

THE  
 SECOND PART  
 OF THE  
**New Quebedo.**  
 OR, A FURTHER  
**VISION**  
 OF

*Charon's Passengers :*

WITH

Their Names, Qualities, and  
 Particular Crimes.

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*More Truth the Old Quebedo never spake,  
 For New Quebedo Dreams like one Awake.*

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T O T H E  
C R I T I C A L R E A D E R .

**S** Our Sir, a Word with you! If you bought the First Part of my *New Quebedo* to rail at it, I must (plainly) tell you, You are very bold to Trespass on a Page of mine; seek some Great Author, whose applauded Name makes you admire his Writings. 'Tis my Title Page you Censure, and not the *V I S I O N S*; if you Condemn me by that Rule, 'tis no legal Tryal. But *Sweet Sir*, is your wise Knowledge so Propheticke grown, that in an Authors Name you can read his Merit; Prithee Mommus either resolve to read me *Honestly*, with a true purpose to be just in Censure, or fairly leave me to my Candid Readers, (for such I meet with, as appears by the

## To the Critical Reader.

quick sale of the First Part) and they are chiefly those, whose Friends have been **L**ost by me. If this Second Part is as well received as the First, I shall perfect the **H**istory of **C**haron's Passengers, and hope in Five Parts, to Present the Reader with an exact Map of the Devils Court, of Purgatory, and of the Elisian Fields. This Second Part (like to the First) reflects only upon those that without a Miracle we are sure are **D**amn'd But as'tis a Satyr on particular Persons, 'twill doubtless have the same Courteous Treatment, for ther's no need of going so far as **S**cotland to learn that 'tis easier to **S**cratch, than to remove what **I**tches; or to make a **W**ound then Cure it: Thus proportionably Satyr has a much larger field than **P**anegyrick, and the ill nature of the World, generally gives more Scope in **D**ispraise; than in **C**ommendation.

An

## To the Critical Reader.

An Author may tell what Lyes he pleases in a Lampoon, and never be call'd to account for't, unless perhaps with a Cudgel now and then, if he pulls particular Persons by the Nose a little too hard; but the design of these VISIONS being to tax Corruption of Manners, in all Sorts and degrees of People I'm bound up (almost) as severely as if I was to write no more then I'd make Affidavit of; not so much as one poor flourish to be allow'd, (for ther's no jesting with mens Reputations) less or more than the Truth, and the whole Truth. With these disadvantages have Mercury and I adventur'd a Second time into Charons Pacquet-Boat; yet it boasts one Excellency sufficient to countervail all Difficulties, that like a good Face, it needs neither Paint nor Ornament; for if it Bites deep, that's the best Encomium to a  
Work

## To the Critical Reader.

Work of this Nature, and is enough to recommend it.

I shall not, with the Witty Critticks of the Age, affirm it is the Corruption of the Times we live in, makes Men more greedily run after Satyrs than any works of Religion and Piety; I have more Charitable thoughts for the Gentlemen of our Age; who' having Clear and enlightned Judgments, can never become culpable of such notorious defects, as to act things out of a Pure Principle of Corruption; 'tis rather Interest, and Ripeness of Wit, that Engages them to read Satyrs, as a Preparative to refresh and quicken that Appetite they naturally have to things more SOLID, which too much poring on wou'd otherwise Pall. For the Mind of Man is not Indefatigable, nor can it undergo a constant Employment in serious Mat-  
ters

ters; they too much clog the Brain,  
and there must be some **Divertise-**  
**ment** and Recreation, to recover that  
Strength, it lost by too great *Arsiduity*  
and Labour; else in Time all Gay-  
ety of Mind wou'd be Extinct, and  
the Soul become utterly Stupid.

Interpone tuis interdum Gaudia curis,

Said a Poet, who doubtless had by  
Experience found the convenience of  
Jocose Intervals.

But Reader I'll stop here, for what I  
bring thee is **News** from the other  
**World**, and I know you are in Pain till  
the **Pacquet's** open'd.

**The**



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THE  
SECOND PART,  
OF THE  
**NEW QUEVEDO,**  
OR, A FURTHER  
*Vision of CHARONS*  
PASSENGERS, &c.

*N. Quevedo.*—**R**ise, Mercury!  
*Rise!* Are not  
ye ashamed to Kennel and Snore in  
that **S**tar, 'till it Smells again of  
Drowfiness.

*Mercury*—Who's there? — Now  
*Quevedo*, Are not you a spiteful thing  
to disturb my Rest, when You have  
**B** taken

2      **The New Quevedo.**

taken yours? You are just Crept out of some **Private Cell**, where you have had no Jolting nor Disturbance, and come to perplex me; who am already *Topsy-Turvey* with the swift Motion of my **Erratick Mansion**, which moves at least a Thousand Miles a minute—If I am out in my Computation, tis because I'm scarce awake.

*N. Quevedo.* — When we parted last, we agreed for a further **Survey of Hell**; then arise Prating, and let's away to **Charons-Ferry**.

*Halo! Charon, Come and take this Fare.*

Now methoughts (in my Dream) *Mercury* and I were no sooner in **Charons-Ferry**, but (his Boat being empty) We sail'd invisible as a *Butter-fly in the Moon*; and so very swift, that in about six hours we crost *Acheron*: After an hours failing, Hey day! (*Cries Mercury*) What's the meaning of this? Yonders Materiality flying in the Air: What can be the Supporter?

*N. Quevedo.* — *Necromancy*, perhaps, or *Sorcery*, or *Witchcraft*: Come, shall



## The New Quevedo. 3

shall we put a Stop to't? I'm sure none of the Creation has any business there with *Tubs, Caldrons, &c.*

*Mercury.*— There's a *Colt*, and a *Calf* too: Perhaps they are the People of the *World in the Moon*, and are going to some Fair.

*N. Quevedo.*— What! Going to a Fair out of their Globes? No: Come, let's attack 'em; at the worst it can but be the Devil, and we are now going to visit him.

*Mercury.*— Right:— Let's look big, and speak boldly.— Stand, there: What Commission have ye in these Quarters—you— *Tub-man*? What! Have ye young ones with ye? Ye shan't wag an Ace further, till we know upon what Errand ye are posting.

*Witches.*— Why, ye *Ethereal Stragglers*: Are we bound to give you an Account?

*N. Quevedo.*— Ye must do't, or disoblige your *Hags*, to defend your selves.

*Witches.*— Don't prejudice our *Tubs*, and we'll tell whither we are Marching.

4      **The New Quevedo.**

*N. Quevedo.*— Say then.

*Witches.*—Into the *French King's* Cellar for two or three Hours, to treat our faithful Servants there, with every thing that's grateful to their Senses: and (*Fellow Travellers*) if ye will come along with us you'll see such Entertainment as you never saw before.

*N. Quevedo.*— No, — we'll have no Society with *Witches*; then Lady Hags jog on softly that ye don't Jade your **Couriers** before your Journey's end; or rather *make a Bonfire of your Tubs*, and laugh at the World below, who will view it in their Telescopes for a **Prodigious Comet**.

As soon as these *Witches* were troop'd off, we *made more Sail then before*, and Landed in **Pluto's Dominions** about Three in the After-noon. Our *Entrance into Hell*, was with a great deal of *State and Majesty*: For an infinite number of Devils made a **Guard** on both sides the Way to Receive us, and Saluted us with so much Civility as we passed along, that I began to think my self a **second Pope**, going in Procession to *Monte Cavallo*

*Cavallo*. I had scarce gone Ten Yards in Hell, but I saw coming towards me, a *Creature Exquisitely Handsome*, both for Face and Person, Tall, delicately shap'd, and set off with great advantages of Dress; she was made up, in fine, of Charms; and was a meer Chaos of needless Manufactures jumbled into the perfect figure of a Woman: I observ'd she had no small Authority amongst the *Actors of Plays and men of Quality*, which made me enquire after her Name: My name (said she) is *A. B-hn*; but had my Verse been as Serious as 'twas Obscen, I had never come to this *Damn'd Place*; yet I own, (continued this She-Wit) that the greatest part of those *Flaming Beaus* that you see in Hell, are of my sending; and when their Tormenters are out of the way, I serve only to aggravate and embitter their Misfortunes, for every Time they behold me, it put's 'em in mind of those *Inventions, and Artifices* I us'd to decoy'em, and I believe had I liv'd but a little longer Time, my *Plays and Beauty* had *Damn'd* half the *Beaus*.

Ah

6      **The New Quebedo.**

Ah (quoth she) I wou'd to God the first Inventer of Rhimes and Poetry were in my Place.

*Oh! This damn'd Trade of Versifying.*

So soon as she had done, I told her I was come from *London* to— from *London* (said she,) pray what news from Court? In what array did the Lady's appear last Ball? I am told my **Commode** is a Tire too low, and not as they adjust it at the French Court. Madam, said I, why do you complain of your **Plays** and your **Beauty**, when it appears (by your questions) that **Pride** has been your Damnation, and is become so natural to you, that you appear (even in Hell it self,) *A Moving Pyramid of Gayeties a Walking Toyshop, a speaking Gallimaffry of Ribbons, Laces, Silks and Jewels;* and are still that amorous vain prating Figure you were when you lay every Night with My Lord W—

Whil'st I was thus expostulating the case with **B-hn**. I heard a sudden noise rais'd behind me; at which, looking that way I saw *Ben. Johnson* standing in a corner ready to break  
his

his twatling-strings, he was so big with laughter, 'Tis a fine time of day, said he, with Women, *when fire can't burn their Pride, nor the Devil master it*; no (said the Devil we took for our Guide) nor never will; for I'm sure *B-hn.* has spent *five hours this Morning in Rigging and Carreening her self for publick appearance*; And I dare be bold to say, you may as soon reckon up the numerous Tackle of a Ship, as give the true *Nomenclature* of all the gaudy *Whim-Whams* she wears about her. You can scarce believe (continu'd our Guide) what pains this *little She-Lucifer* took to day, to mend the supposed Botchery of Nature in her Face; how she *hunted* after imaginary Faults in her Cheeks, to find Occasion for *Black Patches*; how she plac'd and displac'd 'em a *hundred times over, pursuing the least Spot and Freckle in her Skin to a thousand Dilemma's* with Wash, Paint, and Patch, 'till tir'd with the tedious Discipline of her Toilet, she sail'd forth of her Quarters, like a new lanch'd Vessel with *Pendants and Streamers flying*, and all her Female Tackle



## 8      *The New Quebedo.*

Tackle in order from the Top and Top-gallant to the *Humble Keel*, do but regard her Rigging above Deck, and you'd swear she carries *Bow Steeple* upon her head, or the Famous Tower of *Severus* in *Rome*, which was built with *seven Ranks* of Pillars one above another. Such a lofty *Gradation of Top knots*, if it proceeds, will befriend the Carpenters and Bricklayers, for your Gentry and Tradesmen in time will be forc'd to pull down their *low pitch'd Houses*, and take the *height of the Stories* in the next *Structure* from the elevated *Pageant* of *Trinkets* on their Wives and Daughters Heads, lest these fine *Trappings* should be *Kidnap'd* from their empty *Noddles* by an unmannerly brush of the *Sawey Cielings*. 'Twou'd make a Dog split his Halter, to hear the learned *Cant* between the *Mistress* and the *Maid*, (alias *waiting Devil*) when about the Important *Affair* of adjusting her *Ladyships Array* in a Morning; you'd swear they were *Conjuring*, they sputter out such a *confus'd Jargon* of hard  
Words



Words, such a *Hotch Potch* of Mongrel Gibberish: Bring me my *Palisade* there, quoth Madam: You'd think she were going to Encamp. Will it not be convenient to attack your *Flandan* first, says the Waiter? More Anger yet? still Military Terms? Let me see, says Madam where's my *Cornet*? Pray ca-  
re this Favourite: So, so, good Words; now there's some hopes of Peace, till the blustering *Frital* and *Burgoigon* are cal'd for, and then the old Caterwawling begins again.

There's a Clack of *Settees*, *Passes*, *Monte-la-hauts*, *Crotches*, and other Trinkums, wou'd make a Man sus-  
pect they were raising the Devil: At last comes the *Sur-ls-font*, and then *B-hit* is compleatly harness'd.

Here her Accuser made a Digression, at the sight of a Troop of Females that were walking by.

These, said he, belong to the Inferiour Class of Top knots, they are but one *Story* high yet. Do but follow 'em and you'll discover by the working of their Heads and Tongues, that another is a *Brooding*.

We took his Counsel, and keeping at  
C some

*some distance, observ'd their Discourse.*

My very Soul was full of Anguish to see so many pretty Women in Hell, but they still continued to *vindicate* their *Pride* and *Vanity*. (The Humour sticks close sure, or the Fire would have fetch'd it out) : I wonder said one of these **Top-knot Sinners**, why the Men should make such a noise about the Innocent Arts we use to win their Affections. They pretend to love us, and yet confine us to a *Dress* wou'd make 'em hate us. Whatsoever is not so Gay and Polite in the World, is despis'd and trampled on : We had reason to hold up our Heads, and to *deck our selves* with all the Ornaments that might create Respect in that *Wild Race*. Why should not an English *Commode* be as allowable as the *Persian Tiara*, or the *Roman Septizonium* were of old ? Away with this *Servile Restraint* : We did well to appear like Amazons and defie the Devils and I still resolve to be in the Mode, tho it should

put

put me to the charge of a Negro Devil to support the *Monumental Umbrella* on my Head

Just as I was going to answer this Female Impertinence, all their **Capital Bin Cracks** were caught off from their heads by two unmannerly Devils, (their constant Tormentors.) So we left *B-hn*, and her Haughty Sisters raving like so many *Furies*. From hence, we pass'd to another place much larger, and *Compass'd with Walls of fire* so high, that I thought it impossible to enter. As soon as we were got into it we found it to be *the Round-House of the Damn'd*, for we found no body in it but Scolds: It had a *Strong Guard of Devils* about it, and all the *Avenues* so Stop'd and fortified, that scarce an open cranny was to be discovered, yet all would not serve, but that the *noise and Clamour* resounded throughout the whole *concave of Hell*; and no Hall, though never so remote, but was tormented with the dreadful clack of these Peoples tongues, and counted it the very greatest of all the torments they endured.

Nay indeed the very Devils themselves were terrified at it; for when I made a motion of seeing these *Penthesilea's* that made all this rout and noise, our Guide started, and cried out, *Hast thou then, Quevedo,* (Said he) *so much Courage to venture thy self amongst these Virago's, whom the Devils themselves tremble at? It being a Question left yet undecided by all the Philosophy of Hell, whether they torment us more, or we them?* But I thought I might venture the *Fire of their tongues*, and so I told him; He at length unwilling to have me go away dissatisfied, consented to comply with my Curiosity: And having first caused a very small Gate, but strongly bar'd, to be open'd, and after that a second, he brought us to an *Iron Portcullis* (for farther he durst not go himself) through which we might see with convenience, this *Billings-gate Rabble*: No sooner had we clap't our Faces to the *Portcullis* to look in upon them, but the whole Rout got as thick as they could stand about it, and sputtering at us like *Cats*: Out

you



you damn'd Tatterdemalion Rogues (cries one) d'ee come here to brave us? You Son of a splay-footed Bitch (cries another) d'ee think to make a scorn and a jeer of your Betters? I'de have you to know, you Rogue, that my Father was as honest a Tubman as ever was in Hell, and came in his time to be Sexton of his Parish; and d'ee think I'll be fleer'd at by such a Pinch-gut Rogue as thou art? Away, away, you mangy Raskals, (cries a third) Your Mother was a Hopper-ars'd Bitch, you Raskal (cries the fourth.) You're the Son of a Life-Guard-Man, says the fifth. In short all their Clappers went, and made such a horrid noise and din, and uttered such extravagant and uncouth Curses and Reproaches, that I now began to wish my self in any part of Hell but this: Which our Guide perceiving, we were just upon returning out, when Moll Q-rles a tall rampant Jade, with fire in her A-se, and thunder in her Tongue, made her way into the throng, swaggering at one of her Old Cullies that had Pox'd two of her Plyers; roaring out louder-

der than forty peals of Ordnance.

The Scolds in the Round-House, perceiving this, cry'd out, Rejoyce, you damn'd Whores, rejoyce; we will now domineer over all the Devils in Hell: For Moll Q-rles her self is coming to be our Leader.

What Moll? (quoth several to her at once.) Why, you bald — Bitches, quoth she, do you not know Moll Q-rles that sniveling wither-fac'd Bawd in Holbourn, whose Clapper is hung so by Geometry, that it sounds in her very sleep? Do but see how the very naming her makes those cowardly dastardly Devils sneak away. And it was very true, that no sooner did the Devils hear the name of Moll, but they turned as pale as the fire of Hell would let them, and made what haste they could out, withal dispatching away a Messenger with advice to Lucifer, to send immediately ten Legions of Devils to secure the avenues, lest in this excess of joy, for having such a Leader as Moll Q-rles, they should attempt an Insurrection in his Empire.

And



And certainly the Devils had reason to be thus afraid, for there's no storm worser than that of a womans tongue; and the best defence against it, is the getting out of the reach of it: But methinks the Companions of Satan should have either Policy or Power enough to stop those Vixons mouths, but it can't be effected; they use all the Arts and Engines imaginable; there are Cucking-stools, Gags, Spurs, and Helms, and what not? yet all to little Purpose. But Quiles being such a Famous Procurefs, as to be known to most of the Cullie's in London: I'll leave her with this Character, She's a first Rate Band, but if you take her to Peices you'll find her little else than Paint and Plaiſter. — To begin with her Head: She is beholden to the Pencil for her Eye-Brows, and Complexion. And upon the whole matter, she is but an Old Picture refresh'd. But the Wonder is, to see a Picture with Life, and Motion; unless perchance she has got the Conjurers; Receipt, that made himself  
Young

*Young again in his Glass-Bottle. For all that you see of her that's Good, comes from Distil'd Waters, Essences, Powders, and the like; and to see the Washing of her Face wou'd fright the Devil. And now ye Cullies of London, What do you think of your ador'd Moll, or have your Eyes betray'd ye? Well, well; confess your Error and mend it: And know that (without more Descant upon your rotten Procuress)'tis the study of most of the Sex to lead Silly Men Captives. I could recommend you here to other Remedies against Whoring, inseparable from the Fair Sex; but what I have said already, I hope, will be sufficient.*

We pass'd from the **Scolds** to another Room, much larger, and compass'd with Walls of Fire; in this Place was a great many Dutch Women set upon Stoves, until they were so smoak't, that a Jew would not touch 'em for fear of Westphalia-Hams. I left this place (which was somewhat too hot for me) for one much more Delightful, wherein were several rows of Trees set in Quincuncial order

order, which made very pleasant Walks, and in one thing it was extraordinary, and cut out all the Walks, in the World; for instead of Singing Birds, the Boughs were loaden with *whole Flocks of Cupids*, who sung a thousand times better than *Syrens*, or *Eunuchs*, and made the Air as pleasing to the Ear, as it was with the richest Perfumes to the Nostrills.

This is (cries *Mercury*) the most doleful place of all Hell for yonder *Oxonian* is tormented beyond any thing you can expect; *Cupid* and *Death* both together shot their Arrows; and his very imagination is wounded with the Indelible *Idea* of his Charming Lalage; for whose Body *He hath prayed more earnestly, then he ever did for her Soul*: See how suddenly he is upon his knees, invoking his tutelar Angel, to be kind to him. *Cr—ch* seeing of *Mercury*, thought it had been his Mistress, and thus Salutes him.

*Cr—ch* — Oh! The Charms of the Petticoat! — Methinks, Dear Saint, I'm already got within the Influence  
D of

of that Command, *Increase and Multiply.*

How? Doctor said *Mercury*, is this your way of *Wcoing*? where's your *Billet-Deuxes*, your Vows and Dying?

*Cr—ch*— Hold, no more of that Non-sensical Cant; 'tis all but an honest way of *Fornication* at a distance.

*Mercury* — Fye, fye, is this your *Doctrinal part of Courtship*: The World would think this a strange Name for their *Tendernesses*.

*Cr—ch*. — Let 'em think as they please; but if I love a *Woman*, 'tis no more in other terms, than *I would sleep with her*; so that squeezing Hands grasping Knees, kissing, hugging, &c. are *Intant-Offers* on both sides at *something else*; 'tis the extremity of these *Desires* that sheds the Blood of *Rivals*; prompts to *Suicide*, and made me hang my self in a *Garret* for *Lalage*, when her *Relations* all the while believ'd it to be pure *Love*, *Innocent Gratitude* *harmless Esteem*, *refin'd Friendship*.

Not considering that true *Friendship* increases by the multitude of *Rivals*, (*Rivals!* which were my *Ruine*.)  
and

and that no Man was ever angry with his Neighbour for loving his Wives Soul; you'll find no *Jills* nor *Bullies* in Hell, for Love, no *Affronts* taken at the *Encomiums* of a Womans Mind, no desperation for want of an Union of Souls.

I was troubled to hear a *Man of his Coat*, to talk at this loose rate, but 'twas his way of talking in *Oxford* and it cou'd not be thought that Hell should refine *His Morals*.

However I was very desirous to view him again (*because they say that People in Love are very devout*). But he vanish't in a Flame of Fire, and left us to pursue our Search.

When we went from *Cr——ch*, we pass'd by the *Bedlam* of the *Usurers*, for they are accounted a kind of *Mad People*, who oppress others and pinch themselves, only to Hoard up that Gold, they have not the Heart to enjoy (like a Dog in a Wheel, they only toyl to roast Meat for others eating.)

We thought this *Bedlam* of the *Usurers* was no Place to stay in, there was such a fulsome stink, and so



we struck off upon the *Left Hand*, where we saw an Antient Man tearing his Hair, and beating his Breast, with bitter sighs, and cries and on his Forehead was Writ.

*This is Father Sparges  
That dy'd to save Charges.*

This is the Man (said our Guide,) that *Damn'd himself to Enrich his Children*, Fool that I am, Cry'd *Sparges!* the greatest Penitent that ever liv'd never suffer'd the Mortification I have endur'd; I have scarce had a Shooe to my Foot, and fasted three times a Week, and all this to get Money for my Son *Thomas*, and my Daughter *Peg*, starving my self in the conclusion, rather then I wou'd lessen the Riches I had got for them. And yet notwithstanding this my Fatherly care, I was scarce sooner dead, than forgotten, and my two Children buryed me without a *Tear*; and indeed without so much as paying of *Legacies*, or *Praying* for my Soul; as if they had already  
receiv'd



receiv'd certain Intelligence of my *Damnation*. And to aggravate my Sorrows, my Son Tom is now *consuming* that *Estate* in *Whoring* and *Drunkennes*, which I had been scraping together for many Years, and for which I suffer at this Instant the flames of *Hell*. This should have been thought on before (cry'd *Mercury*,) for sure you have heard of the Old saying, *Happy is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil*. At which word *Father Sparges*, brake out into such a *Rage*, I was no longer able to endure the Sight.

Having left *Father Sparges*, we had not gone very far, but we found our selves in a place which we took to be the *Arsenal of Hell*, because multitudes of Devils wrought here continually, to Invent and frame new Instruments to chastize and punish the Souls of them that were within; whom they plagued and tormented with so much spleen, and so little sence of pity, that it was enough to strike terror into half the World.

At first I thought this might be  
the

the Hell of *Judas*, and those that crucified *Christ*; not imagining any others cou'd possibly deserve such severe Torments. But having ask't one of the Devils that wrought upon one of those Machines of Torment, he fell a mocking and flouting at me: What dost tell me of *Judas*, said he; these here are *Physicians, Apothecaries, Surgeons, Poysoners, Murderers Hang-men*, and such like sort of people; again'st whom we are bound to use our utmost Art, Industry and Malice, *to revenge the just wrongs they have done us.* What wrongs? said I, methinks you rather owe an Obligation to those sort of People, since they imploy both their labour, and cunning to unpeople the World, that they may people Hell. This is fine indeed, said he, *that Quevedo should come hither to give Lessons to the Devil, and teach him his Trade.* We are not angry that these Slaughter-men of the World imploy their time to destroy men; but we're mightily griev'd they should destroy them before their time;

time; for'tis most certain, that *Physitians* with their *Receipts*, *Apothecaries* with their *Drugs*, *Surgeons* with their *Blood-letting* *Poysoners* with their *Venom*, *Murderers* with their *Treasons*, and *Hang-Men* with their *Ropes* and *Hatchets*, destroy more in one day than we know how to tempt in a whole year. You would think it hard to believe that **Dr. Saffold**, who stands yonder Cursing, and Raving at his **Beard**, **Try, Judge**, was more able to kill a Body then fifty Devils to gain a Soul. But the sum of the matter is, we would have Men live longer, that the number of their sins may be increased, and so the quality of their Torments they are to suffer in Hell be proportioned; but we must be subject to the Wills of *Physitians* and *Apothecaries*, &c .who have got such a knack of killing people, they won't spare Children in their very Cradles.

Being now in the *Physitians Quarters*, I enquir'd for *Dr. M—ton* for (*M—ton* being a *Physitian* and a *Turn-coat*, too) I did not doubt but  
 to

to find him in Hell; and there come came up to me *A Tall Chuff, with a sower look, in a Velvet Coat fac'd with Taffata, with a Brazile Staff in his hand;* when I saw it was *M—ton* well? Dr. (said I,) what think you now of your *Leaving the Gospel to study Hippocrates*: I own (said *M—ton*,) I leap't from the Pulpit scarce worth a groat, and got an Estate in a few years. But *Oh!* that I had been a *Tinker* rather than a *Physitian*: However that I may warn others, *lest they also come into this place of Torment*; I shall now confess (Ay, said a Devil that over heard him, and you're justly *Damn'd* for't,) that the *whole Practice of Physick*, is built upon no other Foundation than *Fallacious Experiments*, and the slender *Credulity* of the *Diseas'd*; there is generally more danger in the *Physitian and Physick*, than in the *Disease*; hence it is, that generally *Men seek for help from Death, he being the best Physitian*. To say the truth (continued the Dr. *We*) *Physicians* are the most quarelsome, envious,

vious, Lying Persons in the world, for so we quarrel one among another, that there is not a Physician to be found, who shall approve one Remedy prescrib'd by another, without *Exception, Addition, or Alteration*, whence it is become a Proverb, *The Envy and Discord of Physicians*: For what one approves, the other laughs at; and when there are innumerable things, which singly, might be advantageous, the Physician only jumbles those together which Chance and Fortune offer to his memory. So that the whole Practice of Physick is only a Piece of *fortune-Telling*; and to be Exploded and censured, (for you see I am damn'd for't,) as an *Act of Murther and Witchcraft*. As I was talking to *Mason*: Look! said the Devil our Guide: Yonder stands *P — T* the Apothecary, who is damn'd for those Medicines by which his Patients try'd to be Sav'd; and rather (continued the Devil) then his *Surviving Brethren* will want Patients, they'l blame

E Nature



Nature for framing all they converse with, that they may form 'em anew by Art. Your Right London Apothecary out of a little puddle water, a Bundle of rotten sticks, a Box of Caterpillars, nay out of Toads, Snakes, and a T—D it self will fetch you Gold ready Minted 'Tis true the Title of their Box's contain Remedies; but the Boxes themselves Poyson, for when they themselves will be at no loss, they compel their Patients to purchase their Deaths, at great prices, while they causing them to take *one thing for another*, or mixing some old rotten Drugs whose vertues are quite lost, they many times give 'em a *Deadly Drink* instead of a Restorative Potion: I might also mention (*Continued the Devil, who had tempted 'em to all this,*) their prodigious Compositions, their Mixtures of many External Simples, which while they jumble together, thinking to make one Medicament agreeing with all Constitutions, they effect nothing; and which further shews *their little respect*



*spect to the Bodies of Men; often use Humane Fat, and Flesh of men Embalmed in Spices which they call Mummy. Ye call 'em Apothecaries, (continued the same Devil,) but instead of that, pray call 'em Murderers, and their Shops Slaughter-Houses: For are not their Purges, and Vomits, as certain Death as Sword and Pistol, and a Practising Apothecary as dangerous a thing as a dose of Poyson. One of M—tons Patients hearing me rail at him, thinking to aggravate the matter, stept out of a Bed of Flames, and wringing his hands, spake as follows, 'Let my Wife dye of the Pip, or 'the Mother; (not a halfpenny matter which) but let her first live 'long enough to blast M—tons Fame 'and teize his Estate, for Poysoning 'her poor Husband. To speak sincerely, I can never forgive that Dog- 'Leech. Was it not enough to 'make me Sick, when I was well, 'without making me Dead when I 'was Sick? And not to rest there 'neither, but to persecute me in my*

'Grave too. But to say the truth,  
 this is only *Neighbour's fare*; for all  
 'those fools that trust in them, are  
 'serv'd with the same sawce. A  
 'Vomit, or a Purge is as good a  
 'Pass-port into *the other World*, as a  
 'man would wish. And then when  
 'our Heads are laid, 'tis never to  
 'be endured, the *Scandals* they cast  
 'upon our *Bodies*, and *Memories*!  
 'Heaven rest his Soul (cries one) He  
 'kill'd himself with a *Debauch*. How  
 'is't possible (says another) to cure a  
 'man that keeps no *Diet*? He was a  
 'Mad-man; (cries a Third) a meer  
 'Sot, and would not be govern'd by his  
 'Physitian. His Body was as Rotten  
 'as a Pear: he had as many *Diseases*  
 'as a Horse; And it was not in  
 'the Power of Man to save him. And  
 'truly 'twas well that his *hour* was  
 'come, for he had better a great deal  
 'dye well, then live as he did. Thieves  
 'and Murtherers that ye are; *Tom*  
 'your selves are that *hour* ye talk of.  
 'The *Physitian* is only *Death* in a  
 'Disguise, and brings his Patients  
 'hour along with him. Cruel People! Is  
 it

‘it not enough to take away a man’s  
 ‘life ; and like *Common Hang-men* to  
 ‘be paid for’t when ye have done :  
 ‘But you must blast the *Honour* too,  
 ‘of those you have dispatch’t, to ex-  
 ‘cuse your *Ignorance*.

Then again there’s your *Sur-  
 geons*, their operation is manifest,  
 and their Remedies certain, they  
 say they can cure all External Disea-  
 ses of the Body, (but continued  
 our Guide) the Damnation of these  
 is as just as of the *Doctors and  
 Potheccaries*, for was not *Archagatus*  
 (who is yonder roaring in Hell,)  
 the first Surgeon that ever was, Pub-  
 lickly named the *Wound-maker*, and af-  
 terward the Name was changed into  
*Hangman* or Executioner ? At length  
 they despised the whole Art and  
 forbid it. *Chyrurgery* therefore, is no  
 less famous for Faction, among  
 great Authors, and the Authority of  
 Great Men, than Infamous for it’s great  
 Cruelty and Nastiness of it’s Practi-  
 tioners. But as little conscience as  
 there is among’t the *Doctors and  
 Surgeons*, &c. Yet said the De-

vil (our Guide) there be some of 'em we could *never Temp't to a base thing*: I was very desirous to know their Names, (for I was amaz'd to hear of Pious men among'st *Doctors, and Surgeons,*) and he told me they were *Dr. T—lis Dr. Sl—re Dr. Gib—n Dr. Ham—ton Dr. R—lfe Mr. Cr—w Mr. Chap—n Mr. Fos—r Mr. Stan—n and Mr. W—ly.* Consider then, (continued the Devil, who made these Discoverie's.) Whether we have not reason to envy the fortune of these Slaughterers of Mankind, we are all Destined to the same Function; the *Devils* to destroy the *Souls,* and *Physitians, Apothecaries, and Surgeons,* the *Bodies*; and we who kill the *Soul,* which is the noblest part of man, get nothing for our pains, (*which wou'd make a Saint mad, much more a Devil;*) whilst these destroyers are paid what they please for killing the *Body.*

Passing from hence, we espied a very spacious fabrick, of so vast an extent, that the eye of  
man

man was scarce able to fathome it: It was encompassed with a mighty Wall; and within were *several Halls*, which seemed as if they had been on purpose built for places of Judicature: and the continual bawling, noise, and clamour that we heard in them, confirmed me in an opinion that it was *the great Tribunal of Hell*, and the place where *Lucifer* kept his Courts, and that which further confirm'd me in this opinion was, I perceived the **Ink** where with, they wrote was the *Blood of Conjurers*: They had no **Paper** but all things are engrossed in **Parchment**, and that Parchment was made of *Scriver's Skinns flayed off, after they had been punished for Forgery*: their **Standishes** were the *Sculs of Usurers*: their **Penns**, the *Bones of unconscionable Brokers, and hard hearted Creditors, that have made Dice of other mens Bones, or else of perjured Executors and blind Overseers, that have eaten up Widdows and Orphans to the bare bones; and* those



those Penns are made on purpose without *Rebs*, because they may cast Ink but slowly, in mockery of those, who in their life time were slow in yeilding drops of pity.

'Twas here, *Harlots* had *Procefs* sued upon them, and were Condemned to *Howling*, to *Rottenness*, and *Heaven* to *Stench*. No Acts of (a) Parliament that have passed the Upper-house cou'd be broken, but here the breach was punished, and that severely, and suddenly: For here they stood upon no *Demurres*, no *Audita Querela*, cou'd here be gotten, no *Writs of Errors* to reverse *Judgment*: here was no flying to a *Court of Chancery* for Relief, yet every one that came hither was serv'd with a *Subpcena*: yet they deal altogether in this Place upon the *Habeas Corpus*, upon the *Capias*, upon the *Ne exeat Regnum*, upon *Rebellion*, upon heavy *Fines* (but no *Recoveries*), upon *Writs of Outlawry*, to attach the body for ever, and last of all upon *Executions* after *Judgment*, which being served upon a man is his everlasting

*lasting undoing.* Such were the customes and Proceedings in that Spacious Fa-  
brick: and therefore as *I* laid before,  
I could not but think it to be the  
*Great Tribunal* of Hell, and yet  
to be more certain I asked *the Devil, our*  
*Guide*; who very courteously infor-  
med me, that I was only mistaken  
in guessing it *Lucifer's Courts* of  
Justice; and that I was much de-  
ceived in grounding my conceit it  
might be so, upon the continual  
brawling and scolding I heard there:  
For that *Processes in Hell* were made  
without any noise or clamour at  
all, for they judging there, of  
nothing but matter of fact,  
of which mens Consciences were  
as a thousand tacit Witnessles a-  
gainst them, they needed no *Pleas,*  
*Writs of Errors* or *Demurrer in the*  
*Case.* I was very desirous to go  
and see them nearer; and if it were  
possible, get in: But we were no  
sooner entered the Wall, but we  
were accosted by five Gentlemen in  
*Threadbare Cloaks, and Greasie Hats;*  
My Guide told me they were E-  
vidence

vidence H—rd Ger—ld the Irish Man, Good—gh, Lee, and Burton, that Monster, that Swore against Mrs. Gaunt: These all, or most of them, had their Ears pared to their very heads, and their tongues swoln, with red hot Irons that had been thrust through them; and yet (*their Drudgery of Swearing being not yet over*) they could not forbear following their old Trade: for coming to me one by one, and stily pulling me by the Cloak; Sir, says he, let me but see your Deeds, I can testifie as much of the truth of them as any man living; or shew me the Man you'd hang; and I, will find two or three, (who never saw him) shall **Swear** him out of his life. I presently knew these to be a sort of Rakehells, called *Knights of the Post*; and having no Employment for them, I passed forward into one of the greatest Halls where there was a great many *Seats of Justice*, and many crowds of *Lawyers*, *Attorneys*, and other such *Caterpillars*, stretching their Throats not with  
Law-

Law Cales, but with the most hideous cries, and doleful Lamentations that ever were heard.

Methoughts in my Dream, the Corrupt Judges, (who were *Tressilian; Belknap, and Sc—gs,*) were mounted upon Seats of red-hot, Iron, and in flaming Robes, their Caps, and Coats full of burning Oyl; and on each side of them stood two Devils, who grasping each one of their hands, strove to thrust hot pieces of Gold into them; which they greedily snatch'd at, but the fierce heat of the Metal was such, that it *made way through their fists,* and put them to miserable torment; yet they cried not out at it, but made strange and hideous Grimaces, and nodded as if they had been asleep; and no sooner was one Bribe gone, but they reached out their hands for another.

I thought this a Punishment very proportionable to the Corruptions they had practised upon Earth; and that as they used there to sell Justice for Bribes, so they should

now be Tantaliz'd, and forced to receive Bribes, which they could not hold.—Thus were punished the Corrupt Judges, and the Punishments of the Lawyers were various, according to their several Functions: the *Counsellors and Advocates*, who were *Saw—r Han—n*, *Or—ber* kept a horrid roaring for something to cool their tongues, and made great intercession to the Devils to procure it, they were from time to time promised fine cooling Julips; but in the end were forced to swallow down whole pots full of *Flaming Brimstone*, and this was done, in recompence of their having so often told their Clients that they had a fair Cause, egging them on, only to get more Fees, when they knew their business of it self would ruine them, and leave them to rot in a Goal.

Nay they'd perswade to a **Law Suit**, if a Hen did but scrape in a Neighbours Orchard. These three Lawyers (said a Devil that knew 'em of old,) are troubled with *the heat*  
*of*



of the Liver, which makes the palms of their hands so hot, that they cannot be cool'd, unless they be rub'd with the Oyl of Angels: But the poor man that gives but his bare Fee, or perhaps pleads in *Forma Pauperis*, hunteth for Hares with a Taber, and gropeth in the dark to find a Needle in a Bottle of Hay: Tush (said the same Devil) these Lawyers have such dilatorie and foreign Pleas, such Dormers, such Quibs and Quidities, that beggering their Clients, they purchase to themselves whole Lordships: And yet they think much to be damn'd after all their Riches. I told our Guide, I was sorry to hear such things of the Gentlemen of the Long Robe. To which he replied, My Brother Devil does not inveigh against Law, nor honest Lawyers, (for there be some well qualified) but against extorting Amboc'exters that wing the Poor.

The Attornies and Proctors; (who were Bruer-n, Ger—y, R—nce, were in whole shoals set in Pillories, for forging Writs, Wills, Deeds

Deeds, and conveyances; and it was once upon debate, to engage *them and the Taylors in a War together*, being so equally armed; for *their Bills were much of a length*.

The *Sollicitors*, (who were *Mil—t B——son D——cer* being a kind of troublesome intermeddling fellows, were kickt from one Company to another, and got a share in every ones torment.—The *Apparitors*, and *Serjeants* who were *F——cher P——ble Fev——n* and other such Cattle, were some of them shaved with Urine and Ordure; others thrown down into *houses of Ease-ment*; others pumpt with scalding water, but of so abominable a scent, that I was scarce able to endure it: and it was a wonder to see how spiteful even the *Lawyers* were to these Fellows, though they could not tell how to be without them. I no sooner perceived *Fev——n* (he being the *Serjeant* that arrested me for a Debt was none of my own,) but I protested if he step'd one foot toward me, I would make him  
eat

eat a piece of my Rapiet; But what is the reason, said *Mercury*, there is such mortal hatred betwixt you and *Fev—n*, O *Mercury*, said I? do but search him, and I warrant you the Knave hath *Precept upon Precept to Arrest me*. Oh! this Reprobate is the Usurers executioner to bring Honest men to *Limbo*, you see him a fat Knave with a red Face: let but a *Cormorant* (alias Usurer) give him a Fee to Arrest a Gentleman and he will be as eager to catch him, as a *Dog to take a Bear by the Ears* and when he hath laid hold upon him, he useth him as courteously: as a *Butchers Curr* would do an *Ox Check when he is hungry*: If he see the Gentleman hath money in his purse, then straight with Cap and Knee he carries him to the Spunginghouse, and bids him send for some of his Friends to Bail him: But first he covenants to have some Angels for his Pains, and besides he calls in for Wine as greedily as if the Knaves Mother had been *Broach't against a Hoghead when he*  
was

was begotten: but suppose the Gentleman wants Pence, he will either have a pawn or else drag him to the Counter without respect to manhood or honesty. But I should tire you *Mercury* to display all his villanies: therefore briefly let this suffice, his tall Carcase was fram'd by the Devil, of the rotten Carrion of a Wolf, and his Soul of a Usurers damned Ghost, turn'd out of Hell, into his Body; neither did I let him come nearer me than the length of my Rapier would suffer him. But I told *Mercury* I could not be easie till *Fev—n* was Bound and Shackled: So I tip't the wink to a *Serjeant Devil* who rap't him up in Flames, and haul'd him away (just as he was wont to haul *Moneyless Debtors, to the Poultry Counter*) into a place all on fire, round about which was Devils in the form of Satyrs, One of them put flaming Spurs upon his heels; another blew into his Ears the hissing of Serpents; one perfum'd him with Brimstone and *Assa-fetida*; another gave him Venom and Poyson

son to eat; and every one of them in some manner or other, torment-ed *Fer—n*. I thought this was a just reward for his former Cruelties; But seeing him thus *Be-Devil'd*, I could not forbear but pity his Case. But that which affected me most of all was, to see about *half a dozen* of Devils, who had got one single fellow up in a corner, and were tossing him in a Blanket, and kicking, pinching, and spurning, him in an extraordinary manner, and much different from all the rest.

I ran to look on *reuer hand*, and had the curiosity to enquire why they used him more despitefully than all the rest: To which one of the Devils very readily repli'd, You must know, Friend, that this was one of the most sottish Raskals living, begot between a Jew and a Dutch *Vrouw-ken*; who has only crept in amongst the Lawyers by meer chance, and got to be an *out-lier* to the *Innes of Court*, only to pick up so much Law, as might set his Kindred and Relations together by the

G Ears,



*Ears*; and therefore we are only giving him a little chastisement, and then turning him out to follow his old Trade of Swearing and Lying, which will procure him so many beatings, that the Devils need not be put to any further trouble to torment him. I thereupon looked more attentively upon him, and by a cast of his eye, soon knew him to be (Jack — Rye) of Fitter-Lane. the same man they had describ'd; the Devils plying their work, gave him two or three swinging tosses, which made him so loose in the hits; that he cast forth such a stink, I was no longer able to endure it. Leaving Rye in this Shitten Pickle, we went next to the foot of a Hill like that of *Vesuvius* in the Kingdom of *Naples*; our feet were parched with the hot scalding Sands, and therefore we made haste to the top of it, which gave us a prospect of most of the Regions of Hell; we could see at a distance, and in dusky Vallies, some Cities built like those in *Africa*

‘*frica*; so that every house seemed  
 ‘a burning Prison: Then sandy and  
 ‘black Desarts, and Wilderneses  
 ‘over-run with Scorpions, and Ser-  
 ‘pents.: Beyond them a mighty O-  
 ‘cean of *Salt Peter*, which roared  
 ‘and belched continual Flames, as  
 ‘if Thunder and Lightning had been  
 ‘turned topsie-turvy; on the other  
 ‘hand lay a deep and profound  
 ‘Valley, like a Sea of Darknes,  
 ‘which was bounded with exceed-  
 ‘ing high Mountains, vomiting  
 ‘Flames of different colours, which  
 ‘gave no certain Light. The whole  
 ‘*Horizon* was perpetually moistned  
 ‘with a Burning pricking Dew, as  
 ‘if the Firmament had sweat with  
 ‘heat. I presently concluded that  
 it is a great deal worse to be sent  
 ‘to this Place than to be transport-  
 ed to the *Barbadoes*; and yet I was  
 resolved to pass over it, if possible;  
 with that I began to descend the  
 Hill, but our Guide stopt us, and told  
 us that our haste had like to have  
 hindred us of the sight of some  
 thing very remarkable. See you

not said he yonder Gallows on your left hand? He that is hanging upon it is *Captain Vratz*: How said I, *Captain Vratz*! It can never be, for *Vratz*; dyed assuring the Ordinary that *God would save him as he was a Gentleman*? Ay, Sir, (said our Guide, we know he said so: But for that Blasphemy he is made a Spectacle to all the Damn'd.

Leaving this dismal sight, our Guide beckned to us to follow him; and so we did, through a dark Alley, which led to a little Brazen Gate, through which, after we had descended eight or ten steps, we entred into a large Vault, where I espied a Table, as I thought, covered with a *Crimson Carpet*, distain'd with black Scorpions, Spiders, and Toads, and set out with six dim Tapers; by the light I then perceived the Arch of the Vault to be Enameld with the Devil's hand writing, which contained the names of *Woodhouse*, *Blagrove*, *Lamb*, *Faustus* and other Conjurers, done