

Now, if any shou'd quarrel with me, that I'm for *Liberty of Science* to all Protestant Dissenters, (*for why shou'd we Im-
an and Hang one another again?*) I shall not think it worth
while to take notice of them; for I do (with a late Au-
or) equally pity and despise those Enemies of Humanity,
who are fond of the worst sort of Popery, *Persecution*.

'Tis easie to prove, that hot and bigotted Men have been
Occasion of all the Miseries of this Kingdom, both in this
former Ages; and therefore I admire at the Impudence
those who dare recommend *Persecution* in this Reign,
when Her Majesty has promis'd to continue a legal Kindness
to Her Dissenting Subjects. So that Dissenters have as little to
fear in this Reign, as they had in the last; for they will never
be troubled again with the noisy Nonsense of the *Fus Divinum*,
servile Obedience, and barbarous Oppression, tho' impi-
tiously Christned by other Names: For if after this any remain
among us who are fond of conjuring up this airy Spectre and
fearful Phantom, it were Charity to send him a while to
Turkey, that they may know their Doctrine in its highest Ele-
vation, from the *Sultan* and *Muzi*, and their Mutes and Bow-
ings; or if the Journey be too long, they may only step
over to *France*, and see what the State of Mortals is in the
Christian Persecutor's Dominions, pursuant to the Re-
solutions of the Convocation, or Assembly of Reverend Idol-
atrous Clergy there, ever since the Year 1684.

I am the larger upon this Head, as the *fatal Animosities*
K. William * calls 'em) amongst Protestants, did so often
disturb his Breast, and dislodge his Soul from the natural Seat
of her Repose; which, tho' it shew'd him to be a *Common*
Father to all his People, (as all he sought was our *Unanimity*)
at the same time the great Disturbance of our Divisions gave
to his Royal Mind, was *Satyr* enough upon him, as it shew'd
that he was but a Man, and (after all his Victories Abroad) cou'd
not conquer his Passions at Home.

I cou'd enlarge, but shou'd I discover those numberless
Thoughts (that he wou'd divulge in private) that darkned
his Understanding, those sundry Fancies, and restless Desires,
that pester'd and entangl'd his Resolutions, (and all about
concerning his Protestant Subjects) I shou'd swell this *Satyr* into
a *Tragedy*: However, I have said enough to shew the Disorder his
Mind was in when any wou'd lessen his Glory, by endeavour-
ing to make him *Father* but to one Party: And sure I am, such
Thoughts as these can be no Friends to the present Govern-
ment; for I'm bold to say, that the Moderate Men on all sides,
are almost of the self-same Mind, about the *Surplice*, *Cross* in
Baptism, *God-fathers*, *Kneeling at the Sacrament*, and several

In his last Speech.

other controverted Matters, we often contend about Words, which we heartily think the same thing. But the lesser the Difference is between us, the more it blackens K. William's Displeasure at it, and shews he had not got an absolute Conquest over himself: Yet (that my *Satyr* may do him Justice) I must declare, he got so near to a Self-Victory, as to give not only his Allowance but his Smiles to any thing that was good; and was *Arbitrary* in nothing but in fighting his Enemies, in reconciling Religious Differences, and restraining the Commission of Evil.

But why K. William's Valour and Piety shou'd be thus satyriz'd (may some say) without Impunity, is a Riddle; especially under a Government which owes its Life and Being to the matchless *Courage* and *Piety* of this Illustrious Hero. "Did he not (say his Friends) deliver us from *Popery* and *Slavery*?" "his first coming? Did he not fight our Battles for thirty Years? And at his Death (so much lamented by all good Men) did he not leave us in the entire Possession of our Laws and Liberties, and the Crown secur'd in the Protestant Line for future Ages? But (continue these Men) " *Satyr* be the Reward of such eminent Services, we must (will you not say) say, ungrateful *England*!"

To this I answer ——— I own K. William came not either for *Greatness*, or to gratifie *Ambition*; he had *Greatness* enough of his own, and a large Command, and he brought it with him, and valu'd more being *Optimus* than *Maximus*, (which is the best way of joining those two Imperial Stiles) yet he was not so master'd himself, but he had ambitious and aspiring Thoughts in all the Actions of his Life; but (to do him Justice) he only aim'd at making himself Great, by freeing Nations from Oppression, and procuring to all Christians the liberty of serving God according to the Dictates of their Consciences.

But after all the hard Things I have said of his late Majesty I am forc'd to own, (except in the heat of Battle, or when he beheld our Divisions in Religious Matters) he was not shaken with the Violence and strongest Tempests of Anger, and, were it convenient, I cou'd mention twenty Instances wherein Revenge, with all its Sweetness, was too feeble and effeminate to encounter with his Heroick and Masculine Spirit. 'Tis true, when he was fighting our Enemies abroad, or subduing our Corruptions at home, he was fierce and inexorable, but in all other Cases he still commanded *Charity* and *Wrath*, to make a mild Appeal to vindictive Justice, even in her rigorous Courts he had several Inlets for his Mercies and Graces. How far this Character concerns the

William, none can so well judge as those that have taken a
 Spect of the whole Scene of his Life; perhaps the *Parce*
 drew a more even Thread; perhaps History describes
 a more calm and resolute Spirit, under all Attempts what-
 er. Those that have seen him lay by the Awe of Crowns,
 appear like common Clay at the Head of an engag'd Army
Ireland; and from thence to descend from his Guard, and
 strong Ship, into a small Boat, tost under the hourly Ex-
 citation of a burving Wave, or an insulting Privateer! and
 for all this, shou'd see him again in his Closet with the
 unalter'd Brow, must conclude, that he has made un-
 common Approaches towards the Nature of that *immov'd*
 that fix'd and made sure his Crown — So that, to do
 Justice, tho' he was Cholerick in Battle, and an avow'd
 enemy to all Bigotry, yet he was Great, Valiant and Good;
 was Merciful, and Just, and every thing else that Grace and
 quick Virtue cou'd make him — And I must add,

(In spight of my SATYR)

that the thirteen Years of his Government exceeded the
 Reigns of all his Predecessors, and can only be out done
 Queen ANNE, who has * declar'd, and as we see, has made
 him to be the principal Jewel of her Crown.

shou'd next proceed to discover and satyrize what his
 Friends call his *Humility, Mildness, Fidelity, Conjugal Love, Mo-
 deration, Wisdom, Industry, Generosity, Justice, Complaisance,
 Hospitality, Sincerity, Magnificence, Liberality, and fine Speeches,*

but having sufficiently satyriz'd K. William's Conduct and
 our (it being the chief thing that his Friends, as well as
 Enemies, admire him for) I think 'twill be Loss of Time to sa-
 tyre his *Humility, Moderation, Justice,* and those other Graces
 which the *Williamites* so much extol him; for if his
 Conduct and Valour has the Ascendant of all his Virtues, and
 has such Flaws as I have here discover'd, what must his
Humility, Moderation, Justice, and all his other Virtues have
 were Matter of constant Satyr to all the *Jacobites* (or
Whig-Party) in the two Kingdoms? Besides, 'twill be need-
 less to satyrize more of his suppos'd Virtues, not only as they
 are a sort satyriz'd in the Reflections I have made on his
 Conduct and Valour, but as I have already wove into the

See the Sermon preach'd before the Queen and both Houses
 of Parliament, Nov. 12. 1702. By Jonathan Lord Bishop of
 Bath.

Satyr I have made on his *Military Atchievements*, all those *private Minutes* that were taken by Col. Babington, and other Persons of Quality; and what I here discover in my Satyr of *K. William's Conduct and Valour*, does (if I ben't mistake) complete *the Secret History of his Life and Reign*.

Thus have I finish'd my *Satyr* on *K. William*; which, tho' it charges him with many Faults, yet it makes him the best of Men; and for that Reason, some will be ready to say *This is a Satyr and no Satyr*.

If my Readers will be such *Williamites*, I can't help it; if I han't found any real Faults in his late Majesty, I labour'd to do it, by a narrow Search into his Closet, Chamber, and Cabinet-Council, &c. But if after all my Endeavours to expose *K. William*, his very Secrets were pure and holy, my *Satyr* is not the less a *Satyr* on that Account; for *K. William* had liv'd worse, the World shou'd have known. But I fear Length of Days wou'd rather have brighten'd his Character, than have given new Matter for *Satyr*. For,

*As his Life went out, his Heav'n came in;
And all was bright without, and clear within.*

So that tho' neither his Birth nor Person, yet his Reign was entirely *English*: And as 'twas a perfect Mixture of *Church Zeal* *, and *Presbyterian Honesty*, he wou'd still have gain'd new Laurels.

But *K. William* is dead, and this *Satyr* may serve for his *Funeral Elegy*! But how can I say he is dead, when his *moral Conduct and Valour* is all reviv'd in the Illustrious *ORANGE* and the Valiant *MARLBOROUGH*; who being train'd in the *Art of War*, are become Great and Consummate *GENERALS*; and have taught the *French* at *Vigo, Landau, and other Places* †, *what it is to storm Towns with Swords, not to take them with Money in Hand*.

But tho' *K. William* be a Pattern for other Generals, yet considering this Royal Soldier as he was a Man, (without Regard to his Virtues). I have found enough in his *Conduct and Valour* to justify the Title of this Book.

But, quo' the *Jacobites*, (I mean those Men, who, by their Power, have shewn they want not Will to destroy us) did not intend to be banter'd; but we expected a

* See the Poem call'd, The Retrievement.
† See the Thanksgiving-Sermon mention'd in P. 47.

K. William, that shou'd really expose the Secrets of his Life and Reign.

Why, Gentlemen, such a Satyr you have here; but if don't make K. William so black as you did expect, 'twas none my Fault, but wholly the Fault of his late Majesty, who ever spoke or acted that Thing in his whole Life, that deserv'd be worse expos'd, than what you find in this Satyr upon his Life and Reign.

Or, if all this won't justify the Title of this Book, and make it pass for a Satyr on K. William, 'tis but learning the Art of Forgetfulness; for that (tho' he was invited hither to deliver from Popery and Slavery) will change his Virtues into a Design to subvert the Church, and that (whatever this Book may be) will be Satyr enough upon him.

To conclude—— Rather than this Book shan't be thought Satyr on K. William, his very Perfections (by exceeding the Measure of Humane Virtues) shall be call'd Vices: And for this Reason a True-born Satyrift tells us,

*Fosterity, when Histories relate
His Virtuous Deeds, will ask, What Giant's that?
For common Virtues may Mens Fame advance,
But an immoderate Glory turns Romance:
So WILLIAM's Life, increas'd by doubling Fame,
Will drown his Actions to preserve his Name.
The Annals of his Conduct to revise,
As Legends of Impossibilities,
'Twill all a Life of Miracle appear,
Too great for him to do or them to hear.*

P R O J E C T II. *

The Weeping Elegy; or Tears to the Memory of his dear Friend and School-fellow, Mr Samuel Treacher, Lace-man, who dy'd at Chesham of the Small Pox, April the 30 1709. in the 50th Year of his Age: Intermix'd with an Essay upon lawful Murder, or the Art of Man-killing, as practis'd by the Country Doctors.

The Jews then which were with her in the house, when they saw Mary, follow'd her, saying, she goeth to the grave, to weep there. John XI. 31.

SAM. TREACHER's dead! dear Sam. has bid good Night
 To all his Chesham Friends; and 'tis but fit
 My Muse a *Weeping Elegy* shou'd write:
 I own his Praise shou'd be by Angels sung,
 At least the first of the *Castalian* Throng;
 Not in my Numbers, broken, rough and lame,
 But Verse of the Duration of his Fame;
 Such as where ever read, shou'd sway in chief;
 Mine's but the Duty of a Neighbour's Grief:
 Tho' yet (so much my Soul his Name reveres) 7
 What in my **S T I L E** unelegant appears,
 I'll sanctifie with Truth, and polish with my Tears.

Then you whose Eyes wou'd lean to weep, draw near,
 And hear what none without full **T E A R S** can hear.
 Come *marble Eyes*, as marble as your Hearts,
 I'll teach you how to weep a Tear in parts:
 And you, *false Eyes*, that never yet let fall
 A Tear in earnest, come and now ye shall
 Send forth *salt Fountains* of the truest Grief,
 That ever sought to languish for Relief.
 But you, you tender Eyes, that cannot bear
 An Elegy, creep forth, without a **T E A R**.

Warn you hence, or at the most pass by,
 If while you stay you soon dissolve and die.

But stay (SAD GENIUS) how do Grievs transport
 My exil'd Senses? Is there no Resort
 To *Parnassus* sacred Mount? No Word,
 No Thought of *Helicon*? No Muse implor'd?
 Did *Invoke*, but there was none reply'd,
 The NINE were silent since *Sam. Treacher* dy'd.
 They have forsaken their *Old Spring*, 'tis said,
 They haunt a NEW ONE which their Tears have made.
 You'd I molest them with my Loss, 'tis known
 They find enough to *Re-lament* their own.
 They have no Aid, no D E I T Y to infuse
 New Matter; as true Sorrow needs no Muse,
 They need no MUSE to give my Passion vent,
 He brews his Tears that studies to lament.
 He chymically weeps, that pious Rain,
 Still'd with ART, is but the sweat o'th Brain.
 Who ever SOB'D in Numbers? Can a Groan
 Be utter'd out by soft Division?

For *TREACHER*'s dead there is no need of Art
 To make us weep, for *Chesham* grieves at Heart,
 And every LACE-MAN * sighs and weeps apart.
 They dearly lov'd him, and such Friendship have,
 They seem resolv'd to weep themselves a Grave.

Away! and let me join the weeping Throng,
 To hear him MOURN'D, to hear his Praises sung,
 And die with his DEAR NAME upon my Tongue,
 That shan't be said the Dews of *Lethe* steep
 Many Virtues in eternal Sleep:

As they pass our intellectual View,
 Let Sorrow Grave 'em deep, and keep 'em new:
 When we have survey'd th' amazing Store,
 Let us reflect their OWNER is no more.
 For all that's Prudent, Noble, Just, and Brave,
 Are cover'd with *SAM. TREACHER* in the Grave.
 When Common Friends decease, 'twill serve their Turns
 With a Sigh we wait upon their Urns;
 Who wou'd such a Friend as *SAM.* lament
 Let bring the Bottles of some Penitent.

Mr. Samuel Treacher was one of those *Chesham* Lace-men
 that Traded at the *Bull and Mouth* in *St. Martins*, for many

His Eyes (and all) like Clouds must pregnant be
 With SHOWERS, to lament this Destiny.
 Nor can we give less Passion to condole
 The sudden Flight of so enlarg'd a Soul.
 His youthful Years I cou'd exactly trace,
 For the same School * did form our early Days;
 But if his Years I number by his Acts,
 His Years wou'd be a Cypher to his Facts.
 He was my Friend in ev'ry Turn of Life,
 He fill'd my Purse † — He lov'd to see me thrive,
 And ev'n match'd that best of Friends — a Wife.
 His Temper was so sweet, his Wit acute,
 'Twou'd ha' made Dryden or Sen. Johnson mute.
 His Valour too may well be understood,
 When in such Times as these he durst be Good.
 With HONOUR still he did himself demean,
 His Heart was honest, and his Hands were clean.
 He acted Love and Friendship to the Life,
 'Twas he that flew with — Sir, we have your Wife.
 He had a Roman Gallantry of Mind,
 He was a Benefactor to Mankind:
 Each peccant Humour freely did chastise,
 And without Fees wou'd all the World advise.
 He of decaying Beauty was not fond,
 But Friendship was his firm and lasting Bond.
 Without Alloy this is a Virgin Ore,
 And his Friend was the Weeping Lindamor **.
 Not the least Blemish did his Morals taint,
 He liv'd a Church-man, and he dy'd a Saint:
 Did not Revenge under a Smile conceal,
 Nor did he call extravagant Passion Zeal.
 He to all Tempers did his Genius fit,
 His Words were solid, and his Mirth was Wit.

If, *Lace-men*, you wou'd have a glorious Name,
 Like him in Life, and after Death in Fame,
 Trade just like S A M. — for Justice was his Guide,
 And T R E A C H E R act in every thing beside,
 Your Customers are all a sort of Jest,
 For Women are but Trifles at the best.
 Then talk like S A M. to all that come for L A C E,
 Be not too proud, or over-fond to please.

* Mr. Samuel Treacher was my School-Fellow many Years.
 † He receiv'd my Rems in the Country, and paid 'em to
 London (after the Death of my worthy Friend Mr. Cock) for
 twenty Years.

** Mr. Halley, *Lace-man* of Chesham is here meant.

Virtue don't from Death her Votry free
 How can you be preserv'd by LEVITY *?
 Think of his Death in every LACE you sell;
 For *TREACHER* is the Lace-man's Passing-Bell.
 Can you live long, or ask a new Reprieve,
 When *Treacher*, honest *Treacher* must not live.

I could weep on, and greater Praise rehearse,
 Flowing Tears like Rage cou'd make a Verse;
 Lament, but can't adorn his Hearse.
 My now nothing but Cypress wears,
 My *Agrippa* flows, it must with Tears.
 My weeping Muse cannot the Task perform,
 But droops like Turtles batter'd by a Storm;
 Who are surpriz'd before they shelter get,
 Cannot fly when both her Wings are wet.
 My Sorrow now above its Source does rise,
 Before I write I must discharge my Eyes,
 For Tears compose the *weeping Elegy*.
 The best Historian of our *British* Isle,
 Might here employ the Beauties of his Stile;
 But 'till breath here——and Lace-men weep the while.
 Weep!——and this *weeping Elegy* shall groan
 A thousand Tears, whilst you bedew his TOMB.
 For *Treacher's* Death does so affect my Ears,
 I cou'd ev'n die to be dissolv'd by Tears!
 I cou'd sable Drops from Pen and Eyes distil,
 Or briny Tears b' extracted from a Quill;
 I cou'd Grief with Colour'd Accents sighing groan,
 Or Words put on a sad Complexion;
 And writing weep, and weeping write, my Tears
 Cou'd speak his Death, my Words bedew his Hearse:
 For *SAM.* is dead, Death has unlac'd the Wight,
 That he might Bed with Mother Earth to Night,
 And shall not we all WEEP in Black and White?
 I must be so; for ev'n costive I,
 Whose Hide-bound Fancy starts at Poetry,
 Now strain'd to weep a Rhime, and needs must vent
 My Grief, 'till a whole Sea of Tears is spent.

But here perhaps the *Bull and Mouth* † will cry,
Treacher dead? Alas! when did he die?

* By LEVITY is here meant selling of Lace.

† The Inn in St. Martins, near Aldersgate, where Mr. *Treacher* lodg'd for many Years.

First tell the *how*, the *where*, if Rain must fall,
 Before you praise,—lament his Funeral;
 First speak *SAM. TREACHER's* Death, then weep it all.

I'll tell his Death (whoe'er it may displease):
 He dy'd of the *Physician*—a Disease,
 (Or call it Lawful-Murder, if you please)
 It must be Lawful; for observe it still,
 The Doctor's sent for—'Tis with leave they kill.
 But yet 'tis Murder; for, as *Agrippa* saith,
 Their Pills are sure, and sometimes sudden Death.
 Men-killing is their Art—* and where they give a Pill,
 At once they rob your Purse, and Body kill.

* *Physick* (as *Agrippa* observes) is a kind Art of killing Men, altogether *Mechanick*, tho' she pretend to be shadow'd with the Title of *Philosophy*, and sits above the Law, next to *Divinity* in Degree and Place: Hence it is that the *Physicians* claim the next *Preeminence* to the *Divines*, for as much as the Strength of Health of the Body is to be prefer'd far before the Riches of Fortune. But this Strife was once determin'd by a witty Question for some one of these Contenders desiring to know what Order and Method was observ'd in leading Criminals to Execution, which should and which shou'd precede — The Thief or the Hangman? — And when one answer'd, That the Thief went before, and the Hangman follow'd — The other presently gave Judgment, that the Lawyers shou'd go before,—the *Physicians* follow: Drawing the remarkable Robbery of the one, and the rash Murder of the other. 'Tis certain, *Physick* may properly be call'd the Art of Men-killing and therefore *Phicinus* tells us of a certain Prince that would not admit any *Physician* to be his Doctor, that would not acknowledge he had kill'd thirty Men by his Practice in *Physick*, saying, "He was afraid to venture his Life in any Doctor's Hands that had not made at least thirty mortal Experiments upon the Lives of others. And I suppose 'twas the Uncertainty of the Art of *Physick* (or rather the Poison in it) that made *Avicen* weep when he be prescrib'd a Purg: *Avicen* knew the whole operative Art of *Physick* is built upon no other Foundation than fallacious Experiments there being generally more Danger in the *Physician* and *Physick*, than in the Disease; the *Physicians* going about (like the *Ephors* of the *Lacedemonians*) to pronounce Sentence of Life and Death. 'Tis a strange, but sad thing to hear with what Heats and Altercations (not one agreeing in one thing) they brangle about the sick Man's Bed, as if they were hired not to Cure but to Dispute, with the small Trouble to the distemper'd Person, according to the *Physick* of *Menander*,

A prating Doctor is a new Disease.

they long have Reign'd, and eager of Renown,
 ere than a Plague depopulate the Town.
 her kill'd dear S A M. — nay, iuck'd his very Breath;
 Doctors Med'cines are Receipts for Death.
 Millions of Mischiefs by its Rage is wrought,
 he where 'tis fled, but barbarous where 'tis sought.
 curs'd ingrateful Ill, that call'd to Aid,
 still most fatal, where it best is paid.
 O S A M. the Small-Pox was a loathsome Ill,
 'twas his Doctors that alone did kill *;
 they poison us, and that way make us well!
 In London Quacks, tho' at the COLLEDGE fed,
 till they want Teeth, scarce get to buy 'em Bread.
 —vey and W — lis in due time fell Sick,
 ere forc'd to Die, and be Interr'd on Tick.
 The Reason's this (which we shou'd all deplore)
 and the Doctor Men alike adore,
 At the Brink of Danger, not before.
 Danger o'er, both are alike requited,
 is forgotten, and the Doctor slighted.
 read no Death but Physick; never fear
 the Small-Pox, were no killing Doctor near.

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The Art of Men killing is grown so common (especially amongst the
 Quacks) that Reader, whenever you send for a Doctor, let me
 advise you to dispose of your Estate; for you are a dead Man.
 as said of Rasis, that he was murder'd by a Troop of Physicians,
 I myself have known a most learned Physician under whose Cure
 few have escap'd. Hence 'tis plain, that a Doctor's Advice is
 look'd upon as a piece of Fortune-telling, as to the Time of our
 death, and his Prescriptions no better than lawful Murder: Which
 the Romans, when Cato was Censor, to expel all Physicians
 not only out of Rome, but out of all Italy; for that they kill'd
 more than they heal'd. These Men-killers have only this common
 honour with the Hangman, to be hir'd to kill Men, and to be re-
 ward'd for Murder; for which all other Men are condemn'd without
 delay. This is the Difference between the one and the other, That the
 Hangman puts none to Death but what have receiv'd Sentence of
 death by the Judges; the Physician destroys the Innocent, with-
 out any Sentence past: So that the Physician's Practice is no better than
 the Art of Men-killing. Hence one answer'd Lacon, saying to
 a Physician, Thou hast no Distemper; Because, said the other, I am
 a Physician's Wife. Another saying to him, You are an Old
 Man; Because, said he, I never us'd Physician's Advice.
 saying, that there is no way more certain to Health and Old Age,
 than to want a Physician.

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Those SPOTS *Sam's* Body did bespangle lay
His Doctors * were much greater SPOTS than they.

The *Small-Pox* is of all Death's Agents worst,
By Nature fear'd, and ev'ry Tongue accurst:
Ev'n where it spares 'tis fatal, leaving still
Behind it Marks of a most envious Will,
Ev'n that Defacing which it cannot kill.
But still the DOCTOR is the mortal Dart,
For he ne'er misses,—for he kills by Art.
Small-Pox, those spiteful Ills of thee are sung,
Thou dost at once what Age is doing long,
And harder treat the Beauteous and the Young.
By other Ills, tho' w' are of Life bereft,
There's yet at least some humane Likeness left:
But when we do thy barb'rous Work behold,
We know not if the Dead were Young or Old.
From the detestable and loathsom Sight
We turn our Eyes, and stiffen with Affright!
The Mother knows her only Darling's gone,
And tears her Hair for Grief, but looking down
She shrieks, and scarce believes it is her own!
By thee disguis'd, so lies dear honest *Sam*.
No more with Joy and Transport to be seen!
A *Lazar*, scarce to his dear Kindred known,
His rosie Cheeks and chearful Aspect's gone,
Who send for Doctors can't expect to live,
If *Small-Pox* wou'd, the Doctor won't relieve.

Then Sons of *Æsculapius* boast no more,
That you the Weak to Health and Strength restore,
Physick can but mend our crasie State,
Patch an old Building, not a New create.
The first Physicians by Debauch were made,
Excess began and Sloth sustains the Trade:
The Wise for Cure on Exercise depend,
God never made his Work for Man to mend.
Then Quacks ne'er boast again of healing Feat,
Vain is your Learning, and your Art a Cheat,
At least 'tis ever Fatal to the Great.
All you can do is but a happy Guess,
And a whole Colledge has the least Success.
Like a sharp two-edg'd Sword you both ways slay,
Oft by your Hast, and oft by your Delay:
Those by your Help Recover'd, had, no doubt,
Sooner recover'd to their Health without.

* *Alias Nurses.*

are your selves an Epidemick Ill,
 for the few you save, you Thousands kill:
 Plagues and Pestilential Blasts a-kin;
 their Plagues reign without, and yours within.
 In you 'tis Weakness to expect Relief,
 In Atheists in your Practice and Belief*.
 O, (to this Reproof tho' justly mov'd)
 Had you SAM's Life preserv'd, y' had stood approv'd,
 Poets prais'd, and *Chestam* been lov'd.
 He that wou'd live must your Prescriptions shun,
 Who, alas! wou'd value now his own?
 Just, the Kind, the Noble *REACHER's* gone!
 Gone! and our Tears shou'd vulgar Grief exceed;
 We shou'd not only WEEP our Loss, but BLEED.

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But here we'll dry our briny Tears a while,
 Even weeping Elegy wou'd smile,
 Had Honest SAM. peep'd into Life agen,
 Was Reported by the *Chestam* Men;
 So joy'd to see how fast he did revive,
 Had but for DOCTORS SAM. had been alive.
 Alas! at first his Ail, it cou'd have done
 No further Harm, but must of Course been gone,
 Had not the Killing-Doctors forc'd it on;
 And cruelly ('till then, all pure and good)
 With its own Venom dash'd the circling Flood.
 We weep agen—for now the Danger's found,
 SAM. near expiring, and we weeping round.
 The Sighs of SUSAN †, and the Orphans Cries,
 Besiege for Aid, besieg'd the Skies.
 Had now his Pains do once again asswage,
 Had grin'd a horrid Smile, and half forgot his Rage.
 SAM. grew better, so the Town reviv'd;
 Joy it self were from his Health deriv'd:
 Whether 'twere to shew, tho' ne'er so late,
 How fervent Pray'r can turn the Course of Fate,
 Whether 'twere a last expiring Glare,
 The fatal Hope that ushers in Despair;
 Whether yet the Line of the Disease
 Shou'd be no further lengthen'd out for Fees,
 Or Doctor's Skill, but never give Release.

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For my Religion (says Dr. Brown) there be several Circumstances that might persuade the World I have none at all, as the general Scandal of my Profession, yet (continues the Doctor) in detestation thereof, I dare, without Usurpation, assume the honourable Stile of Christian. — Dr. Brown's Religio Medici. p. 1.
 * Mr. Treacher's Wife is here meant, Susan being her Christian Name.

He soon relaps'd, relapsing weaker grew,
 And the pale Tyrant came again in View.
 Here Grief was at its utmost stretch disclos'd!
 We all confounded, he alone compos'd.
 What Blessings did he to his Friends bequeath!
 What Joys describe! what dying Raptures breath!
 With what Assurance did he meet his Fate!
 How fearless pass'd the inevitable Gate!
 His Soul had by Anticipation here,
 A Taste of Heav'n, before it yet was there.
 O Truth! O Innocence! O peaceful Close!
 Mail him, ye Angels, to his long Repose!
 Whilst all his *Chesham* Friends his Loss deplore;
 For *TREACHER's* Dead! Dear *TREACHER* is no more!

And thus, how shou'd we Mortals weep to see?
 Our Entrance and our Exit seem to meet
 Our Swadling Bands, almost our Winding-Sheet.
 Poor Man! from Mother-Earth does just arise,
 Then looks abroad, returns again, and dies.
 Some sixty Years perhaps, with much ado,
 He has prolong'd his tedious Life unto;
 Then under Grievs and Cares he sinks away,
 His Carcass mould'ring into Nature-Clay.

And now an universal Burst of Woe
 O'er *Chesham* Town did like a Torrent flow:
 All Eyes did weep, and some did so deplore,
 They wept to think that they cou'd weep no more.
 The very *PARSON* mourn'd *Sam. Treacher's* Fate,
 Mourn'd this true Lover of the Church and State;
 As quite despairing any more to see
RELIGION reconcil'd to *POLICY*.

The *Knights o' th Shire* were also got a-float,
 They grieve to think they've lost his honest Vote*:
 In *Tacking* Times they freshly call'd to mind
 How diff'rent Parties in their Aid he join'd.
 Then with a Grief too big to speak in Tears,
 They cry, alas! is *TREACHER* sunk in Years?
 They knew his pious Zeal was ne'er misl'd,
 And can't but mourn that Loyal *Treacher's* dead.

His Friends you next might see distracted stand,
 Too weak the Streams of Anguish to command;
 Nor Compass, Card, or Pilot, left to guide,
 They hopeless plunge into the raging Tide.
 With mutual Praise, their mutual Sighs did vie,
 And from so many Mouths oppress'd the Sky.

* He was a Free-holder, or he cou'd Influence such, and that's all!

'th' midst this Sea of weeping Friends, see where
 the *Treasure of his Bosom* * doth appear!
 Now coming to his Corps, resolv'd to cry,
 Love can make a *Weeping Elegy*.
 whose pale *Relict* she devoutly pays
 Attention real as his Love, and stays;
 with many Tears, 'till quite dissolv'd in them,
 seems contriv'd into a *walking Stream*,
 Destiny had meant her to descend
 in Rivers only, but to serve this End.
 Next let his *Children* drop their pious Rain,
 and *Lutwick* too will weep in vain,
 none can soften his stiff Clay again.
 The *Lace-men* too † did weep upon his Bier;
 some sigh'd, some wept, and others tore their Hair,
 and *Halley* ** drank no other Beer but Tears.
 But his and ev'ry Grief the Poor's cut-did.
 fearing the very Earth up to be hid,
 and raving Self-Destruction was forbid.
 In those that knew him but by Common-Fame,
 with Tears repeat their Benefactor's Name:
 or lets it ought our just Regard to have,
 to think what Numbers wept him to the Grave.
 where his Friends surround his private Urn,
 here all his fond Relations fondly mourn!
 and when the solemn Bell does sadly call,
 the drooping Pomp attends his Funeral.
 Now *SAM.* from Fortune's Store, can only have
 a narrow Coffin, and a scanty Grave.
 Now in the Vault *Sam. Traacher's* Body lay,
 the mournful Relicks of his precious Clay.
 we need not here condoling Women hire ††,
 with real Grief we're ready to expire.
 We're at his Grave, and now shall weep our Leave
 of all the Sorrow that his Death cou'd give.



His dear and sorrowful Wife.
 The *Lace-men* here meant are my two old and dear Friends and
 Fellows, Mr. Elias and Mr. John Cock, Mr. West, Mr.
 May, and all those other *Lace-men* that now live in Chesham,
 in Barkhamsted, or in any other Town in Bucks.
 * One of the Chesham *Lace-men*, and his near Kinsman.
 † The *Witch* hire a great Company of old Women to weep over the
 Graves of their departed Friends, who with their counterfeit Tears,
 crying, O Hone! O Hone! why wou'd'st thou die, Dear
 make most a hideous Noise.

Farewel those Eyes——whose mixt Aspect of late,
 Did reconcile Humility and State.
 Farewel dear Eyes, bright Lamps, O! who can tell
 Your Vision now, or our *sad Farewel*?
 Adieu dear Friend——I knew 'twas not a Shrine
 Of Flesh, cou'd lodge so pure a Soul as thine.
 Had Saints a Lease or Patent to abide
 Secure from Change, *Sam. Treacher* had not dy'd:
 But they have not, and so we weep our Leave,
 That's give Farewels in Elegies that grieve.
 Adieu!——Thou best of Earthly Friends, adieu!
 And O! not only best, but kindest too.
 A long Farewel thy *Chesham* Neighbours give,
 And for thy Death resolve in Grief to live.
 We leave thy Grave——but with a *sad Farewel*,
 For all our Tongues now ring thy Passing-Bell.
 And since he's gone who blest us many Years,
 We'll once a Week * row to thy Grave in Tears.
 There rest his *Ashes*——for his honest Name,
 Expanding as it mounts the starry Frame,
 Shall fill th' expiring Breath, and latest Gasp of Fame.

All Offices of Heaven so well he knew,
 Before he came, that nothing there was new;
 And *SAM.* was so familiarly receiv'd,
 As one returning, not as one arriv'd.
 O happy Soul! if thou can'st view from high,
 Where thou art' all Intelligence, all Eye;
 If looking up to God, or down to us,
 Thou find'st that any way be pervious,
 Survey the Ruins of thy House and see
 Thy *Widow'd*, and thy *Orphan* Family:
 Look on thy tender Pledges left behind,
 And if thou can'st a vacant Minute find
 From Heav'nly Joys, that Interval extend
 to thy sad Children, and thy mourning Friend †:
 See how they grieve, mistaken in their Love,
 And shed a *Beam of Comfort* from above.
 Give 'em as much as mortal Eyes can bear,
 A transient View of thy full Glories there;
 That they with mod'rate Sorrow may sustain
 And mollify their Losses, in thy Gain:

* Every Sunday, when we go to hear the Reverend Mr. Hay
 present Minister of Chesham.

† John Dunton.

He divide the Grief, for such thou wert,
 't'hou'd not all Relations bear a part,
 ere enough to break a single Heart.

Not above all, on *SAM.* thy eldest Son,
 Forth such Beams as now adorn thy Tomb:
 As thy Image both in Face and Mind,
 In his Name—*SAM. TREACHER* still we find.
 'Tis so like his Father's is contriv'd,
 In the Son the Father is reviv'd.
 Therefore tho' thou didst not live to see
 A joyful News well paid that flew to me
 The Cock's Wing*, that Bird of Victory †,
 In this thy Son does wear thy Name and Limb,
 Love to thee shall still survive in him.
 Without a *COCK*, or *TREACHER* nam'd,
 't'd be no Will of mine, nor wou'd I have it stand.
 Friendship's such it never can have End,
 As the Father dies, the Son is still — the Friend.
 Son the Friend! 'tis more diffusive yet,
 As all such *Sam. Treacher* did affect,
 As thy Widow she has most Respect.

For pardon, Widow, that my Verses come
 In Grief thou'd strike me dead, or Weeping dumb.
 'Tis Grief, like yours, so very great appears,
 Not to need Addition to your Tears,
 As at a Husband's Tomb you justly shed,
 Having wept him living, Mourn him dead.
 Would *John Danton's* Muse the Favour crave,
 To scatter Roses round his Grave:
 To speak her Sorrows, and reveal her Care,
 To pay her Praises, since he's past her Pray'r.
 Grant me leave at least to make this Claim,
 As Muse that sings his Fate, may sing your Fame;
 Having wept the Husband's last Decays,
 One day sing the living Widow's Praise.
 Tho' your Sighs perfume him with a Breath
 't'ough to sweeten both his Grave and Death,
 Only such Confectioners as we
 Are able to preserve his Memory.

My old Friend and School-Fellow Mr. Elias Cock of Chesham,
 is meant.

Adding to the Game-Cock, who had rather die than lose the

WIDOW, your modest Eyes, whose ev'ry Tear
 Cou'd re-inflate a broken Jeweller;
 (Those *Christal* Seas, where, when you weep, 'tis said,
 We need not dive for *Pearls*, for there they wade.)
 Shou'd not weep all, or dry the Poet's Eyes,
 They shou'd have leave, when such as *TREACHER* dies,
 To drown his Grave with *weeping Elegies*.
 For my part, I have wept so long, my Store
 Of Tears are spent, and I can weep no more.

Let this suffice; nor thou, Dear *SAM.* refuse
 This humble Tribute of no vulgar Muse;
 Who not by Cares, or Wants, or Age deprest,
 Stems a wild Deluge with a dauntless Breast,
 And dares to sing thy Praises in a Clime
 Where Vice triumphs, and Virtue is a Crime;
 Where ev'n to draw the Picture of thy Mind,
 Is Satyr on the most of Human-kind.
 Take it while yet 'tis Praise, before my Rage,
 Unsafely just, break loose on this bad Age:
 So bad, that thou thy self hadst no Defence
 from Vice, but barely by departing hence.

And now farewell, thou venerable Shade,
 Belov'd in Life, by Death thrice happy made;
 Rais'd above mortal Kings and Earthly Crowns,
 Thou sit'st beyond the reach of Fortune's Frowns,
 Look down upon the *mourning Muse*, and see
 How thou still liv'st—in *weeping Elegy*!
 Accept the Tribute of her humblest Lays,
 And deign to take what she sincerely pays.
 If she wants *Art* her Sorrow to express,
 The more 'tis real from its *careless* Dress,
 And speaks a Truth of Mind that cannot flow
 From labour'd Grief, and artificial Woe.

Hail, happy *SAM.* within thy bright Abode!
 Bless'd with a nearer Prospect of thy God!
 Enjoy the Mansions for thy Soul prepar'd,
 And lose thy Suff'rings in their just Reward.
 Be what, and where thou art, to wish thy Place,
 Were in the best Presumption, more than Grace.
 Thy *Relicks* (such thy Works of Mercy are)
 Have in this *Poem* been my holy Care.
 As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky,
 So shall this *Verse* preserve thy Memory;
 For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee.

PROJECT III. *

able Hell; or an Essay on Despair: Inter-
 mix'd with a Conference between the Famous
 Mr. John Dod and Mr. Throgmorton,
 (then lying upon his Death-Bed, under Deser-
 tion) being an Original Manuscript, that ac-
 cidentally fell into the Hands of an Eminent
 Citizen, and was never Printed before.
 To which is added a Narrative written by
 Mr. Goulart (a Famous French Author)
 of Five desperate Sinners: One of which
 had wish'd he was in Hell; and the rest de-
 claring to the By-standers, they were certainly
 damn'd; with an Appendix, shewing the
 great Use of Examples; but more especially
 of such as these.

The PREFACE.

HO' this Essay particularly aims at fallen S ——— t; and as at
 him, so at every dissolute Person; the most opinionated reser-
 veness may read it, and perhaps sometimes find themselves not a
 concern'd in it: For it most particularly treats against Despa-
 ir; which is a Disease liable to the greatest Confidence: Especi-
 ally the very same Men (who have had the severe Curiosity almost
 of their Brethren with plucking the Motes out of their Eyes)
 are brought to consider the Beams that are in their own; so great
 oft often proves their Doom, who are not forewarn'd by our
 Example, not to judge, lest they be judged.

And this Treatise invites all desperate Sinners to be their own
 judges, and sincerely to arraign their Souls before the Face of
 God; it instructs 'em how to prize the Beauties God has endow'd
 their Minds with, unless they soil them with their own Negligence;
 and exhorts them to prefer the Care of their Souls above all Earthly
 Pleasures, tho' baited with the most tempting Delights, which
 are like the Devil: They take our Wits from us; but the cor-
 recting

66 Double Hell; or an Essay on Despair.

resting Hand of God, whilst we are in the Troubles and Misery of this World, prepares us for a better: But here despairing Sinners may find Weapons and Arms fit for the fiercest Conflict of this Nature.

This Essay was writ with Passion to a fallen Friend, but I hope may be beneficial to many. whose Case is not unlike that of S— I wish it may, and that it may not be look'd lightly on or mix'd with more serious Eyes, as the Counsel I give is safe. I am certain there can be nothing more appositely said to Men in a desperate Case of Life, than what may be found here. I propound nothing of my own to any Man; but such an excellent Cordial as this, against Despair could not take alone, I desire it may be to others what I pray it may prove unto myself, that we may all lay certain hold on the better Part which cannot be taken from us.

JOHN DUNTON

DOUBLE HELL; or an Essay ON DESPAIR.

THE malicious Subtilty of Satan aims at nothing more than to inveigle us into a Labyrinth of Despair; feeding our natural tottering Inclinations with Change and Variety of Doubts, and once unsettled, we are his certain Prey; for Irresolution excludes us from our Expectation of Heaven, and Reliance upon the Benignity of our most merciful God and Father; it violently and too insensibly drives us from our Hopes, our surest Anchors: By it we lose the Essence of our Lives, the Guide which leads us to God's Pilot which steers our forlorn and shipwreck'd Souls into the Haven of Salvation: For Resolution and a constant Hope never fail of Assurance in the End; *by hope* (says the Word) *we shall be sav'd*, that will to the last preserve us. Hope is a firm and Golden Chain let down to us from Heaven, taking fast on it, we learn to subdue our Souls most desperate Rebels. But he who thro' Idleness neglects to make his Hold sure to the Golden Anchor, sinks, and is certain to drown, and perishes in the Deeps of his own Wickedness: Which Satan, that cunning Fox, so well knows, that he then makes his Hell-Harvest, when he sees us laden with Sin, and overprest with the Weight of our Guiltiness; this is the Time he so diligently watches for, then falls he on us, and presses our Declinings with a great

the Immensity of our Offences; and deceives us with his
 oning Aggravations: Then suggests he to our Soul's Hor-
 ror and Despair in their Extreame, as if there were no Salvation
 to us, and the Doors of Mercy were lock'd against our
 cries for ever. But the Mercies of our Lord so infinitely ex-
 ceed our Transgressions, that meditating on them, they cannot
 greatly comfort our drooping Spirits, and arm us with
 courage against those Temptations we ought strongly to re-
 sist, lest they overcome our Trust and Confidence in God. I
 can those stupid Apprehensions of the unpardonable Immen-
 sity of our own Guilt, as if God were not able to forgive us,
 our Sins being so great and so many, that to our Imaginations
 they exceed the saving Promises of his Mercy. Oh let us take
 heed of such desperate Perswasions as these; be careful that
 such Thoughts as these do not quash and annihilate our Hopes;
 nor the Devil delude us with an Opinion that our Lord is
 merciful indeed; but extends that Goodness only to small
 offenders, to those only who have provok'd him but with a
 little, and those small Faults: For suppose a Man justly branded
 with all the Marks of those Infamies and Shames which are due
 to the greatest Reprobates; one who had committed all those
 heinous Acts, which most certainly unrepented of fail not to shut
 the Gates of Heaven against them who transgress so highly in
 against him; and withal, we must grant this Person to be no Stran-
 ger to the Truth, but to have been one of Christ's Church,
 whatsoever was the Cause of his Fall; whatsoever the invete-
 rate Malice of the Tempter had chang'd him to be, either
 a Foremaster or Adulterer; nay, perhaps *Sodomite*. Were he
 a Thief, Drunkard, or common Slanderer, one who had hug'd
 these Sins with Appetite and Delight; nay, had made it his
 constant Study to contrive his Ends and Hellish Satisfaction in
 them; for my Part, I wou'd not be the Author of Despair to such
 a wretch as this; no, tho' he had continu'd in them many
 years: For it is impious Blasphemy to reflect upon the Anger
 of God, as if he were therefore displeas'd that we might be
 damn'd; for then we should justly relinquish our Hopes, if we
 could assur'd the Flames of his Wrath set on Fire by so many Sins,
 could not be extinguish'd with the Tears of true Repentance.
 We must look with more believing Eyes on his Mercy, and
 admire the Excellency of his Justice and his Clemency,
 in his Punishments is quite free from Passions, and Pertur-
 bations; and any one, but wilfully blind Offenders, may
 easily see, that our Lord has no Delight or Contentment in
 Revenge, but takes exceeding Pleasure in his Love and
 Kindness, which is infinitely intent on our Good, even in
 the Depth of our Malice against him. Therefore, Reader,
 should you art at any Time tempted to Despair, (by reason of
 many and aggravated Sins) this is a Truth to be justifi-

fi'd by the Testimonies of all right minded Christians, who daily find the Effects of his Clemency; and the Records of his Writ are full of Examples, teaching us the Verity of it.

How surpassingly great is the Kindness and Love of God to us? who never (after the greatest Provocations) rejects our sincere Repentance, tho' we sin most maliciously against him; if we most humbly return to him, his sweet Embraces are ready to receive us: Nay, tho' we should be unwilling, he often contends with our Perverseness, and forces our Recovery; nay, helps the Defects of our falling Inclinations, with his preserving Grace, which raises us above our selves to pierce our Delires, which he both gives, and prepares their Remedy. What greater Argument can there be of the Benignity of an incens'd God, than when we have provok'd him to Anger, to accept of our Sorrow? and tho' our Repentance be not so long and so full as it ought, tho' it want something of the Circumstances of Form, and Time, or other Properties, our Lord helps us in our Humiliations, and sends his Blessings on our Weakness and Frowardness: As in the Prophet *Isaiah* you may find it. *He went on frowardly in the way of his Heart, I have seen his ways, and will heal him. I will lead him also, and give Comforts unto him, and to his Mourners, Isa. 57. 17, 18.* Let us remember the Story of that most wicked King (who by a Woman's Perswasion had given himself over to all Abominations) when he once repented, and putting on Sackcloth, acknowledging his Sins, he so mov'd the Compassion of God, that he escap'd all those Evils which then threaten'd him: For God spake by *Elias* upon his Submission, saying, *Seest thou how Abimelech hath humbled himself before me, I will not bring this evil in his days. 2 Kings 1. 29.* And after him *Manasses* exceeds all the former Kings in Madness and Tyranny; he overthrows the Law, shatters the Temple, sets up the Worship of Idols to confront the Majesty of God; outstripping all that went before him in Wickedness. *2 Chron. 33.* He, after his Repentance, was receiv'd in the Number of God's Elect Friends. Had *Manasses*, when he saw the Deformity of his Impiety, despair'd of his Restoration to Grace, and believ'd an Impossibility of his Change to a better Man, he had certainly never partaken of those Blessings which afterwards befall him; but when he weigh'd how little the Excess of his Sins was, put in the Ballance with God's immense and infinite Mercies, he cast the Fetters off, wherewith the Devil had made him fast, became Conqueror, and finish'd his good Course. Nor has Scripture furnish'd us with these Examples alone, to prevent us from splitting on the dangerous Rocks of our hardened Hearts; but by his Commands, God calls us continually, and forewarns us of our Destruction. *To day if you will hear my voice, barden not your hearts, as in the day of temptation in the Wilderness. Psal, 95. 8, 9.* This Day to us may be any Day

Life, from the Tenderness of our Youth, to the Extremity of our Age. We must imagine the Lord always speaking to and calling us to him, who proportions not his Mercies to Circumstances of Time, but the Affections of our Hearts. The *Ninevites* had not many Days for Repentance, and to pray God to forgive them their crying Sins; yet could a little Motion of one Day blot out all their Iniquities: And in how short a Time was Paradise assur'd the Thief upon the Cross? How small a Time did his Contrition purchase him Heaven, to be re Christ's Followers and his Apostles? Many have gain'd the Honour of Martyrdom, and purchas'd Crowns of glory, in less than few Years, in a few Days; nay, some in less than one Day. Let us be always and in all Conditions unshaken and chearful, confident and assur'd in our Souls of God's infinite Mercies.

The *Ninevites* hearing that Threatning, and sharp crying of the Prophet *Jonah*, (*Jonah* 3. 4. *Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed*) were not so discourag'd and dismay'd at so terrible Warnings of their approaching Destruction from the Wrath of an incens'd Omnipotent God, but they would trust to his Mercy; tho' the Decree of his Vengeance was conditional, but positive: *Nineveh* shall be destroy'd, without Admittance of any Clause to foment a Hope in them; for the Words of the Prophet were not disjointed, but a plain and direct Sentence of Judgment; yet they submit with humble Confidence. *v. 9. For (say they) who can tell if God will turn and relent, and turn away from his fierce Anger, that we perish not. And God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way, and God repented of the evil that he said that he would do unto Nineveh, and he did it not.* See how those barbarous, rude, and unlearn'd People apprehended their Destruction; and together understood the Possibility of their Deliverance, having their Hearts set upon his infinite Mercy, in his greatest Wrath and Anger against them. Let us then (that are Christians, and well up in the Knowledge of our Lord's Benignity, who are instructed and disciplin'd in his Word, and know many the like Examples) stir up our Souls to sincere Repentance, and not be shaken in our Confidence of his Goodness and Mercy; for he it is whose sacred Spirit has told us, *Isa. 55. 8, 9. That his thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are our ways his ways; for the Heavens are higher than the Earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts.* Servants of Men from the Duty they owe their Masters, and commit foul Offences against them; yet if they grow sorrowful, and recant that Offence, they are again received into their Master's good Favour, and sometimes with Advantage of Preferment. God, our gracious Lord and Master (whose Thoughts and Ways exceed those of Men) will deal as favourably; nay, far more

mercifully with us. If the Intent of his creating us had been to damn us, then thy *Despair* were reasonable and just, nor couldst thou do otherwise than doubt of Salvation, when none were prepar'd for thee. But God having made thee (O despairing Soul) out of his Goodness, and created thee to good Ends no less than that thou mightst enjoy everlasting Happiness, what should make thee thus diffident, or in the least to mistrust his Mercy? When we have the most incens'd him, then ought we most carefully to look to our selves, most diligently and courageously to resist all Temptations present, and most bitterly lament our easie yielding to those past which so miserably overcame us; so shall we be able to give a manifest Testimony of our perfect Change: For nothing more provokes our Lord than our Obstinacy and Denial to return into the right way. For to do Ill is but Humane Weakness, to persevere Diabolic Malice. Consider how horrid a thing it was, which we read in the Prophet, that *Judah* call'd back in the Race of her Vice Whoredoms, would not return to the Lord. *Jer. 3. 7. And she said, after she had done all these things, turn thou unto me; but he returned not.* The Lord strives with us, to shew how merciful he is inclin'd to our Salvation, many are his Promises to those who return into the right way, forsaking the Meanders and Paths of Iniquity. When he saw *Israel's* Promises of Repentance, that they began to prepare their Hearts to fear him, and to keep his Commandments, his Promise was, that it should be well with them and their Children for ever: Wherefore ought we to love him who desires to be lov'd of us, who woes and does all things to win our Affections. Nay, who spared not his only begotten Son for us, but gave him up, and delivered him to the ignominious Death of the Cross, that we might be reconcil'd to him. And what think you so loving a Father will do for them he has purchas'd at so dear a Rate? Nay, what lies on our Duty, which is Humiliation and Repentance, even that he presses on us, if we were not insensible of our own Miseries, the Evil of our own Condition would invite us to Repentance. Infinite is this Love of our Lord while we anger and provoke him, while we abuse his Goodness and his Patience; all this Ingratitude cannot extinguish his Love, and when he lays open to us the Injuries we offer to his Divine Majesty, he does it but to dilate on his Love, and to bring our Affections nearer to him; and demands of us nothing but penitent Acknowledgment. If then to confess our Sins to him bring with it so much Comfort, as the Promise of *Justification*; how great will our Joy be, when our Works are pardon'd acceptable in the Sight of God, and all the Filth and uncleanness of them wash'd quite away! And if this Way to Heaven were not accessible, after we err'd and lewdly stray'd from the Paths of Righteousness, how few of many Souls now glori-

in Heaven, had ever seen their Salvation! It is worthy all Mens Observation, seriously to consider the Return of many desperate Sinners, who after the Reconcilement of their enormous Sins to Grace, have strangely excell'd in Piety, and outshin'd those who were (in Comparison of them) unspotted and undefiled: For the same Heat and Violence of theirs which made them rage in Sin, has after their Conversion turn'd into a Zeal so passionate in good and virtuous Determinations, out of a true Sense of their Guilt, and the merited Judgments on their past Iniquities. In this Excess did Christ resent the officious Service of Mary Magdalen, when he answer'd Simon, Luke 7. 44. *Dost thou see this Woman? I entred into thy house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss, but this Woman, when I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oyl thou didst not anoint; but this Woman hath anointed my feet with sweet oyl.* Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little: And he said unto her, *Thy sins are forgiven.* This is the Devil's Reason, both for his Vigilance and Fears, that he has often known the greatest Sinners prove the sincerest Penitents. It is this makes him dread the losing of his Prey, when he perceives a Conscience beginning to be struck with the Sense of Sin! O how he fears and trembles at the very first Step a Transgressor makes out of his Snares, how he is troubled at the least Inclinations to Conversion! For they who have once begun this happy Course, can very difficultly be turn'd back from it; the Zeal of true Penitence burns like a Flame within us, 'till it consumes our Dross, and refines our Souls to a greater Purity than that of Gold tried in the Fire. We are driven with the horrid Memory of our past Sins, as if it were with a violent Wind, into the Haven of Virtue. And this is the Reason that great Sinners often prove better than they who seldom fall; because their Undertakings is to be manag'd with greater Perseverance and Alacrity. The Difficulty in the Beginning only excludes us; it seems a Precipice at first, too hard for us to climb off the Bottom of Impiety, to the Top of Piety; while our Feet are nail'd in Hell, we may deem it impossible to get loose, and fly to Heaven: Therefore we must boldly enter into this Conflict, our resolved Penitence must storm the Pass, tho' the Enemy spit Fire in our Faces; valiantly assault him, and soon hast already overcome the impotent Wretch; the vanquish'd Devil flies thee, and leaves thee Master of the Field: O let us begin this Heavenly Journey, let us ascend into this Heavenly City, let us step up the first Steps, and never look back 'till we arrive at it, for there are we appointed Citizens; there are our glorious Dwellings design'd us. For if we (like fallen Souls) cast off our Hopes, we shut the Gates of Heaven

against our selves, and bind our Feet in Links of Despair, the Chain that keeps Satan ty'd for ever: For Despair at first flung the Fiend into the Bondage he is confin'd to, to all Eternity. And I tear flung Dr. Kraus, Mr. Latomus, Counsellor Pontier, and two other *Desperate Sinners*, into what one of 'em call'd A DOUBLE HELL; and as they all dy'd in Despair, their woful Condition may properly be call'd *Double Hell*, they had Hell here; in a wounded Conscience, and dy'd expecting a *second Hell* in the other World. That these *despairing Sinners* had all (or at least fear'd) a *Double Hell*, will appear, by inserting in this Place,

A Narrative (written by Mr. Goulart, a Famous French Author) of their despairing and miserable Deaths: Which is following.

“ A desperate Man (says Mr. Goulart, in his Narrative call'd *Admirable and Memorable Histories*——) “ in a Time dying, (among many other horrible Speeches) said that he wish'd to be already in Hell. And being demanded the Cause of so wicked a Desire; for that (said he) the Apprehensions of Torments which do attend me, cause me presently to fear a *Double Hell*. When I shall feel it at the full, I shall not expect any more.

“ I have heard another desperate Man (says Mr. Goulart in the same Narrative) “ who being exhorted to turn from two vehement Apprehensions of God's Justice, unto Mercy, which was open unto him, he answer'd very coldly: You say true, God is God; but of his Children, not for me: Mercy is certain for his Elect; but I am a Reprobate, a Vessel of Wrath and Cursing, and I do already feel the Torments of Hell. [So that 'tis plain he had a *Double Hell*, ev'n upon Earth.] When they did beseech and exhort him to call God his Father, My Mouth (said he) doth speak it, but my Heart hath Horror at it. I believe that he is the Father of others, not of me. When they did lay before him that he had known God, heard his Word, and received his Sacraments; (he added) I was an Hypocrite, and guilty of many Blasphemies against God. And then he returned to his ordinary courses; I am a Vessel prepared to Wrath and Damnation. damned.—I burn.

“ Mr. James Latomus, one of the chief Doctors in the University of Louvain, being one Day out of Conscience, gave a Sermon before the Emperour, Charles V. returning again, and confounded from *Bruxelles* to *Louvain*, after he apprehend this Dishonour, he fell suddenly into Despair, whereof he gave many Testimonies in Publick; the which did move his Friends to keep him close in his House: that Time unto his last Gasp, poor Latomus had no other

perch, but that he was *rejected of God*, that he was *darned*, and that he hoped for no Mercy or Salvation, as being maliciously made War against the Grace and Truth of God. He dy'd in this Despair, neither was it possible for any Friends or Physicians to make him change this Opinion.

About Twenty Years before this, a very famous Doctor throughout all *Germany*, call'd *Kraus*, remaining at *Halle* in *Saxony*, having oftentimes turned his Conscience, sometimes towards God, sometimes towards the World, having inclin'd in the End to the worser Part, said and confess'd publicly, that he was undone; and fell so deep into Despair, that he could neither receive or take any Comfort or consolation; and in this miserable and wretched Estate of Soul he liv'd himself.

Under the Reign of King *Francis II.* the King's Advocate in the Parliament of *Dauphiné*, call'd *L'arsenas*, after that he had sold his own and his Wives Patrimony, and borrow'd much Money of his Friends to buy this Office, he continu'd what remain'd in keeping of open House, hoping to be soon doubly recompens'd. But falling sick of a Disease unknown to the Physicians, he fell into Despair of God's Help and Mercy; and representing daily to himself the Death of some innocent Persons executed at *Romans* and at *Valence*, whom he had pursu'd, he detest'd God, call'd upon the Devil, and made all the horrible Curses and Imprecations that might be imagin'd. A Clerk seeing him in this Despair, spake to him of the Mercies of God, alledging certain Passages of Scripture to that Purpose. But instead of turning unto God, and asking him Pardon for his Offences, he said unto him, *Stephen, how black thou art?* The young Man who was with him Hair'd, excus'd himself: The Advocate reply'd again, *How black thou art?* but it is with thy Sins. That's true said the Clerk, but I hope in the Bounty and Mercy of God: Then expounding his Saying at large, *Pontius* began to cry out like a desperate Man, detesting his present, as one of the wickedest and most miserable Men in the World. At this Cry some of his Friends came running, and then he commanded that *Stephen* should be had Prisoner, and his Proceſs made. Hereupon Despair did increase in him, as with Sighs and Howling he gave up the Ghost, after a fearful manner.

As for Mr. *Gouffart*: To which I shall add a more particular Instance; viz.

Mr. *Daniel Bachelor*, Minister, told me, (to use the Words of the Author) of a Citizen of *London*, to whom he was sent for

for in his Sickness, when God had let loose Conscience upon
 The Man repeated over all the Commandments, and con-
 fessed the Sins he was guilty of against each Command;
 as *Incest and Adultery, liv'd in many Years*. The Chastity of
 Servant he solicited, but was repuls'd; but his Master
 was *Perjury*, taking false Oaths, and hiring Men (*Knight
 the Post*, as they are call'd) frequently to do so. The De-
 led him into that Sin first (as he said) thus: He wanted
 for a Debt, that was a just Debt, and hir'd one of those,
 procur'd his Debt that was just, in this unjust way. By
 he contracted Hardness of Heart, and plung'd himself in
 lancies of that Nature. There were above an hundred Ad-
 against him when he died. He fell Sick on a *Friday*, lay a
 ten Days (under the *horrid Gnawings of the Worm that dist-*
 upon his Bed, not in Distraction, but Desperation, crying
 once in his Presence, *I am damned for ever*; and added
 fearful to hear, *Amen, Amen, Amen*; and had an Expressive
 Blasphemous of the Holy and Ever-blessed God, that for
 ror I shall draw a Veil over it.

To Record such remarkable Instances as these, seems
 one of the best Methods that can be pursu'd, against
 abounding Atheism of this Age; for by these Instances we
 the Confession of a God, and the Truth of his Word, have been
 torted from those very Persons who have boldly deny'd
 Memorable is that Passage of *Æschyles the Persian*, in Tragedy
 who relating his Country-mens Overthrow by the Greeks,
 us this Observation, "That when the Grecians pursu'd
 " furiously over the great River *Strymon*, which was then
 " zen, but began to thaw, he did with his own Eyes see
 " of those Gallants, (whom he had heard before maintai-
 " boldly, *that there was no God*) every one upon their K-
 " with Eyes and Hands lifted up, begging for Mercy, and
 " the Ice might not break 'till they got over.——The
 ticks of this Age may possibly call such a Passage in ques-
 but what can the most harden'd Atheist say to those In-
 dences about the Jews, which were so clearly foretold in
 Scriptures, and part of 'em (as a late Writer observes) as
 sible to their own Eyes? Is not this sufficient to convince
 of the Being of an Omniscient God, that the Sacred Scriptures
 his Reveal'd Will, and that Christianity is the only true Religi-
 I doubt not but those Men who are able to hold out against
 a convincing Demonstration, will flout at the Confessions
 Lord *Rocheſter*, and the late Instance at *Clerkenwel**; but
 may remember the Conquest which Truth made over
 great Champions, *Sir Allan Broderick*, *Sir Duncomb Col-*
James Earl of Marlborough, and those five desperate Sin-
 have here nam'd.

* *James Woofencraft.*

Now by the desparing Instances Mr. Goulart gives us in this Narrative, and by this related by Mr. Bachelor, 'tis evident, that a Soul that once *despairs* is never sensible of her own Condition, she weighs not the Danger she is in, but speaks and acts every way in opposition to Salvation. Such *Despairing Wretches* as are five nam'd in Mr. Goulart's Narrative, carry a sort of Hell in their Bosoms ; one of which acknowledg'd as such, and doubtless the rest felt it, by declaring ev'n before their Deaths, that they were *certainly damn'd*. From which Narrative of Mr. Goulart's. 'tis evidently prov'd, That as Men who are Frantick fear nothing, are asham'd of nothing, dare do every thing, without Apprehension of Danger ; will run into Seas, and fly in their Fits to the Edge of Precipices for security ; so those Sinners (who by negligent Obstinacy become desperate) run upon Vices unheard of, Abominations never dreamt of, imminent Death and Damnation stop not the Violence of their Rage, but still they wind themselves into wild Labyrinths, where they are lost for ever. I therefore entreat thee (O falling Soul!) before thou venturest upon any Sin, whether it be *Drunkenness, Whoredom, Sabbath-breaking*, or any other enormity, manly to contend to get out of it ; *Awake, recover and save thy Soul of this Diabolical Surfeit*. If thou think'st it too late presently to resolve to leave it quite off, do it by Degrees ; tho', in my opinion, such Excuses are childish, and too late shew thy Dotage on Vice ; for, if thou try'st, thou wilt find it a most easie Mastery to cast out those base Suggestions, if thou have Knowledge and Disdain of thy infirm Reasons back thee in the Conflict. O let the blessed Contemplation on Eternity prevail in thee to accomplish this bless'd Conversion. Add to this, the Example of thy Example may bring to other falling Souls ; seldom but such Recoveries beget Companions. Mr. Pead tells us, (in his Account he gives us of *Woosencraft's Conversion*) " That his returning to God excited many of his lewd Companions to an earnest calling upon God for Mercy, that before were *led in Trespasses and Sins*. And what Joy will that be, when the Splendor of thy Reclaiming shall give Light to others, to find way out of the same Darkness ? Then do not (O dejected Soul!) neglect so great a Good as may happen by thy turning to Virtue ; and for pity deny not our Souls the Joy we have for thee ; keep not us in the depth of grieving for thee, but turn our suffocating Lamentations into gentler measures of Joy and Exultation ; which will be full in us, when we see thou hast forsaken the Troops of Satan, and that thou art gone over to the Army of Angels, and enroll'd in the Militia of Heaven. Consider how infinitely Exemplary and Eminent their Lives be, who escape the Toils and Snares of Satan ; how they acquire of Praise and Reward, whose true Repentance brings them home to the Lord ; how indeed they seem to excel

excel those who have appear'd always Virtuous; as has been formerly demonstrated out of holy Writ. So Harlots and Publicans have gain'd the Kingdom of Heaven for the Lot or Inheritance, and many who were last, have obtain'd the Pre-eminence to be first. But remember (*O Despairing Soul!*) that now carry'st a Double Hell in thy own Breast, under an Impression there is no Mercy to be had for so great a Sinner as thou art: I say, remember it is not sufficient for a perishing Soul, barely to accuse it self of Sin, but the Substance as well as the Form must concur, for the Efficacy of Repentance to justify. Our Contrition must bear a manifest Accompany of our Shame and Detestation of Sin, with a solid Resolution against all Relapses. Hypocrisie is a Mask so easily put on, that it is ordinary and common throughout the whole World, to condemn our selves of our evil ways; *Infidels* is in much appearing Detestation of their Iniquities. Many Men and Women, in the very Scene while they are acting their Wickedness, will acknowledge their Baseness, when they consider the following Shame; tho' they determine not to seek after gaining the Fruit of true Repentance, or diving home to the Affections and Ends of Confession, which are Amendment and Satisfaction. Vain and of no Effect are those Acknowledgements which proceed neither from Compunction of Soul, nor accompanied with Tears truly bitter, and Heart-breaking Contrition, which are the only Evidences of a resolv'd Change: And yet there is something like this in the World which is not it, there are some demure Devils which speak like Saints, making Hearers believe, by their Grace, and Elegant setting forth of themselves, they are what they never intend to be, while they seek only the Reputation and Honour to be accounted good; this is the most easie Delusion possible; for who can judge of the Truth which is presented to him in contrary Colours? for the same would not be the same, if another Man knew the Truth and how to tell it, as when the Offender delivers it for himself he would have it believ'd. There are another sort of Sinners, who are so senseless grown with their Despair, so impudent in their Wickedness, that they respect neither their own Opinion nor bad, and tell Stories of their own Shame, with as much Venom as their Detractors wou'd, believing that the greater, the more wicked they make themselves.

Whilst I liv'd in *New-England*, I came acquainted with Mr. C——k, a young Beau, that boasted of more Villainy than ever he committed; for he told Mr. T——n, he had lain with five hundred Virgins. C——k was so excellent a Changeling that he cou'd extract Pleasure out of any thing. He was in a mix'd Company where I was, that he never saw a Woman he lust'd after her, and strait enjoy'd her in Imagination.

that boasts of his Sin be a Devil, he that boasts of Sins
 ever committed, is a *Double Devil*, and consequently, with-
 out Repentance, deserves a *Double Hell*: For who can e'er be-
 lieve that a young Man but of Two and Twenty, shou'd have
 Opportunity, Time, or Strength, to debauch five hundred
 Women?—However, as he bought a great many Books of me, I
 broke down my Acquaintance with him, and I here publish his
 Name, lest his Impudence, in hopes to shame him into better Morals.
 Reader, God forbid thou should'st ever be either a de-
 ceitful Hypocrite, dissembling the righteous Man, whilst thou
 art rotten within; or so vile a Wretch, as wou'd not be content
 to boast, unless you have the Pleasure to boast of it. When thou
 consider'st and meditated seriously on this, as thou oughtest,
 wash away the Filth and Mud which hangs upon thy Soul, rise
 out of the Mire wherein thou hast wallow'd, and see how
 terrible thou wilt be to thy Adversary, who believ'd he
 had cast thee down never to rise again; it will amaze him to
 see thee again provoke him to Battle, surpriz'd with thy Reco-
 ver'd and astonish'd at such an undaunted Resolution, how fear-
 ful the Coward, the Devil be, to attempt again the ensnar-
 ling? If other Mens Calamities be proper Lessons for us,
 may not all our own instruct us? I believe this (O repent-
 ant!) tho' thou now carry'st a *Double Hell* in thy own Breast,
 Reason of Despair, that thou wilt appear e'er long, in the
 Kingdom of Heaven, a Person restor'd to Grace, a more excellent
 clearer Soul than ever thou wert, one that shall give Te-
 stimony of such Perfection and Integrity; that thou may'st be
 esteem'd amongst the best Men, if not preferr'd before them;
 to encourage thee to such good Resolutions, read the fol-
 lowing Conference between those two famous Divines, Mr.
 De Witt and Mr. Ibrogmorton, then lying upon his Death-
 bed, under Desertion; which accidentally falling into the
 hands of an eminent Citizen now living in London (and being,
 as far as I am inform'd, never printed before) I'll here insert it, as
 being the Perusal of all afflicted Souls, but more especially
 those who are tempted to despair of the Mercies of God. And
 such surprizing Instances as these may not be lost for
 want of a due Improvement, I will conclude that *Double Hell*
 Reader has found in these Instances, with an Appendix
 containing the great Use of Examples, but more especially of
 those who have been cast down in Despair.

The CONFERENCE between Mr. D
and Mr. THROGMORTON.

[Mr. Throgmorton to his Brother, coming to see him]

Thr. **D**ear Brother, your Presence is most Welcome to me. Let the Lord make us mutually Comfortable, and unite our Hearts together in Love and Mercy, to pity and comfort one for another, that we may be heal'd.

Broth. At this very Speech my Heart was broken, and my Soul yearn'd over him with such abundance of Tears and Sighs, that he was much dejected to see my Heart so oppress'd.——Mr. Dod sitting by, perceiving us both full of Grief, most lovingly, and in most gracious Manner, applied himself to our mutual Comfort, perswading him to a quiet and willing Repose of his Heart into the Hands of a merciful Father, saying,

Dod.—Mr. Throgmorton, Are you not willing to go to God your Father, when he calls you? As Christ saith, *go to my Father and your Father*, John 17.

Thr. Ah! good Sir, I wou'd most gladly and willingly go, if I but see one Glimpse of his Favour shining upon my Soul.

Dod. Why think and consider how he offers himself to you; he is a Father as full of Love, Mercy, and Pity, as any Father in the World, *Exod. 34. 6, 7.*

Thr. Oh that I cou'd so find him to me.

Dod. So he is to you, whether you feel him so or no. Let me request two Things of you.

Thr. What are they?

Dod. That you wou'd leave Physick, and I dare say I shall do well enough. But hear, good Sir, what I say farther——As God your Father is loving and pitiful to you, so Jesus Christ, the second Person, is your Husband, your Head to perfect you, a King, a Priest, a Prophet, a Judge to save you from the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. He does all this to you, why then be in nothing careful, but let your things let your Requests be shew'd unto God in Prayer and Application. The third Person is call'd the Comforter; and is call'd but the Holy Ghost: He washeth you, and maketh you fit for the glorious Presence of God.

Thr. This I believe for a certain Truth that you speak, but howsoever I assent in my Mind, I cannot apprehend the Comforts of these Divine Truths; and therefore I beseech you be earnest with God in Prayer for me, that he will

ated to shew himself to my Soul, and that he would
tho' these Clouds and shew himself unto me. All the
Arts in the World will not comfort my Spirit;
I must and will continue to wait upon him. [Then with
Prayers, and vehement Reachings of his Soul, and his
failing him, he sits upon his Bed breathing up to Hea-
at length these Words came from him] Ah! good Mr.
that I could be assur'd that my Sins were pardon'd!

Q. Let me ask you first, can you confess them to God?
Do you desire to leave them?

A. I can truly from the Bottom of my Heart say, That
I have been very plain and open, in confessing of the very Se-
crets of my Heart to God, neither do I remember that ever I
went with Reservation of any known Sin, but wou'd ever be
glad to make a full and free Confession to God, tho' with
Weakness and Deadness of Spirit; and I have ever la-
boured to keep a Register of my Failings, to help my Humi-

Q. Why then know what is God's special Promise, *Prov.*
Job 1. 9. Let it be a Ground of Assurance that your
Sins are pardon'd. I will propound a second Mark, and un-
derstandable—Can you forgive freely any Man that hath
sinned against or offended you?

A. From my very Heart I forgive the whole World; and
I know any Man living that I have offended, or hath of-
fended me, I desire from my Soul to give any sincere Evi-
dence of all Brotherly Love and Mercy, as I desire God shall
do for me.

Q. Why then be comfortable——You know the fifth
Verse, *If you forgive all Men their Trespases, so will your bea-
ving Father forgive you your Trespases:* Nay, 'tis a sure Sign
that you are already forgiven, or else you wou'd never forgive.

A. The true Sign is the healing and sanctifying of our Nature;
where God doth pardon Sin, there he doth subdue and
bring down the Power of Sin.

After this Discourse, a sudden Looseness came upon him,
his Chamber being perfum'd with Juniper, to take away
the Savour, Mr. *Throgmorton* ask'd what it was that smelt so?
He said, the burning of the Juniper. Even so (saith he)
Saints never smell so sweet, as in the Fire of Affliction.
His Thoughts of Death began to dishearten him fear-
ing the Violence of Pain might so far distemper his Spirits, as
to give him some strange Carriage and Behaviour, to the
View of the Standers-by.]

Q. For that never fear you,—we know you well enough
and are perswaded that you will have an easie, sweet, and
pleasant Passage thro' Death, into the Kingdom of Heaven;
I pray you, think on no such matter, but to set your
Thoughts

Thoughts on Christ, and fix them upon your Happiness in Heaven, which is at hand: You know how the Scripture teacheth us to think of Death as of a Sleep, and when awake I shall be satisfied with his Image: It is call'd a Rest; *Blessed are they that die, they rest*; and also a Bed to lay down in Peace; a Marriage-day with the King's Son, also a Deduction of an Earthly Tabernacle.

Thr. Oh that my Heart cou'd but suck Sweetness out of these Passages! if Christ wou'd chew himself to my desolate Soul, I had enough.

Dod. Well! comfort your self in God; the Bargain is made long ago, and is not now to make: Let it be granted that you have no feeling for the present, yet your Evidence is clear enough, altho' you cannot read or understand it; I dare put my self upon your way, so long as I feel your Heart upright.

Thr. Dare you so! do you speak seriously?

Dod. Truly I do speak it from my Heart and Soul, in the Power of Perswasion; for I have found never in any Man a more evident Evidence of true Grace, than in you, since the Time of our Acquaintance; I never found more Comfort from any, than in your self; for I have in special observ'd your Carriage as a Child to this Day, ever truly holy, gracious, and hearty in all your Conversation and Work of your Ministry, still complaining of Sin, fighting under your Infirmities, and looking after Christ and his Spirit; and you know what Mark of Blessedness it propoundeth, *Matth. 5. Blessed are the poor in Spirit, blessed are they that mourn; blessed are they that hunger and thirst after Righteousness, blessed are the poor and meek*: And 'tis to be observ'd, Christ is Blessed: As if I see any one Spark of natural Life and Motion in a Man, I conclude he is a living Man; so if I perceive any saving Grace in a Child of God, he is spiritually alive. Now what God promiseth to us, we must also promise to our selves; if he say, thou art Blessed for thy Poverty and Mourning, thou must say so too; believe his Prophets, and you shall be Blessed; the Word of God is the best Cordial in all Times for a Child of God.

Thr. [Here he finding his Bones to pain him, he cry'd that the Lord wou'd ease me of this Miery and Pain! I will lay my Burden to my self, and to you all.]

Dod. Why, be patient but a little while, and he that will come will come, and will not tarry, and then your Bed will lie at more Ease in the Grave than ever it did on the Earth; when my Child is asleep, I can wake it with a Rod, so God, if he speak to a dead Body in the Grave, it shall rise up with the Voice and stand up, as the wither'd Bones did; and

He grave bear the voice of the Son of God and live— I perceive
 are weary of lying long, as a Man is weary of his Jour-
 : How happy a thing doth he think it to be so near his
 : especially it being a good Home ; where he knows he
 be joyfully welcom'd : So shall you be to Heaven, your
 Home, long look'd for and desir'd of you ; where God
 Father, Christ, the Angels, and all the Saints, are ready
 receive you with Joy : As for me, it is good to draw near to
 Faith Devil : As when a Man is Sea-sick it is good to be
 the Haven. Your last Sleep will be your best Sleep, and
 best, for there you shall be satisfy'd with the Image of
 Christ. Now you have but a little of it ; then you shall be
 wish it : Now your Body is Earthly and base ; then it
 will be honourable and glorious, like the Angels in Heaven.
 Thus the holy Man, Mr. Dod, apply'd himself with all
 due Diligence to raise up his dejected Spirit, still drooping
 under the Fear of the Imminency of Death, terrible to his
 melancholy Spirit : But no outward Manifestation of Joy or
 content, in all these Passages, could appear in Mr. Throgmorton.
 length came to his Mind an earnest Desire of an Ordinance
 of God, in his Judgment very necessary for the Confirmation
 of Comfort and Peace of Soul ; and that was the Ordinance
 of Absolution— He express'd his Desire to Mr. Dod thus.

The Lord hath put in my Heart an earnest Desire to an
 Ordinance which I hold most necessary and needful to me,
 to require at your Hands, with some other convenient
 Ministers ; and that is *Absolution* : Which, if performed ac-
 cording to Christ's Institution, I might by that find Peace to
 my Soul, in this my Necessity : And therefore I humbly desire
 to let apart a whole Day for fasting and Prayer, for me,
 and four or five Ministers ; (as Mr. Harris, Mr. Wheatley, Mr.
 Dod, and Mr. Winston.) in which Ordinance I shall desire
 to lay open my Heart unto you all, in con-
 fessing all my Sins and Corruptions as far as I am able, by the
 Grace of God, and will give you a faithful Relation in the
 presence and Order, of my Conversation, which I have Regi-
 stered in a Book ; which my Brother, within these three Days,
 shall read unto me : Which when you shall hear from
 me I shall with all Humility resign up my self to the grave
 and judicious Censure which you shall jointly (by the Spirit of
 God) determine, touching my spiritual Estate before God.

Your Desire in this is very good and holy, not to be
 denied of us ; and I desire your Request herein may be satis-
 fied : However, for my own particular, I pray you rest
 your Testimony which from my Heart I have given of you
 before, and now again do farther labour to confirm your
 Faith in the Assurance of it, as that I profess to be willing and
 ready to put my self upon your Way, and to follow you to

your End; which I am assur'd will be to Heaven: And my joyning with others in this Ordinance, I desire you to be my Personal Preience, for Considerations known to you; will I joyn the same Day with my Son *Timothy*, in private, you, in Fasting and Prayer, and be as earnest with God you, as if I were present at your Bed-side with the rest.

Upon this Motion agreed, Mr. *Dod* desir'd Leave to de-
to his Home that Night. Immediately after his Departure
came Mr. *Harris* and Mr. *Winston*; to whom my Brother
new'd the same Request for *Absolution*, and still his Mind
more impatient of the Delay of it, still earnestly begging
it, professing to Mr. *Harris*, that as he had made Trial of
God's Ordinances and Means, to settle his Heart in the
ranchise of the Pardon of his Sins, and could not find the Com-
fort of it; *I am therefore perswaded, (saith he) that if this Or-*
dinance were faithfully perform'd and administred, God would give
Blessing to it, and I might find Comfort,

Harris. Why, Sir, I doubt not but you have had it, for
Substance of it, tho' not for the Circumstance of your De-
for you have had it from sundry Divines apart, and for
coming to you: As Mr. *Dod*, Dr. *Sibs*, Dr. *Burges*, Mr. *Wes-*
and every one of them had with an unanimous Voice witness'd
and concluded to the Assurance of Salvation. I beseech you
let not the Devil any longer buffet you out of your Comfort,
nor keep you in Suspence and Wavering, but rest in your
termination and Opinion of those whom you know to be firm
and truly loving, and would not flatter you with vain Hopes
for a Thousand Worlds.

Thr. But good Sir, let me desire this last Duty and
of your best Love which you can shew to my Soul, to be
over two Days hence and join with the rest in this Ordinance
for I am verily perswaded that God will be present with
with a Blessing, that in the Act of Performance I shall find
Lord gracious and powerful, and speak Comfort to my
and he will shine to me in Mercy and Peace. If he did
yet my Heart will be at Rest, when I have sought him
his Ordinances, and have not neglected any known Way
find him; and then all I have to do is in Weakness of Spirit
sit down and rest in the joint Resolution which upon my
fession you shall all determine, touching my Condition to
God.

Hereunto Mr. *Harris* condescended, and the Day and
was appointed: So he joyn'd now in Prayer with him, and
parted. The next Day, being *Sunday* at Night, Mr. *Wes-*
came; at whose Coming Mr. *Throgmorton* was most joyfully
taking him by the Hand said, *Oh good Mr. Dod! your Prayers*
doth much revive me; I have droop'd all this Day, and my
both been dead within me.

Do. The Lord give you his quickening Spirit to comfort you; look upon him, to whom the lasting of your Joys is the growing of your Strength. The next Day, towards Night, he fell into a Trance, and after half an Hour's Space he recover'd and spoke thus: *Now the Lord look mercifully upon me, and let me see his Love in the Pardon of all my Sins.* Then Mr. Doddard, and his Heart was well affected with his Prayers, well fighting and sweetly pondering all his Petitions, and said—
 Tr. Oh Mr. Dod! Mr. Dod! you are mighty with God: beseech you do not stir from me, as I have ever prosper'd by your godly Counsel and Direction, in all the Passages of my Life, above all the Men on the Earth, so I desire now to close up my Days by your faithful Counsel and Prayers, beseeching you a little longer to abide with me, and the Lord recompence all your Labours and Love which you have shew'd to me.

Do. By the Grace of God I will not leave you 'till I have brought you up to God; and I shall desire the Lord's Assistance to help your Soul to Heaven, according to my Ability.

Brother. I continu'd watching by him, and in his Slumber many strong Sighs and Groans came from him; not out of any Sense of Bodily Pain, but still for Christ, and the Light of his Countenance; for ever and anon I could hear him sigh and say, *Oh my God! my God!* I said unto him, Brother, how do you feel your self? whereabouts are your Thoughts?

Tr. Oh my good Brother, (said he) could I but close with Christ, and get but one Smile of his Face, I had enough. Tell me truly, what do you conceive of me? Will God look upon me before I go hence?

Bro. Brother, my full Perswasion is, that your Comfort will come at an Instant, unexpected, in such a Season as shall be best for you, and before you yet die: And this I ground upon Experience of God's being late with me in a Vintation of Sickness, near to Death; when after an hard Conflict for half the Night, on a sudden many sweet Promises and melting Irritations of Grace came to my Thoughts; upon which my Heart was unspeakably joyful and comfortable; and then nothing more reviv'd my Spirit than the Thoughts of Death, and the Apprehension of my future Glory at Hand: But I said further unto him, if you shall go away without any Manifestation of Joy or Comfort, yet rest bold and confident upon your God, who is faithful to keep that good Soul of yours committed by you unto him.

Tr. [He reply'd] Now blessed be God, and let it stick by you as the very Soul of your Election, tho' you feel never so many Doubtings and Temptations: I would that the Lord would shew himself in that kind and gracious manner unto me poor Wretch: Oh what a joyful thing were it to me!

[Now he lay still for half an Hour:] At length he said to his Good Brother, go sleep a little and come again to me. No sooner after I was gone, and had slept about half an Hour, suddenly he sent for me to come to him, and then looking upon me with a chearful Countenance said, Ah good Brother, now the Lord hath graciously shin'd upon my Heart with clear Manifestations of his Purpose and Grace, for the Pardon of all my Sins, and the saving of my Soul. Now I beseech you call Mr. Dod to me and let us joyn in Prayer and Thanksgiving for all his unspeakable Mercies, and sweet feeling of his Love, shed abroad in my Heart. Oh! methinks I would now most willingly go to Christ. Then sitting up in his Bed, with his Hands and Eyes lift up to Heaven, his Lips only mov'd, but no Words heard, his Countenance most gracious, lifting up frequent Breathings to Heaven for half an Hour; at length leaning his Head against me call'd Mr. Dod, who immediately came to him; to whom he spake these Words: *Mr. Dod, I beseech you stand by me; the Joy and Comfort of God's Face, which I have labour'd for these 37 Years together, is now come to my Soul: I beseech you give God the Praise in Prayer with me.* [Here Mr. Dod joyn'd in Prayer, and after Prayer continu'd with him three Hours, applying the Promises to his Soul, and opened most divinely that Portion of Scripture in *Mat. 5. 3, 4, 5, 6.*

This Exercise ended Mr. Throgmorton said, *Now the Lord recompence all your Love and Pains*— Then being dispos'd to Rest, Mr. Dod and I were sent for to a Knight's House to joyning, to Dinner. I said, this very Day my Brother will go to God. Mr. Dod thought he might hold out three or four Days; but no sooner was Dinner set on the Table, but a Messenger came running into the Parlour and said, *Sir, your Brother is now going.* Mr. Dod and I ran in, and found him much chang'd. Mr. Dod fell immediately down to pray with my Brother's Hands and Eyes lift up to Heaven, with very deep Breathings, *Eximo Pectore*, gave up his Spirit in the midst of the Duty to the Lord.

Thus, Reader, you see in the Desertion of that Faithful and Eminent Minister of Jesus Christ, Mr. Throgmorton, a sort of Hell upon Earth; (and the same Desertion we saw in that worthy Divine Mr. Timothy Rogers; for which consult his *Description of Melancholy*) but this at worst we can call but a *Sinners Hell*, as he declar'd to Mr. Dod, just before his Departure: *That the Joy and Comfort of God's Face, which he had labour'd for 37 Years together, was then come to his Soul: Which was a few Hours before he dy'd; for the Conference tells you Dinner was no sooner set on the Table, but a Messenger came running into the Parlour saying, Sir, your Brother is now going: Mr. Dod and his Brother (as the Conference tells you) run into his Chamber to pray with him, "He gave up his Spirit"*

in the midst of the Duty to the Lord. But tho' Mr. Throgmorton was
 Child of Light walking in Darkness*, to his last Hours, and
 dy'd with great Joy and Comfort in his Soul, and (as
 were) assur'd of Heaven; yet the five desperate sinners in-
 ced in Mr. Goulart's Narrative, did all Five both live and
 in Despair, having (as one of 'em calls it) a *Double Hell* in
 their Consciences. (i. e. a Hell here, and without Infinite
 Mercy did interpose, a Hell in the other World.)

That it may further appear I have properly entitl'd my
 Essay on Despair *Double Hell*, as I have already prov'd it to
 be, (by instancing in one that call'd it by that Name) so I'll
 further prove Despair to be *Double Hell*, from the Nature of
 Despair it self; for Reader, you see by the Confession of the
 desperate Sinners before mention'd, that

Despair is an Epitome of Hell, an Extract, a Quintessence, a
 Compound, a Mixture of all Feral Maladies, Tyrannical Tortures,
 Griefs and Perplexities. There is no Sickness almost but Phy-
 sicians provideth a Remedy for it; to every Sore Chirurgery will
 provide a Salve; but what Phisick, what Chirurgery, what
 Wealth, Favour, Authority, can relieve, bear out, a'swage,
 or expel a troubled Conscience? ——— The Part affected by
 Despair is the whole Soul, and all the Faculties of it. There is
 a despairing Soul a Privation of Joy, Hope, Trust, Confi-
 dence of present and future Good, and in their Place succeed
 Sorrows, &c. *The Spirit of a Man (says Solomon) may
 be in Infirmity, but a wounded Spirit who can bear? ———*

And this shews us all what ought to be the great Care and
 Concerns of our whole Life; in every Particular still to have a
 tender Regard and Care of our Consciences; and what-
 ever we neglect or forget amidst the Hurries of this trouble-
 some World, never to let this great Care slip out of our Minds:
 whether Conscience be well or ill kept, a Man shall be sure
 to bear of it at last; he will certainly find the Issues and Effects
 of it at Home; let him take what Course he pleases, his Con-
 science will bear him Company, and in the End prove his Com-
 fort, or his Plague.

'Tis true, a Man's Conscience may not accuse him or fly
 against him presently: How evil soever it be it may lie quiet for
 some Time. Perhaps he may not for some considerable long Space
 have any Throws, any Luctations, any Ruffings within him, but
 his Land may seem to be at Rest. Either he may not enquire
 into his State, or he may abuse and delude himself with
 a false Account of his Condition, or he may harden his Mind
 with loose Atheistical Principles, or he may bear down his Con-
 science with a violent Hand, and so for a Time it may be still

* Dr. Goodwin calls one of his Books, A Child of Light walking
 in Darkness.

and quiet, like a Clock that stands when the Weights are down, but one Time or other the Hand of God will wind it up again, and then every Wheel and Movement will stir to Purpose: The Eye will mourn, the Forehead will blush, the Heart will bleed, and be very sore; and yet perhaps the Sense of what he has done will not lead him to true Repentance, but throw him at last into the very Gulph of Desperation. And therefore we should never be so confident of our own selves as to do an ill thing: We should not trust, no not our own Hearts; because in the End our worst Enemy will be in our own Bosom—— But certainly Despair is a great Sin, and what we ought to pray to be kept from; for it is only fit for him to despair, who can be as wicked as God is good. En't it a shameful thing to see People who bear the Character of *Christianity*, to lay down the Buckler, and to throw away Arms, at the first Approach of some Affliction? What Thought of a Devil is it, to deliver ones self over to Despair in the sight of a *Jesus*, who beareth our Reconciliation on his sacred Members, and pleadeth our Cause before his Eternal Father, with as many Mouths as our Sins in him have open Wounds. Yet how many *Double Hells* (I mean how many *First and Second spirals*) have we seen and read of?

Fælix Plater hath an Example of a Merchant-man, that thro' the Loss of a little Wheat, which he had over long kept, was troubl'd in Conscience for that he had not sold it sooner, and given it to the Poor; yet a good Scholar and a great Diviner. No Perswasion would serve to the contrary, but that for the Fact he was damn'd.

And *Foresters* hath a fearful Example of a Minister, that thro' too much precise fasting in *Lent*, and over-much Meditation, contracted this Mischief, that in the End he became desperate, often thought he saw Devils in his Chamber, and declar'd that he could not be sav'd; not considering that Mercy is a *Panacea*, a Balsam for an afflicted Soul, a sovereign Medicine, an *Alexipharmacum* for all Sin, a Charm for all Devil. His Mercy was great to *Solomon*, to *Manasse*, to all great to all Offenders, and whatsoever thou art, it may be great to thee.

I know the Devil (who first tempts us to gross Sins, and then to Despair, telling us after we have committed 'em, that they are too gross for Pardon) will be ready to say to the desp'ring Soul,— *Were it for some few Sins of Ignorance, or Infirmitie, thou mightst hope to find Place for Mercy; but thy Sins are, as for multitude innumerable, so for Quality, heinous, presumptuous, unpardonable: With what Face canst thou look up to Heaven and expect Pardon from a just God?*

With what Face, Oh deluding malicious Devil! ever the Face of an humble Penitent, justly confounded in his

in the Sense of his own Vileness, but awfully confident in a
 promised Mercy: Malicious Tempter! how like thou art to
 thyself? When thou wouldst draw me on to my Sins, then
 how small, slight, harmless, plausible they were? Now
 thou hast fetch'd me into the Guilt of those foul offences, they
 are no less than deadly and irremissible. May I but keep within
 the Verge of Mercy, thou can'st not more aggravate my
 Wickedness against me, than I do against my self; thou can'st
 not be more ready to accuse, than I to judge and condemn my-
 self. Oh me! the wretchedst of all Creatures, how do I hate my
 self for mine abominable Sins, done with so high a Hand, against
 such a Majesty, after such Light of Knowledge, such Enforcements
 of Warning, such Endearments of Mercy, such Reluctations of
 Conscience, such Checks of Conscience; what less than *Double Hell* (Hell
 both here and hereafter) have I deserv'd from that infinite Ju-
 stice? Thou can'st not write more bitter things against me, than
 I can plead against my own Soul: But when thou hast cast up
 thy Venom, and when I have passed the heaviest Sentence
 against my self, I, who am in my self utterly lost, and for-
 gotten to eternal Death (in despite of the Gates of Hell) shall
 yet be, and am safe in my Almighty and ever-blessed Saviour,
 who hath conquer'd Death and Hell for me. Set thou me
 against my self, I shall set my Saviour against thee; urge thou
 my Debts, I shew his full Acquittance; sue thou my Bonds,
 I shall exhibit them cancel'd, and nail'd to his Cross; press
 thou my horrible Crimes, I plead a Pardon seal'd in Heaven;
 tell'st me of the Multitude and Heinousness of my Sins I
 shew thee of an infinite Mercy; and what are Numbers and Mag-
 nitudes to the Infinite? To an illimited Power, what difference
 there betwixt a Mountain and an Ant-heap? betwixt One
 and a Million? Were my Sins a thousand times more and
 more than they are, there is Worth abundantly enough in eve-
 ry Drop of that precious Blood which was shed for my Re-
 demption, to expiate them: Know, O Tempter, that I have
 to do with a Mercy which can dye my scarlet Sins white as snow,
 and make my crimson as Wool; whose Grace is so boundless, that
 thou thy self hadst, upon thy Fall, been capable of Repen-
 tance, thou hadst not everlastingly perish'd; *The Lord is gra-
 cious and full of compassion, slow to anger, and of great mercy: The
 Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works:*
 if there be a Sin of Man unpardonable, it is not for the
 insufficiency of Grace to forgive it, but for the Incapacity of
 the Subject that should receive Remission.

Thou fallest to thy Pain and Loss, wherefore it was that the
 only Son of God, *Jesus Christ*, came into the World; even to save
 sinners; and if my own Heart shall conspire with thee to accuse
 me as the chief of those Sinners, my Repentance gives me so
 much the more Claim and Interest in his blessed Redemption:

Let me be the most laden with the Chains of my Captivity, so I may escape Despair, that *Double Hell*, and have the greatest share in that All-sufficient Ransom.

And if thou, who art the true fiery Serpent in this miserable Wilderness, hast by Sin stung my Soul to Death, let me (as I do) with penitent and faithful Eyes, but look up to that frozen Serpent which is lift up far beyond all Heavens, thy Poison cannot kill, cannot hurt me; it is the Word of eternal Truth, which cannot fail us: *If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*

Lo, here! not Mercy only, but Justice on my side; the Spirit of God saith not only, if we confess our Sins, he is merciful to forgive our Sins; as he elsewhere speaks by the Penitent *Solomon*: but more, he is *faithful and just* to forgive our Sins. Our Weakness and Ignorance is wont to fly from the Justice of our God unto his Mercy; what can we fear, when his Mercy yields Remission? That Justice relates to his gracious Promise of Pardon to the Penitent, whilst I do truly repent. Therefore, his very Justice necessarily infers Mercy, and Mercy Forgiveness. Think not therefore, O thou malicious Spirit, to affright me with the mention of Divine Justice, with the Flames of a *Double Hell*. Woe were me, if God were not as Just as Merciful; yea, if he were not therefore Merciful, because he is Just; Merciful in giving me Repentance, Just in vouchsafing me the promised Mercy and Forgiveness upon the Repentance which he hath given me.

After all thy heinous Exaggerations of my Guilt, it is not the Quality of the Sin, but the Disposition of the Sinner, that damns the Soul; if we compare the offensive Acts of a *Dathan* and a *Saul*, it is not easie to judge whether were more heinous, thou which firedst them up both to those odious Sins, nor on what Account of an equal Advantage against both; but thine unbelief failed thee; the humble and true Penitence of the one saved him out of thy Hands, the Obdurateness and Fallshartedness of the other, gave him up as a Prey to thy Malice. 'Tis enough to me, that tho' I had not the Grace to avoid my Sins, yet I had the Grace to hate and bewail them; that good Spirit which thou thought not good to restrain me from sinning, hath been mercifully pleas'd to humble me for sinning; yea, such is the infinite Goodness of my God to my poor Soul, that those Sins which thou hast drawn me into, with an Intent to my utter Prejudice and Damnation, are happily turn'd, thro' his Goodness, unto my greatest Advantage; for had it not been for these sinful Miscarriages, had I ever attain'd to so clear a Sight of my own Frailty and Wretchedness? so deep a Contrition of Heart? so real Experience of Temptation? so hearty a Detestation of Sin? such Tenderness of Heart? such Awe of Offending?

... of Obedience? so sweet a Sense of Mercy? so thank-
 a Recognition of Deliverance? What hast thou now gained,
 thou wicked Spirit, by thy prevalent Temptations? What
 hast thou Cause to erect for thy Victory, and my
 ? Co hast thou have won me to a Trade of Sinning, to
 resolution in evil, to a Pleasure as in the Commission, so in
 Memory of my Sin, to a Glorifying in Wickedness, and then
 it have taken the Advantage of snatching me away in a
 of Unrepentance, thou might'st have had just Cause to
 triumph in thy Prey, and a *Double Hell* wou'd have been my
 : But now that it hath pleas'd my God to shew me so much
 mercy, as to check me in my evil way, to work in me an Ab-
 rene of my Sin, and of my self for it, and to pull me out of
 Clutches, by a true and seasonable Repentance, thou hast
 a Soul, and I have found a Saviour: Thou mayst upbraid
 with the Foulness of my Sins, I shall bless God for their
 removal.

Thus having briefly shewn the *Double Hell* there is, (1.) In
 Despair, (2.) In the Instance of five Desperate Sinners, (as
 related by Mr. Goulart), and (3.) in Mr. Throgmorton's De-
 ceit (Neighbour to the famous *Dod*) I shall conclude this
Double Hell, or Essay on Despair, with shewing, the great Use we
 may make of Examples; but more especially of such as

... I am not ignorant of the great Use and Abuse there
 has been of Examples: Some look upon them so as to imitate
 them, be they never so bad; as *Augustus*, a learned Prince, fil-
 led his Empire with Scholars; so *Tiberius*, a dissembling Prince,
 was full of Dissemblers; *Julian*, an Apostate Prince, with Apostates;
Jerobeam, a Calvish Prince, with Idolaters. Others look
 upon them so as to hate the Persons, as well as the Sins: Every
 fatal Accident, either in the Life or Death of Men, speaks to
 us in the Language of Damnation.

... however they be abus'd, I am sure it is most fit, yea
 convenient, to have the white Book of God's Mercies, and the
 black Book of Judgments (but more especially on despairing
 Sinners) always before our Eyes. The Abuse doth not take
 away the Use, no more than the *Spartans* shew'd themselves
 in rooting out their Vines, because their People abus'd
 the Wine to Drunkenness.

... we have the Example of God himself, who would
 have the Patterns both of Sin and Judgment, of those he dearly
 loveth: And if we be vers'd in his Book we may observe, that
 he hath been pleas'd to make many Uses of such Examples.
 ... by them he doth threaten; Remember what the Lord
 saith in *Psalm*. Did not Achan, the son of Zerak, commit a tres-
 pass

pass in the accursed thing? Wherefore do you harden your hearts, the Egyptians and Pharaoh? If ye do as they have done, ye shall be punish'd as they have been. Sometimes by them he doth reproach unthankful People. Did not I deliver you from the Egyptians and from the Amorites, from the children of Amen, and from the Philistines? O my people remember what Balack King of Moab consulted and what Balaam the son of Beor answered from Shittim to Gilgal: ye not ashamed to offend such a God as I, who have neither made a barren Wilderness, nor a dry Land? Sometimes by them he comforteth and strengtheneth the Hands of the weak. The eyes have seen all that the Lord your God hath done unto the Kings. This your Trouble is as the waters of Noah to me; I have said, they shall no more go over the earth: So, nor your Afflictions shall overwhelm you. Will you be dismay'd in your Trouble, or cast off your Confidence? as if God's Hand were ty'd up now, more than in those Days. Sometimes by them he doth maintain great Points of Godliness. Was not Abraham father justified by works? Not to glory in before God: for Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness: to make him stand out against the Blasphemies of the World, the Accusations of Conscience, and the Uphraidings of a weak Faith. And will not ye, who must be the Children of Abraham, or perish, walk in the way of so worthy a Father? Sometimes by them he doth dissuade from Vice. Be not like them: Let us not commit fornication, as some of them did, and fell in one day three and twenty thousand. Let us not be like Christ, as some of them also tempted, and were destroyed of Serpents. Neither murmur, as some of them murmured, and were destroyed. If ye go on in such a way, and will not be dissuaded, ye will meet with the same Plagues which they found; or worse. Sometimes by them he gives Premonition and Caution. I fear lest by any means, as the Serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ. Will ye not take heed, lest I make you to fall, as Eve fell, which was full of Bitterness and hers?

All this Use and more hath our good God made of our Examples; not only because, like leaking Vessels, we are apt to run out, and to forget our fashion which we saw in the glass: but also because of the Profit of Examples; for as they profit a World of People, being like a burning Beacon, giving Light before Men, and shining like Fire, whereat we may give Light to thousands of candles; so do they last long, and hold out to the World, as the poor Widow's Mites, and Lot's Wife's Transfiguration; and the Example of Francis Spira, is an undeniable Proof, that some fall into a Double Hell, even in this Life.

Neither is it in vain that God hath taken such a Course as
 it is all for our Good, that we may know how to use Ex-
 amples, according to their several Natures; but, among the
 you may reap a threefold Benefit by them.

First, An *Observation* of the Customs and Usages of the Church
 Enemies of it. This will be an Help to Wisdom; which
 ordinarily attainable by Experience of our own Days, and
 Memory of others.

Next, An *Illustration* of the Faith and Manners of others,
 whomever they be; for Examples do not make Faith and Man-
 ners but give Patterns of God's Rules, for the more expedite
 Use of them.

And lastly, A *Declaration* of God's Providence, in his Acts
 of Wisdom, Goodness, Mercy, Justice; and the like.

From these two Uses of Examples the World doth too far wan-
 der; for want of the first the Church is many times fill'd with
 Errors and Disorders; for want of the second, Faith and Man-
 ners are not so clear'd, and *Examples* are taken up as necessary
 Rules, which only shew a Lawfulness where the Rule of Scrip-
 ture doth not oppose: For want of the third, God passeth by,
 whomever we know it not. Let him be never so *wise*, by the Neg-
 lect of the Example, we admire it not; let him be never so
 good, by the Neglect of the Example, we love it not; let him
 be never so *Merciful*, by the Neglect of the Example, we em-
 brace it not; let him be never so *Just*, by the Neglect of the
 Example, we do not fear and tremble, and avoid the Rocks of
 Sin; and hence it is, that I have been induced to propound
 these despairing Examples unto you.

It may be, that sometimes Men do observe the Way of God
 the Whirlwind of Justice, but either they are willing to think
 it so great as it is. or to judge it to reach further than our
 God intendeth it; if Men do think the first, it is because
 they would flatter themselves in like Sins. Loth they are to
 think that God shou'd punish that which they love, or that
 Sin should happen to them who have done as they mean to
 do. If Men judge the second, it is because they want
 Piety and Judgment in the ways of God.

Sometimes God gives an Example of his Justice, (as we see
 the woful Despair of Dr. *Kraus*, and that desperate Wretch
 who'd wish he was in Hell) which begins here, and con-
 tinues for ever and ever; as in many of the drowned first
 Kings, and roasted *Sodomites*. God never made us so skilful
 in his Throne business, as to define peremptorily, that every
 King and Infant of those miserable ones were cast into the
 Devils Hell: He only says that the Flood did sweep them
 away, and they were burned with Fire and Brimstone, and
 he leaves us to leave the rest to God. They were not in
 Hell indeed, nor was *Job* in the visible Church, as *Isaac* and
 the

the rest of the Patriarchs were, yet might the *All-ye* look upon them as he pleas'd, and judge, or spare.

Sometimes God gives an Example of his Justice, which here, and (for ought we know) may end in Glory. These are said to be judged, that we might not be condemned by them: No Man will judge *Josiah* or *Jonathan* for their untimely Deaths: They dy'd in Peace, tho' they dy'd in War; in Peace with God, in War with Men: Nor will they resolvedly reproach the Souls of *Er*, and *Onan*, *Nabal* and *Abihu*, *Ananias* and *Saphira*, or those five desperate Wretches mention'd in *Goulet's* Narrative. Their Sins were great, and grievously damnable, and therefore God brought fearful Judgments upon them: And as he hath said, so hath he done, *deceitful Men shall not live out half their days*. But for the Souls, and how far his Justice extended to them, is another Secret of his Government, and past our Cognizance. An old Lesson never to be forgotten, that *secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things that are revealed are unto our children for ever*.

But perhaps you'll say, What is all this to those Examples in this Essay on Despair, call'd *Double Hell*? If you apply them, you shall know how to use them to your Good. Be sure to see God's Hand— against him that wish'd to go to Hell— against him that cry'd, I do already feel the Torments of Hell— against him that hop'd for neither Honor nor Salvation— against him that fell into so deep Despair, that he slew himself— against him that call'd upon the Devil, and utter'd all the horrible Curses and Imprecations cou'd be imagin'd— and against him that cry'd, I am damned for ever; and then added (most fearful to hear) *Amen, Amen, Amen*.— I say, Reader, be sure to see God's Hand in all these dreadful Instances of his Justice against desperate and despairing Sinners. Be sure also not to see God's Justice in such Examples as these, further than what you see or hear— Thus far God hath gone, go you no further. Cannot God take up his People and whip them for Sin, but presently the rash World must cry out, *They are Bastards, and not Children*?

Indeed you read that one of them (*viz.* Mr. *Tinney*) lay under Desertion, on his Death-Bed. God saw it, and thrust him down to the Gates of Hell; yet withal he had Remorse, Confession, Self-Condernation, Desire of Good, and of his own, (tho' with Despair) that God given us Reasons of Charity to his Soul, and kept the Certainty to himself only. Notwithstanding, let no Sinner presume; God comes as a swift Witness against them, and will make his Sword drunk with their Blood: For he will wound the hairy scalp of every one that goes on still in this

could no God, by such despairing Instances as these, have an
Wicked World see how necessary it is to *break off a wicked*
Repentance, and how useful to honour God in Time of
Death?

And let us up this *Appendix* of the great Use of Examples,
only adding, Look upon your Examples and fear and
awe. If they have found God thus angry who have been
suffered by indulged and over-powering Infirmities, how
will they look upon you that despair of his Mercy, after such
a long *Repentance* against Despair? You may have Hope to conceive
of them who were judged in this World, because ye knew
their Hearts: Ye can have no Hope to conceive well of
yourselves in so doing, because ye know your own Hearts,
and are apt in excusing some to flatter your selves,
and accusing others to justify your selves too far. Neither
can ye do well in the Day of your Account, which I
trust will be comfortable unto you in the Day of our
Saviour Christ.

19. 11. All these things happened unto them for examples:
they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of
the world are come.

PROJECT IV.*

THE-STRUMPETS: A Satyr on
Sodomite-Club.

Fourth Edition, alter'd and much enlarg'd.

giving all the Whores a TOUCH*,
the CRACKS will rave and think it much,
New Sodomitish Crew
will Ficking Bout or two,
and such Beutes. I shou'd them call,
TAILS are Sodomitical,
and ev'n POETS to bewail:

}
}

By the same Author publish'd, entitl'd The Rump; or a Touch
of the Tail.

Shou'd

Shou'd wake the flowing Thoughts and Pen
 OF *PRIOR*, *GARTH* and *ADDISON*.
 But since these *First Rates* en't altride,
 I'll try how my dull Muse will ride.
 It is indeed the foulest Road
 That ever *POET's COURSER* trod:
 But *PEGASUS* be not afraid
 That you shou'd Founder, Trip, or Jade:
 (No *Pound*, or *Club*, can stop you long,
 Unnatural Sights will make you run.)
 Nor think because the Day does wast,
 My *MUSE* will spur you on too fast;
 For *Sodomy's* so vile a Crime,
 'Tis *LASH* enough to name the Sin.

Lewd *CRACKS* repent, for 'tis the News,
 Your Tails have burnt so many Beaus,
 That now *He-Whores* are come in Use.
 Yes Jilts! 'tis prov'd, and must be said,
 Your Tails are grown so lewd and bad,
 That now *Mens Tails* have all the Trade.
 Yet *CRACKS* are Saints compar'd with them,
 Who leave the Whores to pick up Men.
 All *CRACKS* are found so full of Ails,
 A *New Society* prevails,
 Call'd *S—d—ites*; Men worse than Goats,
 Who dress themselves in Petticoats,
 To Whore as *O—born* did with *O—ms*.
 Modesty scarce can give a Name
 To such a *Catamitish* Flame;
 This Lust as far as *Sodom* came.
 In *Sodom* Men were so unclean,
 That when the Angels dress'd like Men,
 They'd ask to fornicate with them.
 Then *Sodomy* is the Abuse
 Of either Sex, against the Use
 Of Nature, ——— that shou'd Babe produce.
 When Men with Men ——— act what's unchast,
 Then Children (Nature's End) are lost,
 And the main End of Woman's croft.
 When Tails thus Whore, and are uncivil,
 They get no Children! ——— but the Devil:
 And yet such Tails are found of late
 Who thus do Whore and Fornicate
 With one another ——— *Girls they hate*.

The Men who thus their Lust confine,
 Do doat upon *He-Concubine*,

Ply (that's Whore) near the Exchange:
 The Men turn CRACKS—— 'tis wond'rous strange!
 very true—— for these exclude
 Women from their Interlude,
 and what's carnal, vile, and rude.
 Every change can scarce escape
 a loathsome, nasty Sodom Rape.
 What's your Number Brutes? Be free:
 I said your Gang is Forty Three,
 a Whore (as 'twere) in Sodomy.
 Where! The Word's a Paradox;
 there's a Club hard by the Stocks*,
 where Men give unto Men the Pox.
 Whoring—— (for I'll call it so)
 against God and Nature too,
 makes Man's Tail a sort of Steer,
 and robs the Women of their Rights,
 their Tails cou'd keep the Peace a' Nights)
 for—— this Club of Sodomites,
 doat on Men, and some on Boys,
 quite abandon Female Joys,
 and a Vice so full of Shame,
 that Brutes wou'd fly, and blush to name:
 even Goats are grown so poor,
 that He with He does never Whore.
 He's Mr. Puff does caterwaul
 at none but Sow-Cats on the Wall,
 Bear-Cats—— he does hate 'em all.
 Tom-Bull he does never prove
 a Matle in the He-Alcove,
 the worst Cow has all his Love.
 Every Horse so much does smother
 his own Tail from Rampant Brother,
 that one Horse never rides another.
 Sparrow, tho' a Whoring Tit,
 never He-L——ry commit,
 his Tail's a most Salacious Bit.
 So, that the World might multiply,
 their Tails might keep their Chastity,
 did Ordain a Marriage-Bed,
 Male with Female still shou'd Wed.
 For the Goat, Puff, Horse, and Sparrow,
 every Creature stock'd with Marrow,
 He-L——ry detest;
 only Man that is the Beast.

Stock-Market.

'Tis

'Tis only Men with Men will lie,
And burn their Tails with Sodomy;
The highest Flight in L——ry.

Sukey, (for so 'tis said you greet
The Men you pick up in the Street)
En't you a MONSTER thus to quench,
And make Mens Tails a sort of Wench?
In short, (and worse cannot be said)
You are *He-Strumpets* in the Bed.
O fie! remember Sodom's M I S S,
Unnat'ral Tails was all their Vice:
Your Flame is worse, that thus rebel,
For Sodomy's the Flame of Hell.
O F——nes! O Sodomitish Wretch!
Shou'd you be damn'd you cou'd not grutch;
You make your very Country blush.
He-Lust! it looks so vile in Print,
There's none will stand a Trial in't.
They F——nes no sooner did accuse,
And Two i'th' Compter full as loose,
But they strait fly to Hempen Noose.
*Fermain**——— a Clerk that liv'd i'th' East,
Ber———den a *He-Whoring* Beast,
And forty S——d——ites at least,
No sooner did their Lewdness flame,
But cut their very Throats for Shame.
Thus of all Tails Mens are the worst,
Not but the *Females* vie in Lust;
For Womens Tails so wanton grow,
They breed *unnat'ral Vices* too.
They change the nat'ral Use and Feature
Into a Crime which ruins Nature:
Yea, Sodomy they will permit,
(A Vice they never can commit)
Tho' kissing each other's something like't.
There's B——ry, a Beastly Sin,
Is not a Vice too lewd for them:
For 'tis not forty Years ago,
A CRACK was hang'd for Whoring so;
Her Sparks were but a Dog or two.
Sure Female Tails desire to try
Who shall exceed in I——ry!
'Twas said that B—— (tho' near a Jay)
Did Court a Monkey to her Tail;

* Jermain, late Clerk of St. Dunstan's in the East, was
charg'd with S——y, cut his Throat with a Razor.