

A Panegyric on the

Life; for, you know, Sir, continues the Secret Memoires, you gave me a Bond for the 400 l. or your Son had been hang'd at Taunton; and my Money I will have: I seek but what's my own by Law; you

The Law is good, and just, being rul'd by that, could not act severely.

know, Mr. T—, it was your own free Act and Deed; and the Execution lies for Goods or Body, and Goods or Body I will have: What if your Children starve, or your Wife perish? They perish at their own charge, not mine; I will be paid, or your Son shall be hang'd up. Mr. T— The Law is good, and being rul'd by that, how can my fair Proceedings be thought unjust? No! Mr. T—

He was not born to sell Lives for Tears.

assure your self I was not born to thrum Capps, or sell Lives for a few Tears: I thank God, (said Jeffries at Taunton) they move me not so much as a howling Dog at

Midd

with; for tho by Losses at Sea, &c. I have needed the forbearance of others, yet I never met with this severity: And can't think my Lord wou'd be guilty of it; not, but this Treatment is the common Fate of Men in Debt. We all pray, *Forgive us our Trespases, as we forgive others their Trespases against us; but since Avarice has crept under the Cloak and Circum-* single (where it should blush to appear) The Mercy that is now practis'd, is to hurry Men into a Prison, or to force 'em to such Terms, as their other Creditors will not agree to, which is little better than half starving them. But these Muck-worms cannot but know, That the Lord will spoil the Soul of the Oppressor; that we are bid not to oppress the Afflicted in the Gates

and

See Post-
Angel for
February.

and therefore these Cruel Wretches are to be pityed more than those they opprels; for, as Men sick of an *Atrophy*, eat much but thrive not; so these, tho' they devour *Widows Houses*, feed upon the fat of the Land, and hoard up Treasure to enrich a Progeny of Rioters; yet they seldom thrive with the Fat of their Oppression: But tho' we may scrive up Justice to the pitch of an Injury; yet all, demanding our own, can't be called Oppression; then we'll not charge *Jeffreys* with griping others; for tho' we are told, *Blessed are the merciful*; yet we all know the World is hard, and he that hopes to thrive, must gripe as hard; What *Jeffreys* gave, he gave; and what he lent, he lent; and therefore if the way to Heaven be

Tis half
starving
men, to
force 'em
to hard
Terms.

We may
scrive

not to turn *Begger upon Earth*,
 he ought not to be thought *Grave-
 el*, For the Law was his
 Direction; and Mr. T—— ha-
 ving promis'd four hundred
 Pound for his Sons Life, why
 should my Lord be call'd an
 Oppressor, or leave the *BATH*
 till he had his Mony.

Thus, Madam, have I clear'd
 my Lord of that *Covetousness* and
Oppression the West Country men
 charge him with: But my Lord
 growing Rich, by selling of Lives,
 (tho at cheap Rates) they further
 charge him with *Pride*: For they
 tell us in their *Secret Memoires*, That
 when he came to *Wells* (where
 he finish'd his *Western Campaign*)
 there came several to him to beg
 the Lives of their Friends; but
 my Lord (say they) instead of
 granting their Petition, (*proudly*)

told

All de-
 manding
 our own,
 can't be
 call'd Op-
 pression

They is
 Charg'd
 with Le-
 isy proud
 and state-
 ly.

told 'em, He'd make 'em repent their Sawciness : And particularly, he ask'd Mr. N—— of Frome, (who was earnest in begging the Life of his Brother) *How his Poverty durst presume to breathe so near his Person, much more to take his Name into his Dunghil mouth?* But why shou'd they call this *Pride?* 'Twas but a conscious Knowledge of his great Merits : A Countenance that's reserv'd, breeds Fear, and a due Respect ; but Affability, and too Easie an Access, makes Fools too bold, and Reputation cheap. The Price Jeffreys put upon his own Delerts, might have taught the Rebels how to prize him, and have kept their Kindred at a due distance, (which they ought to observe, tho my Lord were as humble as Moses) or at least the lustre

What they call his Pride, was but a Conscious Knowledge of his great Merits.

He is justified in his big words

of his sparkling Eye, shou'd have had the power to astonish the *Frome Supplicant* into good Manners, and sent him back to cast his Mind into a *Fair Petition*; (for the *Memoirs* say he had none in Writing) *humbly presented with his Trembling Hand*: So that my Lord was no proud man in not listening to this *Sawcy Beggar*; for to see a ragged Fellow to press into his Presence, to press so near his Face; and then to speak, and speak to him as if he were his Equal, is more than sufferable, and justifies my Lord in his *big Words*: For tho the malicious *West* says he was proud and stately, yet *Unprejudic'd* men won't blame him for advancing his *Noble Thoughts*, and prizing himself according to those *Parts* which all did wonder

der at, few imitate, but none equal. Then let such as have no Reason to be proud, be humbled of Necessity; and let them that have no Parts to value, be despondent: For Jeffrrys might set a due Value on Himself, and yet be an humble Man: Nay, sure he won't be proud, that believes *The Lord will destroy the House of the Proud; that every one that is proud in heart, is abomination to the Lord.* The higher Pride is, the lower it falls; he that heigh-tens himself in his own Pride, is always destroy'd: 'Twas this Sin made Satan fall from the highest Heaven, therefore they that pride themselves in their *Virtues*, imitate the Devil, and fall more dangerously, because they aspire and climb to the highest pitch, from whence

A haughty
Man's a
jest.

is the greatest Fall, for God resisteth
the Proud : And besides the
sin on't, a *Haughty Man* is really a
Jest ; (for what a Nothing is *Honour*,
Riches, *Beauty*, and those fa-
ding Toys that so puff us up.)
This made *Herbert* say,

*When th' Hair is sweet thro' Pride or Lust,
The Powder doth forget the Dust.*

For my own share, when I
meet with such starch'd Fops
(tho' I'm a profess'd Enemy to
a Proud Carriage) my Hat is
as close nail'd to my Head, as
theirs ; and thus I act, that by
shewing them how silly Pride
looks in me, they might learn
better Manners against our next
meeting : Yet how com-
mon is it to see a *strutting*
Prodigal over-look a Region
with his waving Plume, as if he
cou'd

cou'd as easily shake that as his
 Feather; yet in *Private*, will
 creep like a crouching Spaniel to
 his base Prostitute: How does
 he powder, and curl, and even
 paint (sometimes) to *angle for Ad-*
mirers? Being thus equipp'd, the
 good-natur'd Animal fancies eve-
 ry Body's in love with him, that casts
 an Eye on his Accomplish'd Phis'nomy
 and Dress, as he walks along the
 street; I shou'd have said danc'd
 along, for he scorns to walk the
 vulgar mechanick pace. But,
 'tis a most abominable piece of Pride,
 to see a Fellow, as soon as he's
 out of his Bed in a morning, to
 run to the Looking-Glass, and pay
 his first Devotions to the wor-
 shipful Figure of himself, to
 play the *Narcissus* with his own
 shadow, and make his Court with
 an hundred and twenty Grima-
 ces

He'll some
 times creep
 to a base
 Prostitute.

A right
 Beau
 thinks
 every wo-
 man in
 love with
 him.

He is in
love with
himself.

Views
himself in
the Glass.

ces, to his pretty Pigs-nies? Is it not a Manly Exercise to see a Coxcomb stand licking his Lips into Rubies, painting his Cheeks into Cherries, patching his Pimgenits, Carbuncles and Buboes, to see him striveing to out-do *Appelles* in counterfeiting the lovely *Eye-brow*, to be two long hours in Careening his Hair and Peruke, and (perhaps) as tedious in adjusting his Cravat-string; what a Time-waster is Pride? (especially *Pride in dressing*) yet 'tis very comical to see this Fop strutting up and down his Chamber, surveying himself from Head to Foot, first turning one Shoulder then t'other, now looking fore-right in the Glass, then turning his Posteriors, tiffing with the Curls in his Wigg, tying and untying his Cravat, writhing himself in-

to as many Postures as he in the *Pall-mall*; and yet, after all this *Fore-noon's speculation*, is not satisfi'd 'til he has consulted his flattering Valet? Madam, I will not trouble you with all the impertinent Dialogue that passes between 'em; but after Monsieur *Gnaw-bone* has completely equipt his Mr. *En Chevalier*, the Spark sallies forth of his Chamber like a Peacock, beseeching the Winds to favour his delicate Friz, and not put a Lock or a Curl out of Joint; and now the first Visit he makes, is to his *Semstress*, on purpose to be admir'd by little *Miss* that sits behind the Counter, with whom he enters into a profound Chat, about the *Newest Fashion for Cravats*, what colour'd Ribbond is most proper for

that

He consults his flattering Valet.

When he leaves his Chamber, his first Visit is to his Semstress.

that Season; how deep Men wear their Ruffles; when he has run himself out of breath, with a Catalogue of the various Whims such Coxcombs as he wear about 'em, he makes a Parenthesis (*by peeping in the Glass that hangs up in the Shop*) finding fault with his Barber, Landrels, Taylor, &c. on purpose to draw her Eyes towards his charming self—— Here begins the Rehearsal of his Mornings Chamber-work; he picks a Quarrel with his Cravat, that he may engage pretty Miss to tie it a new for him, and then he has a fair opportunity to make Love by a Thousand little Effeminate Tricks. Then his Ruffles don't sit to please him, and Miss is employ'd agen; here's another Advantage to shew his

He enquires about the Fashions.

He begins the Rehearsal of his Mornings work.

He quarrels with his Cravat and Ruffles

White

White Hand, which this She-^{LittleMiss}
 Trader (to oblige her Custom-^{admires}
 er) never fails to admire; for,
 (Woman like) she's pleas'd with
 every thing that looks gay,
 which occasion'd that old Say-
 ing, That fine Cloaths please Wo-^{Fine}
 men and Fools; but Mr. Alsop ^{Cloaths}
 tells us, No cost of Apparel is so ^{please Wo-}
 ill bestow'd, as that of precious Time ^{men and}
 of Apparrelling: And if common ^{Fools.}
 Time be so ill spent, what is the
 solemn sacred Time, laid out in such
 Curiosity? How many Sabbaths,
 Sermons, Sacraments, Prayers,
 Praises, Psalms, Chapters, Medi-
 tations, has this one Vanity de-
 vour'd? (Ladies) Let me recom-
 mend the Counsel of holy Mr. Her-
 bert to you:

Oh!

————— Oh! be drest;
 Stay not for t'other Pin: Why, thou hast lost
 A Joy for it, worth Worlds: Thus Hell doth
 jest
 Away thy Blessings, and extreemly flout thee,
 Thy Cloaths being fast, but thy Soul loose a-
 bout thee—

Much sa-
 cred Time
 is laid out
 in such
 Vanities.

'Tis as ea-
 sie to enu-
 merate all
 the Tack-
 ling of the
 Royal So-
 vereign, as
 the Ac-
 coutre-
 ments of a
 Lady
 bound for
 a Court-
 Voyage.

Ob! the wanton folly of our
 Times, when (as one expresseth
 it) it's almost as easie to enume-
 rate all the Tackling of the Royal
 Sovereign, as the Accoutrements of
 a Capricious Lady; and perhaps
 it requires not much more time to
 equip and rig out a Ship to the In-
 dies, as a whimsical Madam, when
 she is to Sail in state, with all her
 Flags, Streamers, Pennans, bound for a
 Court-Voyage; with less labour did A-
 dam give Names to all the Crea-
 tures in Paradise, than a Tire He-
 rald shall give you the Nomencla-
 ture

cure of all the Trinckets that belong to a Ladies Closet: And yet all this is but to consume a whole Morning to put on, which must waste the whole Evening to put off.— Thus far this Author; and I wish he han't bin too severe upon the Fair Sex; for, how can we blame the Women for using innocent Arts, to reclaim the Men from this Pride in Dress and Apparel: Believe

me, Madam, your Towers and Top-knots, are no other then Satyrns on the Mens high Crisped Wigs, and dangling Locks; their spruce Cravat-strings, Sword-knotts, and the rest of their finical Dress: But tho' neither Cloaths,

Towers and Top-knots are no other than Satyrns on the Mens Crisped Wiggs, and dang-ling Locks.

Riches, nor Honour, should puff us up, yet we should blame no Man for not seeming one Scruple less then what he is;

We shou'd blame no Man for not seeming less than he is.

and

and this, (which the *West-Country Men* mistook for *Pride*) was the Reason why *Jeffreys* respected himself, receiv'd Honour from himself, rejoyced himself in himself, and priz'd himself for himself: This was the Reason, that (like *Cæsar*) he admitted no equal; and like *Pompey*, acknowledg'd no Superior.— Why he was Covetous of his own Honour, and held anothers Glory as his Injury: For this Reason, (and not through *Pride*) he renounc'd *Humility* as an Heresie in Reputation; and Meekness as the worst Disease of a Noble Soul; and in a word, the Belief, that no Man was good enough to speak to him (and to value Goodness, was no sign of a proud Man) was the reason

The Reason why he would not read the Petitions that were presented to him at *Wells*.

son why he wou'd not read the Petitions that were present-^{He wou'd not read the Petitions that were presented to him at Wells.} ed to him at *Wells*; and why he look'd as big on the Person that begg'd Mr. *Acer's* Life, as a certain Gentleman is observ'd to look (when he struts by the Poultry Counter) with his Long Wigg, Black Muff, and no Brains; so that *Jeffreys* must not be thought proud for his slighting Petitions, it being through the knowledge of his great Merits, (and not through Pride) that he ^{No Man was good enough to speak to him.} disparag'd Worth in all but himself, and made the Rebels Disgrace as a Foil, to magnifie his good Name. Then whatever he did amiss in the *West*, we'll still think him a *Wise, Courteous and Humble Person.*

Thus have I clear'd Lord *Jeffreys* of being a proud Man,
Li (and

(and of those other Sins the *West-Country-men* tax him with) but (as if this wa'n't enough to *sunk him to Hell*) they further charge him with—— Sabbath-breaking; for having finish'd his *Merciful Assizes* at *Wells*, he went next to *Bristol*, where, going to Church, say the *Secret Memoirs*, he sat gaping and staring at the fine Ladies, as if he had forgot what he came about; and when he return'd to his Quarters, he talk'd in such a loose manner, as if he had been at a Play-House instead of a Church: And, in a word, say the *Secret Memoirs*, he was so *universally wicked*, that (make him as bad as possible) you cannot belye him.— For as the Speech he made in *Bristol*, was a piece of Drollery about

Jeffreys is
charg'd at
Bristol
with Pro-
phaning
the Sab-
bath.

about a couple of puffing Trumpeters— Womens Ruling their Husbands.— Dissenting Aldermen— Scoundrel Fellows— Sons of Dunghills.— The Fellow that carries the Sword before Mr. Mayor— The Tyleys, the Wades, and the Rowes; — And about a Brush that he carried about him, &c. I say, as this Speech was a Banter on the Citizens of Bristol; so (says the Secret Memoires) the Life he lead whilst he staid here, especially on Sunday, was the very reverse of all that was serious. Poor Jeffreys! How art thou slander'd by these Men, but more especially in this last Charge; for I saw thee, with my own Eyes, to go to St. Nicholas Church with as much Devotion as any in Bristol; and when thou wert there, thou didst make

The Heads of the Speech he made at Bristol, in his return for London.

He went to Church with as much Devotion as any in Bristol.

He made
as low O-
beyfance,
and as just
Reiponds
as Mr. May-
or him-
self.

We are
command-
ed to keep
holy the
Sabbath.

as low *Obeysance*, and as just
Reiponds as Mr. *Mayor* himself
(God blefs him.) 'Tis true, as
foon as the Sermon was ended,
thou wer't contented that thy
Church-Devotion, and thy *Pray-
er-Book* should *sanctifie* thy *Pue*
till the next Sunday; but why
was this? (*Not with a Design to
prophane the Sabbath*) but because
he thought two Hours would
vent more Prayers than he
should need, and that therefore
the rest of the Sabbath remain'd
for Pleasure; and we find
Charles the Martyr of this O-
pinion, or he woud ne're
have Publish'd that *Vue Decla-
ration*, to encourage Sports and
Pastimes on the Lord's Day:—
I call it *Vile*, as Sabbath-break-
ing is a great Sin; for we are
commanded to keep holy th
Sabbat

Sabbath-day : 'Tis said *Exod.*
 31, 14. *Whofoever doth any work*
on the Sabbath, shall be cut off.
 As God requires us to remember ^{King}
the Sabbath day, so as to keep it ^{Charles} Publish'd
 holy, so himself remembers ^{a Declara-}
 them that dare to prophane it ; ^{tion to en-}
 the *Child* that gather'd Sticks ^{courage}
 on that Day among the *Irae-* ^{Sports and}
lites, in the early times of the ^{Pastimes}
 Mosaick Oeconomy, was, by ^{on the}
 the Order of God himself, ^{Lordsday,}
^{and so did}
^{K. James}
^{the First,}
^{&c.}
ston-
ed to death. And as he began
 to shew his Severity betimes,
 in the punishing of this sin, so
 he hath continu'd to the pre-
 sent Age, to shew his great
 displeasure against it ; insomuch
 that I think, King James was
 much in the right, when he
 caus'd his *Declaration* for Sports
 upon that day, to be torn out
 of his Printed Volume of Wri-
 tings,

tings, where it is not now to be seen. What then can we say, bad enough, of King Charles's encouraging Sports and Pastimes on the Lord's day; which is such an open Profanation of the Sabbath, that all that wou'd prosper, (either in Soul or Body) must keep holy: 'Twas an Observation of Judge *Hales*, that it always far'd with him the following Week, according as he had been more or less serious in keeping the Sabbath; and I believe this is what all experience; for as *Herbert*

'Twas
Judge
Hales's Ob-
servation,
that it al-
ways far'd
with him
the follow-
ing week,
according
as he had
been more
or less se-
rious in
keeping
the Sab-
bath.

says,

*Sundays the Pillars are,
On which Heaven's Palace arch'd lies:
The other Days fill up the Spare
And hollow Room with with Vanities.*

But tho' God's Judgments often fall upon Sabbath-breakers; and all good Men are strict in observing of it, yet Lord Jeffreys thought (after setting a good Example at Church) that keeping the Sabbath after he came home, was a little Phanatical; and for that Reason, he thought he sinned less, (if we dare think he'd live in a known Sin) by running to the other Extream, then to imitate the Dissenters in the most necessary Points of Christianity.—

Lord Jeffreys was a constant Church-man,

Thus have I run through (and answer'd to Jeffreys's Honour) all that Levity, Whoreing, Drunkenness, Lying, Swearing, Avarice, Oppression, Pride, and Sabbath-breaking, the West-Country-men lay to his charge at Winchester,

Salisbury, Exeter, Taunton, Bath, and Wells (where he finish'd his merciful Assizes) and at Bristol, from whence he return'd to London.—He dearly earn'd his Honours, for what a black Catalogue of Sins are here, that the West-Country-men charge him with? Nay, they say in their Secret Memoires, that he was so universally wicked, they can't belie him; but I have clear'd him of all their Abuses, or, at least, have prov'd he had a good meaning in his worst Actions; and that (as 'tis Charity to lend a Crutch to a lame Con- ceit) may pass for Innocence; or if the World won't be thus Charitable, yet as Wesley advi- (es.)

He dearly
earn'd his
Honours.

Is said to
be univer-
sally wick-
ed.

He may
pass for
Innocent.

In his E-
pistle to a
Friend.

*Commend the good; to all but Vice be kind,
And cast the smaller Faults in Shades be-
(hind.*

I shall conclude these *Secret Memoires*, with saying, I've been as satyrical against every Vice that *Jeffreys* was charg'd with, as I have been zealous to praise its contrary *Vertue*, and to prove him innocent; which respect to *Vertue*, will please all but such as *Oldham*, who (impudently) writ a *Satyr against Vertue*, which he calls a *Grave-Impertinence*, abhorr'd by *Men of Wit*; but, tho' *First-Rate Poets*, can praise *Vice* in gayer *Flights* than I dare pretend to.— Yet when they come to die,

The Con-
clusion of
the Secret
Memoires.

Oldham
writ a Sa-
tyr against
Vertue.

How

*How will they wish each Lewd, applauded
Line,*

*Which makes Vice pleasing, and Damna-
tion shine,*

*Had bin as dull, as honest Quarles or
mine.*

*All Jeffreys
hanged in
the West,
were so
many In-
stances of
his Loyalty,
Mercy, and
Justice.*

Thus have I clear'd Jef-
freys of a Black Catalogue of Sins;
and have prov'd, (as Bloody as
my Lord was made) that all he
hang'd in the West, were so
many Instances of his Loyalty
and merciful Temper. And as I
have prov'd my Lord Jeffreys
a Loyal and Merciful Judge, &c.
So he was no less eminent
for those ACTS of JUSTICE
he did, whilst Lord Chief-
Justice. I shall instance in
Fran;

Francis the Murderer of Mr. Dangerfield. This *Ruffian* had the greatest in the Kingdom to stand by him, and for that Reason had been certainly Pardoned, had not *Jeffreys* gone to *Whitehall* to tell the King he must die, for the *Rabble* were now heated. Neither can I forget the Justice he did to Mr. *George Larkin*, who, after he had been at a great charge to prevail with his Lordship to turn him over to the *King's-Bench*, *Jeffreys* was so just (after he had been in the *King's-Bench* about two hours) as to provide him again with a Close Room in the *Press Yard*, lest he should catch cold by having too much Air in the *Kings Bench*. And as he acted several just things whilst he was Lord Chief-Justice,

Francis is Hang'd at the request of my Lord Jeffries.

His Justice to Mr. George Larkin.

He reflects
upon Mr.
Baxter.

Justice, so when he came to be Lord Chancellor, he was like a Beacon set on a Hill, for his Justice now blaz'nd out, and he did such eminent Services in the Court of Chancery, as never had been done before.

But perhaps, Madam, you'll say, how could my Lord be so just, when he prosecuted Mr. Baxter for only publishing a Paraphrase on the New Testament? What Honour was there in calling so Pious a Man Rogue and Rascal? And what Justice in not suffering him to speak in his own defence?

His opin-
ion of
Dissenters.

To this I answer, my Lord Jeffrys was of this Opinion, That no Dissenter in England deserv'd Justice; and sure that may excuse his *immannerly Treatment*. Or if it don't, we all know that

the

the best of Men have their faults ;
 and as Just and Merciful as my
 Lord was, I don't pretend he
 was quite perfect. But after all,
 who knows but Mr. Baxter had
 Justice done him? for my Lord
 Jeffrys had such an Invisible way
 at doing of Justice (having a
 quick Wit, and more piercing
 Judgment than other Men)
 that he often did it, when no
 body but himself could per-
 ceive any thing but the blackest
 Villany. That he had a secret
 way of doing of Justice, is seen in
 his Raising the price of Halter:
 For his hanging so many in the
 West, had Justice (cou'd you
 think it?) as well as Mercy in
 it: For, as I mention'd before,
 he swept the Country before
 him; And all this (besides the
 kindness he design'd in it) was to
 requite

Lord
 Jeffries
 was not
 quite
 perfect.

He had a
 secret way
 of doing
 Justice.

His kindness to the Rope-Makers of Tawnton.

requite the disappointment he gave to the Rope-makers of Tawnton, From, and Exeter, &c. who all presumed (as 'twas a debt due to the Favours he did 'em) upon making a Halter for his Lordship; and were so fond of the Honour, that had he died (as his Father express'd it) with his Shoes and Stockings on, they had all Petition'd for the Honour of being my Lord Jeffrys Halter-maker.

He is made Lord Chancellor of England.

This New sort of Mercy and Justice so endear'd Lord Jeffrys to his Royal Master, that on his Return from the West, he's Advanc'd to the Pinnacle of Honour: for the Purse and Mace (vacant by the death of the Lord North) were reserv'd for him, and he's made Lord Chancellor of England—How, strangely does Me-

rit raise Men! And now being created Baron of Wem, we find him in a High Commission, or Ecclesiastical Court, Suspending the Honourable Bishop of London.

He is created Baron of Wem.

His High Commission.

*But now being on the top of Fortune's Wheel,
The Giddy Goddess did begin to reel.
A warning 'tis to all depending on her,
Of Ice is made the Pinacle of Honour.*

We have an Instance of this in my Lord Jeffrys; for on the News of the great Preparations in Holland my Lord grew out of favour, and was so afraid of his *sweet Life*, that being ask'd by a Courtier what the Heads of the Princes Declaration were, he answer'd---He was sure his was one, whatever the rest were---He has now a taste

He grows out of Favour.

of

of true Popish Gratitude! For tho' he dispenc'd with the Laws to oblige his Master; yet King James declar'd when he left England, that he was now sensible, my Lord Chancellor had been a very ill Man, and had done very ill things. The Court by this time beginning to scatter, and the Prince of Orange approaching, my Lord Chancellor betook himself to Wapping, disguised in a Collier's-Coat, and being taken, he was carried before Sir John Chapman Lord Mayor of the City of London; but the Rabble following him with Clubs and Staves, he had been pull'd into a Thousand pieces, had not a Guard of the Train'd Bands conducted him safe to the Tower, where his Conscience (I should say Innocence)

The Rabble feize him in a Collier's Coat.

cence) and the Rabble still attend him. Hang him presently cry'd one; Hang him, cry'd another! What, a bare hanging? 'tis too little, he hath a deed well worth *Damnation* done. *Hanging!* They deserve that Curle, that think he deserves no more. Look, cries a Third, he *Triumphs* in the Blood he spilt. May he ne're repent, cries a Fourth. Being drove from the Tower, they depart, *Wrangling* about his *Quarters*, and swear (if he be kept from 'em) that even at *Hell-Gates* they'd reach and stab him there. — How dismal was it to see so Great and so Good a Man in such a forlorn Condition, and in so Poor a Garb!

*Sad sight to see him in a Colliers-Skin,
 Come Pence a piece, my Masters, enter in.
 My Lord Mayor Swooned, and was stricken dumb,
 To see his Metamorphos'd Lordship come.
 The Mobile and Rout with Clubs and Staves
 Swore that his Carcass ne'er should lye in Graves.
 Limb him they wou'd, as Boys at Shrovetide do:
 Some cry'd, I am for a Wing, an Arm, For what
 (are you?
 I am for his Head says one, for his Brains says
 (t'other;
 And I am for his Soule; his Ears, another.
 I know the Rogue is Fleshy, says a Fourth,
 The Sweet-Breads, Lungs & Heart then nothing
 (worth;
 Yes, quoth another, but not good to eat,
 A Heart of Steel will ne'er prove tender Meat.
 But we must them dispose another way,
 A good Rich Lawyer will a round Sum pay
 For such a Set of Loud and Bellowing Lungs,
 Enough to serve a Hundred Stentor's Tongues.
 We'll sell his Heart to th' Pope to make a Show,
 A Relique on't, and hee'l get Money too.*

And

And see, if Terror has not struck thee Blind,
 See here a long, a Ghastly Train behind!
 Far, Far from utmost West, they crowd away,
 And how'ring o're fright back the sickly Day.
 Each hollows in thy Ears, Prepare, prepare,
 For What thou must, yet What thou canst not bear:
 Each at thy Heart a Bloody Dagger Aims,
 Upwards to Cibbets point, downwards to endless Flames
 But whil'st they were dividing him in Thought,
 The Lord Mayor order'd Soldiers to be brought,
 Who rescu'd him from out the Rabble's power,
 And straight away they took him to the Tower.
 With much adoë he there was brought at last,
 To think on all his Pious Actions past:

Oh for Dispencing now! Or
 for an Ignoramus Jury! But the
 City being Ignorant of my Lords
 Worth, they (half) hang him The Citi-
zens pre-
sent him
with a
Barrel of
Oysters
 with their Billa vera. My Lord
 had not been in the Tower above
 Five Days, but (as tis said)
 he had a Barrel of Oysters sent
 him; upon sight of which he

said to the Bearer, I see I have
some Friends left still. But upon
 opening the Barrel, he found
 nothing but a large Halter. —
 His Friends might have been
sparing of this Charge: For rather
 than have been thought un-
 grateful, the *Widows in the West*
 wou'd have sent him a *Golden*
Noose.

This 'tis they mean, 'tis this they wou'd have done,
But I wou'd chouse 'em e'ry Mothers Son,
Troth I'd ee'n Hang my Self, 'tis quickly done,
If you've no Halter, never make a Pother,
Take but a Garter, one's as good as t'other.
For, Sir, should such a Man as you submit
To be the publick laughter of each grinning Cit?
Else, my Lord, take a Razor, never fear,
And cut your Lordships Throat from Ear to Ear.
Tis feasible enough, you know who did it,
And where the Razor is, and who 'twas hid it.
Cut all the Jug'lar Veins thro', if you can,
Else they'll say Essex was the stouter Man.

When my Lord was in the Tower, an eminent Clergyman ask'd him if any thing troubled his Conscience, with respect to those he hang'd in the *West*; and he said, *Nothing*, except the Death of the *Lady Lisle*. The Scripture says, *Be not righteous overmuch*, and he thought he had been too *Merciful* to that *Lady*— But as much as her Death troubled him, he knew 'twan't not the part of a Christian, to appear dejected, and therefore he drowns his Conscience in a *Hog's head of Clarret*, and swam (as his Enemies say, *to the Devil in Brandy*).— Dr. *Lower* (his Physitian) was sent for, but he had one Foot in *Charon's Boat*, before he arriv'd; and by Nine in the Morning, he land-

He is troubled for the Death of the Lady Lisle.

He drowns his Conscience in a Hog's head of Claret.

He died
Universal-
ly lament-
ed.

Is Buried
in the
Tower.

ed him, I can't say where. As he dyed in the Tower of London, so he was there buryed Privately, (lest the Mob should have seized his Body) the Sunday Night following, by an Order his Relations got from King William. And I may further say, (to his Praise) he dyed Universally lamented.— Lamented by the West, as they lost making his Halter; lamented by the Booksellers, as they lost his Dying-Speech. And lamented by Jack Ketch, as he lost the Profit of setting his Head upon London-bridge. But tho' he lost the Honour of a Publick Death; yet, that he may lose none of his due Praises, I'll conclude his Panegyrick with the following Character—

Lord

Lord Jeffrey's Character.

He was for stature, of a A Description of his Person.
middle size; his Face full of a
 certain briskness; his *Eyes* quick
 and rolling; And tho' he
smil'd upon Rogues and Whores,
 he star'd upon honest Men as He star'd upon honest Men,
 if he'd look *through 'em.* — as it he'd look look thro' 'em.
 His *Cheeks* had a great deal of
 Brass in 'em, and were so com-
 pos'd, that he'd *blush at nothing.*
 But his *Tongue* was the best Ac-
 complishment he had — His
Mouth, was the *Mouth of the Ci-*
ty, and his *Tongue* the *speaking*
Trumpet of England. He was He was a Man of a ready Wit.
 a Man of a *ready Wit*, and had
 got more *Law* than he had oc- He had got more Law than he had occasion to use
 casion to use, since the *dispen-*
sing Power; having as good as
 seated all the *Law in the King's*

Breast; he, by that, found out a more *compendious method* of attaining it, than his formerly known. *As for his Conversation,* 'twas very Jocular, except a *Dissenter* came in the way; and at such times, he was much like those *unlucky Animals*, all whose Wit lies in Tricks and Mischiefs: But we must pardon this, for he was a Son of the Church, and would force others to be as good as himself,— *He would rail even upon the Bench it self*; but his *Billingsgate* was very diverting; for let him aim at what he would, the Church and State was still in his Eye.— The many hundreds that he hang'd in the West, shews he was a stout Man, his *Entrails Brass*, and his *Heart Steel*; and this was necessary in the
 Post

His *Billingsgate* was very diverting.

Post where the King had plac'd him.— *Hang, Draw and Quarter*, was part of his Loyalty; and yet we may call him a *Merciful Judge*: For he had such respect to the Souls of men, that he scarce hang'd any but those that were Innocent, and of these he has sentenc'd 200 in a Fore-noon. If he excell'd in one thing more than another, 'twas in his *Haste to send Whiggs to Heaven*: For, *Hang Men first, and try 'em afterwards* (Witness *Sir Thomas Armstrong's death*) was his Peculiar Talent. And as his having a Hand in all the Protestant Blood, from the Murder of Godfrey to the last that dyed in the West, shew'd him a faithful Servant to King James; so his driving *Jehu-like*, in subverting our Laws, did not a little

His hanging so many by, contributed towards our Deliverance from Popery.

He was King James's Chief Favourite.

His great Niceness in doing of Justice.

He had an Honest Meaning in his worst Actions.

little contribute towards our Deliverance from Popery, according to the Prophecy, of the many Hundreds he sentenc'd to the Ax and Halter; for this, King James made him his chief Favourite, and he well deserv'd it; for (to compleat his Character) he was so NICE in doing of Justice, that he often did it, when none but himself could perceive any thing like it. But tho' he deserves this extraordinary Character, yet the West-Country-Men (in their Secret Memoires) have the boldness to charge him with Levity, Whoring, Drinking, Lying Swearing, Covetousness, Pride, Extortion, Sabbath-breaking, &c. But were he as guilty as I have prov'd him Innocent, yet he had such an honest meaning in all he did; that his worst

worst Actions (had we Eyes to see it) seem'd more refin'd than the best of others.— As *Archelaus*, who when he wou'd fight with *Hercules*, wou'd shift himself into a Serpent, wou'd change himself into the likeness of a Devil; or being a Devil, he cou'd change himself into what Form he wou'd: Even so some Men cover Vices with the Names of Vertues.— For is *Jeffreys* merriness at passing a Sentence, it must be thought *spiritual Joy*, for the Conversion of Hereticks.— Or is he *Melancholy*? It must be Melancholy. call'd Godly Sorrow, for shedding Innocent Blood.— His *Fornication* must be call'd a loving and youthful Temper; Whoring. or, if he lies with his Neighbour's Wife; 'tis that he may speak against *Adultery*, with the greater abhorrence.— His **Gluttony**

Drinking. Gluttony must be call'd Hos-
 pitality: If he Drinks hard,
 'twas only to cleanse and
 strengthen his Brains, and must
 pass at worst, but for good Fel-
 lowship. He us'd the help of
 Lying. a Lie, only as a Religious Stra-
 agem to extirpate Heresie. His
 Swearing. Swearing must be call'd a passi-
 onate Zeal to the Cause he
 Pride. espoused.— His Pride must
 be call'd Neatness: His Idleness
 a quiet and harmless Temper:
 His Flattery must be call'd Elo-
 quence: And as to Covetous-
 Covetous- ness, tho' 'tis a *beggarly Vice*, yet
Jeffreys had such a good mean-
 ing in it, that if he was *Cove-*
tous, it ought to be Thought
 Frugality. His Tyranny we must
 call Justice. His Envy, Good-
 will. And we must colour
 Oppressi- his *Oppression* with God's Judg-
 on. ments

ments executed upon the Wicked: If he be Rich, it must be Riches. thought the Blessing of a Godly Life; If poor, the Fruit of a Poverty. Conscionable dealing. Charity. he held an extraordinary Duty, and therefore not ordinarily to be performed; and he was so kind to himself (*for Charity begins at home*) that what he openly reprov'd in a Publick Court for his own Profit, that he secretly acted at home for his own Pleasure.

*Then to conclude his Panygerick
(in the Words of a Modern
Poet.)*

*We have our Faults; but him we'll call di-
(vine)*

*Wisdom did in his meanest Actions shine;
Just, Pious, Chaste, from every Passion*

*(free,
By Learning rais'd above Humility:*

For

the West Country Men for his Hanging their Friends. And if this be his true Character, let the West charge him with Whoring, Drinking, Swearing (or what they please) his Words can need no Credit, nor his Actions no Praise.— Thus you see Madam (want it for that Text of — *Woe be to you Hypocrites*) there is no such Stuff to make a Cloak of as Religion, nothing so Fashionable, nothing so profitable. It is a Livery where Jeffries cou'd serve two Masters — God and Mammon. — He Murder'd Hundreds (in the West) under a pretence of Acting according to Law, his Masters instructions, and the Zeal he had to Religion. — But I'll say no more of his Bloody (I shou'd say Merciful) Assizes: For he Butcher'd

the

Jeffreys words need no credit, nor his Actions no Praise

There is no such Stuff to make a Cloak of as Religion

the Whigs, but to save their Souls; and he's now paid for his Western-Service, I mean he is gone to his own place; and therefore 'tis needless to follow him further, unless with a Wish, somewhat like that handsome one History leaves us, That all King William's Enemies were as Honourably Buried.

He's gone to his own Place.

I have traced Lord Jeffrey's Virtues from his Birth to his Drowning

Thus (Madam) I have finish'd my Panegyrick on the Lord Jeffreys, and have Traced his Vertues from his Birth to his Western-Circuit, and from thence to his Drowning—— My Lord was a Non-such-Man, and I ha' said so much in his Praise, that I hope your Ladiship has a quite different Opinion of him, to what you had when you petition'd for your Brother's Life: For as great a Monster as you then thought him, I have largely prov'd he was a Loyal,

Loyal, just, and Merciful Judge, &c.
and that he study'd the good of
his Master, the good of the
Whigs, and of Himself too, as
he hang'd (and pardon'd) so many in
the West. Then let no man call
Lord Jeffreys a cruel-Man: For
Jeffreys being a Son of the Church,
(which was a Secret in his life-time)
he thought the Laws cou'd not
be satisfy'd, nor the Church se-
cure, if he did not hang and con-
found all that Dissented from it;
neither cou'd he be safe, whilst
there was an honest Man in the three
Kingdoms: And therefore no
wonder that Kirk and he drank so
many Healths to their hanging up—
Lord Jeffreys knew that either he
or they must dye for't; and he
was a better Men than to be guilty of
Self-Murther.

His Religi-
on was a
Secret in
his Life-
time.

He was a
better
Man than
to be guil-
ty of self-
Murther.

Thus have I dared to call a

L 1 Spade