

Then foolish Creditors, where are your Wits,
 To talk thus of making Dice with your Writs
 For all your 'Scape-Warrants (tho' cruel they be)
 Enlarge us in Newgate (a) and there make us free.
 But why do I talk of Liberty given?
 When nothing is free, but what is in Heaven.
 For I'm going to prove, to the Men of good Sence,
 That all things are trap'd, from the Mouse to the Prince.
 For Liberty binds, and 'Scape-Warrants discharge;
 And thus I do prove this Riddle at large.

THE 'Scape-Warrant or a Satyr upon Liberty.

A Prison, or the Isle, are much the same,
 They only differ in Conceit, and Name.
 The Islanders are all in Prison pent,
 And none do live at Large o'th' Continent.
 For look, 'Scape-Warrants ev'ry where are sent.
 Each Mariner's a Prisoner in his Bark;
 The living World was prison'd in the Ark;
 The Sea it self, is to its Bounds confin'd;
 And *Aeolus* in Caves shuts up the Wind:
 Nothing in Nature has such vast Extent,
 But is imprison'd in its Element:
 As if 'Scape-Warrants were from Heaven sent.
 The mighty Prince (as well as little Mouse)
 Is trap'd (or prison'd) in his Royal-House:
 For don't his Guards secure, and keep him close?
 That Freedom is no Compound of our Blifs,
 The rugged Bosoms of the Great confess.
 The gilded Monarch's Sable stands within;
 His Glory to his Trouble's but a Shrine:
 His Cares, his Jealousies, Nocturnal Frights,
 Imbitter all his Joys, and false Delights,
 His toiling Head with Grief a Crown must bear,
 Whilst he still starts, and grasps to hold it there.
 And thus all Princes to this *Fail* we trace,
 They reign without, and are but Kings by Place.
 The Fish in Wartry-Dungeons are inclos'd,
 Men, Beasts and Birds to Earth and Air dispos'd:
 If to enlarge their narrow Bounds they strive,
 The Fatal Freedom rarely they survive.
 MAN——can no more a Native Freedom boast,
 That Jewel ne're was found, since first 'twas lost.
 All Liberty's a Drug——that must be ta'ne
 Corrected——(Opium like) or else 'tis bane:
 A more Lethargick Quality's in her,
 Than ever yet in Opium did appear;

(a) The County-Fail, to which those Prisoners are sent, that are taken up in London with a 'Scape-Warrant. Her

Her fatal *Poyson to the Mind she sends,*
And uncorrect in sure Destruction ends.

'*Scapè-Warrants* are the Furnace that refine
Our Liberty, and make our Patience shine
(Tis these correct our Lusts, and Poyson shew in Sin.
Great Minds (like the *Victorious Palm*) are won't
Under the *Weights of Fortune* more to mount;
Strongly suppress, and hurl'd upon the Ground,
Fill'd with sublimer Thoughts, they more rebound:
Still careless, whether Fortune smile or frown,
Whether she give or take away a Crown.

'*Scapè-Warrants* neither fether nor confound,
The Soul is more enlarg'd by being bound.
Hence the Heroick Mind makes no Complaint,
But *Freedon* does enjoy, even in Restraint:
When Chains and Fetters do his Body bind,
He then appears more *Free*, and less confu'd;
Discord and Care, which do distract him here,
In Prison take their Leave, and come not there.
His *Summer-Friends* then take their last Adieu,
Who often swore, how faithful, and how true;
Things their dishonest Bosoms never knew:
Yet such give *Lives and Fortunes*, 'twas the Strain
Of the *Addressers* in King *James's* Reign.
But let a *Friend or King* fall to decay,
Like *Higb-Church-Loons* they strait run all away,
(Let *Sal'sbury-Pain* attest to what I say).
Then if the lending Cash in Time of Need,
Be the true Touchstone of a Friend indeed,
My *Pious Kin* and bright *Orinda's* Friend (a)
Are all (but God) on whom I can depend.
But this I knew not, 'till I was confin'd,
(Tis Prisons only, shew the *faithful Mind*.)
No Friend comes there, but what is most sincere;
'*Scapè-Warrants* try the Friend that's truly dear;
I mean the *Glo-worm Friend*, that noble Spark,
For he's the Friend that shines to me ith' Dark.
If any Joy to real Friends is sent,
It is most his, to whom it least was meant:

(a) *Viz.* The divine *Sabina*, the generous *Orinda*, the sincere *Guise*, the obliging *Townsend*, the constant *Lutwich*, the faithful *Pain*, the courteous *Wats*, and my old and dear Friend Dr. *Thomas Rolfe*, who offer'd to give me Money twice, whilst I was in Prison: And one of these *Winter-Friends* (*viz.* Mr. *William Lutwich*) added to his other Favours a Silver hilted Sword, which (as he gave it to me whilst I continu'd a Prisoner) I'll wear as Proof of his Generous Friendship, to my dying Day. Neither will I ever part with the *Silver-Headed Can* presented to me in the *Fleet Prison*.

And Fortunes Malice betwixt both is crost,
For striking one, it wounds the other most.

Then sure, 'Scape-Warrants give us Liberty,
That from Mistakes and Flaterers set us free;
These lock'd me faster than *Dice Hewson* can,
For every *Error* liv'd in, is a Chain.

But the 'Scape-Warrant sets the Prisoner free,
From Tempters, and the Vice of Flattery,
And every *Bond*, but that of Honesty.

What visit *Newgate* (cries the Flatterer)
Not I! no let him rot, *poor foolish Cur*,
I'll ne'er care for a starving Prisoner.

Proud Fool! t'ent Lands raise to a Wealthy Pitch,
Be but contented, you are truly rich.

He's poorer far, and still will have that Title,
That covets much, than that possesseth little.

For 'tis an empty *Mind* inflicts the Curse
Of Poverty, and not an empty Purse;

Which is the Devil, and nothing can be worse.

Except a *Summer-Friend*, that worst of evil,
For he's ungrateful, that's he's *twice a Devil*.

But tho' he's *rich* indeed, that is, content,

With a 'Scape-Warrant, the *Dice* that *Hewson* sent (a)

Yet want but Money, tho' you were a *Saint*,

Incarnate Angel, free from Pride and Paint,

You're *Foolish Cur* (or if a Woman, *B——ch*)

As if 'twere *Silver* cou'd the Soul enrich.

And here the 'Scape (b) obliges me to send

To such *Relations* as ne'er are the *Friend*.

'Go to their House, or meet them in the Street,

'Tis then, " *Dear Kinsman* (and with Joy they greet)

" *How have you done, I hope you're come to stay,*

" *What can you eat, you're welcome as the Day;*

And twenty other tender things will say.

But be but *poor*, your Company they slight,

And one 'Scape-Warrant kills their Friendship quite.

Then who'd on Favour or on Words depend,

When there is no such Thing as *real Friend*?

No constant Love, no grateful Action due,

No Man that's *Profit-Proof*, nor Woman true:

Your *Friend* if wanted, shall soon weary prove,

Your *Mistress*, tempted, shall desert your Love.

(a) Alluding to *Dice-Hewson's* boasting to Mr. T—— that he did not doubt but to take *Fido* out of the *Rules* by a 'Scape-Warrant, he being very lately (tho' the Assertion was wholly false) within an Inch of taking him.

(b) Reader, by 'Scape or 'Scapes I only mean 'Scape-Warrants, both in this Line, and throughout the whole Poem. And

And cry but 'scape, your very Kindred fly,
 Not knowing Newgate gives you Liberty,
 For 'till confin'd—*With you they'd live and dy.*
 But now Sir Dice is like to pick your Bone,
 They drop you quite—*For they must look at Home:*
 The common Cant of *Knaves* that have the Slight,
 To leave such Friends *as they can ne'er requite.*
 This is my Friend for ever, one wou'd think,
 Where Blood and Inclination ties the Link:
But all's Amusement, there's no Friend but Chink.
 For be it Father, Brother, Wife or Friend,
 Their great Endearments with your Money end.
 The Man that sav'd the City, being poor (a)
 Tho' he was *honest, wise* and something more,
 Is not Remember'd at the Rich-Man's Door.
His empty Pockets, Debts, and ragged Plight,
 Put the whole City into such a Fright,
 They fly their wisest Man, as a most dismal Sight.
 Tho' wise he's poor, which made his trembling Friends
 Think him some Frightful 'scape (or Carnal Fiend).
Sure Poverty is some incarnate Ghost!
 It scares the Sinner much, but frights the Godly most.
 For JOHN'S-SON and SMIRK, altho' two Men of Prayer (b)
 They dare not view the Fleet, where starving Debtors are;
 For fear that frightful Ghost, lean Poverty shou'd start,
 In Fido's Looks and Tears, and so affect their Heart.
 And for their Eyes, they'd much afflict 'em too,
 To see how false they were, to one that was so true;
 Thus Debt has made a Ghost of Fido's Looks and Mien,
 That frights his Summer-Friends, or such as love for Gain.
 Yet Fido's most sincere, and never lov'd by Art,
 For where he gave his Word, he always gave his Heart.
 Then blessed be the 'scape, tho serv'd but now and then,
 It justly lashes Vice, and does distinguish Men.
 For Shadows vanish when the Sun is set,
 And so do Summer-Friends ith' Night of Debt.
 So that 'scape-Warrants serve but to extend
 Our Liberty, and shew the faithful Friend.
 They may confine, but have no Shackle-Charge,
 Can that be Bondage where the Soul's at large?

(a) Eccles 9. 14. *There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: 15 Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. 16 Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength: nevertheless, the poor mans wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.*

(b) By two Men of Prayer is here meant, two Clergymen.

When fixt in *Newgate*, Fancy there shall be
 My skilful Coachman, and shall hurry me,
 thro' *Heaven and Earth*, and *Neptunes watry Plain*,
 And in a Moment drive me back again.

The *Diceing-Writ* is a misterious Twine,
 It seems indeed our Freedom to resign,
 But all the *Shackle* is but to refine.

'Tis true, 'Scape-Warrants make us *Newgate* Birds
 But Birds do sing, altho' their Cage is furr'd,
 And that's a Freedom which kind Heaven affords.

'Tis Heaven! Where we are freed from flattering-Vice,
 That *Filtby-Shackle*, worse than *Newgate* Lice.

Oh blessed *Newgate*, (a) where 'Scape-Warrants be,
 An Act from Heaven it self, to set us free.

Newgate's a Sort of Cell, or *Nebo-Stand*

Where *Hermit-Pris'ners* view the Holy Land:

Then *Summer-Friends*, (b) eternally farewell,

I will no more with fawning Adders dwell,

(For 'twas by those, that great Lord *Tymon* fell).

(a) Reader, you won't wonder at this Expression [*Oh blessed Newgate*] when I tell you, that *Alderman Cornish* (that Morning he was executed) coming into the Press-yard, and seeing the Halter in the Officer's Hand, he said, *Is this for me?* The Officer answer'd, *Yes* he reply'd, *Blessed be God*, and kissed it; and after said; *Oh Blessed be God for Newgate; I have enjoy'd God, ever since I came within these Walls, and blessed be God, who hath made me fit to dye: I am now going to that God that will not be mocked, to that God that will not be impos'd upon, to that God that knows the Innocency of his poor Creature.* Then speaking to the Officers, he said, *Labour every one of you to be fit to dye, for I tell you, you are not fit to dye: I was not fit to dye my self, 'till I came to Newgate, but O blessed be God, he hath made me fit to dye, and hath made me willing to dye! In a few Moments I shall have the Fruition of the Blessed Jesus, and that, not for a Day, but for ever.* — Then the Officers going to tye his Hands, he said, *What must I be ty'd then? Well, a Brown-Thread might have serv'd the Turn, you need not tye me at all, I shall not stir from you, for I thank God, I am not afraid to dye.* As he was going out, he said, *Farewell Newgate, farewell all my Fellow-Prisoners here, the Lord comfort you, the Lord be with you all.* — Reader, these being *Alderman Cornish's* own Words, (formerly a Prisoner in *Newgate*) I suppose you'l not blame me now, for saying [*Oh blessed Newgate*] or think I have said any thing of the Advantage of being confin'd to *Newgate* (by a 'Scape-Warrant) but what *Russel, Cornish, Bateman*, and other serious Prisoners have found to be Matter of Fact.

(b) By *Summer-Friends* is here meant *Dr. John's-son* and *Dr. Smirk*, the *Welch* and *Irish* (alias *Athenian*) Priest, mention'd in page 33. — Reader, If you are curious to know who this *John's-son* and *Smirk* is, I must acquaint you, they are two Clergy-men (or else *No-Bo-*

But, now I think on't, Need I bid you go?
 When Fortune flies, you freely will do so.
 Newgate was never fill'd with Summer-Friends,
 Prisons and 'Scapes detect their selfish Ends;
 They worship the rising, not the setting-Sun,
 When Houses fall, the Vermin quickly run.
 Then John's-son and Smirk, are greatly in the right,
 Never to visit, where they won't requite.
 They never were but Summer-Friends at best,
 Two Trencher-Snakes or rather Swallow Guests,
 That fly in Winter, and still Love in Jest.

When Fortune shin'd, Dear Sir (a) was then the Word;
 Come oft, Come borrow what my House affords:
 But now my Sun is set, they han't to lend,
 They are but just the Shadow of a Friend:
 Ev'n Newgate gives, what they refuse to send:
 Nay Doctor Smirk, for I'll appeal to you,
 (As much the best and kinder Priest oth' two)
 If Johnson en't a Turk or hardened Jew.
 The Story's this——(I'll tell't without Design)
 For there is Truth in 'Scapes, as well as Wine.
 I once gave Guineas (b) to this base Ingrate,
 To plead upon——(that's court a wealthy Mate);
 The Virgin won——'Tis sad to be oblig'd,
 Cry'd Dr. John's son, tho' he knew he ly'd;
 For he had sunk (c) had I my Purse deny'd.

dy) that being gal'd, may happen to show their Guilt; but who they really are, shall remain an eternal Secret, except (by wincing) they discover themselves: All I design by attempting the Character of Dr. John's-son and Dr. Smirk, is, to draw the true Phiz of two ungrateful Priests, in a Romantick Picture. So that Dr. John's-son and Dr. Smirk, are (or are not) in Being, just as the Painter pleases.

(a) By Dear Sir is only meant, ——that Change of Fortune changes Friends; for Dr. John's-son was no sooner advanc'd to a good Estate, and Fido imprison'd, but he turn'd his Dear Sir (upon which Subject he writ an ingenious Letter) or Infinitely dear and Most honoured Father (for so he call'd me, in several Letters) into plain Sir, and now attempted to unmake (or lessen) all the Favours I ever did him, which he had often said, "He cou'd never sufficiently requite.

(b) The Sum I gave to Dr. John's-son, was 500*l.* of which you have a very remarkable Account in page 40. to which I refer the Reader.

(c) Dr. John's-son's Circumstances at this Time, were so dangerously out of Order, that he can never forget that the very Reason why he wan't now in a Prison, was my very credulous Friendship to him at first, and therefore told me, (in the Time of my Prosperity) that if 150*l.* would do me any Kindness, he'd be bound for it, when I pleas'd.

But

ut when I ask his Help, he is possess'd
 With a *Dumb-Dev'l*, (or some *Infernal Guest*)
 That stops his Ears, and steels his very Breast.
 The very Hint of *Fido's* being confin'd,
 By a *'Scape-Warrant*, (made to try a Friend)
 Truck the *Welch-Priest* both dead and almost blind (a),
 Such *Spaniel-Friends* no sooner reach the Shore,
 But shake that Water off, that brought 'em o're:
 Nay *John's-son* said (like an ungrateful Fiend)
 That no *Affliction* did so vex his Mind,
 As *Fido's over-acting what was kind*.
 For I became that *Wheel within a Wheel*,
 That gave the Rise to all his future Weal:
 For 'twas my *Angel* (b) brought him to the Place
 Where he cou'd raise his Fortune Twenty ways.
 And Instruments of good, tho' ne'er so mean,
 Shou'd always have our *first and best Esteem*,
 Then what a *Miser's Heart and Face of Brass*,
 Must *John's-son* have, that says ——— *I pick his Purse*
 When I ask him to lend *Poor Twenty Pound*,
 To save his *only Friend* (c) from being drown'd.
 Lord! ——— In what guilty Age does *Fido* dwell,
 For be a *Hales* (or true *Nathaniel*)
 If *poor* ——— they'l say you *shuffle, lye or steal*.
 But if the *'Scapes* do bind but to enlarge,
 What signifies this *false and spiteful Charge*?
 For I have prov'd (d) (tho' 'tis a daring Stretch)
 That *Newgate and 'Scape-Warrants* make us rich:
 That to be poor, confin'd, want Bread to eat,
 Is to be rich, enlarg'd and very great.
John's-Son I know denies this Paradox,
 For he caresses none but *Golden-Folks*.
 This *Summer-Friend* has told me o're and o're,
 That *Wickedness* dwells in the thing that's poor:
 How wicked then was *Dick* (e) how vile his Pate?
 When *empty Pockets* was his whole Estate.

(a) Alluding to his long and most ungrateful Silence to all the Letters I sent to him, requesting him to assist me (as I did him) at a *Dead-Lift*.

(b) Alias *Post-Angel*, the Title of a Journal that I publish'd Monthly, and at last surrender'd to *Dr. John's-son*, out of meer Compassion to his necessitous Circumstance.

(c) For so *Fido* was always call'd, as long as *John's-Son* continu'd to think that ——— *Infinitely dear, and much honoured Father* — was a Title that his many generous Services had deserv'd from him.

(d) In page 57

(e) Alias *Richard*, *Dr. John's-Son's* Christian-Name, who is the Person here meant by *Dick*.

When honest *Stitch* (a) had much less Faith than Sense,
 When *Don Coblero* (b) wou'd not trust for Pence;
 When ne're a Grinder in his Mouth cou'd stir,
 Had not my Credit been the *Caterer* (c).
 When he had been no Priest, * but to a Jail confin'd,
 (By Printer, *Stitch*, and those that Paper find)
 Had not my *Bond* been ev'ry thing that's kind.
 But this is all forgot, for Favours quickly sink,
 That en't 'scape-*Warrant* Proof, or still upheld by Chink.
 But there's no Chink in Jail, for to do *John's-son* right,
 A Friend in Pris'n, wou'd be a *Phœnix-Sight*.
 For *Dick* has caught the Fish, and like a Summer-Friend,
He nothing has to say, nor nothing has to lend.
 Such, when they won't a noble Friend requite,
 Unmake his Favours, and his Credit smite:
 From all such Friendship, in Adversity,
Good Lord deliver — is my *Letany*;
 For, 'tis as false as *John's-son* was to me.
 But as I never was a Summer-Friend,
 For (*Bull-Dog like*) just where I catch I hang:
 I do so love the Man, with all his Paint,
 I'd give my all, to make the Priest a Saint
 Or *Real Friend* (the only Thing I want.)
In Love and Friendship — (I may truly say't)
He never lov'd, whoever makes Retreat.
 Then may e'en *JOHN'S-SON* live 'till he repent;
 And with that *farewel* I shall rest content:

(a) My truly honest and generous Taylor, Mr. B — is here meant, who gave Dr. *JOHN'S-SON* Credit for a Suit of Clothes, upon the good Character I gave of him, but *John's-son* not paying him in Four Years, he had been arrested, had I not engag'd to honest *Stitch*, to see him paid in Six Months, in case *John's-son* did not clear his small Debt of Four Pounds by that Time.

(b) The Frenchman to whom I engag'd for *John's-son's* Diet for a Twelvemonth, and promis'd to see it paid, tho' he sho'ud trust him to *qol.* and without that voluntary Promise which was the first Inlet to his present Prosperity, he had never come to *London*, but had continu'd to this Day (to use his own Expression) in that wicked Circumstance of *being Poor*.

* Alluding to his *Inability* to bear his own Charges to that remote *Place*, where he intended to be ordain'd, had not *Don Coblero* lent him Six Pounds upon my Bond.

(c) By *Credit* and *Caterer* is meant, that considerable Sum of Money I was bound for, at Dr. *John's-son's* Request, upon his leaving *London* to settle in *Wales*, and which was not paid many Months before my Imprisonment, so that I continu'd bound for it several Years without shewing the least Uneasiness.

For I so much this *Summer-Friend* admire,
 His Matchless Sense, and true Poetick Fire.
 I wou'd at last in his *Learn'd Arms* expire.
 But this can never be whilst I in *Newgate* lie,
 Confin'd by 'Scapes, or *DICE's* Cruelty;
 Confin'd by 'Scapes! no 'Scapes give Liberty.
 For ha'nt I prov'd that 'Scapes enlarge the Mind?
 Can he be *Bound* whose *Soul* is not confin'd?
 Or *Poor* in *Purse* that is content in *Mind*?
 Then let no Man my *Prison Fate* condole,
 For all the *World* is pictur'd in a *Soul*,
 That's room enough, and *Souls* keep strict *Parole*.
 Besides 'Scape *Warrants* serve a noble *End*,
 They shew the *Trencher-Snake* from real *Friend*.
 I've given amazing *Instances* of this,
 In *John's-son*, *Smirk*, and in that *Ghost Distress*:
 Nay more, 'Scape's *Physick* by an *Angel* brought,
 To purge both *Soul* and *Body* too from *Fault*.
 By these I'm fasted to a walking *Thought*.
 Then who dare say that 'Scapes do me confine,
 When they both *Soul* and *Body* too refine,
 Till both repent and so become *divine*.
 For nothing *Frees* us quite bur *Grief* for *Sin*.
 If 'Scapes do give such perfect *Liberty*,
 From *Hewson Vice*, and tricking *Flattery*,
 'Till fix'd in *Newgate* I shall ne'er be free.
 So many things do the *Kind 'Scape* advance,
 Were I confin'd in *Transports* I wou'd dance.
 I'm *English born* (that's love true *Liberty*;)
 And to be free inded, I wou'd in *Newgate* die.
 Then pretlie *Dice*, before *Tomorrow* send
 Some 'Scape or *Trap*, that I may now extend
My Liberty ——— and know my real *Friend*:
 My *Soul* and *Body* is above arest;
 Then, now to call me *Prisoner* is a *Jest*.
 None but a *Fool* or *Knave* wou'd me confine,
 Who always pay that *Minute* I have *Coyn*.
 I challenge *Tom*, (d) and all the *World* to say,
 I ever *Trick'd* or wrong'd a *Man* in pay.
 But as he ties my *Hands* from being just,
 I'll pay him last that else had been the *first*.
 Confine him, cry'd the *Gothams* (e) in a *Fret*:
 Confine me! (will a *Prison* pay the *Debt*?)
 Ye *Dicing Brutes*, is *Cruelty* your *Sport*!
 Well I forgive! but will requite you for't.
 Confine me! none can *Shackles* put on me,
 If the 'Scape *Warrant* gives me *Liberty*.

(d) Tom Hewson my arresting Creditor is here meant.

(e) Tom Hewson's Advisers

What tho' no Servants round about me stand;
 Yet are my *Passions* all at my Command:
Reason within me shall sole Ruler be,
And every Sense shall wear her Livery,
Lord of my self in Chief ——— when they that have
 More Wealth, make that their *LORD* which is my *SLAVE*.
 And for my Wish, 'tis easy to fulfil,
 I make the Limits of my Power the Bounds unto my Will,
 And thus 'scape *Warrants* free a Thousand Ways,
 They tie our Legs but can't confine our Grace;
 That Man is free who shews an honest Face.
Then welcome Jail, confine me o're and o're,
Enlarge my Soul, but *Double lock my Door*,
 Lest I perchance get Riches and be poor.
 Come Wealth, come Rags, 'tis much the same to me,
 If the 'scape *Warrant* gives me Liberty,
 I can't be poor if *Newgate* makes me free.
Poor! No he that's drag'd into a Prison,
 If he's content enjoys a double Heaven.
 For in Content such double Freedom is,
 'Tis both the Heaven of the other World and this.
 Oh rare 'scape *Warrant*, who'd not wish to be
 In a close Jail if *Newgate* sets us free,
 And 'tis Content that gives this Liberty.
 Thus have I prov'd 'scape-*Warrants* but discharge,
And that the Prisoners are the Men at large;
 That Liberty traps all things that have Sense,
 Confines the *Mouse*, the *Subject* and the *Prince*,
 And that in Prison Freedom does commence.
 Then *Thomas* (f) send thy *Hague* (g) and *Hewson* (h) too,
 Thy *Hungry Lawyer*, (i) and thy *Spy* (k) the Jew,
 For I dety thy whole *arresting Crew*.
 I'm arm'd with *Patience*, and above thy *Spite*;
 'Tis the 'scape-*Warrant* that must free me quite,
 Being thus resign'd no *Writ* can fetter me;
 For there's no *Shackle* where the *Mind* is free.

(f) The Printer to whom I owe 60*l.* when the Goods he sent to me are sold, or I receive *Jane N* ———'s Rents, and not before, as I am able to prove under his own Hand.

(g) The Baliff that first arrested me.

(h) The blind (or one ey'd) *Dead-Monger*, that vow'd to make Dice of my Bones.

(i) That foul-mouth and abusive *At* ——— *y*, whose wife *Advice Hewson* pursu'd, to no better Purpose but to force me (by a close Confinement) to sell those Goods for 30*l.* that had I had Liberty to dispose of 'em (in that Way I design'd) wou'd have paid all my Debts.

(k) The *Judas* that discover'd my being in Town in order to get me arrested.

'scape

'*Scape Warrants* make no *Dice*, nor can the Mind
 By Shackle, Jail or Dungeon be confin'd:
 Or if it cou'd, my Soul will still be free,
 Nor ask *Dice Hewson* leave for Liberty.
 What ask a *Blood-bound* for Humanity!
 No, *Hewson* vows ——— *My Bones shall make him Dice*: (l)
Poor Fool! arrest and starve thy hungry Lice;
 Such Fops as thee I perfectly dispise.
 You *Undertake* (m) to bury Bones that fall;
 Must you have *Living Dice* to sport withall?
 My Bones are much too hard for such a *Canibal*.
My Bones your Dice! You proud insulting *Noose*, (n)
 I've kept your *Bettors* much to wipe my Shoes;
 And shall do so again when Fortune smiles,
 And she is dawning now from *Twenty Hills*. (o)
 Then *Hewson* if you'd be my Friend indeed,
 To your *Arresting Favour* now proceed,
 To get a Warrant, ——— '*Scape* they do it name;
 For *Country Jail* and *Liberty's* the same.
 Your *Pris'ner Dunc*! there's none such Freedom have,
 As Men confin'd to Prison or a Grave:
 For that must be a Free and blessed *Dome*,
 Where none but *Friends* caress, and *Angels* see us home. (p)
 Then Fellow *Prisoners* never sneak nor run
 From the '*Scape-Warrant*, tho' 'tis *Martyrdom*.
 But (maugre *Jails*) think shortly you must die,
 And then enjoy an endless *Liberty*.
 Death will redeem from long *Captivity*.
 Man's *Life's* a Piece, spun of a various *Thread*,
 In some 'tis *Fine*, in some a *Courser* Web;
 The *Threads* acrofs (th'*Occurrences* of *Fate*)
 Cut early from the *Loom* (by *Death*) or late.
 The *Dread* of *Kings* (*Death*) shou'd not us dismay,
 To die's less than be *Hewson'd* (q) every Day.
 Then no '*Scape-Warrant* e're shall bully me,
 Since close *Confinement* gives me *Liberty*,
 And when I die, I am for ever free.

(l) See this attested before by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Axe.

(m) Alluding to *Dice Hewson's* being an Undertaker for the Interment of dead People.

(n) I call him *Noose*, as 'tis to *Hewson's* Cruelty I owe my present Confinement.

(o) By *Twenty Hills*, I only mean the many *Windfalls*, I daily live in Expectation of, besides the full Possession of my own Birth-right.

(p) And it came to pass that the *Beggar* died, and was carried by the *Angels* into *Abraham's Bosom*, Luk. xvi. 22.

(q) i. e. *Dun'd*,

The Spiritual Observer.

The serious Remarks I shall make upon this Poem, intituled — *The Scape Warrant, or a Satyr upon Liberty*, shall be such as I hope may be a *Divine Cordial* to all Prisoners confin'd for Debt, but more especially such, that (like honest *Fido*, the Author of this Paradox) expect *No Deliverance from Prison, 'till Death comes and pays all their Debts*. 'Twas a Saying of the great *Montaign*, “ *Not being able to govern Events, I endeavour to govern my self*. And I perceive, *Fido* expecting the utmost Spight that *Dice-Hewson* can shew to him by a *Scape-Warrant*, he resolves (tho' it shou'd confine him to *Newgate* for Life) to be *easy under it*; and I think *Fido* is much in the right, not only as his present Confinement is a *base Act of Injustice*, but as a *free Resignation of our selves to the Divine Will, is the Duty of every Christian*; and for that Reason, when *Fido* is in any Danger (whether it be of a *Scape-Warrant*, or any other *Felicity*, that the mistaken World calls *Misfortune*) he does not so much consider, how he shall escape it, as of how little Importance it is, whether he escape it or not: *Shou'd I be sent to Newgate (says Fido) by a Scape-Warrant, what matters it?* for I'll then prove,

That County-Jail and Liberty's the same.

And thus (*Fido*) not being able to govern Events, he endeavours to govern himself, as knowing, *A Man never taken in Passion, is a Mark of the sublimest Reach of Wit*, seeing thereby he puts himself above all vulgar Impressions.

*When all are conquer'd, greater Glory's won,
It by himself, the Conqueror's outdone.*

'Tis certainly the greatest of Dominions, to rule ones self and Passions: *This is indeed the Triumph of Free Will*; for my own Share, I freely own, *few Passions break my Sleep, but of Deliberations, the least will do it*: I love Misfortunes that are purely so, that do not torment and teize me, with the *Uncertainty* of their growing better.

*Dubia plus torquent mala (a).
Doultrui illis do plague us worst.*

The *Fear of a Fall* astonishes me more than the Fall it self; *All Luck* (quoth the *Frenchman*) is good for something. Then shall we wonder to see *Fido* writing a *Satyr on* (what we call) *Liberty*, or proving that — *The real Prisoners are the Men at large* — for (as *Fido* observes)

(a) *Saxa's Agamemnon.*

— *He that's drag'd into a Prison,
If he's content, enjoys a double Heaven.*

And this Paradox (as *Fido* observes) is verified in all things that are trap'd (or imprison'd) from the mighty Prince, down to the little Mouse. For first, as to *Greatness of Place*, tho' it is fit and necessary that some Persons in the World should be in Love with a *Splendid Servitude* (or *Royal Prison*) yet certainly they must be much beholden to their own *Fancy*, that they can be pleas'd at it, for he that rises up early, and goes to Bed late, only to receive *Adresses*, to read, and answer *Petitions*, is really as much ty'd and abridg'd in his *Freedom*, as he that waits all that Time to present one: And what Pleasure can it be, to be encumber'd (or rather imprison'd) with *Dependants*, throng'd and surrounded with *Petitioners*? And those perhaps, sometimes, all *Suitors* for the same thing; whereupon all but one will be sure to depart grumbling, because they miss of what they think their due: And even that one, scarce thankful, because he thinks he has no more than his due. In a Word, If it is a Pleasure to be envied and shot at, to be malign'd standing, and to be despis'd falling, to endeavour (that which is impossible, which is) to please all, and to suffer for not doing it; then is it a Pleasure to be Great, (or a *Royal-Prisoner*, for *Courts* and *Prisons* are synonymous Terms) and to be able to dispose of Men's Fortunes and *Preferments*. So that 'tis not the being a Prince by Birth or Fortune, but the being contented with our present Circumstances, (be it a Prison or be it a Palace) that gives the Liberty. I confess it looks Paradoxical, to say a Prince is shackled (especially if he be a Tyrant who governs by no other Law than that of his own Will) but as strange as it looks, 'tis Matter of Fact, and for that Reason several wise and learned Men have despis'd Grandeur and Riches. *Seneca* esteem'd himself happy in his Exile, the Penury that attended him, contributed to his Quiet, He thought he had lost his troublesome Business, not his Goods, when they spoil'd him of his Wealth; and that by a happy Mischief he had recover'd his Liberty, in being deprived of the Care of preserving his Riches. And *Diogenes*, observing a poor Fellow looking in at his Window, as he was hiding some Bags of Money, cry'd out to him, *Here Friend come and take the Money* (as I see you intend it) *that I may enjoy my Quiet and Freedom again.* —

And therefore, I don't wonder to hear *Fido* say,

Come Wealth, come Rags, 'tis much the same to me.

For the Poor live securely, as *Fortune* is not their Landlady they fear not her Displeasure, we must own according to *Seneca's* Opinion, that *Fabricius* is happy in his Poverty, that *Rutilius* is content in his Banishment, that *Fido* is a Freeman by despising of Scape-Warrants; and that *Socrates* is not miserable, in letting in Death by tedious Draughts. Calamities astonish only Men of ordinary

Spirits, and he must be ignorant of the Condition of Humane Life, who fears or flies the Miseries that attend it. (*Fido* says)

Be but contented, you are truly rich.

And I own with him, That our *Freedom* is that Place where we live contented, (whether it be in *Newgate* or in the open Air) our Felicity depends on us, and not on our Habitation: Then it is to little Purpose to confine us, since to what Prison soever we are sent, we bear about us our *Virtue and Contentment*, which ought to make all our Happiness: 'Tis true *Fido* tells us, that his Summer-Friends (such as *John's-son* and *Smirk*) look on *Poverty* as a frightful Ghost; but I think these two *Reverend Gentlemen*, by being so afraid to visit their old Friend in a Prison, not only scandalize their sacred Function, but shew themselves to be Men of a very mean, base and ungrateful Spirit, for *Poverty* (as frightful as some think it) is not insupportable, but to them that think it so; the Imagination makes the greatest Part of their Torments, — — Men must be abused by the Noise of the People, to be sensible of it; and be ignorant of necessitous Contentments, to be afraid of their Condition. If we will take the Pains to frequent the Habitations of the Poor, we shall see that there is nothing frightful in them, but the Name they bear: That Joy covers the Faces of most of their Guests, that they dispute Tranquillity of Mind with the Rich, and that without being loaden with the Cares, which disturb the Wealthy; they taste Life's Sweetness with Delight, but the Rich are unhappy in the midst of Pleasures, Calamities beset them on all Sides, their Treasures are their Troubles; and as they got them by Labour, they possess them with Fear, and lose them with Sorrow: Then why shou'd *John's-son* and *Smirk* (a) shun *Poverty* as a frightful Ghost, when 'tis evident *Riches* have wings (b) and (being the Moveables of Fortune) are not to be reckon'd any Part of our Wealth (or among the Number of our Goods, or good Things) for The true Goods of a Man, are (say the *Stoicks*) Immovable and Immutible, can neither be plundered nor sequestred; a Man's true Wealth is always imbarqued in the same Bottom with himself: So that *Poverty*, is no such frightful Ghost, as the mistaken World takes it for. And therefore I cou'd wish (with *Fido*) that ev'ry one that comes to Prison (or is confin'd by a *State-Warrant*) wou'd not be dejected, but carry it bravely and with Resolution.

(a) *John's-son* quasi *John's Son*, as was hinted before in page 44 and the Name of *Smirk* owes its Rise, to a Book writ by the celebrated *Marvel*, intituled *Mr. SMIRK, or the Divine in Mode*.

(b) *Labour not to be rich, Cease from thine own Wisdom — Wilt thou set thine Eyes upon that which is not? For Riches certainly make themselves Wings, they fly away as an Eagle towards Heaven, Prov. xxviii 4, 5.*

— For none can be unhappy who
 'Mongst all his Ills, a Time does know,
 Tho' ne're so bad, when it will not be so.

}

After Storms Calms will arise, tho' Sorrow may endure for a Night, yet Joy will come in the Morning; no Misery in this World is endless; then every Captive ought to say, as Caesar did to the Pilot that carried him, when he was afraid (quoth he)—*Thou carriest CÆSAR.*—So the 'Scape-Prisoner ought to be arm'd with Resolution, to meet all Storms of Adversity, and to consider that Man was born to Sorrow, and therefore natural to him; neither can he be said to be poor, that is content, or to be bound, whose Soul is not confin'd: For as the Pious Arntius observes, (a) " There is a Divine
 " Amplitude of Spirit, whereby the Soul is set free from the worst of Ser-
 " vitudes, and entituled to the best of Liberties: And this unconfin'd
 " Freedom of Spirit (says Arntius) being one of the noblest Effects of
 " True Christianity, entirely becometh a Prince of Queen Ann's
 " Worth and Dignity. For as False Christianity is grounded on self-Love,
 " and consequently contracts Men's Minds into a narrow Compass of Petty
 " Designs, of Ambition, of Party, of Opinions; so doth True Christianity
 " break thro' all these scanty Bounds, these selfish Tyes, and these pinching
 " Particularities and maketh the Soul act in a most ample sphere, and in an
 " abounding Benignity. Thus far the most reverend John Andt, in his
 excellent Book intituled *True Christianity*, which fairly proves (what Fido, now a Prisoner asserts) that 'Tis on'y Liberty that confines, and 'Scape-Warrants that set at Liberty; and no Man can doubt this that considers, *The Chains by which a Prisoner is fastened to a Corner*

(a) In his celebrated Book intituled, *True-Christianity*, dedicated in Latin to His Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark, and in English 'tis dedicated to Queen Ann (with Her Majesty's Leave) by that truly learned Divine (and best of Christians) Mr. Anthony William Boehm, who in his Preface to his *English Reader* says that " A-
 " rntius his Name hath been all along venerable in the Protestant Churches,
 " ever since his celebrated Work of *True-Christianity*, hath appear'd in
 " Publick, and that the Effects this Book hath produced, in the Conversi-
 " on of Souls, are so very many and considerable, that to give an Account
 " of 'em, wou'd make up an History by it self. Thus far Mr. Boehm (Chaplain to his Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark). And Reader, if my poor Judgment may be of any Value, after so Great and learned a Divine as Mr. Boehm has given his Opinion, I shall presume to say, That Arntius Book gives the truest Scheme of Christianity that was ever publish'd, (the Holy Bible only excepted) and that to be a true Christian, is only to read and practice Arntius true Christianity; and therefore, that no Man may be ignorant where such a sure and excellent Guide to Heaven is to be had, I shall acquaint you, that 'tis printed for D. Brown, at the Black Swan and Bible without Temple-Bar.

of the Jail, cannot limit his Soul, he is free, whilst his Companion the Body is a Slave; and without clearing the Gates that enclose him, he takes his Advantage to escape into all Parts of the World. For the Soul can cross Rivers without Boat and Bridge, boundless Seas without Ships, climb up Mountains without Pains, and go down without Danger; can reconcile the Future and the Present-Tense, see Asia in England, travel the Holy-Land, and with the wandering Knight (Sir Francis Drake) put a Girdle round the World; and all this can be done by the 'Scape-Prisoner under the closest Confinement: Which made Fido say,

*When fixt in Newgate, Fancy then shall be
My skilful Coachman, and shall hurry me,
Thro' Heaven and Earth and Neptune's Watry-plain,
And in a Moment drive me back again.*

So that an honest Prisoner, lives free as Air and unconfin'd as Thought; and as in his Freedom he loaths Voluptuousness, so under Confinement he laughs at Bondage, and cares little into what Prison the 'Scape puts him, since *All Places are alike distant from Heaven.*

Thus Reader, I have endeavour'd to spiritualize the 'Scape-Warrant, I shall next shew how far Fido is in the right, in saying, *Confinement in Newgate will set him at Liberty.*

I have read of a *Parisian*, that in Sixty Years stir'd not out of the Walls of that Famous City (a Prison large and glorious enough I confess) but when the King had confin'd him within that Circuit during Life, then (and not before) the Old Man most desired to expatiate, and thereupon with Grief died: So that Fido is right in saying, *'tis not the Confinement, but the impos'd Restraint, that makes Imprisonment so irksome:* The voluntary Sequestration of the *Anchoreite* sweetens his Solitudes, and close Immurement, and it may be, 'tis only the forc'd Servitude and Restraint of more volatile Spirits, that makes their Lives seem tedious.

'Tis true Robert Duke of Normandy, imprison'd (by Henry I. his younger Brother) pin'd away for Grief: And Francis the French King, taken by Charles V. was (as Guiccardine reports) melancholy even to Death, and that in an Instant: And Ingurth that valliant Commander, after a few Days imprisonment at Rome died. I grant that to such *High-flying Souls*, that have liv'd abroad at the height of Sensuality, to be debarr'd on a sudden of their former Career of Pleasures, cannot but be irksome: No Doubt but *Valerian Bajazet*, our Edward and Richard the Second, felt the Smart of such Tyrannous Confinements: You may sooner tame a Lark, or reclaim a Swallow, than such *high-flying Fancies*; but to a stoical Temper, to an austere, itaid, and reserv'd Person ——— *Imprisonment is Liberty* ——— such a Man, being *nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, and never more at ease than when thus confin'd, and therefore to Fido, that can sit and travel all the World over in a Map, nothing is so beneficial, or so enlarges his Mind, as a 'Scape-Warrant that ties him to one Place, for his Brains can travel in Contemplation; tho'

tho' he be fixt in a Prison, he can behold the *Chorographical* and *Typographical* Delineations of the remotest Parts, and Cities, turn over every Stone, build Castles, and never stir a Foot out of that Jail to which he's confin'd.

Diverse have been the happy Events of them that have been in Prison; *Marius's* Confinement brought him to the *Consulship*; *Julius Caesar's* Imprisonment among the Pyrates, transported him to the Empire of the World: In this Age several have passed from Prisons to great Dignities, (as the *W* — pools, the *B* — — — — — *doms*, the *S* — — — — — *rells*) and the Chains which they had shaken from themselves, they have laid upon others: Finally, *Regulus* and *Socrates*, and many more, were not extinguish'd in Prison as it was thought, but rather by an Honourable End set at Liberty. In a Word, the PRISON hath sent some unto Great Glory, some to a flourishing Fortune, some to a Kingdom, many to Heaven, and all to the Grave; for (as *Fido* observes) it never receiv'd any whom it hath not enlarg'd.

How renown'd is King *Ptolomy*, for that Learning he acquir'd whilst imprison'd by his Disease? With what Delight did our wise *K. James* contemplate *Bodley's* fair Library at *Oxford*, expressing his Affection to Learning in those pathetick Words, *If I were to be a Prisoner* said he, *and might have my Wish, I wou'd desire no other Prison than that Library, and to be chain'd together with so many brave Authors and dead Instructors.*

What shall I say of *Cesar's* Retirement to *Capua*? And of the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, his quitting his Imperial Diadem, to embrace the peaceable Quiet of a Monastick Life? How are the Kings of *China*, for State Sake, cloyster'd up that they never come abroad? How are the Spanish and Italian Dames, lock'd up in their Closets by their Jealous Husbands? And ours scarce suffering themselves to see the Sun, only to preserve their Beauties? With what Content are they mew'd up in Stoves in *Muscovy*, and in Caves in *Green-land*, half the Year together?

You'l reply, *Their Confinements are voluntary, which sweetens and gilds the Pill of Bondage and Servitude.* But what unparallel'd Calamities, do the Indian and Turkey Slaves, in Mines and Gallies endure, condemn'd perpetually to Drudgery, Hunger and Blows, and chain'd to their Misery, (like a *Scape-Prisoner*) without Hope of Delivery.

All this is nothing to a chearful Heart. The Ship the rich Merchant sails in, is no less a Prison; than the Captives Gally; Set aside the Spanish Inquisition (which tyranizes over the Soul as well as over the Body) and is therefore more injurious: And therefore, I see not that Misery in any sort of Imprisonment, which a wise, humble, and patient Spirit cannot overcome, and lessen, nay, turn it (as *Fido* does) to his Benefit and Liberty.

By Imprisonment how many lewd riotous Men are brought home? How many Vagrants settled? How many Dangers and Temptations avoided; it being the best Means (as *Fido* thinks) to mortify and master our selves, and our greatest Enemies, *the World the Flesh and the Devil?*

Our whole Life is but a *continu'd Incarceration* (or *'Scape-Warrant*) Imprison'd we were in the Womb, and then in our Mothers Arms and Cradles: From thence translated to *Schools or Shops*, under the tyrannous Lashes of severe Masters and Governors: Thence confin'd to a Colledge, or bound to a Trade, and from that (if like *Fido*, we meet with a *merciless Creditor*, or are imprison'd by a *Jointer's Shackle*) we are perhaps sent to the *Fleet*, and from thence to *Newgate* by a *'Scape-Warrant*, or if (by being born to Honour) we are not tied to a *Mechanick Way of Living*, but have all *England* to range in, we live but in an *Island* still; or if our *Curiosity* leads us into *Foreign Countries*, so far, 'till we have seen all the *habitable Parts of the Earth*, yet the *Universe* is but a larger *Prison*, as it was to *Great Alexander*, who

Lord of the whole World, yet not content,
Lack'd Eibw Room, and secur'd too closely pent:
(He weeps for other Worlds, he was so indigen:.)
What Folly was't, that born to a fair throne,
Where he might rule with Justice and Renown;
Like a wild Robber he shou'd chuse to roam:
A pittiy'd Wretch with neither House nor Home.

Or suppose in girdling the World, we might be said to enjoy *Liberty*, yet alas we are but *Captives* still, for our *Soul* that's imprison'd in a vile *Body*, and that *Body* (as *St. Paul's* was) is often in *Misery* and *Peril*, in which *Bonds* he delighted, and writ most of his *Epistles*.

Since then this Life, tho' but a *perpetual Slavery and Imprisonment*, is yet sweet to us all, and more desireable than *Death*, which is our only *Liberty*, and frees us from all the *Iron Shackles*, and weighty *Chains of our Sins*, we may conclude (with *Fido*) that a *'Scape-Warrant* is in many *Respects* to a *Christian*, better than *Death*, or release from *Prison*, or (at worst) it only confines us in this *World*, in order to make us eternally *Free* in the next.

THE
COURT-SPY.

Or a Detection of such secret, odd, and uncommon Transactions in Church and State, as are wholly omitted by other News-Writers.

With a Spiritual Observer upon each Head.

ONE of the essential things in a *Court-Spy*, is to have good *Intelligence* from the *Enemies Quarters*, *What his Numbers are*, *what his Designs*, *what his Hopes or Fears*, and *what his Incumbrances*

a thing not easily to be learn'd, nor without great Expence (as the Duke of *Marlborough* experienc'd for many Campaigns) and besides this, a *Court-Spy*, ought to be a Person of try'd Fidelity, of undaunted Resolution of great Loyalty, and of no mean Parts; nor is the *Detection of secret, odd, and uncommon Transactions in Church and State*, a Business for one Man alone to go through with, and therefore the *Court-Spy* is usually forc'd to take in many Spies to his Assistance, and for that Reason, (that my Discoveries may be universal) I intend Five Hundred Spies shall furnish out that Part of my *Christians-Gazete*, that I entitle the *Court-Spy*; amongst whom, if any one of my Spys prove false, the Five Hundred miscarry in their Discoveries. I have therefore singled out my *Five Hundred Spys*, with all the Care and Inspection I possibly cou'd, as knowing 'tis a high Point of Credulity to believe he will be true to me, whom I endeavour to make false where he owes his Faith, nor are Men of ordinary Parts (as I hinted before) fit for *Court-Spies*; the Art of carrying Two Faces under one Hood, and conversing as a Friend with them, whom as an Enemy he studys to ruin; of corrupting others to betray their Trust, and to tread with him the same Paths of Danger for Advantage (when Discovery brings certain Death, and no less certain Shame) asks a *practis'd Machivilian* verst in all Kinds of Subtilties and Guiles: That these Arts are honest in our *Court-Spy*, is more than I dare affirm, yet that they are necessary in Time of War (or whilst the *Pretender* lives) is what most Men aver, and will more fully appear by the following Discoveries. Which I entitle,

S P Y. I.

GIVING a Narrative, of several *Treasonable Words and Practices*, respecting the *Pretender*, as 'twas sent to the Lord Bishop of ——— by Mr. W—— C—— a Dissenting Minister, living in *Shadwel*, and is ready to be attested upon Oath, (by the Person that makes the Discovery) before Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, upon the Assurance of such Protection and Encouragement as is absolutely necessary in such a Case.

The Ministers Letter to the Bishop.

My Lord,

March 4th, 1717.

OF late there is a Secret communicated unto me, the which ever since hath layn with Weight upon my Spirits, supposing some *Horrid Design on Foot*, which necessitates me to make a Discovery, and that to your Lordship, whose eminent Zeal for the *Protestant Interest* in this Kingdom, is well known.

The Case is this, A Young Woman aged about 22, living in ———, gives as a Secret this following Relation. She says she is

compell'd by her ——— (being a rank Papist) to go to several Mass Houses, twice or thrice a Week (to be catechized and taught their destructive Principles) but more particularly to one in ——— where several Hundreds resort, many of which are *disguised*, there are such (she says) that *we little dream of*, where the Queen is abused and called *Usurper*, and the Pretender call'd the *Lawful Heir*. She says, the other Day they were very positive that the Pretender was coming over with this *French Ambassadour*, and that he would certainly sit on the Throne; and that now they are *very pleasant, and exceeding busy about something, she knows not what*. She cries, wrings her Hands, and prays to be delivered from them, and yet durst not make this publick for Fear of her Life, for her ——— threatens, that if *she turn Heretick, she will be her Butcher*, and tho' she be hang'd for the same, she shall be a Gainer by that *meritorious Act*. So that if there be a full and particular Account given, of their *Houses, Priests, Auditors, and their Intrigues*, her Person must be secured; the which I hope your Lordship will be concern'd about, which may happily prevent *some sudden and unexpected Stroke*, the which is left to your Lordship's Sagacity. I am your Lordship's

Most obedient Servant,

W. C.

The Reason why I have not subscribed my Name at Large is, because I apprehend the exposing of it, may be dangerous to my Person, I having been already assaulted; but if your Lordship pleases to send for Mr. *John Dunton* at ———, he knows my Hand and will send to me, when your Lordship pleases to command it.

The Spiritual Observer.

Reader, The searching thoroughly into this Narrative, of the Treasonable Words and Practices of the Popish Clubs, seems a Business too unweildy for the *Rashness* of Hast, it requires the slow Advances of working Engines, and a temperate Detection, that its pure unmingled *Malice* and *Treason*, may be drawn out with Leisure and Observation, that so *Her Majesty, the Electour of Hannover, and the whole Protestant World*, may have a calm and judicious View of the whole *Anatomy of its Discovery*, which was first owing to the following Letter (sent to me by Mr. *W—— C——* a *Dissenting Minister* living in *Shadwell*) in these Words.

Mr. Dunton,

Shadwell, Feb. 9th. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$.

I have somewhat of Moment to communicate to you, and therefore should be glad to see you as soon as possible, I am in the mean Time, Your real Friend and Servant,

W. C.
Waiting

Waiting upon Mr. C ———, I found the *Secret* he had to communicate to me was, *The treasonable Words and Practices respecting the Pretender*, that had been discover'd to him by Mrs. A ——— (a Person of undoubted Credit). Mr. C ——— asking my Thoughts, how he shou'd proceed in making these Discoveries, I told him, that all the World knew that the Lord Bishop of ———, was a Prelate of *known Loyalty to Her Majesties Person and Government*, and therefore was the fittest Man I cou'd name, to whom he ought to communicate *those treasonable Words and Practices* that Mrs. A ——— had discover'd to him; Mr. C ——— being of the same Opinion with me, as to the *Bishop's Character*, he writ a Letter to his Lordship, in which he inserted the *foregoing Narrative*, upon the Receipt whereof his Lordship did me the *Honour* to send for me, and I waited upon him at the Place and Time he appointed; my Lord Bishop, finding I knew the *Dissenting Minister's* Hand, that had writ to him, and that I had been inform'd of what Discoveries he had made to his Lordship, My Lord order'd me to acquaint Mr. C ——— (by the Penny-Post) that he wou'd speak with him the next Day; but judging the Business requir'd Hast, and that the Miscarriage of my Letter might have been of fatal Consequence, not only to the Nation in general, but to the Young Woman that had made the Discovery; I told his Lordship I'de wait on Mr. C ——— that Night my self, which I accordingly did; and next Day Mr. C ——— (and my self) waited upon the Bishop, when he gave his Lordship the same Account of *those treasonable Words and Practices* he had before discovered by Letter; upon which the Bishop desired Mr. C ——— to send a particular Messenger to the Young Woman that first made the Discoveries, to know if she cou'd produce another Witness to confirm what she had said concerning the Pretender, and whether she was willing to make Oath of the Discoveries she had made her self, before the Lord Chief Justice Parker.

The Day after Mr. C ——— had waited upon my Lord Bishop, at his Request Mrs. A ——— and my self went to the Young Woman that first made the Discoveries: I confess, calling to Mind the Murder of Godfrey, the stabbing of Arnold, and the Sufferings of that worthy Gentleman Mr. Braddon, for detecting the Murder of the Earl of Essex, I apprehended no small Danger from imbarcking in this Cause; but I thought no Hazard of Life or Estate, ought to stand in Competition with the Service I might do to my Queen and Country by this Discovery; and therefore I resolv'd to engage in it: And coming to the Young Woman that cou'd make the Discoveries, I ask'd her the following Questions.

Quest. 1. *Who are the Persons of Note, that meet at the Popish Clubs, and whether there be any Popish Priests, or any Persons of Quality, that come to their Clubs? ——— Have you ever been at Confession, or ever at Mass, or ever at their Private Meetings?*

I know several Places in ———, where they catechize and teach their Destructive Principles. ——— I know five Popish Priests, whose Names are Mr. E———, Mr. T———, Mr. R———, Mr. M——— and Mr. V———, and I know where to find 'em, having been several Times at Confession, often at Mass, and sometimes at their Private Meetings.

Quest. 2. *What Treasonable Words and Practices, have you at any Time heard or observ'd?*

The Young Woman's Answer.

Mr. N——— (now living in ———) has said in my hearing, they hop'd all wou'd be their own, in a few Weeks. ——— The same Gentleman has also asserted, That the Queen had no Right to the Throne. That they hop'd to say Mass in all the Churches, in a little time and that all then must be of one Mind. That they expected the Prince of Wales (for so they call the Pretender) at the Beginning of Winter.

Quest. 3. *What Persons can you name, that can testify to the said Treasonable Words and Practices as you can?*

The Young Woman's Answer.

The Treason I have here discover'd, is well known to ——— (who has heard all the Things I here relate) and has been trusted more and further than I have been; for as I was brought up a &c. ——— 'till &c. ———, they have been more afraid of me, than ———.

Reader, After Mrs. A——— and my self had receiv'd an Answer to these Questions, we forthwith sent them to my Reverend Friend, who sent them that Day to my Lord Bishop: With the Questions and Answers I sent the following Letter to Mr. C———.

Reverend Sir,

March 13th. 1711

THE Young Woman's Answers to the Questions inclos'd in the Letter, were asserted for Truth in my Presence, who ask'd her the Questions, and in the Presence of Mrs. A———, who heard the Questions answer'd. I can't say all the Answers are literal the same, with those she gave to the Questions I ask'd her; 'twas thought necessary to disguise 'em in some Places (the Young Woman being yet in the Hands of her Enemies) but they are the same for Substance; and if compar'd with those Questions and Answers consented shou'd be sent to my Lord Bishop, 'twill evidently appear the Young Woman and her Popish ———, is able to discover some deeper Treason than is yet conceiv'd; for 'tis evident by Mr. N———

Treason which she confess'd to Mrs. A—— and me, and by what she says of the Popish Priests expecting to have all the Churches in a little time, that were Mr. E——, T——, R——, M——, V—— taken into Custody, they wou'd (to save their Lives) soon bring a most Hellish Plot to light, against the present Constitution in Church and State; and therefore I don't fear but if you forthwith send these Questions and Answers to my Lord Bishop, but his Lordship will soon communicate them to such Ministers of State as he thinks proper; for the young Woman that makes the Discoveries, has told Mrs. A—— and me, that she is ready to make good her Charge against Mr. N—— and the five Popish Priests, as soon as ever she is assur'd of such Protection and Encouragement as is absolutely necessary in such a Case: I wou'd enlarge but for want of Time, shall add do more (at present) but that I am,

Your most sincere Friend, and

Very humble Servant,

John Dunton.

Upon the Receipt of this Letter, my Reverend Friend sent the following Letter to my Lord Bishop.

My Lord, From my House in Shadwell, March 13, 1713.
I have faithfully given you the Account sent to me this Day, by Mr. Dunton, who believes (by what he heard from the Maid) that an Hellish Plot against the present Constitution, in Church and State, will be brought to light: If this Discovery may be any wise serviceable, your Lordship may further command,

Your Lordship's humble and

Most Obedient Servant,

W—— C——.

Reader—— Our Court-Spy does not know how far the Nation may be awakened by these Discoveries, for 'tis generally said, the Papists are under such great Fears, that their Reasonable Practices shou'd be brought to light, that they have been (of late) attempting several Sham-Plots, to hide and stifle their own, as that of —— The Dissenters burning of Houses —— Murdering by Inkhorns —— Libelling by Reasonable Speeches (said to be spoke by a certain Ambassadress) —— and other such inconsistent-Shams —— of which the Whigs never once dream'd, 'till they were first trump'd up by the Sham-Plotters themselves, who are now so Numerous, that ('tis thought) there's scarce a Meeting-House in London, but is watch'd by some Sham-Plotter or Popish-Spy, who (rather than Dissenters shan't be

be thought *Republicans*) will weave their very Devotion and Loyalty, into a Cord that shall strangle them. *Guy Faux* confess'd, that the *Gun-Powder-Plot*, had it succeeded, was to be charg'd upon the *Puritans*, to make them more odious to the World; and the *Presbyterian-Plot*, (found in a Meal-Tub) was confess'd by *Dangerfield*, to be no other but a Design of the *Papists*, to plot more securely, by shamming their own Plot on the innocent *Whigs*. The truly pious Mr. *John Rosewel* had like to have been murder'd by such informing *Cut-Throats*; and 'tis greatly fear'd, that *Reverend Divine* that made these Discoveries to my *Lord Bishop*, has put his Life in Danger, to serve his Country; and I am certain the *Low-Churchmen* are as zealously affected to *Her Majesties Government*, and the *House of Hanover* as this *Dissenting Minister*, tho' I can't say they have yet merited so much, for attempting to serve it, or that they are so near to the *Crown of Martyrdom*; for on the 22d. of *March*, as my *Reverend Friend* was preaching upon this Text, *And I saw the Woman, drunken with the Blood of the Saints, and with the Blood of the Martyrs of Jesus*, (*Rev. xvii. 6.*) there rush'd into his *Meeting-House*, three taring *Beaux* (two of 'em suppos'd to be *Popish Priests*) who were heard to say -- *This is he, this is he*; — and as Mr. C. — was speaking against the *Bloody Principles of the Church of Rome*, and lamenting the *Growth of Jacobinism*, they gnash'd at him with their Teeth; so that 'tis generally thought they have a Design to murder him, he having been already assaulted. But 'tis hop'd the Discoveries made by this *Popish Maid* (as they are in a Manner confirm'd at *Dover* by an *Irish Papist*, as you'll hear anon) will give such Light into the *Pretender's Conspiracy against England*, as will prevent all the *Villany* and *Treason* design'd by it: For sure I am, those *Glorious Martyrs Russel, Sydney* and *Cornish*, were not charg'd with the Thousandth Part of that *Treason* for which Mr. N. — goes as yet unpunish'd: Before this Discovery, 'twas said in ev'ry *News-Paper* (except the *Examiner* and *Post-Boy*) there was a *Jacobite-Plot* to introduce the *Pretender*, — and here we are told who the *Traitours* are, that say the *Queen has no Right to the Throne*, and that hope to have our *Churches* in few *Weeks*; we were also told, of great Numbers of *Popish Priests*, that daily arrive from *France*, but none but this *Young Woman* has ever given a particular Discovery of their *Treasonable Words and Practices*, so that the *Jacobite-Plot* to introduce the *Pretender* was never fix'd on particular Persons, but in this *Narrative*; 'tis true, at present here is but *One Witness*, but e'nt *One Witness* able to discover more, for was not the *Popish Plot* in 78, first discovered by *One Witness*, but did not every single *Witness* bring in more *Witnesses*? and every *Week* fresh Discoveris? And so doubtless it wou'd do here, if the Evidence of this single *Woman* is thought considerable enough to deserve *Protection and Encouragement*; and 'tis hop'd the *three Persons* that have brought her to this *Confession*, won't be deny'd the same *Priviledge*, we having no other end in this *Discovery*, but the *Good of our Native Country*. 'Tis worth observing, that my *Friends Letter* to the *Bishop*, tell's his *Lordship*, " *That the*

" *Young*

' young Woman crys, wrings her Hands, and prays to be deliver'd from that sudden Stroke that the Papists design to give us.

And whether we are deliver'd from it or no, 'tis very certain (as I said before) " That the Discoveries made by this *Popish Maid*, are in a Manner confirm'd at *Dover* by an *Irish Papist*, for as a further Proof, that the English and French Jacobites are now hatching some *Hellish Plots*, against the present Constitution in Church and State we are told in the *Flying-Post*, April 9th, 1713. That since *Abel* and the *Examiner* have so good a Hand at discovering Plots, they wou'd do well to inform the World, whether there be not Reason to believe, that the scandalous and Treasonable Paper, call'd the *Sp— of an Amb—* res be not a Second Part of a *Popish Meal-Tub-Plot*, in order to bring Protestants under Suspicion? and that they may be the more able to proceed in the Discovery, they wou'd do well to enquire at *Sam's Coffee-House* in *Ludgate-street*, whether a Parcel of those Papers were not found under a Place where a *Popish Priest* had just late, whereas there were none there before? And whether if the Master of the House had not hastily burnt them, he might not have been brought in for a Share?

Thus far the Author of the *Flying-Post*, who concludes his Discoveries by asking this Question, " Why the *Examiner* and *Abel* who kept such a Pother about the *Banbox-Plot*, were so silent about one lately discover'd at *Dover*, by an *Irish Papist*, who pretended that his Uncle a *Bishop in France* (a) wou'd have sent him over with the *Pretender's Declarations*, and propos'd to find Means to get him and another into the Queen's Family, in order to fire the Pallace, that Thirty Assassins might have an Opportunity to murder Her Majesty while she endeavour'd to escape the Flames ". Be'nt these Words in the *Flying-Post*, a plain Confirmation of the Truth of those Discoverys, that the *Popish Maid* made to Mrs. *A—* and me, and don't they (as we are subjects to the best of Queens) shew the Necessity we lay under to make these Discoverys publick.

Reader, If you doubt either of the Truth of this Discovery, concerning the *Pretender's Declarations* made to the Mayor of *Dover*, or that the Dissenters were the First Discoverers of the *Pretender's Plot* against the Queen and Government, see both confirm'd by the following Letter.

Mr. Dunton,

April 27th, 1713.

" YOU were telling me (Yesterday) that Mr. *W— C—* (a *Non-conformist Minister*) has discover'd to the Bishop of *—* a Jacobite Plot, to bring in the *Pretender*, this

(a) Note, in the *Flying-Post*, Apr. 18th, 1713. the *Irish Papist* here mention'd is call'd *Webber*, and the French Bishop is call'd *Bishop Peirce*, for these are the Words in the *Flying-Post*, " If Bishop Peirce's *Shorest Way*, lately discover'd by *Webber* at *Dover* wo'nt succeed, &c.

“ comes to inform you, that Mr. *Harris* a Dissenting Minister li-
 “ ving at *Dover*, has also brought to the Mayor of *Dover*, an Irish
 “ Papist, that has made Affidavit of a Design the *Pretender* has, to
 “ subvert the present Constitution in Church and State, so that I
 “ hope the *High-Church-Men* will fairly own, that no Men can be
 “ greater Enemies to the *Pretender* than the Dissenters, and that
 “ Two Dissenting Ministers have the Honour to be the first Discoverers
 “ of the *Pretender's Plot*, to introduce Popery. Which is all from

Your Real Friend,

Daniel Waghorn.

This Letter was sent to me by my worthy Friend, Mr. *Daniel Waghorn*, and is a further Proof of the Dissenters great Loyalty to Her Majesty, and of those *Treasonable Practices*, that the Popish Maid discover'd to Mrs. *A* ——— and my self.

Then can any Protestants be deaf to such Warning, for who knows but upon a narrow Search into these Discoveries, but the *Maid's Evidence* may appear considerable enough to found a Prosecution upon: I own my Lord *Bishop* and my Lord ——— do suspect the contrary, but I shall presume to say, these *Illustrious Peers* are not infallible; or I am sure *Cesar* was not, when being inform'd by a Letter of a Conspiracy against his Person, by slighting of it he lost his Life, for putting the Letter into his Pocket (as thinking it not worth his reading) he was murder'd that Day in the Senate-House: But by this *Maid's Discoveries*, the Nation is timely forewarn'd (which *Cesar* was not) and therefore I hope none of our *Noble Patriots*, will meet with *Cesar's Fate*; for as Peace is concluded abroad, the *Ministers of State* will have the more Leisure to detect *Treasonable Practices* at home, to which 'tis hop'd these timely and well-meant Discoverys will not a little contribute: For in the *Wonders of Providence* we often see a *Wheel within a Wheel*, and that little Engines often set great Engines at work; and therefore as this *Popish Maid* makes these Discoveries to satisfy her own Conscience, and to save a *Frenchified Nation* from impending Ruin; I am apt to think, were Mr. *N* ——— and other Popish Priests secur'd, they cou'd set the *Pretender's Plot* in a better Light than the *Maid* has done: However as my Reverend Friend, Mrs. *A* ———, and my self, thought it our Duty to let *England* known what great Danger it is in from the *Jacobite Faction*, so we hope this *Timely Warning* (were there no *Perkenite Plot* discovered by it) will be well taken by our Fellow Subjects; for tho' we are all *Three* sensible that the *Sacred Majesty of Kings and Queens*, ought not in common Cases to be approach'd by every little *Busy-body*, or frivolous *Remonstrance-maker*, yet when our Princes Pallace is on Fire, and Her Sacred Person in the Midst of Flames, the meanest of her Subjects hath the Privilege then to give her Warning of her Danger, and to assist to quench the Fire. And this I am afraid Reader (if the

Pretender is plotting in the midst of us (as some suspect) is at present too near our Case.

Then here, let us a little examine what great Danger *England* and *Scotland* is still in from the *Pretender*, (tho our *Peace* with *France* shou'd be good and lasting.)

And first as to *Scotland*, can any Man in his Senses imagine, that the *Pretender* wou'd first have invaded *Scotland* (during the late Ministry) had he not been invited thither by some of the *Scotch Jacobites*, I can't say the *deceas'd Duellist* had any Fancy to stand his Friend, (tho' all Parties have own'd he was a *Well-wisher to the Mathematicks*) yet the *Pretender* cou'd not but know how often the *Scotch Jacobites* drank his Health, and how much *Treason* they grav'd on their *Popish Medals*.

Neither can any Protestat argue (from the *General Peace* that is now concluded) that we are more secure in *England* than they are in *Scotland*, from all Danger from the *Pretender*, since 'twas swore lately in *Guild-hall*, that the chief Evidence against the *Flying-Post* had said, "It wou'd never be well 'till the *Pretender* was here, and that he hop'd to see the *Mass-houses* as full as the *Churches*."

But I the less wonder at this great Impudence of the *Popish* (or *Jacobite*) Party in *England*, since we are told in the *Flying-Post* (b) "That most of the Ministers at *Utrecht*, have receiv'd in Print under a Cover, the following Protestation of the *Pretender* to the Crown of *Great Britain*, in *Latin*."

Jacobus Rex, &c.

In English thus.

James III. *By the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. To all Kings, Princes, Republicks, &c.*

"Since after a War, so long and pernicious to all Christendom, all Sides seem to be ready to come to a Peace, and are speedily about to sign it without any Regard to us, we thought it fit and necessary, by this solemn Protestation, to assert our undoubted Right, against every thing that may be done towards the Diminution of it, and our Loss.

"'Tis not our Purpose to insist at large upon the Series of what has been formerly unjustly done against us, since those things having been transacted in the Face of the World, are by Consequence so well known, that they need not be told, therefore I cannot think any one can doubt of the Justice of our Cause.

"Nor indeed are we only mov'd with the Condition of our own Affairs, but being incapable of changing our Affection towards our Subjects, we cannot without the most sensible Grief behold, that neither their Blood, nor their Wealth, has been hitherto

(b) See the *Flying-Post* Apr. 25th, 1713.

“ spur'd to support the great Injustice that has been done to us,
 “ and that they are at last reduced so far, that if a Peace be made
 “ exclusive of us, they must necessarily become a Prey to Foreign-
 “ ers, and at last be subject to their Empire.

“ And since we understood that the Confederate Princes have no
 “ Regard to our Right, we thought our selves most indispensably
 “ oblig'd to our selves, Posterity, and Subjects, to endeavour as
 “ much as in us lies, that we might not seem by our Silence, to
 “ consent to what may be transacted to the Prejudice of us, and
 “ the lawful Heirs of our Kingdoms.

“ Therefore, we solemnly and in the best Form we can, protest
 “ against all that may be agre'd, or stipulated in Prejudice of us,
 “ as being void by all the Laws in the World, for want of lawful
 “ Authority.

“ We likewise protest and declare, that if there be any Defect of
 “ Form in this Protestation, it shall not be any to the Prejudice
 “ of us, our Lawful Heirs, Kingdoms or Subjects; and by these
 “ Letters seal'd with our Great Seal, we reserve entire to our selves
 “ all our Rights, and Claims, and declare that they are and shall
 “ be safe and intire.

“ In the last Place, we protest before God and Man, that we
 “ shall be free from all Blame, and that the Cause of those Cal-
 “ amities which the Injury already done us, or that may be done us
 “ hereafter, may bring upon our Kingdoms, and all Christendom
 “ cannot be imputed to us. Given at St. Germans, April 25th,
 “ A. D. 1712. and of our Reign the 11th,

By the King himself with his own Hand.

The Examiner and his Masters (says the *Flying-Post*) wou'd do well
 to consider, whether the *Pretender* did nor act in Concert with, and
 by Advice of the Jacobites in Great Britain and Ireland, send this
Audacious and Trayterous Protestation to the Ministers at Utrecht.
 However (Reader) I think 'tis evident from this *Treasonable Protesta-*
tion of the Pretender, that the Peace at Utrecht has given new Life
 to his Plots in England: Nay so far is the General Peace from secu-
 ring England again the *Pretender*, that we are told in the *Flying-Post*,
 “ When the News of the Peace arriv'd, a Mob assembled in Gracechurch-
 “ street, where one Farey a Jacobite (Son to the Druggist of that Name)
 “ broke the Windows of an eminent Citizen near the Rummer-Tavern,
 “ and at every Volley of Stones, the Mob gave Three Huzzas, while
 “ Farey cry'd out, James the Third! James the Third! ” Which
 Words being heard by a Gentleman that knew Farey, he told the
 Mob, That he wou'd they would suffer themselves to be led by a Fellow
 so an open Rebellion against the Queen, to which a Villain that was
 as great a Jacobite as Farey, replied, “ That Farey valu'd him nor
 “ to body else, and knew well enough what he did. ” And Dier (a no-
 torious Jacobite) made his Boast, “ That the Mob when they solemn-
 “ nis'd Sacheverell's Festival, had their Musick playing before them, to
 “ the Tune, ——— That the King shall enjoy his own again. ”

We are also assur'd by the Author of the *Flying-Post*, " That a *Wor-*
thy Alderman of Worcester, on certain Occasions drinks a Health
 " to Dr. Sacheverell, the Pope, the French King and the Pretender, with
 " Confusion to the Elector of Hannover, If these Treasonable Practices
 both in England and Scotland, give not sufficient Warning to look
 into the Discoveries made by this young Woman, I can't see why we
 shou'd suspect our Ruin, if our Houses were all on Fire and our selves
 in the Midst of the Flames, which if it be not our present Circumstance,
 yet (if the Maids Evidence be true) 'tis what we have Reason to
 fear, or neither my self nor my two Friends, wou'd have assum'd
 the Boldness to have Spy'd out such *Jacobite* Secrets, as are proper
 to be told to a Minister of State who if a Peer of true Honour and
 Loyalty, wo'nt consider them with Respect to Parties, but with
 Respect to the Protestant Interest, that is really serv'd by this Publica-
 tion. For as Dr. Sacheverell observes, (d) " Where Religion or Go-
 " vernment is assaulted by ill Principles, or Rebellious Practices,
 " 'tis the Ministers and Magistrates Duty to stand up and fence a-
 " gainst both, and pronounce and execute Wrath against them,
 " and 'tis no less the Duty of every Subject to assist them with
 " their Prayers, and to implore Justice upon such Enemies of God
 " and our Church. " Then are the *Papists* contriving our Ruin? Do
 they hope to possess our Churches? Do they say the Queen has no Right to
 the Throne? And was all this Treason first discover'd by a Dissenting
 Minister, and will any be still so base and ungrateful to say, *I had ra-*
ther be a Papist than a Presbyterian? or that the Maid's Evidence is the
 less valuable, because first publish'd by a Non-Conformist? Or if
 there be no further Search made, into these Discoveries (or the
 Three Persons that make them, be only rewarded with the odious
 Names of *Republicans*, *meer Busy-bodies*, or *petty State Reformers*)
 yet my Reverend Friend, Mrs. A——, and my self, have the
 Comfort to think, we have done our Duty in crying *Fire! Fire!*
Fire! and if the Protestant World will lie still and be burnt (when
 they have had timely Notice of their Danger) 'tis no Fault of
 ours.

And now Reader, let me ask thee this serious Question, *Is the Church*
of England in Danger from the Papists or from the Protestant Dissenters?
 Is it Mr. C—— a Presbyterian Minister, or is it Dr. Sacheverell
 a High-Church-man, that here attempts to bring to light a most
 damnable bellish Design to introduce the Pretender, and to subvert
 the present Constitution in Church and State? No alas, 'tis no
 Papist, no High-Church-man, no Sacheverellite, no Tool of a Party, that
 here endeavours to secure the Church from Danger, by discovering
 who are its Enemies, but 'tis Mr. C—— a Dissenting Minister,
 now living in *Shadwell*. 'Tis true the *Examiner* in one of his late
 Papers, had the Impudence to tell the World, " That the *Whigs*
 " are great Friends to the Pretender, and the only Persons that have

(d) In his late Sermon entitul'd the *Christian Triumph*,

“ attempted to bring him in ” but this base Scandal is here answer'd by plain Matter of Fact, and such as is ready to be prov'd, when ever *Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State* is pleas'd to command it. For my own Share, I have the Honour to be the Son of an eminent Churchman, (*viz.* the Reverend Mr. *John Dunton*, late Rector of *Aston Clinton*) and resolve to live and die in that Communion: But as I shall shew in my general *Preface* to this Work, “ I shall be true and just to all Parties, and therefore am oblig'd to tell the World, ’twas a Presbyterian Minister, and no Papist or High-Churchman, that first detected such *Treasonable Words and Practices*, as every Protestant Dissenter and Low-Churchmen abhors. ” ’Tis true, I can't say Mr. C—— is a Dissenting Minister without base and ungenerous Enemies, for I have seen in the mistaken Case of my Reverend Friend, *that the brightest Innocence, is no Security against Slander*. I confess I was not always of the same Opinion, being once prejudic'd against him by a false Report that was spread at *Lambeth*, but finding by a narrow Search into his Life and Doctrines, that the Accusations of his *Jacobite Enemies* had not so much as the Appearance of Truth; I resolve for the Future (*in the Case of Slander*) to believe no Man's Eyes nor Ears but my own; for I find (to use the Words of the *Famous POOL*) “ If I believe one Report in Forty I give a very large Allowance ” (e) but whether I do or no, as false Accusations make no Man a Criminal, so they will no Ways serve the turn of the *High-Flyers* to lessen Mr. C——'s Nonconformity, for even Mr. C——'s prejudic'd Enemies will own, he never was any *Preaching Weathercock*, but a constant and zealous Dissenter. I confess to me it seems very strange, that Mr. C——, who had for his Father, a Gentleman of known Integrity for the Church of England all his Days, shou'd fall in with that Party of Men, whose unkind Strokes he with many others now feels the Smart of: For his Father being a Captain of a Troop of Horse, and some Time a Major, in the Service of King Charles the First against the Parliament, lost his Estate, and often ventur'd his Life in that Cause; so that one wou'd think, Mr. C—— instead of being a Dissenter, and espousing the Whiggish Interest, shou'd have been as great a Railer against them, as Dr. *S——rell*, *Hig——nt*, *Pe!——ng*, or e're a High-Flyer of 'em all; for ha'nt he been sufficiently provok'd to it, not only by the Loss of his Father's Estate, but by his being twice condemn'd to die by the Parliament's Forces, which made him say to his Wife when *Oliver* sent for him, that he might have sworn the Peace against *Oliver*, for he stood in Fear of his Life and therefore how comes it to pass, that after Mr. C——'s Father has been thus barbarously treated, and no Notice taken of his sinking Family by the High-Church Party, that he shou'd still resolve for Non-conformity: For sure I am, if any Man had ever just Cause to be a railing Churchman, 'tis Mr. C—— a Dissenting Minister

(e) See Mr. *Pool's* Sermon, intituled, *A reasonable Apology for Religion*.

living in *Shadwel*; but yet Mr. C—— is so far from —— *leaving his first Love*, —— (if I may allude to a Subject he lately handled, to the great Satisfaction of all his Hearers, of which I had the Happiness of being one) that we still and always found him a *Non-conformist*: So that for the Future, I hope no *Examiner* will have the *Face* to say, “That the *Whigs* are great Friends to the *Pretender*, and the only Persons that have attempted to bring him in,” when 'tis a Dissenting Minister, (and one that has suffer'd much for his nonconformity) that is the *First Man* that has discover'd such *Treasonable Words and Practices*, as 'tis hop'd will for ever keep him out.

Then if the *Dissenters* and *Low-Churchmen*, are thus truly *conscientious and loyal* as to snatch at the very first Opportunity they cou'd lay hold on, to detect any *Treasonable Words and Practices*, that have the least Tendency to *dethrone Her Majesty*, or deprive Her Protestant Subjects of their *true and real Liberty*, to what a Length in *F——hood* and *Imp——ence* must Dr. S——rell have run (and that after he had drank the *Pretender's Health*, as Mr. *Review* has offer'd to prove whenever the Dr. will stand the Test) to declare, “That the *abandon'd Faction* (as with abundance of Manners he is pleas'd to call the late Ministry, and all the Whigs of Quality in Her Majesty's Kingdoms) *as they behave themselves most tyrannically in Power, are most seditious when they are out of it, equally Enemies in both Cases to true and real Liberty*, a Word (adds the Doctor) by which they themselves mean nothing, *but the Power of betraying their Sovereign, and enslaving their Fellow Subjects, and of overturning the Constitution both in Church and State*, what ridiculous Mockery (continues the Doctor) is it to hear such Men set themselves up for Patriots, and talk of the Fears of Popery, and the Danger of their Country, which was never so much in Danger as from themselves, who, tho' they have been so providentially defeated, are still carrying on the same pernicious Conspiracy! (for continues the Doctor) under the Pretence of Religion and Liberty, and God's most Holy Name, they had contriv'd, and well nigh effected the utter Destruction of this Church and Kingdom, and will never be at rest 'till they have brought the same Dismal Calamities upon us again.” These are Dr. S——rell's own Words, in the Sermon he preach'd before the *Honourable House of Commons*, May 29th, 1713. but I challenge any Man to shew me more *F——hood* in fewer Words, and consequently more *Imp——ence*, as they were deliver'd for solemn Truths before an *Honourable, Wise and Loyal House of Commons*, and a Parliament (to use the Doctor's Words) “Who have been always ready to sacrifice what ever is dear to them for the publick Good.” And therefore, that I may set Dr. S——rell's *Impudent Sophistry* in the clearer Light (for were he a Dean or Bishop, I shall ever call —— a Spade a Spade) I shall here prove, the Whigs are so far from betraying their Sovereign, or designing to overturn the Constitution in Church and State, that 'twas the Dissenting Party that had the chief

hand in restoring King Charles the Second to the Throne of his Ancestors, for our best Historians assure us, that they sent a select Number of their most eminent Divines, to wait upon his Majesty in Holland, in order to get the most advantageous Promises from him they cou'd, for the Liberty of their Consciences: Of the Number of these Divines Mr. Case was one, who with the rest of his Brethren coming where the King lay, and desiring to be admitted into the King's Presence, were carried up into the Chamber, next, or very near the King's Closet, but told withal, that the King was busy at his Devotions, and that 'till he had done, they must be contented to stay.

Being thus left alone, and hearing a Sound of groaning Piety, such was the Curiosity of Mr. Case, that he would needs go and lay his Ear to the Closet-Door. But Heavens! how was the good old Man ravish'd, to hear the pious Ejaculations that fell from the Kings Lips! — Lord, — since thou art pleas'd to restore me to the Throne of my Ancestors; grant me a Heart constant in the Exercise and Protection of thy true Protestant Religion — Never may I seek the Oppression of those who out of the Tenderness of their Consciences are not free to conform to outward and indifferent Ceremonies. — With a great deal more to the same Purpose. Which Mr. Case having over-heard, full of Joy and Transport, returning to his Brethren, with Hands and Eyes to Heaven up-lifted, fell a congratulating the Happiness of Three Nations, over which the Lord had now placed a Saint of Paradise for their Prince. After which the King coming out of his Closet, the Dissenting Ministers were ready to prostrate themselves at his Feet; and then it was that the King gave them those Promises of his Favour and Indulgence, which how well he after perform'd, Dr. Calamy's Abridgment of Mr. Baxter's History of his Life and Times, will sufficiently inform you, or (Reader) if you want any further proof consult any of those 2000 Ministers, that were turn'd out of their Livings in 62 (on the Day commonly call'd Black Bartholomew) and you'll soon be convinc'd, that the Dissenting Party were so far from betraying their King, that they had the chief Hand in the Restoration of Charles II. and are so far from contriving the Destruction of this Church and Kingdom (as Dr. Sacheverel falsely asserts) that in the Year 63, the Dissenting Ministers (that they might no longer be misrepresented, for there were *Sibberps* and *Manwaring*s in those Days, as there are *S* — — *rels* and *H* — — *gins* in ours) unanimously publish'd a Book they intituled *A sincere Account of the Nonconformists Conversation*, wherein they declare as follows, viz. " We dare
 " not curse the King, no not in our Thoughts, we desire to Fear
 " God, we desire to Honour the King, and we wou'd not meddle
 " with them that are given to Change or to Innovations. His
 " Majesty hath our Hearty Prayers, Day and Night before the
 " Throne of God, for a Blessing upon himself and Government.
 " 'Tis true, we cannot own that Episcopacy now establish'd, so as to
 " undertake it our selves, yet we wou'd submit to it, as to every
 " Ordinance of Man, for the Lord's Sake; whether to the King, &c

"supreme, or to those who are sent by him, wherefore the Bishops
 "have our Prayers, Pity, and Assistance, and altho' we cannot in our
 "Judgment approve all that they do, (driven it may be rather by
 "the Temper of the People, and Unhappiness of this Age, than led
 "by their own Disposition, to any Height and Rigour of Action) yet
 "we allow not that their Persons or Government shou'd be expo-
 "sed to the Malapartness of the loose and irreverent Multitude,
 "who take a bold Liberty to despise Dominions and to speak evil
 "of Dignities: Whereas we have always taught, that Men shou'd
 "cheartfully submit to the Authority, when they cannot in Con-
 "science allow all the Practices of those that are over them in the
 "Lord, for Experience hath taught us, that Anarchy is the great-
 "est Oppression, Licentiousness the greatest Grievance, and an un-
 "bounded Liberty the greatest Slavery." This Reader was the
Unanimous Declaration of the Dissenting Ministers, in the Year 63,
 (which was soon after the Restoration of Charles the II.) and they
 have scarce presented an Address in the Reigns of King James the
 II. King William and Queen Ann, but has made the same Declara-
 tion of their Loyalty; and after this, to call either them (or the
 Low-Churchmen) *Religious Mockers, an abandoned Faction, Patriots*
from whom the Kingdom is in Danger, and such as will betray their King
and destroy the Church, is such an impudent F---l---d as was never
 before, and ('tis greatly hop'd) never will again be deliver'd, be-
 fore SUCH a Loyal House of Commons as Great Britain is now bless'd
 with. For the *abandon'd Faction* (as Dr. S-----rel calls the *Whigs*)
 are so far from ever designing to *betray their King or subvert the*
Church, that I have here fairly prov'd, that the Practices of the pre-
 sent Nonconformists, are not only agreeable to their pretended
 Loyalty, but to the Principles and Practices of those Nonconformists
 that were so very instrumental in the Restoration of Charles II. And this
 is yet further prov'd by the Discoveries lately made by Mr. C-----
 and Mr. H----- two eminent Dissenting Ministers, and is ready to
 be attested before Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, if the E-
 vidence given by the *Popish Maid*, may be thought to have Weight
 enough in it, to deserve Protection and Encouragement. But whate-
 ver the Success of these Discoveries are, 'tis certain *these two Dis-*
senting Ministers have shewn their Great Zeal, both to serve Her
 Majesty, and to set their Fellow-Subjects in that *true and real Liber-*
ty as such *Jehu and fiery Priests* as Dr. S-----rel wou'd deprive 'em
 of; for certainly, no Man that han't some *bankering after the Pre-*
tender, can doubt the *real* (not imaginary) Danger the Church of
 England is in, from this *Pulpit Incendiary*, for as *just Time* has melt-
 ed off all his *forgiving Paint* (a) (for 'tis now seen he only forgave
 the *Whigs*, 'till he had a new Opportunity to rail at them). It now
 plainly appears, that Dr. S-----rel is a Levite that rails in the

(a) Alluding to his *First Sermon [Of forgiving Enemies]* which he
 preach't after he had suffer'd the just Sentence pronounc'd upon
 him by the last Parliament. Pulpit,

Pulpit, and plots out of it, that reviles Dissenters for not coming to Church, and yet speaks false Divinity with his Conversation, as if he thought to go to Heaven some other way than what he teaches the People. He is one that's proud and censorious, a meer Hig--ns (that's a meer Incendiary) a Wolf in Sheep's-Clothing, a profest Enemy to Church and State, hid under Canonical Vestments, that with more Ease and less Suspicion, he might seduce Her Majesty's Subjects from their Duty and Obedience, and encrease the Number, not of an Abandon'd Faction (as he calls the Whigs) but of a peevish, disaffected and ungovernable Faction; but I need not enlarge in Dr. S---rel's Jacobite Character, for 'tis now visible to all Loyal Subjects (whether Whig or Tory) that the False Brother he lash'd at St. Paul's, was expos'd on Purpose to sow Divisions amongst us, the better to make way for the Pretender; for the well Wishers to Popery and Slavery have always attempted first to divide us (by charging the Dissenters with Schism, Treason and I know not what) in Order to destroy us. And here, to convince the World that Dr. S---rel (as much as he charges the Whigs with betraying their King) is that very Jacobite I've here describ'd, I shall first acquaint you, that Mr. Review assures us, that Dr. S---rel has not only sworn, G---d d---m him, he hop'd to see King William De Witted, but Mr. Bisset (a Divine of a spotless Character) charges the Dr. with saying "That he cou'd forgive King William all that ever he did, but his Cursed Legacy of the Hanover Succession (which will be ever esteem'd by all but Papists and Jacobites, as one of the greatest Blessings of his GLORIOUS REIGN, of which more anon) 'tis enough that I prove at present that Dr. S---rel is not only a profest Enemy to the House of Hanover (and therefore the Word Hanover is not once named in his Sermon before the Parliament) but so vile a Jacobite, that Mr. Review assures us, "That the Scotch Jacobites are so much honestier than the English Jacobites, that they cannot abjure the Pretender and pray for him, all in a Breath, drink his Health, and then pray for the Queen, swear to the Queen, and pray for her Confusion, at the same Time, as our English Jacobites do every Day (and as Dr. S---rel himself has done frequently, as may be prov'd upon him, when he ever dares to stand the Test (a). Thus far Mr. Review; then Reader do you judge to what a Length in Jacobitism and F---hood Dr. S---rel has run, when he dares charge the Abandon'd Faction (as he calls the Whigs) with that very Sedition and Treason which will be prov'd upon him, by Mr. Review, when ever he'l stand the Test; or if Mr. De Foe has wrong'd him in this Charge, Why don't he prove his Innocence? Why? For a good Reason, because he can't: For that Dr. S---rel is an absolute Jacobite, is further prov'd by Mr. Bisset, who (as well as De Foe) charges him with often and publicly drinking the Pretender's Health, and therefore, as fast as the Jacobite Dr. rises at present, 'tis thought by some thinking Persons, he'l fall as fast; for as we live under " a pious Queen, a faithful, wise and steady Ministry,

(a) See the Review, Numb. 145. Vol. VIII.

“ (they are the Doctor’s Words) and a Loyal Parliament, ’tis clear, if ever Dr. S——rel is advanc’d to a Bishoprick, it must be by his Great Artifice, in appearing that Pious and Loyal Priest that he is not and in such a Case, ’tis no Reflection on those Illustrious Patriots that either advance or applaud him for as Omniscience is an Attribute due only to God, I dare not say the best of Queens, or the most wise and loyal Parliament (and SUCH is the Parliament that is now sitting) can never be deceiv’d by such a Wolf in Sheep’s-Cloathing, or seeming Saint as Dr. S——rel, for as the best and most pious Persons are always the most Charitable, so ’tis often seen they are the soonest impos’d on; and therefore (to use Dr. S——rel’s Words) as the present Ministry and Parliament “ Have no other Designs to carry “ on, but such as may promote the Safety Honour and Welfare of the “ Crown, the Church and their Country I don’t doubt when these Illustrious Patriots have his true Character affirm’d upon Oath, but they’ll declare him a Scandal to the Gown, and to his Native Country, for can he be any better, that has sworn G—d d—m him that calls a Low-Churchman or Dissenter, a Damn’d Hanoverian, and declares the Hanover-Succession a Cursed Legacy, when ’tis only to that Illustrious Family we owe all the Hopes we have of a Protestant-Successor, even SUCH a glorious Prince, that we have all the Reason in the World to think, will thoroughly Free England from Popery and Slavery to the End of Time. Then what a false Jacobite Priest is Dr. S——rel, to drink the Pretender’s Health at the very Time he pretends to be a true and obedient Son of the Church of England? However, to convince the World I have good Reason to think our truly Protestant and Illustrious Patriots are likely to have very different Thoughts of Dr. S——rel, to what they have at present, I’ll presume to ask ’em this reasonable Question, “ Was not the pious and learned Mr. Samuel Johnson brought before the Bishops Durham, Rochester and Peterborough “ (Commissioners to exercise Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction) and in full “ Court degraded and deliver’d over as a meer Lay Man, to undergo “ the Punishments inflicted by the Court of King’s-Bench, i. e. whipping, pillorying, &c. only for uttering what the World is now convinc’d to be true? Thus far Mr. Bisset, who adds, “ ’Tis well for “ the Doctor [meaning that Leud Jacobite, Dr. S——rel] his Lot “ did not fall in those Sanguinary Times, but under a Ministry, that “ both profess and practic’d, what he condemns, but enjoys the Benefit of, “ True Moderation: Or if he e’nt that Jacobite Libertine I’ve here prov’d him, let him refute his Accusers, for I here challenge him to clear himself, for ’till he does (however some great and Illustrious Patriots have been mistaken in him) he’s as great a Scandal to the Church of England as some have thought him its Ornament; in which Assertion (like Mr. Bisset and Mr. Foe) I’ve been so MAD as to speak the Truth, and SUCH Truth (’till he dares disprove it) that I’ll always assert, for if we must call Vice Vertue, and Vertue Vice, because seen in a haughty Clergy-man) what is this, but to make a Jest of all Religion, and to prophane the very Name of Priest, and for that Reason I shall ever call Dr. S——rel a leud Jacobite, ’till he

has

has publickly prov'd, *He has never drunk the Pretender's Health, never pray'd for the Confusion of Her present Majesty, and clears himself of that Blasphemy, Drunkenness, Injustice and other immoral Practices that is laid to his Charge, by the Reverend Mr. William Bisset, in his late Book intituled, The Modern Fanatick.*

Thus (Reader) you see I am a great Lover of Plain-Dealing, and in this brier Answer to Dr. S——rel's late Insult upon the Loyal Whigs, have freely call'd a Spade a Spade; for (like the Popish-Maid mention'd in the foregoing Narrative) I dare not conceal Treason, or say *Black is White*, for I abhor acting like a certain Priest I cou'd name, who has not only writ a Poem *In Praise of Horns* (and as some say, has got a swinging Pair of his own) but has writ *for and against the Whigs*, yet an't please ye, he being now a Member of the *Lower-House*, he thiinks himself greatly wrong'd if you don't call him a *High Churchman*, tho' if you read some of his *Hackney-Labours* (for be it Friend or Foe, I still call a Spade a Spade) you'l find he is no more a *High Churchman* than *John Dunton*; who this Priest is I will not discover, for the C——ld repents, and therefore (tho' he is the most sneaking Enemy I ever had) I will not insult him so far as to tell his Name, for we are all Sinners *in one Kind or other*, and when a Sinner repents (it comes so very near to Innocence) like a *Father-Confessor* I shall not only conceal his Faults, but think him a good Man: And when I hear as much of our *Jacobite Doctor*, I'll be as tender of his Reputation as I wou'd be of my own; For I wou'd not bely the Devil or wrong a Worm, if I knew it: But at present, Dr. S——rel (to use his own Words) has so far lost the good Opinion of the People ——— By shewing such great Dissaffection to the Church of England, by drinking a Health to the Pretender ——— By poisoning the Kingdom with his two Sermons, intituled *The Communication of Sin, and The Perils of False Brethren* ——— By talking in Capital-Letters, (which is a poor sneaking Way of telling the World he dares drink the Pretender's Health) of an HEREDITARY Act without confirming of it by a PARLIAMENTARY Act ——— By stating the Notions of true and real Liberty, without once naming the Glorious Revolution by King William, to which under God we owe not only the Invaluabie Blessing of the Hanover Succession, but all our Religious and Civil Liberties; and therefore (to use the Doctors Words, with Respect to the Restoration) *The Glorious Day of the Revolution ought for ever to shine in the British Calender, as 'tis only to that Day (and not to the Doctrin of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance) that we owe that excellent Queen that now reigns, that Victorious General who always beat the French, and all our Future Hopes of True and Real Liberty (a).*

—— And by concluding his Restoration-Sermon, with only naming the Royal-Family and the Queen's Successors, without telling us whether he means a Protestant or Popish-Successor (for he that so often drinks the Pretender's Health, will always be suspected to mean him, when he don't

(a) See Dr. S——rel's Sermon preach'd May 29th, before the Honourable House of Commons.

name the Princess Sophia. Reader I say it again, *The Doctor has so lost the good Opinion of the People* (by this fallacious way of praying and preaching) that tho' he pleases us much, by talking many fine things of that *Glorious Peace* that the *French King* has been pleas'd to agree to (I can't say give us, as the *Victorious Marlborough* was within a short March of the *Gates of Paris*) and tho' he tickles our Fancies with a witty Complement to the *Duke of Marlborough*, in these Words [*And put a stop to that Deluge of Blood and Treasure, which has been so cruelly and profusely lavisht, even so profusely 'till he had almost brought the conquer'd and starving French to their last Shift*] but tho' (as I said before) the Doctor talks many fine things of the *glorious Peace*, and tickles our Fancies with calling the *Duke of Marlborough* a *cruel, profuse and lavish General*; and less cou'd scarce be expected from a *Jacobite Priest* that had drunk the *Pretender's Health*; but the Mischief is, the Doctor's Cloven Foot is easily seen in all this seeming Loyalty or *Fulsome Paint*, with which he rather besmears than illustrates our *Glorious Peace*, for (Reader) as glorious as you, or I, or another may think the Peace, yet 'tis acknowledg'd by all (but *Papists* and *Jacobites*) that it wou'd have added greatly to the Glory of this *Glorious Peace*, if the *Orthodox Dissenters* (and such I count all but the *Quakers*) had but join'd with our *High-Churchmen* in their Thanks for it, and therefore Dr. S——rel meerly *Chicanes*, in saying, “ *Our present glorious Peace exceeds all that ever these Nations were yet blest with when so rich, so pious and so vast a Body of Men as is the Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists and Low-Churchmen, han't yet return'd their Thanks to Her Majesty for it: But tho' the thoughtful Whigs han't yet thank Her Majesty for the glorious Peace, which (to use Dr. S——rel's Words) ‘ cou'd only have been accomplish'd, under God and the Queen, by such a faithful, wise and stiddy Ministry as now sit at Helm; yet common Charity obliges us, not to think 'em the less Loyal, that they han't yet join'd with the Hereditary Gentlemen in their Loyal Addresses, seeing 'tis generally thought, that all the Dissenters and Low-Churchmen design to join in one Loyal Address of Thanks, for the present Glorious Peace, but only deferr presenting of it, 'till the Emperour (for whose Sake the War was begun) can honourably sign the Peace, that so by seeing the Peace Universal, they may be the more hearty in their Thanks, both to God and Her Majesty, for that Glorious Peace that we now enjoy: so that 'tis a notorious F——sh--d for Dr. S——rel to say, that the present ‘ Administration has provok'd the Malice, Envy and Rage of the Whigs, when they don't deferr their Address of Thanks, out of any Disaffection to Her Majesty's Person or Government, but only as they dare not dissemble with either God or the Queen, in their Address to Her Majesty, or in their Thanks to God for a Glorious Peace. So that 'tis plain, Dr. S——rel is not only a leud, daring Jacobite, that will drink the Pretender's Health upon his Knees, but is a meer Faction's Priest, or Pulpit Incendiary, that to foment Divisions, declares Her Majesty's truly pious and conscientious Subjects, (the Dissen-*

ters and Low-Churchmen) are disaffected to Her, even in that very thing by which they hope (if possible) to express a most sincere Loyalty both to God and the Queen, and that (and not the pretended Loyalty of such as drink the Pretender's Health) is the only thing that can make the Peace truly glorious.

Reader, If thou art either a Papist or Jacobite (for as none but Gall'd Horses will wince, so I fear the Displeasure of no others) perhaps you may think I have been too severe upon Dr. S — rel, as he is the Arch-Jacobite of all England, and I was going to say of all France, (as some say the Doctor's Health is drunk not only by the Pretender, but by Lewis Le Grand himself.)

To this I answer, no Man in the World can have a greater Veneration for the Doctor's Function and Title, than my self, (having the Honour to be the Son, Grandson and Great Grandson to a Clergy-Man). But as the ingenious *Alfo* observes, "He that will plead the Privilege of the Sanctuary, must keep within the verge of it. I have heard of a Gentleman, that being prosecuted in the High Commission for striking a Reverend Clergyman, pleaded that Mr. *Parson* was not in his Canonical Habilitments, and therefore ought not to insist upon his Character, and Archbishop *Land* voted for the poor Man's Discharge, because it was but Lay-Battay to cudgel a Coat, which wou'd have been *Theomachy* upon a Cassock: I must borrow the same Plea, that the Reverend Doctor S — rel ought not to stand upon the Privilege of a Preacher, unless he had kept closer to his Commission, and preach'd nothing for Gospel, but what really was the Word of God; I own 'tis exceeding hard for the *Sacbeverallite Faction* (I mean Priests of a persecuting Principle) when they are mounting the Pulpit, to leave their *Pride and Passion and Bigottry* behind them, in their Studies, or in the Desk, for such as these, think a Sermon except a little larded with a Line or two of Bitterness (I mean some downright or at least squinting Reflections upon the Dissenters) will not please their High-Church-Auditory; but as Clergy-men of such a persecuting Spirit, deserve no more Tenderness than they shew to others, I resolve to give Dr. S — rel his true Character, for as I write nothing but what I'll prove, I don't doubt but that Plain-Dealing (or blunt Truth) I have kept to in the History I'me going to give of Dr. S — rel, will keep me above his Malice; for — *Veritas magna est, Et prevalebit* — If therefore Dr. S — rel (or any one else) is angry with me for speaking the Truth, I shall rather pity his Weakness, than ask his Pardon; for if I have expos'd and last his swearing, Drunkenness, Leudness, Injustice and Jacobite Principles, that is, if I have crossed his corrupted and depraved Nature, I have but wounded that which he ought to crucifie; neither shall I make any Apology for my often calling Dr. S — rel False and Impudent, when I am warranted in this Practice, by such a truly pious, and humble Divine as Mr. *Bisset*, who tells us in his Preface to what he calls, *A true Account of the Life, Actions and Endowments of the Famous Dr. S — l*, that nothing can be "too rough for such a mischievous Incendia-

ry, who has occasion'd the shedding of so much Blood, and th^e
 Loss of so many Thousands of Pounds to the Publick, and who
 is the most abusive to his Superiors, both by *Tongue* and *Pen*, that
 ever Man was; *Impudent!* yes (says the Reverend Mr. Bisset) a
 Man cannot but wonder at the strange *Impudence* of Dr. S——rel.
 Then can any Man be so weak, or full of good Manners, to a
leud, Jacobite Priest, to blame me for calling him *false* or *impudent*,
 when *false* and *impudent* are two Epithets rather too soft than too
 rough for a Priest that shall himself “ call a *Bishop* *impudent*, and
 “ to compare a *Bishop's Advice* to his *Clergy*, with the *Cant* of a *Whore*, is
 “ yet an higher *Proof* of his *Breeding* (a). It is well known how im-
 “ piously he carry'd himself in *Maudlin Colledge*, how disrespect-
 “ fully to the *President* in many Instances, how rude to the *Fellows*,
 “ and how he laid violent Hands upon one or two of the Mem-
 “ bers: How many Stories are there in that Place, of his insult-
 “ ing the *Vice-Chancellor*, and his quarelling with whole Houses?
 “ I think in my Conscience (says Mr. Bisset) he is the *proudest Priest*
 “ that ever the Church was pester'd with, since *Abius*. His *Insol-*
 “ *ence* [and I might add, *Impudence*] to the *Court of Aldermen*, is
 “ beyond all Example; upon a Motion made for *Thanks* and *print-*
 “ *ing*, a great Majority deny'd it, and most of his Friends said,
 “ *His Sermon was hot and foolish, and wou'd do them Mischief*. All
 “ this was but a Spur to the Doctor, he was so far from valuing
 “ the Opinion of the Aldermen, that he took the Press in *Defi-*
 “ *ance* of them, telling the World, that *his Discourse ventures to*
 “ *appear, in Contempt, &c.* Such insolent Language to the highest
 “ Court of the City, as was never yet us'd by any *Divine*, or any
 “ Man of what Rank soever. So that you see Reader (for even a
Layman) to call such a *Proud and Debaucht Priest* as Dr. S——rel,
false or *impudent*, is so far from being too rough or severe, that 'tis a
 Duty all Protestants owe to the Crown, the Church and their Country,
 in particular to the Princess Sophia, that she may know her Friends
 from her Enemies, I mean those that drink the Pretender's Health,
 and call the Hanover-Succession a Cursed Legacy, and such as con-
 stantly and sincerely pray for the Prosperity of that Illustrious Family, as
 they do for themselves. 'Tis true (as Mr. Bisset observes) 'tis doing
 Dr. S——rel too great an Honour, to imagine one in so low a Sphere
 and of so slender a Capacity, cou'd have been the Cause of the many great
 Alterations in the Publick (b); however, the Dr. having neither Brains
 nor Conscience, he is the fitter to be that Tool of a Party (which he
 was call'd at his Trial) and for that Reason (as Mr. Bisset observes)
 he is only us'd as a Piece of unthinking Touchwood, to give Fire, and
 raise a Combustion among the Beasts of the People (c); yet he has the
 Confidence to say, that If he be a Tool, he is a sharp Tool, for he has
 cut thro' Parliament, Ministry and All (d): Then sure 'tis but a just Re-

(a) Reader, see a Confirmation of this Charge [Of *Impudence*] in Mr. Bisset's *Modern Fanatick*, p. 28, 29.

(b) (c) (d) See Mr. Bisset's *Modern Fanatick*, p. 2.

retaliation that he that can boast of the *Divisions he has rais'd in England*, shou'd receive that Brand [of *Impudence*] he deserves for it, for there is no juster Law, saith *the Old Poet*, than that those who are the Authors of contriving a Mischief for others, fall into it themselves: *Haman was hang'd upon the same Gallows he prepar'd for Mordecai*, and the Story of *Phalaris's Bull*, invented for the Punishment of others, and serving afterwards for himself, is notorious in Heathen Story. Then considering the *base and impudent Wrongs* that Dr. S — rel has done, to the truly Loyal, (tho' Abandon'd) Whigs, I'm so far from being *rough and severe*, when I call him *false and Impudent*, that I may both by the Law of Honour and Justice, and by the Scripture Instance of Retaliation, publish *Sacheverel* against *Sacheverel*, I mean, may *fully and bluntly* refute his Sermon preach'd before the Parliament; and this is easily done, by only detecting — *The secret History of his leud and Jacobite Life*, (which I shall do in the following Pages) I confess Reader, the *Physick* I shall give the Doctor will be extream bitter, but *the Doctor is dangerously ILL*, and the Remedy must be something *violent* to be effectual; *Jacobitism* is intrench'd in the very Heart and Soul of him, which is an advantagious Post, and there's no coming to it in the ordinary Way, 'tis no battering the Out-works, nothing but *Bombs and Fireworks* will disposses it: But let my *Physick* work as it please, I'll prescribe nothing but what is proper, and what upon the least Notice from Dr. S — rel, I'll prove to be true, by as many Vouchers as has been formerly mention'd by Mr. Bisset (in his *Modern Fanatick*) and by Mr. De Foe (in his *Weekly-Review*) which can scarce be less than Two Hundred Witnesses.

Then, now *Plain-Dealing* make thy Appearance! for I shall here publish *Sach — ll* against *Sach — ll*, that is, I shall here detect the secret History of his Life and Actions, and this I shall do for no other End, but to prove that he does not only *drink the Pretender's Health*, and pray for the Confusion of Her present Majesty, (which by the Way is, a Sort of Confirmation of the Treason discover'd by the Popish Maid) but also to prove, that Dr. *Sach — ll's Jacobite Life*, in Private, refutes that *Loyalty* he pretends to in Publick. And this Paradox [*That Sach — ll refutes what he pretends to prove*] as strange as it looks will be fully prov'd by bare relating such Matter of Fact (with some few Additions and Alterations of my own) as I find 'em recorded by the truly pious and reverend Mr. *William Bisset*, in his Book intituled the *Modern Fanatick*, and the Memoirs I shall extract from it, to prove that the Doctor's *secret Life*, refutes his *publick Preaching*, (or in plainer Words, that his *Jacobite Practice* refute those Notions of Liberty, which he lately deliver'd before the Parliament) are these following, *viz.*

“ His Father's own Brother was bred a Presbyterian, and being
 “ in great Streights, came to his Nephew expecting some Relief
 “ from him, he told him *he did not know him*, its strange Sir said
 “ he, you shou'd not know your own Uncle? O! says he *is it you?*
 “ I'll

5: I own no Relation to any damn'd Presbyterian of you all, and to
 6: turn'd and went away from him in the most haughty Manner i-
 6: maginable. *Ay, but he stood up for the Church which atones for all,*
 6: I am even astonish'd at the Impudence of such Advocates of Satan.

(You see Reader, that Dr. Sach—ll's Impudence is so great and da-
 ring, that the pious Bissett is even astonish'd at it, which does further
 justify my so often calling him *false and impudent.*) "What is
 " Christ divided against himself? Is his Church built upon the Ru-
 " ins of all Charity and even Humanity. As to the main Points
 " now in Question, his Sentiments of the Revolution, the Reigu
 " of King *William*, and the present Government built thereon; Mr.
 " *Eberal* has made Affidavit, that Dr. Sach——ll said *That King*
 " *William* *deserv'd to be De-Witted, and that he hop'd he shou'd live to*
 " *see it: That other Saying of his is no less uncontestable, That he*
 " *cou'd forgive King William all that ever he did, but his curst Legacy*
 " *of the Hannover Succession.* —— It has been an usual Phrate
 " with him, to call a *Low-Church-man* or *Dissenter* a *damn'd Hanno-*
 " *verian.* —— A very grave Gentleman of a plentiful Estate,
 " whose Word I durst venture my Life upon, told me, *he knew*
 " *where he drank the Pretender's Health and was drub'd for it.* And
 " the whole Town rings of the Story of Mr. P——r Register of
 " the Prerogative Court at *Can——ry*, who assur'd Dr. Boyse,
 " that his Brother upon Discourse about Dr. Sach——ll said to
 " him, *that he had drank the Pretender's Health several Times with him*
 " *by the Name of James the Third.* —— *The Supplement to Faults*
 " *on both Sides*, acquaints us with a higher Strain of Loyalty, *His*
 " *Drinking the Pretender's Health on his Knees.* —— An En-
 " glish Gentleman was at *Brussells* about the Time of the Doctor's
 " preaching at *St. Paul's*, and the first News he heard of the Doc-
 " tor or his Sermon, was from the *Pope's Nuntio*, who ask'd him
 " in Conversation, *What News from England*, the Gentleman
 " answer'd, *I hear none; says the Nuntio, You have hear'd of the*
 " *Famous Doctor that preach'd in the great Church in London?* No Sir,
 " says the Gentleman, *I know nothing of the Matter; says the*
 " *Nuntio, he's a bold honest Man, he has preach'd up the Title of the*
 " *Chevalier St. George, and will stand by it; Sir said the Gentle-*
 " *man, that's impossible; I have it says he, by good Intelligence, and*
 " *before you get into England, you'l find the Matter work well, it will*
 " *in the end, bring in the King.* This (says Mr. Bissett) was told
 " to one of the Judges this last Circuit, before some Persons of
 " the highest Rank. —— As to his Affection to Her present
 Majesty, tho in his Sermon before the Honourable House of Com-
 mons, he calls the Queen, *the Favorite of Heaven, and the Darling of*
her People, and prays (in the Words of our Church) *that God wou'd*
protect and defend Her with the Royal Family, from all Treason and
Conspiracies, that upon Her and Her Successors the Crown may for ever
flourish; these are his own Words. " yet 'tis not long since this
 " very dutiful Subject, and true Son of the Church as he wou'd be
 " thought, was pleas'd to say upon a certain Occasion, *She's a*
 " *warren*

“ *Waxen Queen*. A Complement of the same Strain with that,
 “ pass’d on her at Ox——rd, where Loyalty now is so predomi-
 “ nant, where her Motto *Semper eadem*, was put in the Vane of a
 “ Weather-cock. But to return to our *Mudlin Doctor*, when he
 “ had made his Speech in *Westminster-Hall*, a Prelate on his Side
 “ spoke to a great Temporal Lord in Commendation of it; who
 “ answer’d, *he shou’d admire it too, if he did not know the Man*.

“ A certain eminent Lady, who had some Reason to know him,
 “ said, *I heard him with Horror*. And the Story of that other La-
 “ dy is in every ones Mouth, to whom he had shewn his Sermon
 “ before he preach’d it, and given her a Key to it; *This upon the*
 “ *Revolution, —— this upon King William, —— this upon the*
 “ *Ministry, —— this upon the Lord Tr——r, &c.* who upon
 “ hearing his *parades* cry’d out with Astonishment, *the greatest*
 “ *V—— under the Sun*. But the *Supplement to Faults on both*
 “ *Sides*, represents him worse yet, as making a *Jest* of all that he
 “ said at the Bar, in private Conversation.

“ Indeed whosoever after his most solemn *Protestations* and awful
 “ Appeals to the great God, and the supreme Tribunal, for his
 “ sincere Affection to the Revolution and Hannover Succession, and
 “ his Abhorrence of any *Reflexion* upon the Government, enough, as one
 “ well observes, to make an *Heathen Moralist* tremble; joyn’d with
 “ an Account lately given in Print, of one (as I remember a *ju-*
 “ *stice of Peace*) who took the *Abjuration* in open Court, and inter-
 “ mix’d by way of *Parentthesis*, turning aside to one who stood near
 “ him, *G——d d——n me if ever I keep this Oath, &c.* Whoso-
 “ ever I say, will for the future, lay any Stress upon the *Protesti-*
 “ *ons* and declarations, how solemn and numerous soever, which
 “ Men of that Party and Principle make, must be under the Power
 “ of *strong Delusions* to believe a Lie. Of which we have a remarka-
 “ ble Instance, in the (Pretended) Loyal Addressers in King James’s
 “ Reign, who tho they solemnly vow’d to stand by his Majesty
 “ with their Lives and Fortunes, yet when he stood in need of
 “ their Service, they were the very first Men that deserted him;
 “ but this deceiving of Princes, under the specious (and now *Fa-*
 “ *ctionable*) Cloak of *Passive Obedience* and *High-Church*) is in no Per-
 “ son so *absurd* as I find it in Dr, *Sach——ll*. For

“ The Fifth Charge I shall lay against him, is that of great *Pro-*
 “ *fane*s, (a) *Sanctified Villany*, concerning the Societies for *Refor-*
 “ *mation*: *So: as demurely as the chief Saint of ’em all*; is not this *vi-*
 “ *diculing* the Language of the Holy Ghost, if not *blaspheming*
 “ him? As if he cou’d and wou’d make Villany and Malice holy,
 “ (for ’tis his Office to sanctify) or intuse the Craft of the *Serpent*
 “ into *Saints*. But that’s a Sentence enough to strike any pious
 “ Soul with Horror [*Hypocrite is the main Perfection of the Saints*] (b)
 “ How profane an Expression is that [but can less be expected from

(a) *Darby Sermon.*

(b) *Sermon at St. Paul’s.*

“ a Priest that is charg’d with down right *Blasphemy*, for Mr. W——
 “ recommending Dr. *Sach——ll* to a Living in the Gift of a Lady,
 “ esteem’d for Wisdom and Piety, *O* she said the Lady, *do not name*
 “ *him he’s a sorry Wretch, he’ll go into the Kitchen among the Servants,*
 “ *and banter the Torments of Hell Fire before them.*” Here’s Doc-
 “ trine for a zealous Church-man, who (which shews his greater
 “ Hypocrisy) prays to God to deliver us from such inthralling
 “ and damnable Licentiousness, with which we can neither be good
 “ Christians nor good Subjects, neither faithful Servants to God
 “ or our Queen, our Church or our Country. (a)

“ The Sixth Charge I shall lay against him, is of most *unchristian*
 “ *Imprecations*. He was railing once in his usual Rancour against the
 “ Dissenters, and one ask’d what he wou’d have done with them as
 “ the Case now stands, there being such Numbers of them in the
 “ Nation? His Answer was, *Do with them, d——m ’em*. Nay du-
 “ ring his very Trial, when one wou’d think the awful Providence
 “ he was under shou’d have restrain’d him, how strong soever his
 “ Habits were (especially if as he declar’d in his Progress, he ex-
 “ pected nothing but Death, for which I am very sure he was so-
 “ rily provided) when any thing displeas’d him, *The D——l*
 “ *take ’em*; and once when his own Servant came to him about a
 “ Matter he did not care to hear, he said, *a Plague take you*.

“ A Seventh Article is *very foul Dealing*, and such as falls under
 “ his own Darling Term of Villany, for while he was Curate of
 “ C——k in St——shire, he had a Love Intreague with a young
 “ Gentlewoman, of a good Family and Fortune, (Mrs J——s
 “ of K——y) which he carry’d on with great Privacy, as ap-
 “ prehending the Resentment of her Parents, when he had entan-
 “ gled the young Gentlewoman’s Affections, he deserted her for a-
 “ nother Pursuit, she expostulated with him upon his *Inconstancy*
 “ and *Falshood*, he deny’d it with many Protestations, but at
 “ length she was fatally convinc’d of the Truth, *and lost her Senses*
 “ *upon it*: Her Parents not knowing the sad Occasion, broke open
 “ her Cabinet, and found the Copies of her own modest and af-
 “ fectionate Letters to him, and many of his Answers, *solemnly*
 “ *declaring his Love, and making dreadful Imprecations* if ever he for-
 “ sook her for any other Woman in the World. In short, this
 “ young Lady dy’d, and he surviv’d without shew of Repentance,
 “ and I am apt to think, that the Guilt of this horrid Crime
 “ has had that Effect upon him, that he has never since been calm
 “ and compos’d.” Sure no young Lady will ever again love a
 “ false *Jacobite Priest* for Dr. *Sach——ll*’s Sake, and much less wou’d
 “ that Old zealous Woman, who cry’d out, *she thank’d God she had seen*
 “ *Part of his Blessed Perriwig* (tho’ she cou’d not see his Face) have
 “ made such an *IDOL* of him, had she known what little Regard he
 “ had to his solemn Vows and most dreadful Imprecations.

(a) Sermon before the Parliament.

“ The

“ The Eighth Article discovers Dr. *Sach* —— *W's* great *Inmode-*
 “ *sty and Lewdness*. I shall pass by the Story of *F——y W——*,
 “ tho' I have it from honourable Hands, and his smuggling and
 “ towzing the Wench at his Inn at *Woodstock*, ('tis said he design'd
 “ something more, had she not been too strong for him) which
 “ tho' but a youthful Frolick, did not become the Gravity of a
 “ *Missionary in his solemn Progress*. *St. Paul* wou'd scarce have done
 “ it, when he went about confirming the Churches. I have ano-
 “ ther Account from *Southwark*, where at a Christning after Sup-
 “ per he stood up and said, he must ask the Question, *Whether*
 “ *there was not in the Company a Woman with Child?* while the Wo-
 “ men were smiling at one another, says he again, *I must know,*
 “ *for there's a Proverb in our Country, that when the Parson christens the*
 “ *Child, if none of the good Women are breeding, he forfeits his Breeches:*
 “ Now besides the great Indecency of such *Smut*, at so sacred an
 “ Ordinance, and the Rudeness to the Company, what a foul In-
 “ timation does it carry, as if every Parson were a *Belswager*. I
 “ have heard from one who liv'd some time with him in the same
 “ House, that he has affirm'd, *'tis no sin to lie with a single Woman,*
 “ *and no great one with a married.* —— If these things are true, as I
 “ have Reason sufficient to conclude, I'm afraid his long *Celibacy*
 “ is not the Effect of his *Continence*, but a *Dread of Confinement*;
 “ for *who* (say our *Libertines*) *wou'd be ty'd to a Tree that*
 “ *may range in a Wood.*

“ The *Ninth* Accusation of *Drunkeness* will scarce be deny'd by
 “ the most zealous of his Friends (if by himself) — He loves his
 “ *Church, his Friend and his Bottle*; the last I'm afraid, at another
 “ guise Rate than he did his *Mistress*, and 'tis not a small Matter
 “ will part them: I was assur'd by one, that he sat to it, at an Inn
 “ upon the Road, *from Nine at Night 'till Ten the next Morning*; and
 “ all the Town rings of his being *Low-Church* at *Sir F. W——r's*
 “ in *Oxfordshire*, that is, laid flat under the Table, which gave Oc-
 “ casion for that *Sarcasm, There lies the Pillar of our Church*; or as
 “ the *Hempman at Warwick, The Stay of the Nation.* —— Which brings
 “ me to the *Tenth* Article, *viz. of Gaming*, and that at a very im-
 “ proper Time, and attended with another heinous Sin in the Ac-
 “ count of the Reformers, but a *Pecadillo* with *High-Church* and
 “ *Papists, viz. The Profanation of the Lord's-Day*. One assur'd an in-
 “ timate Friend of mine, that he had play'd at Cards with him of-
 “ ten on a *Sunday*, and once as he was in the midst of his Game,
 “ the Clerk came to remind him of the Service he was upon,
 “ and ask'd him, *If it were not Time to get ready, for the People wou'd*
 “ *be quickly coming to Church?* Why you Fool, said he, *my Sermon is*
 “ *ready cut and dry'd.*

“ The *Eleventh* Accusation, with Respect to his Office, which he
 “ so much magnifies, and that is, *very great and unexcusable Unfaith-*
 “ *fulness*, and taking a Charge which he can never fulfil; (tho'
 “ he had more than enough to serve any reasonable single Man before,
 “ especially one who will own no Relation but where he pleases)

“ wou'd

" wou'd any one have imagin'd, that heard him express his Con-
 " cern at his *Trial*, as one of his sore Afflictions, *That he could not*
 " *perform his Duty to his Flock, over which the Holy Ghost had made him*
 " *Overseer*, that this zealous *Minister of the Gospel*, as he styles himself
 " (tho' he wou'd have call'd it *Canting* in another) wou'd the very
 " next Month take a large Parish, *with Cure of Souls, as far as Wales,*
 " where he cannot go, at most, above once a Year, and probably
 " will not above once in three, when he had *so vast a Parish upon his*
 " *Hands already*, and he cou'd preach to neither of them these three
 " Years; I'm sure he that wou'd take such a Charge, many Scores
 " of Miles from the Place of his Abode, *can never be in good Ear-*
 " *nest with God*, nor understand the Nature and Obligations of his
 " Function, *but values the Fleece more than the Flock.* Yet this is he
 " forsooth, that must teach *the Bishops* their Duty, and charge them
 " to perform it; that takes upon him *the Care of all the Churches,*
 " and has made himself *the Keeper of the Vineyards, but his own Vine-*
 " *yard has not kept*, nor to his Mortification, when he had been
 " tampering in so many Counties, cou'd carry the *Election* in his
 " own *Burrough*; from whence 'tis plain, what an awkward Tool
 " he is.

" The *Twelfth Charge* I shall exhibit against him is, of many noto-
 " rious *Falshoods both in Doctrine and Fact*; this and *Sedition* are the
 " Substance of the *Articles* brought against him and prov'd upon
 " him by *The Honourable House of Commons*: As to the perverting
 " the Scriptures, which is the worst of Falshoods, *The changing the*
 " *Truth of God into a Lie*, not one of his Council said a Syllable
 " in his Defence, but shifted off that Part upon him, who left it al-
 " so wholly untouch'd, under Pretence of reserving that Matter to
 " the *Supream Tribunal*, as if it belong'd not in the least to the
 " Cognisance of his Judges. The false Representation of the Pas-
 " sage about *Elisba*, I am willing to impute to Ignorance and dis-
 " use of the Bible, and his Council own he was mistaken in it,
 " (and therefore I shou'd not wonder, if a Priest of such weak *Intellectu-*
 " *als, shou'd get his Publick Speeches and Sermons made for him, as 'tis*
 " *generally thought they are*) but 'tis a Blunder for which a School-
 " Boy, I'm sure under my Master, wou'd have paid dear. That
 " King *William* disclaim'd all *Imputation of Resistance*, is also confess'd
 " by his Council to be false; and Sr. P—— K——-g has abun-
 " dantly prov'd him a foul Slanderer of Archbishop *Grindal*; but
 " the [*truly pious, learned and charitable*] Bishops of S——-m and
 " W——-r he has bely'd without measure; and he knows, as the
 " *Answerer* tells him to the Character of a *Low-Church Man*, that his
 " *consecrating Scotch-Cloth*, is a gross Untruth, and I shall add, is a
 " further Proof of his weak Understanding. And perhaps, from
 " his being so meanly furnish'd in his upper Room (except it be with
 " F——hood and Imp-dence) has arose that Saying, That Dr. S——-rel
 " has no Need to fear a Pillory or Death, for as to the first, he has no
 " Brains to lose (as indeed few of the *Jacobites* have) and as to the last,
 " what Fear can he have of a *Dissolution*, that has no Conscience to re-

mind him of *Hell-Flames*, or at least none but is kept quiet by Ignorance, or stifled (or rather *seer'd*) by a Mountain of Guilt; so that Dr. S——rel may truly say,

*Seeing aright, we see our Woes,
Then what avails it to have Eyes?
From Ignorance our Comfort flows,
The only wretched are the Wise.*

Now (Reader) after the Doctor has been prov'd guilty of so much *Pride, Blasphemy, Cursing, Swearing, Drunkenness, Lewdness, Sedition, Ignorance and Falshood, both in Doctrine and Fact*, to come and declare to an *Honourable and Loyal House of Commons*, that ——— *The Abandon'd Faction* (as he calls the Whigs) are ——— *Betrayers of their Sovereign* ——— *Tyrannical in Power, and seditious out of it* ——— *Enemies to true and real Liberty* ——— *Licentious both in Opinion and Practice* ——— *And are now carrying on a pernicious Conspiracy against the present Constitution in Church and State* ——— I say it again, For Dr. S——rel to charge the Whigs with these vile Crimes, after the Reverend Mr. Bisset, and other credible Witnesses, have prov'd him *notoriously* guilty of all of 'em, what is this, but to set S——rel against S——rel (to refute by his Practice, what he proves by his Sermons) or, in plainer Words, to prove this surprizing Paradox ——— *That his lewd and Jacobite Life in secret, gives the Lie to all those Notions of Liberty, that he lately deliver'd (Oh matchless Impudence) before the Honourable House of Commons* ——— 'Tis strange that the Ministers of the Gospel, shou'd thus, to the Scandal of Religion and Reproach of the Gown, turn *Libertines and Incendiaries*, and instead of instilling into the Peoples Minds, *The true Principles of Religion, Peace and Loyalty*, which has always been *the Glory and Character of the Church of England*, shou'd now be the Authors and Promoters of *Scandal, Sedition and Discord*. Do not all Men constrain'd by natural Conscience, at a dying Hour repent of hurting others, and ask Forgiveness of all the World; yet how much Time is there spent, that might be better employ'd for the Glory of God, than it is for *Party and Party to quarrel with one another, about who is in the right Way*.

And these Heats and Animosities (generally) have their first Rise from the Pulpit, (as is seen by the great Divisions Sac——ll has rais'd by his *False Brother*) and that, tho' the Preachers of the Gospel are the *Ambassadors of Peace*, and shou'd do all they can to heal our Differences; but instead of that, they do all they can to foment our Differences, and create Misunderstandings, when they charge the Dissenters, with carrying on a pernicious Conspiracy against the Government, and yet drink the Pretender's Health; when they abjure the Pretender, and pray for him all in a Breath; swear to the Queen, and pray for her Confusion at the same time; (as Mr. De Foe tells us the Doctor has often done) or to return to my Paradox, when the Jacobite Priests ——— *Refute what they pretend to prove* ——— (that is preach

preach up one thing, and live another) surely such *Pulpit Incendiaries* ought to answer it in a *Court of Justice*, and be proceeded against as *Disturbers of the publick Peace, and Enemies to their native Country*, 'tis by this Means that the Jacobites endeavour to steal away our Religion, and fill the Nation with Darknes and Blood, and therefore (as Mr. Bradbury observes (a)) "This calls us up to the Praises of God, who deliver'd us from the Stupidity of *Isachar*, and inspir'd us with the Temper of *Dan*, at our Revolution," which *Glorious Revolution* Dr. Sach——ll is so far from liking, that he prints HEREDITARY (b) in Capital Letters (to shew why he drinks the Pretender's Health) and calls the Hannover Succession a *curst Legacy*) from such *Holbourn Rectors* that carry Two Faces under one Hood, *Good Lord deliver us!* — For (as Mr. Bradbury further observes) "Fraud and Artifice, lurking Ways and lying Words, are as much below the Wisdom that will save a Nation, as they are against the Honesty that must save a Soul. Then what a *Jacobite Paradox* is Dr. Sach——ll, who not only banters the Torments of *Hell Fire*, (c) but is such a meer *Proteus* in Religion and Loyalty, that he can assume any Shape that will *Serve a Turn*, can look one Way and row another, or (to keep to my Paradox) *can refute what he pretends to prove*. But if a Jacobite Priest has so little Honour or Conscience, *as to seem what he is not*, the Sin and Scandal does wholly lie at his own Door; that so artificially Studies to deceive both God and Man; then let not the *Proteus Doctor* value himself upon the great Honour lately done him by the *House of Commons*, for the *Devil* might have ~~The~~ *Thanks of the House*, shou'd he appear like an Angel of Light, (as Dr. Sache——ll sometimes does) if they did not know him to be a *Devil*, without the least Reflection upon their Religion, Loyalty and Honour. That great and learned Man, Doctor Dee, in his Discourse of *Familiar Spirits*, tells his Reader, *that the Devil often appear'd to him like an Angel of Light*, and he took him to be so a great while; by which it plainly appears, the Devil never does so much Mischief, as when (like Dr. Sach——ll) he transforms himself into an *Angel of Light*, and Treason and Rebellion is never like to be so succesful, as when it is carry'd on in *Masquerade*, and cloaks it self under a Form of *Godliness* and *Zeal for the Church*; for all Men are naturally apt to think well of Persons of a strict Life and Conversation, or that are (seemingly) zealous and devout at Church: Who cou'd imagine, that heard Dr. Sach——ll pray earnestly for the *Queen, the Princess Sophia and the rest of the Royal Family*, that he shou'd drink the Pretender's Health on his Knees, pray for the Confusion of Her Majesty, and curse the Hannover Succession, when he knows his Company: But into what Shape (as I said be-

(a) In his most ingenious Sermon intituled the *Ass or the Serpent*.

(b) See Dr. Sach——ll's Sermon preach'd before the Parliament, May 29. where *Hereditary* is printed thus, HEREDITARY.

(c) See Mr. Bissett's *Modern Fanatick*. p. 26.

fore) won't a High-Church Hypocrite transform himself? For I'm able to prove (as loyally as some think Dr. Sach ——— pray'd and preach'd before the House of Commons) that he has not only pray'd for the Confusion of Her Majesty, but has often drank the Pretender's Health by the Name of *R. James the Third*, and what greater Treason can be utter'd against our rightful and most Glorious Queen, and yet all this Treason has been plotted by Dr. Sach ——— under the Disguise of an Angel of Light; so that 'tis not impossible, but a wise and loyal Parliament, might be impos'd on by such false Appearances, and such False Brethren, but tho' Dr. Sach ——— has deceiv'd a High-Church Parliament, (by pretending to be that Great **Loyalist** which he is not) yet he'l find it hard to put a Trick upon his own Conscience (if he has any) when it comes to awake on a Death-Bead, tho' to do Dr. Sach ——— Justice if any Man can hush an accusing and Guilty Conscience or deceive even the Devil himself, 'tis Dr. Sach ——— and as much as this shews him a *Master in Sophistry*: I'm sure no Man will doubt of its being true, that reads that **Black Catalogue of Vill-nies** that Mr. Bissett charges him with, in his Book intituled the *Modern Fanatick*. So that Dr. Sach ——— seems to be a *Nonsuch* in Vice, but more especially in Jacobitism and Lewd Principles; or if he has an Equal in these Two scandalous Sins, 'tis Mr. William Richardson (lately a Dissenting Minister, and now a Presbiter of the Church of England) ——— For first as to *Jacobitism*. ——— This *Preaching Weathercock* declares, "The late Glorious Revolution a Damnable Rebellion (a) and has pray'd God to bless the Pretender and the Church of Rome several Times, and if he prays so often and so heartily for the Pretender and the Church of Rome, I do'nt wonder he calls the late Glorious Revolution a *Damnable Rebellion*, (as it has deliver'd us from Popery and Slavery) however by these Treasonable Words, we see the Jacobite Priests Piss all in a Quill, for Richardson's declaring the late Glorious Revolution a *Damnable Rebellion*, and praying so heartily that God wou'd bless (i. e. prosper) the Pretender, is much the same Treason with Dr. Sach ———'s drinking the Pretender's Health on his Knees, ——— Praying for the Confusion of Her Majesty, ——— Calling a Dissenter or Low Church-man a damn'd Hannoverian, and the Hannover Succession a cursed Legacy. ——— The Glorious Revolution (as the Duke of Queensbury express it) "will be a perpetual Honour to the Memory of King William, while Religion and Liberty are in any Value;" And therefore I must take the Liberty to tell these two daring Jacobites, that the calling the late Revolution a *Damnable Rebellion*, is little less than Treason, not only as Her present Majesty was a Glorious Instrument in it, but as 'tis wholly owing to the Revolution, that we are now Subjects to the best of Queens. and 'tis to the same Revolution, that we owe all the joyful Hopes we have of a Protestant Successor. And therefore, 'till

(a) Reader, you'll find this largely attested in my Paradox intituled the *Preaching-Weathercock*,

Dr. Sach ——— ll and Mr. Richardson own ——— The late Revolution was no Rebellion, but highly justifiable by the Laws both of God and Man, ——— That Queen Anne is the rightfulest Queen that ever sat upon the Throne, as being the Choice both of God and the People, ——— And that the Princess Sophia, is the most rightful and undoubted Heir to the Imperial Crown of Great Britain. ——— I say, 'till our English Jacobites (and in particular, Dr. Sach ——— ll and Mr. Richardson) fairly own they will live and die by these Revolution Principles, I can't see (after all their great Boasts of their Loyalty) that they can clear themselves from being Traytors to Her present Majesty, and whoever reads either Mr. Bissett's *Modern Fanatick*, or my *Preaching Weather-cock*, will own they were ever Rebels to the King of Heaven; for as Dr. Sach ——— ll and Mr. Richardson are now Brothers in *Jacobitism*, so they were ever so in their Lewd Principles. 'Tis true there is no Faith in Sin, an Affinity in Vice is a Relation will never last; however Sach ——— ll and Richardson, are as nearly related in Brotherhood, as the imbibing the same lewd Principles can possibly make them, for does not the *Wise, Loyal and Pious Sach ——— ll* positively affirm, " 'Tis no great Sin to lie with a single Woman, and no great one with a marry'd," and the chaste Mr. Richardson lately said to a marry'd Woman (a) " She need not scruple to lie with him, for if she was in a State of Grace she'd certainly be sav'd, let her live as she pleas'd.

Now Reader, judge ye if Dr. Sach ——— ll and Mr. Richardson are not Two real Brothers in Iniquity, or as nearly related in lewd Principles as they are in *Perkenism*: 'Tis true I can't charge Dr. S ——— ll with any real Act of Adultry, for I'll say no ill or lewd thing of the present Rector of St. Andrews Holbourn, but what I'm able to prove, but if smutty Expressions, obscene Actions, and sayings 'tis no Sin to lie with a single Woman, be *Heart Adultery*, then I am able to prove Dr. Sach ——— ll as really a *Wh---Ma---ter*, as that notorious Adulterer Will Richardson, neither does the Dr. deny his *frugling and towzing the Wench at his Inn at Woodstock*, or ——— the something more that Mr. Bissett charges him with (had not the Wench been too strong for him) neither does the Dr. deny that lewd and fulsome Saying that he us'd at a Christning, of the Parsons forfeiting his *Beeches* if none of the good Women are with Child, which Saying (as Mr. Bissett observes) cannot be call'd whimsical, except for a Parson to be a *Town Bull* is a *Whimsy*, and therefore (to use Mr. Bissett's words) " Tho I dare not say he deserves to loose his Tongue or Hand for these smutty Expressions and obscene Actions," or for his lewdly and impudently encouraging Whoredom, by saying " 'Tis no Sin to lie with a single Woman, and no great one with a marry'd, yet I will say (as Mr. Bissett does) that " Such a Tongue and Hand, are not very fit for a Pulpit. " For if (as our Saviour speaks) He that looks upon a Woman to lust after her, has committed Adultery

(a) Mrs. H. ——— a Hatters Wife in *Shadwell*, noted for her eminent Piety.

with her in his Heart, then to be sure, he that attempts to debauch a married Woman, or lie with a Common Whore (as Mr. Richardson did) or smugles and Towzes and even forces a Woman into lewd Practices (for Mr Bissett tells us (*) Dr. Sach——ll design'd something more to the Wench at Woodstock, had she not been too strong for him) is as much an Adulterer in the Sight of God, as he that has lain with 500 Women.

An Italian visiting St. Paul's Church, and seeing it full of Horses, Now I perceive said he, that in England Men and Beasts serve God alike; Reader, wou'd not any one be tempted to think, what the Italian said was a Truth, that hears Dr. Sach——ll telling the House of Commons, Since we are call'd unto Liberty, we must not use our Liberty for an Occasion to the Flesh? (a) And that hears Mr. Bissett afterwards, proving that Dr. Sach——ll was so indulgent to the Sins of the Flesh himself, and so scandalous a Libertine, that he
 " wou'd swear Twenty Oaths in a Morning, —— Play at Cards
 " on a Sunday, —— use smutty Expressions and obscene Acti-
 " ons, smuggle and towze a Wench in private, and design some-
 " thing more when she isn't too strong for him, —— sit at a
 " Bottle at an Inn upon the Road, from Nine at Night 'till Ten
 " the next Morning, — drink 'till he was so Low Church, (i. e. 'till
 " he was laid so flat under the Table, or in plainer English, was
 " so Dead drunk) as gave Occasion for that Sarcaſm, There lies the
 " Pillar of our Church, or (as the Hempman at Warwick) the Stay of
 " the Nation. " (b)

But Reader, tho' Dr. Sach——ll in these and other scandalous Instances, (that I reserve 'till I can obtain the Honour of proving this Black Charge, either before Her Majesty, the House of Lords, or the new Parliament) is fairly prov'd such a Reprobate in Vertue, as will convince all but the Jacobites or such High-Church-men, as are as lewd as himself, that D. Sach——ll is (tho' not a profess) yet a Practical Atheist, for is it possible that he who administers those Two Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, (as Dr. Stoebe ——ll often does) and at the same time makes a Jest upon the Torments of Hell (c) and dares live in that Obscenity, Drunkenness, Profaning the Sabbath, or any other of those known Sins, that Mr. Bissett charges Sach——ll with, shou'd be any other than a harden'd Sinner (or Practical Atheist) and consequently Fitter (as the Lady Coker said of Dr. Sach——ll) to make a Player than a Clergy-man (d). And I suppose 'twas for that Reason, that the Reverend Mr. Whiston sent Honest Clements his Bookseller Word, that " If the rest of the Stories which pass of Dr. Sach——ll, can be

* In his Modern Fanatick, p. 28.

(a) See Dr. Sach——ll's Sermon preach'd before the Honourable House of Commons, May 29th, 1713. Pag. 17.

(b) See all this Black Charge fully prov'd by Mr. Bissett in the first and second Part of his Book intituled the Modern Fanatick.

(c) Ibid Part II. Pag. 20.

(d) Ibid. Pag. 20.