles* would hardly

hardly know him. And you must understand, that *Hypocrisie* is so *Epidemical* a Disease, that it has laid hold of the *Trades* themselves, as well as the *Masters*. The *Cobler* must be saluted, *Mr. Translator*; the *Groom* names himself *Gentleman of the Horse*; the Fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears*, writes, *One of his Majesty's Officers*. The *Hangman* calls himself a *Minister of Justice*; the *Mountebank*, an *Able Man*; A *Common Whore* passes for a *Courtisan*. The *Barwd* acts the *Puritan*; *Gaming Ordinaries* are call'd *Academies*; and *Bawdy Houses*, *Places of Entertainment*. The *Page* styles himself the *Child of Honour*; and the *Foot-boy* calls himself, *my Lady's Page*; and every *Pick-Thank*, names himself a *Courtier*. The *Cuckold-Maker* passes for a *fine Gentleman*; and the *Cuckold* himself, for *the best natur'd Husband in the World*! And a *very Ass*, com mences *Master-Doctor*. *Hocus Pocus Tricks*, are call'd *Slight of Hand*; *Lust*, *Friendship*; *Usury*, *Thrift*; *Cheating* is but *Gallantry*; *Lying* wears the Name of *Invention*; *Malice* goes for *Quickness of Apprehension*; *Cowardice*, *Meekness of Nature*; and *Rashness* carries the Countenance of *Valour*. In fine, this is all but *Hypocrisy* and *Knavery* in a *Disguise*; for nothing is call'd by the right Name. Now there are beside these, certain *General Appellations* taken up, which by long Usage, are almost grown into *Prescription*. Every little *Whore* takes upon her to be a great *Lady*; every *Gown-man*, to be a *Counsellour*; every *Huff*, to be a *Soldat*; every *Gay thing* to be a *Cavalier*; every *Parish-Clerk* to be a *Doctor*; and every *Writing-Clerk* in the *Office*, must be called *Mr. Secretary*.

So that *the whole World*, take it where your will, is but a *meer Fuggle*; and you will find that *Wrath*, *Gluttony*, *Pride*, *Avarice*, *Luxury*, *Murther*, and a thousand other heinous Sins, have all of them *Hypocrisy* for their *Source*, and thither They'll return again. It would be well (said I) if you could prove what you say; but I can hardly see, how so great a *Diversity of Waters* should proceed from one and the same *Fountain*. I do not wonder (quoth he) at your *Distrust*, for you are mistaken in very good *Company*, to fancy *Contrariety* in many things, which are in effect, so much alike. It is agreed upon both by *Philosophers* and *Divines*, that *all Sins are evil*; and you must allow, that *the Will embraces or pursues no Evil, but under the Resemblance of Good*: Nor does the *Sin* lie in the *Representation*, or *Knowledge* of what is *Evil*, but in the *Consent* to it. Which *Consent* it self is *sinful*, although without any *Subsequent Act*: It's true, the *Execution* serves afterward for an *Aggravation*, and ought to be consider'd under many *Differences* and *Distinctions*. But in fine, evident it is, that the *Will entertains no Ill*, but under the shape of some *Good*. What

do ye think now of the *Hypocrite*, that cuts your Throat in his Arms, and Murthers you, under pretence of Kindness? What is the Hope of an *Hypocrite*? says *Job*. He neither has nor can have any: For he is *Wicked* as he is an *Hypocrite*; and even his best Actions are worth nothing, because they are not what they seem to be. So that of all Sinners he has the most to answer for. Other Offenders sin only against God; but the *Hypocrite* sins with Him, as well as against Him, making use of his holy Name as a Cloak and Countenance for his *Wickedness*. For which reason, our Blessed Saviour, after many affirmative Precepts deliver'd to his Disciples, for their Instruction, gave only this Negative, *Be not sad as the Hypocrites*: Which lays them open in few words; And he might as well have said, *Be not Hypocrites, and ye shall not be wicked*.

We were now come to the Place the Old Man told me of, where I found all according to my expectation, and took the higher Ground, that I might have the better Prospect of what past. The first remarkable thing I saw was a long *Funeral Train* of Kindred, and *Guests*, following the *Corps* of a deceas'd Lady, in company with the *Disconsolate Widower*; who march'd with his Chin upon his Breast; a sad and a heavy Pace; Muffled up in a Mourning Hood, enough to have stifled him, with at least ten yards of Cloath upon his Body, and no less in his Train. Alack, Alack! cry'd I, that ever I should live to see so dismal a Spectacle! Oh Blessed Woman! How did this Husband love Thee in thy *Life-time*, that follows thee with this infinite Faith and Affection even to thy *Grave*? And happy the Husband doubtless, in a Wife that deserv'd this Kindness! And in so many tender Friends and Relations, to take part with him in his Sorrows. My Good Father, let me intreat you to observe this doleful Encounter. With that (shaking his Head and smiling) My Son, quoth he, Thou shalt by and by perceive, that all is nothing in the World but *Vanity*, *Imposture*, and *Constrain*; and I will shew thee the Difference between *Things themselves*, and their *Appearances*. To see this Abundance of *Torches*, with the Magnificence of the *Ceremony* and *Attendance*, One would think there should be some mighty matter in the business: But let me assure thee, that all this Pudder comes to no more, than much ado about nothing. The *Woman* was *Nothing* (effectually) even while she liv'd; The *Body* now in the *Coffin*, is somewhat a Less *Nothing*: And the *Funeral Honours*, which are now paid her, come to just *Nothing* too. But the *Dead* it seems must have their *Vanities*, and their *Holy-days*, as well

well as the *Living*. Alas! What's a *Carkas*? but the most odious sort of *Putrefaction*? A corrupted Earth; fit neither for *Fruit* nor *Tillage*. And then for the *sad Looks* of the *Mourners*; They are only troubled at the *Invitation*; and would not care a pin, if the *Inviter*, and *Body* too were both at the *Devil*. And that you might see by their *Behaviour*, and *Discourses*; for when they should have been *Praying* for the *Dead*, they were *Prating* of her *Pedigree*, and her *last Will* and *Testament*. *I'm not so near a-kin* (says one) *but I might have been spar'd*; and *I had twenty other things to do*. Another should have met *Company* at a *Tavern*; A third at a *Play*. A fourth mutters that he is not placed according to his *Quality*. Another cries out, *A Pox o' your meetings where there is nothing stirring but Worms-meat*. Let me tell ye farther, that the *Widower* himself is not griev'd as you imagine for the *Dead Wife*; but for the *Damn'd Ex-pence* in *Blacks*, and *Scutchions*, *Tapers*, and *Mourners*; and that she was not fairly laid to *Rest*, without all this a-do: For He persuades himself, that she might have found the way to her *Grave* without a *Candle*. And since she was to *Dye*, 'tis his opinion, that she should have made quicker work on't: For a *Good Wife*, is (like a *Good Christian*) to put her *Conscience* in order betimes, and get her gone, without lingering in the *Hands* of *Doctors*, *Apothecaries*, and *Surgeons*, to murder her *Husband* too. Or (to save *Charges*) she might have had the *Discretion* to have dy'd of the *Plague*, which would have stav'd off *Company*. This is the *Second Wife*, he has already turn'd over, and (to give the *Man* his *Due*) He has had the *Wit* to secure himself of a *Third*, while *This* lay on her *Death-Bed*. So that his *Case* is no more than *Chopping* of a *Cold Wife* for a *Warm one*, and He'll recover this *Affliction* I warrant ye.

The *Good Man*, methought, spoke wonders; and being thoroughly convinc'd of the danger of trusting to *Appearances*, I took up a *Resolution*, never to conclude upon any thing, though never so *Plausible*, without *due Examination*, and *Enquiry*. With that, the *Funeral* Vanish'd, leaving *Us* behind; and for a *Farewel*, *This Sentence*. *I am gone before; you are to follow; and in the mean time, to accompany others to their Graves, as you have done Me; and as I, when time was, have attended many others, with as little Care and Devotion as your selves.*

We are taken off from this *Meditation*, by a *Noise* we heard in a *House* behind *Us*; wcre we had no sooner set *Foot* over the *Threshold*; but we were entertained with a *Confort* of *Six Voices*, that were *Set* and *Tun'd* to the *Sighs* and *Grays* of a *Woman* newly become a
Widow,

Widow. The Passion was acted to the Life; but the Dead little the better for't. They would be ever and anon Clapping and Wringing of their Hands; Groaning and Sighing as if their Hearts would break. The Hangings, Pictures, and Furniture, were all taken down and remov'd; The Rooms hung with Black, and in one of them lay the poor *Disconsolate*, upon a Couch with her Condoling Friends about her. It was as Dark as Pitch, and so much the better, for the Parts they had to play; for there was no discovering of the *Horrid Faces*, and *Strains* they made, to fetch up their *Artificial Tears* and *Lamentations*. *Madam* (says one) *Tears are but thrown away; and really the Grief to see your Ladyship in this Condition, has made me as lost a Woman to all thought of Comfort as your self. I beseech you, Madam, cheer up; (cries another, with almost as many Sighs as Words) your Husband's e'en happy that he is out of this miserable World. He was a good Man, and now he finds the sweet on't. Patience, Patience, Dear Madam, (cries a Third) 'tis the Will of Heaven, and there's no contending. Do'st talk of Patience (says she) and no Contending? Wretched Creature that I am! to outlive that Dear Man! Oh that that Dear of Husband of mine! Oh that I should ever live to see this Day! and then she fell to Blubbering, Sobbing, and Raving a thousand times worse than before. Alas! Alas! who will trouble himself with a poor Widow! I have never a Friend left to look after me; what shall become of me!*

At this Pause came in the *Chorus*, with their *Nose-Instruments*; and there was such *Blowing, Snobbing, Snivelling*, and *throwing Snot about*, that there was no enduring the House; and all this you must know, serv'd them to a double purpose; that is to say, for *Physick* and for *Complement*: For it pass'd for the *Condoling Office*, and purg'd their *Heads of Ill humours* all under One. I could not chuse but compassionate the poor *Widow*; a Creature forsaken of all the World; and I told my Guide as much; and that a *Charity* (as I thought) would be well bestow'd upon her. The *Holy Writ* calls them *Mutes*; according to the *Import* of the *Hebrew*, in regard that they have no body to speak for them. And if at any time they take heart to speak for Themselves, They had e'en as good hold their *Tongues*, for no body minds them. Is there any thing more frequently given in Charge throughout the whole *Bible*, than to *Protect the Fatherless*, and *Defend the Cause of the Widow*? As the highest and most necessary point of *Christian Charity*; in regard that they have neither *Power* nor *Right* to defend themselves. Does not *Job* in the depth of his *Misery*, and *Disgraces*, make Choice to clear himself toward the *Widow*, upon his

his *Expostulations* with the *Almighty*? [*If I have caused the Eyes of the Widow to fail*] (or *consum'd the Eyes of the Widow*; after the *Hebrew*) so that it seems to me, beside the general Duty of *Charity*, We are also bound by the *Laws of Honour and Generosity* to assist them: For the poor Souls are fain to *Plead* with their *Eyes*, and *Beg* with their *Eyes*, for want of either *Hands* or *Tongues* to help themselves. Indeed you must pardon me (my good Father, said I) if I cannot hold any longer from bearing a part in this *Mournful Consort*, upon this sad Occasion. And is this (quoth the Old Man) the *Fruit* of your boasted *Divinity*? To sink into *Weakness* and *Tears*, when you have the greatest Need of your *Resolution* and *Prudence*! Have but a little *Patience*, and I'll unfold you this *Mystery*; though (let me tell ye) 'Tis one of the hardest things in *Nature*, to make any Man as wise as he should be, that conceits himself wise enough already. If this Accident of the *Widow* had not happen'd, we had had none of the fine things that have been started upon't: For 'tis Occasion that awakens both our *Virtue* and *Philosophy*; and 'tis not enough to know the *Mine* where the *Treasure* lies, unless a Man has the skill of *Drawing it out*, and making the best of what he has in his *Possession*. What are you the better, for all the *Advantages* of *Wit* and *Learning*, without the faculty of reducing what you know, into apt and proper *Applications*?

Observe me now, and I will shew you, that this *Widow* that looks as if she had nothing in her *Mouth*, but *The Service of the Dead*, and only *Hallelujahs* in her *Soul*; That *This Mortify'd piece of Formality*, has green *Thoughts*, under her *black Veil*; and *brisk Imaginations* about her in despite of her *Calamity* and *Misfortune*. The *Chamber* you see is *dark*; and their *Faces* are *muffled up* in their *Funeral Dresses*. And what of all this? When the *whole course of their Mourning* is but a *Thorough-Cheat*. Their *Weeping* signifies Nothing more, than *Crying at so much an hour*; for their *Tears* are *Hackney'd out*, and when they have wept out their *Stage*, they take up, and are quiet. If you would relieve them, leave them to themselves; and as soon as your *Back* is turn'd, you shall have them *Singing*, and *Dancing*, and as merry as *Greeks*: For take away the *Spectators*, their *Hypocrisy* is at an *End*, and the *Play is done*: And now the *Confident's Game* begins. Come, come, *Madam*, 'faith we must be merry, (cries one) we are to live by the *Living*, and not by the *Dead*. For a *Bonny Young Widow* as you are, to lie *whimpering away* your *Opportunities*, and lose so many brave *Matches*! There's you know who, I dare swear, has a *Momth's Mind* to you; By my *Troth* I would

you

you were in Bed together, and I'd be hang'd, if you did not find One Warm Bed-fellow worth twenty Cold ones. Really, Madam, (cries a second) she gives you good Counsel, and if I were in your place, I'd follow it, and make use of my Time. 'Tis but One Lost, and Ten Found. Pray'e tell me, Madam, if I may be so bold, What's your Opinion of that Cavalier that was here Yesterday? Certainly he has a great deal of Wit; and methinks, he's a very handsome, proper Gentleman. Well! If that Man has not a strange Passion for you, I'll never believe my Eyes again for his sake: and in good Faith, if all Parties were agreed, I would you were e'en well in his Arms the Night before to-morrow. Were it not a burning shame to let such a Beauty lie fallow? This sets the Widow a Pinking and Simpering like a Fur mety-Kettle; at length she makes up the pretty little Mouth, and says, 'tis somewhat of the soonest to talk of those Affairs; but let it be as Heaven pleases. However, Madam, I am much beholden to you for your Friendly Advice. You have here the very bottom of her Sorrow: She has taken a second Husband into her Heart, before her first was in his Grave. I should have told you that your right Widow Eats and Drinks more the first Day of her Widowhood, than in any other of her whole life: For there appears not a Visitant, but presently out comes the Groaning Cake; a Cold Bak'd meat, or some Restorative Morsel or other to Comfort the Afflicted; and the Cordial Bottle must not be forgotten, neither, for Sorrow's Dry. So to't they fall, and at every Bit or Gulp, the Lady Relict, fetches ye up a heavy Sigh, pretends to chew false, and makes protestation that for her part she can taste nothing; she has quite lost her Digestion; and has such an Oppression in her Stomach, that she dares not eat any more, for fear of over-charging Nature. And in truth, (says she) how can it be otherwise, since (Unhappy Creature that I am!) He is gone that gave the Relish to all my Enjoyments? But there is no recalling him from the Grave, and so no Remedy but Patience. By this time, you see, (quoth the Old Man) whether your Exclamations were Reasonable or no.

The words were hardly out of his Mouth, when hearing an uproar in the Street among the Rabble we look'd out to see what was the matter. And there we saw a Catchpole, without either Hat or Band, out of Breath, and his Face all Bloody, crying out, help, help, in the King's Name; stop Thief, stop Thief: And all the while running as hard as he could drive, after a Thief that made away from him, as if the Devil had been at his Breech. After him, came an Attorney, all dirty; a World of Papers in his Hand: an Ink-horn at his Girdle; and a Crowd of Nasty People about him; and down he sat himself just before us, to write somewhat upon

upon his Knee. Bless me (thought I) how a Cause prospers in the Hand of one of these Fellows; for he had fill'd his Paper in a Trice. These *Catchpoles* (said I) had need to be well paid, for the Hazards they run to secure us in our *Lives* and *Fortunes*; and indeed they deserve it. Look how the poor Wretch is Torn, Bruis'd, and Batter'd, and all this for the Good and Benefit of the Publick.

Soft and fair, quoth the Old Man, I think thou would'st never leave Talking, if I did not stop thy Mouth sometime. You must know, that *He that made the Escape, and the Catchpole, are a couple of Ancient Friends, and Pot-Companions.* Now the *Catchpole* quarrels the *Thief*, for not giving him a snip in the last Booty; and the *Thief*, after a great struggle, and a good lusty Rubber at Cuffs, has made a shift to save himself. You'll say the Rogue had need of good Heels to out-run this *Gallows Beagle*; for *there's hardly any Beast will outstrip a Bay-liff that runs upon the view of a Quarry.* So that there's not the least thought of a publick Good in the *Catchpole's* Action; but meerly a Prosecution of his own Profit, and a spite to see himself Chous'd. Now if the *Catchpole*, I confess, without any private Interest, had made this Attempt upon the *Thief*, (being his Friend) to bring him to Justice, it had been well, and yet take this along with you: *It is as natural to let slip a Serjeant at a Pick-pocket, as a Grey-hound at a Hare.* The *Whip*, The *Pillory*, The *Axe*, and the *Halter* make up the best part of the *Catchpole's* Revenue. These People are of all sorts the most odious to the World; and if Men in Revenge would resolve to be Virtuous, though but for a year or two, they might starve them all. It is in fine an Unlucky Employment, and *Catchpoles* as well as the *Devils* themselves, have the *Wages* of *Tormentors*.

I hope, said I to my Guide, that the *Attorneys* shall have your good Word too. Yes, yes, ye need not doubt it (said the Old Man) for *your Attorney* and *your Catchpoles*, always hunt in Couples. The *Attorney* draws the *Information*, and has all his Forms ready, so that 'tis no more then, but to fill up the *Blanks*, and away to the *Jayl* with the *Delinquent*: If there be any thing to be gotten 'tis not a half-penny matter, whether the party be *guilty* or *innocent*: Give but an *Attorney*, *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper*, and let Him alone for *Witnesses*. In case of an *Examination*, he has the Grace not to insist too much upon *plain* and *naked Truth*; but to set down only what makes for his Purpose, and then when they come to signing, to read over in the *Deponent's* sense, (for his Memory is good)

what

what he has written in *his own*: And by this Means, the Cause goes on as he pleases. To prevent this Villany, it were well, if the Examiners were as well sworn to Write the Truth, as the Witnesses are to Speak it. And yet there are some honest Men of all sorts but among the Attorneys: The very Calling, does by the honest Catchpoles, Marshall's Men, and their Fellows, as the Sea by the Dead: It may Entertain them for a while, but while a body may say *what's this?* it Spews them up again.

The good Man would have proceeded, if he had not been taken off by the Ratling of a Gilt Coach, and a Courtier in it, that was blown up as big as Pride and Vanity could make him. He sat stiff, and upright, as if he had swallow'd a stake; and made it his Glory to shew himself in that Posture: It would have hurt his Eyes to have exchange'd a Glance with any thing that was Vulgar, and therefore he was very sparing of his Looks. He had a deep Lac'd Ruff on, that was right Spanish; which he wore Erect, and stiff starch'd, that a Man would have thought he had carry'd his Head in a Paper Lanthorn. He was a great Studier of Set-Faces; and much affected with looking Politick and Big; but for his Arms and Body, he had utterly lost, or forgotten the Use of Them: For he could neither Bow, nor move his Hat to any Man that saluted him; no, nor so much as turn from one side to the other, but sat as if he had been Box'd up, like a Bartholomew-Baby. After this Magnificent Statue, follow'd a swarm of Gawdy Butterfly-Lacquies: And his Lordship's Company in the Coach, was a Buffoon, and a Parasite. *Oh blessed Prince!* (said I) *to live at this Rate of Ease, and Splendor, and to have the World at Will!* What a glorious Train is that! Beyond all doubt, there never was a great Fortune better bestow'd. With that, the Old Man took me up, and told me, that the Judgment I had made upon this Occasion, from one end to the other, was all Dotage, and Mistake; save only, when I said he had the World at Will; And in that (says he) you have reason: for what is the World, but Labour, Vanity, and Folly; which is likewise the Composition, and Entertainment of this Cavalier.

As for the Train that follows him; let it be Examin'd, and My Life for Yours you shall find more Creditors in't, than Servants: These are Banquiers, Jewellers, Scriveners, Brokers, Mercers, Drapers, Taylors, Vintners; and these are properly the Stays, and Supporters of this Animated Machine. The Money, Meat, Drink, Robes, Liveries, Wages; All comes out of their Pockets; they have his Honour for their Security; and must content themselves with Pro-

misses,

mises, and fair Words, for full Satisfaction, unless they had rather have a Footman with a Cudgel for their Pay-master. And after all, if this Gallant were taken to scrift, or that a Man could enter into the Secrets of his Conscience, I dare undertake, it would appear that He that digs in a Mine for his Bread, lives Ten thousand times more at Ease, than the other; with Beating of his Brains, Night and Day, for new Shifts, Tricks, and Projects, to keep himself above Water.

Observe his Companions now: His Fool, and his Flatterer. They are too hard for him ye see; and Eat, Drink, and make Merry at his Expence. What greater Misery, or Shame in the World, than for a Man to make a Friendship with such Rascals, and to spend his Time, and Estate, in so Brutal, and Insipid a Society! It costs him more (beside his Credit) to maintain that Couple of Coxcombs, than would have bought him the Conversation of a Brace of Grave and Learned Philosophers. But will ye now see the bottom of this Scandalous and Dithonourable Kindness; My Lord (says the Buffoon) *You were most infallibly wrapt in your Mother's Smock: for let me be——if you have not set all the Ladies about the Court Agog. The very Truth is* (cries the Parasite) *all the rest of the Nobility look like Corn-Cutters to ye: and indeed, where-ever you come, you have still the Eyes of the whole Company upon you, Go to, go to, Gentlemen* (says my Lord) *you must not flatter your Friends. This is more your Courtesy than my Desert; and I have an Obligation to you for your Kindness. After this manner, these Asses Kyab and Curry one another, and play the Fools by turns.*

The Old Man had his words yet between his Teeth, when there pass'd just by us a Lady of Pleasure, of so excellent a shape and Garb, that it was impossible to see her, without a Passion for her, and no less impossible to look upon any thing else so long as she was to be seen. They that had seen her once, were to see her no more; for she turn'd her Face still to New-comers. Her Motion was graceful and free; one while she'd stare ye full in the Eyes, under colour of opening her Hood, to set it in better Order. By and by, she'd steal a Look at ye with one Eye, and a side Face, from the Corner of her Vizard; like a Witch that's afraid to be known when she comes from a Catterwall; And then out comes the Delicate Hand, and discovers the more delicious Neck, and Breasts, to adjust the Handkercher or the Scarf; or to remove some other Grievance that made her Ladyship uneasy. Her Hair was most artificially dispos'd into careless Rings; and the best Red and White in Nature was in her Cheeks; if that of her
Lips

Lips and Teeth did not exceed it. In a word, all she look'd upon were her own; and this was the Vision for my Money, from all the rest. As she was marching off, I could not chuse but take up a Resolution to follow her. But my Old Man laid a Block in the way, and stopt me at the very starting; which was an Affront to a Man that was both in *Love*, and in *Haste*, that might very well stir his Choler. My Officious Friend, (said I) *He that does not love a Woman, sucks a Sow*: And questionless, he must be either Blind or Barbarous, that's Proof against the Charms of so Divine a Beauty. Nor would any but a Sot, let slip the blessed Opportunity of so fair an Encounter. A Handsom Woman! Why, *What was she made for, but to be lov'd?* And he that has Her, has all that's Lovely or Desirable in Nature. For my own part, I would renounce the World for the Fellow of her, and never desire any thing either Beyond her, or Beside her. What Lightning does she carry in her Eyes! What Charms, and Chains in her Looks, and Motions, for the very Souls of her Beholders! Was ever any thing so clear as her Forehead? Or so black as her Eye-brows? One would swear, that her Complexion had taken a Tincture of Vermilion and Milk: And that Nature had brought her into the World with Pearl, and Rubies in her Mouth. To speak all in little, she's the Master-piece of the Creation, worthy of Infinite Praise, and Equal to our largest Desires, and Imaginations.

Here the Old Man cut me short, and bad me make an end of my Discourse; for thou art, said He, a Man of *much Wonder, and small Experience*, and deliver'd over to the Spirit of *Folly and Blindness*: Thou hast thy Eyes in thy Head, and yet not Brain enough to know either why they were given thee, or how to use them. Understand then that the Office of the Eye, is to see; but 'tis the Privilege of the Soul, to *Distinguish and Chuse*; whereas you either do the contrary, or else nothing, which is worse. *He that trusts his Eyes, exposes his Mind to a Thousand Torments and Confusions*: He shall take Clouds for Mountains; Strait for Crooked, one Colour for Another, by reason of an *Undue distance*, or an *indispos'd Medium*. We are not able sometimes to say which way a River runs, till we throw in a Twig, or Straw to find out the Current. And what will you say now, if this prodigious Beauty, your new Mistress, prove as gross a Cheat, and Imposture, as any of the rest? She went to Bed last Night as Ugly as a Witch; and yet this Morning she comes forth in your Opinion, as Glorious as an Angel.

gel. The Truth of it is, she hires all by the Day; and if you did but see this Puppet taken to pieces, you would find her little else but Paint and Plaster. To begin her Anatomy at the Head. You must know that the Hair she wears, is borrow'd of a Tire-Woman, for her own was blown off by an Unlucky Wind from the Coast of Naples. Or if she has any left, she keeps it private, as a Memorial of her Antiquity. She is beholden to the Pencil, for her Eye-brows, and Complexion. And upon the whole matter, she is but an Old Picture refresh'd. But the wonder is, to see a Picture, with Life, and Motion; unless perchance she has got the Necromancer's Receipt, that made himself young again in his Glass Bottle. For all that you see of her that's Good, comes from Distil'd Waters, Essences, Powders, and the like; and to see the Washing of her Face would fright the Devil. She abounds in Pomanders, Sweet-Waters, Spanish Pockets, Perfum'd Drawers; and all little enough to qualify the Poysonous Whiffs she sends from her Toes, and Arm-Pits, which would otherwise out-think Ten thousand Pole-Cats. She cannot chuse but Kiss well, for her Lips are perpetually bath'd in Oyl and Grease. And he that Embraces her, shall find the better half of her, the Taylors, and only a stuffing of Cotton, and Canvas to supply the Defects of her Body. When she goes to Bed, she puts off one half of her Person with her Shoes. What do you think of your ador'd Beauty now? Or have your Eyes betray'd ye? Well, well; confess your Error and mend it: And know that (without more Descant upon this Woman,) 'tis the Delign and Glory of most of the Sex to lead silly Men Captive. Nay, take the best of them, and what with the Trouble of Getting them, and the Difficulty of Pleasing them, he that comes off best, will find himself a Loser at the foot of the Account. I could recommend you here to other Remedies of Love, inseparable from the very Sex, but what I have said already, I hope will be sufficient.

The End of the Fifth Vision.

T H E
SIXTH VISION,
Of HELL.



BEING one *Autumn*, at a Friend's House in the Country, (which was indeed a most delicious Retreat) I took a walk one Moon-light Night into the Park; where all my past Visions came fresh into my Head again, and I was well enough pleas'd with the Meditation.

At length, the Humour took me to leave the Path, and go farther into the Wood: What Impulse carry'd me to this, I know not. Whether I was mov'd by my good Angel, or some higher Power; but so it was, that in half a quarter of an Hour, I found my self a great way from Home; and in a Place where 'twas no longer Night; with the pleasanest Prospect round about me that ever I saw since I was born. The Air was Calm and Temperate; and it was no small Advantage to the Beauty of the Place, that it was both Innocent and Silent. On the one Hand, I was entertain'd with the Murmurs of Cristal Rivolets; on the other, with the whispering of the Trees; the Birds Singing all the while either in Emulation, or Requital of the other Harmonies. And now, to shew the Instability of our Affections, and Desires, I was grown weary even of Tranquillity it self, and in this most agreeable Solitude, began to long for Company.

When in the very instant (to my great wonder) I discover'd *two Paths* issuing from one, and the same beginning; but dividing themselves forwards, more and more, by Degrees, as if they liked not one another's Company. That on the *Right-hand* was *Narrow* almost beyond imagination; and being very little frequented, it was so over-grown with *Thorns* and *Brambles*; and so Stony withal, that a Man had all the Trouble in the World to get into't. One might see however, the Prints and Marks of several Passengers, that had rub'd through, though with exceeding Difficulty; for they had

had left pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feet, and many of them their whole Skins behind them. Some we saw yet upon the way, pressing forward, without ever so much as looking back; and these were all of them *Pale-fac'd, Lean, Thin, and Miserably Mortified*. There was no passing for *Horse-Men*; And I was told that *St. Paul himself*, left his Horse, when he went into't. And indeed, there was not the footing of any Beast to be seen. Neither Horse, nor Mule; nor the Track of any Coach or Chariot. Nor could I learn that any had past that way in the Memory of Man. While I was bethinking my self of what I had seen, I spy'd at length, a *Begger*, that was Resting himself a little to take Breath; and I ask'd him what Inns or Lodging they had upon that Road? His Answer was, That there was no stopping there, till they came to their Journey's End. For this (said he) is the way to *Paradise*; and what should they do with *Inns or Taverns*, where there are so few *Passengers*? Do not you know that in the Course of Nature, to *Dye*, is to be *Born*; to *Live*, is to *Travel*; and the *World* is but a great *Inn*, after which it is but one Stage, either to *Pain* or *Glory*. And with these words he March'd forward, and bad me *God b'w'ye*; telling me withal, That it was time lost to linger in the way of *Virtue*, and not safe to entertain such Dialogues as tend rather to *Curiosity*, than *Instruction*. And so he pursued his Journey, stumbling, tearing his *Flesh*, and *Sighing*, and *Groaning* at every step; and *Weeping*, as if he thought to soften the *Stones* with his *Tears*. This is no way for me, thought I to my self, and no *Company* neither: for they are a sort of *Beggerly, Morose People*, and will never agree with my *Humour*. So I drew back, and struck off into the *Left-hand way*.

And there I found *Company Enough*, and *Room* for more. What a *World* of *Brave Cavaliers!* *Gilt Coaches*, *Rich Liveries*, and *Handsom, Lively Lasses*, as *Glorious* as the *Sun!* Some were *Singing*, and *Laughing*; others *Tickling one another*, and *Toying*; some again, at their *Cheese-Cakes* and *China-Oranges*; or appointing a *Set at Cards*: So that taking all together, I durst have sworn I had been at the *Park*. This minded me of the *Old saying*, *Tell me thy Company, and I'll tell thee thy manners?* And to save the *Credit* of my *Education*, I put my self into the *Noble Mode*, and *Jogg'd on*. And there was I at the first *Dash* up to the *Ears* in *Balls, Plays, Masquerades, Collations, Dalliances, Amours*, and as full of *Joy* as my *Heart* could hold.

It was not here, as upon t'other *Road*, where *Folks* went *Bare-foot* and *Naked*, for want of *Shoe-makers*, and

*Taylor*s: For here were enow, and to spare; beside *Mercers*, *Drapers*, *Jewellers*, *Bodice-makers*, *Peruque-makers*, *Milliners*, and a *French Ordinary* at every other Door. You cannot imagine the Pleasure I took in my New Acquaintance; and yet there was now and then, some Juggling and Disorder upon the way: Chiefly between the *Physicians* upon their *Mules*, and the *Infantry* of the *Lawyers*, that march'd in great Bodies before the *Judges*, and contested for Place. But the *Physicians* carry'd it, in favour of their *Charter*, which gives them *Privilege* to *Study*, *Practise*, and *Teach* the *Art of Poysoning*, and to read *Lectures* of it in the *Universities*. While this point of Honour was in dispute, I perceiv'd divers crossing from one way to the other, and changing of Parties. Some of them stumbled, and Recover'd; others fell downright. But the pleasantest Gambol of all, was that of the *Vintners*. A whole Litter of them tumbled into a Pit together, one over another; but finding they were out of their Element, they got up again as fast as they could. Those that were in the *Right-hand* way, which was the way of *Paradise* or *Virtue*, advanc'd very heavily, and made us Excellent Sport. Prethee look what a *Friday-face* that Fellow makes! cries one, *Hang him*, *Prick-Ear'd Cur*, says another; *Dam' me*, cries a Third, *if the Rogue be not Drunk with Holy-Water*; *if the Devil had raked Hell, he could not have found such a Pack of lil-look'd Rascals*, says another. Some of them stopt their Ears, and went on without minding us. Others we put out of Countenance, and they came over to us. And a Third sort came out of pure Love to our Company.

After this, I observ'd a great many People afar off in a *By-Path*, with as much *Contrition* and *Devotion* in their *Looks* and *Gestures*, as ever I saw in Men: They walk'd *shaking their Heads*, and *lifting up their Hands to Heaven*; and they had most of them *large Ears*, and to my Thinking *Geneva Bibles*. These, thought I, are a People of singular Integrity, and Strictness of Life, above their Fellows; but coming nearer, we found them to be *Hypocrites*; and that though they'd none of *our Company* upon the *Road*, They would not fail to *meet us* at our *Journey's End*. *Fasting*, *Repentance*, *Prayer*, *Mortification*, and other *Holy Duties*, which are the *Exercise* of *Good Christians*, in Order to their *Salvation*, are but a kind of *Probation* to these Men, to fit them for the *Devil*. They were followed by a Number of *Devotes*, and *Holy Sisters*, that kiss'd the *Skirts* of their *Garments* all the way they went; but whether out of *Zeal*, *Spiritual*, or *Natural*, is hard to say; and undoubtedly, *some Women's Kisses* are worse than *Judas's*. For though

his *Kiss* was *Treacherous* in the *Intention*, it was *Right* yet in the *Application*: But this was one *Judas Kissing another*; which makes me think there was more of the *Flesh*, than of the *Spirit* in the *Case*. Some would be drawing a *Thred* now and then out of the *Holy-Man's Garment*, to make a *Relique* of: Others would cut out large *Snips*, as if they had a mind to see them *Naked*. Some again desir'd & they would remember them in their *Prayers*; which was just as much as if they had commended themselves to the *Devil* by a *Third Person*. Some pray'd for good *Matches* for their *Daughters*; Others, begg'd *Children* for themselves: And sure the *Husband* that allows his *Wife* to ask *Children* *Abroad*, will be so *Civil* as to take them *Home*, when they are given him. In fine, these *Hypocrites* may for a while perchance *Impose* upon the *World*, and *Delude* the *Multitude*; but no *Mask*, or *Disguise* is proof against the *All-piercing Eye* of the *Almighty*. There are, I must confess, many *Religious*, and *Godly Men*, for whose *Persons* and *Prayers*, I have a great *Esteem*. But these are not of the *Hypocrite's Humour*, to build their *Hopes* and *Ambition* upon *Popular Applause*, and with a *Counterfeit Humility*, to proclaim their *Weakness*, and *Unworthiness*; their *Failings*; yea, and their *Transgressions* in the *Market-place*; All which indeed is but a *True Jest*; for They are really what they say, though they would not be thought so.

These went apart, and were look'd upon to be neither *Fish*, nor *Flesh*, nor *Good Red-herring*. They wore the *Name* of *Christians*; but they had neither the *Wit*, nor the *Honesty* of *Pagans*. For they content themselves with the *Pleasures* of this *Life*, because they know no better: But the *Hypocrite*, that's instructed both in *Life Temporal*, and *Eternal*, lives without either *Comfort* in the *One*, or *Hope* in the *Other*; and takes more pains to be *Damn'd*, than a *Good Christian* does to *Compass* his *Salvation*. In short, we went on our way in *Discourse*. The *Rich* follow'd their *Wealth*, and the *Poor* the *Rich*; begging there, what *Providence* had deny'd them. The *Stubborn* and *Obstinate* went a way by *Themselves*; for they would hear no *Body* that was wiser than themselves, but ran huddling on, and prest still to be foremost. The *Magistrates* drew after them, all the *Solicitors*, and *Attorneys*. *Corrupt Judges* were carry'd away by *Passion* and *Avarice*: And *Vain*, and *Ambitious Princes*, trail'd along with them, *Principalities* and *Common-wealths*. There were a world of *Clergy* upon this *Road* too. And I saw one full *Regiment* of *Soldiers* there, which would have been brave *Fellows* indeed, if they had but been half so good at *Praying*, and *Fighting*, as they were at *Swearing*. Their whole *Discourse* was of their *Adventures*. How

Narrowly they came off at such an Assault; What Wounds they received upon t'other Breach; and then what a Destruction they made at such a time of Mutation and Poultry. But all they said came in at one Ear, and went out at t'other. *Don't you remember, Sirrah, says one, how we claw'd it away at such a place! Yes, ye Damn'd Rogue you, cries t'other, when you were so Drunk you took your Aunt for the Barwd.* These, and such as these, were the only Exploits they could truly brag of.

While they were upon these Glorious Rhodomantades, certain generous Spirits from the *Right-hand way*, that knew what they were, by the Boxes of *Pass-ports*, *Testimonials*, and *Recommendations* they wore at their Girdles, cry'd out to them, as if it had been to an Attacque: *Fall on, Fall on, my Lads, and follow me. This, this is the Path of Honour; and if you were not Poultrons, you would not quit it for fear of a hard March, or an ill Lodging. Courage, Comerades, and be assur'd, that this Combat well fought, Makes all your Fortunes, and Crowns you for ever. Here ye shall be sure both of Pay, and Reward, without casting the Issue of all your Hazards and Hopes upon the Empty Promises of Princes. How long will ye pursue this Trade of Blood and Rapine? and accustom your Ears, and Tongues to the Tragical out-cries of Burn, No Quarter, Kill, or Dye. It is not Pay, or Pillage, but Virtue that's a Brave Man's Recompence. Trust to her, and she'll not deceive ye. If it be the War, ye Love, Come to us; Bear Arms on the Right-side, and we'll find you work. Do not you know that Man's Life is a Warfare? That the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, are Three vigilant Enemies? And that it is as much as his Soul is worth to put himself, but for one Minute, out of his Guard? Princes tell ye, that your Bloods, and your Lives are Theirs; and that to shed the One, and lose the Other, in their Service, is no Obligation but a Duty. You are still however to look to the Cause. Wherefore turn Head, and come along with us, and be happy.* The Soldiers heard all this with exceeding Patience, and Attention: But the Brand of Cowardice had such an effect upon them, that without any more ado, like Men of Honour, they presently quitted the Road; Drew, and as bold as Lyons, charg'd headlong into a Tavern.

After this, we saw a great Troop of Women upon the Highway to Hell, with their Bags, and their Fellows at their Heels, ever, and anon, Hunching, and Justling one another. On the other side, A number of Good People, that were almost at the End of their Journey, came over into the wrong Road; for the *Right-hand Way*, growing *Easier*, and *Wider* towards the End, and that on the *Left-hand*, on the Contrary, *Narrower*, they thought they had been out of their Way, and so came in to Us; as many of Ours went

over to *Them*, upon the same Mistake. Among the rest, I saw a great *Lady*, without either *Coach*, *Sedan*, or any living Creature with her, foot it all the way to *Hell*; which was to me so great a Wonder, considering how she had liv'd in the World, that I presently look'd about for a *Publick Notary*, to make an *Entry* of it. The *Woman* was in a most miserable pickle; and I did not know what Design she might drive on, under that Disguise; but finding never a *Notary*, or *Register* at hand, though I mist my particular Aim, yet I was well enough pleas'd with it; for I took it then for Granted, that I was in my ready way to *Heaven*. But when I came afterward to reflect upon the *Crosses*, *Afflictions*, and *Mortifications*, that lie in the way to *Paradise*: And to consider, that there was Nothing of That upon this *Road*: but on the contrary, *Laughing*, *Singing*, *Frollicking*, and all manner of *Jolity*: This I must confess, gave me a *Qualm*, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly deliver'd of that Doubt, by a Gang of *Marry'd Men*, that we overtook with their *Wives* in their *Hands*, in Evidence of their *Mortifications*: *My Wife's my Witness* (cries one) *that every Day since I Marry'd her has been a Fasting-day to me; to Pamper her with Cock-Broth, and Fellics. And my Wife knows how I have humbled my Body by Nakedness; for I have hardly allow'd my self a Rag to my Back-side, or a Shoe to my Foot, to maintain her in her Coach, Pages, Gowns, Petty Coats, and Jewels*: So that upon the matter, I perceive an *Unlucky hit with a Wife, gives a Man as much Right to the Catalogue of Martyrs, as if he had ended his Days at the Stake*.

The Misery these poor Wretches endur'd, made me think my self in the Right again; till I heard a Cry behind me, *Make way there, Make way for the 'Pothecaries*. Bless me, thought I, If *They* be here, we are certainly going to the *Devil*. And so it prov'd; for we were just then come to a little Door, that was made like a *Mouse-Trap*, where 'twas easy to get in, but there was no getting out again.

It was a strange thing, that scarce any Body so much as Dreamt of *Hell*, all the way we went; and yet every Body knew where they were, as soon as they came there, and cry'd out with one Voice, *Miserable Creatures! we are Damn'd, we are Damn'd*. That word made my Heart ake; And is it come to that, said I! Then did I begin with Tears in my Eyes, to reflect upon what I had left in the World: As my *Relations*, *Friends*, *Ladies*, *Mistresses*; and in fine, all my *Old Acquaintance*: When with a heavy Sigh, looking behind me, I saw the greater part of them *Post-ing* after me. It gave me, methought, some Comfort,

that I should have so good Company; vainly imagining, that even Hell it self might be capable of some Relief.

Going farther on, I was gotten into a Crowd of *Taylor*s, that stood up sneaking in a Corner, for fear of the Devils. At the first Door, there were *Seven Devils* taking the Names of those that came in, and they ask'd me *Mine*, and my *Quality*, and so they let me pass. But examining the *Taylor*s, *These Fellows* (cry'd one of the Devils) *come in such Shoals, as if Hell were made only for Taylor*s? *How many are they?* (said another) Answer was made, *about a Hundred. About a Hundred?* *They must be more than a Hundred, says t'other, if they be Taylor*s; for they never come under a *Thousand or Twelve Hundred strong*: And we have so many here already, I do not know where we shall 'stow them. Say the word, my *Masters, Shall's let them in or no?* The poor *Prick-Lice* were damnd'ly startled at that, for fear they should not get in: But in the End, they had the Favour to be admitted. Certainly, said I, these Folks are but in an ill Condition, when 'tis a Menance for the Devils themselves to refuse to receive them: Thereupon a *Huge Overgrown, Club-footed, Crump. Shoulder'd Devil*, threw them all into a deep Hole. Seeing such a Monster of a Devil, I ask'd him, how he came to be so deform'd: And he told me, he had spoil'd his Back with Carrying of *Taylor*s: For, said he, I have been formerly made use of as a *Sumpter* to fetch them; but now of late they save me that labour, and come so fast of themselves, that 'tis one Devil's Work to dispose of them. While the Word was yet speaking, there came another Glut of them; and I was fain to make way, that the Devil might have Room to work in, who pil'd them up, and told me, they made the best *Fewel* in Hell.

I pass'd forward then into a little *Dark Alley*, where it made me start to hear one call me by my Name, and with much ado, I perceiv'd a Fellow there all wrapt up in *Smoak and Flame*. Alas! Sir, says he, *Have you forgotten your Old Bookseller in Pope's-head Alley?* I cry thee Mercy, good *Livewell*, quoth I, *What! Art thou here?* *Yes, Yes, Sir,* (says he) *'tis e'ntoo true*. I never dreamt it would have come to this. He thought I must needs pity him, when I knew him: But truly I reflected rather upon the Justice of his Punishment. For in a word, his Shop was the very Mint of *Heresy, Schism, and Sedition*. I put on a Face of *Compassion* however, to give him a little Ease, which he took hold of, and vented his Complaint. *Well Sir* (says He) *I would my Father had made me a Hangman when he made me a Stationer*; for we are call'd to Account for

Other Men's Works, as well as for our own. And one thing that's cast in our Dish, is the selling of *Translations* so *Dog-cheap*, that every *Sot* knows now as much, as would formerly have made a *Passable Doctor*; and every *Nasty Groom*, and *Roguy Lacquey* is grown as familiar with *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, as if 'twere *Robin the Devil*; *The Seven Champions*; Or a piece of *George Withers*. He would have talk'd on, if a Devil had not stopt his Mouth with a Whiff from a Rowle of his own Papers, and choakt him with the Smoak on't. The Pestilent Fume would have dispatch'd me too, if I had not got presently out of the reach on't. But I went my way, saying this to my self; If the *Bookseller* be thus Criminal, What will become of the *Author*!

I was deliver'd from this Meditation, by the rueful Groans, of a great many Souls that were under the *Last*, and the *Devil* Tyrannizing over them with *Whips* and *Scourges*. I ask'd what they were? and it was told me, that there was a *Plot* among the *Hackney-Coachmen* to exhibit an *Information* against the *Devils*, for taking the *Whip* out of their Hands, and setting up a *Trade* they had never serv'd to, (which is directly contrary to *Quinto Elisaberha*.) Well, said I: But why are these tormented here? With that an *Old Sowr-look'd Coach-man* took the Answer out of the *Devil's* Mouth, and told me; that it was because they came to *Hell* a *Horseback*, which they pretended, was a Privilege that did not belong to Rogues of their Quality. Speak Truth, and be Hang'd, cry'd the *Devil*; and make an honest Confession here. Say, Sirrah, How many *Bawdy Voyages* have you made to *Hackney*? How many *Nights* have you stood *Pimping* at *Mary-bone*? How many *Whores* and *Knaves* have you brought together? And how many *Lyes* have you told, to keep all private, since you first set up this *Scandalous Trade*? There was a *Coachman* by, that had serv'd a *Judge*, and thought 'twas no more for his *Old Master* to fetch a *Rascal* out of *Hell*, than out of *Newgate*; which made this Fellow stand upon his Points, and ask the *Devil* how he durst give that Language to so Honourable a Profession; for (says he) Who wears better Cloaths than your *Coachmen*? Are not we in our *Velvets*, *Embroideries*, and *Laces*? and as *Glorious* as so many *Phaetons*? Have not our *Masters* reason to be good to us, when their *Necks* are at stake, and their *Lives* at our *Mercy*? Nay, we Govern those, many times, that Govern *Kingdoms*; and a *Prince* is in almost as much *Danger* of his *Coachman*, as of his *Physician*. And there are, that understand it too, and *Themselves*, and *Us*; and that will not stick to trust their *Coach-men* as far as they would do their *Confessors*. There's no *Absurdity* in the *Comparifon*; for if They know some of their *Privacies*, We know

more; yes, and perhaps more than we'll speak of. What have we here to do, cry'd a Devil that was ready to break his Heart with Laughing? A *Coach-man* in his *Tropes* and *Figures*? An *Orator* instead of a *Waggoner*? The *Slave* has broke his *Bridle*, and got his *Head* at *Liberty*, and now he'll never have done. No, why should he? (says another that had serv'd a great *Lady* more ways than *One*) is this the best *Entertainment* you can afford your *Servants*? your daily *Drudges*? I'm sure we bring you good *Commodity*, well *Pack'd*; well *Condition'd*; well *Perfum'd*; *Right*, *Neat* and *Clean*: Not like your *City-ware*, that comes dirty to you, up to the *Hocks*; and yet every *Drabble-Tail'd Wench*, and *Skip-kennel*, shall be better us'd than *We*. Ah! the *Ingratitude* of this place! If we had done as much for somebody else, as we have done for you, we should not have been now to seek for our *Wages*. When you have nothing else to say, you tell me that I am punish'd for carrying the *Sick*, the *Gouty*, the *Lame*, to *Church*, to *Mass*; or some *stragling Virgins*, back again to their *Cloister*: Which is a damn'd *Lye*; for I am able to prove, that all my *Trading* lay at the *Play Houses*, *Barw-dy-Houses*, *Taverns*, *Balls*, *Collations*: Or else at the *Tour-a-la-Mode*, where there was still appointed some *After-meeting*; to treat of certain *Affairs*, that highly import the *Interest* and *Welfare* of your *Dominions*. I have indeed carry'd my *Mistress* sometimes to the *Church-Door*, but it signify'd no more than if I had carry'd her to a *Conventicle*; for all her *Business* there, was to meet her *Gallant*, and to agree when they should meet next; according to the *Way of Devotion* now in *Mode*. To conclude; it is most certain, that I never took any *Creature* (knowingly) into my *Coach*, that had so much as a good *Thought*. And this was so well known, that it was all one, to ask, *If a Lady were a Maid*; or *if she had ever been in my Coach*. If it appear'd she had; He that *Marry'd* her, knew before-hand, what he had to trust to. And after all this, ye have made us a fair *Requit*. With that the *Devil* fell a *Laughing*, and with five or six *twinging Jerks*, half *slay'd* the poor *Coach-man*; so that I was e'en glad to retire; in *pity* partly to the *Coach-man*, and partly to *my self*; for the *Currying* of a *Coach-man*, is little better than the *turning up* of a *Dunghil*.

My next *Adventure* was into a *Deep Vault*, where I began immediately to *shudder*, and my *Teeth* chatter'd in my *Head*. I ask'd the meaning of it; and there came up to me a *Devil*, with *Kip'd Heels*, and his *Toes* all *Mortify'd*; and told me that That *Quarter* was allotted to the *Buffons* and *Drolls*, which are a *People* (says he) of so starv'd a *Concept*, and so cold a *Discourse*, that we are fain to
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Chain, and Lock them up, for fear they should spoil the Temper of our Fire. I ask'd if a Man might see them. The Devil told me yes, and shewed me one of the lowdest Kennels in Hell. And there were they at it, pecking at One another, and nothing but the same Fooleries over and over again, that they had practis'd upon Earth. Among the *Buffons*, I saw divers that pass'd here in the World for *Men of Honesty*, and *Honour*: Which were in, as the Devil told me, for Flattery; and were a sort of *Buffon*, that goes *betwixt the Bark and the Tree*. But, why are they condemn'd? said I. The *Other Buffons* are condemn'd (quoth the Devil) for *want of Favour*; and *These*, for *having too much, and abusing it*. You must know they come upon us, still at Unawares; and yet they find all things in Readiness; the Cloath laid, and the Bed made, as if they were at Home. To say the Truth, we have some sort of Kindness for them; for they save us a great deal of Trouble in Tormenting One Another.

Do you see him there? That was a Wicked and a Partial Judge. And all he has to say for himself, is, that he remembers the time when *he could have broke the Neck of Two Honest Causes, and He put them only out of Joint*. That Good-fellow there, was a *Cereless Husband*, and him we lodge too with the *Buffons*. He sold his *Wife's Portion, Wife and all*, to please his Companions; and turn'd both into an *Annuity*. That *Lady* there (though a great one) is fain to take up too with the *Buffons*, for they are both of a Humour: What *They* do with their *Talk*, *She* does with her *Body*, and *seasons it to all Appetites*. In a word, you shall find *Buffons* in all Conditions; and in effect, there are nigh as many, as there are Men and Women; for the whole World is given to *Jeering, Slandering, Backbiting*; and there are more *Natural Buffons* than *Artificial*.

At my going out of the *Vault*, I saw a matter of a Thousand Devils following a *Drove of Pastry-men*, and Breaking their Heads as they pass'd along, with *Iron-Peels*. Alack; cry'd one of them, that was yet in a whole Skin, it is hard the Sin of the *Flesh* should be laid to our Charge, that never had to do with *Women*. *Impudent Nasty Rascals*, (quoth the Devil) *Who has deserv'd Hell, if They have not?* How many Thousand Men have these Slovens poyson'd, with the *Grease* of their *Heads*, and *Tallow*, instead of *Mutton Sewet*? With *Snot-Pies* for *Marrow*? and *Flies* for *Currants*? How many *Stomachs* have they turn'd into *I stals* with *Dogs-flesh, Horse flesh*, and other *Carriion* that they have put into them? And do these Rogues complain (in the Devils Name) of their Sufferings! Leave your Bawling, ye Whelps (says he) and know, that the Pain you endure, is nothing to that of your Tormentors.

And for your part (says he,) to me, (with a ſow'r Look) becauſe you are a Stranger, you may go about your buſineſs; but we have a Crow to pluck with theſe Fellows, before we part.

I went next down a pair of Stairs into a huge Cellar, where I ſaw Men Burning in unquenchable Fire; and one of them Roaring, Cry'd out, *I never over ſold; I never ſold, but at Conſcionable Rates; Why am I puniſh'd thus? I durſt have ſworn it had been Judas; but going nearer to him, to ſee if he had a Read Head, I found him to be a Merchant of my Acquaintance, that dy'd not long ſince. How now, Old Martin, (ſaid I) Art thou there? He was dogged, becauſe I did not call him Sir, and made no Answer. I ſaw his Grief, and told him how much he was to blame, to cheriſh that Vanity even Hell, that had brought him thither. And what do you think on't now? (ſaid I) Had not you better have Traded in Blacks than Chriſtians? Had not you better have contented your ſelf with a little honeſtly got, than run the Hazard of your Soul for an Eſtate; and have gone to Heaven a Foot, rather than to the Devil on Horſeback? My Friend was as mute as a Fiſh; whether out of Anger, Shame, or Grief, I know not. And then a Devil in Office took up the Diſcourſe. Theſe Pick-pocket Rogues (ſays he) Did they think to Govern the World with their own Weights and Meaſures, in *Secula Seculorum*? Methinks, the Blinking, and falſe Lights of their Shops, ſhould have Minded them of their Quarter, in the Other World, afore-hand. And 'tis all a Caſe, with Jewellers, Goldſmiths, and Other Trades, that ſerve only to Flatter and Bolſter up the World in Luxury, and Folly. But if People would be wiſe, theſe Youths ſhould have little enough to do. For what's their Cloth of Gold, and Silver, their Silks, their Diamonds, and Pearl, (which they ſell at their own Price) but matter of meer Wantonneſs, and Superſtity: Theſe are they that inveigle ye into all ſorts of Extravaгант Expences, and ſo ruin ye Inſenſibly, under colour of Kindneſs, and Credit. For they ſet every thing at double the Rate; and if you keep not touch at your Day, your Perſons are Imprison'd; your Goods ſeiz'd; and your Eſtates extended. And they that helpt to make you Princes before, are now the forwardeſt to put you into the Condition of Beggars.*

The Devil would have talk'd on, if I had given him the Hearing; but there was ſuch a Laugh ſet up on one ſide on me, as if they would all have ſplit; and I went to ſee what the matter was; for 'twas a ſtrange thing, methought, to hear them ſo merry in Hell. The buſineſs was, there were Two Men upon a Scaffold, in Gentle Habits, Gaping as loud as they could Bawl. One

of them had a great *Parchment* in his Hand, display'd, with divers Labels hanging at it, and several Seals. I thought at first it might have been *Execution-day*, and took the *Writing* for a *Pardon* or *Reprieve*. At every word they spoke, a matter of Seven or Eight Thousand Devils burst out a Laughing, as they would have crackt their Sides. And This again made me think, it might be some *Jack-pudding*, or *Mountebank*, shewing his Tricks, or his Attestations? with his Congregation of Fools about him. But nearer hand, I found my Mistake; and that the Devil's Mirth made the Gentlemen angry. At last I perceiv'd that this great Earnestness of theirs was only to make out their *Pedigree*, and get themselves pass'd for *Gentlemen*; the *Parchment* being a *Testimonial* from the *Herald's Office*, to that Purpose. My Father (says he with the *Writing* in's Hand) bore Arms for his Majesty in many Honourable Occasions of *Watching* and *Warding*; and has made many a Tall Fellow speak to the Constable, at all Hours of the Night. My Uncle was the first Man that ever was of the Order of the *Black-Guard*: And we have had *Five brave Commanders* of our Family, by my Father's side, that have serv'd the State in the Quality of *Marshal's Men*, and *Turn-Keys*, and given his Majesty a fair Accompt of all the Pris'ners committed to their Charge. And by my Mother's side, it will not be deny'd, but that I am honourably descended: For my *Grandmother* was never without a *Dozen Chamber-Maids*, and *Nurses* in Family. It may be 'twas her Trade (quoth the Devil) to procure Services and Servants, and consequently to deal in that Commodity. Well, well, (said the Cavalier) she was what she was; and I'm sure I'll tell you nothing but Truth. Her Husband wore a Sword, by his Place; for he was a *Deputy-Marshal*; and to prove my self a Man of Honour, I have it here in Black and White, under the Seal of the Office. Why must I then be Quarter'd among a Pack of Rascals? My Gentleman Friend, (quoth the Devil) your *Grandfather* wore a Sword, as he was *Usher* to a *Fencing School*; and we know very well what his Son, and Grand-child can pretend to. But let that pass; you have led a Wicked and Infamous Life, and spent your Time in Whoring, Drinking, Blaspheming, and in Lewd Company; and do you tell us now of the *Privileges* of your *Nobility*? Your *Testimonials*, and the *Seal of the Office*? A Fart for your *Privileges*, *Testimonials*, *Office* and all. There is no Honour, but *Virtue*. And if your Children, though they had a Scoundrel to their Father, should come to do Honourable and Worthy things, we should look upon them as Persons Sacred,

and not dare to meddle with them. But talking is time lost; You were ever a Couple of pitiful Fellows, and your Tails scarce worth the Scalding. *Have at ye*, (says he) and at that word, with a huge Iron Bar he gave him such a Salute over the Buttocks, that he took Two or Three turns in the Air, Heels over Head, and dropt at last into the Common-Shoar; where never any Man as yet found the Bottom.

When his Companion had seen him Cut that Caper; This Usage (says he) may be well enough for a *Parchment Gentleman*: But for a *Cavalier of my Extraction, and Profession*, I suppose you'll Treat him with somewhat more of *Civility and Respect*. Cavalier (quoth the Devil) if you have brought no better Plea along with you, than the Antiquity of your House, you may e'en follow your Comerade, for ought I know; for *we find very few Ancient Families, that had not some Oppressor or Usurper for their Founder*; and they are commonly continued by the same means they were begun. How many are there of our *Titular Nobility*, that write *Noble*, purely upon the Account of their *Violence and Injustice*? Their Subjects and Tenants, what with Impositions, hard Services, and Rackt Rents; Are they not worse than Slaves? If they happen to have any thing Extraordinary; As a Pleasant Fruit, a Handsom Colt; A Good Cow; and that the Landlord, or his Sweet Lady take a liking to it, they must either submit to part with it *Gratis*, or else take their *Pay in foul Language, or Bastinadoes*. And 'tis well if they 'scape so: For many times when the Sign's in *Gemini*; their Wives and Daughters go to Pot, without any Regard of Laws either Sacred or Prophane. What Damn'd Blasphemies and Imprecations do they make use of to get Credit with a *Mistress* or a *Creditor*, upon a Faithless Promise! How intolerable is their Pride, and Insolence, even towards many Considerable Officers, both in Church and State! for they behave themselves as if all People below their Quality and Rank in the World, were but as so many Brutes, or worse. As if Human Blood were not all of a Colour: As if Nature had not brought them into the World the Common Way, or Moulded them of the same Materials with the meanest Wretches upon the Earth. And then for such as have Military Charges and Commands; How many Great Officers are there, that without any Consideration of their Own, or their Prince's Honour, fall to Spoil and Pillage; cozening the State with false Musters, and the Soldiers of their Pay; and giving them instead of their Due from the Prince, a Liberty of taking what is not their Due from the People.

ple; forcing them to take the Bread out of the poor Labourer's Mouths, to fill their own Bellies, and protecting them when they have done, in the most Execrable Outrages imaginable? And when the poor Soldier comes at last to be dismiss'd, or disbanded; Lame, Sick, Beggerly, Naked almost, and Enraged; with Nothing left him to trust to, but the *Highway* to keep him from starving; What Mischief is there in the World, that these Men are not the cause of? How many good Families are utterly ruin'd, and at this Day in the Hospital, for trusting to Their Oaths and Promises? And becoming bound for them for vast Sums of Money to maintain them in Tipple, and Whores, and in all sorts of Luxury and Riot? This Rhetorical Devil would have said a Thousand times more, but that his Companions call'd him off, and told him they had business elsewhere. The Cavalier hearing that, My Friend (said he) your Morals are very good; but yet with your favour, all Men are not alike. *There's never a Barrel better Herring*, (said the Devil) You are all of ye tainted with *Original Sin*; and if you had been any better than your Fellows, you had never been sent hither. But if you are indeed so Noble, as you say, you're worth the *Burning*, if 'were but for your *Asbes*. And that you may have no Cause of Complaint, you shall see, we'll Treat you like a Person of your Condition. And in that Instant, Two Devils presented themselves; the One of them Bridled and Saddled; and the other doing the Office of the Squire; holding the Stirrup, with his Left-Hand, and giving the Gentleman a Lift into the Saddle with the other. Which was no sooner done, but away he went like an Arrow out of a Bow. I ask'd the Devil then into what Country he carry'd him. And he told me, Not far: For 'twas only matter of *Decorum*, to send the Nobility to Hell a *Horseback*. Look on that side now, says he, and so I did; and there I saw the poor Cavalier in a huge Furnace, with the first Inventers of Nobility, and Arms: As *Cain*, *Cham*, *Nimrod*, *Esau*, *Romulus*, *Tarquin*, *Nero*, *Caligula*, *Domitian*, *Helioabalus*; and a world of other brave Fellows, that had made themselves famous by Usurpation, and Blood. The Place was a little too hot for me, and so I retir'd, meditating on what I had heard; and not a little satisfied with the Discourse of so learned a Devil. Till that time, I took the Devil for a Notorious Lyar; but I find now that he can speak the Truth too, when he pleases; and I would not for all I am worth, but have heard him Preach.

When I was thus far, my Curiosity carry'd me still farther; and within Twenty Yards, I came to a huge Muddy Stinking Lake, near twice as big as that of *Geneva*; and heard in't so strange a Noise, that I was almost out of my Wits, to know what it was. They told me, that the Lake was stor'd with *Donegnas*, or *Gouvernantes*, which are turn'd into a kind of Frogs in Hell, and perpetually Drivelling, Sputtering and Croaking. Methought the Conversion was apt enough; for they are neither Fish, nor Flesh, no more than Frogs; and only the lower Parts of them are Man's-Meat, but their Heads are enough to turn a very good Stomach. I cou'd not but Laugh to see how they Gaped, and stretcht out their Legs as they swam, and still as we came near, they'd Scud away and Dive.

This was no place to stay in, there was so Noyesome a Vapour; and I struck off upon the Left-hand; where I saw a Number of Old Men, Beating their Breasts, and Tearing their Faces; with bitter Groans, and Lamentations. It made my Heart ake to see them, and I ask'd what they were? Answer was made, That I was now in the Quarter of the *Fathers that Damn'd Themselves, to Raise their Posterity*; which were called by some, *The Unadvised*. Wretch that I am! (cry'd one of them) the greatest Penitent that ever liv'd, never suffer'd the Mortification I have endur'd; I have *Watch'd*; I have *Fasted*; I have scarce had any *Clothes* to my *Back*; My whole Life has been a Restless Course of *Torment*, both of *Body* and *Mind*: And all This, to get *Money* for my *Children*; that I might see them well *Marry'd*; *Buy them Places at Court*, or procure them some other *Preferment* in the *World*: Starving my self in the *Conclusion*, rather than I wou'd lessen the *Provision*, I had made for my *Posterity*. And yet notwithstanding this my *Fatherly Care*, I was scarce sooner *Dead*, than forgotten: And my next *Heir* buried me without *Tears*, or *Mourning*; and indeed without so much as paying of *Legacies*, or *Praying* for my *Soul*: As if they had already received certain *Intelligence* of my *Damnation*. And to aggravate my *Sorrows*, the *Prodigals* are now *squandering* and *consuming* that *Estate*, in *Gaming*, *Whoring*, and *Debauches*, which I had scrap'd together by so much *Industry*, *Vexation*, and *Oppression*, and for which I suffer at this *Instant* such *Insupportable Torments*. This should have been thought on before (cry'd a Devil) for sure you have heard of the *Old Saying*, *Happy is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil*. At which word, the *Old Misers* brake out into fresh *Rage* and *Lamentation*, Tearing their *Flesh* with *Tooth* and *Nail*, in so rueful a manner, that I was no longer able to endure *Spectacle*.

A little farther, there was a *Dark Hideous Prison*, where I heard the *Clattering of Chains*; the *Crackling of Flames*; the *Slapping of Whips*; and a confused *out-cry of Complaints*. I ask'd what *Quarter* this was, and they told me it was the *Quarter of the Oh that I Hads?* What are those, said I? Answer was made, that they were a *Company of Brutish Sots*, so absolutely deliver'd up to *Vice*, that they were damn'd insensibly, and in *Hell* before they were aware. They are now reflecting upon their *Miscarriages and Omissions*, and perpetually crying out; *Oh that I had Examin'd my Conscience! Oh that I had frequented the Sacraments! Oh that I had Humbled my self with Fasting, and Prayer! Oh that I had serv'd God as I ought! Oh that I had Visited the Sick, and Reliev'd the Poor! Oh that I had set a Watch before the Door of my Lips!*

I left these late *Repentants*, (as it appear'd) in Exchange for worse, which were shut up in a *Base Court*, and the *Nastiest* that ever I saw. These were such as had ever in their *Mouths*, *God is merciful, and will pardon me*. How can this be, (said I) that these *People* should be *Damn'd*? When *Condemnation* is an *Act of Justice*, not of *Mercy*. I perceive you are simple, (quoth the Devil) for half these you see here, are condemn'd with the *Mercy of God* in their *Mouths*: And to Explain my self, Consider I pray'e, how many *Sinners* are there, that go on in their *Ways*, in spite of *Reproof*, and good *Counsel*? and still this is their *Answer*; *God is merciful, and will not damn a Soul for so small a Matter*. But let them talk of *Mercy*, as they please; so long as they persist in a *Wicked Life*, we are like to have their *Company* at last. By your *Argument* (said I) there's no trusting to *Divine Mercy*. You mistake me (quoth the Devil) for every good *Thought*, and *Work*, flows from that *Mercy*. But this I say: He that perseveres in his *Wickedness*, and makes use of the *Name of Mercy*, only for a *Countenance* to his *Impieties*, does but mock the *Almighty*, and has no *Title* to that *Mercy*. For 'tis vain to expect *Mercy* from above, without doing any thing in order to it. It properly belongs to the *Righteous*, and the *Penitent*? And they that have the most of it upon the *Tongue*, have commonly the least thought of it in their *Hearts*: And 'tis a great *Aggravation of Guilt*, to Sin the more, in *Confidence* of an *abounding Mercy*. It is true, that many are receiv'd to *Mercy*, that are utterly unworthy of it; which is no wonder, since no *Man* of himself can deserve it: But *Men* are so *Negligent* of seeking it betimes, that they put that off to the last, which should have been the first part of their *business*; and many times their *Life* is at an end, before they be-
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gin their Repentance. I did not think so Damn'd a Doctor could have made so good a Sermon. And there I left him.

I came next to a Noisom Dark hole, and there I saw a Company of *Dyers*, all in *Dirt* and *Smoak*, intermixt with the Devils; and so alike, that it would have posed the subtlest *Inquisitor* in *Spain*, to have said, which were the *Devils*, and which the *Dyers*.

There stood at my Elbow, a strange kind of *Mungrel Devil*, begot betwixt a *Black* and a *White*; with a Head so bestuck with little *Horns*, that it look'd at a Distance like a *Hedg-hog*. I took the boldness to ask him, where they Quarter'd the *Sodomites*, the *Old Women*, and the *Cuckolds*. As for the *Cuckolds* (said he) they are all over Hell, without any certain Quarter, or Station: and in Truth, 'tis no easy matter to know a *Cuckold* from a *Devil*; for (like kind Husbands) they wear their Wive's Favours still, and the very same Head-pieces in Hell, that they wore living in the World. As to the *Sodomites*, we have no more to do with them, than needs must; but upon all occasions, we either Fly, or Face them; for if ever we come to give them a Broad-side, 'tis Ten to One but we get a hit betwixt Wind and Water; and yet we fence with our Tails, as well as we can, and they get now and then a Flap o'er the Mouth into the Bargain. And for the *Old Women*, we make them stand off; for we take as little Pleasure in them, as you do: And yet the Jades will be persecuting us with their Passions; and ye shall have a Barwd of Five and Fifty, do ye all the *Gamboles* of a Girl of Fifteen. And yet after all this, There's not an *Old Woman* in Hell; for let her be as *Old as Pauls*; *Bald*, *Blind*, *Toothless*, *Wrinkled*, *Decrepit*: This is not long of her Age, she'll tell you, but a Terrible fit of *Sickness* last year, that fetcht off her Hair, and brought her so low, that she has not yet recover'd her *Flesh* again. She lost her Eyes by a hot *Rheum*: utterly spoil'd her Teeth with *Cracking* of *Peach-Stones*, and *Eating* of *Sweet-meats*, when she was a *Maid*. And when the weight of her Years has almost brought both ends together; 'tis nothing, she'll tell ye, but a *Crick* she has got in her Back: And though she might recover her *Youth* again, by confessing her Age, she'll never acknowledge it.

My next Encounter was, a Number of People making their moan, that they had been taken away by *Sudden Death*. That's an *Impudent Lye* (cry'd a Devil) saving this Gentleman's presence, for no Man dies suddenly. *Death* surprizes no Man, but gives all Men sufficient *Warning* and *Notice*. I was much taken with the Devil's Civility, and Discourse; which he pursu'd after this manner. Do ye com-
plain