

and stopping short, address'd her self to *Lucifer*; Look to your self; (she cry'd) there is a *Desperate plot* upon your *Diabolical Crown*, and *Dignity*. There are *Two Tyrants* in't: *Three Parasites*; A world of *Physicians*, and whole *Legions* of *Lawyers*, and *Attorneys*. One word more in your Ear. There is among them, a *mongrel Priest* (a kind of a *Lay-Elder*) that will go near to sit upon your *Skirts*, if you have not a care of him.

At the very name of *Priest*, and *Lay-Elder*, *Lucifer* look't as Pale as Death; stood stone-still; as mute as a Fish; and in his very looks, discover'd his Apprehensions. After a little pause, he rous'd himself, as out of a Trance; A *Priest* do ye say? a *Lay Elder*? *Tyrants*, *Lawyers*? *Physicians*? *A Composition to poyson all the Devils in Hell*, and purge their very *Guts out*. With that away he went to visit the *Avenues*, and set his *Guards*, and who should he meet next, but the *Medler*? in a monstrous haste, and hurry. Nay then (says he) here is *the Fore-runner of Ill Luck*. But *what's the Matter*?

er? The Matter? cry'd the *Medler*; And then with a huge deal of tedious and Impertinent Circumstance, he up, and told him, that a great many of the *Damn'd* had Contriv'd an *Escape*; and that there was a Design to call in *four* or *five Regiments* of *Hypocrites*, and *Usurers*, under colour, forsooth, of Establishing a better *Intelligence* betwixt *Earth* and *Hell*, with a Hundred other Fopperies; and had gone on till this time, if *Lucifer* would have found Ears. But he had other Fish to fry; for Neck and All was now at Stake; and so he went about his Business of putting all in a posture, and strengthening his Guards. And for the further Security of his Royal Person, he enter'd into *his own immediate Regiment*, several *Reformadoes* of the *Society*, that he particularly knew to be no Flinchers.

He began his Survey in the *Vaults* and *Dungeons*, among his *Jaylers*, and *Pris'ners*. The *Make-Bate Babler* March't in the *Van*, breathing an Ayr that kindled, and Enflam'd wherever he past, without giving any Light (set-
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ting People together by the Ears, they know not why) In the second Place the *Gouvernante* as full of News, and *Tittle-Tattle* as she could hold, and telling her tale all the way she went. In the Breech of her follow'd the *Medler*, leering as he past along, first on one side, then on the Other, without ever moving his Head, and making fair with every Soul he saw in's way. He gave *One, a Bow; T'other a Kiss; Your most humble Servant, to a Third; Can I serve you, Sir, to a Fourth?* But every Complement was worse to the poor Creatures, than the Fire it self. Ah Traytor! says one; For Pity's sake, away with this new Tormentor! cries another. This Fellow is Hell upon Hell, says a Third. As he trudg'd on, there was a Rabble of Rascals got together; and in the Middle of the Crowd, a most Eminent *Knight of the Post*, (a great Master of his Trade) that was reading a *Lecture to that Venerable Assembly, of the Noble Mystery of Swearing and Lying*; and would have taught any man in one Quarter of an hour, to prove any thing upon Oath, that he never
saw,

saw, nor heard of in his life. This Doctor had no sooner cast his Eye upon the *Intermedler*, but up he started in a Fright. How now? says he; *Is that Devil here?* I came hither on purpose to avoid him; and if I could but have dream't, hee'd have been in Hell, beyond all Dispute, I'd have gone my self to Paradise.

As He was speaking, we heard a great, and a confused Noise of *Arms*, *Blows*; and *Out-cryes*; and presently we discover'd several Persons falling one upon Another like lightning; and in short with such a Fury, that 'tis not for any Tongue or Pen to describe the Battel. One of them appear'd to be an *Emperour*; for he was *crown'd* with *Lawrel*, and surrounded with a grave sort of People, that lookt like *Counsellors* or *Senators*; and had all the *Old Statues*, and *Records* at their Fingers End, by which they endeavour'd to make it out; *That a King might be kill'd in his Personal Capacity, and his Politick Capacity never the worse for't.* And upon this point, were they at *Daggers Drawn* with the *Emperour*. *Lucifer*

came then roundly up to him, and with a Voice that made Hell quake; What are you Sir, (says he) that take upon you thus in my Dominions? I am the Great *Julius Cæsar* (quoth he) that in this general tumult, thought to have reveng'd my self upon *Brutus*, and *Cassius*, for Murdering me in the *Senate*, under colour (forsooth) of asserting the *Common-Liberty*: Whereas these Traytors did it meerly out of *Envy*, *Avarice*, and *Ambition*. It was the *Emperour*, not the *Empire* they hated. They pretended to destroy *Me*, for introducing a *Monarchy*; but did they overthrow the *Monarchy* it self? No; but on the Contrary, they confirm'd it; and did more Mischief, in taking away *my Life*, than I did in dissolving *their Republick*. However, *I dy'd an Emperour*, and these Villains carry'd only the *Infamy* and *Brand of Regicides*, to their Graves, and the World has ever since, ador'd *my Memory*, and abhorr'd theirs. Tell me (quoth he) ye cursed Bloud Hounds; (turning towards them) Whether was your Government better think ye, in the hands of your Senators; a Company of
talking

talking Gown-men, that knew not how to keep it; or in the hands of a Souldier, that won it by his Merit? It is not the Drawing of a Charge, or the making of a fine Oration, that fits people for Government; nor will a Crown sit well upon the Head of a Pedant; but let him wear it that deserves it. He is the true Patriot that advances the Glory of his Country, by Actions of Bravery and Honour. Which has more right to Rule think ye, He that only knows the Laws, or He that Maintains them? The one only Studies the Government; The other Protects it. Wretched Republick! Thou call'st it Freedom to obey a Divided Multitude, and slavery to serve a single Person; and when a Company of Covetous little Fellows are got together, they must be stil'd Fathers of their Country, forsooth; And shall one Generous Person take up with the Name of Tyrant? Oh! how much better had it been for Rome to have preserv'd that one Son that made her Mistress of the World, than that Multitude of Fathers, who by so many Intestine Wars, render'd her but a Step mother to her own Children. Barbarous, and Cruel that you are! so
much

much as to mention the name of a Commonwealth, considering that since the people tasted of Monarchy, they have prefer'd even the worst of Princes, as Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, Heliogabalus, &c. before your Tribe of Senators.

This discourse of *Cæsars* struck *Bru-tus* with exceeding shame and confusion; but at length with a feeble and trembling voice he deliver'd himself to this effect. 'Gentlemen of the Senate (*says* 'he) do ye not hear *Cæsar*? or will ye 'add sin to sin, and suffer all the blame 'to be cast upon the *Instruments*, when 'you your selves were the *Contrivers* of 'the Villany? Why do ye not answer? 'for *Cæsar* speaks to you, as well as to 'us. *Cassius* and my self were but your '*Bravos*, and govern'd by your *perswa-sions and advice*, little dreaming of 'that insatiable ambition that lay lurk-ing under the gravity of your long 'Beards and Robes. But 'tis the pra-'ctice of you all, to arraign that Ty-'ranny in the Prince, which you would 'exercise your selves: in effect, when 'you have gotten Power, and the co-'lour of Authority in your hands, it is
 'more

'more dangerous for a Prince not to
 'comply with you, than for a Vassal to
 'rebel against his Prince. To what end
 'serv'd your perfidious and ungrateful
 'Treason? Make answer to *Cæsar*. But
 'for our parts, in the conscience of our
 'sin, we feel the severity of our Punish-
 'ment.

At these words a *hollow-Ey'd, super-*
cilious Senator (that had been of the
 Conspiracy, and was then *blazing* like a
Picht Barrel) rais'd himself, and with
 a faint voice, askt *Cæsar* what reason
 he had to complain? 'For *Prince* (*says*
 'he) if King *Ptolomy* murther'd *Pom-*
 '*pey the Great*, upon whose score he
 'held his Kingdom: why might not
 'the *Senate* as well *kill you*, to recover
 'what you had taken from them?
 'And in the case betwixt *Cæsar* and
 '*Pompey*, let the Devils themselves be
 'Judges. As for *Achillas* (*who was one*
 '*of the Murtherers*) what he did, was
 'by *Ptolomy's* command, and then he
 'was but a *Free-booter* neither, a fellow
 'that got his living by Rapine and
 'Spoil: but *Cæsar* was undoubtedly
 'the more infamous of the Two. 'Tis
 'true

' true, you wept at the sight of *Pom-*
 ' *pey's head*, but such tears as were
 ' more treacherous than the Steel that
 ' kill'd him. Ah cruel compassion and
 ' revengeful piety! that made thee a
 ' more barbarous Enemy to *Pompey*,
 ' *dead* than *living*. Oh that ever two
 ' Hypocrite Eyes should creep into the
 ' first Head of the World; To con-
 ' clude, the death of *Cæsar* had been
 ' the *Recovery* of our *Republick*, if the
 ' multitude had not call'd in others of
 ' his Race to the Government, which
 ' render'd *thy fall* the very *Hydra* of
 ' the *Empire*.

We had had another skirmish upon
 these words, if *Lucifer* had not com-
 manded *Cæsar* to his Cell again, upon
 pain of Death; and there to abide such
 correction as belong'd to him, for slight-
 ing the warnings he had of his Disaster.
Brutus and *Cassius* too were turn'd over
 to the *politick Fools*: and the *Senators*
 were dispatch'd away to *Minos* and
Rhadamanthus, and to sit as *Assistants*
 in the *Devils Bench*.

After this I heard a murmuring noise,
 as of people talking at a distance, and
 by

by degrees I made it out that they were wrangling and disputing still lowder and lowder, till at length it was but a word and a blow, and the nearer I came the greater was the clamour. This made me mend my pace; but before I could reach them, they were all together by the Ears in a *bloudy fray*: They were persons of great quality all of them, as *Emperours, Magistrates, Generals of Armies*. Lucifer to take up the Quarrel, commanded them *Peace and Silence*, and they all obey'd, but it vext them to the hearts to be so taken off in the full *carriere* of their *Fury and Revenge*. The first that open'd his mouth, was a fellow so martyr'd with wounds and scars, that I took him at first for an *indigent Officer*, but it prov'd to be *Clitus* (as he said himself) And one at his Elbow told him, he was a saucy Companion, for presuming to speak before his time; and so desir'd Audience of *Lucifer*, for *the high and mighty Alexander the Son of Jupiter, and the Emperour and Terrour of the World*: He was going on with his *Qualities and Titles*; but an Officer gave the word, *silence,*

lence, and bad *Clitus* begin, which he took very kindly and told his story.

‘ If it may please your Majesty (*says*
 ‘ *he*) I. was the first Favourite of this
 ‘ Emperour; who was then Lord of all
 ‘ the known World; bare the Title of
 ‘ *the King of Kings*, and boasted himself
 ‘ for the *Son of Jupiter Hammon*; and
 ‘ yet after all this Glory and Conquest,
 ‘ he was himself a slave to his Passions;
 ‘ He was Rash, and Cruel, and conse-
 ‘ quently, Incapable either of Counsel,
 ‘ or Friendship. While I liv’d, I was
 ‘ near him, and serv’d him faithfully;
 ‘ but it seems, He did not Entertain me,
 ‘ so much for my Fidelity, as to aug-
 ‘ ment the Number of his Flatterers:
 ‘ But I found my self too honest for a
 ‘ Base Office; and still as he ran into
 ‘ any foul Excesses, I took a Freedom
 ‘ with all possible Modesty, to shew
 ‘ him his Mistakes. One day, as he was
 ‘ talking slightly of his Father *Philip*
 ‘ (*that brave Prince*, from whom he re-
 ‘ ceiv’d as well his Honour as his Be-
 ‘ ing.) I told him frankly what I
 ‘ thought of that *Ingratitude*, and *Va-*
 ‘ *nity*, and desired him to treat his
 ‘ Dead

'Dead Father with more Reverence;
'as a Prince Worthy of Eternal Ho-
'nour, and Respect. This Commenda-
'tion of *Philip*, so enflam'd him, that
'presently he took a Partisan and
'struck me dead in the place with his
'own hand. After this; pray'e where
'was his Divinity, when he gave *Abdo-*
'*lominus*, (a poor Garden-Weeder)
'the Kingdom of *Sidonia*: which
'was not, as the World would have it,
'out of any Consideration of his Ver-
'tue, but to Mortifie, and take down
'the Pride and Insolence of the *Per-*
'*sians*. Meeting him here just now in
'*Hell*, I askt him what was become of
'his Father *Jupiter* now; that he lay
'so long by't; and whether he were
'not yet convinc'd that all Flatte-
'rers were a Company of Rascals, who
'with their *Incense*, and *Altars*, would
'perswade him that He was of *Divine*
'*Extraction*, and Heir apparent to the
'*Throne and Thunder of Jupiter*. This
'now was the Ground of our Quar-
'rel. But Invectives apart; who but a
'*Tyrant* would have put a *Loyal Subject*
'to *Death*, only for his *Affection*, and
'*Regards*

‘ *Regards to the Memory of his Dead*
 ‘ *Father?* how barbarously did he treat
 ‘ his Favourites, *Parmenio, Philotas, Ca-*
 ‘ *listhenes, Amintas, &c.* so that good
 ‘ or bad is all a case, for ’tis crime enough
 ‘ to be the Favourite of a Tyrant: As
 ‘ in the course of humane life, every
 ‘ man *dies* because he is *mortal*, and the
 ‘ *disease* is rather the *pretext* of his
 ‘ *death*, than the *cause* of it. You find
 now (says *Satan*) that *Tyrants* will
 shew their people many a *Dog-trick*,
 when the humour takes them. The
good they *hate*, for not being *wicked*;
 and the *bad*, because they are no *worse*.
 How many *Favourites* have you ever
 seen come to a *fair* and *timely end*?
 Remember the *Emblem* of the *Sponge*,
 and that’s the use that *Princes* make of
 their *Favourites*, they let them *suck* and
fill; and then *squeeze* them for their own
profit.

At that word there was heard a la-
 mentable cry, and at the same time a
 venerable *old man*, as pale as if he had
 no blood in his veins, came up to *Lu-*
cifer, and told him, that his *Emblem* of
 the *Sponge* came very pat to his *Case*;
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For (says he) *I was a great Favourite, and a great Hoarder of Treasure: a Spaniard by birth, the Tutor and Confident of Nero; and my name is Seneca. Indeed his bounties were to excess, he gave me without asking, and intaking I was never covetous but obedient. It is in the nature of Princes, and it befits their quality, to be liberal where they take a liking, both of Honour and Fortunes: and 'tis hard for a Subject to refuse, without some reflection upon the generosity or discretion of his Master. For 'tis not the Merit, or Modesty of the Vassal, but the Glory of the Prince that is in question: and he is the best Subject, that contributes the most to the Splendor, and Reputation of his Sovereign.* Nero indeed gave me as much as such a Prince could bestow; and I manag'd his Liberalities with all the moderation imaginable: yet all too little, to preserve me from the strokes of envious and malicious tongues; which would have it, that my philosophizing upon the contempt of the World, was nothing else but a meer imposture, that with less danger and notice I might feed and entertain my Avarice,

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and with the fewer *Competitors*. Finding my credit with my Master declining, it stood me upon to provide some way or other for my quiet, and to withdraw my self from being the *mark* of a *publick* *envy*. So I went directly to *Nero*, and with all possible respect and humility made him a *Present* back again of his *own* *bounties*. The truth is, I had so great a *passion* for his *service*, that neither the *severity* of his *Nature*, nor the *debauchery* of his *Manners* could ever deter me from exhorting him to nobler courses, and paying him all the duties of a *Loyal Subject*. Especially in cases of *Cruelty* and *Blood*, I laid it perpetually home to his *Conscience*, but all to little purpose; for he put his *Mother* to death, laid the *City* of *Rome* in *ashes*, and indeed depopulated the *Empire* of *honest* *men*. And this drew on *Piso's* *Conspiracy*, which was better laid than executed: for upon the discovery, the prime instruments lost their lives; and by *Divine Providence* this Prince was preserv'd, in order (as one would have thought) to his repentance and change of life. But upon the issue, the *Conspi-*
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racy was prevented, and Nero never the better. At the same time he put *Lucan* to death, only for being a better Poet than himself. And if he gave me my choice what death to dye, it was rather cruelty than pity; for in the very deliberation which Death to chuse, I suffer'd all even in the terrour and apprehension that made me refuse the rest. The election I made, was to bleed to death in a Bath, and I finisht my own dispatches hither; where to my further affliction, I have again encountred this Infamous Prince, studying new cruelties, and instructing the very Devils themselves in the Art of tormenting.

At that word *Nero* advanc'd, with his ill favour'd Face, and shrill Voice. 'It is very well (says he) for a Princes Favourite, or Tutor to be wiser than his Master; but let him manage that advantage then with respect, and not like a rash and insolent Fool make proclamation presently to the world, that he's the wiser of the two. While *Seneca* kept himself within those bounds, I lodg'd him in my bosome, and the love I had for that man was

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'the

'the Glory of my Government; but
 'when he came to publish once (what
 'he should have dissembled or con-
 'ceal'd) that it was not *Nero*, but *Seneca*
 'that rul'd the Empire, nothing
 'less than his Blood could make satis-
 'faction for so intolerable a scandal,
 'and from that hour I resolv'd his ru-
 'ine. And I had rather suffer what I
 'do a hundred times over, than enter-
 'tain a Favourite that should raise his
 'credit upon my Dishonour. Whether
 'I have reason on my side or no, I ap-
 'peal to all this Princely assembly:
 'Draw near I beseech ye, as many as
 'are here, and speak freely, my Royal
 'Brethren; Did ye ever suffer any Fa-
 'vourite to scape unpunisht, that had
 'the Impudence to write [*I and my*
 '*King*] to make a *Stale of Majesty*, and
 'to publish himself a *better States-man*
 'than his *Master*? No, no, (they cry'd
 out all with one voice) it never was,
 and never shall be endured, while the
 world lasts: For we have left our Suc-
 cessors under an Oath, to have a care
 on't: 'Tis true, a *Wise Counsellour at a*
Princes Elbow. is a Treasure, and ought
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to be so esteem'd, while he makes it his business to cry up the abilities and justice of his Sovereign: but in the instant that his vanity transports him to the contrary; *away with him to the dogs, and down with him*, for there's no enduring of it.

'All this (*cry'd Sejanus*) does not
'yet concern me; for though I had in-
'deed more brains than *Tiberius*, yet I
'so order'd it, that he had the credit
'in publick of all my private Advices.
'And so sensible he was of my services,
'that he made me his Partner and
'Companion in the Empire: he caus'd
'my Statues to be erected, and invested
'them with sacred Priviledges. *Let Se-*
'*janus Live*, was the daily cry of the
'People; and in truth, my well being
'was the joy of the Empire; and far
'and near there were publick Prayers
'and Vows offer'd up for my health.
'But what was the end of all? when I
'thought my self surest in my Master's
'Arms and favour, he let me fall, nay he
'threw me down, caus'd me to be cut
'in pieces, delivering me up to the fu-
'ry of a barbarous and enraged Multi-
'tude,

‘tude, that drag’d me along the Streets,
‘and happy was he that could get a
‘piece of my flesh to carry upon a
‘Javelins point in triumph. And it had
‘been well if this inhumane cruelty
‘had stopt here; but it extended to
‘my poor *Children*, who, though un-
‘concern’d in my *crimes*, were yet to
‘partake in my *fate*. A Daughter I had,
‘whom the very Law exempted from
‘the stroke of *Justice*, because of her
‘*Virginity*; but to clear that scruple,
‘she was condemn’d first to be *ravish’d*
‘by the *Hangman*, and then to be *be-*
‘*headed*, and treated as her Father.
‘My first failing was upon temerity and
‘pride; I would out-run my destiny;
‘desie Fortune: and for *Divine Provi-*
‘*dence* I lookt upon it as a *ridiculous*
‘*thing*. When I was once out of the
‘way, I thought doing worse was some-
‘what in order to being better; and
‘then I began to fortifie my self by vio-
‘lence, against craft and malice. Some
‘were put to *death*, others *banish’d*, till
‘in fine, all the Powers of Heaven and
‘Earth declar’d themselves against me.
‘I had recourse to all sorts of ill peo-
‘ple,

‘ ple, and means. I had my *Physician*
‘ for *poysoning*; my *Assassine* for *revenge*.
‘ I had my *false Witnesses* and *corrupt*
‘ *Judges*; and in truth, what Instru-
‘ ments of wickedness had I not? And
‘ all this not upon choice or inclination;
‘ but purely out of the necessity of my
‘ condition. When ever I should come
‘ to fall, I was sure to be forsaken both
‘ of good and bad; and therefore I
‘ shun’d the *better sort*, as those that
‘ would only serve to accuse me; but
‘ the *lewd* and *vicious* I frequented, to
‘ encrease the number of my *Complices*,
‘ and make my *party* the *stronger*. But
‘ after all: if *Tiberius* was a *Tyrant*, I’ll
‘ swear he was never so by my advice:
‘ But on the contrary; I have suffer’d
‘ more from him for *plain dealing* and
‘ dissuading him, than the very subjects
‘ of his severity have commonly suffer’d
‘ by him. I know, ’tis charg’d upon me,
‘ that I stir’d him up to *cruelty*, to ren-
‘ der him *odious*, and to ingratiatate my
‘ self to the people. But who was his
‘ Adviser I pray’e, in this butcherly pro-
‘ ceeding against me! Oh *Lucifer*, *Lu-*
‘ *cifer*! You know very well that ’tis

' the practice of Tyrants, when they
 ' do amifs themselves, and set their peo-
 ' ple a grumbling, to lay all the blame
 ' (and punishment too) upon the In-
 ' strument; and hang up the Minister
 ' for the Masters fault. This is the end
 ' of all Favourites, *cries one*; Not a
 ' half penny matter if they were all
 ' serv'd so, *says another*. And every
 ' *Historian* has his *saying* upon this *Ca-*
 ' *tastrophe*, and sets up a *Buoy* to warn af-
 ' ter ages of the *Rock of Court favours*.
 ' The greatness of a Favourite *I must*
 ' *confess*, proclaims the greatness of his
 ' Maker; and the Prince that maintains
 ' what he has once rais'd, does but ju-
 ' stifie the prudence of his own choice:
 ' and when ever he comes to undo what
 ' he has done, publishes himself to be
 ' light and unconstant, and does as
 ' good as declare himself (*even against*
 ' *himself*) of the Enemies party.

Up stept *Plantian* then, (*Severus* his
Favorite) he that was toss'd out of a
Garret Window to make the people
 sport. *My condition in the World* (says
 he) *was perfectly like that of a Rocket or*
Fire-work: I was carry'd up to a Pro-
digious

digious Height *in a moment*, and all peo-
 ples Eyes were upon me, as a Star of the
 first Magnitude; but my Glory was very
 short liv'd; and down I fell into Obscu-
 rity, and Ashes. After him, appear'd a
 number of other Favourites; and all of
 them hearkning to *Bellisarius* the Favou-
 rite of *Justinian*; who Blind as he was,
 had already knockt twice with his staff,
 and shaking his Head, with a weak
 and complaining Voice, desir'd *Audi-
 ence*; which was at length granted him,
Silence commanded; And he said, as
 follows.

'Princes (said he) before they destroy
 'the Creatures they have rais'd, and
 'chosen, should do well to consider, that
 'Cruelty and Inconstancy is much a grea-
 'ter Infamy to a Prince, than the Worst
 'effects of it can be to a Favorite. For my
 'own part, I serv'd an Emperour, that
 'was both a Christian, and a great Lo-
 'ver, and Promoter of Justice. And yet
 'after all the services I had done him, in
 'several Battels and Adventures, (inso-
 'much that he was effectually become
 'my Debter, for the very glory of his
 'Empire) My Reward in the End, was
 'to

' to have *my Eyes put out*, and (with a
 ' Dog and a Bell) to be turn'd a begging
 ' from Door to Door. Thus was That
 ' *Belizarius* treated, whose very Name
 ' formerly was worth an *Army*, and he
 ' was the *Soul* of his *Friends*, as well as
 ' the *Terrour* of his *Enemies*. But a Prin-
 ' ces Favour, is like *Quick-silver*, *Restless*,
 ' and *Slippery*, never to be fix'd; never
 ' secured. Force it, and it spends it self
 ' in *Fumes*: *Sublime* it, and 'tis a *Mor-*
 ' *tal Poyson*. Handle it only, and it works
 ' it self into the very *Bones*; and all
 ' that have to do with it, *Live and Dye*
 ' *Pale and Trembling*.

At these Words, the whole Band of
Favorites, set up a Hideous, and a Heavy
Groane, trembling like *Aspen-leaves*, and
 at the same time, reciting several passa-
 ges out of the Prophet *Habakkuk*,
 against *Careless* and *Wicked Governours*.
 By which Threatning is given to un-
 derstand, that the *Almighty*, when he
 has a mind to destroy a *Wicked Ruler*,
 does not always punish one *Potentate* by
Another, and bring his *Ends* about by a
Tryal of Arms, or the Event of a *Battel*:
 but many times makes use of things the
 most

most Abject, and Vile, to Confound the Vanity and Arrogance of the Mighty; and makes even Worms, Flies, Caterpillers, and Lice to serve him as the Ministers of his Terrible Justice: Nay, the Stone in the Wall, and the Beam in the House, shall rise in Judgment against them.

This Discourse might have gone further, but that the Company presently parted, to know the Meaning of a sudden Noise and Clatter they heard, that half deafn'd the Auditory. And what was it at last? but a *scuffle* between the *Gown-men*, and the *Brothers of the Blade*. And there were Persons of great Honour and Learning, Young and Old, engag'd in the *Fray*: The *Men of War* were at it dashing with their *Swords*, and the *Gentlemen of the long Robe*, *Fencing*, some with *Tostatus*; Others with huge *Pandecks*, that with their old *Wainscot Covers*, were as good as *Bucklers*, and would now and then give the *Foe* a Heavy Rebuke, over and above. The *Combate* had certainly been very *Bloudy*, if one of *Lucifer's Constables* had not commanded them in the *Kings name*



name to keep the Peace; which made it a Drawn Battel. And with That, one of the Combatants, with the best face he had, said aloud: if Ye knew (Gentlemen) either Us, or our Quarrel, you'd say we had reason, and perhaps side with us. At that instant, there appear'd, Domitian, Commodus, Caracalla, Phalaris, Heliogabalus, Alcetes, Andronicus, Busiris, and Old Oliver, with a World of great Parsonages more; which when Lucifer saw, he dispos'd himself to treat that Majestical Appearance, as much to their satisfaction as was Possible. And then came up a grave Ancient man, with a great Train at his Heels, that were all Bloody, and full of the Marks they had receiv'd under the Persecution of these Tyrants.

' You have here before ye, (quoth
' the Old Man) *Solon*; and these are
' the *Seven Sages, Natives of Greece*, but
' renown'd throughout the *Universe*.
' He there in the *Mortar* is that *Anaxar-*
' *chus* that was pounded to Death
' by Command of *Nicocreon*. He with
' the *Flat Nose*, is *Socrates*; The little
' *Crump-shoulder'd Wretch*, was the Fa-
' mous

amous *Aristotle*: and T'other there,
the *divine Plato*. Those in the *Corner*,
are all of the same Profession too;
Grave and Learned *Philosophers*; that
have displeas'd *Tyrants* with their
Writings: and in fine, *the World* is
stor'd with their *Works*, and *Hell* with
the *Authors*. To come to the Point,
(most mighty *Lucifer*) we are all of
us Dealers in *Politicks*; Great *Writers*,
and *Deep-read-men* in the Maxims of
State and *Government*. We have di-
gested *Policy* into a *Method*, and laid
down Certain *Rules*, by which Prin-
ces may make themselves *Great*, and
Belov'd. We have advis'd them, Im-
partially to administer *Justice*; To re-
ward *Vertue*, as well *Military*, as *Ci-
vil*; to Employ *Able-men*, Banish
Flatterers; To put men of *Wisdom*,
and *Integrity* in Places of *Trust*. To
Reward, or *Punish*, without *Passion*;
and according to the Merits of the
Cause, as *God's Vice-gerents*. And
This now is our offence. We name no
Body; we design no Body; but 'tis
Crime enough to wish well to the way,
and to the Lovers of *Vertue*. With
that

' that, turning towards the *Tyrants*, Oh
 ' most Unjust Princes; (said he) Those
 ' Glorious *Kings*, and *Emperours* from
 ' whom we took the *Model* of our *Laws*
 ' and *Instructions*, are now in a state of
 ' *Rest*, and *Comfort*, while you are tor-
 ' mented. *Numa* is now a *Star* in the *Fir-*
 ' *mament*, and *Tarquin* a *Fire-brand* in
 ' *Hell*. And the *Memory* of *Augustus* and
 ' *Trajan* is still fresh and fragrant, when
 ' the *Names* of *Nero*, and *Sardanapalus*
 ' are more *Putrid* and *Odious*, than their
 ' *Bodies*.

When *Dionysius* the *Tyrant* heard this,
 (with his *Companions* about him) *Flesh*
 and *Blood* could hold no longer; and he
 cry'd out in a *Rage*, ' *That Roguy Philo-*
 ' *sopher has told a Thousand Lies. Legisla-*
 ' *tors, with a Pox?* Yes, yes, they are
 ' *sweet Legislators*, and *Princes* have ma-
 ' ny a fair *Obligation* to them. No, no
 ' *Sirrah*, (says he to *Solon*) You are all of
 ' you a *Company* of *Quacks*; Ye prate,
 ' and *speculate* of things ye don't under-
 ' stand; and with your *damn'd Morali-*
 ' *ties* set the *People* agog upon *Liberty*;
 ' cry up the *Doctrine* of *Free-born*
 ' *Subjects*, and then our *Portion* is per-
 ' *secution*

'secution in one World, and Infamy in
't'other.

' We shall have a fine time on't, my
' most Gracious Prince (cry'd *Julian*
' *the Apostate*, staring *Lucifer* in the face)
' when these *Dung-hill Pedants*, a Com-
' pany of *Cock-brain'd*, *Ridiculous*,
' *Mortify'd*, *Ill-bred*, *Beggarly Tatter-*
' *demallions*, shall come to erect a *Com-*
' *mittee for Politicks*, and pass *Sentence*
' upon *Governours*, and *Governments*;
' stiling themselves (forsooth) the *Sup-*
' *porters* of both; without any more
' skill than my Horse in what belongs to
' either. Tell me (says he) if a *Brave*
' *Prince* had not better be *Damn'd*,
' than subject himself to hear one
' of these *Turdy-Facy Paty Nasty-Louste*
' *Fartical Rascals*, with a *Scabb'd Head*,
' and a *Plantation* of *Lice* in his *Beard*;
' and his *Eyes* crept into the *Nape* of
' his *Neck*, pronouncing for an *Apho-*
' *rism*; That *A Prince that looks only*
' *to One, is a Tyrant*; and that a *True*
' *King is the Shepherd, and Servant of*
' *his People*. Ah, *Rash*, and besotted
' *Coxcombs*! If a *King looks only to*
' *others, who shall look to him?* As if
' *Princes*

'Princes had not Enemies enough
 'abroad, without being so to them-
 'selves too. But you may write your
 'Hearts out, and never the nearer.
 'Where's our *Sovereignty*? if we have
 'not our Subjects *Lives*, and *Estates* at
 'our *Mercy*. And where's our absolute
 'Power? if we submit to the Coun-
 'sels of our Vassals. If we have not
 'to satisfy our Appetites, Avarice and
 'Revenge, we want Power to dis-
 'charge the Noblest Ends of Govern-
 'ment. These *Contemplative Idiots*
 'would make us make choice of *Good*
 '*Officers*, to keep the *Bad* in Order:
 'which were a Madness in our Con-
 'dition. Let them be *Complaisant*, and
 'no Matter for any other Merit, or
 '*Vertue*. *A Parcel of Good Offices*, hand-
 '*somly dispos'd among a Pack of Cheats*,
 '*and Atheists*, will make us a party
 '*another Day*; whereas all is lost, that's
 'bestow'd upon honest men; for they're
 'our Enemies; Speak Truth then all
 'of ye, and shame the Devil, for *the*
 '*Butcher sats his Sheep only for the*
 '*Shambles*.

I have said enough, I suppose, to stop
 your

your Mouths, but here's an Orator will read you another-gates Lecture of *Politics*, than any you have had yet, if you'll give him the hearing. *Photinus* advance (said *Julian*) and speak your Mind; whereupon there appear'd a *Brazen* fac'd fellow, with a *hanging look*, and twenty other marks of a *Desperate Villain*: who with a *Hellish Tell*, and *three or four wrymouths for a Prologue*, brake into his Discourse.

The Wicked Advice of one of Ptolomey's Courtiers, about the Killing of Pompey: taken out of Lucan's Pharsalia. Lib. 8.

' **M**Ethinks, under Favour, (most
' **R**enowned *Ptolomy*) we are now
' slipt into a debate, a little beside the
' busiæness. The question is, *whether*
' *Pompey should be delivered up to Cæ-*
' *sar, or no*; that is to say, whether *in*
' *reason of State*, it ought to be done;
' and we are formalizing the matter,
' whether in point of *equity and justice*
' it may be done. *Bodies Politick have*
' *no Souls, and never did any great Prince*
U ' turn

turn a Council of State, into a Court
 Conscience, but he repented it. King-
 doms are to be govern'd by Politicians,
 not by Casuists; and there is nothing
 more contrary to the true interest of
 Crowns and Empires, than in publick
 cases, to make a scruple of private du-
 ties. The Argument is this; Pompey is
 in distress: and Ptolomy under an Ob-
 ligation; so that it were a violation of
 Faith and Hospitality, not to relieve
 him. Now give me leave to reason
 in the other way. Pompey is forsaken,
 and persecuted by the Gods; Caesar up-
 on the Heels of him with victory and
 success. Shall Ptolomy now ruine him-
 self, to protect a Fugitive, against both
 Heaven, and Caesar! I must confess,
 where honesty, and profit are both of
 a side, 'tis well; but where they disa-
 gree, the Prince that does not quit his
 Religion, for his convenience, falls into
 a direct conspiracy against himself. He
 shall lose the Hearts of his Souldiery,
 and the reputation of his power. Where-
 as on the contrary, the most hateful
 Tyrant in the world shall be able to
 keep his head above water, let him
 but

' but give a general Licence to commit
 ' all sort of Wickedness: you'l say 'tis
 ' Impious: but I say what if it be? who
 ' shall call you to accompt? These deli-
 ' berations are only for *Subjects*, that
 ' are under *Command*; and not for *Sove-*
 ' *raign Princes*, whose *will* is a *Law*.

Exeat Aulâ
 Qui volet esse pius.

He was never cut out
 For a Court that's devout.

' In fine, since either *Pompey* or *Pto-*
 ' *lomy* must suffer, I am absolutely for
 ' the saving of *Ptolomy*, and the present-
 ' ing of *Pompey's head*, without any
 ' more ado, to *Cæsar*. *A Dead Dog will*
 ' *never bite*.

Photinus had no sooner made an end,
 but *Domitian* appear'd in a monstrous
Rage, and lugging of poor *Suetonius* af-
 ter him *like a Bear to the Stake*. 'There
 ' is not in nature (says he) so damn'd a
 ' Generation of *Scribbling Rogues*, as
 ' these *Historians*. We can neither be
 ' quiet for them, *Living, nor Dead*; for
 ' they

' they haunt us in our very *Graves*; and
 ' when they have vented the *Humour*,
 ' and *Caprice* of their own Brains, that
 ' forsooth must be call'd, *The life of such*
 ' *an Emperour*. And for an instance, I'll
 ' shew ye what this *Impertinent Chroni-*
 ' *cler* says of *my self*, *He had squander'd*
 ' *away his Treasure* (says he) *in expensive*
 ' *Buildings, Comedies, and Donatives to*
 ' *the Souldiers*.

Now would I fain know which way it could have been better employ'd.

' In another place, he says, that *Do-*
 ' *mitian* had some thoughts of easing him-
 ' self in his *Military Charges*, by reducing
 ' the number; but that he durst not do,
 ' for fear some of his *Neighbours* should
 ' put an affront upon him. So that to lick
 ' himself whole, he fell to raking and scra-
 ' ping whatever he could get, either from
 ' *Dead or Living*; and any *Rascals Testi-*
 ' *mony* was proof enough for a *Confisca-*
 ' *tion*; for there needed no more to undo
 ' an honest man, than to tell a tale at Court
 ' that such a one had spoken ill of the
 ' *Prince*.

' Is this the way of treating *Majesty*?
 ' what could this *impudent Pedant* have
 ' said

‘ said worse, if he had been speaking of
 ‘ a *Pick Pocket* or a *Pirate*? But *Princes*
 ‘ and *Thieves* are all one to them.

‘ He says further, that *Domitian* made
 ‘ seizure of several *Estates*, without any
 ‘ sort of *Right* whatsoever; and there went
 ‘ no more to his *Title*, than for a false wit-
 ‘ ness to depose, that he heard the *Defunct*
 ‘ declare, before he dy’d, that he made
 ‘ *Cæsar* his *Heir*. He set such a *Tax* upon
 ‘ the *Jews*, that many of them deny’d their
 ‘ *Religion* to avoid it; and I remember
 ‘ that when I was a young *Fellow*, I saw an
 ‘ old man of four score and ten taken upon
 ‘ suspicion by one of *Domitian’s* spies, and
 ‘ turn’d up in a publick *Assembly*, to see
 ‘ if he were circumcised.

‘ Be ye now *Judges*, *Gentlemen* of the
 ‘ *Black Guard*, if this be not a most in-
 ‘ tolerable indignity. Am I to answer
 ‘ for the actions of my inferiour *Officers*?
 ‘ It amazes me that my *Successors* should
 ‘ ever endure these scandalous reports
 ‘ to be published, especially against a
 ‘ *Prince* that had laid out so much *Mo-
 ‘ ney* in repairing the *Libraries* that
 ‘ were burnt.

It is very true (said *Suetonius* in a doleful tone) and I have not forgotten to make mention of it to your Honour. But what will you say, if I shew you in a Warrant under your Hand, this execrable and impious Blasphemy? It is the command of your Lord and God. And in fine, if I speak nothing but truth, where's your cause of complaint? I have written the Lives too of the great *Julius Caesar*, and the divine *Augustus*, and the world will not say but I have done them right. But for your self, and such as you, that are effectually but so many incarnate and crowned Plagues, what fault have I committed in setting before your eyes those Tyrannies, which Heaven and Earth cannot but look upon with Dread and Horrour?

This discourse of *Suetonius* was interrupted by the *Babler*, or *Bonteseau*, that rounded *Lucifer* in the Ear, and told him, 'Look ye, Sir, (says he pointing with his finger) that limping Devil there, that looks as if he were surbated with beating the Hoof, has been abroad in the world this twenty year, and is but just now come back again.

' again. Come hither Sirrah, crys *Lucifer*; and so the poor Cur went wrig-
 ling and glotting up toward his Prince.
 ' You are a fine Rogue to be sent of an
 ' Errand, are ye not? (says *Lucifer*) to
 ' stay twenty years out, and come back
 ' again e'en as wise as ye went: What
 ' souls have ye brought now? or what
 ' news from t'other world? *Ha!* Your
 Highness (quoth the Devil) has too
 much honour and justice to condemn
 me unheard. Wherefore be pleased to
 remember that at my going out, you
 gave me charge of a certain Merchant;
It cost me the first ten years of my time to
make him a Thief, and ten more to keep
him from turning honest again, and re-
storing what he had stoln. A fine fetch
 for a Devil this, is it not? cry'd *Lucifer*.
 But *Hell is no more the Hell it was when*
I knew it first, than Chalk is Cheese: And
the Devils now adays are so damn'dly
insipid and dry, they're hardly worth
the roasting. A senseless Puppy to come
 back to me with a story of *Waltham's*
Calf, that went nine mile to suck a Bull.
 But he's not Master of his Trade yet;
 and with that *Lucifer* bad one of his

Officers take him away and put him to School again; for I perceive he's a Rascal, says he, and *he has e'en been roguing at a Play-house, when he should have been at Church.*

In that instant, from behind a little hill, a great many *men* came running as hard as they could drive after a company of *Women*; The *Men* crying out, *Stop, Stop*; and the *Women* crying for *Help*. *Lucifer* commanded them all to be seiz'd, and askt what was the matter. Alas, alas! (cry'd one of the men, quite out of breath) *These Carrions have made us Fathers, though we never had Children.* Govern, your Tongue, *Sirrah* (cry'd a *Devil of Honour*, out of respect to the Ladies) and speak truth; for 'tis utterly impossible you should be *Fathers* without *Children*. Pardon me, said the Fellow, we were *marry'd men*, and *honest men*, and *good house-keepers*, and have born Offices in the *Parish*, and have *Children* that call us *Fathers*; But 'tis a strange thing, we have been *abroad* some of us by the *seven years together*; Others as long *Bed-rid*; and so impotent that the *Civilians* would have put us

inter

inter frigidos & maleficiatos: and yet our Wives have brought us every year a *Child*, which we were such Fools as to keep and bring up, and give our selves to the Devil at last to get them Estates; out of a charitable perswasion (forsooth) they might yet be our own, though for a Twelve month together (perhaps) we never so much as examin'd whether our *Wives* were *Fish* or *Flesh*. But now since the *Mothers* are *Dead*, and the *Children* grown up, we have found the *Tools* that made them. One has the *Coach-man Nose*, another the *Gentleman Usber's Legs*; a third a *Cousin-German's Eyes*. And some we are to presume, conceiv'd purely by strength of *imagination*, or else by the *Ears* like *Weazels*.

Thereupon appear'd a little *Remnant of a man!* a dapper *Spaniard* with a kind of a *Besome Beard*, and a *Voice* not unlike the *Tapping* of a *foysting Cur*. As he came near the Company he set up his *Throat*, and call'd out: Ah *Jade*, says he, I shall now take you to task, ye *Whore* you, for making me *Father* my *Negro's Bastard*, and for the *Estate* I
 settled

settled upon him, I did ever misdoubt
foul play, but should never have
dreamt of *That Ugly Toad*, when there
was such choice of *handsome, lusty young
Fellows* about us; but it may be she had
them too. I curst the *Monks* many and
many at time, I remember, to the Pit of
Hell, Heaven forgive me for't: for the
Strumpet would be perpetually gad-
ding abroad, under colour of going
to Confession, and in sooth I was never
any great Friend to *Penance* and *Morti-
fication*. And then would I be easing
my mind ever and anon to this *curst
Moor*. I cannot imagine (said I) where
this Mistress of thine should commit all
the sins that she goes every hour of the
day to *confess* at yonder *Monastery*.
And then would this *Dog-Moor* an-
swer me, Alas good Lady! I would
e'en venture my Soul with hers with all
my heart; she spends all her time you
see in holy Duties. I was at that time
so innocent, that I suspected nothing
more than a pure Respect and Civility
to my *Wife*; But I have learnt better
since, and that effectually his Soul and
hers were commonly ventur'd in the
same

same Bottom; yes, and their Bodies too, as I perceive by their *Magpy Issue*, for the *Bastards* take after both *Father* and *Mother*.

So that at this rate, cry'd the *adopted Fathers*, the *Husband* of a *Whore* has a pleasant time on't. First he's subjected to all the *Pukings*, *Longings*, and *peevisb importunities*, that a *breeding Woman* gives those about her till she's *Laid*; and then comes the *squalling* of the *Child*, and the *Twittle-twattle-Gossippings* of the *Nurse* and *Midwife*, that must be well treated too, well lodg'd, and well paid. *A sweet Baby*, says one (to the *Jade* the *Mother* on't) 'tis e'en as like the *Father* as if he had spit it out on's mouth: It has the very *Lips*, the very *Eyes* of him, when 'tis no more like him, than an *apple* is like an *Oyster*. And in conclusion, when we have born all this, and twenty times more in t'other *World* with a *Christian Patience*, we are hurry'd away to *Hell*, and here we lie a *Company of Damn'd Cuckolds* of us; and here we are like to lie, for ought I see, in *secula seculorum*: which is very hard, and in truth out of all reason. I

I cut this Visit short, to see what news in a *deep Vault* near at hand, where we heard a great *bustle* and *contest* betwixt divers *Souls* and the *Devils*. There were the *Presumptuous*, the *Revengeful* and the *Envious*, gaping and crying out as they would break their hearts. *Oh, that I could but be born again!* says one; *Oh, that I might back into the World again!* says another; *Oh, that I were but to dye once more!* crys a third. Inso-much that they put the *Devils* out of all *Patience*, with their impertinent and unprofitable *Wishes* and *Exclamations*. Hang your selves cry'd they, for a *pack of cozening, bawling Rascals*: *You live again? and be born again?* and what if you might do't a thousand times over? You would only dye at last a thousand times greater *Villains*, than now you are, and there would be no clearing *Hell* of you with a *Dog-whip*. However, to try you, and make you know your selves; we have *Commission* to let you *Live again* and *Return*. *Up then ye Varlets, go, be born again: Get ye into the World again.* *Away*, cry'd the *Devils*, with a lusty lash at every word, and

and thrust hard to have got them out. But *the poor Rogues hung on Arse*, and were struck with such a *Terrour*, to hear of *Living again*, and *Returning*, that they flunk into a *Corner*, and lay as quiet upon't, as *Lambs*.

At length, one of the *Company* that seem'd to have somewhat more *Brain*, and *Resolution* than his *Fellows*, enter'd very gravely upon the *Debate*, *whether they should go out or no*. 'If I should now says he, at my *Second Birth*, 'come into the *World a Bastard*; The 'shame would be *mine*, though my *Parents* committed the *fault*: and I 'should carry the *Scandal*, and the *Infamy* of it to my *Grave*. Now put 'Case, my *Mother* should be *honest*, (for 'that's not impossible) and that I came 'into the *World, Legitimate*; how many *Follies, Vices, and Diseases* are there 'that run in a *Bloud*! who knows, but 'I should be *Mad*, or *Simple*? *Swear, Lye, Cheat, Whore*? Nay if I came off 'with a *Little Mortification* of my *Carcass*, as the *Stone*, the *Scurvy*, or the 'Noble *Pox*, I were a *happy Man*. But 'oh the *Lodging*, the *Diet*, and the
' *Cookery*

' *Cookery* that I am to expect for a mat-
 ' ter of *Nine Months* in my *Mother's*
 ' *belly*: and then the *Butter* and *Beer*
 ' that must be spent to sweeten me,
 ' when I change my *Quarter*. I must
 ' come *Crying* into the *World*, and live
 ' in ignorance even of what *Life* is, till I
 ' dye; and then as ignorant of *Death*
 ' too, till 'tis past. I Phansie my *Swad-*
 ' *ling Clouts* and *Blankets* to be worse
 ' than my *Winding-Sheet*; My *Cradle*
 ' represents my *Tomb*. And then who
 ' knows, whether my *Nurse* shall be
 ' *sound*, or No? Shee'l over-lay me
 ' perhaps; leave me some four and
 ' twenty hours, it may be, without clean
 ' *Clouts*, and a *Pin* or two all the
 ' while perchance up to the *Hilts* in my
 ' back-side. And then follows *Breeding*
 ' of *Teeth*, and *Worms*; with all the
 ' *Gripes*, and *Disorders* that are caus'd
 ' by *Unwholesom Milk*. These *Miseries*
 ' are *Certain*, and why should I run
 ' them over again?

' If it happen that I pass the state of
 ' *Infancy*, without the *Pox*, or *Meazils*:
 ' I must be then pack't away to *School*,
 ' to get the *Itch*, a *Scald Head*, or a
 ' pair

'pair of *Kib'd Heels*. In Winter, 'tis ten
 'to one you find me with a Snotty
 'Nose; and perpetually under the Lash
 'if I either miss my Lesson, or go late
 'to School. So that *Hang him for my*
 '*part that would be born again*; for any
 'thing I see yet.

'When I come up toward *Man*; the
 '*Women* will have me *as sure as a Gun*,
 'for they have a Thousand *GINNES*, and
 'Devices to catch *Wood-cocks*; and
 'if ever I come to set eye upon a *Lass*
 'that understands *Dress* and *Raillery*,
 '*I'm gone, if there were no more Lads*
 '*in Christendom*. But for my part, I am
 '*as sick as a Dog*, of *Powdering*, *Curling*,
 'and playing the *Lady Bird*. I would
 'not for all the world be in the *Shooma-*
 '*kers Stocks*, and Choak my self over-
 'again in a *strait Doublet*; only to have
 'the Ladies say, *Look, what a delicate*
 '*shape, and Foot that Gentleman has*.
 'And I would take as little pleasure to
 'spend six hours of the four and twen-
 'ty, in picking Grey hairs out of my
 'Head or Beard, or turning white in-
 'to Black. To stand half ravisht in the
 'contemplation of my own shadow:
 'To

' To dress fine, and go to *Church* only to
 ' see handfom Ladies: To correct the
 ' midnight Air with ardent sighs, and
 ' Ejaculations; and to keep company
 ' with Owls, and Batts, like a Bird of
 ' *Evil Omen*: To walk the round of a
 ' Mistress Lodging, and play at *Bo-peep*
 ' at the corner of every street; to adore
 ' her imperfections, (or as the Song
 ' says ---- for her *Ugliness*, and for her
 ' want of *Coin*) To make Bracelets of
 ' her Locks, and truck a Pearl Neck-
 ' lace for a Shoo-string. At this rate,
 ' I say, Cursed again and again be he,
 ' for my part, that would live over a-
 ' gain so Wretched a life.

' Being come now to write *full Man*,
 ' If I have an *Estate*, how many *Cares*,
 ' *Suits* and *Wrangles* go along with it!
 ' If I have *None*, what *Murmuring*, and
 ' *Regret*, at my *Misfortunes*! By this
 ' Time, the Sins of my Youth are got-
 ' ten into my Bones; I grow *Sowr*, and
 ' *Melancholy*; Nothing pleases me; I
 ' curse *old Age* to Ten Thousand Devils,
 ' and the *Youth* which I can never reco-
 ' ver in my *Veins*, I endeavour to fetch
 ' out of the *Barber's Shop*, from *Pe-*
 ' *ruques*,

' *ruques, Razors, and Patches,* to con-
 ' ceal or at least disguise all the Marks
 ' and Evidences of Nature in her De-
 ' cay. Nay, when I shall have never an
 ' Eye to see with, nor a *Tooth* left in my
 ' head; *Gowty Legs; Wind-mills* in my
 ' Crown; my *Nose running like a Tap,*
 ' and *Gravel in my Reins, by the Bushel;*
 ' then must I make Oath that all this
 ' is nothing but meer Accident, gotten
 ' by Lying in the Field, or the like, and
 ' out-face the Truth in the very Teeth
 ' of so many undeniable Witnessess.
 ' *There is no Plague comparable to this*
 ' *Hypocrisie of the Members.* To have an
 ' *Old Fop* shake his Heels, when he's
 ' ready to fall to pieces; and cry, *These*
 ' *Legs would make a shift yet to play with*
 ' *the best Legs in the Company;* and then
 ' with a lusty Thump on's Breast, fetch
 ' ye up a *Hem,* and cry, *Sound at Heart*
 ' *Boy,* and a Thousand other Fooleries
 ' of the like Nature. But all this is No-
 ' thing to the Misery of an *Old Fellow*
 ' in *Love;* especially if he be put to
 ' *Gallant* it against a Company of *Young*
 ' *Gamesters.* Oh the inward shame and
 ' Vexation, to see himself scarce so
 ' much

' much as Neglected. It happens some-
 ' times that a *Jolly Lady*, for want of
 ' better Entertainment, may content
 ' her self with one of these *Reverend*
 ' *Fornicators*, instead of a *Whetstone*;
 ' but alack, alack! the *poor Man* is
 ' *weak though willing*; and after a whole
 ' Night spent, in cold, and frivolous
 ' Pretences, and Excuses, away he goes
 ' with Torments of *Rage* and *Confusion*
 ' about him, not to be exprest; and
 ' many a heavy *Curse* is sent after him for
 ' keeping a *poor Lady* from her natural
 ' Rest, to so little purpose. How often
 ' must I be put to the blush too, when
 ' every *Old Toast* shall be calling me *Old*
 ' *Acquaintance*, and telling me, *Oh Sir,*
 ' 'tis many a fair Day since you and I
 ' knew one another first. I think 'twas
 ' in the four and thirtieth of the *Queen*,
 ' that we were *School-fellows*. How the
 ' *World's* alter'd since! &c. And then
 ' must my head be turn'd to a *Memento*
 ' *Mori*; My flesh dissolv'd into *Rheums*;
 ' My *Skin*, *Withered* and *Wrinkled*; with
 ' a *staff* in my hand, knocking the
 ' Earth at every trembling step, as if I
 ' call'd upon my *Grave* to receive me :
 ' walking,

' walking like a *Moving Phantasm*; my
 ' *Life* little more than a *Dream*; My
 ' *Reins*, and *Bladder* turn'd into a Per-
 ' fect *Quarry*; and the *Urinal*, or *Piss-*
 ' *pot* my whole *Study*. My next Heir
 ' watching, every Minute, for the long-
 ' look't for, and happy hour of my De-
 ' parture; and in the mean time, I'm
 ' become *the Physicians Revenue*; and
 ' *the Surgeons Practise*, with an *Apoth-*
 ' *caries Shop* in my *Guts*; and every
 ' old *Jade* calling me *Grandfire*. No, no;
 ' I'll no more Living again, I thank ye:
 ' *One Hell* rather than *two Mothers*.

' Let us now consider the *Comforts*
 ' of *Life*: The *Humours*, and the *Man-*
 ' *ners*. He that would be *Rich*, must
 ' play the *Thief*, or the *Cheat*; He that
 ' would rise in the world, must turn *Pa-*
 ' *rasite*, *Informer*, or *Projecter*. He that
 ' *Marries*, ventures fair for the *Horn*,
 ' either before, or after. There is no
 ' *Valour*, without *Swearing*, *Quarrelling*,
 ' or *Hectoring*. If ye are *poor*, No body
 ' Owns ye. If *Rich*, you'l know No body.
 ' If you dye *Young*, what pity it was
 ' (they'l say) that he should be cut off
 ' thus in the *Prime*. If *Old*, he was e'en

'past his best; there's no great Miss
 'of him. If you are Religious, and fre-
 'quent the Church, and the Sacraments,
 'You're an Hypocrite; And without
 'this, you're an Atheist, or an Heretick.
 'If you are Gay, and pleasant, you pass
 'presently for a Buffoon: and if Pensive,
 'and reserv'd, you are taken to be soure,
 'and Censorious. Courtesie is call'd Collo-
 'quing and Currying of Favour: Down-
 'right Honesty, and plain-dealing, is in-
 'terpreted to be Pride, and ill-manners.
 'This is the World; and for all that's
 'in't, I would not have it to go over
 'again. If any of ye, My Masters (said
 'he to his Camerades) be of another
 'Opinion, hold up your hands. No,
 'No (they cry'd all unanimously) No
 'more Generation work, I beseech ye,
 'Better the Devils than the Mid-
 'wives.

After This, came a Testator, Cursing,
 and Raving, like a Bedlam, that He had
 made his last Will and Testament. Ah
 'Villain! (said he) for a man to murder
 'himself as I have done; If I had not
 'Seal'd, I had not dy'd. Of all things, next
 'a Physician, Deliver me from a Testa-
 'ment.

'ment. It has kill'd more than the Pe-
 'stilence. Oh miserable Mortals; let
 'the *Living* take warning by the *Dead*,
 'and make no *Testaments*. It was my
 'hard luck, first to put my *Life* into
 'the *Physicians Power*, and then by ma-
 'king my *Will*, to sign the Sentence of
 'Death upon my self, and *my own Exe-*
 'cution. Put your *Soul*, and your *Estate*
 'in Order (says the Doctor) for there's
 'no hope of *Life*; And the word was
 'no sooner out, but I was so wise and
 'Devout (forsooth) as to fall imme-
 'diately upon the Prologue of my *Will*,
 'with an *In Nomine Domini, Amen, &c.*
 'And when I came to dispose of my
 'Goods and *Chattels* I pronounc'd these
 'Bloudy words (*I would I had been*
 '*Tongue ty'd when I did it*) I make and
 'Constitute my *Son*, my *Sole Executor*.
 'Item, to my *Dear Wife*, I give and Be-
 'queath all my *Plays* and *Romances*,
 'and all the *Furniture* in the *Rooms* up-
 'on the *Second Story*. To my very good
 'Friend *T. B.* my large *Tankard*, for a
 'Remembrance. To my *Foot-boy Robin*,
 'five pound to bind him *Prentice*: To
 'Betty that tended me in my sickness,

' my little Candle-Cup. To Mr. Doct^r,
 ' my fair Table Diamond, for his Care
 ' of me in my Illness. After Signing,
 ' and Sealing, the Ink was scarce dry
 ' upon the Paper, but methought the
 ' Earth open'd as if it had been hungry to
 ' devour me. My Son and my Legatees
 ' were presently Casting it up, how
 ' many hours I might yet hold out. If
 ' I call'd for the Cordial Julep, or a little
 ' of Dr. Gilbert's Water; my Son was
 ' taking Possession of my Estate: My
 ' Wife so busie about the Beds, and
 ' Hangings, that she could not intend it.
 ' The Boy and the Wench could under-
 ' stand Nothing but about their Lega-
 ' cies. My very good Friend's Mind was
 ' wholly upon his Tankard. My kind Dr.
 ' I must confess took Occasion now and
 ' then, to handle my Pulse, and see whe-
 ' ther the Diamond were of the right Black
 ' Water, or no. If I askt him, what I might
 ' Eat; his Answer was; Anything, any
 ' thing, E'en what you please your self. At
 ' every Groan I fetcht, they were calling
 ' for their Legacies; which they could
 ' not have till I was Dead.

' But if I were to begin the World
 again,

again, I think I should make another
 ' kind of Testament. I would say, *A*
 ' Curse upon him that shall have my Estate
 ' when I am Dead: And may the first
 ' bit of Bread he eats out on't, choak him.
 ' The Devil in Hell take what I cannot
 ' carry away, and him too, that struggles
 ' for't, if he can Catch him. If I dye,
 ' let my Boy Robin have the Strappado,
 ' three hours a day, to be duly paid him
 ' during Life. Let my Wife dye of the
 ' Pip, or the Mother; (not a half penny
 ' matter which) but let her first live long
 ' Enough to Plague the Damn'd Doctor,
 ' and indite him for poysoning her poor
 ' Husband. To speak sincerely, I can
 never forgive that *Dog-Leach*. Was it
 not enough to make me *Sick*, when I
 was *well*, without making me *Dead*,
 when I was *Sick*? And not to rest there
 neither, but to persecute me in my
Grave too? But to say the Truth, this is
 only *Neighbours fare*; for all those
 fools that trust in them, are serv'd with
 the same sawce. A *Vomit* or a *Purge* is
 as good a *Pass-port* into the other World,
 as a man would wish. And then when
 our heads are laid; 'tis never to be en-
 dured,

dured, the *Scandals* they cast upon our *Bodies*, and *Memories*! Heaven rest his *Soul* (crys one) *He kill'd himself with a Debauch*. How is't possible (says another) to cure a man that keeps no *Diet*? He was a *Mad-man*; (crys a Third) a *Meer Sot*, and would not be govern'd by his *Physician*. His *Body* was as *Rotten* as a *Pear*: He had as many *Diseases* as a *Horse*: and it was not in the *Power* of *Man* to save him. And truly 'twas well that his hour was come, for he had better a great deal dye well, than live on as he did. *Thieves* and *Murtherers* that ye are; *You your selves* are that hour ye talk of. The *Physician* is only *Death* in a *Disguise*, and brings his *Patients Hour* along with him. *Cruel People*! Is it not *Enough* to take away a man's *life*; and like *Common-Hangmen* to be paid for't when ye have done: but you must blast the *Honour* too of those you have dispatch't, to excuse your *Ignorance*? Let but the *Living* follow my *Counsel*, and write their *Testaments* after this *Copy*, they shall live long and happily; and not go out of the *World* at last, like a *Rat* with a *straw* in his *Arse* (as a learned *Author* has

has it) or be cut off in the flower of their days, by these *Counterfeit Doctors of the faculty* of the Close-stool.

The *dead man* ply'd his Discourse with so much *Gravity* and *Earnestness*, that *Lucifer* began to believe what he said. But because *all Truths are not to be spoken*, especially among the *Devils*, where hardly any are admitted; and for fear of mischief, if the *Doctors* should come to hear what had been said, *Lucifer* presently order'd the Fellow to be *Gagg'd*, or *put in security for his good behaviour*.

His mouth was no sooner stopt, but another was open'd; and one of the damn'd came running cross the Company, and so up and down, back and forward (like a Cur that had lost his Master) bawling as if he had been out of his Wits, and crying out, 'Oh! Where am I? Where am I? I am abus'd, I am 'chous'd: What's the meaning of all 'this? Here are *damning Devils*, *tempting Devils*; and *tormenting Devils*; 'but the Devil a Devil can I find of the 'Devils that brought me hither: They 'have gotten away my *Devils*: where
'are

'are they? give me my *Devils* again.

It might well make the Company stare, to see a Fellow hunting for *Devils* in *Hell*, where they swarm in *Legions*. But as he was in his *Hurry*, a *Governante* caught him by the arm, and gave him a *half turn*, and stopt him. Old *Lucky bird* (says she) if thou wantest *Devils* here, where do'st expect to find them? He knew her as soon as he saw her. And 'Art thou *here* old *Beelzebub* 'in a *Petticoat*? (said he) the very *Pi-
'cture of Satan*; The *Coupler of Male
'and Female*; The *Buckle and Thong
'of Leachery*; The *Multiplier of sin*,
'and the *Guide of Sinners*; The *Sea-
'soner of Rotten Mutton*; The *Inter-
'prets betwixt Whores and Knaves*;
'The *Preface to the Remedy of Love*,
'and the *Prologue to the Critical Mi-
'nute*. *Speak, and without more ado,*
'*tell me*; where are the *Devils* and
'their *Dams* that brought me hither?
'These are none of them. *No, no*; I
'am not such an *Awfe* as to be *Trepan'd*,
'and spirited away by *Devils* with *Tails*,
'*Horns, Bristles, Wings*, that smell as if
'they had been smoakt in a *Chimney-
'Corner*.

' Corner. The Devils that I look for, are
 ' worse than these. Where are the *Mo-*
 ' *thers* that play the *Bawds* to their *own*
 ' *Daughters*? and the *Aunts* that do as
 ' much for *their Nieces*, and make them
 ' caper and sparkle like Wild-fire? *The*
 ' *black ey'd Girls*, that carry fire in their
 ' Eyes, and strike as sure as a *Launce*
 ' from the *Rest* of a Cavalier? Where
 ' are the *Flatterers*, that speak nothing
 ' but *pleasing things*? *The Make-bates* and
 ' *Incendiaries*, that are the very *Canker*
 ' of *Humane Society*? Where are the
 ' *Story-Mongers*? *The Masters of the Fa-*
 ' *culty of Lying*? That Report more than
 ' they Hear, Affirm more than they Know,
 ' and swear more than they Believe. Those
 ' *slanderous Backbiters*, that like *Vulturs*
 ' prey only upon *Carrion*? Where are
 ' the *Hypocrites* that turn *Devotion* into
 ' *Interest*, and make a *Revenue* of a *Com-*
 ' *mandment*? That pretend *Ecstasie*,
 ' when they are *drunk*; and utter the
 ' *Fumes* and *Dreams* of their *Luxury*
 ' and *Tipple* for *Revelations*? That
 ' make *Chappels* of their *Parlours*;
 ' *Preachments* of their *ordinary Enter-*
 ' *tainments*: and every thing they do
 ' is

' is a miracle. They can Divine all
 ' that's told them; and raise people to
 ' life again, that counterfeit sick, when
 ' they should work; and give an honest
 ' man to the Devil with a *Deo gratias*.
 ' These are the Devils I would be at:
 ' These are they that have damn'd me;
 ' look them out, and find them for me,
 ' ye impudent Hag, or I shall be so bold
 ' as to search your French Hood for
 ' them. And with that word, he fell on
 upon the poor *Governante*, tore off her
Head Geer, and laid about him so furi-
 ously, that there would have been no
 getting him off, if *Lucifer* had not made
 use of his *Absolute Authority* to quiet
 him.

Immediately upon the composing of
 this Fray, we heard the shooting of
Bars and *Bolts*, the opening of *Doors*
 and *Hinges* that creakt for want of
 Grease, and a strange humming of a
 great number of *People*. The first that
 appear'd were a company of *Bold, Tal-*
katative, and painted old Women; but as
bonny and gamesome, tickling and toying
 with one another, as if they had never
 seen *Thirteen*; and carrying it out with
 an

an Air of much satisfaction and content. The *Babler* was somewhat scandaliz'd at their Behaviour; and told them how ill they did to be merry in *Hell*: and several others admir'd it as much, and askt them the reason of it, considering their *Condition*. With that, one of the Gang that was wretchedly *thin* and *pale*, and rais'd upon a pair of Heels that made her Legs longer than her Body, told *Lucifer*, with great Respect: that *at their first coming, they were as sad as it was possible for a company of damn'd old Fades to be*. But (says she) we were a little comforted, when we heard of no other Punishment here, than *Weeping* and *Gnashing of Teeth*; and in some hope to come off upon reasonable terms: for we have not among us all so much as a *drop of moisture* in our *bodies*, nor a *Tooth* in our *Heads*. Search them presently (cry'd the *Intermedler*) squeeze the *Balls of their Eyes*, and let their *Gums* be examin'd, you'll find *Snags, Stumps, or Roots*; or enough of somewhat or other there to spoil the Jest. Upon the *Scrutiny*, they were found so dry, that they were good fo

nothing in the world, but to serve for *Tinder* or *Matches*, and so they were dispos'd of into the *Devils Tinder-Boxes*.

While they were *cas'ing* up the *Old Women*, there came on a number of people of *several sorts* and *qualities*, that call'd out to the first they saw; *Pray'e Gentlemen* (said they) *before we go any further, will ye direct us to the Court of Rewards?* How's That (cry'd one of the *Company*) I was afraid we had been in *Hell*, but since you talk of *Rewards*, I hope 'tis but *Purgatory*: Good, Good, (said the whole *Multitude*) you'l quickly find where you are: *Purgatory!* (cry'd the *Intermedler*) you have left that up the *Hill* there, upon the *Right hand*. This is *Hell*, and a place of *Punishment*; Here's no *Registry* of *Rewards*. Then we are mistaken (said he that spake first.) How so? (cry'd the *Intermedler*) You shall hear (said the other) We were in the other world intitl'd to the *Order of the Squires of the Pad*; and borrow'd now and then a small sum upon the *King's High-way*: we understood somewhat too of the *Cross-bite*, and the use of the *frail Dye*. Some of our conscientious
and

and charitable friends, would fain have drawn us off from the Course we were in; and to give them their due, bestow'd a great deal of good counsel upon us to very little purpose; for we were in a pretty way of Thriving, and had gotten a habit, and could not leave it. We askt them, *What would you have us do? Money we have none, and without it there's no living: should we stay till it were brought, or come alone? How would ye have a poor Individuum Vagum to live? that has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend to maintain him: and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a Tavern, a Bawdy-house, or a Gaming Ordinary? Now, That's the man that Providence has appointed to live by his Wits. Our Advisers saw there was no good to be done, and went their way, telling us, that in the other world we should meet with our Reward.*

They would tell us sometime, how base a thing it was to defame the House, and abuse the Bed of a Friend. Our answer was ready; 'Well; and had we not better do it there where the house is open to us, the Master and Lady
' kind;

' kind, the occasion fair and easie; than
 ' to run a *Catterwawling* into a Family
 ' where every Servant in the House is a
 ' Spy, and (perhaps) a Fellow behind
 ' every Door in the House with a Dag-
 ' ger, or Pistol in his hand to entertain
 us. Upon this our *Grave Counsellors* find-
 ing us so resolute, e'en gave us over,
 and told us as before; that, *In the other*
World we should meet with our Reward.
 Now taking *This* to be the *other World*
 these honest men told us of, we are in-
 quiring after the *Rewards* they promis'd
 us.

Abominable Scoundrels! said an *Offi-*
cer of Justice, there at Hand; How ma-
 ny of your reprobated Companions,
 have squander'd away their Fortunes
 upon *Whores* and *Dice*, exposing not on-
 ly their *Wives* and *Children*, but many
 a *Noble Family* to a *shameful* and *irre-*
parable Ruine: and let any man put in
 a word of wholesome advice, their An-
 swer is, 'Tush, Tush, our *Wives* and
 ' *Children* are in the hands of *Provi-*
 ' *dence*; and let him provide for the
 ' *Rooks*, that feeds the Ravens. Then
 was it told ye, *you should find your Reward*
in

in the other World; and the time is now come, wherein ye shall receive it: *Up then ye cursed spirits, and away with them.* At which word, a Legion of Devils fell on upon the miserable Caitiffs, with Whips and Firebrands, and gave them their long expected Reward; And at every lash, a Voice was heard to say, *In the other World you shall receive your Reward.* These Wretches in the mean while, *damning and sinking themselves to the pit of Hell*, still as if they had been upon *Earth*, and vomiting their *customary and execrable Blasphemies.*

Just as this storm blew over, there drew near a multitude of *Bailiffs, Sergeants, Catchpoles, and other Officers of prey*, with the *Thieves Devil*, bound hand and foot, and a foul *Accusation* against him. Whereupon *Lucifer* with a fell countenance, took his seat in a flaming Chair, and call'd his Officers about him. So soon as the Prince had taken his place, a certain Officer began his Report. 'Here is before thee (quoth he) a Devil (most mighty *Lucifer*) that stands charg'd with Ignorance in his
Y 'Trade;

Trade; and the shame of his Quality and Profession, instead of *damning* men, he has made it his business to *save* them. The word *save*, put the Court in such a Rage, that they bit their Lips, till the blood started, and the fire sparkled at their Eyes; and *Lucifer* turning about to his *Attorney*; *Who would ever have imagin'd*, said he, *that so treacherous a Rascal could have been harbour'd in my Dominions?* It is most certain, my gracious Lord, reply'd the *Attorney*, that this *Devil* has been very diligent in drawing people into *Thefts* and *Pilferies*, and then when they come to be discover'd, they are clapt up and hang'd, or some mischief or other. But still before *Execution*, the *Ordinary* calls them to shrift, and many times the toy takes them in the head, to *confess* and *repent*, and so they are *sav'd*. Now this silly *Devil* thinks that when he has brought them to *Steal*, *Murder*, *Coin*, and the like, he has done his part, and so he leaves them: whereas he should stick close to them in the Prison; and be tempting of them to despair, and make away
them-

themselves. But when they are once
 left to the *Priest*, he commonly brings
 them to a sight of their sins, and they
 scape. Now *this simple Devil* was not
 aware, it seems, that *many a Soul goes to*
Heaven from the Gallows, the Wheel,
and the Faggot: and this failing has
 lost your Highness many a fair Pur-
 chase. Here's enough (cry'd the *Pre-*
sident) and there needs no more Charge
 against him. The poor Devil thought
 it was high time to speak now, when
 they were just upon the point of pas-
 sing his Sentence; and so he cry'd out,
 My Lord (said he) I beseech you hear
 me; for though they say the Devil is
 deaf, it is not meant of your Greatness.
 So there was a general silence, and thus
 he proceeded.

I cannot deny (my Lord) but *Tyburn*
is the way to Paradise, and many a man
goes to Heaven from the Gallows. But
 if you will set those that are damn'd
 for condemning others, against those that
 are sav'd from the Gallows, Hell will be
 found no Loser by me at the foot of
 the Accompt. How many *Marshal's-*
men, Turn-Keys, and Keepers have I sent
 Y 2 ye

' ye for letting a *Coiner* give them the
 ' slip now and then, with his *false Mo-*
 ' *ney* (always provided they leave *better*
 ' *Money* instead on't) How many *false*
 ' *Witnesses*, and *Knights of the Post*, that
 ' would set their Consciences like *Clocks*
 ' to go faster or slower according as
 ' they had *more or less weight*, and swear
 ' *ex tempore*, at all *Rates and Prices!*
 ' How many *Sollicitors, Attorneys,* and
 ' *Clarks*, that would draw ye up a *Decla-*
 ' *ration* or an *Inditement* so sily, that I
 ' my self could hardly discover any *Er-*
 ' *ror* in't; and yet when it came to the
 ' *Test*, it was as plain as the *Nose* on a
 ' mans face (that is to say again, *Pro-*
 ' *vided* they were well paid for the *Fa-*
 ' *shion*) How many *Jaylers* that would
 ' wink at an *Escape* for a *Lusty Bribe?*
 ' And how many *Attorneys* that would
 ' give ye *dispatch* or *delay* thereafter as
 ' they were greas'd? Now after all this,
 ' what does it signifie, if *one Thief* of a
 ' *thousand comes to the Gallows?* he only
 ' suffers because he was *poor*, that there
 ' may be the better trading for the *rich*,
 ' and without any design in the *World*
 ' to suppress stealing. Nay, *It often falls*
 out,

out, that they that bring the Malefactor
 to the Gibbet, are the worse Criminals of
 the two. But they are never lookt
 after; or if they should be, they have
 tricks and fetches enough to bring
 themselves off; so that it fares in this
 case, as it did with him that had his
 house troubled with Rats, and would
 needs take in a company of Cats to
 destroy them: the Rats would be
 nibbling at his Cheese, his Bacon, a Crust
 of Bread, and now and then a Candles
 End: But when the Cats came, down
 went a Milk bowl, away goes a Brace of
 Partridges, or a couple of Pigeons, and the
 poor man must content himself to go
 supperless to bed. In the conclusion, the
 Rats were Troublefome, but the Cats
 were intolerable. And then there's
 This in't; suppose one poor fellow hangs
 and goes to Heaven; I do but give him in
 truck for two hundred at least, that de-
 serv'd to be hang'd, but scape and go to
 Hell at lust. Besides, a Thief upon a Gib-
 bet, is as good as a Roasted Dog in a Pi-
 geon-house; for ye shall immediately
 have two or three thousand Witches a-
 bout him, for snips of his Halter, an Eye-
 Tooth,

' *Tooth*, or a *Collop* of his Fat, which
 ' is of Sovereign use in many of their
 ' Charms. But in fine, let me do what
 ' I will, my services are not understood.
 ' My Successor it may be, will discharge
 ' his Duty better, and indeed I am ve-
 ' ry well content to lay down my *Com-*
 ' *mission*; for (*to say the Truth*) I am in
 ' years, and would gladly have a little
 ' Rest now, in my old age, which I ra-
 ' ther propose to my self in the Ser-
 ' vice of some *Pretender*, than where
 ' I am.

Lucifer heard him with great pati-
 ence, and in the end, gave him all the
 satisfaction imaginable; strictly charg-
 ing the *evil Spirits* that had abus'd him,
 to do so no more, upon hazard of *Pains*
Corporal and Spiritual. And they de-
 sir'd him too, that he would not lay
 down his Employment, for he was
 strong enough yet to do very good ser-
 vice in it. But to think of *Easing him-*
self by going to a *Pretender*, he'd find
 himself mistaken, for 'twas a Duty he'd
 never be able to endure. Well! (says
 he) e'en what your Highness pleases,
 But truly I thought a Devil might have
 liv'd

liv'd very Comfortably in that Condition; for he has no more to do, that I can see, that to *keep his Ears open*, and *learn his Trade*. For put Case it should be some *Pretender to a Good Office*, or a *Fat Bishoprick* (though the *Fathers*, and *Councils*, are against Pretenders in *This Case*) I phansie to my self, all the pleasure, and Divertisement that may be. It is as good as going to School, for *these People teach the Devils their A B C*. And all that we have to do, is to *sit still*, and *learn*.

The *Vision* that follow'd this, was the *Dæmon of Tabaco*; which I must confess did not a little surprize me. I have indeed, often said to my self, *Certainly these Smokers are possess'd*; but I could never swear it till now. I have (said the Devil) by bringing this *Weed* into *Spain*, reveng'd the *Indians* upon the *Spaniards* for all the *Massacres* and *Butcheries* they committed there, and done them more Mischief, than ever *Colon*, *Cortes*, *Almero*, *Pizarro* did in the *Indies*: By how much it is more honourable to dye upon a *Swords Point*, by *Gunshot*, or at the *Mouth of a Can-*

non; than for a man to *Snivel* and *Sneeze* himself into another World; or to go away in a *Meagrim*, or a *Spotted-Feaver*, perchance; which is the *Ordinary effect of this poysonous Tabaco*. It is with *Tabaconists*, as 'tis with *Demoniacs* under an *Exorcism*; They *Fume*, and *Vapour*, but the *Devil sticks to them still*. Many there are that make a very *Idol* of it, they admire, they adore it, tempting and persecuting all people to take it, and the bare mention of it, puts them into an *Ecstasie*. In the *Smoke*, it is a *Probation for Hell*, where another day they must endure *Smoaking*; Taken in *Powder*, at the *Nose*, it draws upon *Youth* the *Incommodities* of old age, in the perpetual *Annoyance* of *Rheum*, and *Drivel*.

The Devil of *Subordination* came next, which was a good complexion'd, and a *well timber'd Devil*; To my great *Amazement* I must acknowledge, for I had never seen any Devils till now, but what were extreme *Ugly*. The *Air* of his *Face* was so familiar to me, that methought I had seen it in a *Thousand several places*; sometime under a *Veil*,
 sometime

sometime open; now under one shape, and then under another. One while he call'd himself *Childs Play*; Another while, *Kind Entertainment*; Here, *Payment*; there, *Restitution*; and in a third place, *Alms*: but in fine, I could never learn his right Name. I remember in some places I have heard him call'd *Inheritance*, *Profit*, *Good Cheap*, *Patrimony*, *Gratitude*. Here he was call'd *Doctor*, there *Batchelor*; with the *Lawyers*, *Solicitors*, and *Attorneys*, he past under the Name of *Right*; and the *Confessors* call'd him *Charity*.

He was well accompany'd, and stil'd himself *Satans Lieutenant*: but there was a *Devil of Consequence* that oppos'd him, might and main: and made This Proclamation of himself. *Be it known*, (says he) *that I am the Great Embroyler, and Politick Entangler of Affairs. The Deluder of Princes The Pretext of the Unworthy, and the Excuse of Tyrants. I can make Black White: and give what Colour I please to the foulest Actions in Nature. If I had a mind to overturn the World, and put all in a general Confusion, I could do it; for I have it in my Power,*

to Banish Order and Reason out of it: To turn Sauciness, and Importunity into Merit; Example into Necessity; To give Law to Success; Authority to Infamy; and Credit to Insolence. I have the Tongues of all Counsellors at my Girdle, and they shall speak neither more nor less than just as I please. In short, That's Easie to me, which others account Impossible, and while I live, ye need never fear either Vertue, Justice, or Good Government in the World. This Devil of Subordination, that talks of his Lieutenantancy, what could he ever have done without me? He's a Rascal that no Person of Quality would admit into his Company, if I did not fit him with Vizors and Disguises. Let him hold his Tongue then; and know himself; and let me hear no more of those Disputes about the Lieutenantancy of Hell, for I have Lucifer's Broad Seal to shew for my Title to't.

For my part (cry'd another Mutinous Spirit) I am one of those *bumble minded Devils* that can content my self to hold the Door upon a good Occasion; or knock under the Table, and play at
small

small Game rather than stand out. But few words among Friends are best, and when I have spoken three or four, let him come up that lists, I am then (says he) the Devils Interpreter, and my business is to Gloss upon the Text; In which Case, the Cuckolds are exceedingly beholden to me; for I have much to say for the Honour of the Horn. How should a poor Fellow that has a handsome Wench to his Wife, and never a penny to live on, hold up his Head in the World, if it were not for that Quality? I have a pretty faculty in doing good Offices for Distressed Ladies, at a time of Need; and I make the whole Sex sensible how great a Folly and Madness it is to neglect those sweet opportunities. Among other Secrets, I have found out a way to establish an Office for Thievery, where the Officers shall be Thieves, and justify it when they have done. Here he stopt.

There was a short Silence, and then there appear'd another Devil of about a foot and a half long. I am (says he) a Devil but of a small size, and perhaps one of the least in Hell; and yet the Door opens to me as well as to another;

ther; for I never come *Empy banded*. *Why, what have ye brought then?* (says the *Intermedler*) and came up to him; *What have I brought?* (quoth he) *I have brought an Eternal Talker, and a Finical Flatterer: They are two pieces that were in high Esteem in the Cabinets of two great Princes; and I have brought them for a Present to Lucifer.* With That, *Lucifer* cast his Eye upon them, and with a *Damn'd Verjuice-Face*, as if he had bitten a *Crab*, *You do well* (says he) *to say ye had them at Court;* and I think you should do well to carry them thither again; for *I had as live have their Room as their Company.*

After him, followed another *Dwarff Devil*, complaining that he had been a matter of six years about so infamous a *Rascal*, that there was no good to be done with him, for the *Bad* as well as the *Better sort* were scandaliz'd at his Conversation. *A mighty Piece of Business*, cry'd the *Governante*. *And could you not have gotten him a handsome Office or Employment?* That would have made him good for something, and you might have done his business.

In the mean time the *Babler* went whispering up and down, and finding faults, till at length he came to a huge bundle of sleeping Devils in a Corner that were faggoted up, and all mouldy and full of Cobwebs, which he immediately gave notice of, and they cut the Band to give them *Air*. With much ado, they waked them, and askt what Devils they were; what they did there, and why they were not upon Duty. They fell a Tawning, and said that they were the Devils of *Luxury*: But since the *Women* have taken a Phansie to prefer *Guinies* and *Jacobusses*, before their *Modesty* and *Honour*, there has been no need of a Devil in the Case to tempt them: for 'tis but shewing them the merry *Spankers*, they'l dare, like *Larks*, and fall down before ye, and then ye may e'en do what you will with them, and take them up in a *Purse-net*. *Gold* supplies all imperfections; it makes an *Angel* of a *Crocodile*; turns a *Fool* into a *Philosopher*; and a *Dressing Box* well lin'd is worth twenty thousand Devils. So that there is no temptation like a *Present*, and take them from *Top* to *Bottom*,
the

the whole Race of Woman is frail, and one Thred of Pearl will do more with them than a million of fine stories.

Just as this Devil made an end, we heard *another* snorting; and 'twas well he did so, for we had trod upon his belly else. He was laid hold of, upon suspicion that he slept *Dog-sleep*, or rather the *sleep of a contented Cuckold*, that would spoil no sport where he made none. I am (says he) *the Nuns Devil*, and for want of other employment I have been three days asleep here as you found me. My *Mistresses* are now chusing an *Abbeſs*, and always when they are at that work, I make *Holy Day*: for they are all *Devils themselves then*; There is such *Canvaſing, Flattering, Importuning, Cajoling, making of Parties*; and in a word so general a *Confuſion*, that a Devil among them would do more hurt than good. Nay, the *Ambitious* make it a point of *Honour* upon such an occasion, to shew that they can out-wit the Devil. And if ever *Hell* should be in danger of a Peace, It is my Advice that you presently call in a *Convention of Nuns to the Election of an Abbeſs*; which would most certainly
 reduce

reduce it to its ancient state of *Sedition*, *Mutiny*, and *Confusion*, and bring us all in effect to such a pass, that we should hardly know one another.

Lucifer was very well pleas'd with the *Advice*, and order'd it to be enter'd upon the *Register*, as a sure expedient to suppress any disorders that might happen for the future to the disturbance of his Government: after which he commanded the issuing out of a *Summons* to all his *Companies* and *Livery-men*, who forthwith appear'd in prodigious Multitudes; and *Lucifer* with a *Hideous Yell* deliver'd himself most graciously as follows.

The Decree of Lucifer.

TO our *Trusty* and *Despairing Legions*, and well beloved *Subjects*, lying under the *Condemnation* of *Perpetual Darkness*, that liv'd *Pensioners* to *sin*, and had *Death* for their *Pay-master*, *Greeting*. This is to let you understand, that there are *two Devils* who pretend a claim to the honour of our *Lieutenancy*; but we have absolutely refus'd to gratify

tifie either the One or the Other; in that point, out of a singular Affection and Respect to *Our right trusty and well-beloved Cousin*, a certain *She Devil* that deserves it before all others.

At this the whole Assembly fell to *whispering & muttering*, and staring one upon another: till at last *Lucifer* observing it, bad them never trouble themselves to guess who it might be, but fetch *Good Fortune* to him known otherwise by the name of *Madam Prosperity*; who presently appear'd in the tail of the Assembly, and with a proud and disdainful Air, march'd up and planted herself before the *degraded Seraphim*; who lookt her wistly in the face, and then he on in the tone he first began:

It is our *Will, Pleasure, and Command*, that next and immediately under *our proper Person*, you pay all Honour and Respect to the *Lady Prosperity*; and obey her, as the *most mighty and supreme Governess of these our Dominions*. Which Titles and Qualities, we have conferr'd upon her, as due to her merit, for *she hath damn'd more souls than all you together*. She it is that makes them cast off
all

all *fear of God*, and *love of their Neighbour*. She it is that makes men place their *sovereign good* in *Riches*. That *Engages* and *Entangles* mens *minds* in *Vanity*; strikes them *blind* in their *Pleasures*; *Loads* them with *Treasure*, and *Buries* them in *sin*. Where's the *Tragedy* that she has not play'd her part in't? where's the *Stability* and *Wisdom* that she has not *stagger'd*? Where's the *Folly* that she has not *improv'd* and *augmented*? She takes no *Counsel*, and fears no *Punishment*. She it is that furnishes *matter* for *Scandal*, *experience* for *Story*, that entertains the *Cruelty* of *Tyrants*, and baths the *Executioners* in *Innocent Blood*. How many *Souls*, that liv'd *innocent*, while they were *poor*, have fallen into *impiety* and *reprobation*, so soon as ever they came to drink of the *enchanted Cup of Prosperity*! Go to then, be *Obedient* to *Her*, we charge ye all as to *Our Self*: and know, that *They that stand their ground against Prosperity are none of your Quarry*. Let them e'en alone; for 'tis but time lost to attempt them. Take example from that *impertinent Devil*, that got leave to tempt *Job*; he persecuted him, beggar'd him,

cover'd him all over with *Scabs* and *Ulcers*. Sot that he was! if he had understood his business, he would have gone another way to work, & begg'd leave to have multiply'd *Riches* upon him; and to have possess'd him of *Health* and *Pleasures*. That's the Tryal: and how many are there that when they thrive in the world, turn their backs upon *Heaven*, and never so much as *name* their *Creator*; but in Oaths, and then too, without thinking on him? Their Discourse is all of *Jollities*, *Banquets*, *Comedies*, *Purchases*, and the like. Whereas the *poor Man* has *God* perpetually both in his *mouth* and *heart*. Lord (says she) *be mindful of me, and have mercy upon me, for all my trust is in thee*. Wherefore (says *Lucifer*, redoubling his accursed clamor) let it be Publisht forth with throughout all our Territories, that *Calamities*, *Troubles*, and *Persecutions* are our mortal *Enemies*: for we so have found them upon Experience: they are the *Dispensations* of *Providence*, the *Blessings* of the *Almighty*, to fit sinners for himself, and they that *suffer* them are enrolled in the *Militia* of *Heaven*.

Item; For the better administration
of

of our Government, it is our *Will* and *Pleasure*, and we do *strictly charge & command* that our Devils give constant *attendance* in all *Courts of Judicature*, and they are hereby totally discharged from any further care of *little Petty-Foggers, Flatterers, and Envious Persons*, for they are so well acquainted with *Hell Road*, that they'l guide one another, without the help of a Devil to bring them hither.

Item; We do *Ordain* and *Command* that no *Devil* presume for the future to entertain any *Confident*, but *Profit*; for That's the *Harbinger* that provides *Vice* the most *Commodious Quarter*, even in the *straitest Consciences*.

Item; We do *Ordain* as a matter of great importance to the conservation of our Empire, that in what part soever of our Dominions, the *Devil of Money* shall vouchsafe to appear, *all other Devils* there present, shall *rise*, and with a *low Reverence*, present him the *Chair*, in token of their *submission* to his *Power* and *Authority*.

Item; We do most expressly *Charge* and *Command* all our *Officers*, as well *Civil* as *Military*, to employ their utmost

Diligence & Industry, for the establishing a *General Peace* throughout the World. For that's the time for *wickedness* to thrive in, and all sorts of *Vices* to prosper and flourish; as *Luxury, Gluttony, Idleness, Lying, Slandering, Gaming, and Whoring*; and in a word, *sin* is upon the *Encrease*, and *Goodness* in the *Wane*. Whereas in a state of *War*, men are upon the exercise of *Valour* and *Vertue*; calling often upon *Heaven*, in the *Morning*, for fear of being *Knockt on the Head after Dinner*: and *honest men* and *actions* are rewarded.

Item; We do from this time forward discharge all our *Officers* and *Agents* whatsoever, from giving themselves any further trouble of *tempting Men* and *Women* to sins of *Incontinence*, for as much as we find upon *Experience*, that *Adultery* and *Fornication* will never be left, till the old *Woman* scratches the stool for her back side. And though there may be several *intervals* of *Repentance*, and some faint *Purposes* of giving it over: yet the *Humour* returns again with the next *Tide of Blood*, and *Concupiscence* is as *Loyal* a Subject to us, as any we have in our *Dominions*.

Item;

Item; In consideration of the *Exemption* aforesaid, by which means several poor *Devils* are left without present employment: And forasmuch as there are many *Merchants and Tradesmen* in London, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam, and elsewhere, up and down the world, that are very charitably dispos'd to relieve People in want, especially young Heirs newly at Age, and Spend-Thrifts, that come to borrow money of them; but the times being Dead and little money stirring, all they can do is to furnish them with what the House affords; & if a hundred pound or two in Commodity will do them any good, 'tis at their service (they say.) This the Gallant takes up at an excessive rate, to sell again immediately for what he can get; and the Merchant has his friend to take it off under hand, at a third part of the value (which is the way of helping men in distress.) Now out of a singular Respect to the said Merchants and Tradesmen, & for their better encouragement; as also to the end that the Devils aforesaid may not run into lewd courses, for want of business: We will and Require that a Legion of the said Devils, shall from time to time be continually aiding and assisting

to the said Merchants and Tradesmen, in the Quality of Factors, to be reliev'd monthly by a fresh Legion, or oftener if occasion shall require.

Item; We will and Command that all our Devils of what Degree, or Quality soever, do henceforth entertain a strict Amity and Correspondence with Our Trusty, and well beloved, the Usurers, the Revengeful, the Envious, and all Pretenders to great Places, and Dignities: and above all others, with the Hypocrites, who are the most Powerful Impostors in Nature, and so excellently skill'd in their Trade, That they steal away People's Hearts and Souls at the Eyes, and Ears, insensibly, and draw to themselves Adoration and Reward.

Item; We do further Order, and Command, that all Care possible be taken for the maintaining of Blabs, Informers, Incendiaries, and Parasites in all Courts, and Palaces, for thence comes Our Harvest.

Item; That the Bablers, Tale-bearers, Make-bates, and Instruments of Divorces, and Quarrels, be no longer call'd Fannes, but Bellows; in regard that they draw, and Inflame, without giving any Allay, or Refreshment.

Item;

Item; That the Intermedlers be hereafter call'd, and Reputed the Devils Body-Lice, because they fetch Bloud of those that feed, and Nourish them.

Lucifer then casting a Sowr Look over his Shoulder, and espying the Governante: I'm of his Mind (quoth he) that said, Let God dispose of the Doüegnas (or Governantes) as he pleases; for I'm in no little Trouble how to dispose of these Confounded Carrions. Whereupon, the Damn'd cry'd out with one Voice: Oh Lucifer, let it never be said, that it rain'd Doüegnas in thy Dominions. Are we not miserable enough without this new Plague of being baited by Hags? Ah! Cursed Lucifer, (cry'd every one to himself) stow them any where, so they come not near me. And with that, they all clapt their Tails between their Legs, and drew in their Horns, for fear of this new Torment. Lucifer, finding how the Dread of the old Women wrought upon the Devils, contented himself, at the present, to let it pass only in terrorem; but withal, he swore by the honour of his Imperial Crown, and as he hop'd to be sav'd, that what Devil, Devils Damme, or Reprobate soever, should in time

to

to come be found wanting to his Duty; and in the least degree disobedient to his Laws and Ordinances; All, and every the said Devil, or Devils; their Dams, and Reprobates so offending, should be deliver'd up to the torture of the Douëgna; and ty'd Muzzle to Muzzle; so to remain in Secula Seculorum without Relief or Appeal; or any Law, Statute, or Usage to the Contrary Notwithstanding. But in the Mean time, Cast them into that dry Ditch, (says he) that they may be ready for use upon any Occasion.

Immediately, upon the Pronouncing of this *Solemn Decree*, Lucifer retir'd to his Cell; The *Weather clear'd up*; and the *Company disperst* in a fright, at so horrible a *Menace*, and so went about their business: When a Voice was heard out of the Clouds, as the Voice of an Angel, saying, *He that rightly comprehends the Morality of this Discourse, shall never repent the Reading of it.*

THE END.



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