

He is
charg'd
with Whor-
ing.

We must
Father his
Adultery
on the De-
lusions of
the Fair
Sex.

therefore to prove my Lord as
modest as possible, I'll father his
Adultery on the *Delusions of the*
Fair Sex, who are grown so tem-
pting that *Adders lie Sunning in*
their Smiles; nay, even *Basilisks*
drink their Poyson from their
Eyes.

Whores are (like Syrens) Neatly Drest,
And still the Newest pleases Best:
Quickly they Like, and Leave as soon;
For Life and Woman's a Lampoon:
Yet for the Plague of Humane Race,
These Devils have an Angels Face:
Such Youth, such Sweetness in their Look,
Who can be Man, and not be took?
Such Form of Love, such Wit, such Art,
To tempt a poor Unguarded Heart!

Lust is not
a common
Fire.

Not that I'll excuse my Lord for
his *Whoring*: No! *Lust is not a com-*
mon Fire, but a Fire enkindled
with the Flames of Hell, the very

Image

Image of which devoureth damned Souls. 'Tis common for the *Pocky-Admirer* (when 'tis too late) to rail and curse their Charms. Then who'd sell his Soul for a sensual Minute?

They're sottish Fools, says Wise Demosthenes, That buy Repentance at such Rates as these.

But my Lord thought *Stoln Waters* were sweet. — Yet, he was so Religious (which few *Whoremasters* are) as to know and confess *Whoring* a Sin. When Mr. G—— was try'd for *Adultery*, he told him in plain Words, That a *Whore* was a deep Ditch, and that her *House* was the way to Hell. But (for himself, good Man) he thought what Nature and Necessity required him to do (serving a Popish King) was

was venial when done.—

But (*Madam*) perhaps you'll say, he did not only follow the *Dictates of Nature*, but was a meer Sensualist : Drunk of all Waters, but was ty'd to none : Spar'd neither cost nor pains (*as they tell us at Winchester*) to compass his desires, and to heighten his Lust.

Jeffries Dialogue with a Beautiful Lady at Taunton.

To this I answer, — Tho' my Lord knew that *He that committed Adultery, destroyeth his own Soul*, yet (through a mistake, which the best are obnoxious to) he thought the change of Pleasure made the Pleasure double. Why else did he tell, *Madam S— of Taunton*, she was *Flesh and Blood*, and therefore very unnatural to forget the *Laws of Nature*; and when she reply'd, *My Lord we shou'd*

walk

walk honestly, as in the day; not in Rioting, nor in Drunkenness, nor in Chambering, nor in Wantonness—

He answered, (as I find in the Letter of Secret Memoires) ‘Why Madam, can your Rosie Cheeks, your Snowy Breasts, your Sparkling Eyes, present their Beauties and Perfections to my ravish’d View, and must I stand like a Statue, without Sense or Motion? Madam, will you comply, if I’ll pardon your Husband?’

She wou’d not be tempted with money.

(For those are the Words in the Secret Memoires) or will Guineas bring you to my Tender Arms? To this she answered, They will not: No, my Lord, Whoremongers and Adulterers God will judge; and therefore (as you love your Soul) desist from tempting a frail Woman. To this he reply’d, Then

Bishop Latimer presented King Henry 8. a New Testament, wrap’d up in a Napkin for a New-Years Gift, with this Poëie about it, Fornicators and Adulterers God will judge.

E e Madam,

*Madam, do you slight my Friendship? Why are you thus cruel? Can strict Religion impose such tasks upon the thoughts of Men, as to withstand and contradict the Instinct and very Principles of Nature? Can Piety be so Barbarous as to condemn us to the Flames of our Affections, and make us Martyrs to our own desires? You say (Madam) as I love my Soul, I shou'd desist from tempting a frail Woman; but 'ent it enough to conquer the Rebellious Actions of imperious Flesh, but must I manacle her Hands too? Darken her Eyes? Nay worse, restrain the Freedom of her thoughts? Yes, reply'd this chaste Lady, you must, my Lord, for *Whosoever looketh on a Woman to lust after her, hath committed**

Adultery with her already in his Heart. My Lord, If your right Eye offend you, pluck it out, and cast it from you; for it's profitable Her good Advice to the Lord Jeffries. for you that one of your Members should perish, that your whole Body might not be cast into Hell. This (if not the very Words) was the Substance of what pass'd between Jeffries and this modest Lady (as I find in the Secret Memoirs) and it had that effect on my Lord, that he wou'd He had a Mind to be chaste. have been Chaste with all his Heart, but his Flesh being a little malicious the other way; I've seen him leering at pretty Women, at the very time he has been Sentencing Men to Death. But still 'tis good to be Charitable. Origen had that Charity for even the Devil himself, as to think hee'd be sav'd at last. And

I wou'd willingly hope that *Jeffreys* had no other Design in these Levities, but to divert himself (as I said before) under the *Fatigue of shedding of Blood*. As to his Address to Madam B—— and to Madam W—— (but that Ladies think if a Man does but *smile*, he's in love with 'em) there cou'd be no *Adultery* in it; for my Lord (whilst a Batchelor) had found that a *Whore* was a Vile Temptation, (for all her Cherubin Look.) and now being Marry'd, there's less Reason to think he'd be guilty of (NEW) *Adultery*, as 'twas adding *Perjury* to *Uncleannefs*.——Then let the *Winchester* Ladies (especially Madam S——) think what they please of my Lord's *Wantonness*, those that love his Credit shou'd only say, If he were found with

a Harlot, 'twas only that a Leud Woman might be converted. And let none cenſure his Tenderneſs to Madam B—— and Madam W—— for he had no Deſign in theſe two Amours, but to *ſtill Pleaſure into a Quinteſſence, to reduce Beauty to her firſt Principles, and to extract Innocence from the Milk-white Doves of Venus.* Then the Weſt Country ſhou'd rather pity than blame his Gayety, &c. For now he is dead, all the World is gone with him, and all his forgotten Pleaſures are left to be enjoy'd by the ſucceeding Generations——

Having clear'd Lord Jeffreys of Whoring at Wincheſter, I muſt acquaint your Ladyſhip that the next thing the Weſt Country-men charge him with, was *Exceſſive Drinking,* they tell us, at

He had no ill Deſign in his Adreſſes to Madam B. and Madam W. —

Ld Jeffreys is charg'd with being Drunk at Salis-bury.

Salisbury, where he went next, that he drunk hard in the Morning, and that he came on the Bench in a manner Fudled: Were this charge true, *A Drunken Judge is a Phoenix*, for this Age cannot shew us another: But my Lord was Innocent here, for had he not known the Woe denounc'd against them *that rise up early in the Morning to follow strong Drink*, yet 'tis impossible that a Judge in Drink shou'd perswade Thirty Men to Confess and be Hang'd (for so many he perswaped at Salisbury to plead guilty.) But suppose Jeffreys a little Topsy, is it like a Christian to expose his Infirmities? Besides, shall we deny him the Priviledge of a *Rejoycing Cup* for the downfall of Rebels? Not but men might live (and that merrily too) without Drink.

A Drunken Judge is a Phoenix

Drinking ; for as for Thirst, we see it voluntarily suppressed by divers ; for there was a Roman General called *Julio Viator*, who *Julio Viator* was cur'd of his love. being in his youth sick of a certain Corruption between the to Drinking Flesh and the Skin, was forbidden to Drink by the Physicians ; using himself to which Abstinence a while, he kept it in his Age, without ever drinking any thing at all. It is easie for any man to live five or six days without drinking, if the Victuals he eats be cold and moist. I knew a Woman (says a Spanish Author) Sundry that abstain'd from Drink. that made but a Pastime to abstain from Drink eight or ten days. There was a Man in Medina del Campo, that staid usually Thirty or Forty Days without drinking a Drop ; and longer if it were in the Fruit season, for with eating thereof he moistened so his Stomach,

A Man
that never
drank in
his Life.

mach, that he had little desire to drink any thing. But what Pontanus writeth in his Book of Celestial Things, causeth me to wonder a great deal more, of a Man that in all his Life-time never drank at all: Which Ladislaus King of Naples hearing, made him perforce drink a little Water, which caused him to feel extream Pain and Torment in his Belly.

Id Jeffreys
thought
there
cou'd be
no deceit
in a Brim-
mer.

But though Some can rejoyce without hard Drinking, though Others can live without Drinking several Days, and some without once Drinking in their whole Lives, yet Jeffreys thought there cou'd be no Deceit in a Brimmer (for I dare not think he'd transgress if he knew it) and when he drank moderately, he was much in the right: For Wine was given to exhilerate the drooping Hearts, and raise

raile the drowſy Spirits of dejected Souls? Is not the Liberal Cup ^{Wine was given to} the Sucking-Bottle of the Sons of ^{exhilerate drowly} Phœbus, to ſolace and refresh ^{Spirits} their Palates in the Night of ſad Invention? Then ſhall we think Jeffreys cou'd do amiſs in a fair Friendly Round, to ſteep his Soul-afflicting Sorrows in a chirping Cup? Was not this better (for there be degrees in Sin) than to hazard his Eſtate in a fooliſh Caſt at Dice? Or at a Cock-Pit to leave his doubtful Fortunes to the mercy of unmerciful Combatants. The King of Denmark, (tho he had the Repute of a ſober Prince, yet) ^{The King of Denmark drank 35} at Feaſting the Earl of Leiceſter, he began ^{Healths.} Thirty Five Healths to all the Kings and Queens in Chriſtendom—And Alexander ſo well knew the Force and Valour of Sack, that he ſaid

None

Alexander
said, None
cou'd be
a good
Comman-
der that
was not
doubly
drunk.

None cou'd be a good Com-
mander that was not doubly
drunk with Wine and Ambi-
tion.

'Tis true, in the Nonage of the
World, Men and Beasts had but one
Buttery, which was the Fountain and
the River; but Alexander, and his
boon Companions, thought the
best Shot to be discharg'd was
the Tavern-Bill, the best Alarm
the sounding of Healths, and the
most absolute March was Reeling.
Hang Scotus, quo' these Bowzers,
lead us to *Aristippus*; one Epito-
my of his in Quarto, is worth
a Volume of these Dunces!
Such as these will swallow up more
Sack at a sitting, than wou'd make
the Guard a Posset; they'd pledg
us tho'twere a Deluge: There's
a man now come to Town that
engages to drink *ten Gallons* every
Night. But, He

*He that holds more Wine, then others can,
I rather count a Hoghead than a Man.*

'Tis true, we are told in *The True Born English-Man* (a right Toper I war'nt him)

*That when the Bottle does the Brains refine,
It makes the Wit as sparkling as the Wine.*

Yet by the leave of these Remarks on the Wit procur'd by Wine. Bowzing Sentiments, Wit procur'd by Wine, is for the most part, like the Sparklings in the Cup, when 'tis filling; they brisk for a Moment, but dye immediately; and which is yet worse, Drinking is the very Drinking is the Philosophers Stone. Philosophers Stone, able if studied by a young Heir, to change his Lands and Liveries into *Aurum Potabile*; and therefore 'tis, *Herbert* tells us;

He

*He that is Drunken, may his Mother kill,
Big with his Sister ; he hath loos'd the Reins,
Is out-law'd by himself ; all kind of Ill
Doth with his Liquor swim into his Brains.*

*The Drunkard forfeits Man, and doth divest
All worldly Rights, save what he hath by Beast.*

Lord Jeffreys was no stranger to this Doctrine, and therefore at Salisbury was as sober and grave as a Judge. 'Tis true, the Men of Salisbury tell us, Jeffreys was so very drunk, he needed the Coroner to sit on him ; they declared (like the Royal Duke of Clarence) that he was sow's'd up to Immortality in a Hog'shead of Malmsey ; that is, say the Secret Memoires, he was Dead Drunk——But my Lord cou'd never be thus disorder'd, for his sound Brains were potent, and cou'd bear Drinking without the least offence to his Sen-

Lord Jeffreys was as sober and grave as a Judge.

He was charg'd with being Dead Drunk

Senses: His Tongue cou'd in the very *Zenith* of his Cups, deliver the Expressions of his compos'd Thoughts with better Grace: In a word, he cou'd not be Drunk, for his Constitution was *Pot-Proof*; Nothing cou'd fuddle my Lord, which must needs add to his Praise, if to be *always Sober*, is what few pretend to——As to my own share, the *Little Glass*es are my *Favorites*, I have such very poor and unhappy Brains for drinking, that a *Pint of Claret* would make me a Monarch, [*if he that is Drunk is as Great as a King*] and therefore I wish Courtesie wou'd invent some other Custom of Entertainment. King James I. being ask'd what Punishment shou'd be inflicted on a Drunken Man? Answered, *Let him be Drunk again,*
intima-

He that is
Drunk, is
as great as
a King.

intimating, that he cou'd not
 have a worse Punishment : But
 this had been a Service to the
 Lord Jeffreys ; for tho I and some
 others have weak Heads, yet my
 Lord had such Sober Brains,
 that *Hard Drinking* only cleans'd
 and strengthen'd his Skull. But be
 he Drunk or be he Sober, I wou'd
 ask these Men of Salisbury if
 Drinking be more Criminal in
 Jeffreys than in other Men ? Nay,
 Cowley tells us—

Hard drink-
 ing did
 but cleanse
 and streng-
 then L. Jef-
 freys Brains

*Nothing in Nature's Sober found,
 But an Eternal Health goes round :
 Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high ;
 Fill all the Glasses there ; for why
 Shou'd ev'ry Creature Drink but I ?
 Why, Man of Morals, tell me why ?*

We find that *Moderate Drinking*
 (for 'tis only that I'm pleading
 for) is the Life, the Radical Hu

mour of United Souls, without the help whereof New Marry'd Friendships fall into Divorce, and Old Acquaintance loon resolve into the *first Elements of strangeness*: If we keep within Bounds, or get such Brains as Lord Jeffreys had, *Good Drinking*, will do us *no harm*.—

Thus you see, Madam, what little Reason the *West-Country* men have, if they'd look at home, to charge Lord Jeffreys with *Levity, Whoring, Drinking*; but further to shew their spite, they charge him with *Plain Lying*: And for no other Reason, (ungrateful men!) but for *sending their Friends to Heaven*—They tell us, in their *Secret Memoirs*, That he promis'd Pardon to Mr. *Fowcer Acers*, and several others at *Exeter*, if they'd plead

Lord Jeffreys is charg'd with Lying at Salisbury.

pleaded Guilty, and then hang'd
 'em for so doing. I confess 'tis
Herbert's Advice,

*Lye not, but let thy Heart be true to God ;
 Thy Mouth to it; thy Actions to them both ;
 Cowards tell Lyes, and those that fear the Rod ;
 The stormy working Soul spits Lies & Froth.
 Dares to be True ; Nothing can need a Lye ;
 A fault that needs it most, grows Two thereby.*

The Scripture tells us, That *Ly-
 ing Lips are an Abomination to the
 Lord* : Certainly the use of a
 Lye carries a kind of Diffidence
 of God along with it, and none
 but a Coward or Atheist fly to a
 Lye for shelter.

But pray, Gentlemen, is my
 Lord a Lyar for this, when he
 only forgot his Promise ? Or if he
 did promise those men their
 Lives with a design to hang 'em,
 perhaps he thought it a meritorious

He was no
 Lyar, but
 only for-
 got his
 Promise.

tious

rious Lye, as 'twas to hang *Hereticks* : Or perhaps he was of *Plato's Opinion*, who allow'd a Lye Lawful, either to save a City, or to deceive an Enemy— But still, say these *Exeter Men*, Say what you will to excuse my Lord, he was *the Devil of a Lyar* : What, Hang Men with a Pretence to pardon 'em ! Fie, fie ! As *Homor* says, *We hate him worse than Hell-Mouth*, that utters one thing with his Tongue, and keeps another in his Brest : In a word, (say these Men) he was a *Tongue-Pad* ; he trick'd our Friends out of their Lives, and you can never clear him of this Charge, unless you cou'd Unhang *Mr. Fowler Acers*, or raise our Friends from the Dead—

To this I answer, If he did deceive the *Exeter men*, yet we'll not give the Lye to so great a Man

as the Lord Jeffreys : I am not for following the Custom of my Country, which is to take every Opportunity to back-bite and scandalize one another. But let others trade in Slander as much as they please, I'll ne'er own that such a Great Man as my Lord cou'd creep under the *Littleness* of a Lye ; or if he stoop'd so low as to tell a Lye, 'twas because he thought the General Rules of down-right Truth wou'd admit of *some few Exceptions* ; or if it did admit of none, he thought (though he did Lye, by promising Pardon, and giving none) that he might be excus'd, as he aim'd at a just End (the serving his Master.) He thought (good Man!) if his *Center* was good, no matter how crooked the Lines of the *Circumference* were : Or, if his *Journey*

Such a great Man as Lord Jeffreys cou'd never creep under the Littleness of a Lye.

End was Heaven, it matter'd not how full of Hell his Journey was. But this must be Charg'd to my Lord's mistake, and not to his Love to Falshood: For Religion is so strict a Law, as to bind the *Tongue* to the *Necessity of a Truth*, on all Occasions, at all Times, and in all Places. Our Tongues are the Indexes of our Mind, to signifie the Thoughts and Meanings thereof to the World; if the one agree not to the other, the Motions are false, and the Wheels out of Order: What is a Clock good for, if it doth not tell the true hour of the Day? *Lyars are shut out of the Kingdom of Heaven*, and deserve but little Honour upon Earth; and sometimes meet with just Punishments, *Prov. 19. 5.*— The Emperor *Trajan* took away from

Religion binds the Tongue to the necessity of a Truth at all times.

Lyars are shut out of the Kingdom of Heaven.

the Son of *C. Julius* the Kingdom of *Dacia*, only because he caught him in a Lye—And *Cyrus* told the King of *Armenia*, That a Lye was not capable of Pardon—
The Gate of Heaven is too strait for Lyars to enter! It is said *Augustus Cæsar*, after a long Enquiry into all the parts of his Empire, found but one Man, who was never accounted to have told a Lye; for which cause he was deemed capable and worthy to be the Sacrificer in the Temple of Truth: But had *Cæsar*, *Alexander*, or my good Lord *Jeffrey*, been regulated by such strict Divinity, their Names had been as silent as their Dust: And my Lord thought (if he thought he lyed) that the weight of the Cause reliev'd the Burden of his Crime: He suppos'd if the true Loyalty of his Heart, stood sound

A Man
 who was
 never ac-
 counted to
 have told
 a Lye.

to his Religion and his God, that in some extraordinary Cases, his Tongue might take the Priviledge of a *Salvo*, or a Mental Reservation. Shall *Jacob*, and his too indulgent Mother, conspire in a *Lye*, to purchase a Paternal Blessing, by the false Name and Habit of a sup- planted Brother? And shall *Jeffreys* scruple to lye for his Masters Interest? Who does condemn the Egyptian Midwives for saving the Infant Israelites by so merciful a *Lye*? Men of every Perswa- sion are given to Lying, and therefore the Poet cries,

Men of every per- swasion are given to Lying.

*For Naked Truth let others write ;
And fairly prove that Black's not White ;
Quarrel and scold, then scratch and bite,
Till they're with cuffing weary :
Give me a Lye trick'd neat and gay,
As fine as any Hedge in May!*

*Most think so too, altho they'll say,
Perhaps the clean contrary.*

*The Courtier first is counted rude,
If he's with Lying unendu'd ;
Nay, when he's in his Altitude,*

*He gives it Oaths for Clenching.
The Brisk and Young, sow'r Truth despise,
And kick her back to th' Old and Wise ;
Wenching's the Gallant's Life ; a Lye's
The very Life of Wenching.*

*Room for the Man of Parchment next,
Whose Comments so confound the Text,
And Truth's high Road so much perplex,
One scarce can e'er get at it.*

*With his own Practice not content,
He'll either quote, or he'll invent ;
He'll find or make a President,
And gravely lye by Statute.*

*Next the Poor Scholar loaden comes,
With Packs of Sentences and Sums ;
Scratches his Head, and bites his Thumbs,
For Truth is all his Vigor ;*

*Like (a) Lynceus Self, O who but he
The Essences of things can see,
When he deceives but orderly,*

And lyes in Mood and Figure.

*Who but the Poet ought t' appear
I th' End? Who shou'd bring up the Rear,
But he, who without Wit or Fear,*

Lays on his Lyes by Clusters.

*Never of Sneaking Truth's afraid,
He'll her with open Arms invade,*

And Dreadful Armies in his Aid,

Of his own Heroes Musters?

*Well, since on all sides 'tis confest
A Quiet Life must needs be best,
Who'd think it hard to purchase Rest,*

By such a small Complying?

Let him that will, speak Truth for me!

Truth the worst Incivility!

I'd rather in the Fashion be,

Since all the World's for Lying.

*I wou'd advise him therefore
that calls Jeffreys Lyar, to act*

F f 4

some-

*(a) This
Mr. Lynce-
us was, you
must know
a mighty
quick fight-
ed Fellow,
he cou'd
see thro'
Walls,
Houles,
Ships at
Sea, at the
greatest
distance,
and—
But that's
enough al-
ready to be-
lieve at
once.*

somewhat against which there
 can be no Objection : But till
 then, let him learn to be so mo-
 dest as to own he is not *Infallible* ;
 at least, let him not be call'd *the*
Lord of a Lyar : For if he
 acted Treacherously, 'twas not
 as he lov'd Lying, but through
 this mistake, as he took *Lying* for
Wisdom, and *ordid Gain* for discreet
Saving. We shou'd be as cha-
 ritable to his other Vices : For,
 'tis certain he counted Cowar-
 dice a Wariness for Self-preser-
 vation, Valour he esteem'd a
 foolish Prodigality of *Life* : The
 Devil might as well out-wit him
 in other Vices. So that still my
 Lord shou'd be well thought of :
 For 'tis the Devil's *the Lyar*, if
Jeffreys be False. Or if my Lord
 must be call'd a Lyar, for promi-
 sing *Reversions*, and giving none, we
 must

mult think Policy alloweth it, tho Religion does not; and that a Lye in a Great Man is no other than a fair put off. However, if my Lord deceiv'd the Exeter Rebels by plain Lying, (it, as I said before, so Great a Man cou'd creep under the Littleness of a Lye) yet still, he was true to his Popish Master, and a faithful Servant is no small Character, and deserves all the Honour he got in Deceiving (and Hanging) the Rebels. And who knows but this great Service has Canoniz'd the trusty Jeffreys at Rome for a Saint?

He was true to his Popish Master.

Thus, Madam, have I clear'd Lord Jeffreys of that Levity, Whoring, Drinking, and Lying, which the West-Country-Men charge him with: But (as if these Vices were not enough) they further charge

Lord Jeff-
freys is
charg'd
with
swearing.

charge him with Swearing: For the Secret Memoirs inform me, That when your Ladship Pention'd Jeffreys for the Life of your Two Brothers; or if that might not be, that he'd pardon but One of them, He doubly swore they shou'd not live. What a vile Charge is this? For we must give account for every idle Word: 'Twas this made Mr. Herbert say,

*When thou dost tell anothers Jest, therein
Omit the Oaths, which true Wit cannot need:
Pick out of Tales the Mirth, but not the Sin;
He pares his Apple that will cleanly feed.*

*Play not away the Vertue of that Name,
Which is the best stake, when Grieffs make
thee tame.*

Tho' God hath allow'd us for the Confirmation of a Truth in necessary and solemn Cases, to use an Oath, and make our Ap-
peal

peal to Him; yet in ordinary We are al-
 Conversation, he requires us to low'd in
 keep close to our Yea and Nay, necessary
 a bare and simple Affirmation & solemn
 and Negation, without proceed- Cases, to
 ing any further: For a common use an
 use of appealing to Heaven in lit- Oath.
 tle and trifling Concerns, wou'd
 much invalidate the Strength
 and Authority of sacred Oaths,
 and contribute to the Dis-
 honour and Contempt of the
 Divine Majesty: And therefore
 in the Third Commandment,
 God doth not only forbid the ta-
 king of his Name in vain, but
 threatens withal to have a
 watchful Eye upon those that do
 it: And however Men may,
 through remifness of Discipline
 neglect their Duty, and account
 such Customary Swearing no
 sin, yet God will not hold them guilt-
 less

lest that take his Name in vain—
 So that we see 'tis a dangerous
 thing to tear in pieces that dread-
 ful Name, which makes the vast
 Fabrick of the World to Trem-
 ble; that Holy Name wherein
 the whole Hierarchy of Heaven
 doth Triumph; that Blissful
 Name wherein consists the Ful-
 ness of all Felicity; And if
 Swearing be such a heynous Sin,
 shall we dare to think a Lord
 Chief Justice wou'd be guilty of
 it? Or if he did swear, that he'd
 doubly swear? Or (Madam) if he
 swore thus at the Whigs and
 Rebels, I'll ne'er believe (which
 is the Charge here) that he'd curse
 a Lady of your Charms. I'm apt to
 think what these Men call his
 Swearing, was only some Words
 mis-plac'd, ('tis common, when
 we speak to Ladies of your sense)

Ld Jeffreys
 Swearing
 was only
 some
 Words
 misplac'd

or wrong Interpreted, or else Words that were but half-spoken, or but half heard: Or at worst, (what they call his Swearing) was something that was well meant, tho' a little coarsely express'd.—But what mean these strict Observers of his Life, thus to ransack every Action, to carp at every Word, and with their sharp censorious Tongues to sentence every Frailty? Nor must the Freedom of his Table be allow'd him unpurg'd, if probably even there a Syllable might escape him, which may be artificially interpreted into Swearing, or wrench'd into something like it; but when nothing is found there that can, tho' but colourably charge him, how do they fret and vex, and are ready to indict his most sober Words, and are vex'd that they want Eyes to penetrate

into

His Enemies slander his most innocent Expressions.

into the very Recesses of his Soul; for it may be there might skulk some *Vile Curse*, which gladly wou'd they tear out from his Heart, and produce as Evidence against him: But if even that be *White and Innocent* too, they again wax mad, and curse his very Prayers, (calling them Popish, full of vain Repetitions) and cou'd wish his very Innocence wou'd take a Crimson Dye, and be (tho but superficially) criminal—*Strange! How far does Revenge carry Men?* But I wou'd ask these Criticks, is there no Allowance to Humanity? No Grains to Flesh and Blood? Are we all Angels? 'Tis true, there's less to be said for Swearing than for other Sins: For (*Herbert says*)

We are
not all An-
gels.

Take

*Take not His Name who made thy Mouth, in
(vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no Excuse:
Lust and Wine plead a Pleasure; Avarice,
(Gain;
But the cheap Swearer t'rough his open Sluce
Lest his Soul run for nought, as litle fearing;
Were I an Epicure, I cou'd bate Swearing.*

And therefore I sha'n't praise my Lord for Swearing; for the Scripture tells us, *The Plague shall not depart from the house of the swearer—Every one that sweareth shall be cut off—Because of swearing, the Land mourneth—* And we are commanded not to take the Name of the Lord our God in vain. 'Tis very certain that the Murderer killeth his own Body, but the Swearer his own Soul—
But tho' Jeffreys did curse and swear at this Fair Petitioner, he did not
curse

Ld Feffreys
was no
Common
Swearer.

One slip of
the Tongue
cannot de-
nominate
him a wic-
ked Man.

curse like *Shemei*, nor rail'd like
Rabsherkab, nor lyed like *Ananias*,
nor slander'd like his Accusers:
What tho he swore that Mr. Ben-
jamin Hewling shou'd be Hang'd
at Taunton, and his Brother at
Lime, yet none can prove him a
Common Swearer; and must one
slip of the Tongue, (and perhaps
the first) denominate him a
wicked Man? What tho' the
Lady's Importunity to save her
Brothers, did force his Lips into
an *hasty Oath*, must he be straight-
ways branded with Damnation?
Was *Joseph* mark'd for everlast-
ing Death, for *swearing by the Life*
of *Pharoah*? Was *Peter*, when he
so Deny'd his Master, Damn'd
for Swearing and Forswear-
ing?

Thus you see (*Madam*) that
Malice guarded with the Devils
Cun-

Cunning, can't prove (or not fully prove) my Lord Jeffreys a Fiber, Whoremaster, Drunkard, Lyar, Swearer; and if I ha' clear'd him of these Vices, shan't we think him a Nonjuch? But, cries another (of Monmouth's Club-Men) 'If Ld J Jeffreys is charged with Covetousness. he wa'n't guilty of these Vices, yet he was Damn'd COVETOUS, and that's as bad; The Covetous are those which the Lord abhors; and yet, say these, he did not scruple to ask Fourteen Thousand Guineas for He takes but 1,000 Guineas for Mr. Sp---'s Life. the Life of one single Gentleman, and receiv'd it every Penny, or he had hang'd at Taunton (where he went next) one of the finest Gentlemen in the West of England——Further to prove him Covetous, the Secret Memoirs inform us, 'That he promis'd a Gentlewoman in Taunton to pardon her Husband, if she'd

A Man order'd to be hang'd, that had paid 60 Guineas for his Life.

' give him 60 Guineas ; but as soon
 ' as he had the Money, he gave
 ' orders that her Husband shou'd
 ' be hang'd the following Morn-
 ' ing ; and being Executed, (in-
 ' stead of returning the Guineas)
 ' he sent to his Wife, to see *what*
 ' a *Black Bird* (they are his very
 ' words) *he had hang'd up* ; and
 ' the same day he hang'd Fifty
 ' more, for they cou'd not pay
 ' for their Lives : But, say the
 ' *Secret Memoirs*, He might see his
 ' *Sin in his Punishment* ; for at the
 ' Prince of Orange's coming into
 ' England, some of his Soldiers
 ' coming to dine at the *Ship and*
 ' *Crown near the Custom-House*, that
 ' every Soldier was sent to keep
 ' Guard over *Jeffreys*, whose Fa-
 ' ther he had Hang'd at his *Own*
 ' *Sign-Post*, in the West of Eng-
 ' land—This Account of my
 Lord's

Lord's Covetousness, I find in the Secret Memoirs, and I have heard it confirm'd by a Worthy Person now living in Southwark—These two Instances (till look'd into) shew my Lord a Covetous Man: And were he such, I shou'd put a stop to my prailing of him, for a right Miser is the vilest Wonder (I mean the greatest Monster) the World produces, (those in Arabia are not half so frightful) for these, Ostrich-like, can digest Gold, Silver, and all Metals—These Earthly Moles, it fareth with them as Liquor with an *Hydropick Man*, who the more he drinks, the more he thirsts. But *Jeffreys* had nothing to do with Moles, to dig the Earth like them, and there to hide Treasures: He knew (if he read the Bible) he deserves to be

A right Miser is the greatest Monster the World produces.

everlastingly poor, who can't be content with a God.

*When I was young, these words my Motto were,
I neither Have, nor Want, nor do I Care;
And Death will make 'em truer than they are.*

A great deal of this World is but a Clog to the Christian Pilgrim. Shou'd any one, saith Bilhop Latimer (in a Sermon preach'd at Court) ask me which was the readiest way to Hell? I wou'd answer, First, Be Covetous; secondly, Take Bribes; thirdly, Pervert Justice and Judgment (there's the Mother and her two Daughters.) If (saith he to his Majesty) I were King, and any of my Judges shou'd thus suffer themselves to be corrupted, and pervert Justice (though he were my Lord Chief Justice himself (he'd not have spar'd even a Lord Jeffreys, had he taken Bribes) as God shall judge

Elthrop Latimer's Opinion of Covetousness.

me I wou'd make *Quondams* of every Man of them—And shall we think *Jeffreys* less severe against the sin of Covetousness? For he has been heard to say (which clears him of being a Miser) that *Jeffreys* O-
pinion of
Covetous-
ness. Covetousness was a *beggarly Vice*; I shan't call it so, having some Acquaintance, I can't say *Friends*, (for no Covetous Man can be a true Friend) that are tax'd with it; but tho I won't call it a *beggarly Sin*, yet I will say, 'Tis a *foolish Sin*, a most *senseless Vice*: For the true Miser, like a Dog in a Wheel, only toils to roast Meat for others Eating; and, which shews the unnatural Folly of this Vice, 'tis the only Sin grows young, as Men grow old; and therefore 'tis *Cowley* says, "I wonder how
"it comes to pass, that there has
"never been any Law made
G g 3 "against

“ against the *scraping Miser*; a-
 “ gainst him, do I say? I mean
 “ for him, as there are Publick
 “ Provisions made for all other
 “ Madmen:

The Miser does a double Fate deplore;
The Rich-Poor-Man's Emphatically Poor.

A Law
 Proposed
 to make
 Misers
 happy.

“ It is very reasonable then that
 “ the King should appoint some
 “ Persons (and I think the Cour-
 “ tiers wou'd not be against this
 “ Proposition) to manage his
 “ Estate during Life (for his
 “ Heirs commonly need not that
 “ Care) and out of it to make it
 “ their Business to see that he
 “ shou'd not want *Alimony* be-
 “ fitting his Condition, which he
 “ cou'd never get (after he
 “ grew in years) out of his own
 “ cruel Fingers: We relieve Idle
 “ Vagrants and Counterfeit Beggars,
 “ but

“but have no care at all of these
 “really Poor Men; who are (me-
 “thinks) to be respectfully trea-
 “ted, in regard of their *Quality*
 “and *Age*.—Thus far the *In-*
genious Cowley: And doubtless
Jeffreys had jerk’d Avarice as
 much, had it lain in his way to
 the Honour he intended to me-
 rit by hanging the Rebels. ’Tis
 only *Charity* makes *Riches* worth the
 (a) *owning*; then surely *Jeffreys*
 delign’d to build Hospitals, &c.
 it (as these Men say) he took
 14000 Guineas for a single Life,
 and stoop’d so low at another
 time as to take 60 Guineas (for
 60 Guineas wou’d feed many
 hungry Bellies) for the Life of
 a Man he resolv’d to hang. But
 if there be *nothing* in *Riches*, but
 the power it gives to oblige, then as
Jeffreys said (if the *Secret Memoirs*

’Tis Cha-
 rity makes
 Riches
 worth the
 owning.

(a) See the
 Post. Az-
 gel for Fa-
 nuary, pag.
 55.

'Tis a folly
to expect
dead
mens
Shoes.

don't lessen his Generous Temper) Let
Money melt as 'twill, 'tis but Dross;
I'll not be bury'd in Earth, be-
fore I come to my Grave; nor
by *l. Castles in the air*, I mean ex-
pect *Dead Mens Shoes*, lest they
fall upon my Head. Sure Lord
Jeffrey wou'd not have acted so
mean a part; and shall I praise
him, and yet not follow his great
Example?— In *plainer English*,
The Sweets of Life are all lost
by *M—rs* hugging the World;
and what care I now for the glit-
tering of *White and Yellow Dirt*, or
500 Acres of Land, when six
Foot (just to cover my little Car-
kass) is the height of my Ambi-
tion? For a Man to spend his
Life in pursuit of a Title, that
serves only when he dyes, to fur-
nish out an *Epitaph*, is below a wise
Mans Business. Our Lands and
Lives

Six Feet of
Land is the
height of
my ambi-
tion.

Lives (if we are Loyal) are the Kings, and (though we shou'd scrape as much as *Old Cutler* left his Heir) nothing can we call our own, but *Death*, and so much DUST as will serve to cover our *stinking Carcass*. These things consider'd, what care I for a *mighty Heap*, in re-
 version; No! I'll leave Honour We can call no-thing our own, but to Mad-men, and Riches to Death. Fools and Knaves, and in a Pilgrims-Garb, seek *Happiness* in a quiet Cell; for, what greater Folly can there be, than to adore that which Nature hath put under our Feet? 'Twas *Herbert's Advice*—

*Be thrifty, but not Covetous; therefore give
 Thy Need, thy Honour, and thy Friend his due:
 Never was Scraper brave Man: Get to live,
 Then live, and use it; else it is not true,
 That thou hast gotten: Surely Use alone
 Makes Money not a contemptible Stone.*

But

But let Men say what they please of their *Scraping* Friends, yet (rather than *Jeffries* shall be thought *Covetous*) I'll still say we must not Judge by outward appearance; for even *Jeffries* (and so might the *Post-Angel* too) be zealous in getting Riches, and yet be no *base* *Scraper*; for, he might covet the *World*, not out of love to it, but that he might give plentifully to the *Poor* and *Needy*; there be many that be meanly clad, and fare hard, that they may feed the *Hungry*, and Cloath the *Naked*; and tho' such as these may be called *Covetous*, (by reason they conceal their *Charities*) yet they are the most generous *Persons*; if Lord *Jeffries* did thus, rob *Peter* to pay *Paul*, how can we call him *Covetous*? For,

had

We must not Judge Men by outward Appearance.

had not the Rebels a *pennyworth* The Rebels had a good Penny-worth in the Lives they bought. for their Penny? A Man's Life is worth more than the whole World; and my Lord was so modest, as not to demand above 14000 Guinea's for a single Life, which is not the hundred thousandth part of the World— But, Madam, still you'll say, My Lord was Covetous, as he took Sixty Guinea's for Mr. B——s Life, and then hang'd him up: But why was it? Because my Lord, upon second Thoughts, judg'd Sixty Guinea's was not a fair Price for a *speaking Black-bird*: An innocent *Bumpkin* paid Ten Pound for one that could only sing; and you know, Madam, there must be a Conscience used in Buying as well as in Selling; when my Lord met

met with a good Chapman, he always stood to his Bargain; but we must not blame him for setting a high value upon the Lives of Innocent Men; or think him *Covetous*, if he took that for 'em which they begg'd, and almost forc'd him to accept: Alas! Madam, *Poverty is a Civil Pestilence*, which frights away both *Friends* and *Kindred*, and leaves us to a *Lord have mercy upon us*. Then can we blame my Lord for Consenting, (for he was entreated to accept the 14000 Guinea's) to be made Rich? 'Tis necessary to lay up for a time of need; for when a Man is poor, his nearest Relations scarce know him; or if they do, 'tis with a *different Air* than formerly; a Man in *Poverty is forc'd to dun for a Visit*.

Poverty
leads us to
a Lord
have mercy
upon us.

Visit, and can't obtain it, But if
 (with Timon) he grows Rich a-
 gain, his Friends run to welcome
 him home; as if return'd from
 some far Country—— If to be
 Poor, be to be thus slighted, can
 we blame Jeffries for making
 Hay whilst the Sun shines? Let who
 will trust to Courtiers Promises,
 to Friends Performances (Friends,
 where are they? For change of For-
 tune, changes Friends) I must needs
 say with Jeffries, Give me the Toy
 call'd Gold; yes, Madam, give me a
 thing call'd Money—— Money,
 in Trouble and Vexation, thou
 art my dainty Rest; in Sick-
 nels, thou art my Health; in
 Grief, my only Joy; Vertue
 must vail to thee; nay, Grace
 it self, not relisht with thy sweet-
 ness, would even displease the Righ-
 teous Palates of the Sons of Men:

If

If we're base by Birth, 'twill
 make us Honourable: Are our
 Friends few? 'Twill make them
 numerous: Is our Cause bad?
 'Twill make us Advocates: Wis-
 dom is an excellent help, and
 Learning is a genteel Accom-
 plishment; but they are Estates
 but for term of life, but Ever-
 lasting Gold, if well managed,
 will not only be ours during
 life, but our surviving Children,
 from Generation to Generation:
 This is the Reason there is such
 Plotting for Money (and so few that
 are Kind and Generous) tho' Rich-
 es are but the Gifts of Nature,
 but Goodness of God himself: Now
 if Gold has these charming
 Qualities, shall we blame Jef-
 fries for taking what was freely
 given; and, by consequence, ne-
 ver coveted by him?

Why there
 is such
 Plotting
 for Money.

Thus

Thus have I clear'd Lord Jeffreys of Covetousness, but to little purpose; for the West Countrymen tell us, in their Secret Memoirs, That my Lord was not only Covetous, but that He added Oppression to his Covetousness: For they tell us at the Bath, where he went next, that he was extream Rigorous in demanding a Debt which was due for a Life he had sold to a Mercer in this City. Mr. T. [say the Secret Memoirs] beg'd that the money he was to pay for his Sons Life, might lie in his hands till he had sold his Houses by the Kings Bath, and then it should be all paid, and Security given in the mean time: No, said Jeffreys, [for sure a Good Man may demand his own] I'll take no Security, but will have my money, or your Sons Life:

Lord Jeffreys is Charg'd with adding Oppression to his Covetousness

A good Man may demand his own.