and Motion; unlefs perchance the has got the Necromancer's Receipt, that made himfelf young again in his Glafs Bottle. For all that you fee of her that's Good, comes from Diftill'd Waters, E Jfences, Powders, and the like; and to fee the Walhing of her Face would fright the Devil. She abounds in Pomanders, sweet-waters, Spanifb Pockets, Perfin'dDrawers; and alllittle Enough to qualify the Poyfonous Whiff's the fends from her Toes, and Arm pits, which would otherwife out-ftink Ten thoufand PoleCats. She cannot chufe but $\mathrm{Ki} \mathrm{S}_{\mathrm{s}}$ well, for her Lips are perpetually bath'd in Oyl, and Greafe. And he that Embraces her, fhall find the better half of her the Taylors, and only a fuffing of Cotton and Canvas, to Supply the Defects of ber Body. When the goes to Bed, Joe puts off one halfof her Perfon with her Shoos. What do you think of your ador'd Beauty now? or have your Eyes betray'd ye? Well, well; confefs your Errour and mend it : and know that (without more Defcant upon this woman) 'tis the Defign and Glory of moft of the Sex to lead filly Men Captive.

170 The fifthvifion of, \&x.
Nay take the beft of them, and what with the Trouble of getting them, and the Difficulty of pleafing them, be that comes off beft, will find bimfelf a Lofer at the foot of the Accompt. Icould recommend you here to other Remedies of Love, infeparable from the very Sex, but what I have faid already, I hope, will be fufficient.

The end of the fifth Vifon.

THE

## THE

## SIXTHVISION

## 0 F



BEing one Autumn, at a Friend's Houfe in the Country, (which was indeed a moft delicious Retreat) 1 took a walk one Moon-light night into the Park: where all my paft Vifions came freth into my Head again, and I was well enough pleas'd with the Meditation. At length, the Humour took me toleave the Path, and go further into the Wood: what Impulfe carry'd me to this, I know not. Whether 1 was mov'd by my good Angel, or fome higher Power, but fo it was, that in half a quarter of an hour, I found my felf a great way from home, and in a place where twas no longer Night ; with the Pleafanteft Profpect round about

172 The fixth Vifion of Hell. about me that ever I faw fince I was born. The Air was calm and Temperate; and it was no fmall 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 Cryftal Rivolets; On the Other, with the whifpering of the Trees; the Birds finging all the while either in Emulation, or Requital of the Other Harmonies. And now, to fhew the Inftability of our Affections, and Defires; I was grown weary even of Tranquillity it felf, and in this moft agreeable Solitude, began to long for Company.

When in the very inftant, (to my great wonder) 1 difcover'd two Paths, iffuing from one and the fame Beginning; but dividing themfelves forwards, more and more, by Degrees, as if they liked not One Another's Company. That on the right Hand was Narrow, almoft beyond imagination; and being very little frequented, it was fo overgrown with Thorns and Brambles; and fo fony withal, that a man had all the Trouble in the World to get into't.

> The fixth vijion of Hell.

One might fee however, the Prints and Marks of feveral Paffengers, that had rubb'd through, though with exceeding Difficulty; for they had left pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feet, and many of them their whole skins behind them: Some we faw yet upon the way, preffing forward, without ever fo much as looking back; and thefe were all of them Pale fac'd, Lean, Thin, and Miferably Mortify'd. There was no paffing for Horfe-men; and I was told that St. Panl Himfelf left his Horfe, when He went into't. Andindeed, there was not the footing of any Beaft to be feen. Neither Horfe, nor Mule; Nor the Track of any Coach, or Chariot. Nor could I learn that any had paft that way in the memory of man. While I was bethinking my felf of what I had feen, I fpy'd at length, a Beggar, that was Refting himfelf a little to take Breath; and I ask'd him what Inns or Lodgings they had upon that Road ? His Anfwer was, that there was no ftopping there, till they came to their Journey's End. For This (faid he) is the way to Paradife, and what fhould

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174 \text { The fixth Vifion of Hell. }
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they do with Inns or Taverns, where there are fo few Paffengers? Do not you know that in the Courfe of Na ture, to Dye is tobe Born; to Live is to Travel; and the World is but a great Inn, after which it is but one ftage Either to Pain or Glory. And with thefe words he March'd forward, and bad me God b'w'ye; telling me withal, that it was time lof to linger in the way of Virtue, and not fafe to entertain fuch Dialogues as tend rather to Curiofity than Inftruction. And fo he purfued his Journey, ftumbling, tearing his Flefh, and Sighing, and Groaning at every ftep; and weepinglas if he thought to foften the ftones with his Tears. This is no way for me, thought I to my felf; and no Company Neither; for they are a fort of Beggarly Morofe people, and will never agree with my Humour. So I drew back and ftrook off into the left hand way.

And there I found Company Enough, and Room for more. What a World of Brave Cavaliers! Gile Coaches, Rich Liveries, and Hanfome, Lively Lafles, as Glorious as the Sun! Some peere singing,

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\text { The fixth Vifion of Hell. } 175
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singing and Laugbing; Others tickling one another, and Toying; Some again, at their Cbeefe-Cakes, and Cbina-Oranges, or appointed a Set at Cards: fo that taking all together, I durft have fworn I had been at the Park. This minded me of the OId faying, Tell me thy Company, and I'll tell thee thy Manners: and to fave the Credit of my Education, I put my felf into the Noble Mode, and jogg'd on. And there was iat the firft Dafh up to the Ears, in Balls, Plays, Mafquerades, Collations, Dalliances, $A$ mours, and as full of Joy as my Heart could hold.

I was not here, as upon t'other Rode, where folks went barefoot, and Naked, for want of shoomakers and Taylors: for here were Enow, and to fpare: Befide Mercers, Drapers, Fewellers, Bodyes-makers, Perruque makers, Milleners, and a French ordinary at every other Door. You cannot imagine the Pleafure I took in my New Acquaintance; And yet there was now and then, fome Juftling and Diforder Gpon the way: Chiefly between the "Phyficians upor cheir Mules, and the Infantry of the Lamyers,

176 The fixth Vijfion of Hell. that march'd in great Bodies before the Judges; and contefted for place. But the Phyficians carry'd it in favour of their Charter, which gives them Priviledg, to Study, Practife, and Teach the Art of Poyfoning; and to read Leflures of it in the Univerfities. While this point of Honour was in difpute, I perceiv'd divers croffing from one way to the Other, and changing of parties. Some of them ftumbled, and Recover'd; Others fell down-right. But the pleafanteft Gambole of all, was that of the Vintners. A whole Litter of them tumbled into a Pit together, one over gnother, but finding they were out of their Element, they got up again as faft as they could. Thofe that were in the right-band way, which was the way of Paradife, or Vertue, advanc'd very heavily, and made us Excellent fport. Prethee look what a Friday-face that fellow makes? cryes one; Hang Hies, Prick-Ear'd Cur, fays another; Dam' me crys a Third, if the Rogue be not Drank with Holy water; if the Devil had raked Hell, he could not bave found fuch a Rack of Ill. lookt Rafcals, fays Another.

Some of them ftopt their Ears; and went on without minding us. Others we put out of Countenance, and they came over to us. And a Third fort came out of pure Love to our Company.

After this, I obferv'd a great many People afar off in a By-Path, with as much Contrition, and Devotion, in their Looks, and Geftures, as ever Ifaw in Men. They walk'd foaking their Heads, and lifting up their Hands to Heaven; and they had moft of them large Ears, and to my thinking Geneva Bibles. Thefe thought $I_{2}$ are a People of fingular Integrity, and frictnels of Life, above their Fellows: but coming nearer, we found them to be Hypocrites: and that though they'd none of our colsfpany upon the Road, They would not fail to meet us at our Journey's End. Fafting, Repentance, Prayer MMortification, and otber Holy Duties, which are the Exercife of Good Cbrifitians, in $\mathrm{O}_{\mathrm{T}}$ der to their Salvation, are but a kiad of Probation to thefe men to fit them for the Devil. They were follow'd by a Number of Devotes, and hioly siferss

198 The faxth Vifion of Hell.
that kifs the Skirts of their Garments all the way they went, but wherher out of Zeal, spiritnal, or Nallurat, is Harato fay; and undoubtedly, fome womens Kiffes, are worfe than Fiudas's. For though bis Kifs was Treacherous in the Intentions it was right yet in the 1Application: but This was one fudas Kiffing Another, which makes" me think there Was more of the Fleft, than of the spirit in the ${ }^{2}$ Cafe. some would be drawing a Threed now and then out of the Holyman's Garment, to make a Relique of. Others would cut out large Snips as if they had a Mind to fee them Naked. some again defir'd they would remember them in their Prayers; which was juft as much as if they had commended themfelves to the Devil by a Third Perfon. Some pray'd for good Matches for their Daughters; Others, beg'd Cbildren for bemfelves: And fure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children abroad, ivill be fo Civil as to take them Home, when they are given bim. In fine, thefe Hypocrites may for a while perchance Jmpofe upon the World, and Delude the Multitude; but no Mask, or Dif2203

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\text { The faxtb vifion of Hell. } \quad 179
$$ gaife is proof againtt the all-piercing Eye of the Almighty. There are Imuft confes many Religious, and Godly men, for whofe Perfons and Prayers I have a great Efteem. But thefe are not of the Hypocrites Humour, to build theiff hopes, and Ambition upon Popular applaufe, and with a Counterfeit Humility, to proclaim their weaknefs, and unworthinefs; their Failings; Yea and their Tranfgreffions in the Market Place; All which is indeed but a Truc feff; for they are really what they lay, though they would not be thought fo.

Thefe went apart, and were looke upon to be neither Fijh nor Flefl, nor Good Red Herring. They wore the Name of Chriftians; but they had neither the Wit, nor the Honefty of Pagans, For They content themfelves with the Pleafures of this Life, becaufe they know no better. But the Hypocrite that's inftrueled both in the Life Tem poral and Eternal, lives without either, Comfort in the One, or Hope in the Oitber; and takes more pains to be damn'd, than «Cood Chriftian does to Compafs hir SalNa vation!

180 The fixth Vifion of Hell.
vation. In thort, we went on our way in Difcourfe. The Rich follow'd their Wealth, and the Poor the Rich; begging there, what Providence had deny'd them. The stubborn, and Obftinate went a way by Themfelves, for they would hear no Body that was wifer thanthemfelves, but ran hudling on, and preft fill to beforemoft. The Magiftrates drew after them, all the sollicitors, and $A$ ttornegs. Corrupt Judges were carry'd away by Palfion and Avarice. And Vain and Ambitious Princes, trayl'd along with them Principalities and Commonvecalths. There were a world of Clergy upon this Road too. And I faw one full Regiment of souldiers there, which would have beer brave Fellows indeed, if they had but been half fo good at praying, and Figbting, as they were at Swearing. Their whole difcourfe was of their Adventures. How Narrowly they came off at fuch an Affault; What wounds they received upon t'other Breach; and then what a Deftruction they made at fuch a time, of Mutton, and Poultry. But all they faid, came in at one Ear, and went out at t'other.

## The fixth Vifion of Hell. $\quad 18 \mathbf{I}$

Don't you remember, Sirrab, fays one, bow we claw'd it awoy at Juch a place! Yes, ye Damn'd Rogue you, crys t'other, when you were fo drunk you took your Aunt for the Bawd. Thefe and fuch as there were the only Exploits they could truly bragof.

While they were upon thefe Glorious Rbodomontades, certain generous Spirits from the Right Hand way, that knew what they were by the Boxes of Pafs-ports, Teftimonials, 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 pere not Poultrons you would not quit it for fear of a Hard March, or an ill Lodging. Courage Camerades: and be affurd, that this Combat well fought, makes all your Fortunes, and Crowns ye for ever. Here, ye Soll be Jure both of Pay, and Reward, without cafting the Iffue of all your Hazards and Hopes upon the Empty PromiSes of Princes. How long mill you purfue this Trade of Blood and Rapine? And accuftom your Ears, and Tongues to the

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\mathrm{N}_{3} \text { Tragì- }
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182 The fuxth Vifion of Hell.
Tragical out cries of, Burn; No Quarrer; Kill, or Dye. It is not Pay, or Pillage, but Vertue that's a Brave Man's Recompence. Truft to ber, and Joee'lnot deceive ye. If it be the War ye Love, Come to Us; Bear Arms on the right fide, and we'l find you woork. Do not you know, that Man's Life is a Warfare? That the World, the Flefh, and the Devil, are Three Vigilant Enemies? And that it is as much as bis soul is moorth, to put bimelf but for one Minute out of bis Guard. Princes tell ye, that your Blouds, and your Lives are Theirs, and that to gred the One, and lofe the Other, in their service, is no obligation, but a Duty. You are ftill bowever to look to the Caufe; Wherefore turn head, and come along with ws, and be bappy. The souldiers heard all this with Exceeding Patience, and attention: but the Brand of Compardife had fuch an effect upon them, that mithout any more ado like men of Honour, they prefently quitted the Rade; Drexp; and as bold as Lyons, cbarg'd beadlong into a Tavern.

After this, we faw a great Troop of Womerg, upon the Highrpay to Hell, with theis

## The fix th Viffon of Hell. $\quad 183$

their Bags; and their fellows, at their Heels, ever, and anon, hunching, and jutting one Another. On the other file; A number of Good people, that were almoft, at the End of their Journey, came over into the wrong Rode; for the Right-hand way, growing Eafler, 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 fo came in to $\mathrm{Vs}_{\text {; }}$. As many of Ours went over to Them, upon the fame Miftake. Among the reft, I, fam a great Lady, without either Coach, Sedan, or any living Creature with her, foot it all the way to Hell, which was to me fo great a wonder, confidering how the had liv'd in the World, that I prefently look't about for a Publick Notary, to make an Entry of it. The Woman was in a mot Miferable Pickle; and 1 did not know what defign the might Drive on, under that Difguife; but finding never a Notary, or Regifer at hand, though I milt my Particular Aim, yet I was well Enough pleas'd with it, forltook it then for Granted hat I was in my ready way to Heaven. N 4

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184 The foxth vifion of Hell.
But when I came afterwards to reflect upon the Croffes, Aflictions, and Mortifications, that Lye in the way to raradife, and to Confider, that there was Nothing of that upon this Road: But on the Contrary, Laughing, singing, Frolicking, and all manner of follity: This I muft confefs, gave me a 2 ualm, and made mea little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly deliver'd of that Doubt, by a Gang of Marry'd Men, that we overteok with their Wives in their Hands, in Evidence of their Mortif:cations: my Wife's my Witnefs (crys one) that every day fince I Marry'd her bas been a Fafting day to me; To pamper. ber with Cock Broth, and Fellies. And my Wife knows bow I bave bumbled my Body, by Nakednefs; for I have hardly allow'd my felfa Rag to my Back-fide; or a Shoe to my Foot, to maintain ber in her Coach, Pages, Gopnns, Petty-Coats, and Feweels. So that upon the matter, I perceive an Unlucky bit with a Wife, gives a man as much Right to the Catalogue of Martyrs, as if be bad ended bis days at \$he Jake.

## The fixth Vifion of Hell. 185

The Mifery thefe poor Wretches endur'd, made me think my felf in the Right again; till I heard a Cry behind me, Make way there, Make way for the ${ }^{\text {Pothecaries. Blefs me, thought I, if }}$ They be here, we are certainly going to the Devil. And fo it prov'd, for we were juft then come to a little Door, that was made like a Moufe-Trap, where 'twas eafy to get in ; but there was no getting out again.

It was a flrange thing, that fcarce any body fo much as Dream't of Hell, all the way we went ; and yet every body knew where they were, as foon as they came there: and cry'd out with one Voice, Miferable Creatures! we are Damn'd, we are Damn'd. That Word made my Heart Ake; And is it come to that? faid I. Then did I begin with Tears in my Eyes, to Reflect upon what I had left in the World. As my Rela. tions, Friends, Ladies, Miftreffes, and in fine, all my old Acquaintance: When with a Heavy Sigh, looking behind me, I faw the greater part of them Pofting afterme; It gave me, methought, fome Comfort, that I hould have fo

186 The fixthVifion of Hell.
good Company; vainly imagining that even Hell it felf might be Capable of fome Relief.

Going further on; I was gotten into a Crowd of Taylors, that ftood up fneaking in a Corner, for fear of the Devils. At the firt Door, there were Seven Devils, taking the Names of thofe that cyme in: and they askt me mine, and my Quality, and fo they let me pafs. But examining the Taylors; The fe felloms (cry'd one of the Devils) come in fuch Goals, as if Hell were made only for Taylors. How many are they? (faid another) Anfwer was made, about a Hundred. About a Hundred? They muft be more than a Hundred Says toother, if they be Taylors; for they never come under 4 Thoufand, or twelve Hundred Arong. And we have fo many here al. ready, I do not know where we fhall 'ftow them. Say the word, my Mafters, Jall's let them in or no? the poor Prick. Eice were damn'dly ftartl'd at that, for fear they fhould not get in: but in the End they had the Favour to be admitted. Certainly, faid I, thefe folks are but in an ill Condition, when "tis a

Menace

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\text { The fixth vijfion of Hell. } \quad 187
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Menace for the Devils themfelves to refufe to receive them: Thereupon a Hage, Over grown, Club-footed, Crump* boulder'd Devil, threw them all into a Deep Hole. Seeing fuch a Monfter of a Devil, I askt him, how he came to be fo deform'd. And he told'me, he had fpoil'd his Back with Carrying of Taylors: For faid he, I have been formerly made ufe of as a Sumpter to fetch them; but now of late they fave me that labour, and come fo faft of themfelves, that 'tis one Devils-work to difpofe of them. While the word was yet fpeaking, 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 beft Fewel in Hell.

I pafs'd forward then into a little Dark Alley, where it made me ftart to hear one call me by my Name, and with much ado I perceiv'd a fellow there all wrapt up in smoke and Flame. Alas ! Sir , fays he; Have you forgotten your old Book-Sellen in Popes-Head-Alley? I cry thee Mercy, good Liverpell, quoth $\mathrm{I}_{\text {, }}$ What?

188 The fixth Vifion of Hell.
What?art thou bere? Yes, yes, sir, (fays he) 'tis e'en too true. Inever dreamt it would have come to this. He thought I muft needs pity him, when I knew him: but truly I reflected rather upon the Juftice of his Punifhment. For in a word, his Shop was the very Mint of Herefie, schifin, and sedition. I put on a Face of Compaffion however, to give him a little Eafe, which he took hold of, and vented his Complaint. Well sir (fayes He) I would my Father had made me a Hangman when be made me a Stationer; for we are calld to Accompt for Other Men's Works, as well as for our Own. And one thing that's caft in our Difh, is the felling of Tranflations, fo Dogebeap, that every sot knows now as much, as would formerly have made a Paffable Doctor, and every Nafty Groom, and Roguy Laquey is grown as familiar with Homer, Virgil, ovid, as, if 'twere Robin the Devil; The Seven Champions; or a piece of George Withers. Hewould have talkt on, it a Devil had not ftopt his Mouth with a Whiffe from a rowle of his own Papers, and Choak't him with the fmoak on't. The Peftilent*

Fume

## The fixth Vifion of Hell. $\quad 189$

Fume would have difpatch'd me too, if I had not got prefently out of the Reach on't. But I went my way, faying this to my felf; if the Book-Jeller 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 Lafh, and the Devil Tyrannizing over them with Whips and scourges. I askt what they were, and it was told me, that there was a Plot among the Hackney-Coach-men to exhibit an Information againft the Devils, for taking the Whip. out of their hands, and fetting wp a Trade they had never fervid to, (which is directly Contrary to Quinto Elizabetha) Well, faid I: but why are thefe tormented here? With that, an old Sowrlookt Coach man took the anfwer out of the Devil's Mouth, and told me; that it was becaufe they came to Hell or Hor feback, which they pretended, was a Priviledge that did not belong to Rogues of their Quality. Speak truth and be hang'd, cry'd the Devil; and make an honeft Confeflion here. Say

Sirrah,

190 The fixth Vifion of Hell.
Sirrah, how many Bawdy Voyages have you made to Hackney? How many Nights bave you food Pimping at Marybone? Howmany Whores and Knaves have you brought together? And bow many Lyes bave youtold, to keep all private, fince you firfe fet up this Scandalous Trade? There was a Coach man by, that had fervod a Ifudge, and thoughe 'twas no more for his old Mafter to fetch a Raf. calout of Hell, than out of Newgate; which made this fellow ftand upon his Points, and ask the Devil, how he durft give that Language to fo Honourable a Profeffion: for (fays he) who wears better Clotbs than your Coach men Are not we in our Velvets, Embroideries, and Laces? and as Glorious as fo many Phaetons? Have not our Mafters reafon to begood to us, when their necks areat fake, and their Lives at our Mercy? Nay, we govern thoje, Many times, that Govern Kingdoms; and a Prince is alnoff in as much Danger of his Coach man, as of bis Phyfician. And there are, that underfland it too, and Themfelver, and Vs ; and that will not fick to truft their Coach-men as far as they monld do their

## The fixth Vijon of Hell. Igt

 Confeffors. There's no Abfurdity in the Comparifon: for if they know fome of their Privacies, we know more; yes, and perhaps more than wee'l fpeak of, What have we bere 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 inffead of a waggoner? The lave has broke his Bridle, and got his head at Liberty, and now hee'l never have done, $\mathrm{NO}^{\text {? }}$ why frould he? (fays another that had ferv'd a great Lady more ways than One) is this the beft Entertainment you can afford your Servants? your daily Druages? I'm fure we bring you good Commodity, wellpackt; well Condition'd; woll Perfumd; Tight, Neat, and Clean: Not like your City ware that comes dirty to you, up to the Hocks; and yet every Daggle Taild Wench, and skip. Kennel, thall be better us'd than'We. Ah! The Ingratitude of this Place! if we had done asmuch for Fome body elfe, as we have done for you, we fhould not have been now to leek for our Wages. When you have nothing elfe to fay, you tell me that192 The fixth Viflon of Hell.
I am punifht for carrying the sick the Gouty, the Lame to Church, to Ma $\int_{s}$; or fome frragling Virgins, back again to their Cloyfer: Which is a Damn ${ }^{3} \mathrm{~d}$ Lye; for I am able to prove, that all my Trading lay at the Play-Houfes; Bawdy Houfes, Taverns, Balls, Collations: Of elfe at the Tour a la mode, where there wasfill appoiated fome afier-Mseeting; to treat of certain affairs, that highly import the Intereft and Welfare of your Dominions. Ihave indeed carry'd my Miftrefs fometime to the ChurchDoor, but it fignifid no more than if I had carry'd her to a Conventicle; for all her bufinefs there, was to meet her Gallant, and to agree when they fould meet next; according to the way of Devotion now in Mode. To conclude; it is moft certain, that I never took any Creature (knowingly) into my Coach, that had fo much as a Good Thought. And this was fo well known, that it was all one, to ask, If a Lady were a Maid; or if ghe bad ever been in my Coach. If it appear'd fhe had; He that marry'd her, knew before-hand, what he had to truift to. And after all this,

[^0]the famna nuing rrie whrerpract w Clamour and Horroür; "fudas, iv pur $P_{P}$...and his. P.at by hiş fide h his 1.--rargeriathor net on bearing a 3), Jiar avitucur. nd (metrougnt) to or two with Fudas; and En. him, wisth, this Sopetinq:.... . have a word ōn Peerpazous, 1hpitaent, improus, Iraytor, (faid I) tö lell thy Lord and nobsex.gat. ra big fe a price. like an Avari
 その* ... ungratelul'; they would ratnét- pry Action fo much -gad donein $\Omega$ rder ... or commend me. for a

 lat am to have no part m'y ters to mear 'к e Bevefv. Ihave orocpred to others, Snmén...
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\text { The fixth Vifion of Hell. } 220
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Some Hereticks there are, (I muft confefs to my Comfort) that adore me for't. But do you take me.for the only Fudas? No, No, There have been many fince the Death of my Mafter, and there are at this day, more wicked and ungrateful, Ten thoufand times than my felf; that buy the Lord of Life, as well as Sell him, Scourging and Crucifying him daily with more Spite and Ignominy than the fers. The Truth is, I had an Itch to be fingering of Money, and Bartering, from my very Entrance into the Apoftlefbip. I began, you know, with the Pot of ointment, which I would fain have fold, under colour of a Relief to the Poor. And I went on, to the felling of my Mafeer, wherein I did the World a greaser good than I intended, to my own irreparable ruine. My Repentance, now fignifies Nothing. To conclude, I am the only Steward that's condenin'd for Selling. All the reffare damn'd for Buying: And I muft entreat you to have a better Opinion of me, for if you look but a little lowerhere, you'l find people a Thoufand times worfe than my felf. WithQ3 draw

230 The fixth Vifion of Hell.
draw then (faid I) for I have had talk enough with Judas.

I went down then, fome few fteps, as Fudas directed me; and There I faw a world of Devils upon the March, with Rods, and Stirrup. Leathers in their Hands, lafhing a Company of hand fom Lafjes. Fark naked, and driving them out of Hell (which methought was pity, and if I had had fome of them in a Corner, Ifhould have treated them better) with the Stirrup-Leathers, they difciplin'd a Litter of Bawds. I could not imagine why thefe of all others, fhould be expell'd the place, and askt the Queflion. Oh, fays a Devil, Thefe areour Factreffes in the World, and the beft we have, fo that we fend them back again to bring more Grift to the Mill: And indeed, if it were not for Women, Hell zoould be but thinly peopled; for what with the Art, the Beauty, and the Allurements of the Young Wenches; and the sage Advice and Counfel of the Bawds, they do us very good fervice. Nay; for fear any of our Good Friends fhould tire upon the Road, they fend them to us on Horfeback, or bring them them-
felves,
felves, e'en to the very Gates, left they fhould mils their way.

Parfuing my jouraey I faw a good way before me, a large Building, that lookt (methought) likefome Enchant, ed Caftle, or the Pidfure of Ill luck: It was all ruinous, the Chimneys down, the Planchers allto pieces, only the Bars of the Windows flanding: The Doors all bedawb'd with dirt, and patcht up with Barrel beads, where they had been brokeo. The Glafs gone, and here and there a Quarrel fupply'd with Paper, I made no doubt at firft but the houfe was forfaken; but coming nearer, I found it otherwife, by a horrible confufion of tongues and noifes within it. As I came juit up to the door ; one open'dit, and I faw in the houfe many Devils, Thieves, and Whores One of the craftieft Jades in the Pack, placed her felf prefently upon the Threfhold, and made her addrefs to my Guide and Me. Gentlemen, fays the how comes it to pafs, $\boldsymbol{z}$ pray'e, that people are damn'd both for giving and taking? The Thief is condemn'd for taking away from another; and we are condemn'd for giving whas

232 The fixth Vifton of Hell.
is our own. I de not fiad, truly, any injuftice in our Trade; and if it be lawful to give every one their own, and out of their own; why are we condemn'd? We found it a nice point; and fent the Wench to Counfel learned in the Law, for a refolution in the Cafe. Her mentioning of Thieves made me inquire after the scriveners and Notaries. Is it poffible, (faid I) that you fhould have none of them here? for I do not remember that I have feen fomuch as one of them upon the way; and yet I had occafion for a scrivener, and made a fearch for one. I do believe indeed (quoth the Devil) that you have not found any of them upon the Road. How then? (faid 1) what are they all fav'd? No, no, (cry'd the Devil) but you muft underftand, that they do not foot it hither, as other Morta's; but come upon the Wing, in Troops like Wild Geefe, fo that 'tis no wonder you fee none of them upon the way. We have millions of them, but they cut it away in a trice, for they are damn'dly pank wing' $d$, and will make a flight, in the thitd part of a minute, betwixt Earth and

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\text { The fixtb. Vifion of Hell. } 233
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and Hell. But if there be fo many (faid I) how comes it we fee none of them? For that (quoth the Devil) we change their names, when they come hither once, and call them no longer Notaries, or seriveners, but Cats: and they are fo good Moufers, that though this place is large, old, and ruinous; yet you fee notfomuch as a Rat or a Moufe in Hell: how full foever of all other forts of Vermine. Now ye talk of Vermine. (faid 1) are there any Catchpoles here? No not one (fays he) How fo (quoth 1?) when I dare undertake there are five bundred Rogues of the Trade for one that's ought. The Reafon is (fays the Devil) that every Catchpole upon Earth, carries a Hell in's Bofom. You have ftill (faid I , croffing my felf) an aking tooth at thofe poor Varlets. Why not (cry'd he) for they are but Devils incaxnate, and fodamn'dly verf in the art of tormenting, that we live in continual dread of lofing of our places, and that his Infernal Majefty fhould take thefe Rafcals into his Service.

I hadenough of this, and travelling on, I faw a little way off, a great enclofure,

234 The fixth Vijion of Hell.
fure, and a world of Souls thut up in't; fome of them weeping and lamenting without meafure, others in a profound filence. And this I underftood to be the Lovers 2 uarter. It fadn'd me to confider, that Death it felf could not kill the lamentations of Lovers. Some of them were difcourfing their paffions, and teazing themfelves with Fears and Fealoufies; cafting all their miferies upon their appetites and phanfies, that ftill made the PiClure infinitely fairer than the Perfon. They were for the moft part troubled with a fimple Difeafe, call'd (as the Devil told me) IThought. I askt him what that was, and he anfwer'd me, it was a Punifhment fuitable to their offence: for your Lovers, when they fall thort of their Expectations, either in the purfuit, or Enjoyment of their Miftrefles, they are wont to fay, Alas! Ithought the would have lov'd me: I thought fhe would never have preft me to marry her: Ithought The would have been a Fortune to me: It thought fhe would have given me all fhe had: I thought the would have coft me nothing: It thought the would have askt
ask me nothing: I thought the would have been true to my Bed: Ithought the would have been dutiful and modeft: I thought fhe would never have kept her Gallant. So that all their Pain and Damnation comes from $I$ thought This or That, or So, or So.

In the middle of them was Cupid, a little beggarly Rogue, and as naked as he was born, only here and there cover'd with an old kind of Embroidery: but whether it was the workmanhhip of the Itch, Pox, or Meafles. I could not perfectly difcover; and clofe by him was this Infcription:

Many a good Fortune goes to wrack; And Jo does many an able Back; With following Whores \& Cards \& Dice, We're Pox'd and Beggar'd in a trice.

Aha! (faid I) by thefe Rimes methinks the Poets fhould not be far off; and the word was hardly out of my mouth when I difoover'd millions of them through a Park Pale, and fo 1 ftopt to look upon them. (It feems in Hell they are not call'd poets now, but Fools)

236 The Sixth Vifion of Hell.
Fools) One of them fhew'd me the Women 2 uarter there hard by, and asks me what I thought of it, and of the bandfom Ladies in it. Is it not true (fays he) that a Buxom Lafs is a kind of half chamber-maid to a man? when The has ftript him and brought him to Bed, the has done her bufineff, and never troubles her felf any further about the helping him up again, and drefling him. How now (fid I?) have ye your Quirks and Conceipts in Hell? in troth ye are pleafant: I thought your edge had been taken off. With that, out ftept the molt miferable Wretch of the whole Company laden with Irons: Ah! (quoth he) I would to God the firft Inventer of Rimes and Poetry were here in my Place, and then he went on with this following and fad Complaint.

## A Complaint of the Poets in Hell.

Oh, this damned trade of Verifying Has brought us all to Hell for lying ! For writing what we do not think; Meerly to make the Verfe cry clink.

> For

## The fixth Vijion of Hell. 237

For rather than abufe the meeter, Black thall be $W$-hite, Paul thall be Peter. One time I call'd a Lady Whore; Which in my Soul the was no more Than I am; a brave Lafs, no Beggar, And true, as ever man laid leg o're. Not out of malice, Fove's my witnefs, But meerly for the Verfes fitnefs. Now we're all made, faid I, ifluck bold, And then I call'd a fellow Cuckbold;
Though the Wife was (or I'll be hang'd) As good a Wench as ever twang'd. I was once plaguily put to't; This would not hit, that would not do't; At laft I circumcis'd ('tis true) A chriftian, and baptiz'd a few. Nay I've made Herod innocent For Riming to Long-Parliament: Now to conclude, we are all damn'd ho, For nothing but a game at Crambo. And for a little ingling pleafure, Condemn'd to Torments without meafure:
Which is a little bard in my fenfe,
To fry thus for Poetick Licence.
'Tis not for fin of Thought or Deed, Bur for bare founds, and words we bleed: While

238 The fixth Vifion of Hell.
While the Cur Cerberus lies growling
In confort with our Cattermouling.
So foon as he had done; There is not in the world (faid I) a more ridiculous phrenfie, than yours, to be poetizing in Hell. The humour fticks clofe fure, or the fire would have fetcht it out. Nay (cry'd a Devil) thefe Verfifiers are a Atrange Generation of Buffoons. The time that others fpend in Tears and Groans for their fins and follies, thefe Wretehes employ in Songs and Madrigals; and if they chance to light upon the critical minute, and get a fnap at a Lady, all's worth nothing, unlefs the whole Kingdom ring of it, in fome miferable Sing-Song or other, under the name forfooth of Pbillis, chloris, silvia, or the liker, and the goodly Idol muft be deckt and dreft up with Diamond, Pearl, Rubies, MuSque, and Amber, and both the Indies are toolittle to furnifh Eyes, Lips, and Teeth, for this Imaginary Goddefs. And yet after all this magnificence and bounty, it would put the poor Devil's creditupon the ftretch, to take

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\text { The fixth Vifion of Hell. } \quad 239
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up an old Petty-Coat in Long Lane, or a pair of Caft flooes, at the next Coblers. Befides; we can giveno Account either of their Country or Religion. They have Chriftian Names, but moft Heretical Souls; They are Arabians in their Hearts, and in their Language, Gentiles; but to fay the Truth, they fall fhort of the right Pagans in their Manners. If I ftay here a little longer, (faid ito my felf) This fpiteful Devil will hitme over the Thumbs e're I'm aware; for I was half Jealous, that he took me already for a piece of a Poet.

For fear of being Difcover'd, I went my way, and My Next Vifit was to the Impertinent Devotes; whofe very Prayers are made up of Impiety, and Extravagance. Oh! what sighing was there and Sobbing, Groaning, and Wbining! Their Tongues were ty'd up to a perpetual filence; Their souls Drooping; and their Ears condemn'd to hear eternally the hideous cryes and Reproaches of a wheafing Devil, greeting them after this manner. Oh, Ye Impudent and

## The fix b Vifion of Hell.

gave over the Thought of that Projection. And then they entred upon a frefh Confultation, and concluded, $N e$ mine Contradicente, that the Mathematicians, by that rule, were the only fit matter to work upon; as' being molt damnably dry, (to fay nothing of their Divifions, among, and againft themfelves) fo that with one Voice, they call'd for a parcel of Mathematicians, to the Fornace, to begin the Expertment. But a Devil came in jut in the God-Speed, and told them; Gentlemen philoSophers, (fays he) if you would know the Wretched'it, and moot cordtemptible thing in the World; It is an Alchymift: and we are of Opinion, that you'l make as Good Philosophers frones, as the Mathematicians. However, for Curiofity's. fake, wee'l try for Ones and fo he threw them all together into a great Caldrons ; and to fay the Truth; the poor Snakes fuffer'd very contenttedly'; out of a define I fuppofe to help on toward the perfecting of the Operation.

On the other file, were a Knot of Afrologers, and onesmong the reft that R 4

248 The fixth Vifion of Hell.
had ftudy'd Chiromancy or Palmijtry who took all the Damn'd by the Hands, one after another. One he told, that ir was as plain as the Nofe on his Face, that he was to go to the Devil, for he perceiv'd it by the Mount of Saturn. You (fays he to another) have been a Swindging Whore-mafter in your days; I fee that by the Mount of Venus here, and by her Girdle; and in thort, everry Man's Deftiny he read in his Fif. After him advanced another, Creeping uponall four; with a pair of Compaffes betwixt his Teeth; his spheres and Globes about him; his Jacobs ftaffe before him; and his Eyes upon the Stars, as if he were taking a Height, or making an obfervation. When he had gazed a while, up he ftarts of a fudden, and wringing his Hands, Good Lord (fays he) What an Unluckie Dog zoas I! If I had come into the World, but one balf quarter of an hour Sooner, I had been favid; for Juft then Saturn Biifted, and Mars was lodg'd in the houfe of Life. One that follow'd him, bad his Tormentors be fure he was Dead, for (fags he) I am a little doubtful of

The fixth Vision of Hells, 249
it my felt; in regard that I had Jupiter formy AScendent, and Venus in the House of Life, and no Malevolent ASpect to crofs me. So that by the Rules of Astrology, I was to live, precifely, a Hundred years and one; Two Months, Six days, four Hours, and Three Minutes. The next that came up was a Geomancer; one that reduce all his Skill to Certain little points, and by them would tell you, as well things aft, as to come: Thelepoints he beftow'd at a Venture, among fiveral unequal lines; rome long, others Porter, like the Fingers of a Man's Hand; and then with a certain RabbleRabble of Mysterious Words, he proceeds to his Calculation, upon Even or odd, and challenges the whole world to allow him the molt Learned, and Infallible of the Trade.

There were Divers great Masters of the Science that follow'd him. As Hall, Gerard, Bart'lmew of Parma, and one Toudin; a Familiar Friend, and Companion of the Great Cornelius Agrippa, the famous Conjurer, who though he had but one Soul, was yet burning in four Bodies. (I mean the four Damnable Books

250 The fixth Vifion of Hell.
Books he left behind him.) There was Irithemius too, with his polygraphy, and stenography: that had Devils now, his Belly frull, though in his Life time his Complaint was, that He could never have enough of their Company. Over againft him was Cardan; but they could not fet their horfes together, becaufe of an old Quarrel: whether was the more Impudent of the Two. And there I faw Mifaldus, tearing his Beard, in Rage, to find himfelf Pump't dry; and that he could not fool on, to the End of the Chapter. Theophraftus was there too, bewailing himfelf for the Time he had fpent at the Alchymifts Bellows. There was alfo the Unknown Author of Clavicula solomonis, and The Hurdred Kings of spirits; with the Compofer of the Book, Adverfus Omnia pericula Mundi. Tay fnerus too, with his Book of Phyfognomy, and chiromancy; and he was doubly punifh't, firlt for the Fool he was; and then for thofe he had made. Thoughtogive the Man his Due, He knew himfelf to be a Cheat, and that he that gives a Judg. ment upom the Lines of a Face, takes

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\text { The fixth Vifion of Hell. } \quad 25 \mathrm{I}
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but a very uncertain aim. There were Magicians, Necromancers, Sorcerers, and Enchanters innumerable, befides divers private Boxes that were kept for Lords and Ladies; and other Perfonages of great quality, that put their truft in thefe Difciples of the Devil, and goto StrandBridge or Billeter Lane, for refolution in cafes of Death, Love or Marriage, and now and then to recover a Gold Watch or a Pearl Neck-lace.

Not far from thefe, were a Company of band fowe Women, that were tormented in the quality of Witches; which griev'd my very heart to fee it: bue to comfort me, What? (fays a Devil) Have you fo foon forgot the roguery of thefe Carrions? Have you not had tryal enough yet of them? they are the very poyfon of life, and the only dangerous Magicians that corrupt allour fenfes, and difturb the faculties of your Soul; thefe are they that coufea your Eyes with falfe appearances, and fet up your wills in oppofition to your $\vartheta_{n}$ derftanding and Reafon. 'Tis right, faid' I, and now you mind me of it, I do very well remember, that I have found them

252 The fixth Vifion of Hell.
them fo; but let's go on and fee the reft

I was fcarce gone three fteps further, but I was got into fo hideous a dark place, that it was e'en a mercy we knew where we were. There was firft at the entrance, Divine Fufice, which was moft dreadful to behold; and a little beyond food Vice, with a Countenance of the higheft Pride and Infolence imaginable; There was Ingratitude, Malice, Ignorance, obftinate and incorrigi. bleInfidelity, brutifland bead frong Difobedience, rafs and imperious Blafphemy, with Garments dipt in Bloud, Eyes Sparkling, and a bundred pair of chops, barking at Providence, and vomiting rage and poyfon. I went in (I confefs) with fear and trembling, and there 1 faw all the Sects of Idolaters and Hereticks, that ever yetappear'd upon the ftage of the Univerfe: and at their feet in a glorious array, was lafcivious Barbara, fecond Wife to the Emperor Sigifmond, and the Queen of Harlots: one that agreed with Meffalina in This, that Virginity was both a burden and a folly; and that in her whole life the was never either mearied

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\text { The fixth vijoon of Hell. } \quad 253
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wearied or Satisfy'd; but herein The went beyond her; in that the held the mortality as well of the sou! as of the Body; but fhe was now better inftructed, and burnt like a bundle of Matches.

Paffing forward ftill, I fpy'd a fellow in a corner, all alone, with the flames about his ears, gnafhing his teeth, and blafpheming through fury and defpair. I askt him what he was, and he told me he was Mahomet. Why then (faid 1) thou art the damn't Reprobate in Hell, and halt brought more Wretches hither than half the World befide : and Lucifer has done well to allot thee a Quarter here by thy felf, for certainly thou haft well deferv'd the firft place in his Dominions. But fince every man chufes to talk of what he loves, I prethee good Impoftor tell me, What's the reafon that thou haft forbidden Wine to all thy Difciples? Oh (fayshe) I have made them fo drunk with fly Alcoran, they need no Tipple, Butwhy haft thou forbidden them Swines-flef too? (faid I,) Becaufe (fays he) I would not affront the Fambon; for Water up-

254 The fuxth Vifion of Hell. on Gammon, would be falfe Heraldry. And befide I never lov'd my people well enough to afford them the pleafure, either of the Grape or the spareRib. Nay, and for fear they fhould chance to grope out the way to Heaven, I have eftablifht my power and my Dominion by force of Arms; without fubjecting my Laws to idle difputes and difcourfes of Reafon. Indeed there is little of Rea fon inmy Precepts, and I would have as little in their Obedience. A world of Difciples I have, but I think they follow me more out of Appetite than Religion, or forthe Atiracles Iwork. I allow them Liberty of Confcience; they have as many Women as they pleafe, and do What they lift, proyided they meddle nor with the Government. But look about ye now, and you'l find that there are more Knaves than Mabomet.

I did fo, and found my felf prefently furrounded with a Ring of Hereticks; and their Adberents; many of which were ready to tear out the Throats of their Leaders. Oneamong the reft was befet with a brace of Devils, and either of them a pair of Bellows, puffing into

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\text { The fixth Viflon of Hell. } 255
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each ear Fire inftead of Air, which made hima little hat-beaded. There was another that, as I was told, was a kind of a Simoniac, and had taken up hisfeat in a Peftilential Chair; but it was fo dark I could not well difcern whether it was a Pope or a Presbyter.

By this time I had enough of Hell, and began to wilh my felf out again; butas I was looking about for a Retreat, I ftumbled upon a Liong Gallery before I was aware: and thereI fay Lucifer himfelf with all his Nobility about him mate and female (For let marry'd mexs fay their pleafure, there are foe Devils too) lhould havebeen at a dama'dioss what todo, or how to behave my felf among fo many ftrange Faces, if one of the Uhers had not cometome, and told me, that being a frapger, it was his MajePlies pleafture. 1 foould enter and have free liberty of reeing what was there to be feen. Wie exchanged a icouple or -two of Catuplements, and chen I began to look about me, but never did If fee a Palace fo furniht, bor indeed comparable to it.

Our Furniture at the beft is but a choice

256 The fixth Vifion of Hell. choice collection of dead and dumb Statues, or paintings, without life, fenfe, or motion: But there all the pieces were animated, and no trath in the whole Inventory. There was hardly any thing to be feen, but Emperors and Princes, with fome few (perhaps) of their choiceft Nobility and Privados. The firft Banque was taken up by the ottoman Family; and after them fate the Roman Emperors, in their order; and the Roman Kings down to Tarquin the proud; befide Highneffes, and Graces, Lords spiritual and Temporal innumerable. My Lungs began now to call for a little frefs air, and I defired my Guide to fhew methe way out again. Yes, yes, with all my heart (fays he) follow me then: and fo he carry'd me away by a back pajfage into Lucifer's boufe of office, where there was I koow not how many Tun of Sir Reverence, and Bales of flattering Pañegyricks, not to be numberd; all of them Licens'd, and Enter'd according to order. 1 could not but - Imile at this provifion of Tail-Timber, ${ }^{n}$ and my Guide took notice of it; who was a good kind of a Damn'd Droll. But

## The fixth Vifion of Hell. 257

I call'd ftill to be gone, and at length he led me to a little hole like the vent of a Vault, and I crept through it as nimbly as if the Devil himfelf had given'me a lift at the Crupper ; when to my great wonder, I found my felf in the Park. again, where I begun my ftory: not without an odd medly of Paffions, partly teflecting upon what others endur'd, and in part, upon my own condition of eafe and happinefs, that had deferv'd ${ }_{3}$ perhaps, the contrary as well as they. This thought put me upon a Refolution of leading fuch a courfe of life, for the future, that I might not come to feet thefe torments in Reality, which I had now only feen in Vijion.

And I mult here entreat the Reader to follow my example, without making any further experiment; and likewife not to caft an ill conftruction upon a fair meaning. My defign is to difcredit, and difcountenance the works of darknefs ${ }_{2}$ without fcandalizing of Perfons; and fince I fpeak only of the Damn'd, I'm fure no honeft man alive will reckor this difcourfe a Satyre.
The end of the fuxth Vifion.
THE

258 The feventh Vifion of

## THE

## SEVENTH VISION

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## HELL REFORM'D.

THere happen'd lately fo terrible an Uproar, and Diforder in Hell, that (though it be a place of perpetual outrage, and Confufion) the oldeft Devil there never knew the Fellow of it; and the Inhabitants expected nothing lefs than an abfolute Topsy. Tur$v y$, and Diffolution of their Empire. The Devils fellupon the Damn'd; and the Damn'd fell upon the Devils, without knowing one from tother: and all running belter skelter, to and again, like Mad; for in fine, it was no other thana general Revolt. This Hurly burly lafted a good while, before any Mortal could imagine the meaning of it; but at length there came certain Intelligence of a Monftrous Talker;A PragmaticalMedling Under-

Undertaker, and an old Bapod of a Goulvernante, that had knockt off their Shackles, and made all this Havook: Which may give the Reader to underfand what kind of Cattel thefe are, that could make Hell it Self more Dangerows, and Unquict.

Lucifer, in the mean time, went relping up and down, and Bawling, for Chains Hand Cuffes, Bolts, Manacles, shackles, Fetters, to tie up his Pris'ners again; when in the middle of his Carriere, He and the Babler, or Talker, I told ye of, met full butt; and after a little ftaring one another in the Face, upon the Encounter, the Babler open'd. Prince mine; (fays he) you have a pack of Lazy, Droning Devils in your Dominions, that look after Nothing, but fic with their Arms and Legs acrofs, and leave all your affairs at six and seven. And you have divers abroad too; upon Commijfion, that have ftaid out their Time, and yet give you no Accompt of their Employment. The Gouvernante, who had been blowing the Goal, and Whifpering sedition from one to another chanced to pals by in the Interim,

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