

last have so great an influence,  
 as we find it had, on that Glo-  
 rious Deliverance (they all Fore-  
 told) and so bravely Attempted!  
 Then to use the Words of the  
 Ingenious Stennet,

*Amidst the numerous Wonders of the Time,  
 'Tis no small Wonder (not to say a Crime),  
 We reverence no more their Memory,  
 Who for their Country's welfare dar'd to dye  
 Whose quarter'd Limbs, imbru'd with Native* (Gott,

*Still cry for Vengeance on the Western Shore.  
 They saw the how'ring Storms approach from far,  
 Threatning a thousand Mischiefs (worse than* (War)

*And boldly rush't upon th' impetuous Waves,  
 Rather to dye like Men, than live like Slaves.  
 To save their Native Country bravely try'd;  
 Fail'd in th' Attempt, and then as bravely dy'd.*

Then call 'em Martyrs, for it was their Fate  
 To dye true Martyrs of our bleeding State.

But still it must be acknow-  
 ledg'd, If they are Martyrs, they  
 owe that Honour to my Lord  
 Jeffries. And this further shews,  
 how good he was in Hanging  
 so many up. 'Tis true, my  
 Lord might have been so kind,  
 as to have made a Bonfire of  
 them (as Bonner did in Queen  
 Maries Days) but he thought  
 Choaking the easier Death;  
 and therefore, out of meer Bowels,  
 they were Hang'd up as so many  
 Dogs. — And this I speak to  
 my Lord's Honour (for he was  
 very near such a Death him-  
 self) 'tis No Disgrace to go to  
 Heaven in a String; For tho'  
 the Way be rough, 'tis a quick  
 Passage; and he that gets to Hea-  
 ven, will ne'er be twitted, that  
 he came there from the Gallows.  
 And this agrees with Mr. Ben-  
 jamin

The  
 Western  
 Martyrs  
 were hang  
 ed, and not  
 burnt, as  
 'twas the  
 Easier  
 Death.

'Tis no  
 disgrace to  
 go to Hea-  
 ven in a  
 String.

jamin Hewlings Opinion of Hang-  
 ing; who says, "As to the man-  
 ner of my Death, when I have  
 consider'd others under these cir-  
 cumstances, I have thought it very  
 dreadful; but now God hath called  
 me to it, I bless God I have quite  
 other apprehensions of it; I can now  
 cheerfully embrace it, as an easie  
 passage to Glory. And Mr. Nel-  
 thorpe says, that Hanging to a  
 good Man, is a Death that is  
 short and sweet.

Tis an  
easie pas-  
sage.

Tis short  
and sweet.

A particu-  
lar account  
of the West  
Ind Trials.

Thus have I given a General  
 Account of my Lords Vertues,  
 (from his Birth to his Western  
 Circuit.) But that my Lord may  
 be wrong'd of none of his Praise (for  
 these general hints don't flou-  
 rish out half his Worth) I'll  
 next give a particular account of  
 the Men he Hang'd in the West.  
 And here I find nothing but

A Ter-

Mercy, Justice, (and Pardons if they'd pay for 'em) in every Town he came to. And tho' my Lord was a Merciful Judge, yet being sent into the West with a Commission to try the Rebels, all the Indignities the Dissenters had put upon him, came fresh into his Remembrance (for as good as he was, he was Flesh and Blood.) But tho' he breath'd Death, like a destroying Angel, and sanguin'd his very Ermins in Blood, 'twas all for their good (as I shall prove anon) and he deserves to be Praised for it.

Jeffrys for gives the Indignitys the Dissenters had put upon him.

When my Lord set out for the West, he had several Troops to attend his Commands from place to place, so that he had the Honour of being Lieutenant General, as well as Judge, and he gave Daily the Word, and Orders

He had the honour of being Lieutenant General as well as Judge.

for

for going the Rounds and securing the Rebels.

Jeffryes being thus prepar'd  
 He waits for his Western-Campaign, he waits  
 on his Royal Master, and there  
 receives the following Instructions.

*And now King James he spake, and thus began,  
 Dear part of me! Dear something more than  
 (Man;  
 Let Parry, Clement, Ravil'ack combine,  
 And cram their Souls, Great Jeffryes, into thine.  
 I love a Man that's Resolute and Brave,  
 Not silly Conscience's, or Custom's Slave.  
 Safety you're sure of, that at least is due;  
 Nor must I, Sir, forsake such Friends as you.  
 Go then, and Prosper! Thus I thee inspire  
 With sparks of my own Noble Gen'rous Fire.  
 Chuse what you like, Rewards you need not fear  
 Be Chancellor, or Observator here,—  
 Go then, and Act a Deed so worthy Me,  
 That Hell may both admire and envy Thee.*

Madam

Madam, We'll suppose my Lord (having a tender Conscience) did a little boggle at these *Instructions*; but King James qualifies that, by saying, "Jeffryes, Trouble not thy Head with Conscience, or the Cries of the Rebels, for Pity and Mercy are only Trades for a Leaden-Spirit, that can stand bent at every frown, and wants the Brains to make a higher Fortune, or Courage to achieve that Honour which might Write their Memories in the *Chronicles of Fame*. 'Tis true, Humility is a needful Gift in those that have no Quality to exercise their Pride; and Patience is a necessary Grace to keep the World in Peace, and him that hath it in a whole Skin, and often proves a vertue born of meer Necessity. And

The *Instructions* he was supposed to give him upon his going into the West.

“ civil *Honesty* is a fair pretence  
 “ for him that hath not Wit to  
 “ Act the *Knave*, and makes a  
 “ Man capable of a little higher  
 “ Stile than *Fool*. And blushing  
 “ *Modesty* is a pretty Innocent  
 “ Quality, and serves to vindicate  
 “ an easie Nature from the  
 “ Imputation of an ill Breeding:  
 “ These (*Dear Jeffryes*) are *In-*  
 “ *ferior Graces*, that have got a  
 “ good Opinion in the dull Wis-  
 “ dom of the World, and ap-  
 “ pear like Water among the  
 “ Elements to moderate the  
 “ Body Politique, and keep it  
 “ from Combustion, nor do  
 “ they come into the Work of  
 “ Honour. — No Jeffryes, no!  
 “ *Vertue* consists in *Action*, and the  
 “ Reward of *Action* is *Glory*. *Glory*  
 “ is the great Soul of the little  
 “ World, and is the Crown of  
 all

“ all sublime Attempts, and the  
“ point whereto the *crooked ways*  
“ of Policy are all Concentrick.  
“ And Jeffryes, I do assure thee;  
“ Honour consists not with a  
“ Merciful Temper; Rapes;  
“ Murders; Dispossession; Riots;  
“ &c. are venial things to Men  
“ of Honour, and oft co-incident  
“ in high Pursuits. Had my  
“ dull Conscience stood upon such  
“ nice Points, I had never plotted  
“ the surrender of Charters, contrived  
“ a Protestant-Plot, sent Ruffians  
“ to cut Essex's Throat, imbru'd thy  
“ Hands in Lord Russell's Blood,  
“ hir'd thee to Murder Sidney, sent  
“ the Bishops to the Tower, imposed  
“ a sham Prince on my Subjects, or  
“ Poisoned my Brother to enjoy his  
“ Crown. Then come; Jeffryes;  
“ be not scrupulous; fear not to  
“ do, what Crowns thee being



“ done ; Ride on with thy  
 “ Honour to *Winchester, Salisbury,*  
 “ *Exeter, Taunton, Wells* ; and if  
 “ possible convert the *Rebellious*  
 “ *West*, for 'tis a Glorious Act  
 “ to bring 'em over to *Mother-*  
 “ *Church*, or at least Hang up all  
 “ that oppose my Religion: And  
 “ 'tis a *Meritorious Work* to Root  
 “ out the *Northern-Heresie*. —  
 “ When thou hast *Carous'd* in  
 “ Protestant Blood, enjoy thy  
 “ purchas'd Glory as the Merit  
 “ of thy renowned Actions, and  
 “ let thy *Memory* entail it to suc-  
 “ ceeding Generations. Fear  
 “ not the Laws of the Land,  
 “ or the Frowns of the Con-  
 “ quer'd *Rebels* : For thou art  
 “ too *Bright* for the one to ob-  
 “ scure, and too *Great* for the  
 “ other to cry down. In a Word,  
 “ *Jeffryes*, make *shedding of Blood*  
 “ thy

“ thy Pastime ; and if thy Con-  
 “ science check thee, Correct  
 “ thy Sawcy Conscience, ’till she  
 “ stand as mute as thy Brother  
 “ J——ner, when he came to  
 “ Complement my Accession to  
 “ the Throne with Condolence in  
 “ one Hand, and Grief in t’other.

Away he Rides; a double  
 Jeffryes now (being so instructed)

he’s mov’d at nothing, half Jeffries  
 Gibbet, half Papist, revell’d on first Assi-  
 his Brow. And the first Place zes were  
held at  
Winchester

he came at was *Winchester*; where  
 in pity to her old Age, he sent  
 the *Lady Lisle* to Heaven. The  
 Jury indeed were loth to Mur-  
 ther her (for all her Crime was  
*Harbouring a Person she did not*  
*know*) but my Lord, in com-  
 passion to her great Infirmities,  
 is resolv’d she shall have her  
*Quietus*, and therefore, tho’ the

He Hang'd  
the *Lady*  
*List.* to  
free her  
from the  
miseries of  
old Age.

He goes  
next to  
*Salisbury.*

Here was  
a Sermon  
Preach'd  
tending to  
Mercy

Jury were dissatisfied once and a-  
gain; yet with threats, and o-  
ther managery, She is brought in  
Guilty; but not with respect to  
her Crimes, for my Lord de-  
clared (*when a Prisoner himself*  
*in the Tower*) that he believed  
her an Innocent Person. And if  
he believ'd her Innocent, he  
could have no other end in her  
Death, but to shew his *Merciful*  
*Temper*, in freeing her from the  
Miseries of old Age.

*Winchester-Assizes* being done,  
my Lord set forward for *Salis-*  
*bury*, where, with his Assistants  
of *Gown-Men* and *Sword-Men*,  
he arrived the 3d of *September*.  
Here was a Sermon Preached  
before his Lordship, much tend-  
ing to Mercy; but my Lord  
was observed to *Laugh* often,  
both in *Prayers* and *Sermon time*;  
which

which tho' some would have thought unbecoming a Person of his Character, that ought, in so weighty an affair he was going about, to have been more serious; Yet this must not be thought *Levity*, but to shew his disdain that any (*Samaritan*) should pretend to teach him Mercy, who was come to *Salisbury* for no other end but to shew *Mercy to Rebels*, that is, to their Souls (their better part) for as to their Bodies, his Instructions ran to Hang up All that were prov'd Guilty, and to wheedle the Innocent to Confess Guilt, that they might be Hang'd for something: For you must know, Madam, without their own Confession, a Tenth part of the Prisoners could not be prov'd Guilty. And for this very rea-

Lord Jeff-  
ries is  
affronted  
at it.

A 10th  
part of the  
Rebels  
could not  
be prov'd  
Guilty but  
from their  
own Confes-  
sions.

Tory Tom is  
afraid of  
Lord  
Jeffries  
Mercy.

son a method was taken (*without President*) to entrap many poor Ignorant People by a *couple of Officers*, that were sent into the Goal to call over, and to take the Names of the Prisoners, on Promise, if they *Confess*, they might expect Mercy, otherwise not; which many did, and this was Written down by the Officers; so that had they not *pleaded Guilty*, these two were to Witness against 'em from their own Confession. Which so disposed the remaining Great Numbers, that *all, except a very few*, pleaded Guilty, which put an end to any further Trouble. But Tory Tom, that very Man who gutted Houses at the downfall of Popery, and (as 'tis said) contrived the *General Alarm* throughout all *England*, as a defiance

fiance to Irish Cut-Throats. —

This very Person (tho' a great Tory) hearing Jeffryes Merciful Nature chiefly respected the Souls of Men, being lent to the Guard for his Sawciness, he Petitioned for his Libery (telling Major C—— that committed him) that if he, or any one, should give Tory Tom an ill Word to Judge Jeffryes, the Judge would hang him right or wrong with the rest of the Prisoners that had pleaded Guilty to save their Lives; or would Condemn him at least. So upon his submission, the Major discharged him from the Mercy of his Tory-Judge. But we wo'nt blame

Lord Jeffryes for (almost) hanging every Body, for he did but observe his Instructions; and sure I am 'twas a Glorious Design

Tis a glorious design in the Eye of Mother-Church to root out Heresie.

in

in the Eye of *Mother=Church* to  
Root out Hereſie by *Whole-  
ſale*.

But to be more particular in  
my Lords Praiſes as to the  
*Town of Salisbury*; as ſoon as  
the Commiſſion was read, he  
ordered that the Court ſhould  
be Hung with *red Cloth*, a co-  
lour ſuitable to the *Bloody Tra-  
gedy* that was to follow; but  
not *Bloody* as my Lord delight-  
ed in *Cruelty*, for *Pity never looks  
ſo bright as when it ſhines in Scarlet*.  
And therefore my Lord, further  
to ſhew how *Merciful* he was,  
promiſes to 30 Perſons (in this  
*Town*) their Pardon, if they'll  
plead guilty; which they did,  
expecting their Pardons; but  
my Lord having others to try, had  
not time to remember his Word.  
But *we'll thank him for this*, for he  
thought

Lord Jeff-  
ries pro-  
miſes Par-  
don to 30  
Perſons in  
*Salisbury*.

thought it a greater kindness to send them to Heaven; and therefore in Mercy to their Souls (which was better than a Pardon for a few Years) he ordered they should be all Hang'd, and their Quarters sent up and down the Country as a Present to their Friends. They crowded my Lord with Petitions, declaring their Innocence; but he only replied, *Why? Did they not own the Crime?* They had pleaded Guilty, and Jeffryes, like a true Scythian, observed his Instructions, and is moved at nothing.— Yet he is so Merciful (as well as true to his Trust) that he bids 'em farewell, with *A Lord have Mercy on their Souls.* Oh matchless Eloquence, to perswade innocent Men they are Guilty! Rare Piety, to send Men to Heaven wheber they would or not!

From

He forgets his Word, but takes his Leave with a Lord have Mercy on their Souls.



From Salisbury my Lord marches directly for *Exeter*, where to the number of 243 Prisoners were in Custody for assisting the *Duke of Monmouth*. My Lord, in his way to *Exeter*, lay at an Honourable Gentleman's House, where it happen'd that, through some Disorder amongst his Servants, *some Pistols were fired in the Night*, which gave him a suspicion, or at least he took it, of some Design upon him; on which at parting he said, *Not a Man of all those Parishes, that were in or near Exeter, if found Guilty, should escape.* That is (for don't mistake his pious intention) *He'd send them to Heaven in Crowds.* But if it could be (*in so Merciful a Judge*) he seem'd to be cruel here: for tho' he condemn'd many in this  
 City,

He goes  
 next to  
*Exeter.*

City, yet I find only Mr. *Fower Acers*, and two or three more, that were *Honoured with Martyrdom*. 'Tis true, he was so kind as to bestow a severe Whipping upon Mr. *Staple*, and some others, to prevent their *Rebelling hereafter* (for they were *Guilty of nothing at present*) But this was a *small Favour*, compared to hanging Men up, which puts an end to all their vexations. But tho' so few were hanged in *Exeter*, yet I speak it to my *Lords Honour*, here were *Hundreds Imprisoned* (and *reliev'd too by unknown Hands*.)

Mr. *Staple*, and some others had the Favour to be whipt.

But tho' my Lord seemed a little unkind in hanging so few at *Exeter* (when they had prepar'd for a better World;) yet he makes amends in a few Days: For we find at *Taunton* (where he went

Lord *Jef-frys* marches from *Exeter* to *Taunton*.

next

next) that he grew so merciful again as to send them to Heaven by *Wholesale*. So merciful was he to the Prisoners of Taunton, that when they were brought to the Bar (*that none might miss of his Favours*) he declared in Court, if any pleaded *Not Guilty* he should presently *Dye*.

*This was a Favour, but he'd none forgive.*

*The Favour was a Day or two to Live.*

*Which those had not that troubled him with Trials,*

*His business Blood, and would have no denial.*

One hanged  
for not  
pleading  
Guilty.

One crying, *Not Guilty*—My Lord Jeffryes said, Take him Jaylor, and let him be hanged presently; and for want of Gibbets enough, the next day he was hang'd by fastning a Rope to a Chamber Window. And one of Welinton was to be hang'd with him, but was saved by order of

Sir —, and one of Crookhorn  
 hang'd in his stead. Another  
 was hang'd at the *White Hart*  
*Sign-Post* three times, to try if he  
 would own that he had done a-  
 mis (but he would not own a-  
 ny such thing) And Capt. W.—  
 was hang'd till the *Rope-Broke*.  
 But my Lord *Jeffryes* must not  
 be blamed for ordering these  
 lingring deaths, for 'twas to  
 bring 'em to confess their Crimes,  
 that they might not dye with a Sin on  
 their Conscience.

Cappt.  
 W— was  
 hang'd till  
 the Rope  
 broke

As Lord *Jeffryes* was Merciful  
 to the Souls of the *Rebells*; so he  
 was Generous to the Troops that  
 attend him, for he gave leave  
 to his Brother *Kirk* to quench his  
 thirst in the Blood of all he con-  
 demn'd: for 'twas properly  
 quenching his thirst with their Blood,  
 when hee'd hang up to with a  
 health

Leave  
 en to K  
 to quench  
 his thirst  
 in Prote-  
 stant  
 blood.

health to the King, and ten in a health to the Queen, and ten in a health to Jeffryes, for signing their Passport for Heaven. This *New Fancy* of drinking of Healths in Blood, brings to my Mind another *Fancy* of Kirk's when he was Governour of Tangier; and seeing 'twas never printed, I'll insert it here, and the Author from whom I had it. The

Kirk's *Fancy* of hanging the 3 Nations at one Time.

story was this. Major General Kirk (whom we find thus bloody at Taunton) having the Command of the Army in Tangier, there was Three Persons condemned by a Court-Marshal, One was an Englishman, the second a Scotchman, and the third an Irishman. The two first were condemned for Murther and Burglary, and the Irishman for stealing some Hens, which the Woman

man (from whom they were stol'n) had again. The General falling Sick, sent for the Chief Surgeon of the Garrison, whose Name was Mr. Andrew Herriot, to let him Blood; which when he had done, he fell on his Knees, and beg'd a Boon of the General. The General ask'd him what it was? He told him he would not beg the English-Mans Life, nor the Scotch-Mans Life, (altho' his Country-Man) for they both deserv'd to dye; but he beg'd the poor Irish Man's Life, he having only stoln a few Hens, and the right owner had them again. The General told him he would not Grant his Petition, for he never had the opportunity before of Hanging the Three Nations at one time, nor never might have the like again; and for

Andrew  
Herriot's  
Petition to  
Major  
Kirk.

that Reason, and the Fancy of it, he should be hang'd; and that very day he Hang'd them all Three: This was told by Mr. Herriot himself to Mr. Moses Pitts, from whom I had it a Month before he dy'd. Madam, wa'nt this a pretty Fancy to Hang Three Kingdoms at once, for fear of losing such another fight? To give Major Kirk his due (as Bloody as his Healths were) this is a flight of Fancy that has no Parallel. But tho' Kirk had a Hanging Fancy, yet he must not presume to vye with my Lord, in Fame nor in Fancy neither: For Kirks hanging Three Kingdoms at once, is nothing to Jeffries Fancy of Hanging an honest Gentleman, meerly because his Name wa the same with one of the Rebels. The Fancy was this, Ma

Lord Jeffries exceeds Kirking both in Fame and Fancy.

for C—d following Jeffries  
 from Somersetshire to Wiltshire,  
 (after the Taunton-Assizes were  
 ended) the Major asked Jeffries  
 if there would be any favour  
 shown to one Mr. Speake, who was  
 not the Speake intended? Jeffries  
 said, "No, his Family owed a Life,  
 "he should dye for his Name sake,  
 "because one of the Family and  
 "Name was Guilty of being with  
 "Monmouth, but was escaped,  
 "and therefore this being his Brother,  
 "should dye. Madam, wa'nt  
 this a Fancy beyond Kirks? For  
 the English, Scotch and Irish-Man  
 had a sort of Tryal for their  
 Lives; but Jeffries had a Fancy He had a  
Fancy to  
 to Hang Mr. Speake without Hang  
 Tryal, and for no other reason Mr. Speake,  
 but because he was related to merely on  
the ac-  
 as Worthy a Family as any in the count of  
his Name.  
 West of England. So that 'tis



clear *Jeffries* exceeded *Kirk* both in *Fancy* and in *Fame* too. And your *Ladyship* will own this, when I remind you, how *Merciful* he was to the Men he *Condemn'd* in *Taunton*. *Merciful!* Yes, to a *Proverb*; for *Twenty* of these *Taunton-Martyrs* were *Hang'd* on the *Corn-Hill* immediately after their *Sentence*, my *Lord* in *stark kindness* not suffering either their *Wives* or *Children* to *speak* to them, lest (as he *express'd* it) it should *discompose* them in their *Dying Moments*. *What greater Pity* could be *ha' shewn* to 'em? But *Kirk*, on the other hand, thought no *Pity* was to be *shewn* to *Rebels*, and therefore made a *great Fire* in the *Corn-Hill*, where *Hewling*, *Jenkins* and other *Martyrs*, might see the *Fire* that was to *burn* their *Bowels*; and  
 ( *Kirk*

Twenty of the *Western Martyrs* were hang'd on the *Corn-bill* in *Taunton*.

*Hewling*, *Jenkins*, & others, were shewn the *fire* that was to *burn* their *Bowels*.

Kirk (took such a Fancy to Cruelty that he) never left cleaving their Breasts, and chopping their Heads, 'till one might have gone up to the Ancles Kirk goes up to the Ancles in blood. in Blood. But the Merciful Jeffries not aiming at Cruelty, (but only at their Lives, that their Souls might be happy) could not bear such ghastly sights, and therefore as they were Executing, he caused the Flutes to play, Drums and Trumpets to sound, that the Spectators might not hear the Groans of the Dying Men, nor the Cries of their Friends. But of all the Persons that tasted of my Lords Mercy, I think Mr. Simon Hamling the least deserv'd it: For all his Crime, was only going to Taunton to charge his Son he should not assist Monmouth, but

*submit to the Will of God in all things. But Innocence it self will not protect, for two Profligate Wretches swearing against him, he was committed by a Justice of that Town. He had many to prove his Innocence, but Jeffries having a pretty knack at over-ruling the Law, he was immediately ordered to be Executed; and that he might not go to Heaven alone (See how obliging my Lord was!) he orders the Pious Gatchill to be hang'd with him. So that my Lord shew'd a most particular affection to Mr. Hamling, for 'tis said that the Justice that committed him, hinted some mistakes concerning him; but Jeffries (thinking Heaven the fittest place for Dissenters) reply'd, You have brought him on, if he be Innocent, his Blood be upon you.*

*Lord Jeffries could not bear such cruelty.*

*Had some Heathenish Pilate been prefer'd,  
To fill the Place, he had at least been heard;  
But Hamling such a measure must not find,  
For Justice now's grown Deaf, as well as Blind.  
Justice is Deaf, but yet her Mouth's so wide,  
So loud she Yells, as deafens all beside.  
If she's return'd from Heaven, as all must say,  
Sure she call'd in at Billingsgate by the way.  
Raving, her Collar from her Neck she tore,  
Knowing Judge Jeffries wou'd become it more.*

Then if any one would see true Popish Mercy, let him look upon the Death of Mr. Simon Hamling. — Neither was Jeffries less kind to the Two Hewlings: He had a particular Affection to Mr. Hamling. for when the Sister of those two Gentlemen hung upon the Chief Justices Coach, Imploring pardon for her two Brothers, this Merciful Judge, *that she might not beg in vain,* to make her let go,

cauled the Coachman to cut her *Hand* and *Fingers* with the *Lash* of his *Whip*. — And so zealous was he to hasten their *Martyrdom*, that tho' their *Sister*, with *Tears* in her *Eyes*, offer'd an *Hundred Pounds* that they might live but two *Days* longer, yet even *Money* could not tempt him to it, nor the melting *Tears* of one of the finest *Women* in *England*. But were I *Papist* too,

Madam  
Hewling  
offers an  
100 l. that  
her Bro-  
thers  
might live  
but two  
Days.

*I'd say, those Pretious Tears which from her fell,  
Might rescue ev'n a Jeffries out of Hell;  
But this is Mercy, tender Mercy all,  
One Death is for a Hewling's Son too small.  
My Lord had doubly Sworn they shou'd not live  
And he'll as soon Repent, as he'll Forgive,*

As my Lord Jefferies was  
thus merciful to the *Two Hew-*  
*lings,*

lings, so he was no less kind to those that were sav'd. He was not more hasty to hang up those that had no Money (*that their Souls might be happy*) than he was zealous to procure Pardons for those that were Rich (*the Two Hewlings only excepted*) And, which shews my Lords Generosity, Pardons now were, just as they were at Rome, according to the ability of the Person, from 10 l. to 14000 Guineas. Such an humble Man was my Lord Jefferies, that he'd refuse nothing, from the condemn'd Captain, down to the Bill and Sythe-men. — What a merciful Judge was here? *Oh immortal Jefferies!* Sure the West of England (*but more especially the Men of Taunton*) will erect a Statue to perpetuate thy tender Bowels:

Pardons were sold in Taunton from 10 l. to 14000 Guineas.

A Statue to be erected to Lord Jefferies's memory:

26 Virgins  
were par-  
doned for  
presenting  
Colours to  
the D. of  
Monmouth.

Bowels : For if they would dye,  
they might; or if they had a  
Fancy to live, for a little money  
(which is nothing if compared  
to Life) they might slip their  
Necks out of the Halter. Yes  
Madam, my Lord condescend-  
ed to all Prices, for 'tis easie to  
prove that the Taunton-Virgins,  
that presented the Duke with Colours,  
had their Pardons of my Lord  
Jefferies for 50, 40, 30, 20,  
and some 10 l. a Damsel.

Jefferies  
marches  
to Wells,  
where he  
finish'd his  
Western  
Campaign.

But 'tis time now that we  
leave Taunton (Phanatick Taunton!)  
with some admiring, and others  
swearing at my Lords Mercy.  
And the next place we come  
to is Wells, where Jefferies  
finish'd his Western-Campaign.  
And I'll say that for my Lord,  
he was as zealous here (in send-  
ing Men to Heaven, whether Guilty

or Innocent) as he was at Winchester, Salisbury, Exeter, Taunton, or any other part of the West. The Bloody Assizes being all over, and the West fill'd with Heads and Quarters of those that were Executed, my Lord (in his return home) marches to Bristol and there shews his Notable Parts in making the following Speech;

He marches to Bristol in his way home.

Gentlemen;

I have finish'd my Western Circuit, and by the Mercy of God am come to this Great and Populous-City; a City that boasts both of its Riches and Trade, and may justly indeed claim the next place to the Great and Populous Metropolis of this Kingdom: Gentlemen, I find here are a great many Auditors,

His notable Speech to the Citizens of Bristol.



His Re-  
flection  
upon set  
Speeches.

Upon a  
couple of  
puffing  
Trumpe-  
ters.

tor's who are very intent, as if they expected some *formal or prepared Speech*; But assure yourselves we come not to make neither set Speeches, nor formal Declamations; nor to follow a couple of *puffing Trumpeters*; For, Lord, we have seen those things Twenty times before. No, we come to do the King's business; a King, who is so Gracious, as to use all the means possible to discover the *Disorders of the Nation*, and to search out, and even to pardon, those who are Rebels, and the very Pest of the Kingdom. To this end, and for this purpose, are we *come to this City*. But I find a special Commission is an unusual thing here, and relishes very ill; Nay the very Women storm at it, for fear we should take the *upper Hand*

*Hand* of them too: For by the  
By, Gentlemen, I hear 'tis  
much in Fashion in this City  
*for the Women to Govern and bear*  
*Sway.* Come, come, Gentle-  
men, I find you *Stink for want*  
*of rubbing.* But what need I  
mind you of these things? I  
hope you will search into them,  
and inform me. It seems, Gentle-  
men, the *Dissenters and Phanaticks*  
fare well amongst you by reason  
of the Favour of the Magistrates.  
For example, if a Dissenter who  
is a notorious Offender, comes  
before them to be fined, *one*  
*Alderman* or other stands up, and  
says he is a good Man. (*tho'*  
*three parts a Rebel*) Well then,  
for the sake of Mr. *Alderman* he  
shall be fined but Five Shillings.  
Then comes another, and up  
stands another *Goodman Alderman,*  
I

The Wo-  
men Go-  
vern in  
Bristol.

Pleasant  
Remarks  
on the Al-  
dermen.

I know him to be an honest Man (tho' rather worse than the former) well, for Mr. Aldermans sake he shall be fined but half a Crown. So *Manus manum fricat*, you play the Knave for me now, and I will play the Knave for you by and by. I am ashamed of these things. Then you have in this City your Tyl's, your Roe's, and your Wade's, Men started up like Mushrooms, scoundrel Fellows, meer Sons of Dunghills; these Men must forthwith set up for Liberty and Property. A Fellow that carries the Sword before Mr. Mayor must be very careful of his Property, and turn Politician, as if he had as much Property as the Person before whom he bears the Sword, tho' perchance not worth a Groat. Gentlemen I must

Upon the  
Tyl's, the  
Roe's, and  
the Wade's.

On the  
Fellow  
that carries  
the  
Sword before  
Mr. Mayor

must tell ye you have still here  
*the Tily's, the Roe's, and the Wade's;*  
 I have brought a *Brush* in my  
 Pocket, and I shall be sure to  
 rub the Dirt wherever it is, or  
 on whomsoever it sticks. Gentle-  
 men, I shall not stand *Comple-*  
*menting* with you, I shall talk  
 with some of you before you  
 and I part. I tell you, I tell you, I  
 have brought a Besome, and I  
 will sweep every Man's Door,  
 whether great or small. But I  
 shall not now trouble you any  
 further, tho' I should have  
 mentioned several other things;  
 but I expect to hear of them  
 from you.

Lord Jeff-  
 freys carries  
 a Brush in  
 his Pocket.

*Here's a Judge! Here's a Speech!*  
*Here's Rhetorick!* Well, I defy  
 e'er a *Finch, Weston or Hale's* of  
 'em all, to come near my Lord  
 in Loyalty, Mercy, Justice, or in  
 making

Here's a  
 Judge.

making of Fine Speeches. But  
 Hedefersvs what shall we say? He's a  
 all the Praises I Nonfuch, (as I said at first) and  
 have gi- (say what you please) deserves  
 ven him. all the Praise I have given him.

After my Lord had been in  
 Bristol about Five Days (in  
 search for Rebels, but without  
 Success) he returns for London;  
 soon after which, Alderman Cor-  
 nish (and other eminent Pro-  
 testants) felt the Mercy of some  
 Body behind the Curtain. Yet  
 the Butt of Envy still is Excel-  
 lence; and my Lord, by obser-  
 ving his Orders, had so many  
 Enemies that there was scarce a  
 Man in the West but had one Vice or  
 other to lay to his Charge.

Hereturns  
 for London,  
 and shews  
 his Mercy  
 to Alder-  
 man Cor-  
 nish.

Scarce a  
 Man in the  
 West but  
 had one  
 Vice or  
 other to lay  
 to Lord  
 Jeffries  
 Charge.

Who by Aspersions throw a Stone  
 At others Heads, do hit their own.

But

INNOCENCE gives the Owners a miraculous Force, as we may Read in the *Turkish-History* of a Child, that strook an intending Murtherer into a Swoon, with offering to embrace him; *Innocence* is like *Homers Nepenthe*, that can banish the Sadness of the Mind. Even *Pilate* (that Condemn'd our Saviour) desired to be thought Innocent, and for that Reason, he took *Water* and wash'd his hands before the Multitude, saying, *I am Innocent of the Blood of this just Person, see ye to it.* And I hope to prove his Brother *Jeffries* (for *Pilate* was a Judge too) Innocent, or near Innocent: For tho' I ha' made him a *Merciful Judge* (in answer to the Cruelties he was charg'd with) yet I can't quite clear him

D d

(as

(as I laid at first) of *Bribery, Drinking, Wearing, &c.* and some other Vices the West-Country-Mien charge him with; yet I shall prove him a *Man as free from wronging others as himself;* and that tho' as a *Mortal-Man* he was subject to *Error*, yet that he had (tho' milled sometimes by his *Good Nature*) all the Intendments of an *Honest Man*.

Madam, Don't this resemble *Innocence*? (Nay I appeal to his very *Enemies* if it don't) and if he was so *near innocent*, I hope the *West* will give *Grains of Allowance*, and believe him (in the *Jesuits Phrase*) *as innocent as the Child unicorn*. — But 'tis a *Censorious* (and consequently a *guilty*) *World* we live in; and therefore I'll be so just to my *Lords Merits*, as to conceal

none

The  
 as a  
 Man  
 he  
 subject  
 Error  
 he  
 the  
 mens  
 a  
 just

none of that Innocence I find in him; and if I *can wipe him clean*, I hope his Enemies will (re-  
cant their Slander and) begin to admire him; and I shall labour the harder to *clear him of all their Charge*; as our Mirth, our Pleasures, our very Lives will not hold weight when Innocence comes in Competition; nay <sup>Innocence, like a constant</sup> when we are circled round by <sup>Friend,</sup> Calamities, our Confidence in <sup>takes us by the hand,</sup> this (*like a constant Friend*) takes <sup>and cheers us in all</sup> us by the Hand, and cheers us <sup>our Miseries</sup> in all our Miseries. Then who <sup>ries</sup> would not live Innocent? for he that is so—

*When guarded with himself he walks along,  
When next alone he stands a Thousand strong.*

I can't say my Lord was  
so well fortify'd as to be a Thou-  
sand



No Man  
truly  
knows  
another.

*stand strong in his own Innocence, or that he never gave a loose to Nature, yet I may say (which one would think shou'd stop the Mouth of my Lords Slanderers)*  
 "That no Man can justly cen-  
 "sure or condemn another, be-  
 "cause in deed no Man truly  
 "knows another; this I per-  
 "ceive in my self, for I am in the  
 "dark to all the World, and  
 "my nearest Friends behold me  
 "but in a Cloud; and if this be  
 "true of vulgar Persons, much  
 "more of such an Extraordi-  
 "nary Man as my Lord Jeffries.  
 And as we all mistake one  
 another, so 'tis very certain  
 that the West-Country-Men  
 charge Jeffries with Crimes  
 he is Innocent of. But sure  
 their Hands can never be clean,  
*that throw so much Dirt in other*  
*Mens*

*Mens Faces.* And indeed, as  
 “no Man truly knows another,  
 “and so cannot fairly judge of  
 “his Actions, so no Man can  
 “judge another (*much less so*  
 “*great a Man as my Lord Jeffries*)  
 “because no *Man knows himself*, No Man  
 knows  
 himself.  
 “for we censure others, but as  
 “they disagree from that Hu-  
 “mour which we fancy lau-  
 “dable in our selves; and com-  
 “mend others but for that  
 “wherein *they seem to quadrate*  
 “*and consent with us.* So  
 “that in conclusion, all is but  
 “that we all condemn, *Self-*  
 “*Love.* ’Tis the General com-  
 “plaint of these Times, and  
 “perhaps of those past, that  
 “*Charity grows cold*; which I  
 “perceive most verify’d in those  
 “which most do manifest the  
 “Fires and Flames of Zeal:

“But how shall we expect  
 “Charity towards others, when  
 “we are Uncharitable to our  
 “Selves? *Charity begins at home,*  
 “*is the voice of the World,* yet  
 “is every Man his greatest E-  
 “nemy, and as it were his own  
 “Executioner. *Thou shalt not kill,*  
 “is the Commandment of God,  
 “yet scarce observed by any  
 “Man; for I perceive every  
 “Man is his own *Atropos,* and  
 “lends a hand to cut the *Thread* of  
 “his own Days. Then why  
 should the malicious West rail at  
 that in my Lord, which they  
 practice themselves? *What vile*  
*partiality is this?* If my Lord  
 did trip a little in his *Western-*  
*Circuit,* would not others have trans-  
 gress’d more in the like case? Which  
 tho’ it don’t clear him of the  
 Vice they lay to his Charge,  
 yet

If my Lord  
 did trip a  
 little in his  
 Western  
 Circuit,  
 others  
 would  
 have  
 transgres-  
 sed more  
 in the like  
 case.

yet (at least) it makes him as Good as others, and for that Reason (*notwithstanding their black Charge*) he ought to be treated with due respect; and the rather still, as the Lives of the best Men were never in all points conformable unto their Doctrines. The best Man living does enough in the Day, to bring him on his Knees at Night. It is evident that *Aristotle transgressed the Rule of his own Ethicks*. The Stoicks that condemn Passion and command a Man to laugh in *Phalaris's Bull*, cou'd not endure without a groan, a fit of the Stone or Collick. The Scepticks that affirmed they *Knew nothing*, even in that Opinion confute themselves, and thought they *Knew* more than all the World beside. *Dioze-*

nes I hold to be the most vain  
 Glorious Man of his Time, and  
 more Ambitious in refusing all  
 Honours, than *Alexander* in  
 rejecting none. One wou'd think  
 the Errors and Slips of these great  
 Men, shou'd have cover'd my Lords,  
 if he had any; for can we blame  
*Jeffries* for a little Passion, Bri-  
 bery, &c. when we see the  
 Wildest of Men are so very  
 imperfect, that at the same  
 time they wou'd perswade us  
 to follow their Precepts, they  
 grow Cinical and Morose;  
 "and the Tub of a *Diogenes* is  
 "but the Derision of an *Alex-*  
 "ander. Vice and the Devil often  
 "put a Fallacy upon our Rea-  
 "sons. The Philosopher that  
 "threw his money into the  
 "Sea, to avoid *Avarice*, was a  
 "notorious Prodigal: To perfect

Ver

The Errors  
 of good  
 Men  
 shou'd co-  
 ver my  
 Lords  
 faults if  
 he had any

“Vertue, as to Religion, there  
“is required a *Panoplia*, or com-  
“pleat Armour; that whilst  
“we lie at close ward against  
“one Vice, we lie not open to  
“the *Vennie* of another. Then if  
“there go so many circumstan-  
“ces to piece up one good  
“Action, that it is a *Lesson* to  
“be good, shall we abuse my  
“Lord for not being so perfect as  
“they are in Heaven? (Neither  
“have the best Actions on Earth  
“any title or claim to it) then  
“how charitable shou’d we be  
“to my Lords failings, for tho’  
the *West-Country-Men* charge him  
with *Levity, Whoring, Swearing* and  
other *Vices* (as you’ll hear anon)  
yet Dr. Brown asserts, “That  
“the *Practice* even of good  
“Men (I suppose he means such  
“good

The Pra-  
ctice of  
good Men  
often runs  
counter to  
their Theo-  
ry.

‘ good Men as my Lord Jeffreys)  
 ‘ holds not an equal Pace, yea, often  
 ‘ runs counter to their Theory: We  
 ‘ naturally know what is Good,  
 ‘ but naturally pursue what is  
 ‘ Evil: The Rhetorick where-  
 ‘ with I perswade another, can-  
 ‘ not perswade my self: There  
 ‘ is a depraved Appetite in us,  
 ‘ that will with Patience hear the  
 ‘ learned Instructions of Reason;  
 ‘ but yet perform no further than  
 ‘ agrees to its own irregular  
 ‘ Humour—’ Tis true, my Lord,  
 was a better Man than to be go-  
 vern’d by these Principles;  
 yet perhaps he might think,  
 That *Vertue is her own Reward,*  
 is but a Cold Principle: Not but  
 he cou’d serve *Vertue without*  
 a Livery; and if not in that  
 Resolved and Venerable Way,  
 but that the Frailty of his  
 Nature

Nature upon an Easie Temptation, might be induced to forget her; yet (if 'tis a sin to belie the Devil) I must say Lord Jeffreys was such a Nice Christian—that he had good Meanings even in Whoring, Drinking, Swearing, and the blackest Crimes that were ever acted: And tho' this looks like a Contradiction, yet I shall make it appear, by Discovering (as I find 'em in a Letter of Secret Memoires) the several Vices the West-Country-men brand him with: And I'll begin with their Charge at Winchester (the first Place he came to in his Western Circuit.) Here they tax him with passing his Sentence upon the Lady Lisle, as if he had been on a Stage, instead of a Bench, and had been speaking the Epilogue to some Leud Comedy: Further to

prove

Lord Jeffreys had good Meanings in Whoring, Drinking, Swearing, &c.

The West Country-Men in their Secret Memoires charge him with Levity at Winchester, in his Sentencing the Lady Lisle.



prove my Lord guilty of *Levity*, they tell us, When Madam *B*—beg'd him to pardon her Husband, he told her he wou'd not; But Madam (said he) be not concern'd, for to morrow morning (her Husband being then to die) I'll present you with that Part of your Spouse which you like best : This shews, as I hinted before, that he cou'd jest with Misery; but this must be all Excus'd, for he thought *Wanton Discourse* (especially to Ladies) was a Piece of Gallantry. But tho my Lord might have found a more Seasonable Place for his *Jests*, than a Court of Justice; and a fitter Subject for 'em, than a Lady in Distress; yet this must be thought a Vertue; for 'twas to chear his Spirits with a little Mirth, after that Melancholy Work of Trying Men

for

This *Levity* must be thought a Vertue, as 'twas to chear his Spirits, fadned with Trying of Rebels.

for their Lives.——So much in defence of his Jocular Sentence.——As to his Wanton Answer to Madam B——It must be Excus'd with my Lord's being *Amorous*; and tho *one sin is no Excuse for another*, yet we have this to say for him, That he thought *Perfection a Life for Angels*, but a *Task too hard for Frail, for Transitory Man*: 'Tis true, *Stilpho* was naturally addicted to all *Incontinence*, yet by reading certain *Precepts of Moral Philosophy*, he became an *Absolute Commander of his own Affections*; but however mortified *Stilpho* was, my Lord *Jeffreys* being but *Flesh and Blood*, wou'd sometimes coin *Heavens Image in stamps that are forbid*. Yet some do say he'd blush as much at a *Leud Expression*, as others wou'd at a *Bastard*; there-