



QUEVEDO'S
VISIONS

1678



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T H E
VISIONS

O F

Dom *Francisco* de *Quevedo*

VILLEGAS,

KNIGHT of the ORDER

O F

S^t *JAMES*.

Made English by R. L.

The Sixth Edition Corrected.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, at the Sign of
the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower Walk
of the New Exchange. 1678.

THE
VISIONS

OF

THE

KNIGHTS

OF THE ORDER

OF

S. JAMES.

By R. W.

London



Printed for M. J. ...
... in the lower ...
of the New Exchange, 1678.

TO THE
READERS,
GENTLE *and* SIMPLE.

THis Preface is meerly for Fashion-sake, to fill a space, and please the Stationer, who says 'tis neither *usual* nor handsome, to leap immediately from the *Title-Page* to the *Matter*. So that in short, a Preface ye have, together with the Reason of it, both under One: but as to the Ordinary Mode and Pre-
tence of Prefaces, the Translator desires to be excus'd. For he makes a Conscience of a Lye, and it were a damn'd one, to tell ye, that he has

P R E F A C E.

publisht This, either to Gratifie the importunity of Friends, or to Oblige the Publick, or for any other Reason of a hundred, that are commonly given in excuse of Scribling. Not but that he loves his Friends, as well as any man, and has taken their Opinion along with him. Nor but that he loves the Publick too (as many a Man does a Coy Mistress that has made his heart ake) But to pass from what had no effect upon him in this Publication, to that which over-rul'd him in it. It was pure Spite. For he has had hard Measure among the Physicians, the Lawyers, the Women, &c. And Don Francisco de Quevedo, in English Revenges him upon all his Enemies. For it is a Satyre, that taxes Corruption of Manners, in all sorts and degrees of people, without

out

P R E F A C E.

*out reflecting upon particular States
or Persons. It is full of Sharpness
and Morality; and has found so
good Entertainment in the World,
that it wanted only English of being
baptiz'd into all Christian Lan-
guages.*

T H E

PREFACE

The first part of this book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the English language, and to a description of its various dialects and idioms. The second part contains a detailed account of the grammar of the language, and of the principles which govern its construction. The third part is a collection of specimens of the language in its various forms, and is intended to illustrate the rules which are laid down in the preceding part. The fourth part is a list of the most important words in the language, and is intended to assist the student in his acquisition of the vocabulary.

THE

THE
FIRST VISION
OF THE

Algonazil (or Catchpole) *possess*.

Going t'other day to hear
Mass at a Convent in this
Town, the door it seems
was shut, and a World of
people pressing and beg-
ing to get in. Upon enquiry *What the
matter was*; they told me of a *Demoniac*
to be *exorcised*; (or *dispossess*) which
made me put in for one, to see the
Ceremony: though to little purpose;
for when I had half smothered my
self in the throng, I was e'en glad to
get out again, and bethink my self of
my Lodging. Upon my way home-
ward, at the streets end, it was my for-
tune to meet a familiar Friend of mine
of the same Convent; who told me
over again what I had heard before, and
making notice of my curiosity, bad me
B follow

follow him; which I did, till with his *Passe-par-tout* he brought me through a little back-door into the Church, and so into the Vestry: where we saw a wretched kind of a dog-look'd fellow with a Tippet about his neck, as ill order'd as you'd wish; his Cloaths all in tatters, his hands bound behind him, roaring and tearing after a most hideous manner. Bless me quoth I, (crossing my self) what spectacle have we here? This (said the good Father who was to do the Feat) is a man that's possess'd with an *Evil Spirit*. *That's a damn'd lye* (with respect of the Company, cryed the Devil that tormented him) for this is not a *man* possess'd with a *Devil*, but a *Devil* possess'd with a *man*; and therefore you should do well to have a care what you say, for it is most evident, both by the Question and Answer, that you are but a Company of Sots. You are to understand that we *Devils* never enter into the body of a *Catchpole*, but by force, and in spite of our hearts; and therefore to speak properly, you are to say, this is a *Devil Catchpol'd*, and not a *Catchpole bedevil'd*.

And,

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

But though we *differ* thus in our *Humours*, we hold a very fair *Correspondence* in our *Offices*: If *we* draw men into *Judgment* and *Condemnation*, so do the *Catchpoles*; we pray for an encrease of *wickedness* in the World, so do *they*; nay and more zealously than *we*, for it is their *livelihood*, and *we* do it only for *company*: And in this the *Catchpoles* are worse than the *Devils*; they prey upon their own Kind, and worry one another. For *our* parts, *we* are *Angels* still, though *black ones*, and were turn'd into *Devils* only for aspiring into an equality with our Maker: whereas *the very corruption of mankind is the generation of a Catchpole*. So that, my good Father, your labour is but lost in plying this Wretch with *Reliques*; for you may as soon redeem a Soul from Hell, as a Prey out of his Clutches. In fine, your *Algonazels* (or *Catchpoles*) and your *Devils* are both of an Order, only your

Catchpole-Devils wear *Shoes* and *Stockings*, and we go *barefoot* after the Fashion of this Reverend Father; and (to deal plainly) have a very hard time on't.

I was not a little surpriz'd to find the *Devil* so great a Sophister, but all this notwithstanding, the holy man went on with his *Exorcism*, and to stop the *Spirits* mouth, wash't his face with a little *Holy Water*, which made the *Demoniac* ten times madder than before, and set him a yelping so horridly, that it deafned the Company, and made the very ground under us to tremble. And now says he, you may, perchance, imagine this extravagance to be the effect of your *Holy Water*; but let me tell you, that meer *Water* it self would have done the same thing; for your *Catchpole* hates nothing in this world like *Water*, [especially that of a *Grays-Inn Pump*.] But to conclude, They are so reprobated a sort of *Christians*, that they have quitted even the very name of *Misins*, by which they were formerly known, for that of *Algonazils*; the latter being of *Pagan Extraction*, and more suitable to their manners.

Come,

Come, come, says the Father, there is no ear, nor credit to be given to this Villain, set but his tongue at liberty, and you shall have him fall foul upon the Government, and the Ministers of Justice for keeping the World in Order and suppressing wickedness, because it spoils his market. No more chopping of Logick, good Mr. *Conjurer*, says the *Devil*: for there's more in't than you are aware of; but if you'l do a poor *Devil* a good office, give me my dispatch out of this accursed *Algonazil*; for I am a *Devil* you must know of *Reputation* and *Quality*, and shall never be able to endure the gibes and affronts will be put upon me at my return to Hell, for having kept this Rascal Company. All in good time, said the *Father*, thou shalt have thy discharge; that is to say, in pity to this miserable Creature, and not for thy own sake. But tell me now, what makes thee torment him thus? Nothing in the world, quoth the *Devil*, but a contest betwixt him and me, which was the *greater Devil* of the two.

The *Conjurer* did not at all relish these wild and malicious replies; but to

me the Dialogue was extream pleasant, especially being by this time a little familiariz'd with the *Devil*. Upon which confidence, My *Good Father*, said I, here are none but Friends; and I may speak to you as my *Confessour*, and the Confident of all the secrets of my Soul; I have a great mind with your leave, to ask the *Devil* a few Questions, and who knows but a man may be the better for his Answers, though perchance contrary to his intention? keep him only in the interim from tormenting this poor Creature. The *Conjurer* granted my request, and the *Spirit* went on with his babble. Well, says he smiling, the *Devil* shall never want a Friend at Court, so long as there's a *Poet* within the Walls. And indeed the Poets do us many a good turn, both by Pimping and otherwise; but if *you*, said he, should not be kind to us, (looking upon me) you'll be thought very ungrateful, considering the honour of your entertainment now in Hell. I ask't him then what store of Poets they had: whole swarms, says the *Devil*; so many, that we have been forc'd to make more

room

room for them : Nor is there any thing in Nature so pleasant as a Poet in the first Year of his *Probation*; he comes ye laden forsooth, with Letters of Recommendation to our Superiours, and enquires very gravely for *Charon, Cerberus, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, Minos.*

Well, said I, but what's their punishment (for I began now to make the *Poets* case my own) Their punishments, quoth the *Devil*, are many, and suited to the Trade they drive. Some are condemn'd to hear other mens works : (and this is the Plague of the *Fidlers* too) We have others that are in for a thousand years, and yet still poring upon some old Stanza's they have made of Jealousie. Some again are beating their fore-heads with the palms of their hands, and even boring their very Noses with hot Irons, in rage, that they cannot come to a resolution, whether they shall say *Face* or *Visage*; whether they shall write *Jaylor Gaol*; whether *Cony* or *Cunny*, because it comes from *Cuniculus*, a *Rabbit*. Others are biting their Nails to the quick, and at their Wits end for a Rime to *Chimney*, and

dozing up and down in a brown study, till they drop into some hole at last, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that suffer the most, and fare the worst, are your Comick Poets for whoring so many Queens and Princesses upon the stage, and coupling Ladies of Honour with Laqueys, and Noblemen with common Strumpets, in the winding up of their Plays; and for giving the *Bastinado* to *Alexander* and *Julius Caesar* in their Interludes and Farces. Now be it known to you that we do not lodge these with other *Poets* but with *Petty Foggers* and *Attornies*, as common Dealers in the mystery of Shifting, Shuffling, Forging, and Cheating: And now for the discipline of Hell, you are to understand we have incomparable *Harbingers* and *Quarter-Masters*: insomuch that let them come in whole *Caravans*, as it happen'd t'other day, every man is in his quarter before you can say *what's this?*

There came to us several Tradesmen; the first of them a Poor Rogue that made profession of *drawing the long Bow*; and him we are about to

put

put among the *Armorers*, but one of the *Company* moved and carried it, that since he was so good at *Draughts*, he might be sent to the *Clarks* and *Scriveners*, a sort of people that will fit you with *draughts*, good and bad, of all sorts and sizes, and to all purposes. Another called himself a *Cutter*, we ask'd him whether in *Wood* or *Stone*? Neither said he, but in *Cloth* and *Stuffe*: (*Anglicè a Taylor*) and him we turn'd over to those that were in for *Detraction* and *Calumny*, and for cutting large *Thongs* out of other mens *Leather*. There was a *Blind fellow* would fain have been among the *Poets*, but (for likeness sake) we quartered him among the *Lovers*. After him, came a *Sexton*, or (as he stil'd himself) a *Burrier* of the *Dead*: and then a *Cook* that was troubled in *Conscience* for putting off *Cats* for *Hares*: These were dispatch'd away to the *Pastry-men*. A matter of half a dozen *Crack-brain'd Fools* we disposed of among the *Astrologers* and *Alchymists*. In the number, there was one notorious *Murtherer*, and him we pack'd away to the *Gentlemen*

of

of the Faculty, the *Physicians*. The *Broken Merchants* we kennel'd with *Judas* for making ill bargains. *Corrupt Ministers* and *Magistrates*, with the *Thief* on the left hand. The *Embroylers* of *Affairs*, and the *Water-bearers* take up with the *Vintners*; and the *Brokers* with the *Jews*. Upon the whole matter, the policy of Hell is admirable, where every man has his place according to his condition.

As I remember (said I) you were speaking e'en now concerning *Lovers*. Pray tell me, have you many of them in your Dominions? I ask, because I am my self a little subject to the itch of *Love* as well as *Poetry*. *Love* (says the Devil) is like a great spot of Oyl, that diffuses it self every where, and consequently Hell cannot but be sufficiently stockt with that sort of *Vermine*. But let me tell you now, we have several sorts of *Lovers*; some dote upon *themselves*; others upon their *Pelf*; these upon their own *Discourses*; those upon their own *Actions*; and once in an Age perchance, comes a fellow that dotes upon his *own Wife*; but this is very rare,

rare, for the Jades commonly bring their Husbands to repentance, and then the Devil may throw his Cap at them. But above all, for sport (if there can be any in Hell) commend me to those *Gawdy Monsieurs*, who by the variety of Colours and Ribbands they wear (*Favours* as they call them) one would swear, were only dress'd up for a *Sample*, or kind of *Inventory* of all the *Gew-Gaws* that are to be had for love or money at the *Mercers*. Others you shall have so overcharged with *Peruque*, that you'd hardly know the *Head* of a *Cavalier*, from the ordinary *Block* of a *Tire-Woman*: And some again you'd take for *Carriers*, by their *pacquets* and *bundles* of *Love-Letters*: which being made combustible by the fire, and flame they treat of, we are so thrifty, as to employ upon the *sing*ing of their own *Tails*, for the saving of better *Fuel*. But, oh! the pleasant postures of the *Maiden-Lover*, when he is upon the practice of the *Gentle Leere*, and embracing the *Air* for his *Mistress*! Others we have that are condemn'd for *Feeling*, and yet never come to the *Touch*: These pass for a
 kind

kind of *Buffon Pretenders*; ever upon the *Vigil*, but never arrive at the *Festival*. Some again have lost themselves with *Judas* for a *Kiss*.

One story lower is the abode of *con-zented Cuckolds*; a nasty poisonous place, and strewed all over with the *Horns of Rams and Bulls, &c.* Now these are so well read in *Women*, and know their destiny so well before hand, that they never so much as trouble their heads for the matter. Ye come next to the *Admirers of old Women*; and these are wretches of so depraved an *Appetite*, that if they were not kept tyed up, and in *Chains*, they'd horse the very *Devils themselves*, and put *Barrabas* to his *Trumps* to defend his *Buttocks*: For the *Truth* is, whatever you may think of a *Devil*, he passeth with *them* for a very *Adonis* or *Narciſsus*.

So much for your *Curiosity*; a word now for your *Instruction*. If you would make an interest in *Hell*, you must give over that *Roguy way* you have got of abusing the *Devils* in your *Shews, Pictures, and Emblems*: One while forsooth we are painted with *Claws* or *Talons*,

lons, like *Eagles* or *Griffons*. Another while we are drest up with *Tails*, like so many *Hackney Jades* with their *Fly-flaps*: And now and then you shall see a *Devil* with a *Coxcomb*. Now I will not deny, but some of us may indeed be very well taken for *Hermites*, and *Philosophers*. If you can help us in this point, do; and we shall be ready to do ye one good Turn for another. I was asking *Michael Angelo* here a while ago, why he drew the *Devils* in his Great Piece of the *Last Judgment*, with so many *Monkey Faces*, and *Jack Pudding postures*. His answer was, That he follow'd his *Fancy*, without any *Malice* in the *World*, for as then he had never seen any *Devils*; nor (indeed) did he believe that there were any; but he has now learn'd the contrary to his cost. There's another thing too we take extreamly ill, which is, that in your ordinary discourses, ye are out with your *Purse* presently to every *Rascal*, and calling of him *Devil*. As for Example, Do you see how this *Devil* of a *Taylor* has spoil'd my *Suit*? how the *Devil* has made me wait? how this *Devil* has couzen'd me, &c. which

is very ill done, and no small disparagement to our Quality, to be rank'd with *Taylors*: A Company of Slaves, that serve us in Hell only for *Brushwood*; and they are fain to beg hard to be admitted at all: though I confess they have *possession* on their sides, and *Custom*, which is *another Law*. Being in *possession* of Theft, and *stoln Goods*, they make much more Conscience of keeping your *stuffs*, than your *Holy Days*, grumbling and domineering at every turn, if they have not the same respect with the Children of the Family. Ye have another trick too of giving every thing to the Devil, that displeases ye, which we cannot but take very unkindly. *The Devil take thee*, says one: A goodly present I warrant ye; but the *Devil* has somewhat else to do, than to take and carry away all that's given him; if they'l come of themselves, let them come and welcome. Another gives that whelp of a *Laquey* to the *Devil*; but the *Devil* will none of your *Laqueys*, he thanks ye for your love; a pack of Rogues that are commonly worse than Devils, and to say the truth, they are good

good neither roast nor sodden. I give that *Italian* to the *Devil*, cries a third; thank you for nothing; For ye shall have an *Italian* will chuse the *Devil* himself, and take him by the Nose like Mustard. Some again will be giving a *Spaniard* to the *Devil*; but he has been so cruel where ever he has got footing that we had rather have his Room than his Company, and make a Present to the *Grand Seignior* of his *Nutmegs*.

Here the *Devil* stopt, and in the same instant, there hapning a slight scuffle, betwixt a couple of conceited Coxcombs, which should go foremost; I turn'd to see the matter, and cast my Eye upon a certain *Tax-gatherer*, that had undone a Friend of mine: And in some sort to revenge my self of this *Ass* in a *Lions Skin*, I ask'd the *Devil*; whether they had not of that sort of Blood-Suckers among the rest, in their Dominions (an Informing, projecting Generation of men, and the very bane of a Kingdom.) You know little (says he) if you do not know these Vermine to be the right Heirs of Perdition, and that they claim Hell for their Inheritance:

tance; and yet we are now e'en upon the point of discarding them, for they are so pragmatikal, and ungrateful, there's no enduring of them. They are at this present in Consultation about an *Impost* upon the *High way to Hell*; and indeed payments run so high already, and are so likely to encrease too, that 'tis much fear'd in the end, we shall quite lose our Trading and Commerce. But if ever they come to put this in Execution, we shall be so bold as to treat them next bout, to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe*, &c. And make them cool their heels on the wrong side of the Door, which will be worse than *Hell* to them, for it leaves them no retreat, being expell'd *Paradise*, and *Purgatory* already. This Race of Vipers, said I, will never be quiet, till they tax the way to Heaven it self. Oh, quoth the *Devil*, that had been done long since, if they had found the Play worth the Candles: but they have had a Factor abroad now these half-score years, that's glad to wipe his Nose on his sleeve still, for want of a Handkercher. But these new impositions, upon what I pray ye do they intend

intend to levy them? For that (quoth the the *Devil*) there's a Gentleman of the Trade at your Elbow can tell you all; pointing to my old Friend the Publican. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon him, and put him so damn'dly out of Countenance, that he pluckt down his Hat over his Face, clapt his Tail between his Legs, and went his way; with which we were all of us well enough pleas'd, and then the *Devil* went on. Well (said the *Devil*, and laught) my Voucher is departed, ye see; but I think I can say as much to this point as himself. The Impositions now to be set on foot, are upon *bare-neck'd Ladies, Patches, Mole skins, Spanish Paper*, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* more than what is necessary and decent; upon your *Tour à la Mode*, and *Spring Garden Coaches*; excess in *Apparel, Collations, Rich Furniture*, your *Cheating and Blaspheming Gaming Ordinaries*, and in general, upon whatsoever serves to advance our Empire; so that without a Friend at Court, or some good Magistrate to help us out at a dead lift, and stick to us, we may e'en

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put

put up our Pipes, and you'll find *Hell* a very *Desert*. Well, said I, and methinks I see nothing in all this, but what is very reasonable; for to what end serves it but to corrupt good manners, stir up ill Appetites, provoke and incourage all sorts of Debauchery, destroy all that is good and Honourable in humane Society, and chalk out in effect the ready way to the Devil?

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

From hence now, (quoth I) would you infer, that there's no *Justice* upon the face of the Earth. Very right (quoth the

the Devil) for *Astraea* (which is the same thing) is fled long since to Heaven. Do not ye know the story? No (said I) Then (quoth the Devil) mind me, and I'll tell ye it.

Once upon a time *Truth* and *Justice* came together to take up their Quarters upon the earth, but the one being naked, and the other very severe & plain-dealing, they could not meet with any body that would receive them. At last, when they had wander'd a long time like Vagabonds in the open Air; *Truth* was glad to take up her Lodging with a *Mute*; and *Justice*, perceiving that though her name was much used for a Cloak to Knavery, yet that she her self was in no Esteem, took up a resolution of returning to Heaven: and in order to her Journey, she bad adieu in the first place to all Courts, Palaces and great Cities, and went into the Country, where she met with some few poor simple Cottagers, that gave her entertainment; but *Malice* and *Persecution* found her out in the end, and she was banished thence too. She presented her self in many places, and people askt her *what she was?* She

answered them, *Justice*, for she would not lye for the matter. *Justice?* (cry'd they) *she is a stranger to us; tell her here's nothing for her, and shut the door.* Upon these repulses, she took wing, and away she went to Heaven, hardly leaving so much as the bare print of her footsteps behind her. Her Name however is not yet forgotten, and she's pictured with a Scepter in her hand, and is still called *Justice*; but call her what ye will, she makes as good a Fire in Hell as a *Taylor*; and for slight of hand, puts down all the *Gilts*, *Cheats*, *Picklocks* and *Trepanners* in the World: to say the truth, *Avarice* is grown to that height, that men employ all the faculties of Soul and Body to *Rob*, and *Deceive*. The *Leacher*, does not he steal away the honour of his *Mistress*? (though with her consent) The *Attorney* pick your Pockets, and shew you a Law for't; The *Comedian* get your money and your time, with reciting other mens Labours; The *Lover* cozens you with his Eyes; The *Eloquent* with his Tongue; The *Valiant* with his Arms; The *Musician* with his Voice,
and

and Fingers; The *Astrologer*, with his Calculations; The *Apothecary*, with Sicknes and Health; the *Surgeon*, with Blood; and the *Physician*, with Death it self; And in some sort or other, they are all Chears; but the *Catchpole* (in the name of *Justice*) abuses you with his *whole Man*; He watches you with his *Eyes*; follows you with his *Feet*; seises with his *Hands*; accuses with his *Tongue*; And in fine, put in your *Litany*, From *Catchpoles* as well as *Devils*, *Libera nos Domine*.

But how comes it (said I) that you have not coupled the *Women* with the *Thieves*? for they are both of a Trade. Not a word of *Women* as you love me (quoth the Devil) for we are so tired out with their importunities, so deaf'd with the Eternal Clack of their Tongues, that we start at the very thought of them. And to say the truth, *Hell* were no ill *Winter Quarter*, if it were not so overstock'd with that sort of Cattel. Since the death of the *Witch of Endor*, it has been all their business to improve themselves in subtilty and malice, and to set us together

by the Ears among our selves; Nay some of them are confident enough to tell us to our Teeth, that when we have done our worst, they'll give us a *Rowland* for our *Oliver*. Only this comfort we have, that they are a cheaper Plague to *Us* than they are to *You*; for we have no *Exchanges*, *Hide Parks*, or *Spring Gardens* in our Territories.

You are well stored then with *Women*, I see, but of which have you most, (said I) *Handsom*, or *Ill favour'd*? Oh, of the *Ill favour'd* six for one (quoth the Devil) For your *Beauties* can never want *Gallants* to lay their Appetites; and many of them, when they come at last to have their bellies full, e'en give over the sport, Repent and 'scape. Whereas no body will touch the *Ill favour'd* without a pair of Tongs; and for want of water to quench the fire, they come to us such *Skeletons*, that they are enough to affright the Devil himself. For they are most commonly old, and accompany their last groans with a Curse upon the younger that are to survive them. I carried away one or other day of threescore and ten, that

I took just in the nick, as she was upon a certain Exercise to remove obstructions: and when I came to land her; Alas for the poor woman! what a terrible fit had she got of the *Toothach*! when upon search, the Devil a Tooth had she left in her head, only she belied her Chops to save her Credit.

You have exceedingly satisfied me (said I) in all your answers; but pray'e once again, what store of *Beggars* have ye in Hell? *Poor people* I mean, *Poor* (quoth the Devil) who are they? Those (said I) that have no Possessions in the World: How can that be, (quoth he) that those should be damn'd, that have nothing in the World? when men are only damn'd for cleaving to't. And briefly I find uone of their names in our Books, which is no wonder; for he that has nothing to trust to, shall be left by the Devil himself in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have you greater Devils, than your Flatterers, false Friends, lewd Company, envious Persons, than a Son, a Brother, or a Relation that lies in wait for your life, to

get your Fortune, that mourns over you in your sickness, and wishes you already at the Devil. Now the *Poor* have none of this; They are neither flatter'd nor envy'd, nor befriended, nor accompanied: There's no gaping for their Possessions; and in short, they are a sort of people that live well, and dye better; and there are some of them that would not exchange their Rags for Royalty it self. They are at liberty to go and come at pleasure, be it War or Peace, free from Cares, Taxes, and publick Duties. They fear no Judgments or Executions, but live as inviolable as if their Persons were Sacred. Moreover they take no thought for to morrow, but setting a just value on their hours, they are good Husbands of the present; considering that what is past, is as good as *Dead*, and what's to come *Uncertain*. But they say, *When the Devil preaches, the World is near an End.*

The divine Hand is in this (said the Holy Man that performed the *Exorcism*) Thou art the Father of Lyes, and yet deliver'st Truths, able to mollifie
and

and convert a Heart of stone. But do not you mistake your self, (quoth the Devil) to suppose that your Conversion is my business; for I speak these Truths to aggravate you Guilt, and that you may not plead ignorance another day, when you shall be called to answer for your Transgressions. 'Tis true, most of you shed tears at parting, but 'tis the Apprehension of Death, and no true Repentance for your sins that works upon you: For ye are all a pack of *Hypocrites*: Or if at any time you entertain those Reflections, your trouble is, That your body will not hold out; and then forsooth ye pretend to pick a quarrel with the *Sin* it self. Thou art an *Impostor* (said the Religious) for there are many Righteous Souls, that draw their sorrow from another Fountain. But I perceive you have a mind to amuse us, and make us lose time, and perchance your own hour is not yet come to quit the body of this miserable Creature; however, I conjure thee in the name of the most High to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy peace. The Devil obey'd; and the good Father

ther applying himself to us, My Masters (says he) though I am absolutely of opinion, that it is the *Devil* that has talkt to us all this while through the Organ of this unhappy Wretch, yet he that well weighs what has been said, may doubtless reap some benefit by the Discourse. Wherefore without considering whence it came; Remember, that *Saul* (although a wicked Prince) prophesied; and that Honey has been drawn out of the Mouth of a Lion. Withdraw then, and I shall make it my Prayer (as 'tis my hope) that this sad and prodigious spectacle may lead you to a true sight of your Errours, and in the end to amendment of Life.

The end of the first Vision,

THE

THE

SECOND VISION

OF

DEATH and her EMPIRE.

Mean Souls do naturally breed sad Thoughts; and in Solitude, they gather together in Troops to assault the Unfortunate; which is the Tryal (according to my observation) wherein the Coward does most betray himself; and yet cannot I for my life, when I am alone, avoid those Accidents and Surprises in my self, which I condemn in others. I have sometime, upon reading the grave and severe *Lucretius*, been seized with a strange damp; whether from the striking of his counsels upon my passions, or some tacite reflection of shame upon my self, I know not. However, to render this confession of my weaknes the more excusable, I'll begin my discourse

course with somewhat out of that elegant and excellent Poet ;

Put the Case (saies he) that a Voice
 from Heaven should speak to any of us
 after this manner; What dost thou ail,
 O Mortal Man, or to what purpose is it
 to spend thy life in groans and complaints
 under the apprehension of death? where
 are thy past years and pleasures? are
 they not vanisht and lost in the Flux
 of Time, as if thou hadst put water into
 a Sieve? Bethink thy self then of a
 Retreat, and leave the World with the
 same content and satisfaction, as thou
 wouldst do a plentiful Table, and a jolly
 Company upon a full stomach. Poor Fool
 that thou art! thus to macerate and
 torment thy self, when thou mayst enjoy
 thy heart at ease, and possess thy Soul
 with repose and comfort, &c.

This passage brought into my mind
 the words of Job, Chap. 14. And I was
 carried on from one Meditation to
 another, till at length I fell fast asleep
 over my Book, which I ascribed rather
 to a favourable providence, than to my
 natural disposition. So soon as my
 Soul felt her self at liberty, she gave
 me

me the entertainment of this following Comedy, my fancy supplying both the Stage and the Company.

In the first Scene, enter'd a Troop of *Physicians*, upon their Mules, with deep Foot-cloaths, marching in no very good Order, sometime fast, sometime slow, and to say the truth, most commonly in a huddle. They were all wrinkled and wither'd about the Eyes; I suppose with casting so many sowe looks upon the Piss-pots and Close-Stools of their Patients; bearded like Goats; and their Faces so over-grown with Hair, that their Fingers could hardly find the way to their Mouths. In the left hand they held their Reins, and their Gloves roul'd up together; and in the right a Staff *à-la mode*, which they carried rather for Countenance than Correction; (for they understood no other Menage than the Heel) and all along Head and Body went too, like a Baker upon his Panniers. Divers of them I observ'd, had huge Gold Rings upon their Fingers, and set with Stones of so large a size, that they could hardly feel a Patients Pulse, without minding him of his
his

his Monument. There were more than a good many of them, and a world of Puny Practisers at their heels, that came out *Graduates*, by conversing rather with the *Mules* than the *Doctors*: Well! said I to my self, if there goes no more than this to the making a *Physician*, it is no marvel we pay so dear for their Experience.

After these, follow'd a long Train of *Mountebank-Apothecaries*, laden with *Pestles*, and *Mortars*, *Suppositories*, *Spazulas*, *Glister-Pipes*, and *Syringes*, ready charg'd, and as mortal as Gun-shot, and several *Titled Boxes* with *Remedies without*, and *Poysons within*. Ye may observe that when a Patient comes to dye, the *Apothecaries Mortar* rings the *Passing-Bell*, as the *Priests Requiem* finishes the business. An *Apothecaries Shop* is (in effect) no other than the *Physicians Armory*, that supplies him with Weapons; and (to say the truth) the *Instruments* of the *Apothecary* and the *Souldiers* are much of a quality: What are their *Boxes* but *Petards*? their *Syringes*, *Pistols*, and their *Pills*, but *Bullets*? And after all, considering their
 Pat-

Purgative Medicines, we may properly enough call their *Shops Purgatory*; and why not their *Poysons Hell*? their *Patients* the *Damnd*? and their *Masters* the *Devils*? These *Apothecaries* were in *Jacquets* wrought all over with *Rs* struck through like wounded hearts; and in the form of the first Character of their *Prescriptions*; which (as they telbus) signifies *Recipe (Take Thou)* but we find it to stand for *Recipio (I Take)* Next to this Figure, they write *Ana,* *Ana*, which is as much as to say *An Ass,* *An Ass*, and after this march the *Ounces* and the *Scruples*; an incomparable Cordial to a dying man; the former to dispatch the *Body*, and the latter to put the *Soul* into the High-way to the *Devil*. To hear them call over all their *Simples*, would make you swear, they were raising so many *Devils*. There's your *Opopanax*, *Buphtalphus*, *Astaphylinos*, *Alectrolophus*, *Ophioscoridon*, *Ancmosphorus*, &c.

And by all this formidable Bombast, is meant nothing in the world but a few paltry Roots, as Carrots, Turneps, Skirrets, Radish and the like. But they have

have the Old Proverb at their fingers end; *He that knows thee will never buy thee*: And therefore every thing must be made a Mystery, to hold their Patients in ignorance, and keep up the price of the Market. And were not the very names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distemper, 'tis to be fear'd the Remedy would prove worse than the Disease. Can any pain in nature, think ye, have the confidence to look the Physician in the Face, that comes arm'd with a Drug made of *Mans Grease*? though disguis'd under the name of *Mummy*, to take off the horreur and disgust of it: Or to stay for a dressing with *Dr. Wharbums Plaster*, that shall fetch up a mans Leg to the size of a Mill-post? when I saw these people Herded with the *Physicians*, methought the old fluttish Proverb that says, *There is a great distance between the Pulse and the Arse*, was much to blame for making such a difference in their Dignities, for I find none at all; but the *Physician* skips in a trice from the *Pulse* to the *Stool* and *Urinal*, according to the Doctrine of *Galen*, who sends

sends all his Disciples to those unfavoury Oracles: from whose hands the Devil himself, if he were sick, would not receive so much as a Glyster. Oh! these cursed and lawless Arbitrators and Disposers of our lives! that without either Conscience or Religion, divide our Souls and bodies, by their damn'd poysonous *Potions, Scarifications, Incisions, Excessive Bleedings, &c.* which are but the several ways of executing their Tyranny and Injustice upon us.

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

The next that came in, I should have taken by their *Mien*, for *Devils* disguis'd, if I had not spyed their Chains of Rotten Teeth, which put me in some hope they might be *Tooth-Drawers*, and so they prov'd; which is yet one of the lewdest Trades in the World; for they

are good for nothing but to depopulate our Mouths, and make us old before our time. Let a man but yawn, and ye shall have one of those Rogues examining his *Grinders*, and there's not a sound Tooth in your head, but he had rather see't at his Girdle, than in the place of its Nativity: Nay, rather than fail, he'l pick a quarrel with your *Gums*. But that which puts me out of all patience, is to see these Scoundrels ask twice as much for drawing an *old Tooth* as would have bought ye a *new One*.

Certainly (said I to my self) we are now past the worst unless the Devil himself come next: And in that instant I heard the Brushing of *Guitars*, and the Ratling of *Citterns*, Raking over certain *Passacailles* and *Sarabands*. These are a Kennel of *Barbers* thought I, or I'll be hang'd; and any man that had ever seen a Barber's Shop, might have told you as much without a Conjuror, both by the Musick and by the very Instruments, which are as proper a part of a *Barbers Furniture*, as his *Comb-Cases* and *Wash-balls*. It was to me a pleasant entertainment, to see them
lather-

lathering of *Asses heads*, of all sorts and sizes, and their Customers all the while winking and sputtering over their *Basons*.

Presently after these, appear'd a Consort of *loud and tedious Talkers*, that tir'd and deafn'd the Company with their *shrill*, and *restless Gaggles*: but as one told me, these were of several sorts. Some they call'd *Swimmers* from the motion of their Arms in all their Discourses, which was just as if they had been *Padling*. Others they call'd *Apes*, (and we *Mimicks*) these were perpetually making of *Mopps* and *Mowes*, and a thousand Antick Ridiculous Gestures, in derision and imitation of Others. In the third place, were *Make-bates*, and *Sowers of Dissention*, and these were still Rolling their Eyes (like a *Bartlemey Puppet*, without so much as moving the Head) and learing over their Shoulders, to surprize people at unawares in their Familiarities, and Privacies, and gather matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Lyers* followed next; and these seem'd to be a jolly contented sort of People, well Fed, and well Cloathed;

and having nothing else to trust to, methought it was a strange Trade to live upon. I need not tell you, that they are never without a full Audience, since *all Fools and Impertinents are of their Congregation.*

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

I began then to take into thought, what might be the meaning of this *Oglio* of People of severall Conditions and Humours met together; but I was quickly
diverted

diverted from that Consideration, by the Apparition of a Creature which lookt as if 'twere of the Feminine Gender. It was a Person of a thin and slender *make*; laden with *Crowns, Garlands, Scepters, Scythes, Sheep-books, Pattins, Hob-nail'd-Shoos, Tiaras, Straw-Hats, Mitres, Monmouth-Caps, Embroideries, Skins, Silk, Wooll, Gold, Lead, Diamonds, Shells, Pearl, and Pebles*: She was drest up in all the Colours of the Rainbow; she had one eye shut, the other open, young on the one side, and old o' the other. I thought at first she had been a great way off, when indeed she was very near me, and when I took her to be at my Chamber-Door, she was at my Beds head. How to unriddle this mystery I knew not; nor was it possible for me to make out the meaning of an Equipage so Extravagant, and so fantastically put together. It gave me no affright however, but on the contrary I could not forbear laughing, for it came just then into my mind that I had formerly seen in *Italy* a *Farce*, where the *Mimick*, pretending to come from the

other World, was just thus Accoutred, and never was any thing more Nonsensically pleasant. I held as long as I could, and at last I askt what she was? she answer'd me, I am *Death*. *Death!* (the very word brought my Heart into my Mouth) and I beseech you Madam, quoth I (with great Humility and Respect) whither is your Honour a going? No further (said she) for now I have found you, I am at my Journey's End. Alas, Alas! and must I dye then (said I) No, no, (quoth *Death*) but I'll take thee Quick along with me: For since so many of the *Dead* have been to Visit the *Living*. It is but equal for once, that one of the *Living* should Return a Visit to the *Dead*. Get up then and come along and never hang an Arse for the matter: for what you will not do willingly, you shall do in spite of your Teeth. This put me in a Cold Fit; but without more delay up I started, and desired leave only to put on my Breeches. No, no, (said she) no matter for Cloaths, nobody wears them upon this Road; wherefore come away, naked as you are, and you'll Travel the better.

So up I got, without a word more, and follow'd her; in such a Terrour and Amazement, that I was but in an ill Condition to take a strict account of my Passage; yet I remember that upon the way, I told her; Madam, under Correction, you are no more like the Deaths that I have seen, than an *Apple's like an Oyster*. Our *Death* is pictur'd with a *Scythe* in her hand; and a *Carkass* of bones, as clean, as if the Crows had pick'd it: Yes, yes, (said she) turning short upon me, I know that very well: but in the mean time your Designers, and Painters, are but a Company of Buzzards. The *Bones* you talk of, are the Dead, or otherwise *the miserable Remainers of the Living*; but let me tell you, that you your selves are your own *Death*, and that which you call *Death*, is but the *Period of your Life*, as the *first moment of your Birth*, is the *beginning of your Death*: And effectually, ye *Dye Living*, and your *Bones* are no more than what *Death* has left, and committed to the Grave. If this were rightly understood, every man would find a *Memento Mori*, or a *Death's Head*

in his own Looking-glass; and consider every House with a Family in't, but as a Sepulchre fill'd with dead Bodies; a Truth which you little dream of, though within your daily View and Experience. Can you imagine a *Death* elsewhere, and not in your selves? Believ't y^e are in a shameful mistake; for you your selves are *Skeletons* before ye are aware.

But Madam, under favour, what may all these people be that keep your Ladyship Company? and since you are *Death* (as you say) how comes it, that the *Bablers*, and *Make-bates* are nearer your Person, and more in your Good Graces than the *Physicians*? Why (said she) there are more people *Talk'd* to *Death* and dispatcht by *Bablers*, than by all the *Pestilential Diseases* in the World. And then your *Make-bates*, and *Medlers* kill more than your *Physicians*, though to give the Gentlemen of the Faculty their due they labour night and day for the enlargement of our Empire. For you must understand, that though *distemper'd humours* make a man sick, 'tis the *Physician* Kills him; and
looks

looks to be well paid for't too: (and 'tis fit that every man should live by his Trade) so that when a man is askt, what such or such a one dy'd of; He is not presently to make answer, that he dy'd of a *Fever*, *Pleurisie*, the *Plague*, *Purples*, or the like; but that *He dyed of the Doctor*. In one point however I must needs acquit the *Physicians*; Ye know that the stile of *Right Honourable*, and *Right Worshipful*, which was heretofore appropriate only to Persons of Eminent Degree and Quality, is now in our days used by all sort of little people; Nay the very *Bare-foot Fryers* that live under Vows of *Humility* and *Mortification*, are stung with this Itch of *Title* and *Vain glory*. And your ordinary *Trades-men*, as *Vintners*, *Taylors*, *Masons* and the like, must be all drest up forthwith in the *Right Worshipful*: whereas your *Physician* does not so much Court Honour of *Appellation* (though if it should rain Dignities, he might be perswaded happily to venture the wetting) but sits down contended with the Honour of disposing of your *Lives* and *Moneys*; without troubling himself

self about any other sort of Reputation.

The entertainment of these Lectures, and discourses, made the way seem short and pleasant, and we are just now entering into a Place, betwixt Light and Dark; and of Horrour enough, if *Death* and I had not by this time been very well acquainted. Upon one side of the Passage, I saw *three moving Figures*; *Arm'd* and of *Humane shape*; and so alike, that I could not say which was which. Just Opposite, on the other side, a *Hideous Monster*, and these *Three to One*, and *One to Three*, in a *Fierce*, and *Obstinate Combate*. Here *Death* made a stop, and facing about, askt me, if I knew these People. Alas! No (quoth I) Heaven be prais'd, I do not, And I shall put it in my Litany that I never may. Now to see thy ignorance, cry'd *Death*, These are thy old Acquaintance, and thou hast hardly kept any other Company since thou wert born. *Those three* are, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*; the Capital Enemies of thy Soul: and they are so like one another, as well in Quality, as Appearance,
that

that Effectually, whoever has One, has All. The Proud, and Ambitious man thinks he has got the *World*, but it proves the *Devil*. The *Lecher*, and the *Epicure*, perswade themselves that they have gotten the *Flesh*, and that's the *Devil* too; and in fine, thus it fares with all other kinds of Extravagants. But what's He there, said I, that appears in so many several shapes? and fights against the other three? That (quoth *Death*) is the *Devil* of *Money*, who maintains that He himself *Alone* is Equivalent to them *Three*, and that wherever He comes, there's no need of *Them*. Against the *World*, He argues from their own Confession, and Experience; for it passes for an Oracle; that *There's no World but Money; He that's out of Money, 's out of the World*. Take away a man's *Money* and take away his *Life*. *Money answers All things*. Against the *second* Enemy, he pleads that *Money* is the *Flesh* too: witness the *Girls* and the *Ganymedes* it procures, and maintains. And against the *Third*, He urges that there's nothing to be done without this *Devil* of *Money*, *Love does much*

much, but Money does All: And money will make the Pot boyl, though the Devil piss in the Fire. So that for ought I see (quoth I) the Devil of money has the better end of the Staff.

After this, advancing a little further, I saw on one hand, *Judgment*; and *Hell* on the other (for so *Death* call'd them) Upon the sight of *Hell*, making a stop, to take a stricter Survey of it, *Death* askt me, what it was I lookt at? I told her, it was *Hell*; and I was the more intent upon it, because I thought I had seen it somewhere else before. She question'd me, where? I told her, that I had seen it in the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of *Wicked Magistrates*; In the *Pride* and *Haughtiness* of *Grandees*; in the *Appetites* of the *Voluptuous*: in the *lewd Designs* of *Ruine* and *Revenge*; in the *Souls* of *Oppressours*; and in the *Vanity* of divers *Princes*. But he that would see it whole, and Entire, in one subject, must go to the *Hypocrite*, who is a kind of a *Religious Broker*, and puts out at five and forty per Cent. the very *Sacraments*, and ten *Commandments*.

I am very glad too (said I) that I have

have seen *Judgment* as I find it here, in its Purity; for that which we call *Judgment* in the World, is a meer mockery: If it were like This, men would live otherwise than they do. To conclude, if it be expected that *our Judges* should govern Themselves and Us by *This Judgment*, the World's in an ill Case; for there's but little of't there. And to deal plainly, as matters are, I have no great maw to go home again: for 'tis better being with the *Dead*, where there's *Justice*, than with the *Living*, where there's *None*.

Our next step was into a fair and spacious *Plain* encompass'd with a huge Wall, where he that's once in, must never look to come out again. Stop here (quoth *Death*) for we are now come to my *Judgment-Seat*, and here it is that I give *Audience*. The *Walls* were hung with *Sighs* and *Groans*, *Ill-News*, *Fears*, *Doubts*, and *Surprizes*. *Tears* did not there avail either the *Lover* or the *Beggar*; but *Grief* and *Care* were without both *Measure* and *Comfort*; and serv'd as *Vermine*, to gnaw the Hearts of *Emperours* and *Princes*, feeding upon the

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Insolent and Ambitious, as their proper Nourishment. I saw *Envy* there drest up in a *Widow's Vail*, and the very Picture of the *Governant* of one of your Noblemen's Houses. She kept a *Continual Fast* as to the *Shambles*, *Preying* only upon *her self*; and could not but be a very *slender Gentlewoman*, upon so *spare a Diet*. Nothing came amiss to her *Teeth* (*Good or Bad*) which made the whole Set of them *Yellow and Rotten*, and the Reason was, that though she *bit*, and set her *mark* upon the *Good* and the *Sound*, she could never *swallow* it. Under her, sate *Discord*; the Legitimate Issue of her own *Bowels*. She had formerly convers'd much with *married People*, but finding no need of her there, away she went to *Colledges* and *Corporations*, where it seems they had more already than they knew what to do withal: and then she betook herself to *Courts* and *Palaces*, and Officiated there, as the *Devil's Lieutenant*. Next to *Her*, was *Ingratitnde*, and she out of a certain *Paste* made up of *Pride* and *Malice*, was moulding of *New Devils*. I was extream glad of this Discovery,

very, being of Opinion, till now, that the *Ungrateful* had been the *Devils Themselves*, because I read, that the *Angels* that fell were made *Devils* for their *Ingratitude*. To be short, the whole Place Echo'd with *Rage* and *Curses*. *What a Devil have we here to do* (said I) *does it rain Curses in this Country?* With that, a *Death* at my Elbow askt me, what a Devil could I expect else in a place where there were so many *Match-makers*, *Attorneys*, and *Common-Barristers*, who are a Pack of the most Accursed Wretches in Nature? Is there any thing more common in the World, than the Exclamations of *Husbands* and *Wives*? Oh! that *Damn'd Devil* of a *Pander*: *A heavy Curse upon that Bitch of a Bawd that ever brought us together: The Pillory and ten thousand Gibbets to boot, take that Pick-pocket Attorney, that advised me to this Law-suit; h'as ruin'd me for ever.* But pray'e (said I) what do all these *Match-makers* and *Attornies* here together; Do they come for *Audience*? *Death* was here a little quick upon me, and call'd me *Fool* for so *Impertinent* a Question. If there were

no *Match-makers* (said she) we should not have the tenth part of these *Skeletons*, and *Desperado's*. Am not I here the fifth Husband of a Woman yet living in the World, that hopes to send twice as many more after me, and drink *Maudlin* at the fiftenth Funeral? you say well (said I) as to the business of *Match-makers*; but why so many *Petty-Foggers* I pray'e? Nay then I perceive (quoth *Death*) now you have a mind to seize me; for that *Rascally* sort of *Catterpillers* have been my undoing. Had not a man better dye by the *Common-Hangman*, than by the hand of an *Attorney*? to be killed by *Falsities*, *Quirks*, *Cavils*, *Delays*, *Exceptions*, *Cheats*, *Circumventions*? Yes, yes, And it must not be deny'd; that these *Makers of Matches*, and *Splitters of Causes*, are the *Principal Support of this Imperial Throne*.

At these words, I rais'd my Eyes, and saw *Death* seated in her Chair of state, with abundance of little *Deaths* crowding about her; As the *Death of Love*, of *Cold*, *Hunger*, *Fear*, and *Laughter*; All, with their several *Ensigns* and *Devices*,

Devices. The *Death of Love*, I perceived, had very *little Brain*, and to keep herself in Countenance, she kept Company with *Pyramus*, and *Thisbe*; *Hero* and *Leander*, and some *Amadis's* and *Palmerins d'Oliva*; all Embalm'd, steep'd in good *Vinegar*, and well dry'd. I saw a great many other sorts of *Lovers* too, that were brought in all Appearance, to their last *Agonies*, but by the singular *Miracle of self-Interest* recover'd to the Tune of

*Will, if Looking well won't move her,
Looking ill prevail?*

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

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

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

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

Repent; Living without fear of Justice, and Dying without hope of Mercy. These are they that pay all their Debts and Duties with a Jest. Bid any of them, give every man his Due, and Return what he has either Borrowed, or wrongfully taken, His answer is, You'd make a man dye with Laughing. Tell him, my Friend, you are now in Tears, your dancing days are done, and your Body is worn out; what should such a Scar-Crow as you are, do with a Bed-fellow? Give over your Bawdy Haunts for shame, and don't make a Glory of a Sin, when you are past the Pleasure of it, and your self upon all Accompts contemptible into the Bargain. This Fellow (says he) would make a man break his heart with Laughing. Come, come, say your Prayers, and bethink your self of Eternity, you have one Foot in the Grave already, and 'tis high time to fit your self for the other World. Thou wilt absolutely kill me with Laughing. I tell thee, I'm as sound as a Roche, and I do not Remember that ever I was better in my Life. Others there are, that let a man advise them upon their Death-

Beds, and even at the last Gasp, to *send for a Divine*, or to *make some handsome settlement of their Estates*, Alas, Alas! they'l cry; *I have been as bad as this many a time before*, and (with *Falstaffe's Hostess*) *I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet*. These men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to understand their danger. This Vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the Pains and Marks Imaginable of a true Repentance. Well, (said I) since so it is, that man has but *one life* allotted him, and *so many Deaths*; but *one way into the World*, and *so many Millions* out of it, I will certainly at my Return, make it more my Care than it has been, to Live with a Good Conscience, that I may dye with Comfort.

The last words were scarce out of my Mouth, when the *Cryer* of the Court with a loud Voice, called out, *The Dead, The Dead; Appear the Dead*. And so immediately, I saw the *Earth* begin to *Move*, and gently opening it self, to make way, first for *Heads* and *Arms*, and then by *Degrees* for the *whole Bodies*

dies of Men and Women, that came out, half muffled in their Night-Caps, and ranged themselves in excellent Order, and with a profound silence. Now (says Death) let every one speak in his Turn; And in the instant, up comes One of the Dead to my very Beard, with so much Fury and Menace in his Face and Action, that I would have given him half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition. These Devils of the World (quoth he) what would they be at? my Masters, cannot a poor Wretch be quiet in his Grave for ye? but ye must be casting your Scorns upon him, and charging him with things that upon my Soul, he's as Innocent of as the Child that's Unborn. What hurt has he done any of you (ye Scoundrels you) to be thus Abused? And I beseech you, Sir, said I (under your Favourable Correction) who may you be? For I confess I have not the Honour either to know or to understand ye. I am (quoth he) the Unfortunate Tony, that has been in his Grave now this many a fair year, and yet your wise Worships forth have not Wit enough to make your

Selves and your Company merry, but Tony must still be one half of your Entertainment and Discourse. When any man plays the Fool or the Extravagant, presently he's a Tony. Who drew this or that Ridiculous Piece? Tony. Such or such a one was never well taught: No, he had a Tony to his Master. But let me tell ye, he that shall call your Wisdoms to scrift, and take a strict account of all your words and actions, will upon the Upshot find you all a Company of Tonys: and in effect the Greater Impertinents. As for Instance: Did I ever make Ridiculous Wills (as you do) to oblige others to pray for a man in his Grave, that never pray'd for Himself in his Life? Did I ever rebel against my Superiours? Or, was I ever so arrant a Coxcomb, as by coloring my Cheeks and Hair, to imagine that I could reform Nature and make my self young again? Can ye say that ever I put an Oath to a Lye; or broke a solemn promise, as you do every day that goes over your Heads? Did I ever enslave my self to money? Or, on the other side make Ducks and Drakes with it? and squander it away in Gaming,

Revel-

Revelling, and Whoring? Did my Wife ever wear the Breeches? Or, did I ever marry at all, to be reveng'd of a false Mistress? Was I ever so very a Fool as to believe any man would be true to me, who had betray'd his Friend? Or to venture all my hopes upon the Wheel of Fortune? Did I ever envy the Felicity of a Court-Life, that sells and spends all for a Glance? What pleasure did I ever take in the lewd Discourses of Hereticks and Libertines? Or did I ever List my self in the party, to get the name of a Gifted Brother? Who ever saw me Insolent to my Inferiours, or basely Servile to my Betters? Did I ever go to a Conjurer, or to your Dealers in Nativities and Horoscopes upon any occasion of Loss or Death? Now if you your selves be guilty of all these Fopperies, and I innocent, I beseech ye where's the Tony? so that you see Tony is not the Tony you take him for. But (to Crown his other Vertues) he is also endued with so large a stock of Patience, that whoever needed it, had it for the asking: Unless it were such as came to borrow money; or in Cases of Women, that claim'd Marriage of him:

or *Laquais* that would be making sport with his Bauble; and to These, He was as Resolute as *John Florio*.

While we were upon this Discourse, another of the Dead came marching up to me, with a Spanish pace and gravity, and giving me a Touch o' the Elbow, *Look in my face* (quoth he with a stern Countenance) *and know Sir, that you are not now to have to do with a Tony.* I beseech your Lordship (said I, saving your Reverence) let me know your Honour, that I may pay my respects accordingly; for I must confess, I thought all people here had been, *Hail fellow well met.* I am call'd (quoth he) by Mortals *Queen-Dick*; and whether you know me or not, I'm sure you think and talk of me often enough, and if the Devil did not possess ye, you would let the dead alone, and content your selves to prosecute one another. Ye can't see a High Crown'd Hat, a Threed-bare Cloak, a Basket-Hilt Sword or a Dudgeon Dagger, nay not so much as a Reverend Matron, well stricken in years, but presently ye cry, This or That's of the Mode or Date of

Queen

Queen Dick. If ye were not every Mother's Child of ye stark mad, ye would confess that *Queen Dick's* were Golden days to those ye have had since, and 'tis an easie matter to prove what I say. Will ye see a Mother now teaching her Daughter a Lesson of good Government? *Child* (say she) *you know that modesty is the great Ornament of your Sex; wherefore be sure, when ye come in Company, that you don't stand staring the men in the Face, as if ye were looking Babies in their Eyes, but rather look a little Downward, as a Fashion of Behaviour more suitable to the Obligations of your Sex.* Downward? (says the Girl) I beseech you, Madam, Excuse me: This was well enough in the Days of *Queen Dick*, when the poor Creatures knew no better. Let the Men look downward towards the Clay of which they were made, but Man was our Original, and it will become us to keep our Eyes upon the matter from whence we came. If a Father give his Son in Charge, to *Worship his Creator, to say his Prayers Morning and Evening, to give Thanks before and after Meat, to have a*

care

care of Gaming and Swearing. Ye shall have the Son make Answer, that 'tis true, this was practis'd in the time of *Queen Dick*; but it is now quite out of Mode: And in plain *English*, men are better known now adays by their *Atheism* and *Blasphemy*, than by their *Beards*.

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

year I have longed for so many a day. Who is it, I pray'e (quoth I) that I now see and hear in the Belly of this Bottle? I am (said he) the Great *Necromancer* of *Europe*; and certainly you cannot but have heard both of my Operations in General, and of this particular Design. I have heard talk of you from a Child (quoth I) but all those stories I took only for old Wives Fables. You are the man then it seems; I must confess that at first at a distance I took this Bottle for the Vessel that the ingenious *Rablais* makes mention of; but coming near enough to see what was in it, I did then imagine it might be some *Philosopher by the Fire*, or some *Apothecary* doing Penance for his Errors. In fine, it has cost me many a heavy step to come hither, and yet to see so great a Rarity I cannot but think my Time and Pains very well bestow'd. The *Necromancer* call'd to me then to unstop the Bottle, and as I was breaking the Clay to open it: Hold, Hold a little, he cry'd; and I prithee tell me first how go squares in *Spain*? What Money? Force? Credit? The *Plate Fleets* go
and

and come (said I) reasonably well; but the Foreigners that come in for their snips have half spoil'd the Trade. The *Genoefes* run out as far as the Mountains of *Potosi*, and have almost drain'd them dry. My Child (quoth He) That Trade can never be secure and open, so long as *Spain* has any Enemy that's Potent at Sea. And for the *Genoefes*, they'll tell you this is no Injustice at all, but on the Contrary, a new way of quitting old scores, and justifying his Catholick Majesty for a good Pay-Master. I am no Enemy to that Nation, but upon the Accompt of their Vices and Encroachments; and I confess, rather than see these Rascals prosper, I'd turn my self into a *Bouillon* again, as ye saw me just now; nay, I did not care if 'twere into a *Powder*, though I ended my days in a *Tobacco box*. Good Sir, (said I) comfort your self, for these people are as miserable as you'd wish them. You know they are *Cavaliers* and *Signiors* already, and now (forsooth) they have an itch upon them to be *Princes*: A vanity that gnaws them like a *Cancer*; and by drawing on great Expences, breeds a
Worm

Worm in their Traffick, so that you'll find little but Debt and Extravagance at the foot of the Accompt. And then the *Devil's* in them for a Wench, inso-much, that 'tis well, if they bring both ends together; for what's gotten upon the *Change* is spent in the *Stews*.

This is well (quoth the *Necromancer*) and I'm glad to hear it. Pray'e tell me now, what price bears *Honour and Honesty*, in the World? There's much to be said (quoth I) upon that point; but in brief, there was never more of it in *Talk*, nor less in *Effect*. Upon my *Honesty*, crys the *Tradesman*: Upon my *Honour*, says his *Lordship*. And in a word, Every man has it, and Every thing is it, in some disguise or other: but duly consider'd, there's no such thing upon the Face of the Earth. The *Thief* says, 'tis more *Honourable* to *Take* than *Beg*. He that asks an *Alms*, pleads that 'tis *Honester* to *Beg* than *Steal*. Nay the *False Witnesses* and *Murderers* themselves, stand upon their points, as well as their Neighbours, and will tell ye that a *Man of Honour* will rather be *buried alive* than *submit*: (though they will

will not always do as they say) Upon the whole matter, every man sets up a *Court of Honour* within himself; pronounces every thing *Honourable* that serves his *Purpose*, and laughs at them that think otherwise. To say the truth, All things are now *Topsie Turvie*. A good *Faculty* in *Lying* is a fair step to *Preferment*; and to pack a Game at Cards, or help the frail Dye, is become the *Marque* and *Glory* of a *Cavalier*. The *Spaniards* were heretofore, I confess, a very Brave and well govern'd People: But they have Evil Tongues among them now adays, that say they might e'en go to School to the *Indians* to learn *Sobriety* and *Vertue*. For they are not really *Sober*, but at their own Tables, which indeed is rather *Avarice*, than *Moderation*; for when they Eat or Drink at another man's Cost, there are no greater *Gluttons* in the World; and for *Fudling*, they shall make the best *Pot-Companion* in *Switzerland* knock under the Table.

The *Necromancer* went on with his Discourse, and askt me what store of *Lawyers* and *Attorneys* in *Spain* at present?

sent? I told him, that the whole world swarm'd with them, and that there were of several sorts; some, by *Profession*; Others by *Intrusion*, and *Presumption*; and some again by *Study*, but not many of the last, though indeed sufficient of every kind to make the People pray for the *Egyptian Locusts* and *Caterpillars* in Exchange for that *Vermine*. Why then (quoth the *Necromancer*) if there be such *Plagues* abroad, I think I had best e'en keep where I am. It is with *Justice* (said I) as with *sick men*; in time past, when we had fewer *Doctors* (as well of *Law* as of *Physick*) we had more *Right*, and more *Health*: but we are now destroy'd by *Multitudes*, and *Consultations* which serve to no Other end than to enflame both the *Distemper*, and the *Reckoning*. *Justice*, as well as *Truth* went naked in the days of Old; One single *Book* of *Laws* and *Ordinances*, was enough for the best Order'd Government in the world. But the *Justice* of our Age, is trickt up with *Bills*, *Parchments*, *Writs*, and *Labels*; and furnish'd with Millions of *Codes*, *Digests*, *Pandecks*, *Pleadings*,

Pleadings, and Reports; And what's their use, but to make *wrangling* a *Science*? and to Embroil us in Seditious, Suits, and Endless Trouble and Confusion? We have had more Books published this last Twenty years, than in a Thousand before, and there hardly passes a Term without a New Authour, in four or five Volumes at least, under the Titles of *Glosses, Commentaries, Cases, Judgments, &c.* And the great strife is, who writes *Most*, not *Best*; so that the whole Bulk, is but a *Body* without a *Soul*, and fitter for a *Church-Yard* than a *Study*. To say the truth, These *Lawyers* and *Sollicitors*, are but so many *Smock-Merchants, Sellers of Wind,* and *Troublers of the Publick Peace*. If there were no *Attorneys*, there would be no *Suits*; if no *Suits*, No *Cheats*, No *Serjeants*, No *Catchpoles*, No *Prisons*; If No *Prisons*, no *Judges*; No *Judges*, No *Passion*; No *Passion*, No *Bribery*, or *Subordination*.

See now what a Train of Mischiefs one wretched *Petty-Fogger* draws after him; if you go to him for Counsel, he hears your Story, Reads your Case, and

and tells you very gravely: Sir, This is a nice point, and would be well handled; We'll see what the Law says. And then he runs ye over with his Eye and Fingers, a matter of a hundred Volumes, grumbling all the while like a Cat that claws in her play 'twixt Jest and Earnest. At last down comes the Book, he shews the Law, bids you leave your Papers, and he'll study the Question. But your Case is very good (says he) by what I see already, and if you'll come again in the *Evening*, or to *morrow Morning*, I'll tell ye more. But pardon me, Sir, now I think on't, I am retain'd upon the business of the *Fens*, it cannot be till *Monday next*, and then I'm for ye. When ye are to part, and that you come to the Greasing of his Fift; (The best thing in the World both for the Wit and Memory) *Good Lord!* Sir, (saies he) *what do yo mean? I beseech you, Sir; Nay pray'e, Sir,* and if he spies you drawing back, the Paw opens, seizes the *Guineys*, and good *morrow Country-man*. Say'st thou me so? (quoth the good Fellow in the Glass) stop me up close again as thou lov'st me then:

for the very Air of these Rascals will poyson me, if ever I put my head out of this Bottle, till the whole Race of them be extinct: in the mean time, take this for a Rule: *He that would thrive by Law must see his Enemies Counsel as well as his own.*

But now ye talk of great Cheats; what News of the *Venetians*? Is *Venice* still in the World or no? *In the World* do ye say? Yes, marry is't (said I) and stands just where it did. Why then (quoth he) I prethee give it to the Devil from me as a Token of my Love; for 'tis a Present equal to the severest Revenge. Nothing can ever destroy that Republick but Conscience; and then you'l say 'tis like to be Long-liv'd; for if every man had his own, it would not be left worth a *Groat*. To speak freely, 'tis an odd kind of *Common-wealth*. 'Tis the very *Arsè-Gut*, the *Drain* and *Sink* of *Monarchies*, both in War and Peace. It helps the *Turk* to Vex the *Christians*, and the *Christians* to Gall the *Turk*, and maintains it self to torment both. The *Inhabitants* are neither *Moors* nor *Christians*, as appears
by

by a *Venetian Captain*, in a *Combat* against a *Christian Enemy*: *Stand to't my Masters* (says he) *Ye were Venetians before ye were Christians.*

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

of Respect, than afterward, upon Force and Necessity.

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

So I staid, and what should I see next? but a wondrous Old Man, whose Name might have been *Bucephalus* by his Head, and

and the hair on his Face might very well have stuff'd a couple of Cushions; take him together, and you'll find his Picture in the Map, among the *Savages*. I need not tell ye that I stared upon him sufficiently; and he taking notice of it, came to me, and told me; Friend (says he) my Spirit tells me that you are now in pain to know who I am; Understand, that my name is *Nostradamus*. Are you the Author then (quoth I) of that *Gallimaufry of Prophecies* that's publisht in your Name? *Gallimaufry* say'st thou? Impudent and Barbarous Rascal that thou art; to despise Mysteries, that are above thy reach, and to revile the Secretary of the Stars, and the Interpreter of the Destinies; Who is so brutal as to doubt the meaning of these Lines?

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

Reprobated and besotted Villeins
that ye are! what greater blessing
could

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

When the marry'd shall marry,
 Then the Jealous will be sorry,
 And though Fools will be talking,
 To keep their tongues walking;
 No man runs well I find,
 But with's Elbows behind.

This gave me such a fit of laughing,
 That it made me cast my nose up into the
 Air,

Air, like a Stone-Horse that hath got a Mare in the Wind: Which put the *Astrologer* out of all patience. Buffoon, and Dog-whelp, as ye are (quoth he) There's a Bone for you to pick; you must be snarling and snapping at every thing. Will your Teeth serve you now to fetch out the Marrow of this Prophecie? Hear then in the Devils name, and be mannerly. Hear, and learn, I say, and let's have no more of that Grinning, unless ye have a mind to leave your Beard behind ye. Do you imagine that all that are *marry'd*, *marry*? No, not the one half of them. When you are *marry'd*, the *Priest* has done his part; but after that, to *marry*; is to do the Duty of a *Husband*. Alack! How many *marry'd* men live as if they were single; and how many *Batchelors* on the other side as if they were *marry'd*! after the Mode of the Times. And *Wedlock* to divers Couples, is no other than a more sociable state of *Virginity*. Here's one half of my Prophecie expounded already, now for the rest. Let me see you run a little for Experiment, and try if you carry your El-

bows *before* or *behind*. You'll tell me perhaps, that this is ridiculous, because every body knows it. A pleasant shift: As if Truth were the worse for being plain. The things indeed which you deliver for *Truths*, are for the most part meer *Fooleries* and *Mistakes*; and it were a hard matter to put truth in such a Dress as would please ye. What have ye to say now, either against my Prophecie or my Argument? not a Syllable I warrant ye, and yet somewhat there is to be said, for *There's no Rule without an Exception*. Does not the *Physician* carry his *Elbow before him*, when he puts back his hand to take his Patients Money? And away he's gone in a trice, so soon as he has made his Purchase. But to proceed, here's another of my Prophecies for ye:

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

What say you to this now? are there not many *Husbands* do ye think (if the Truth were known) that Father *more*
 Children

Children than *their own*? Believe me (Friend) *A man had need have good security upon a Womans Belly*, for *Children* are commonly made in the *Dark*, and 'tis no easie matter to know the *Workman*, especially having nothing but the *Womans bare word* for't. This is meant of the *Court of Assistance*; And whoever interprets my Prophecies to the prejudice of any Person of Honour, abuses me. You little think what a *World of our Gay folks in their Coaches and six*, with *Laqueys* at their Heels by the *Dozens*, will be found *at the last Day*, to be only the *Bastards* of some *Pages, Gentlemen-Ushers, or Valets de Chambre* of the Family; nay perchance the *Physician* may have had his hand in the wrong *Box*, and in case of a necessity, good use has been made of a *lusty Coachman*. Little do you think (I say) how many *Noble Families* upon that *Grand Discovery*, will be found extinct for want of *Issue*.

I am now convinc'd (said I to the *Mathematician*) of the Excellency of your *Predictions*; and I perceive (since you have been pleas'd to be your own
Inter-

Interpreter) that they have more weight in them, than we were aware of. Ye shall have one more (quoth he) and I have done.

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

I dare say that your wit will serve ye now to imagine, that I'm talking of *Rooks* and *Jack-Daws*; but I say, No. I speak of *Lawyers, Attorneys, Clerks, Scribes, and their Fellows*, that with the dash of a *Pen*, can defeat their *Clients* of their *Estates*, and *fly away with them* when they have done.

Upon these words *Nostradamus* vanished, and some body plucking me behind, I turn'd my face upon the most meager, melancholick Wretch that ever was seen, and cover'd all in white. For pity's sake (says he) and as you are a good Christian, do but deliver me from the persecution of these *Impertinents* and *Bablers* that are now tormenting me, and I'll be your Slave for ever (casting himself at my feet in the same

Moment; and crying like a Child) And what art thou (quoth I) for a miserable Creature? I am (says he) an ancient and an honest man, although defam'd with a thousand reproaches and slanders: And in fine, some call me *Another*, and others *Some body*, and doubtless ye cannot but have heard of me. As *Some-body* says, crys one, that has nothing to say for himself; and yet till this instant, I never so much as open'd my mouth. The *Latines* call me *Quidam*, and make good use of me to fill up Lines, and stop Gaps. When ye go back again into the World, I pray ye do me the favour to owne that you have seen me, and to justifie me for one that never did, and never will either speak or write any thing, whatever some Tatling Idiots may pretend. When they bring me into *Quarrels* and *Brawls*, I am call'd forsooth, *A certain Person*: In their *Intrigues*, I know not *who*: and in the Pulpit, *A certain Author*: and all this, to make a Mystery of my Name, and lay all their Fooleries at my door. Wherefore I beseech ye help me; which I promis'd to do.

And

And so this Vision withdrew to make place for another.

And that was the most frightful piece of *Antiquity* that ever eye beheld in the shape of an *Old Woman*. She came nodding towards me, and in a Hollow, Ratling Tone (for she spoke more with her *Chops*, than her *Tongue*) Pray'e (says she) *Is there not some body come lately hither from the other World?* This Apparition, thought I, is undoubtedly one of the *Devils Scare-Crows*. Her *Eyes* were so sunk in their *Sockets*, that they lookt like a pair of *Dice* in the bottom of a couple of *Red-boxes*. Her *Cheeks* and the *Soles* of her *Feet*, were of the same *Complexion*. Her *mouth* was pale, and open too; the better to receive the *Distillations* of her *Nose*. Her *Chin* was cover'd with a kind of *Goose down*, as *Toothless* as a *Lamprey*; and the *Flaps* of her *Cheeks* were like an *Apes Bag*; her *Head* danc'd, and her *Voice* at every word kept time to't. Her *Body* was vail'd, or rather wrapt up in a shroud of *Cre'pe*. She had a *Crutch* in on hand, which serv'd her for a *Supporter*: and a *Rosary* in t'other, of

of such a length, that as she was stooping over it, a man would have thought she had been fishing for *Deaths Heads*. When I had done gaping upon this *Epitome of past Ages*; *Hola! Grannam* (quoth I, good lustily in her Ear, taking for granted that she was deaf) what's your pleasure with me? With that she gave a Grunt, and being much in wrath to be called *Grannam*; clapt a pair of Spectacles upon her *Nose*, and pinking through them; I am, quoth she, neither *Deaf* nor *Grannam*; but may be call'd by my Name as well as my Neighbours, (giving to understand, that Women will take it ill to be called Old, even in their very Graves.) As she spake, she came still nearer me, with her Eyes dropping, and the smell about her perfectly of a dead Body. I begg'd her pardon for what was past, and for the future her Name, that I might be sure to keep my self within the Bounds of Respect. I am call'd (say she) *Donegna*, or *Madam the Gouvernante*. How's that? quoth I, in a great amazement. Have ye any of those Cattle in this Country? Let