

done with the flame of a candle: At some distance from the Table were seated in strange Habits, and with cloudy looks, several *Modern Devil-Mongers*, who came to assist at the blackest Ceremonies *that were in Hell*. They were no sooner over, but we were by a By-way, which I shall not find another time, brought into a wide place, which was sultry hot: The entrance gave us a strange and unusual Prospect; no Labyrinth more intricate, like *Nero's Hundred Chambers* at *Bajæ*; there were several By-ways which led into the several divisions of Hell; but before I came to any particular one of them, I perceived our Guide, violently hurried away, and carried before a *grave Person*, who sat in a Chair, and suffered none to pass, before he had examined them. I was forced very near him, but with a good will, for I was desirous to understand his employment. I immediately perceiv'd him to be a *Father Confessor*: For
as

as soon as I got to him, he ask't me several questions concerning the course of my life, and began to upbraid me for being a *Hugonot*.

The next that came to Confession was *H——et* a young Woman, with whom he was at the old sport of *Questions and Comands, Crambo and Cross-Purposes*, which were so lascivious and impertinent, that the Woman, though formerly an Impudent Whore, was more asham'd than afraid to answer him.

The next that came to Confession were a number of strait Lasses in *White Vailes, and barefoot*, who for some Misdemeanor, best known to themselves, and their Confessors, willingly underwent this severe Discipline: One of them whose nome was *Willet*, fate down and began to rub her feet with *the Palm of her hand*, and looking up, as if at her Devotion, made me imagine that they had a peculiar Predominant Saint for every
very

very part of the Body, as the Man in the *Almanack* has a Constellation or Sign in the *Zodiac*; and therefore I drew nearer to her, to hear *what Saint belonged to the Foot*; but she was at the old Exorcism of *Out Nettle in Dock*. I would willingly have heard a little more but that I was afraid. You are (cry'd *Charon* who was just arriv'd with a new Fare.) more afraid than hurt, go nearer she is *the Tamest Creature in the World, Modest Fool*, (continued *Charon*) the very naming her in Publick will make her go near to *blush her self to Death*, young pretty Innocence—**How it looks!**—She appears in Hell, in such Confusion, as a poor Wretch at fifteen that comes to Swear a Rape upon a Man.— And indeed, I thought this *Nun* one of the most beautiful *Nymphs* that ever I had seen; I began to take Courage, for a *Storck* would have turn'd *Champion* himself to have relieved so comly a *Virgin* from such undecent restraint; and therefore coming

ming close to the Flaming Grate,
 Pray, Madam, said I, what is the Reason that you (whose looks discover such a World of Innocence) should thus, like a Cut-Throat, reserved for extraordinary tortures be securely confin'd? *I hope, Sir,* Reply'd she, you will think my Innocence *the Occasion of it,* when you shall know that I have suffered as close Imprisonment from my Childhood; than which, there is no worse in Nature; and I assure you that *the next thing to Hell is a Nunne-ry;* and therefore I wonder not at the Protestant Ladies, who are so Zealous against Popery, which lays such unkind Obligations upon us. But, Madam, said I, *why do you find fault with what you so solemnly made choice of?* Indeed, Sir, reply'd she, my free Will was not then come of Age, and so would any Physician in the World say, who knows as well as the Pope, for all his **Infallibility.** Pray, said I, let me see some Works, *which for all your Torments in this Place, you*
 have

have curiously wrought, to your great commendation. Because, Sir, says she, you are a Modest Gentleman, I will shew you the best we have: With that she fetch't a **Halter**: Look you here, Sir, said she, This is most excellent Work and very strong. I perceive, Madam, said I, that ye are very kind to your Confessors, for they sometimes in England wear them for your sakes.

A Bell that rung gave us notice, that we should hasten out of this place: Just at our going out, we heard these words, in a sweet tunable Voice,

*For what greater Plague can on
Women be laid,*

*Than to live a young Virgin, and
dye an old Maid?*

This young Lady, sure (said Mercury,) has been in the Cage a great while, for she sings well: She would sing a great deal better (repli'd our Guide) if she were
H out.

out. But, pray Sir, (said our Guide,) do not stay here, for if my Lady Abbess (whom *Charon* brought hither yesterday,) shou'd catch you *alone*, she has cruel long Nails, and will scratch your eyes out.

He would have gone on, but that a slender tall thing, like a Devil in a Hopfack, came behind him, and almost 'frighted him out of his Wits.

But I perceived* it was only a *Man wrap'd up in Blankets*, from whose Mouth and Nose, (the only visible parts about him,) came these words:

*'All ye that pass by, take pity
'on me: I could not well understand
'his meaning, but my Guide telling
'me 'twas Whitney, the famous
Robber, I drew nearer to him, and
perceived that he was loaden with
'a great Trunk, which with the heat
'and burthen did infinitely perplex
'him; he look't like an old Officer
'of the Goths and Vandals; there
'was nothing regular about him but
'his Hat, which was a Duodeca-
'drum, and no ill Model of the
'Fortifications*

‘Fortifications of *Mantua*. In the name of the Pope said I, (for I heard that he dy’d a *Papist*) what art thou? Who, said he? *why I am Capt. Whitney, whose body is now rotting in Clearkenwell but not having the fear of the Pope before mine eyes, feloniously and Jesuitically did take, steal, and carry away this Cargo of Relicks at the Plunder of a Religious House in Lancashire, Well, said I, let me see them if there be any thing considerable, I will be the Chapman; with that he readily gave me a sight of them. Here is, said he, a Bowl of Curds and Cream made of the Milk of St. Luke’s Cow: Here is Julius Caesar’s Nut-croom: Here are Shoes in which St. Ignatius went bare foot to Jerusalem; here is the Os Sacrum, of one of the 11000 Virgins. Those are all common, said I. Are they so, reply’d he, Well then, here is half a pound of the Chaos, (and then he look’d big.) This said I, is but indifferent. No, Sir, said he, pray, Sir, have a little patience. Finally, here is the Horshoe of the*

Horse, that begot the Mare, that Foal'd the Foal, that was the Horse, that brought the Man, that saw the Man, that saw our Lady of Loretto's Chapel fly from Judea into Italy.

Whitney finding we had no mind to his stolen Relicks, ask'd us agen to take pity of him, I told him I never heard he deserv'd any, and was sorry to hear of his bilking *Charon*, (by slipping the Halter for three days;) but Whitney said I, rest your self content for a while; and if ever the *Universal order of things* come to my disposal, you shall not be forgotten; for I hear the *Jacobites* design to **New Model** the World, and to change the whole Frame of Government, and then shall a different Character be put upon the transactions of these times, and what is now *Vice*, shall then be *Vertue*; the whole Body of Religion shall be transformed, and Heaven it self shall have a new Hypothesis, but *Mr. Whitney* till this happens 'tis a folly to ask for pity, for you were a *Theif and Murderer,*
almost

almost from your Cradle; so that (were there a worse Punishment) I should think Damnation to good for you! To good for me, said Whitney why, what would you have me do? Money we have none, and without it there's no living: Should we stay till it were brought, or come alone? How would ye have a poor Individuum Vagum to live? that has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend, to maintain him: and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a Tavern or a Bawdy-House, or a Gaming Ordinary? Now, that's the Man that Providence has appointed to live by his Wits. But perhaps you'd say 'tis a base thing to rob a House, or abuse the Bed of a Friend.

'But, 'Pray Sir, had we 'not' better do it there where the House is open to us, the Master and Lady kind, and the occasion 'fair and easie; than to run a 'Catter-mawling into a Family where every 'Servant in the House is a Spy, and perhaps a Fellow behind every Door in 'the House with a Dagger, or Pistol
'in

'in his hand to entertain' us.

Leaving *Whitney*, (too late) lamenting his wicked Life, we saw coming to us *A Tall lean Man*, quaintly attir'd in Velvet, and Sattin, with a Cloak of Cloath rash, and a Musling Cravet as smoothly set, and he as neatly dress'd, as if he had been a Bridegroom: Only I guess'd by his pace a far off, he should be a Taylor: *His Head was Holden up so Pert*, and his Legs shackle ham'd, as if his knees had been laced to his Thighs with Points. coming nearer to him, I found 'Twas *N——le*, the Famous Projector; being sure 'twas he, I cry'd out, Haloo? *Brother Projector!* what prospect have you of your discoveries in these black Regions, are they like to succeed or not?

N——le. I'm upon the Wings of an Imaginative Faculty; and am fancying my 'self in pursuit of a new Lottery tho Sir; (added he,) to confess the truth I have not yet effected my promise of
 Recruiting

Recruiting the *Exhausted* Stores of *Nature* about thunder and Lightning:

N. Quevedo. What? I'll warrant you 'tis some Project to Hood-wink the Devils, that you might 'scape out of Hell.

N-le. The Notions fresh and coming; and methinks I see a Legion of Devils to stand as my Slaves.

N. Quevedo. Then you'll forget me Attendance and Ceremonies will prejudice your Eyes from looking upon your old Friends: In short you'll be moulded into a new Nature.

N-le. 'Tis a weakness to design before *Projectors*; and the surest way that can be found out to be supplanted; therefore I desire to be excus'd, farther than to tell you in general Terms: I am offering Proposals to the Register of Fate, for a Regulation of the Solstices: I know no reason the Sun should not be call'd to an account, as well 'as *Projectors*, for being idle twice a Year, when the inconveniences

niences of his loytring are so destructive to the whole Frame of Nature, by burning up its *radical moisture* on one side and suffering the other five to lye imprison'd in the *Chains of Frost and Darkness*, without the least demerit.

N. Quevedo, Indeed this has not yet been consider'd; but won't it disoblige the Computation of the *Astrolo-gick Souls*.

N—le, Particular Interests must not come in competition with a general Good: But admit such a small inconvenience; I can quickly redress that.

Archimedes over-hearing those words, repli'd — Nay then you'll encroach upon my *Studies*; for I have been drawing a Scheme of the *Regulation of Time*. Which I'll present to *Lucifer*, that he may know how long he's to Reign.

N. Quevedo. Pray where does your Calculation begin?

Archimedes, From the very Minute that the Deluge began; which, as I take it, was about
Seven

Seven a Clock it'h, Morning, from
the Creation of Souls 2193 Years,
6 days 3⁹/₁₀ Minutes.

N. Quebedo, You pretend to
great exactness.

Archimedes, 'Tis necessary; or I
had chang'd Winter for Summer
before now.

N. Quebedo, Well, and have
you any thing else to promote?

Archimedes, Nothing at present,
but to secure my self from being
trick'd out of my Project, till I
am certain of my Reward.

Having parted with these Idle Project-
ors, o'th suddain I was *Frighted out*
of my sober thoughts, with a whole
Volley of Oaths, fired like a Blun-
derbus upon **Coal—Selling and**
Poetry, 'Twas *Dick A—es* who lea-
ving his Trade, **Rhin'd** for Bread;
at length the thing appear'd, that
that made all the noise; I at first
cou'd not *Imagine* what 'twas; it
look'd like a *Coal half out*, red in the
middle, and cover'd with *white Ashes* on
both sides on't, away the thing Reel'd
to t' other side of his Quarters; then
I (being

(being **S**wingingly Pox't) between
 tumbld and Sat down upon a de-
 crepit Joynt Stool, (some of the
Best Furniture Author's Lodgings us'd
to be provided with,) and after
 having breath'd a while longer,
 which I cou'd compare to nothing
 but the **T**winkling of a Coal
 just before it goes out, fell a
Swearing agen so loud, I began to
 fear he'd fright the Devils; or blow
 us up; He began, after *Disimbo-*
guing some mouthfulls more of
 Oaths, to speak a few words without
 'em, and now and then, some
Witty, enough, wou'd drop from
 him, but so lewd, so fulsomely,
 nauseously, wicked, that I cou'd
 not hear 'em; — Leaving this
Young Bake, we saw three Devils
 following *W—ner H—ck R—sel,*
 and other Cooks, and breaking
 their Heads as they pass'd along,
 with Pot-Hooks, and Ladles: Alas!
 cry'd *R—sel,* that was yet in a
 whole Skin, it is hard, that Whore-
 dom should be laid to our charge,
 that never had to do with Strump-
 , pets.

pets, Bold Nasty fellows, (said our Guide,) *Who has deserv'd Hell, if they have not?* How many Hundred Men have these Fellows poyson'd, with the *Grease* of their *Heads*; and *Tails*, instead of *Mutton-Sewet*? with *Spot-Pies* for *Marrow*? and *Flies* for *Currants*? How many *Stomachs* have they turn'd into *Laystals* with the *Dogs-flesh*, *Horse-flesh*, and other *Carrion* that they have put into them? And do these *Cocks* complain of their sufferings: Leave your roaring, ye *Whelps*, (said our Guide) and know that the *Flames* you endure is nothing to that of your *Jaylors*.

And for your part (says he, to me with a Grim look) because you are a stranger, you may get you gone for a *Spye*; but we have a *Quarrel* with these *Greasy Cocks*.

I went next, down a pair of stairs into a huge *Vault*, where I saw *Whitebread* and two *Jesuits* burning in unquenchable *Fire*; and one of them Roaring, Cry'd out I never *Persecuted* Man, Woman,

nor sucking Babe, nor never Excommunicated any Man, then why am I punish'd thus! I durst have sworn this man had been Dr. P^o—fold, but going nearer to him, to see if he had a Long Robe, I found him to be Francis the Jesuit, that murdered Dangerfield: Francis calling to mind, that I was the Person that seiz'd him in *Holbourn*, and lent him to *Newgate*; began to call me *Heretick Dog*, but at length growing something friendly, we passed together through an *Antichamber* into a stately **Combination Room**, which was filled with no better Company; for although they sate with Countenances so demure, as if their hearts had been busied with the best thoughts that can enrich the Soul of Man; yet when I perceived the Furniture of the Table, which was *Bell, Book and Candle*; and among them *Campion, Stayley, Pickering, and Coleman*; I no longer doubted their concerns; nor needed I; for in that instant *Ireland* stood up; and said

said I know not whether we *Jesuits* have been more successful in smothering or undertaking after discovery, or admirable in the contrivance of them; yet in this last design upon *Godfrey*, we shall engage as many testimonies against us, as in all the Practices against *Queen Elizabeth*, and *King James*. At the end of the sentence, all the *Jesuits* unanimously stood up: And laying their hands on their Breasts, did in most solemn manner renew their Vowes of Fidelity and Secrecy.

I began to look upon them with some esteem, thinking that Men of their Parts and Learning, would not be so solemnly engaged upon trivial accounts, or be rashly concerned in a business to which they had no fundamental Right. And therefore turning to *Ireland*, *Father* (said I) *It seemeth strange to me that these Men, who are born the Subjects of different Princes, between whom there have lately happened mortal, and bloody Wars,*
and

and between whose Parents and Relations there has always been a different Humour and National Antipathy, I say, 'tis strange to me that these Men should so heartily, and unanimously agree in the same Opinions and Practises. Pray tell me, Is Zeal or Interest the Cement of this *Society*? Truly, Sir, reply'd *Ireland*: These two things put together, make the most accomplish'd *Jesuit*; for you must understand, that the Novices are brought up under such strict Rules of Obedience to their Superiors, that 'tis no wonder that they can so easily forget Father, and Mother, and their duty to their Prince and Country.

We went down a pair of back-stairs into a stately Cloyster, which led directly to a Chapel Extraordinarily adorned with rich Plate, lively Hangings, and something resembling the *Jesuits Church* at *Paris*; but I took especial notice of the Effigies of several Persons, who in all History do seem to me

as

ill Villains as any that are mentioned in the vast Catalogue of Mankind, and might as ill become such a place as *Judas*, there were the Portraitures of *Clement*, *Ravillac*, *Green*, *Berry*, and *Hill*, and of several other Assassins, whom success in their designs had made as Infamous, as their punishments remarkable: But here their Memories seem'd ed somewhat more pretious, for they were mounted above the rest, and Crowned by Devils, with Wreaths of Fire. Over-against them were the resemblances of those unfortunate Princes, who fell by their wicked hands, but were more rudely used by the Painters. Whilst I was viewing them, my Ears were as much surprized with a consort of *Flutes*, *Tabor*s, loud *Bagpipes*, and such sorts of Oriental Musick, as use to set the *Turks* and *Tartars* together by the Ears: I expected some bloody Masquerade, such as the Jesuits do now a days oblige the World with; but I was mistaken; for there entred between

Francis

Francis and me, a Fellow most terribly Grim and Stern: Truly I was a little fearful at the first, and my hair stood up to complement his; he had a Stiletto in his right hand, and the Mass in his left; so that I shun'd him, and drawing towards *Ireland*, Father (said I,) it seems strange to me, that this Fellow, being possessed, and coming hither to be exorcis'd, should be suffered to bear such a Weapon in his hand. Oh Sir! (reply'd *Francis*) you mistake the business, this Fellow comes not hither to have one Devill taken from him, but to have several Legions put into him; the Jesuits are now entering this man, and with more subtile Arguments than ever the old Serpent invent- ed, do prompt him to Sin against the Light of Nature, without any Motives to real, or seeming Good: he is now instructed to destroy the Person of a great King, without any hopes of escaping the punishment due to such a Villany.

At those words of *Ireland's*,
they

they all retreated, and in the Rear of them appeared Hill the *Printer*, whom when Francis saw, he crossed himself three or four times, and turning to us, 'There' goes a Turncoat, cries he, that has so far out-done the Devil, that he hath been often about renouncing his old Name, (*Nick*) for that of *Hill*.

Leaving the *Consult of Jesuits* we knew not how, the next thing we saw was, a knot of *Wizards &c.* amongst whom there stood *Will Sanders*, that had studied *Palmistry*. He took all the *Damn'd by the Hands*, one after another: 'One he told that it was as plain as the teeth in his head, that he was to go to Hell, for he perceiv'd it by the *Mount of Saturn*. You (said Sanders, to another) have been a great Fornicator. 'I see that by the *Mount of Venus* here, and by her *Girdle*; and in short, every Man's Destiny he read in his *Fist*.—— After him came *Gassendus*, Creeping on his Knees, with a pair of *Compasses* in his Hand, his *Maps*, and *Globes* about him

'him; His *Jacob's Staffe* before him;
 'and his *Eyes* upon the *Planets*, as
 if he were taking a height, or
 'making an *Observation*. When *Gas-*
sendus, had gazed a while, up he
 'starts of a sudden, and wringing
 'his Hands, *alas!* (says he) *What*
 '*an unlucky Bastard was I!* If I had
 '*come into the World, but one half*
 '*quarter of an hour sooner, I had*
 '*been sav'd;* for Just then *Saturn*
 '*shifted,* and *Mars* was lodg'd in
 '*the house of Life.* Gad—ry that
 'follow'd him, bad his *Tormentors*
 'be sure he was *Dead* (for says he)
 'I am little doubtful of it my self;
 'in regard that I had *Jupiter* for
 'my *Ascendant*, and *Venus* in the
 '*House of Life,* and no *Malevolent*
 '*Aspect* to cross me. So that by
 'the *Rules of Astrology,* I was to
 'live precisely, a *Hundred years,*
 '*and one; Two Months, Six Days,*
 '*four Hours and Three Minutes.*

This *Gad—ry* (quoth our Guide)
 is a provident Slave I warrant
 'him, to bring his *string* along
 'with him. But this I must needs
 'tell

‘tell ye (said our Guide) to Gad—
 ‘ry, ’tis a strange thing, ye should
 ‘create so many *Heavens* in your
 ‘*Life*, and go to the *Devil* for
 ‘want of one, after your *Death*.
 ‘Nay, for going (cry’d Gad—ry)
 ‘ye shall excuse me; but if you’ll
 ‘*carry me well, and good*. And im-
 mediately Order was given to car-
 him away.

The next that came up was
Trigg, the *Geomancer*; one that
 reduced all his Skill to Certain
 little *points*, and by them would
 tell you, as well *things past*, as
to come. There were divers *Gram-*
marians that followed him. As
Lewis, *Ducket*, *Lilly*, and one
W—son, a Familiar Friend and Com-
 panion of *Fox*, the *Quaker*, who
 though he had but one Soul, was
 yet burning in *Ten Bodies*. (I mean
 the *Damnable Books* he left behind
 him.) There was *Trithenius* with his
Polygraphy, and *Stenography*: That
 had Devils now his *Belly full*,
 though in his *Life time* his Com-
 plaint was, that He could never
 K 2 have

have enough of their Company. Over against him was *Cardan*, but they could not fet their Horses together, because of an old Quarrel; whether was the more Impudent of the Two. Here I saw *K—grew*, tearing his Beard in rage, to find himself Pump'd dry; and that he could not fool on, to the End of the Chapter. *Starkey* was the e tco, bewailing himself for the Time he had spent at the *Alchymists Bellows*. There was also the Unknown Author of the *Oracles of Reason* and he was doubly punish'd, first for the Fool he was, and then for those he had made.

Leaving this Rabble of *Wizards* and *Atheists*, we beheld at a distance, the most wretched'st and ridiculous Creatures, that ever were seen, (the *Topknot-Sinners* excepted) for one was viewing a Looking-Glass, (which he carry'd in his Pocket, for that pupose,) to pay his Devotions to the Worshipful Figure of himself? another was playing the *Narcissus* with his own Shadow, and

and making his Court with an 120 Grimaces to his pretty *Pigsnies*; another was licking his lips into Rubies, painting his Cheeks into Cherries, patching his Pim-ginitis, Carbuncles and Buboes? another was striving to out-do *Appelles* in counterfeiting the lovely Eyebrow; a third was two long Hours in carreening his Hair or Peruke: a fourth was as tedious in adjusting his *Crevat-string*. I ask'd our Guide, who these Creatures were, and he told me, they were, *W——cox*, *Gar——t*, *Pr——ce*, with Twenty other young *Beaus*, that *Charon* had brought from *London* Methoughts in my Dream, it was very Comical to see the *Fops* strutting up and down their Fiery Apartments, surveying themselves from Head to Foot, first turning one Shoulder, then t'other, now looking fore-right in the Glafs, then turning their Posteriors, tiffing with their Wigs, tying and untying their *Crevats*, writhing themselves into as many Postures, as *Clark* in the

Pall-Mall

Pall-Mall: and yet after all their *Severe Speculation*, were not satisfied till they had consulted their flattering Devil. *Reader*, I will not trouble you with all the *Impertinent Dialogue* that passes between 'em; but after they have parrotted over the *Brandenburg, Che-dreux, Escla't, Orangers, Picards, Pulvillo, Rous, Surtout*, and a deal more of *Ribble Rabble, Pedlars French*: Each Spark sallies forth of his *Hot Quarters*, like a *Peacock*, beseeching the *Flames*, to favour his delicate *Friz*, and not to *Singe a Lock, or a Curl*. Our *Guide* told us that these good natur'd *Animals*, fancied that every *Petticoat, Devil*, that look't upon 'em, was in love with 'em.

I saw in my Dream that one of these *London Beaus*, had met with an old acquaintance; (*His Fellow Sinner, in picking up Wenches*;) but what *Ducking, Cringing, Scraping*, there was between 'em! You wou'd think at first they were going to unbuckle one anothers *Shoes*, so
low

low go their Hands, as to touch each others Ankles! Then up they mount again, first over one Shoulder, and then over t'other, flabbering each others Cheeks, like a couple of good natur'd Colts, that take turns to lick one another where it itches, you'd swear they were *Harlickin's* Bastards and were practising the Anticks: And all their discourse was of Dresses, Pimps, and Whores, or the like insignificant Stuff, embroidered now and then with Oaths and Curses, which renders 'em the Scorn of most of the Damn'd. Nay, the Devils of sense' wou'd Lampoon 'em to their Face, while the Silly *Fop* takes all this for Respect. It e'en pity'd my heart to see so many fine Gentlemen in Hell, and without any hope of Relief, as I gather'd from the Devil that had them in custody.

From the Beaus, we went to the *Single* (*Women*, not those old Maids, that we met in our first Journey to Hell; but) such as made profession never to Marry, which were
the

the least Outragious, and discompos'd of all; for they had a hundred ways to *Lay the Devil*, as well as to *Raise* him. Some of them liv'd like *common High-waymen* by *Robbing Peter* to pay *Paul*.

Others there were, that were absolutely out of their seven senses, and as Mad as *March-Hares* for *This Wit*, and *t'other Poet*; that never fail'd to pay them again in *Rhimes*, and *Madrigals*, with *Ruby Lips*; *Pearly Teeth*. Among these *Simple Women* was *A. B—hn*. (for these *Beaus* she knew, and was come to visit 'em). *B—hn* perceiving the *Beaus*, had out-done her in *Pride*, and *Vanity*, without the Ceremony (*of by your leave Gentlemen*) began to upbraid 'em in this manner: *Then Fops, will you persist to libel Women, because they use some Innocent Arts to reclaim you from the Follies? Believe me, our Lovers, and Top-knots are no others then Satyrs on your high crisp'd Wiggs, and Dangling Locks, your Spruce Cravat-strings; Sword-Knots, and the rest of your Finical Dress:*

I dare be bold to challenge you in the Name of all the Female Sex; begin you and shew a good Example, leave off all this effeminate Clutter; abandon your Fopperies and Vices, and act like Men of Sense, and I'll engage the Women will quickly follow your steps, and reassuming the ancient Spirit and Valour, of our renowned Ancestors the Picts, we'll accompany you to the Gates of it, and make all the Devils in Hell, tremble at the Name of the English Amazons, and at last be glad to Release us. By your Favour, Madam, (quo h these Town Beaus,) we are not yet upon even terms; and therefore before we part, you shall know what 'tis to provoke a Beau. B—hn, (continued Wil—n) if thou wer't now alive, I'd write thee to Death, as Archilochus did Lycambes. How ever I'll put the History of thy Life in a Satyr, as sharp as Vinegar, and give it the name of THE SHE GALLANTS and send it by Charon to Sam Br-co, to be inserted in his Third Volume

L of

of Letters from the Dead to the Living. Leaving B——bn and these London Beaus, Scolding, and Fighting, (for 'tis the way of **Cul- lies** and **Whores**, first to tempt, and then to abuse one another.)

We next, entred a Gate-house, which had on the top a great many Skulls, fixed upon high Poles, and at some distance we observed a great number of People about a *Corps* which had been quarter'd, and was stitch'd together again; some wept over it, others *dip't their Handkerchiefs in the Blood that Issued from it*, and all devoutly attended it to a stately Building just before us; as I came nearer, I thought I heard a *Requiem* sung, as it were by Dying Echoes, and the Bells rang out a melancholy *Gloria*; I thought too that we had entred the *Pantheon* in Rome, for all round about stood a great many Persons in such fixt *Postures with burning Tapers in their hands*, that they look'd like *Statua's*; whilst

I was gazing about me, there opened a Scene as it were at some distance, and discovered Charnock, Perkins, and Fenrick; in a Chair of State; they were attended with several eminent Cardinals, but amongst them none more busie than Cardinal *H—rd*, at the back of the Chair stood three or four Popes with their Triple Crowns Pul'd over their eyes. I did not, as yet, certainly understand what was to be done in this place, and therefore I ask'd Mercury, who bid me have a little patience, and I should presently know; and withal ask'd me if I knew whose Pictures those were that were hung upon the Pillars? With that I looked more wishfully upon them, and told him, that I thought they were the Resemblances of *Faux, Hubert, Green, Berry, & Hill*. They are so, said he; and although they were Rebels and Martherers in England, yet the change of Air made them Saints Immediately, and they were Canonized at Rome, for what they were Hanged, Drawn, and

Quarter'd in *England*, as *Traytors*.

This Ceremony was no sooner over, but one of the Damn'd came running cro's the Company, and so up and down, back and forward (likè a Whore that had lost her Cully,) bawling as if he had been out of his Wits, and crying out, 'Oh where am I! I am abus'd, I am 'chous'd: What's the meaning of 'all this? Here are *Damning Devils*, '*Tempting Devils*, and '*Tormenting Devils*; but the *Devil a Devil* 'can I find of the *Devils* that brought 'me hither: They have gotten away 'my *Devils*: Where are they? Give 'me my *Devils* again.

It might well make the Company stare, to see a Fellow hunting for *Devils* in *Hell*, where they swarm in *Legions*, But as he was in his *Hurry*, Ben——t the *Procurefs*, caught him by the arm, and stop'd him. Old Toft (says she) if thou wantest *Devils* here, where do'st expect to find them? He knew her as soon as he saw her. And 'Art thou here, Old *Belzebub*; in a
'*Petticoat*

‘Petticoat? (said he) the very Picture of Satan; the Coupler of Male and Female: The Multiplier of sin, The Seasoner of Rotten Mutton, and the Interpreter betwixt Whores and Knaves; Speak, and without more ado, tell me? Where are the Devils and their Dams that brought me hither? These are none of them.

‘No, no; I am not such a Fool, to be Trepan’d, and Spirited away by Devils with Tayls, Horns, Bristles.

‘The Devils that I look for, are worse then these. Where are the Mothers that play the Bawls to their own Daughters? And the Aunts, that do as much for their Nieces, the black ey’d Girls, that carry fire in their Eyes? Where are the Story-Mongers? The Masters of the Faculty of Lying? That Report more than they Hear, affirm more than they Know, and Swear more than they Believe? Where are the Hypocrites that turn Devotion into Interest, and make a Revue of a Commandment.

‘These are the Devils I would
‘be

'be at : These are they that have
'damn'd me ; look them out, and
'find them for me, ye impudent
'Bawds.

By Ashton, there Stood *Diogenes*
the Cynic, Snarling at two De-
vils, that were going to Muzzle him,
for he was so abominable Curriſh,
He bit the Devils that came near
him, His chief Clamour was at *ſiſſe*
hopes, (for the Devils to quiet him, had
promis'd to Release him in Fifty years)
at the *Scenes in an Opera*, and
at the Poets that were won't to
Laſh his unmannerly Carcaſe.

From *Diogenes* *Grinning* reflecti-
ons aroſe a very Grave Conference
between *My ſelf*, *Mercury*, and
our *Black Guide*. I began First,
with admiring that *Diogenes*, ſhould
hope for any end of his Torments,
for *Mr. Devil* ſaid I (ſpeaking to
our Guide :) If Hell awakes *Hope*,
in an Aged Sinner, where Hope is
fallen a ſleep, and would take reſt,
we may therefore ſay (ſince *hope is*
the vital heat of the Mind) that it
may

may make his bones ake, by seducing him to a Dance: for he can only lift up his feet to a dismal discord, or Dance to a consort of Groaners, and Gnashers of Teeth.

He is (said Mercury) offended with *Scenes in the Opera*, as at the useless *Visions of Imagination*. *But is it not the safest and shortest way to understanding, when you are brought to see vast Seas and Provinces, Fleets, Armies, *and Forts, without the hazards of a Voyage, or pains of a long March? Nor is that deception where we are prepar'd and consent to be deceiv'd. Nor is there much loss in that deceit, where we gain some variety of Experience by a short Journey of the sight.

When he gives you advice not to lay out Time in prospect of Woods and Medows, which you can never possess, he may as well shut up his own Little Window (which is the Bung hole of his Tub) and still remain in the Dungeon of Hell, because the light can only

ly shew him that which he can neither purchase nor beg.

This snarling *Athenian* (Continu'd our Guide) hath all this while but bark'd at the *Muses*; 'Tis true said the *Devil*, *Diogenes* offers to bite **Hope**, **Scenes**, and **Poetry**, but 'Tis only with his Gums, for his Teeth are **Burnt**; why should a Cynick, who applauds Poverty in himself, disdain it in others? He pretends (continued our Guide) to make it his buliness to *seek out Poverty, and to Court her in publick*; but the *Poets* having more Wit than the *Cynicks*, only entertain her when she finds out them, and then but in private. Or perhaps *Poets*, the busie Secretaries of Nature, are so intentively employ'd in providing for the General Happiness of humane kind, that they have no leisure to make Provisions for themselves. He upbraids (added this Devil) that Art which may be said to be *the only Art of Nature*; which elevates the Harmony of Reason, and makes even the severities of Wisdom pleasant

pleasant. But Gentlemen (continu'd our Guide) It were an unpardonable want of Judgment in me, to tire you with defending that which you already know needs no defence. And my presumption is less to be forgiven in having dar'd to rescue that from the Rage of *Diogenes*, which you have long taken into your own protection therefore; instead of defending Poetry, (*whose several Beauties make up the shape of the Opera*) I will conclude in excuse and defence of *Diogenes* who hath much reason to diswade you from Moral Representations, because he is himself the *worst Representation of Morality*; and is justly afraid to be represented in the *Theatre of Hell*. But why, said a Devil (*that overheard us*) do you rail at *Diogenes*, when all you *Philosophers*, are a Company of *Quacks*: Ye *Prate* and *Argue* of things ye don't understand, and with your *Damn'd Speculations* have confounded the *World*.

How! Said Mercury, confounded the world?

Then pray let us visit the **Authors**

M

Quarters

Quarters, for a sight of our Modern *Philosophers*. Being thus resolv'd, we made upto *A Door*, which was so narrow and straight, that I was fain to shut my breath, and pinch in my sides to get through. Though this way was somewhat obscure, yet it led me into a *Gallery much darker*, where there was a man walking and bemoaning himself in a tone of voice that moved me to compassion: At his groans, which issued from the depth of his despair, I felt my heart somewhat touched; and the more, because I only heard his voice, and the motion of his Body; besides, when he heard me coming, he rais'd his voice so much the higher, crying out: *Ah miserable man that I am! Who would ever have believed that I shou'd have been damn'd for the works of others!* I presentl^y guess'd him some poor Confessor, because those wretched people ordinarily damn themselves, by charging themselves with the ill deeds of their Penitents: Whereupon I began to comfort him, just as if he had been a Confessor, But he answered me with deeper sighs and groans;

How

How, said he, a Confessor! I am a poor Book-seller, who had not been Condemned to the Torments I suffer, but for having traded in other Mens Works. Whereupon drawing nearer to him, I began to know him; and had no sooner perfectly discovered who he was, but I began to admire the effects of God's Justice; for in truth, this was Cr—il; the Book-seller who printed and published all the Obscene and Lascivious Books that the Devil himself could invent. In a word His Shop was a very Brothel of Lascivious Books. Yet I seem'd to be concerned for his misfortune, that I might not add to his despair: But he easily discerning my compassion was but constrained and dissembled, began to tell me, *What needs this? 'Tis the common calamity of our Profession, since we are not damn'd as people of other Trades are, for sins by our selves committed, nor suffer such cruel Torments, but only for the Crimes and bad Works of others.* He would have gone on; but a Devil stop'd his Mouth with a Book call'd *Reynolds of Murder.* Then said I to my self,

If the Book-sellers undergo such terrible Torments only for having sold the Books, what will become of the Authors that composed them?

Being desirous to know this, we ask'd our Guide if he knew not whether so many People went as spoiled such vast Mountains of Paper with their scribbling? He made me lay my Ear to an Iron Wall on the right hand, in which there was a little Wicket. I no sooner came near it, but I heard a great noise and murmur like the humming of Bees, but infinitely lowder, and much more lamentable; at which I was much amazed, and almost beside my self; when I understood from the Devil that followed me, that *all these miserable people were Authors of Books*: which so much the more astonished me, because there appeared to me, to be *more Authors of Books in Hell, than Men in the World*. Whilst I was thrusting in my head to make discovery, if I could, of some acquaintance, the Devil that had the Guard of the Place, asked me, if I would come in? And I having told him that he would
 much

much oblige me, to grant me admiffion, he opened a door not very large; but at which, both I and the Devil who had charge to fhew me the Rarities of the place, entered conveniently enough. At firft I believed, that as there were divers forts of Authors, fo they had divers forts of Torments; wherefore I fought for the *Divines*, the *Philofophers*, the *Historians*, the *Politicians*, the *Mathematitians*, the *Novelifts*, the *Composers* of *Romances*; but feeing no difference among them all, I asked the Devil the reafon of it; who answered, That among *Authors* no difference was to be made of perfon or matter, though the perfons and matters were ufually very different; for that in *Hell* they condemned not the *Authors* for the *Books* they had made, but for the end had moved them to make them. I defired him to tell me what that end was: which he did in few words, faying; That the end of all Authors in writing, was *Interest* and *Ambition*; two *Furies* which *Lucifer* fent to the world to draw fo many thoufand Souls to Hell: And becaufe thefe *two Furies* were lodged in

the

the Hearts of all Writers, therefore there were more of them found in Hell, than of any other profession Adding, that *it was of necessity most Writers must be damn'd, since there was scarce ever any of them writ, but to damn others.* Besides, that imploying their whole time only to seek some of them new Conceptions, new Speculations, and new Inventions and others; *Fables, Fancies and Fantasticks,* they never gave leasure to their understandings to search into the purity of the nature of that God, whom they only made shew of adoring in outward appearance. Whilst the Devil was telling me these things, I observed the quality of the Torments these miserable Authors endured: *In the first place, they forced them to eat all the Books they had written, and then drew them out by the Fundament before any digestion was made:* Which usage of them seeming somewhat unreasonable to me, I communicated my thoughts to *Chaucer* and some Antient *Writers,* who told me, *I was a very Fool to think to give Rules to Hell;* adding that it was a punishment very proportionable

tionable to their desert: For as all Writers published their Books as soon as they had forged them in their brain, without *ever digesting them in their Judgment, and giving them that maturity necessary for them*; so it was but just, that without attending the maturity of digestion, they should void again those Books which they had set abroad in the World, without taking care better to digest them.

Mercury hearing the Antients mention'd, and having a mind to discourse *Terrence, Plautus, Ovid, &c.* was for going to their respective Quarters; but I was so much troubled at what I had seen, that I perswaded *Mercury*, to defer this Visit till some other time. Taking leave of our Guide, we call'd for *Charon*, who; took us both into his Boat, and (*as if the Devil had drove us,*) brought us home in a few Minutes, where being rested (for a Month or so.) We shall Re-embark, for a *Third Vision of Hell*: --- And so I awak'd, extremely pleas'd that I was still alive, and amongst my Friends. And the Lord grant, I may never feel these Torments, in *Reality*, which I had now only seen in *Vision*.

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