



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

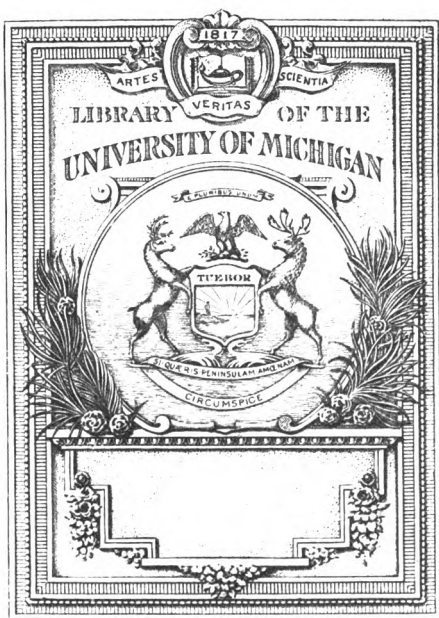
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A 53600 4





*A Description of the
Calve's Head Club*

The Secret
HISTORY
OF THE
Calves-Head Club, Compleat:
OR, THE
Republican Unmask'd.

Wherein is fully shewn,
The Religion of the *Calves-Head* Heroes, in their
Anniversary Thanksgiving-Songs on the Thirtieth
of *January*, by them called *ANTHEMS*, for the
Year 1693, 1694, 1695, 1696, 1697, 1698, 1699, &c.
With Reflections thereupon. Now published to de-
monstrate the restless, implacable Spirit of a certain
Party still among us, who are never to be satisfy'd,
'till the present Establishment in Church and State,
is subverted.

The Sixth Edition, with large Improvements; and a
Description of the *Calves-Head-Club*, curiously engrav'd
on a Copper Plate.

To which is annex'd,
A Vindication of the Royal MARTYR,
King CHARLES the First.

Wherein are laid open,
The *Republicans* Mysteries of Rebellion.

Written in the Time of the Usurpation, by the Celebrated
Mr. Butler, Author of *Hudibras*.

WITH A
CHARACTER of a *Presbyterian*, written by Sir John
Denham, Knight.
And the Character of a *Modern Whig*; or, The
Republican in Fashion.

LONDON, Printed; and sold by B. Bragge, at the
Raven in *Pater-Noster-Row*, against *Ivy-Lane*. 1707.

DA

430

.W26

.1707

English
Saluted
1-23-45
51559

i

To the Grave and Worshipful

JOHN TUTCHIN, Esq;

OBSERVATOR,

A N D

Censor Morum General;

Supervisor of the Admiralty, Victu-
alling-Office, Play-house, *Bartho-*
lomew-Fair, Bear-garden, Defen-
der of Parliaments, and Protestant
March Beer, &c.

May it please your Worship,

YOU see I address my self to you
in the submissive and dutiful
Language of your own Country-
man.

There ought to be somewhat of *Proprie-*
ty between the *Present* made, and the *Person*
for whom 'tis intended: Now, the *Olivers,*

B

the

the *Iritons*, the *Hewsons*, and the Generality of that cursed Crew, are (Thanks be to the Heavens) some Years since dead and rotten; and only surviving in the black *Annals of Rebellion*, or the blacker Memories and Principles of their accursed Disciples: I was at first hesitating, whether this *Piece* might not be suitably address'd to our Reverend and Never-to-be-forgotten, the *Salamanca Doctor*; but my serious Cogitations were interrupted by *News, News, great and wond'rous News, London Gazette, Post-Man, Daily Courant, and Observer*. In the humble Retirement of a solitary and distant Village, any thing goes on with us; but the Word *Observer* surpriz'd me to the last Degree. Sir, *Roger*, I knew, had laid down the Cudgels long ago, and what Genius could or durst undertake it now, after Dr. *Wellwood's* doing Penance at the Bar of the *House*, was my Amazement. I did you the *Justice*, Sir, that was due to your Paper; that is, in one Word, I perus'd it, and despis'd it, but did not repent my Purchase; for it gave me a great Insight into the Tempers of some People, who under the Cloak of *Reformation*, find fault with every Man, Woman, and Child, that is not of their *Party*, and would silyly insinuate to the World, that every uncommon

mon *Disposition* of the Heavens, is a *Male-diction* and Judgment upon the Land, because the best regulated *Communion* in the Universe, will not betray its *Rights*, and be Partakers of their *Hypocrisy*. These are those Pious Creatures that make a wry Face at a Puppet Shew, yet can justify cutting of Throats; that think a *Play-House* prophane, and vindicate *Regicides*; that are for introducing new Methods in Sinning, and by a piece of ill Husbandry, must needs make two Vices one, and tack their Hypocrisy to their own Iniquities. Such *Impositions* are intollerable, and the more so, because the *Obstinacy* of these, *Would be Saints*, is invincible.

We cannot but remark how the Leaven of the *Pharisees* has spread its *Contagion* through all your *Papers*! With what two-banded, as well as two-edg'd Weapons, you make your Attacks! How you take as many Opportunities of abusing your *Gracious* and *Lawful Sovereign*, as praising her! Your nauseous unhallowed Incense is more unsufferable, than that pretended Folly and Weakness you so continually bespatter her *Ministers* with. If you continue to give your self such *Airs*, you may in some time come to an unhappy Awe, tho' *very* merited *Dilemma*, and find your self at last reduc'd to

the *infamous* Necessity of *Petitioning* to be *Hang'd*. We are not without a living Instance of one in such Circumstances ; and who found his *Villanies* so detestable, that to make him carry the Weight of them still about him, even such a *Request* was deny'd.

If your busy Patrons, the *Reformers*, would begin at home, we should less suspect their Practices. Religion has been the continual Plea for all sorts of Parties and Factions, and not only in the careless Ages, but even now, Godliness is a great Gain to some sort of Folks. Now, the above-mention'd Grimaces do but make a mock War against the Devil, and employ their mercenary *Emisaries* to sin with Strangers, that they may more silyly betray them afterwards ; so that you first *Pervert*, and then as unreasonably *Punish*. Now, would you advise your Country-man to drub the Jackets of these Fellows with his Oaken Cudgel, it would not be amiss.

Several *Abuses* you have deservedly taken Notice of ; you see I am for giving the Devil his Due, and have so far been serviceable to the *Government*, as it was highly necessary such *Irregularities* in publick Offices should be known, in order to bring the *Delinquents* to condign Punishment. Hitherto your Pen shall meet with all possible

Acknow-

Acknowledgment; but where *Deformation* is only intended, tho' *Reformation* is the Word, no honest Man will approve of the Management.

Publickly to make Shew of *Zeal* and *Piety*, and what not, a grave *Cant* of florid Words, tho' it amuses the Unthinking, yet we alas! see thro' the *Varnish*, and find all is not Gold that glisters: For to encourage, nay, even to connive at a *Calves-Head-Club*, runs so much counter to such fair Pretences, that they are as irreconcilable as Light and Darkness: This publick Scandal to *Morality* and *Monarchy*, shews so inveterate and implacable an Aversion to *Crown'd Heads*, that it cannot but give us as just an *Odium* for them that celebrate it, as these horrid Villains that perpetrated it.

Here your Pen had met with a suitable Topick for your Satyr and Indignation; and as you are very well acquainted with their Practices, so your continued Silence upon that execrable Theme, does more than convince us that, you approve of it, and are *Secretary* to the abominable Society of *King-Killers*. What confirms us in this Opinion, your Worship, some Years ago, wrote a Copy of Verses upon the Burning *White-ball*, wherein you were pleased to observe the great Justice of Providence in the suffering

fering the lude and sinful Part of that *Palace*, where K. C. the II. enjoy'd his Concubines, to be burnt down to the Ground, but reserv'd that noble Pile, Anglice the *Banqueting-House*, from whence an Arbitrary Tyrant, meaning K. C. the I. was led to the Block to be a perpetual Spectacle to all Ages. On this Account, it was thought convenient to dedicate this *Piece* to you, that if it were possible you could be ignorant of it, you might have no further an Excuse for not informing your *Country-man* of such Inhuman and Diabolical Practices; and in that you will shew *Your Queen* how great and just a Veneration you have for Her in the Care you take of vindicating Her *August*, tho' unhappy *Grand Father's* Ashes.

I am

Your Worship's Humble Admirer

As far as you deserve,

William Philanax.

THE PREFACE.

THE following Collection has been so industriously handed up and down, where it was thought it would be well received, and confirm those Principles which too many have unhappily sucked in, and raise the Confidence of those who were thought too bashful for their Party, that some honest Men have thought, that there could be no more effectual Remedy for the Mischief it might do, or any surer Way to stop the Career, than a Publication: For tho' many may presume, that under the Disguise of Mirth, and the

the Protection of a free Conversation, they might safely venture to make an Experiment how far the Poison would work upon the Undiscerning of untry'd Constitutions, especially when Rhime and Musick were the Vehicles, and under the Rose was the Word; yet it is believed, when the Malignity of the Draught is publicly discover'd, few will venture upon it without a sufficient Antidote; and fewer have the Hardiness to administer it.

These Lines (for such Ribbaldry and Trash deserve not the Name of Poems) were compos'd and set to Musick for the Use of the Calves-Head Club, which was erected by an impudent Set of People, who have their Feast of Calves-Heads in several Parts of the Town, on the 30th of January, in Derision of the Day, and Defiance of Monarchy; at divers of which Meetings, the following Compositions were

were sung, and in Affront to the Church, call'd Anthems. These which are here publish'd, are said to have been written by Mr. Benj. Bridgewater, and that he was largely rewarded by the Members of the Club for his Pains. Whether Mr. Stevens was so well gratify'd for his Sermons to the same Tune, and on the same Days, is more than the Publisher dares say; but perhaps the Pulpit was a Bar to his Pretensions, and the Poet had been better rewarded, than the Preacher, had his Sermons been put into Rhime.

However, it is hoped, that this Publication may give a Check to the Evil of the Example, and destroy the Continuance of the Practice, or at least give fair Warning, and take away the Pretence of Surprise from those, who shall proceed to insult the Government in so saucy and so villainous a Manner.

But whatever the Success may be, the Publisher doubts not but his Intentions are justify'd, and wishes the Effect may demonstrate the Reasonableness of them, by putting an End to so unchristian and scandalous a Practice

THE

THE
SECRET HISTORY
OF THE
Calves-Head Club,

When Erected, and where Kept, &c.

TIS a prodigious Thing to consider, (and for the Honour of my native Country, I wish I could say it was a false Imputation upon her) that the *execrable Regicides* of King *Charles* the First, should find any Advocates or Abettors still among us.

I say, 'tis prodigious, that after the whole Nation, by their Representatives in *Parliament* assembled, has enacted so solemn a Detestation of this natural Parricide, and appointed a Day of Humiliation for it, to continue to all Ages of the World, there should be such a Set of *Boutefews* yet remaining, so impudently audacious, as to justify

a Crime, for which the Three Kingdoms have smarted so severely ; and in there wicked Merriment, to act over, as much as in them lies, that Tragical Scene, which has justly made us famous in the remotest Corners of the Universe.

Was it not enough, that a powerful Prince, ally'd to most of the *Crown'd Heads* in *Christendom*, was despoild of that just Authority, wherewith the Laws of *God* and *Man* had invested him, and lastly of his *Life*; but that he must be most barbarously persecuted after his Death, and suffer those Indignities in his *Memory*, when *dead*, which he had so plentifully suffer'd in his *Person*, when *living*?

There is a time when the most implacable Malice is satiated, and exerts it self no longer. The most Savage Nations seldom or never carried their Resentments beyond the *Grave*; and thought it a Piece of barbarous Cowardise, to insult upon the *Ashes* that could not speak for themselves.

But the *Royal Matyr* has been treated, if 'tis possible, with more Inhumanity after his Desolation, than he was expos'd to when under the Power of his *Rebellious Subjects*. He has not only been stigmatiz'd by the odious Name of *Tyrant*, who was in Truth the best and most *merciful Father* of his

his *Country*, and loaded with a thousand Calumnies; but, what shews the restless Malice of his Adversaries, even that incomparable *Book of Devotion*, compos'd by him in his Solitude, and the time of his deepest Afflictions, and which no Pen but his one could have written, has been adjudged from him by a * late *Mercenary Author*; although 'tis certain to any Man, at least that can distinguish Stiles, that the Person, to whom the *Republicans* ascribe it, was no more capable of writing so excellent a Piece, than the aforesaid Compiler of *Milton's Life*, of writing an Orthodox System of the *Mysteries of Christianity*.

Thus, as he was torn from his *Queen* and *Children* in his *Life*, he was *Robb'd*, as far as it lay in the Power of his malicious Enemies, even of the legitimate Issue of his Brain; tho', as Truth, but especially Truth injuriously oppress'd, never wants some generous Hands to defend its Cause; so all the Arguments that have been used by the *Republicans*, to prove it a spurious Piece, have been fully answer'd by a worthy † *Divine* now living, beyond all Possibility of a Reply.

The

* See *Toland's Life of Milton*. † Dr. *WAGSTAFF*.

The Barbarity of his Enemies, stopt not here ; for not content to have *Assassinated* his *Person* and *Reputation*, they even dispossessed him of his *Sepulchre*, (a piece of Cruelty, which none but such thorow-pac'd Villains ever executed) for when the long † *Parliament* had voted an *Honourable* Interment for their late *Prince*, who had suffer'd so unjustly, all was stopt, by reason that the Persons order'd to regulate the Ceremony, when they came to examine the Royal Coffin, found the Body missing.

This puts me in mind of what a worthy *Gentleman*, who travell'd with my Lord A—— into *Italy*, told me some Years ago, viz. That during his short Stay at *Bern* in *Switzerland*, a *Syndic* of the Town, who used frequently to visit Major General *Ludlow*, when he lived in those *Parts*, assured him, that he had often heard *Ludlow*, in a vaunting manner affirm, That tho' *Ireton* and *Cromwell* were buried under *Tyburn*, yet 'twas a Comfort to him, that the *Royal Martyr* kept them Company; for, says he, foreseeing that his *Son* would undoubtedly come in, we took care that his *Father's Body* should not be Idolatrously Worshipped by the

† See Dr. *NALSON's Preface to the King's Tryal*.

the *Caviliers*; and therefore privately remov'd it to the place of Common Execution.

Whether the Matter of Fact, as *Ludlow* related it, be true or false, 'tis not material here to enquire, tho' I think nothing can give any honest Man a juster and greater Aversion to the Libertines of that Party, than to observe, that their Malice has no Bounds, and that it neither spares the Dead, nor the Living.

But of all the Indignities offer'd to the *Manes* of this injur'd *Prince*, nothing, in my Opinion, comes up to the Inhumanity and Prophaneness of the *Calves-Head Club*.

For my part, I was of Opinion at first, That the Story was purely contriv'd on purpose to render the *Republicans* more odious than they deserv'd; for I could not imagine how any Men, that pretended to be *Christians*, or call'd themselves *English-men*, could calmly and sedately applaud an Action, condemn'd not only by the Word of GOD, but by the Laws of the Land, to which they pretend to pay so great a Deference.

As for the *Regicides*, who were actually concern'd in this execrable Tragedy, this may be said however in favour of them, (if I may be allow'd so to express my self towards Criminals of that Magnitude) that having

gone

gone so far in their Wickedness, and given his *Majesty* such insupportable Provocations, and, what is more, measuring his Clemency by their own, they concluded he could never forgive them; and therefore, like *Cataline*, found themselves under the Necessity of committing greater Crimes, in order to cover themselves from what was past.

But what can be offer'd to extenuate the Crime of these *Atheistical Miscreants*, who make that a Matter of their lewd Mirth, which the whole Nation has in the most solemn manner, ever since lamented; and over their Cups applauded the most wicked Action which the Sun ever beheld?

For this Reason my good Nature made me look upon it as a Fiction upon the Party, 'till happening, in the late *Reign*, to be in the Company of a certain *active Whig*, who in all other Respects, was a Man of Probity enough, he assured me, that to his Knowledge 'twas true, that he knew most of the *Members* of that *Club*; and that he had been often invited to their *Meetings*, but that he had always avoided them; adding, that according to the Principles he was bred up in, he would have made no Scruple to have met *Charles* the First in the Field, and oppos'd him to the utmost of his Power; but

but that since he was dead, he had no farther Quarrel to him, and looked upon it as a cowardly Piece of Villainy, below any Man of Honour, to insult upon the Memory of a Prince, who had suffer'd enough in his Life-time.

He farther told me, that *Milton*, and some other Creatures of the Commonwealth, had instituted this *Club*, as he was inform'd, in Opposition to Bp. *Fuxon*, Dr. *Sanderson*, Dr. *Hammond*, and other *Divines* of the Church of *England*, who met privately every 30th of *January*; and though it was under the Time of the *Usurpation*, had compil'd a private Form of Service for the Day, not much different from what we now find in the *Liturg*y.

That after the Restoration, the Eyes of the Government being upon the whole Party, they were obliged to meet with a great deal of Precaution; but now, says he, (and this was the second Year of King *William's* Reign) they meet almost in a publick Manner, and apprehend nothing.

By another Gentleman, who, about eight Years ago, went out of Curiosity to see their *Club*, and has since furnish'd me with the following Papers; I was informed, that it was kept in no fix'd House, but that they removed as they saw convenient;

D

that

that the Place they met in, when he was with 'em, was in a blind Alley about *Moor-fields*, where an Ax hung up in the Club-Room, and was revered as a principal Symbol in this Diabolical Sacrament. Their Bill of Fare, was a large Dish of *Calves-Heads* dressed several ways; a large *Pike* with a small one in his Mouth, as an Emblem of Tyranny; a large *Cod's-Head*, by which they pretended to represent the Person of the King singly, as by the *Calve's-Head* before they had done him, together with all them that had suffer'd in his Cause; a *Boar's-Head* with an Apple in its Mouth, to represent the King by this as Beastial, as by the others they had done Foolish and Tyrannical. After the Repast was over, one of their Elders presented an *Eikon Basi-like*, which was with great Solemnity burn'd upon the Table, whilst the *Anthems* were singing. After this, another produc'd *Milton's Defensio Populi Anglicani*, upon which all laid their Hands, and made a Potestation in Form of an Oath, for ever to stand by, and maintain. The Company wholly consisted of *Independants* and *Ana-baptists*, (I am glad for the Honour of the *Presbyterians* to set down this Remark;) that the famous *Jerry White*, formerly Chaplain to *Oliver Cromwell*, who, no doubt on't, came

came to sanctify with his *pious Exhortations*, the *Rebaldry* of the *Day*, said *Grace*; that after the *Table-Cloath* was removed, the *Anniversary Anthem*, as they impiously call'd it, was sung, and a *Calve's-Skull* fill'd with *Wine*, or other *Liquor*, and then a *Brimmer* went about to the *pious Memory* of those worthy *Patriots* that had kill'd the *Tyrant*, and deliver'd their *Country* from his *arbitrary Sway*; and lastly, a *Collection* made for the *Mercenary Scribler*, to which every *Man* contributed according to his *Zeal* for the *Cause*, and *Ability* of his *Purse*.

I have taken Care to set down what the Gentleman told me, as faithfully as my Memory would give me leave; and I am perswaded, that some Persons that frequent the *Black Boy* in *Newgate Street*, as they knew the Author of the following Lines, so they know this Account of the *Calves-Head Club* to be true.

Now, I will appeal to any unprejudiced *English-man*, whether such *shameful Assemblies* ought not to be suppressed with the utmost Diligence?

Let us consider them either in Relation to the Christian Religion we profess, or to common Humanity and good Manners, or lastly, to the Laws of the Land, and they affront all equally.

D 2

There.

Therefore I hope the *Magestrates* and others, whom it concerns, will take Care, especially now, since they have the Countenance of the Government, to prohibit, as far as in them lies, and detect these wicked Meetings, that the Persons there assembling, may be punish'd as they deserve.

Tho' no Man abominates Persecution more than my self, yet I will venture to say, that a Set of People, who wish the Subversion of our *Ecclesiastical* and *Civil* Establishment, (as appears by the following Papers) ought to expect no Quarter from our Hands.

THE

THE
CHARACTER
OF A

Calves-Head Club-man.

HE is the Spawn of a Regicide, hammer'd out of a rank *Anabaptist* Hypocrite; his Father was enabled to beget him by the Fat of sequestered Lands, upon a Bed stolen from an honest Cavalier. His villainous Principles he imbib'd in his Mother's Womb, nourish'd them, when Born, with her infectious Milk, and is an incorrigible Rebel by Instinct of Nature; improv'd into an incarnate Devil by the early Infusions of his Nurse, which were ripen'd to Maturity by a malicious Education. He is harden'd in

in his Hatred to Kings and Bishops, beyond the Influence of Grace, or Check of Conscience; and thinks nothing can be a more meritorious Act, than to sacrifice either to the Fury of a mad Rabble, who, when they have but Liberty and Property in their Mouths, always let loose the Devil in their Hearts, and believe the very Name of the Protestant Religion, gives a Sanction to their Villainies. He is a Republican Monster, so full of Passion and Prejudice, that he is blind to all Truth, and deaf to all Reason; and is so cursedly obstinate in the Justification of his own Errors, that it is as easy a Matter for a Man to take an Elephant by the Snout, and throw him over his Back, as a Fox does a Goose, as it is to convince him of any started Opposition to own partial Sentiments. When he talks about Religion or Government, it is generally with as much Violence as a Fish-Woman Scolds; and the Wise-Men of *Gotham* might as well have hedg'd in their *Cukrow*, as a Man confine him within the Bounds of good Manners. When he disputes his Principles, he is as hot as Pepper, as biting as Mustard, and as sour as Vinegar. He always talks as impudently of Great Men, as if they were his Fellows, and snuffs up his Nose at the Name of a King, as if the
very

very Title it self was grown offensive to his Nostrils. He cannot speak with Respect towards our Government, but a Common-wealth; and if you do but say one Word in behalf of the Court, or its Favourites, in his Company, he would with more Patience hear you speak twice as much in the Praise of the Devil; for it is a Maxim amongst such Rebels, (*viz.*) That all Kings are Tyrants, and their Favourites Betrayers of their Country. His chiefest Recreation is, to invent false Calumnies; and his greatest Industry, is to spread them when he has done. His Lies are always level'd at those worthy Persons, who are most difficult to be hit; which is one great Reason, why his Malice is so often disappointed. He always accuses his Enemies of his own Evils, and measures out their Corn by the deceitful Bushel that belongs to his own Party. The most daring Hypocrite of his Associates, is always cry'd up as the greatest Saint; and the most virtuous and pious Enemy to their wicked Principles, is always cry'd down as a High-flyer, a Papist, and a Traytor to his Country. He is an impatient Angler, who thinks it best fishing in troubled Waters; and hates Peace and Quietness, as much as a poor Debter does the Sight of a Bayliff, or a Country Farmer a wet Harvest. He is
so

so deeply affected with the Memory of his Ancestors Villainy, that he longs for nothing more, than the like Opportunity of brewing his own Hands in Royal Punch, that the Son might have the Satisfaction of being full as wicked as his Father. He has more wild Wrinkles in his Head relating to Government, than a crack-Brain'd Mathematician has concerning perpetual Motion; and has more Ambition in his Breast, than the most extravagant Tyrant in the Universe. He is very fearful of being made a Slave, but is very desirous of being a Slave-maker; for when ever he crys out for Liberty, he is endeavouring to destroy it; and never thinks himself a compleat Free-man, 'till the Nation he lives in, has no Religion to guide him, no Law to punish him, and no Prince to govern him; for his chief Aim is to pull down all, when the Madness of the common People gives him a fair Opportunity. In all Conditions, he is as restless as a froward Infant, whilst breeding of his Teeth; will please no Government, and with no Government be pleas'd. He is as Tempestuous as the Ocean, that swells into Rage with every Gale that happens, and seldom reconciles himself to a Calm, 'till, like that, he has been the Occasion of some remarkable Mischief. He
is

is one that is very swift to Revenge, but very slow to Gratitude; and like an ill temper'd Jade, loves to run forward when he is check'd, and to hang an Arse when he is driven. When angry, he looks as fullen, and as gloomy as a Thunder Cloud, and like that, makes a wonderful deal of Noise, whenever he spits his Venom. He is never better pleased, than when he has got it in his Power to oppress others, which he certainly makes use of without Mercy; yet no Body bears the slightest Sufferings with so much Envy and Impatience as himself, though he knows in his own Conscience, he has justly deserved his Punishment. He is a harsh Man to his Inferiors, and a haughty Man to his Betters; a severe Tyrant in Authority, and a turbulent Incendiary amongst Magistrates, when he is out of it. The more his Miscarriages are conniv'd at, the more impudent he grows; and the more Mercy you shew him, the less he will shew you. He is of the Nature of a Nettle, the more gently you handle him, the more apt he is to hurt you; but if ever you meddle with him, the best way to secure your self, is to gripe him hard. He is one that hates all Men, but such who are as wicked as himself; and loves nothing so well in this World, as a

E

Calves-

26 *The Secret History of the*

Calves-Head upon the 30th of *January*;
but the next time that he sits down to one,
in Derision of the Sufferings of the Royal
Matyr, I heartily wish, that the Devil
may Choak him. *Amen.*

A

A Song on the 30th of January, 1690.

I.

NOW let's sing, carouse, and roar,
The happy Day is come once more ;
For to Revel,
Is but civil,

As our Fathers did before ;
Who, when the Tyrant would enslave us,
Chopp'd his Calves-Head off to save us,

II.

Let each Youth his Love forsake,
And a merry Bumper take ;
Let no Round-Head
Here be grounded,

And drink dry the *French-Man's* Lake :

E 2

Thus

Thus in Clarret we carefs us,
 'Till old Pufs awake and blefs us.

III.

Let the Prelates now go on,
 And rail afrefh at Forty One,

The depofing

They're 'fpoufing,

We the Father, they the Son.

Through the Treafon, they did find 'us,

They, my Friends, are not behind us.

IV.

Then let's Laugh and Revel here,

And of our Calves-Head make good Chear;

This we Difh up,

And no Bifhop

Dines without one all the Year:

Thus we prosper without fighting,

In Practice and in Food uniting.

*Reflections on a Song on the
30th of January, 1690.*

OF all the *Balladian Smith-field* Jingles, that ever any persecuted Ear underwent the Pennance of, the foregoing Madrigal is certainly the poorest Stuff, for besides the Impudence and Scurility so plentifully diffus'd thro' every Stanza thereof, the Incoherence is so great, and the Nonsense so inimitable, that the Stupidity of the Author, ought to stand registered in his Works, behind every House of Office Door, belonging to those Houses, where their inhuman Feasts have been so impudently solemniz'd.

The Reader may observe in this, as well as most of their other *Ballads*, that their Malice is not only levell'd at the Monarch, but equally at the Church; for Bishops, as well as Kings, they all along make the Subjects of their venomous Scurility; so that the very Blessings they seem to hope for by a Subversion, both of Church and State, can be no other than the Liberty of Sinning, without Penalty or Punishment; and the Property of robbing honest Men of their Rights, without being call'd to an account for it.

Anni-

Anniversary Anthem, 1693.

I.

ONce more, my Muse, resume thy chearful
 (Lure,
 Let this Day's Acts eternal Thoughts inspire;
 Let every smiling Glas with Mirth be crown'd,
 While Healths to *England's* native Rights go
 (round,
 & One such another Day as this alone,
 Would fully for a Nation's Sin atone.
 'Tis a sure Symtom, that the People's blest'd,
 When once a haughty Tyrant's dispossest'd.

Chor. Apollo's pleas'd, and all the tuneful Nine
 Rejoice, and in the solemn Chorus join.

II.

Again, my Muse, immortal *Brutus* sing,
 Whose daring Sword expell'd a Tyrant King;
 Then

Then bravely fought, and bravely overcame,
 To give *Rome* Freedom, and eternal Fame.
 Such Force has Liberty, such conqu'ring Charms,
 That the whole World submitted to their Arms.
 What Wreaths shall we prepare, and how re-
 His lasting Worth in everlasting Verse? ^{(hear}

Chor. Apollo's pleas'd, &c.

III.

Triumphant Laurels too must Crown that
 Whose righteous Hand struck *England's* Tyrant ^{(Head,}
 The *Heroes* too, adorn'd with Blood and Sweat, ^{(dead:}
 Who forc'd th' opposing Monster to retreat.
 Heaven still before a leading Angel sent;
 They conquer'd, 'cause they on his Errand went.
 Like the *Israelites* of old, their Chains they broke,
 Guided by Pillars both of Fire and Smoke.

Chor. Apollo's pleas'd, &c.

IV.

'Tis Force must pull a lawless Tyrant down;
 But

32 *The Secret History of the*

But give Men Knowledge, and the Priest's un-
 When once the lurking Poyson is descry'd, ^{(done.}
 His juggling Tricks are all in vain apply'd.
 In vain he Whines, in vain he Cants and Prays,
 There's not a Man believes one Word he says:
 'Tis true, Religion is the grand Pretence;
 But Power and Wealth's the Mythologick Sense.

Chor. Apollo's pleas'd. &c.

V.

Then fill the longing Glass with spritely
 Our Cause is Justice, and the Health's Divine. ^{(Wine,}
 The Heroes smile, and our Delights approve,
 Which adds new Joys to those they find above:
 'Twas so they Honour, so they Conquest sought;
 Thus fairly Drank, and then as fairly Fought.
 They love to see us thus our Homage pay,
 And bless the just Occasion of the Day.

Chor. Apollo's pleas'd, &c.

Reflections

*Reflections on an Anniversary Anthem,
sung at the Calves-Head Club, on
the 30th of January, 1693.*

THE diabolical Principles, and inveterate Malice of these rebellious Miscreants, cannot well be render'd more odious to the Publick, than they are made to appear by themselves, in the first Stanza of the foregoing Anthem, as they impudently call it; wherein they most wickedly desire to be *eternally inspir'd* with the same *Blood-thirsty Thoughts* that mov'd their villainous Predecessors to perpetrate that barbarous Murder, which they so Hellishly committed upon the best of Princes; and to further shew what an irreconcilable Hatred they have to our *English* Constitution, *viz.* Monarchical Government, in the fifth Line of the same Stanza, they are so far from looking upon their past Cruelty to the Royal Martyr, to be sinful and abominable, that they wish *for such another Day, to atone for the Sins of the Nation*: As if Innocent and Royal Blood, shed by the vile Hands of rebellious Mur-

F derers,

derers, could be an acceptable Sacrifice to Heaven, in order to appease the Wrath of the Divine Majesty, for our Wickedness against him. Good God! what Devils in Human Shape must those accursed Wretches be, who dare to blaspheme Heaven with such Infernal Suggestions, and blacken their Creator's Image with such damnable provoking Principles, which ought, without a publick Recantation, to be punished with Death in this World, and doubtless will, without a cordial Repentance, be severely rewarded with Damnation in the next.

In Stanza the third, the Reader may observe, with what audacious Insolence they extol the infamous Hand of the transcendant Villain, who gratify'd their Malice with that execrable Stroke, which the most barbarous Executioner would have trembled at the Sight of, and have started at an Importunity to have perform'd, not only so cruel, but so desperate an Office.

This Poem being all of a Piece, it would have prov'd but a dull Task to have remark'd more of its Particulars, because the Poetaster, in every Stanza, harps much upon the same String.

Anni-

Anniversary Anthem, 1694.

I.

THE Storm is blow over, the Tempest is
 (past,
 The Tyrant is fallen, and is conquer'd at last.

Our Fathers resolv'd it, and bravely 'twas done,

To save the whole Kingdom by lopping the
 (Crown.

By her Looks, we discover'd the Nation was

Her Fears were all vanish'd, her Troubles were
 (pleas'd,
 (eas'd.

✂ Whilft we Yearly commend an Attempt

(so Divine,
 And applaud the just Action with Calves Head
 (and Wine.

Chorus.

II.

Thus Rome, when she suffer'd by seven lewd
 (Kings,

That shackled her Freedom, and pinion'd her

(Wings,

Long Time she sat mournful, as England had

(done,

And bow'd to the Weight of a Tyrannous

(Throne ;
 Till

36 *The Secret History of the*

'Till urg'd with new Griefs, she for Liberty
 And Liberty round the glad Eccho reply'd;
 Whilst *Brutus* resolv'd to give *Tarquin* his Doom,
 And offer a King to the Welfare of *Rome*.

Chorus.

III.

When by Tyrants Endeavours the People are
 Let this noble Example inspire ev'ry Breast
 With the same Resolutions to defend the Good
 The Subjects just Rights, their Religion and
 Then fill the Calves Cramium to a Health so
 The Cause, the old Cause shall ennoble our
 Charge briskly around, fill it up, fill it full,
 'Tis the last and best Service of a Tyrannick
 (Scull.

IV.

Then, Boys, let's drink a Bumber, since their
 Let us lay our Trophies at their Feet:

The

The Cause gave Courage to the Soldiers, taught
(them how their Foes to beat,
That alone could free a captiv'd State.

V.

Then to Pufs, Boys, to Pufs, Boys,
Let's drink it off thus Boys,
As our Fathers did, and the World shall us adore;
It's happier to die, Boys,
Than in Slavery to lie Boys;
Thus the Heroes chose it, and bravely dy'd be-
(fore.

Reflections

*Reflections on an Anniversary Anthem,
sung at the Calves-Head Club the
30th of January, 1694.*

THE Drift of their ryming Secretary, I find in all his rebellious *Ballads*, which, instead of *Anniversary Anthems*, I think they ought to have been call'd, is much the same, with very little Variation of Thought, tho' in his Measure I must confess there is some Variety, which I suppose was principally owing to the Difference of the Tunes, scandaliz'd with their rebellious Poetry; for finding (as I suppose) no Musician in the Town, that would degenerate so far from his own harmonious Nature, as to herd with such an infamous Society, who, like Imps and Furies, delight in nothing but Discord and Confusion, they were forc'd to dishonour some old Tunes or other, with their in-harmonical Bombast, which might be a Dis-advantage to their King-killing *Anthem-maker*, who, if he had understood Musick, it would have certainly soften'd his Nature,

Nature, and reform'd his Principles, as well as his Poetry, that he would have scorn'd to have made himself so infamous an Author.

In the first Stanza of the foregoing *Anthem*, after (as in all the rest) he has wickedly applauded the Murder of King Charles the First; in the last two Lines there is great Satisfaction given to all such Persons, who thro' the Honesty of their own Principles, and an utter Abhorrence of the treasonable Barbarity aforementioned, could not believe, that among Human Race, there could be found such an impious Society of incorrigible Rebels, that should dare to provoke Heaven, and frame Earth, by keeping up a joyful *Anniversary* upon so dreadful an Occasion. But all such Persons, who thro' their Charity to Mankind, have been hitherto unwilling to believe there is any such wicked Cabal as the *Calves-Head Club*, annually solemniz'd upon the 30th of *January*, by a pack of King-killing Villains, may be convinc'd in their own Words, which in the foregoing Song are pointed to by a Hand, so that a Recital is unnecessary.

In the first Line of the second Stanza, their Author is pleas'd to give the Epithet
of

of *Lewd*, to all the *seven Roman Kings*, tho' we cannot find, by History, it was due to any, but to *Tarquin*; but all Kings are to him alike criminal, for amongst such bad Men, none are accounted Good that bear the Royal Title.

In the beginning of his *Anthem*, he mimicks a Song in the *Innocent Adulterer*, call'd, (*viz.*) *The Danger is over*, and concludes it with the Transposition of another Song, (*viz.*) *Come, Boys, let's fill our Helmets, &c.*

Anniversary

*Anniversary Anthem, 1695,
1698, and 1699.*

I.

WHat the Devil means all this Pother
On this Day, more than another?

See! the Sot to Church reels out,

See! the Leacher leaves his Whore;

The Rogues, that never pray'd before,
Are grown most plaguily Devout.

II.

Prethee, Parson, why those Faces,

Pious Frowns, and damn'd Grimaces?

Why so many Creeds and Masses,

Collects, Lessons, and the rest

Of the Holy Garbidge drest,

Proper Food for mumbling Asses?

G

Oh!

III.

Oh! Sir, it's a Debt, they say,
 Mother Church must yearly pay
 To her Saints Canonization :

It was the Day in which he fell
 & A Martyr to the *Cause of Hell*,
 Justly crown'd with Decollation.

IV.

Mirth for us and generous Wine ;
 Let the Clergy cant and whine,
 Preach and prate about Rebellion ;

& No more Beasts of K——s, good Heaven!
 Such as late in Wrath were given,
 Two curs'd Tyrants, and a Stallion.

V.

Now prepare, my Lads, and stand
 Each his Bumper in his Hand.

Brutus! 'tis a Health to thee,
 Thou whose generous Arm and Sword,

In a Cause like ours, restor'd

Rome's expiring Liberty.

VI.

Fill the Glafs with sparkling Red,

Look, 'twas the Tyrant bled.

Thus our Fathers let us see

What before had Sacred flood,

Fawn'd and worshipp'd as a God,

Was Flesh and Blood, as well as we.

*Reflections on an Anniversary Anthem,
sung at the Calves-Head Club, on
the 30th of January, 1695. &c.*

TO shew what Atheistick Enemies these King-killing Miscreants are to Religion, and all spiritual Order and Discipline, as well as to our Civil Government, their prophane Laureat is not only encourag'd to a constant Vindication of the treasonable Cruelty of their Fathers towards their just and lawful Prince; but in the foregoing *Anthem*, his blasphemous Raptures are levell'd at the Church, to the Reproach of Heaven, God's Holy Truths, and the Ministers thereof.

In the first Stanza, he has the Impudence to stigmatize the most devout Members of the Church of *England*, (who thro' a just Duty, both to God and their King, bear a pious Abhorrence of all King-killing Principles) with the infamous Epithets of *Sots, Leachers, Rogues, &c.* such abominable Usage, that scarce the

the worst of Scoundrels, except their own wicked Society, and those who justify their Principles and Proceedings, could ever deserve.

In the second Stanza, our Liturgy is complimented with the Name of *Mass*, a usual Contempt, which her Rival Saints cast upon the *Common-Prayer Book*. The Collects and Lessons, which are *God's* own Words, by his Holy Prophets and Apostles, are blasphem'd with the odious Title of *Garbidge, proper Food for mumblyng Asses*. Which prophane Expression, shews how far so wicked a Scribe will degenerate from true Wit, to vent his Malice and Impiety; for I believe it was never known, that *Garbidge* was held *proper Food for Asses*.

In the third Stanza, they have the Impudence to stile the King's Heroick Sufferings, for the Preservation of the Dignities of the Crown to his Posterity, the Laws of the Land, the Liberties of the People, the just Constitution of Parliaments, and the establish'd Church, falling for the *Cause of Hell*. Oh! execrable Monsters!

In the fourth Stanza, observe with what malicious, rude, and impious Devotion, he offers up a prophane Prayer to
Hea-

Heaven, reproaching Kings, who are God's Vice-gerents, with the scurrilous Name of *Beasts*, and branding a Succession of three as Heroick Princes as ever sat upon the *English* Throne, or any other, with the malicious Accusation of being *curst Tyrants*; of which Charge, none but such incorrigible Rebels could ever say, that either of them were guilty.

In the fifth Stanza, the Reader may observe how far these unmerciful Regicides are degenerated from those Christian Principles that bind us to an universal Charity for all Mankind, which ought to extend even to those we take to be our greatest Enemies; and how they are also poyson'd with Inveteracy to such a Degree, that they are utterly divested of that Compassion and Humanity, which in all Ages has been valu'd and preserv'd amongst the greatest Heathens, or otherwise these barbarous Rebels could never pray, that the most unfortunate of Princes, depos'd, banish'd, and render'd wholly unable to oppose their Villainies, should by his only Friend *be turn'd poorly out of Doors*, and that he should have no Refuge, but a Halter to put an End to his Misfortunes. Oh! the admirable

nable Christian Charity of these tender-hearted Monsters !

The two following Stanza's are stuff'd only with the same Ribaldry, which their Poet uses in all his Songs, so that there is nothing in them worth speaking to.

An

*An Anthem on the 30th
of January, 1696.*

THere was a King of *Scottish* Race,
A Man of muckle Might a,
Was never seen in Battels great,
But greatly he would Sh——a ;
This King begot another King,
Which made the Nation sad a,
Was of the same Religion,
An Atheist, like his Dad a :
This Monarch wore a picked Beard,
And seem'd a doughty Heroe,
As *Dioclesian* Innocent, and as Merciful as *Nero*.
The Church's darling Implement,
But Scourge of all the People;

He swore he'd make each Mother's Son
Adore their Idol Steeple:
But they perceiving his Designs,
Grew plaguy shy and jealous,
✂ And timely chopt his *Calves-Head* off,
And sent him to his Fellows.
Old *Rowly* did succeed his Dad,
Such a King was never seen a,
He'd lie with ev'ry nasty Drab,
But seldom with his Queen a.
Restless and hot he roll'd about
The Town, from Whore to Whore a,
A merry Monarch as e'er liv'd,
Yet scandalous and poor a.
His Dogs at Council-Board, would fit
Like Judges in their Furs a;
'Twas hard to say which had most Wit,
The Monarch, or his Curs a.

H

At

50 *The Secret History of the*

At last he dy'd, we know not how,

But most think by his Brother;

His Soul to Royal *Tophes* went,

To see his Dad and Mother.

The furious *James* usurp'd the Throne,

To pull Religion down a;

But by his Wife and Priest undone,

He quickly lost his Crown a.

To *France* the wand'ring Monarch's trudg'd,

In hopes Relief to find a,

Which he is like to have from thence,

Ev'n when the D——'s blind a.

Oh! how should we rejoyce and pray,

And never cease to sing a,

☞ If Bishops too were chas'd away,

And banish'd with their King a:

Then

Then Peace and Plenty would ensue;

Our Bellies would be full a,

The enliven'd Isle would laugh and smile,

As in the Days of *Noll* a.

H 2

Reflections

*Reflections on an Anniversary Anthem,
sung at the Calves-Head Club the
30th of January, 1696.*

IN this *Anthem*, the Reader may observe, that their Malice and Aversion is not particularly extended to the Memory of any one Prince, upon the Account of any Mismanagements they can charge upon one Reign more than another; but that they have imbib'd from the rebellious Examples of their Fore-Fathers, such an irreconcilable Prejudice to all Kingly Sovereignty, and all Persons who exercise the Royal Authority over them, tho' never so mildly, lawfully, and justly, that they cannot forbear spitting their Venom equally upon the whole Race of Kings, from our first happy Union with *Scotland*, treating them all alike, with such opprobrious Language, that any Person may easily perceive their spiteful Calumnies, odious Lies and Abuses, and their prophane Scurrility, are not only levell'd, I say, at those Princes, whose Faults they have

have most unjustly magnify'd and multiply'd, but also at the very Power, Dignity, and Office of a King, and all that has a Tendency to the Support of Regal Government; to which they are such avow'd and inveterate Enemies, that nothing but the Danger of the Law restrains their Insolence from offering the like Affronts to her present Majesty. For since they have the Impudence to use all her Majesty's Royal Predecessors with such shameful Irreverence, as they do in this Poem, I am sure it is sufficient to convince any reasonable Man, that their Prejudice to so merciful and good a Family, can arise from nothing, but an invincible Hatred to all Monarchy in general, which they consequently turn towards all Persons that exercise a Kingly Authority over them, tho' never so uprightly.

Besides, the Reader may satisfy himself in the latter end of this Poem, that the Subversion of the Monarchy is not the only thing these Vipers aim at, but the Hierarchy also, well knowing, the one cannot expire without the other; therefore they with the *Bishops banish'd, and chas'd away with King James, that they may be restor'd to the Blessings of an Oliverian Government.* From whose last Words, the Reader

der is desir'd to observe how inconsistently these rebellious Libertines act to themselves, in celebrating the bloody, tyrannical, and calamitous Reign of the Usurper, who trampled upon that very Republick, of which they boast, (in spite of all their Stratagems,) and wrested the Government from their democratical Senate, and plac'd it in Opposition to their Principles, in his own single Person, to the total Overthrow of that Scheme they had all along projected.

An

*An Anthem on January the
30th, 1697.*

I.

TOuch, now touch the tuneful Lyre,
Make the joyful Strings resound;
The Victory's at last intire,
With the Royal Victim crown'd.

II.

The happy Stroke did soon recover
What we long had fought in vain,
Thus *Ariadne* lost her Lover,
But the Gods reliev'd her Pain.

III.

This was an Action just and daring,
Nature smil'd at what they did,

When

When our Fathers nothing fearing,
Made the haughty Tyrant bleed.

IV.

They their Sons thus well obliging,
Taught us how this Day to keep,
Who by fighting, storming, sieging,
Laid the ravening Wolf asleep.

V.

England long her Wrongs sustaining,
Press'd beneath her Burthens down,
Chose a Set of Heroes daring,
To chastise the haughty Crown.

VI.

Thus the *Romans*, whose beginning
From an equal Right did spring,
Abhorring *Romulus* his Sinning,
To the Gods transferr'd their King.

VII.

VII.

Let the *Black Guard* rail no further,
Nor blaspheme the righteous Blow ;
Nor miscall that Justice, Murther,
Which made Saint, and Martyr too.

VIII.

They and We this Day observing,
Differ only in one thing ;
They are canting, whining, starving,
We rejoicing, drink, and sing.

IX.

Advance the Emblem of the Action,
Fill the *Calve's Scull* full of Wine ;
Drinking ne'er was counted Faction,
Men and Gods adore the Vine.

X.

To the Heroes gone before us,
Let's renew the flowing Bowl,

I

Whilst

58 *The Secret History of the*
Whilft the Lustre of the Glories
Shine like Stars from Pole to Pole.

Reflections

*Reflections on an Anniversary Anthem,
sung at the Calves-Head Club, on
the 30th of January, 1697.*

TOuch, now touch the tuneful Lyre,
is the amorous beginning of the
foregoing Madrigal; but in my Consci-
ence, I think the Poet ought rather to
have call'd upon some of *Belfegar's* Mu-
sick; for certainly a Lottery-man's
Trumpet, or a *Bartholomew* Fair Carcal,
would have sympathiz'd much better with
such a wicked Roundelay, than so soft
and musical an Instrument; as his Infer-
nal Muse has invok'd to her Assistance:
For where his Song is in Praise of the
most barbarous Villainy that ever was
perpetrated, sure no Body upon Earth
is so fit to be his Minstrel, as the wry-
mouth'd *Salisbury* Fidler, that play'd to the
Devil and his Imps all the *Christmass*
Holy-days.

I. 2

This

This Piece of Lyrick Poetry, is so true a *Pye-corner* Panegyrick upon their old rebellious Proceedings, and dwells so tediously upon the *happy Srtoke*, as he impudently calls it, and upon the Vertues and Excellences of those puritanical *Hedg-hogs*, who wounded the Kingdom with their Prickles, in those confounded Times of Liberty and Property, when a parcel of ravenous Wolves had the keeping of the Sheep, and a pack of yelping Blood-hounds made their Kennels in our Churches, that there is scarce any thing in it that will admit of further Reflections, than what I have already made, except these Passages following.

In the third and fourth Stanza's, the Reader may observe, that they do not only impudently extol the Justice of that daring Action in their Fathers (*i. e.*) brewing their vile Hands in the Blood of the Blessed Martyr; but they also tell us, that they, (their Sons,) are highly oblig'd to their Progenitors for *laying the ravenous Wolf asleep*, and that they are beholding to their Fathers for *teaching them to keep this Day*, viz. the 30th of January; so that in the first place it is to be noted, that they have drawn the Guilt of all their Fathers Treasons, Murders,

ders, and Rebellions; upon their own Heads, by approving, applauding, and so heartily consenting to their Wickedness, *ex post Facto*, and I question not, but they will all live to be punished accordingly. In the next place they acknowledge, that this wicked Anniversary was constituted by their Fathers; and that *their Sons were taught by them to observe the same*; so that there is no Question to be made, but this bominable Party have kept their Annual Revellings and Rejoycings upon this unfortunate Day, ever since they had the fatal Opportunity of exerting their Cruelty in the King's Martyrdom.

In the seventh Stanza, (which I think is so full of Wickedness, that it could never be parallell'd, except by the same Villains) there to shew their Reverence to Religion, they prophanely stigmatize the Loyal and Orthodox Clergy of the best establish'd Church in the World, with the ignominious Name of *Black Guard*, and forbid them by their Railing, *to blaspheme the righteous Blow*: An Expression so hyperbolically wicked, that an honest Man would think nothing could give Vent to such a Hellish Saying, but the very Mouth of a Devil.

His

62 *The Secret History of the*

His Conclusion is much of the same Strain, wherein the Reader may observe the Temperance and Sobriety of these Fanatical Hypocrites, who in the Eyes of the World, pretend to so much Grace and Sanctity.

T H E E N D .

THE
CONTINUATION
OF THE
SECRET HISTORT
OF THE
Calves-Head Club.

A Song on the 30th of January, 1697. By a Lad of 16.

I.

Tune the Lute and Lyre,
Touch the sounding Wyre;
Let our Hearts and Voice
Create such a Noise,
As shall match the Cœlestial Choir.

II.

Hark! th' exalted Heroes,
Looking on, looking on,
Charm the bright Seraphick Throne,
With *Hymns* Divine, to cheer us.

K

III.

III.

The pensive World around us,
Griev'd to see him wound us,

(a) But bless'd the Deed,
When they saw him bleed,
Who labour'd to confound us.

IV.

The happy *British* Isle too,
When she saw, when she saw,
(b) The destin'd Head submit to Law,
Began to sing and smile too.

V.

It was a pleasing Wonder,
Upon the Earth and under;
The Worms beneath
Rejoyc'd at his Death;
And gladly seiz'd the Plunder.

VI.

VI.

Nought mourns under Heaven,

(c) But the Priest, but the Priest,

Whose Hypocrisy's a Jest,

Can never be forgiven.

VII.

Hail! Saints Victorious,

(d) Who bravely went before us,

Who taught us the way,

When Tyrants sway,

To make a Nation Glorious,

VIII.

Thus you give us Freedom,

And Liberty, Liberty,

Shall by your Methods purchas'd be,

Whene'er the People need 'em.

IX.

(e) The Heroes now in Glory,

Bow themselves before ye,

Pleas'd to see

Posterity,

Thus yearly rehearse their Story.

X.

Then fill the Cranium full, Boys,

With sparkling Red, with sparkling Red,

(f) We'll knock the sneaking Puppies dead,

Who dare our Mirth controul, Boys.

Reflections

*Reflections on the foregoing Song on
the 30th of January, 1697.*

STanza the third, (*a*) with what Impudence would these frantick Republican Monsters insinuate, that the whole World, both approv'd and applauded their unparall'd Villainy towards the best of Princes, when it is well known to all good Men, that their Barbarity has been detested by all Kingdoms and States in the Universe, that have ever heard of their Infamy, to the everlasting Shame and Scandal of those Blood-thirsty Hypocrites, who effected their base Ends by such a sanguine piece of Cruelty, to the mildest of Monarchs.

Stanza the fourth, (*b*) observe how they justify their bloody Act, accomplish'd by Rebellion and open Violence, under a Pretence of Law, when their infamous Proceedings were directly repugnant to the Laws of God, the Laws of Nature, and the Laws of the Land.

Stanza

Stanza the sixth, (*c*) with what Confidence do they charge the Loyal Clergy of the Church of *England*, with that Hypocrisy, which themselves have ever practised, both towards God and Man, to bring their base Designs to their abominable Issue?

Stanza the seventh, (*d*) with what diabolical Presumption they Canonize their Bother's Regicides, and confer the Holy Dignity of a Saint upon the worst of Murderers.

Stanza the ninth, (*e*) if such a Society of treasonable Ruffins can have the Confidence to fancy their rebellious Progenitors are admitted into Glory, by which they mean Heaven, I must confess the greatest Villain in their whole Party, has but little Reason to despair of future Happiness.

Stanza the tenth, (*f*) you may Judge of the excellent Principles of these *Calves-Head* Liberty and Property Men, from their Words referr'd to, where they are for knocking all good Men on the Head for Puppies, that are for controuling them in their frantick Celebration of that abominable Deed, which no Christians, in their right Senses, can reflect upon, without Horror and Amazement.

An

An Anthem on the 30th of January.

I.

Welcome, brave Souls,
Now drink off your Bowls,
(a) 'Twas an Act we all do admire
To stifle the Work
Of an *English Turk*,
Whose Sun set our City on Fire

II.

Whose Deeds were forgot
'Till reviv'd by a Plot,
Carry'd on by shitten *Mack-Ninney* :
But the Martyr in Rage,
Loft his Head on a Stage,

(b) And the Church swore the Devil was in ye.

III.

III.

Then let us commend

(c) The Deeds of a Friend,

That caused our jolly Meeting,

To our Fathers we owe

The Honour o'th' Blow,

And we are their Sons, that are Feasting,

IV.

But who would have thought,

That our *Scotch* Laird

Should make use of the Power of *France*, Sir?

But their Work is done,

From Father to Son,

We have lost both Root an Branch, Sir.

V.

Then again let's commend,

That Warlike Hand,

That

Calves-Head Club.

73.

That fav'd our *English* Nation;
'Twas Pufs in her Furr,
Did scratch, spit, and purr,
And pointed to Abdication.

L

Reflections

*Reflections on the foregoing Anthem
on the 30th of January.*

STanza the first, (*a*) here they are not content to insolently express their Love and Admiration of a barbarous Act, which no good Subject can think on without trembling, but even proceed to blast the pious Memory of the most Christian Martyr, with the scurrilous Epithet of *English Turk*; and to basely charge the Fire of *London* upon one of his Sons, (tho' it has been sufficiently prov'd upon their own Party,) in order to cast their own Villainies upon such Persons, who were utterly innocent of the Matter.

Stanza the second, (*b*) as themselves say, I think the Church, when they saw the Life of their just and injur'd Monarch so wrongfully and maliciously extorted from him, by the merciless Hands of a parcel of insatiate, Rebels, might very justly swear, that the Devil was in 'em; for had he not, it is impossible they should ever have

have so effectually accomplish'd such a vile and bloody Undertaking.

~~Stanza the third, (c)~~ you may observe in most of their scandalous Ballads, as well as this Stanza, it is the highest of their Vanity, to commend the greatest of their Villainies, and to give abundance of Honour to the Memory of those bloody Assassins, whose Sons they boast themselves, and that they are proud of the Occasion their Fathers have given them of meeting, to rejoyce over the Infamy of their Ancestors. What can a Government expect, but the like Cruelty from the like Party, if they are once again suffer'd to get uppermost?

*A Song at the Calves-Head
Club, January the 30th.
1698.*

I.

(a) **C**rown, Crown the Goblet, Quaff the
(sparkling Wine,
Invoke the Assistance of the Tuneful Nine:

The great Concernment of this Glorious Day,
Should all our Wit, and all our Joy display;
No gloomy Look, no pensive Thought be found,
Where Liberty with sprightly Joys go round.
Let black Dispair convert into a Smile,
And Peals of Triumph eccho thro' the Isle.

II.

Let Tyrants faint and tremble, when they're
(told
What Deeds the Annals of this Day unfold.

(b) When

(b) When daring Justice led her Troops to
 Fought, and the bold Oppressor put to Flight.
 When purple Streams distain'd the native Green,
 Ye Gods! what Courage, and what Heat was
 When Heaven-inspir'd Heroes dare to own
 The Noble Cause, and pull the Monster down.

III.

Fill round again, the Justice of their Arms
 Has endless Praises, and immortal Charms.
 Time cannot lessen, and no Age express
 The bold Achievements of that Godlike Race,
 Born to chastise and scourge Tyrannick Might,
 Durst bravely plead the Cause of injur'd Right;
 And to Posterity an Instance gave,
 That a brave Man can never be a Slave.

IV.

Contemn the lazy Lubbarbs of the Church,
 Who mourning one, left t'other in the Lurch;
 Who

78 *The Secret History of the*

Who to the Sire their Adoration pay,
Yet basely left the Son, to run away :
In vain they preach, in vain they cant and
(whine,
Heaven scorns their Prayers, and hates the
(gross Design.
Their Martyr'd Monarch's grown a senseless
(Jest,
That Fools admire, and all good Men detest.

V.

Charge, charge again, let Wine profusely flow,
They smile above, to see our Mirth below ;
Their enlarg'd Souls are vastly pleas'd to hear
Their Deeds recounted each returning Year.
In flowing Bowls we our Oblations make ;
'Tis all that we can give, or they can take,
While thus in Friendship we our Homage pay,
And celebrate the Glories of the Day.

*Reflections on a Song, sung at the
Calves-Head Feast, January the
30th, 1698.*

IN the first *Stanza*, (*a*) their Poet Laureat for the Day, is for invoking the Muses to their Assistance; but I think any Body may discern by their Poetry, that their Ladiships have more Wit, than to enter into such a wicked Confederacy. And as for their old Cant of Liberty, the World is wise enough to see, that those who make the greatest Buffle about it, are a parcel of restless Rebels, who are always seeking to destroy it; and at the same Instant they are crying it up, they are striving to pull it down, in order to make the rest of their fellow Subjects, Slaves to their Fanatical Tyranny and Ambition.

In Stanza the second, (*b*) they seem very proud of putting the bold Oppressor, that is, sawcily meaning the Royal Martyr, to Flight; and also boast as much of distaining the Field with their own Country-mens

try-mens Blood, as if Rebellion and Blood-shed, were Acts that deserv'd immortal Glory.

In Stanza the third, they are mightily affected with the endless Praises due to the Justice of their Arms, and the bold Achievements of that God-like Race; by which is meant themselves, and their Brother Regicides: So that Rebellion and King-killing, are esteem'd amongst them as such meritorious Vertues, that have a just Title to the Applause of all Posterity. Therefore in how miserable a Condition must a Nation be, that is over-run and trampled upon, by an ungovernable Number of such Blood-sucking Vermin.

In Stanza the fourth, how prettily they reflect their own Treachery upon the Church Lubbards, as they are pleas'd to call the Church of England Clergy; and impudently accuse them of canting and whining, when every Body knows they are ridiculous Qualifications, only practis'd and improv'd by their own dull, spiteful, and illiterate Teachers.

In Stanza the fifth, the Poetaster seems mightily pleas'd, to think how the King-killers, who he presumes are in Heaven, smile above at the drunken Revels of their rebellious Progeny below: But I doubt
he

he has assign'd a wrong Place for his de-
funct Patriots, who, in all honest Mens
Opinion, are most likely to be found in
those dark Regions, where they meet
with but little Reason to laugh at the
frantick Oblations of their wicked Sons,
who succeed them in their Villainies.

M**An**

*An Anniversary Poem. on
the 30th of January, 1699.*

HAil, sacred Day! (a) that each returning
Do'st with new Light our drooping Spirits (Year,
Remind'st us of our Ancestors Renown, (chear;
Who bravely pull'd a (b) sawcy Tyrant down, }
While Liberty Triumphant fill'd the Throne. }
The Tydings first at the curf'd Court began,
Which chearfully thro' all the Nation ran :
Fresh Streams of unknown Joys around did flow,
And all good Men ador'd the righteous Blow.
The Sun transported with the Noble Deed,
Shone out, and smil'd to see the Monster bleed.
Th' amaz'd World united in Applause,
And blest'd the Justice of our Arms and Cause.

Nought

Nought under Heaven mourn'd but the curs'd
 Whose damn'd Diffimulation is a Jest, ^{(Priest,}
 That every free-born Nation should detest. }

Thrice Hail, illustrious Day! in thee's display'd
 A brighter Scene, than when the World was
 When from dark *Chaos* this gay Form was ^{(made;}
 And all the grizly Phantoms disappear'd: ^{(rear'd,}

Just so they slunk away, just so they fled,
 And groan'd and tumbl'd with the Tyrant's
 While general Gladness did the Isle employ, ^{(Head;}

And every *English* Tongue did shout for Joy:
 Hail once again, thou glorious Part of Time!
 Thou endless Subject of eternal Rhime!

May I forget to make my Numbers meet,
 And Tune new Thoughts in well-composed Feet.

May she I love, forget to love me more,
 Be always wretched, I be always poor,
 If I forget this sacred Day t'adore.

84 *The Secret History of the*

When Courage over Slav'ry did prevail,
And Providence weigh'd down the juster Scale:
When Right Triumphant o'er Injustice rode,
Following the Foot-steps of the leading God,
Did to the doubting World a Pattern shew,
What *English* Mén, for *English* Rights, dare do.

Reflections

*Reflections on an Anniversary Poem on
the 30th of January, 1699.*

HOW impudently they prophane the Word *Sacred*, by adding it to the Black Day, which unhappily produc'd the sad Occasion of all our succeeding Miseries! And in Line the fourth, to express their Malice with the greater Rancor, they stile the best of Kings, who was the Object of their Fury, the sawcy Tyrant; and then, in Line the ninth, to devilishly affirm, that *all good Men ador'd the righteous Blow*, when nothing is more evident, than that none but the worst and wickedest of Men had ever the Impudence to open their Mouths in the Vindication of so base and barbarous a Tragedy. And in the two following Lines, how the infamous Author seems to be transported with his diabolical Flight! so I may justly term it, for nothing sure but the Fury of Hell, instead of the Muses, could ever have inspir'd such a Republican Scribler with such an audacious Piece of Bombast, viz.

The

*The Sun transported with the noble Deed,
Shone out, and smil'd to see the Monster bleed.*

Indeed the whole Poem is all of a piece, and I think is such a compleat Composition of Malice and Impudence, that none but a *Calves-Head Club* of the most stigmatiz'd Rebels, would ever have receiv'd under their villainous Patronage: And as it truly deserves, so I hope it will always remain in Print, as an everlasting Register of the Author's Shame and Infamy, as well as of the incorrigible Impudence of that vile Society, who at first gave it their Protection.

An

*On the 30th of January,
1699.*

GO, curfed Crew, to all Extreame inclin'd,
 Rough as the Seas, and wav'ring as the
 (Wind,
 Too deeply cruel, or too basely kind:

You, like the *Roman* Senate heretofore,
 Dead Drunk with Superftition, and with Goar,
 Firft Mafacre your Monarch, then adore.

A Remark on the former.

When fiery Whigs the Touchwood Land
 (enflame,
 They labour on the Church to caft the Blame;
 Thus love the Treafon, but abhor the Shame.

The

The Health.

When Tories and Parsons do Cant and
 (Pray,
 And spit their dull Malice on us,

Let's remember the Cause that occasion'd the
 (Day,
 And Drink a good Health to Old Puffs, Old Puffs.

When Priests of Rebellion and Treason prate,
 And extol the lewd Monarch emur'd in the
 (Cake,
 Confront 'em with Vagabond James's Fate,

And put 'em in Mind of the Stroak they struck;
 When Oppression increases, and Hopes grow less,

When Tyrants unbridl'd, their Subjects vex,
 Let's cheer up our selves with the happy Success,
 That once did attend on the Ax, the Ax.

Then

Then Freedom and Peace did in Triumph ap-
(pear,

As soon as the Glorious Deed was done

Our Fathers perform'd, and why should we fear

To follow what they have so well begun?

Moses of old, when the *Jews* despair'd,

How they should threat'ning Dangers shun,

Buoy'd up their Faith with the Wonders they've
(heard,

Had by their Fathers been done, been done;

But we have better Examples in store,

When Power with Liberty won't accord,

We'll follow the Pattern they set us before,

And deliver our selves from the Sword, the
(Sword.

Then fill up the Glass to the daring Hand,

Which bravely finish'd the just Design,

And stain'd with Tyrannical Blood the Sand,

While murmuring *Scots* repine, repine.

N

About

90 *The Secret History of the*

About with't again to the Hand and Cause,

That gave us Occasion to Revel thus ;

Confusion to those, who shall dare refuse

To Drink a good Health to Old Puffs, Old
(Puffs.

Reflections

*Reflections on the Health drank at the
Calves-Head Feast.*

BY the old Pufs, to whom they dedicate their intoxicating Bumpers, I suppose they mean the good old Cause; from the farther Promotion of which, may Heaven defend her Majesty and her Kingdoms; for certainly such audacious Wretches, who have Impudence enough to glory in the vilest Deed that ever was perpetrated by Human Hands, whenever they have Power, will with as great Joy, repeat the same Villainies and Cruelties, which are so highly approv'd on by their wicked Faction. What can be more startling and amazing to a Man of any Honesty or Conscience, than the unaccountable Insolence of such a daring Society, who by the damnable Doctrine of their revengeful Teachers, are so harden'd in their—Malice against Monarchy and Church-Government, that they should drink to the Memory of that accursed Hand, (over and over, as you find in

the foregoing Health) which so barbarously robb'd the best of Princes of his Life, to satisfy the inexorable Revenge of the worst of People? From whose accursed Cruelty, *Good Lord deliver us.*

T H E E N D .

AN
APPENDIX
TO THE
CONTINUATION
OF THE
SECRET HISTORY
OF THE
Calves-Head Club.

THE
JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 40
PART 1
1910

A N

APPENDIX.

AS the preceding Anthems were made and sung in the late Reign, when the Party flatter'd themselves with the Connivance of a Prince, who had been bred up in their own Communion; so the Reader may be apt to imagine, that these Practices have been discontinued since her present Majesty's Accession to the Throne. But to convince him, that neither the Queen's Piety, nor her unquestion'd Descent from the Loyns of the Royal Martyr's Son, neither her Zeal for the establish'd Church, nor her Abhorrence of their barbarous Treatment of her Grandfather's Memory, though her Reign was usher'd in with the Punishment of one *James Taylor*, a Tanner in *Southwark*, who was convicted, and fin'd, and stood in the Pillory, for taking the Freedom to say, *He was us'd no otherwise than he deserv'd,*
and

and that it would have been better for the Kingdom, if the whole Family (not excluding her Majesty) had been so serv'd, &c. could keep them within those Bounds of Respect Subjects ought to be circumscrib'd with. For not holding themselves contented to make use of the *Pen*, to insinuate evil Surmizes of her Majesty, and her Ministry's Designs; and of the *Tongue*, to make *Invectives* against them in their private Cabals, they rais'd themselves to such a Pitch of Impudence, which they had not arriv'd at, even in the Days of her Predecessors, and openly did that which the good-natur'd sort of People, that have a Value for them, are not to be induc'd to believe they would be guilty of in private.

To convince these of the Folly of their Unbelief, among the many Instances that are to be given of their Arrogance and Presumption; I shall lead them no farther off from the present Time, than the 30th of *January* last past, when the Brethren, that call themselves the *Elect*, assembled to give God Thanks at *Salter's* and *Pinner's* Halls, for the horrid and cruel Murther of their late dread Sovereign; for the Sequel will make appear, that the manner of celebrating that Black Anniversary, was nothing different from

a Day of Rejoycing. The Texts have escap'd my Memory, but the Substance of the Sermon had no Reference to the Fact they should have humbled themselves before God for; and the Portion of Scripture, which was made use of to be sung before Sermon, was the 23d and 24th Verses of the 118th Psalm, which are these:

*This was the mighty Work of God,
 This was the Lord's own Fact;
 And it is wond'rous to behold
 With Eyes, that noble Act.
 This is the joyful Day indeed,
 Which God himself hath wrought;
 Let us be glad, and joy therein,
 In Heart, in Mind, and Thought.*

To palliate this, the pretended Saints excuse themselves by the Ignorance of the Clerk, and say, he made choice of the very same Stanza's at the Burial of his own Wife, when her Funeral Sermon was preach'd. But if it was done out of Ignorance, how came the Clerks of the two chief Congregations, *Pinner's-Hall*, and *Salter's-Hall*, to make choice of the same Stanza's on the same Occasion? A Man of any Fore-sight, must conclude it was concerted between them, and it is not unusual

fual for Persons of their Rank, in Conventicles, to do any thing of such a Nature, and in so publick a manner, without Direction from their Superiors.

Besides, the Management of themselves after Sermon, points out a *Combination*; and that they came not as to the House of Mourning, but the House of Joy: For instead of fasting, as the Proclamation requir'd, and making Atonement for the Sins of the Nation, they no sooner broke up their Assembly, but some of the Elders went home with Squire L—s, where they were well entertain'd. Amongst other Discourse concerning the Day, the Sermon, and the Psalm, several of the Preachers, who came to this cruel Merry-meeting, were very witty, naming several Texts, as they thought proper for the Occasion, especially one of them, whose Name begins with an S—, said, If it had been his turn to have preach'd that Day, he would have chosen for his Text, the Words of *Martha* to our Saviour, *John* 11. 39. *Lord, by this time he stinketh.*

On the same Day, to shew what Difference a certain Dissenter, not far from *Bartolomew Close*, had for her Majesty's Proclamation, that was order'd to be read
in

in all Churches, and Places of Divine Worship, the Sunday before, set up a Calves-Head upon a publick Place over his Shop or House, to the view of a promiscuous Crowd of Neighbours, who are ready to make Oath of it. But my Reader perhaps may tell me it was no Contempt of the Proclamation in him, since all Proclamations are directed to her Majesty's *loving Subjects*, and the Dissenters are none of her Majesty's *loving Subjects*, wherefore it bore no manner of Relation to him.

To crown all, let us take a View of the Faction in the *Burrough of Southwark*, and there we shall find them not a Jot behind Hand with their Fellow Labourers in Sedition, the Citizens of *London*; and after a plentiful Entertainment at one *Crosley's*, at the Sign of their two Men, (*viz.* the two Brewers) adjourn'd to the *Bull-Head Tavern*: Among whom was one *Mr. Claxton*, a Gentleman of a fairer Reputation than the rest, whose Occasions calling him down Stairs from the Place of Merriment, gave on Opportunity to one *Mercer*, a Scrivener, to dissuade him from returning to his Miscreant Companions, lest Dangers might ensue the Disturbance they made in drinking their abominable Healths, and other Demonstra-

tions of Triumph and Rejoycing. *Claxton* took his Friend's Advice, and went no more to them; but the Drawer, whose Name is *Baife*, and is now a Servant at the same Place, made Affidavit, that they had Fowls for Supper, whose Heads they cut off themselves, (without doubt to commemorate the Day;) and that he observ'd at the drinking of a certain Health, (which was whisper'd about from one to the other, so that the Deponent could not give the Court the Name of it) every other Man laid down his Head upon the Table, and the next Man to him gave a Stroak with his Hand upon his Neck, as if in Imitation of the beloved Act of Decollation, after which follow'd a general *Huzza*, &c. The Noise made a Confusion in the House, by Reason it was altogether improper for such an Anniversary, and the Mistress of the House, upon Enquiry from the Drawer, and the Sollicitations of the several other Companies that were refreshing themselves with a Glass, gave Notice of it to Justice *Ladd*, a Neighbour of the said *Burrõugh*, who conven'd them before him, but dismiss'd them for that time, in order to their Appearance before him and the Bench of Justices, when call'd for. Accordingly they were sent for, and examin'd
at

at the next *Session* of the *Peace*, but whether the Law requir'd more direct Proof to convict them, or the Majority of the Gentlemen upon the Bench had not such an Abhorrence of such Principles as they deserv'd, I am not to determine, they were dismiss'd without any Prosecution, which has been thought strange among some People, while Protections of the adverse Party, are so much in Request.

At another Tavern, in the same Year above mentioned, there were a Company of four Whigs got together a Tipling, and discoursing over their Godly Deeds, from Forty One and downwards, they came at last to their *joyful Day indeed*, the Decollation of King Charles the First. Upon which, one of them shrugg'd up his Shoulders, and with a Fanatical Grin, which they use for a Smile, said, with a *Gusto*, *The Q——n has a fine white Neck*, — What he might insinuate by it, is a Horror to me to imagine, wherefore I shall leave it to those that are in Authority, to be explain'd.

Another very eminent Man, of very great Distinction in the City of London for Riches, Atheism, and Immorality, being in a publick Coffee-House, I will not say whether *Garraway's* or *Jinathan's*, but

but it was one of them, hearing some Gentlemen on that Day exclaiming against the barbarous Action that gave Being to the Anniversary, and holding an Argument of Kings being accountable to God only; was pleas'd to interpose, by thrusting his Horns into Company, and saying, *He that held it in the Affirmative, was in the Right, which was a sufficient Reason for the Parliament of England to cut off King Charles the First's Head; and justified the Action, since in so doing, they sent him to God to make up his Accounts with him.*

The time would fail me to enumerate the many Villainous Passages that have occur'd on this deplorable Subject: Wherefore I shall conclude with this Remark, That they not only repeat this horrid Martyrdom in their Festivals every 30th of January, but the chief of their Teachers, who goes for an Apostle with them, St. Baxter, (who bragg'd, that *He had spent a Gallon of his Blood, fighting against the King*) in his *Saints everlasting Rest*, Edit. 1649. p. 82, 83, those of the Regicides, and other Rebels, who were then dead, went streight into Heaven, and names several of them, as *Brook, Pim, Hamden*, and *White*, who was one of the Regicides, and *Twiss*, who was Modera-

tor

tor of their Assembly of Divines, &c. and describes Heaven in the Form of a Parliament, and calls it *Parliamentum Beatum*. And we must suppose he meant it that Form of a Parliament they had *then*, that is, without a *King*. Which minds me of the Note in one of their Sermons, wherein they found Fault with our Translation of the *Bible*, (as made by Bishops) for that it was full of *the Kingdom of God*, and *the Kingdom of God*, over and over again, every where; but there was not a Word of the *Parliament of God*; which they hop'd to find in the Original.

But we are not to answer for what our Fore-Fathers did, say the Religious Review, Observer, and the rest of our Whig Papers; *they are dead, and the Guilt lies at their Door*: Not remembering, that such Offences are to be punish'd to the third and fourth Generation. Besides, what one single Person among the whole Fraternity of the Dissenters, that maintain the Principles of 41, as taking Arms against their Sovereign, &c. can be excepted from the Guilt of this execrable Murder? What one of them does not justify the 41 Principle of *Power in the People*, and to *coerce their Kings*? It was this! this! which cut off the King's Head.

It

It was not the *Ax*, but the *Hand* that struck with it: It was not the *Hand*, but those who *impower'd* him: It was not those who *impower'd* him, but the *Principle* which possessed them, that was the *Original* and *Formal Executioner*. And whoever hold the same *Principle*, must be ready for the same *Work* again, if they will be *true* to themselves. They cannot say, that King *Charles* the *First* did suffer unjustly, because he deny'd the *Jurisdiction* of the Court, and refus'd to plead. He would not own the *Sovereign Authority of the People*, which was the *highest Treason*, if the Principles of *Forty One* be true. And he deserv'd to die like a Criminal, that stood Mute, whether he was guilty of the particular Facts charg'd upon him, or not. And whoever hold these Principles, are *Calves-Head Men*, whether they go to their Feasts or not. So much for a Subject which all Christian Lands ought to be asham'd of, especially this, that makes so many Pretences of excelling our Neighbours in Piety, when there is not one that has come up to us in the superlative Wickedness of putting our lawful Prince to Death, and afterwards Glory in an Action that calls for the Hatred of God and Man.

T H E E N D.

A
VINDICATION
OF THE
ROYAL MARTYR,
King *CHARLES I.*

Wherein are laid open
The **REPUBLICANS** Mysteries of Rebellion.

Written in the Time of the
USURPATION,

By the Celebrated Mr. *BUTLER*, Au-
thor of *Hudibras*.

A a

TO THE READER.

THE Publisher of this following Discourse, has thought fit to oblige the World with a Piece of Curiosity; it was Penn'd above Forty Years since by the Ingenious and Celebrated Author of Hudibras. The Libel, which he answers, was the Labour of one John Cook, Master of Gray's-Inn, a great Pains-taker in the Mysteries of Rebellion. To give you the Original of it, 'twas a studied Invektive against the Person of K. Charles I. before the High Court of Justice (so call'd) of infamous Memory; but upon the Non-Pleading of the Royal Martyr, 'twas afterwards Metamorphis'd into a Pamphlet, with the specious Title of King Charles's Case, or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Tryal. How Rational this Appeal was, may be easily discover'd from those Numerous Fallacies and Notorious Falshoods, which our Author has detected in him, not only as to what concerns plain Matter of Fact, but also in the Pamphleteer's pretended way of Reasoning, the false Logick, and worse Law. I shall not enter into the Merits of the Cause; for, I suppose, the more Rational part of Mankind, is abundantly satisfied in the Innocence of that great Man, as to any thing that was laid to Charge; and upon that account, indeed, there would have been little Occasion at this time of Day

To the Reader.

to produce so great an Advocate for his Memory, but that there is risen amongst us a new Rule of the old Republican Stamp, who have reviv'd the Quarrel, and Copied out the obsolete and almost forgotten Scandal of our Libeller, and made it their own. The Author of Ludlow's Letters may be reckon'd amongst the first of these, one that always set up for a Patron of Faction, and a Promoter of the Good Old Cause; but shew'd himself most in that famous Year, when he was one of the Tribunes of the People. I should not have made such a Digression upon this Worthy Patriot, but that I find him to intrude amongst his Friends, Mr. Milton and our Libeller, and seems to be the very Copy of their Malice at least, though not their Wit; and for that reason I must confess, he seems to be the least pointed at by our Answer. I shall say no more of him at present, but pass him by with the same Contempt as the Government has wisely done: 'Tis but unseasonable Quarrelling with a Man that is Arm'd with so much Dirt, you'll be sure of that, if you have nothing else.

I need not trouble the Reader with any Harangue upon our Author, or his Book; I suppose he is no Stranger to the Honester and more Learned part of the Kingdom; and, as for the rest, 'twas their best Security they were not known by him. I shall only add, that it was Mr. Butler's Design to Print the Discourse himself, had not Death prevented him; and since it has fell into the Editor's Hand, 'tis but a piece of Justice to his Memory, to let the World make their Advantage of it.

THE

THE
Royal Martyr
VINDICATED,

Against *John Cook*, and several
others, Pains-takers in the
Mysteries of Rebellion.

By *Mr. Butler*, Author of *Hudibras*.

Mr. COOKE,

HAVING lately seen a Book of yours, which you are pleased to call *King CHARLES his Case, or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Tryal*; I was much invited to read it, by the Ingenuity promised in your Title. For having heard you stile your self Soliciter General for the King's Dread Sovereign, and your own Honourable Client, the People; I was much taken with your Impartiality, that not only exempts all Rational Men from being your Clients in this Case, in making them

them by your Appeal your Judges: For no Man you know can be Judge in his own Case, but acknowledge your High Court from which you Appeal to all Rational Men to consist of no such: But indeed I had not read many lines before I found mine own Error, as well as yours, and your Proceedings nothing agreeable to the plain Dealing I expected from you; for you presently fall to insult upon the Unhappiness of your undeserved Adversary, and that with so little Moderation, as if you strove to make it a Question, whether his incomparable Patience, or your own ungoverned Passion, should be the greater Wonder of Men; preposterously concluding him Guilty, before with one Syllable you had proved him so: A strange way of doing Justice; which you endeavour to make good by a strange insolent Railing, and more insolent Proceeding to the secret Counsel of Almighty God, from whence you presume to give Sentence on him; a Boldness no less impious than unjust in you, were it true, since we can never know it to be so.

But indeed it is hard to say, whether you have shewn more Malice or Vanity in this notable Declaration of yours; for he that considers the Affectation, and Fantastique Lightness of your Language, (such as *Ireland*, a Land of Ire, Bite-Sheep for Bishops,

Bishops, and other such ingenious Elegancies of quibble ;) must needs confess it an Oratory more becoming a Fool in a Play, or *Peters* before the Rabble, than the Patrons of his Sovereigns Sovereign ; or the Gravity of that Court, which you say right wisely, shall be admir'd at the Day of Judgment. And therefore you do ill to accuse him of reading *Johnson's* and *Shakespeare's* Plays, which it seems you have been more in your self to much worse purpose, else you had never hit so right upon the very Dialect of their railing Advocates, in which (believe me) you have really out-acted all that they could fancy of Passionate and Ridiculous Outrage.

For certainly, Sir, I am so Charitable to believe it was your Passion that imposed upon your Understanding ; else, as a Gentleman, you could have never descended to such peasantry of Language, especially against such a Person, to whom (had he never been your Prince) no Law enjoyns (whatsoever his Offences were) the Punishment of Ribaldry. And for the Laws of God, they absolutely Condemn it ; of which I wonder you that pretend so much to be his Counsel, should be either so ignorant or forgetful.

Calamity is the Visitation of God, and (as Preachers tell us) a Favour he does to those
he

he loves ; where ever it falls, it is the work of his Hand, and should become our Pity, not our Insolence. This the Ancient Hea-then knew, who believing Thunder came from the Arm of God, reverence the very Trees it lighted on.

But your Passion hath not only misled you against Civility, and Christian Charity, but Common Sense also ; else you would never have driven your Chariot of Reason (as you call it) so far out of the Road, that you forget whither you are going, and run over every thing that stands in your way ; I mean, your unusual way of Argument, not only against Reason, but your self, as you do it at the first fall ; for after your fit of raving is over, you bestow much pains to prove it one of the Fundamentals of Law, That the King is not above the Law, but the Law above the King. And this you deraign, as you call it, so far, that at length you say, the King hath not by Law so much Power as a Justice of Peace, to commit any Man to Prison ; which you would never have done, if you had considered from whom the Justice derives his Power, or in whose Name his Warrants run ; else you may as well say, a Man may give that which he hath not ; or prove the Moon hath more Light than the Sun, because he cannot shine by Night as the Moon doth.

But

But you needed not have strained so hard, for this will serve you to no purpose, but to prove that which was never denied by the King himself ; for if you had not a much worse Memory than Men of your Condition should have, you could not so soon have forgotten, that immediately after the reading of that Charge, the King demanded of your High Court, by what Law they could sit to judge him ; (as offering to submit if they could produce any,) but then Silence or Interruption were thought the best ways of confessing there was no such thing : And when he undertook to shew them both Law and Reason too, why they could not do it ; the Righteous President told him plainly, he must have neither Law nor Reason, which was certainly (as you have it very finely) the most comprehensive, impartial, and glorious Piece of Justice, that ever was played on the Theatre of *England* ; for what could any Court do more than rather condemn it it self than injure Truth ?

But you had better have left this whole Business of the Law out of your Appeal to all Rational Men, who can make no use of it, but against your self ; for if the Law be above the King, much more is it above the Subject. And if it be so heinous a Crime in a King, to endeavour to set himself above Law, it is much more heinous for Subjects

to set themselves above King and Law both. Thus, like right Mountebanks, you are fain to Wound and Poison your selves to cheat others, who cannot but wonder at the Confidence of your Imposture, that are not ashamed to magnify the Power of the Law, while you violate it ; and confess you set your selves really above the Law, to condemn the King for but intending it.

And indeed, Intentions and Designs are the most considerable part both of your Accusations and Proofs, some of which you are fain to fetch a great way off, as far as his Coronation Oath, which you next say, He, or the Archbishops by his Order, emasculated, and left out very material Words (which the People shall choose) which is most false; for these Words were not left out, but rendered with more Sense (which the Commonalty have,) and if you consider what they relate to (Customs) you will find you cannot, without open Injury, interpret (*elegerit* in the Latin Oath) shall choose, not hath chosen ; for if you will have *consuetudines quas vulgas elegerit*, to mean Customs which are to be not only use, which must be often repeated before it become a Custom, but choice which necessarily preceeds use.

But suppose it were as you would have it, I cannot see with what reason you can presume it to be a design to subvert the Laws,
since

since you know he had sworn to defend them before in the first Article of the Oath, from which I wonder how you can suppose that so wise a Prince (as you acknowledge him to be) could be so irrational to believe himself Absolute by this Omission. But you are not without further Contradiction yet, for if he were so perfidious a Violator of Oaths as you would have the World believe, what reason had he to be so conscientious of taking them? certainly he hath little cause to be nice what Oaths he takes, that hath no regard what Oaths he breaks.

Nor can I possibly understand your other Construction of his refusal to take the Oath, as his Predecessors had done, which you will have a design to refuse his assent to such good Laws rather than bad Ones, as the Parliament should tender; for besides the absurd Concepts that he must still like the bad better than the good, if you consider what you say afterwards, the charitable Sense will appear by your own Words to be truest; for you confess he gave his assent to any bad one, else you had not been fain, for want of such, to accuse him of a few good ones, as you do there; which of these is most probable, let every rational Christian judge.

Your next Argument, to prove the King's design to destroy the Law, is thus ordered. Those Knights that were by an old Statute

to attend at the King's Coronation, being promised by his Proclamation (in regard of the Infection then spread through the Kingdom) a Dispensation for their Absence, were after fined at the Council Table; no doubt by the Procurement of some of your own Tribe, where they pleading the Proclamation for their Indemnity were answered, That the Law of the Land was above any Proclamation: Your Conclusion is therefore, The King had a design to subvert the Laws: Sure there is no Man in his Wits, but would conclude the contrary; such Arguments as these are much like the Ropes that *Oænus* twisted only for Asses to devour.

But if this should fail, you know you were provided with another not less substantial, and that is, his Alteration of the Judges Commissions, who heretofore had their Places granted to them during their Good Behaviour, but he made them but during Pleasure, of this you make a sad Business of a very imaginary evil Consequence; but if you had considered before, what you say presently after, That the King, and not the Judges, is to be accountable for the Injustice and Oppression of the Government, &c. you would have found it very just, that he should use his Pleasure in their Dismission as well as Choice; for Men of your Profession, that have lived long enough to be Judges, are
not

not such Punies in cunning, to play their Feats of Iniquity above-board : and if they may sit still they can be proved to have misbehaved themselves ; the Prince that is to give account for all, may sooner know he is abused, than know how to help himself.

All the Inconveniency which you can fancy possible to ensue it, is only to such bad Judges as buy their Places ; of whose Condition and Loss you are very sensible, as if they had too hard a Bargain of Injustice, believe they may have Reason enough to give unjust Judgment, rather than lose their Places and their Money too, if they shall receive such Intimation from the King. But you forget your self, when you put this in your Appeal to all Rational Men ; for they will tell you, this was a bold Affront done to your High Court of Justice : For if it were potential Tyranny (as you will have it) in the King to have but a Design to endure the Judges to give Sentence against the Law, which you say brings the People the very next Step to Slavery ; What is it in those who presume to give Sentence themselves, not only contrary to Law, but the declared Opinion of all the Judges, and those of their choosing too ? And (I beseech you) whither by your own Doctrine does this bring the People that submit to it ? Certainly, if you that can accuse the King of this, had

had been a Jew heretofore, you would not only have stoned your Fellows, but your Saviour too.

But if all your Arguments should miscarry, you have a Reserve left, that does (as you say) irrefragably prove the Design; what's that? He is restless to destroy Parliament, or make them useless. Believe me, this is right *Ignotum per ignotius*, excellent Consequence to prove his Design by his Desires; you should have proved his Desires first, (if you would prove his Thoughts by his Thoughts) for certainly if ever he designed it, he desired it first. You had better have concluded plainly he did it because he designed it, for that is all one in Sense: But if I might be but half so bold with your Designs, I should with more Reason guess you have one to make us believe you have one to make us believe your familiar Acquaintance with the secret Counsels of God, (which you so often pretended to) else certainly he has given the Desires of Men so private a Lodging, that without his own Discovery, (which you can give us no Account of) you have no other way to know them. You do well, and if I may advise you, you shall give over this unluckly thing called Reason, and betake your self wholly to Revelations.

How

How these Arguments might prevail with your High Court of Justice, I cannot tell; but, in my Opinion, they had little Reason to thank you for this last, for while you make the King a Traytor, and prove his meer Desire to destroy the Parliament, or make it useless, a Purpose to subvert the Laws, you do but tell them what they are that have already done it, and the People what a deal of Law they are to expect hereafter. All you can justly, in your own Sense, accuse the King of, is but Discontinuance, or untimely Dissolution of Parliaments, which I wonder with what Sense you can interpret a Design to destroy the Parliaments, since all the World knows when he parted with his Power, to dissolve the Parliament too. But see how doubly unjust you are; you accuse him for not calling Parliaments so often as he was bound to do by the Law once a Year, (as you say) or oftner, but never consider how that is impossible to be done, without dissolving them as often, for doing which, notwithstanding with so much Clamor, you condemn him. Thus you charge him with Inconsistencies, and may with much more Reason accuse him for calling Parliaments, because if he had not called them, he could never have dissolved them; which is very like your way of Argument.

But

But much better than you commonly use for your next, (to remove an Objection out of your way) is thus managed : The King, and not the Judges and evil Counsellors, ought to be accountable for the Male Administrations, Injustices, and Oppressions of the Parliament, your Reasons are, because he made such wicked and corrupt Judges : Were they not his own Creatures ? and ought not every Man to be accountable for the Work of his own Hands ? Believe me, this were something, if you could prove he made them wicked, as well as Judges. But if this Plea hold, you have argued well for your honourable Clients, the People ; for if they made the King as you say they did, you have cleared him of all such horrid Crimes, Murders, and Massacres, which you take so much Pains to no purpose, to accuse him of ; and like a right Man of Law, have undone your Clients, upon whose Score you set them : Your next Business will be, to prove God guilty of the Sins of wicked Men, for they are his Creatures, and the Work of his Hands, I take it. But this is your perpetual Method of doing him right, to make him sole Author and Owner of all his ill ordered or unhappy Actions, and not allow him a share in any good Deed or Act of Grace.

And these are the Fundamentals of the Charge, only Suppositions of Intentions and Designs,

Designs, which how far you have proved just or profitable, let any Man but your self judge : The Course you take afterwards, is much worse in my Opinion, for you make your own Grounds, and either not prove them at all, (which is worse) prove them upon their own bottom, as when you take upon you to state the Ground of your Wars, and prove the King to be the Cause of it, you do it thus :

The King (you say) set up his Standard of War for the Advancement and Upholding of his Personal Interest, Power, and pretended Prerogative, against the publick Interest of common Right, Peace, and Safety. How do you prove this ? Because he fought for the Militia, for a Power to call and dissolve Parliaments, a negative Voice, to make Judges, confer Honours, grant Pardons, make Corporations, inhance or debase Money, and avoid his own Grants. These you call his Personal Interest, Power, and Prerogative, which you say he fought for : Now put the Position and Proof together, and see what Sense it will make, truly none but this, That he made War for his Prerogative, because he fought for his Prerogative : Is not not this fine Logick ! but suppose it were Sense, how do you prove he fought for his Prerogative ? To this you have not one Word to say ; and why then should we ra-

C c

ther

ther take your Word than the King's, who protested he took Arms in Defence of the Protestant Religion, the Liberty of the Subject, Priviledges of Parliament, and the Laws of *England*? Certainly there is no Man in his Wits, but would rather believe his Words than your Arguments, if he does but consider that the most improbable part of all, (he protested to fight for the Defence of the Priviledges of Parliament,) is found by Experience to be no Paradox: How true the rest is, time will instruct you. But yet I cannot see why we should not rather believe them, than the Pretences of the Parliament, which were more to fight in Defence of his Person, and their own Priviledges, which how they have performed your self can tell; but all this while you mistake your own Question, which was not the right of the Cause, but the Cause, or (as you have it) the Occasion of the War; and if you had a purpose to know that, Actions had been the only Guide of your Inquiry; for Intentions and Words are uncertain, and if they make no Assaults in private Quarrels, I know not why they should in publick; and therefore, since we can never agree about the Truth of more remote Causes, 'tis most just for us to place the Cause of the War where we find the first Breach of the Peace. Now, that the King was cleared of this, all indifferent Men, who had

had the Unhappiness to be acquainted with the Method of their own undoing, can very well testify. And if the Parliament should deny it, their own Votes would contradict them, as well as their Actions; for when they first raised Horse and Arms, they pretended to do so, because it appeared the King seduced by wicked Counsel, intended to make War against the Parliament; whereby they confess he had not then done it, and they had so little Ground to make it appear he ever would, that they were fain to usurp the Right of his Cause, to justify their own; and they say, took Arms for the Defence of the King, which if we grant, it must follow they first made War against him; for no Body else ever did, against whom they could possibly defend him; nor did their Actions, in offering the first Violence, less declare who began the War, when having an Army ready to invade him, before he set up his Standard, they both followed and set upon him, as they did at *Edge-Hill*. Go as far as you can, you will still find the *Scots* (whose Quarrel the Parliament took up at the second Hand, as well as they followed their Examples) were the first Beginners of all.

This being granted, how the King could afterwards do less than he did, I cannot understand: First, he was bound by the Law of Nature (which you say is Legislative, and

hath a suspensive Power over all Human Laws) to defend himself. Secondly, by his Coronation-Oath, which he took to keep the Peace; and how could he do that, but by his raising Power to suppress those who had already broken it? Thirdly, by the Laws of the Land, which you say trusted him with the Power of the Sword, and how could he preserve that Trust, if he had fate still, and suffered others not only to take it from him, but to use it against him.

But it is most probable that he never intended it, else he was very unwise to let them be before-hand with him, in seizing upon his Castles, Magazines, and Ships; for which there can be no Reason imagin'd, but that he was to give them any Occasion (in securing them) to suspect he did but intend a War. And by all this, I doubt not but it appears plain enough to all Rational Men, that he was loth so far from being the Cause of the War, that he rather fell into it by avoiding it; and that he avoided it so long, 'till he was fain to take Arms at so great a Disadvantage, as he had almost as good have fate still, and suffered. And in this you have used the King with the same Justice the Christians receiv'd from *Nero*, who having set *Rome* on fire himself, a Sacrifice to his own wicked Genius, laid the Odium of it on

on the Christians, and put them to Death for it.

But this way you found too fair and open for your Purpose, and therefore declined it for having proved his Intentions by his Desires, and his Actions by his Intentions, you attempt a more preposterous way yet, to prove both; by what might have been his Intentions: And to this purpose, you have the Confidence (in spite of Sense) to make Contingencies the final Cause of Things: And impolitick Accidental, possible Inconveniences (which all the Wit of Man can never avoid) the intended Reasons of State. As when you will have the King fight for the Militia, only to command the Purse of the People; for a Power to make Judges, only to wrest the Laws; to grant Pardons, that publick-spirited Men (as you call them) may be made away, and the Murderers Pardon, &c. All which being Creatures of your own Fancy and Malice, (and no part of his Quarrel,) you are so far from proving he fought for that; when you have strained your Ability, all you can say, is but this, in your own Sense, That he fought for a Power to do that, which he never would do when it was in his Power: But if you take this Liberty, I cannot but think how you would bestir your self, if you could but get your God, as you have done your King,
before

before such an impartial High Court of Justice as this ! how would you charge him with his Misgovernment in Nature, for which, by the very same Logick, you may prove he made us all Slaves, in causing the Weaker to hold his Life at the Pleasure of the Stronger ; that he set up a Sun to dazle our Eyes, that we might not see ; and to kindle Feavers in our Veins, made Fire to burn us, Water to drown us, and Air to poison us, and then demand Justice against him ; all which you may easily do, now you have the trick on't, for the very same Reason will serve again, and with much more Probability, for 'tis easier to prove, that Men have been burnt, and drowned, and died of the Plague, than to make it appear the King ever used your finer Device to remove publick spirited Men ; or can you, without extreme Injustice, suppose he ever would ? For 'tis so much, as very well known, he highly favoured and advanced his greatest Opposers, (for such you mean, I know) whom he found Owners of any eminent Desert, as he did the Earl of *Strafford*, and the Attorney General *Noy*, (and for other honest Men, as you will have them) whom Frenzy or Sedition set against him, by your own Confession ; he did not suffer those black Stars, (very strange ones) to slit their Noses, and crop their Ears.

But

But now I think of these honest publick spirited Men, certainly some of them have not so good an Opinion of the Honesty of your publick Proceedings, but they would willingly venture not only their Ears again, (if they had them) but their Heads too, in Defiance of your most comprehensive piece of Justice, whose Cause, while you take upon you to plead against their Consent, as you have done your Honourable Clients the People; you deserve in reason to be thrown over the Barr by your own Party, for you but confess your own Injustice, while you acknowledge the publick Honesty of those that oppose it.

How solid or pertinent those Arguments of yours have been, let any Man that is sober, judge: But you are resolved, right or wrong, they shall pass, to let us know how easily he that has the Unhappiness to be judged by his Enemies, is found guilty of any thing they please to lay to his Charge; and therefore satisfied with your own Evidence, you proceed to Sentence and condemn the the King with much Frailty, by the fundamental Laws of this Kingdom, by the general Law of all Nations, and the unanimous Consent of all rational Men in the World, for imploying the Power of the Sword to the Destruction of the People, with which they intrusted him for their own Protection. How

you

you got the Consent of rational Men to this Sentence, I cannot imagine ; for 'tis most certain, (by your own Confession) that he never imployed the Sword, but against those who first fought to deprive him of it ; and by that very Act, declared they did not trust him, and consequently absolved him both from the Obligation that he had to protect them, and the Possibility too : For no Man can defend another longer than he defends himself ; so that if you will have your Sentence to be just, you must confess it to be Nonsense ; for you must not only prove, that those who fought against him were the People that trusted him ; not those who fought for him, but the lesser, or less considerable part of the People, the People as you have Confidence to call your honourable Clients, being not the twentieth part of the very Rabble ; which if you can do, you are much wiser than *Solomon* : For it is easier to divide a Child into two parts, than to make one of those two parts a whole Child ; and if you have the trick on't, you shall be next allowed to prove, That take four out of six, there remains six : Nor is there more Justice or Reason in the Sentence, than in the Course you take to uphold it ; for while you deny the old Maxim of Law, That the King can do no Wrong, you maintain a new one much worse, That he may suffer any ; and having
limited

limited his Power to act only according to Law, expose him to suffer, not only without, but against Law. Truly it is hard Measure, but rather than fail of your purpose, you will make as bold with Scriptures as you have done with Reason, if it stand in your way ; as you do when you interpret that place of the Apostles, Where no Law is, there is no Transgression, to mean, where there is neither Law of God nor Nature, nor positive Law : I wonder where that is ; certainly, you had better undertake to find out a Plantation for *Archimedes* his Engines to move the Earth, than but fancy where that can be, which you must do before you can make this Scripture to be understood to your purpose ; and I cannot but smile to think, how hard a Task that will be for such a strong Fancy as yours, that cannot conceive what your self affirm ; for when you deny it possible to suppose two supreme Powers in one Nation, you forget that you had acknowledged much more before ; for you confess the King to be supreme, when you say very elegantly, he made Head against the Parliament, who acknowledged him to be the Head thereof ; and yet you say the Parliament is the Supreme Authority of the Nation. Thus you affirm that really to be, which you think is impossible to imagine.

D d

But

But such lucky Contradictions of your self, as well as Sense, are as familiar with you as Railing ; for besides the many before-mentioned, and your common Incongruities of Speech, is as far from Construction as the Purpose ; there are others, which for your Encouragement ought not to be omitted ; and when you would prove the King the most abominable Tyrant that ever People suffer'd under, yet you say he was beloved of some, and feared abroad : His Judges you compared to the Saints sitting in Judgment at the last Day, and yet by your own Doctrine, they are more like Bears and Wolves, in sitting by a Commission of Force ; their High Court is a Royal Palace of the Principles of Freedom ; and yet, till the People voluntarily submit to a Government, (which they never did to the Authority of that) they were but Slaves. The Parliament (you say) petitioned the King as good Subjects ; and yet immediately after, you make them his Lords, and himself Servant ; so they give him the Honour of his own Royal Assent, and yet they often petitioned him for it. His Trial you call most Impartial, and yet cannot deny all his Judges to be Parties, and his profest Enemies. But you hit pretty right when you say he caused more Protestant Blood to be shed than ever was spilt, either by *Rome*, *Heathen*, or *Anti-christian* ; for
grant

grant that partly to be true, and confess as much Protestant Blood as ever was spilt by the Heathen *Romans*, unless they could kill Protestants eight hundred Years before there were any in the World ; which eloquent piece of Nonsense we must impute to your Ignorance in Chronology, or Confusion of Notions, which you please. Nor are those Riddles of Contradiction only in your Words, but in the whole Course of your Proceedings, for you never do the King any Right, but where you do him the greatest Wrong ; and are there only rational, where you are most inhumane, as in your additional Accusations, since his Death, for there you undertake to prove something, and give your Reasons (such as they are) to make it appear, which were fair Play, if you do not take an advantage too unreasonable, to argue with the Dead. But your other Impeachments consist only of Generals, prove nothing, or Intentions, which can never be proved, or your own forc'd Constructions of Actions, or what might have been Actions, but never were ; all which you only aggravate with Impertinency and foul Language, but never undertake to prove ; and if we should grant all you would say, and suppose you said it in Sense or Order, it would serve you to no purpose, unless you have by Proof or Argument applied it to him, which you never went about to do. But

But if this were the worst, you might be born with, as a thing more becoming the Contempt, than the Anger of Men ; but who can preserve any Patience, that does but think upon that Prodigy of your Injustice, as well as Inhumanity, to accuse the King after his Death, of what you were ashamed to charge him with when alive ? For what you say concerning the Death of King *James*, you will become the Scorn of your own Party, for they never used it farther than they found it of Advantage to some Design they had in hand ; as when they would move the King to grant their Propositions, they made it serve for an Argument to him ; if he would sign, he should be still their Gracious King ; if not, he killed his Father : But when they found he would not be convinced of such Logick, they laid it utterly aside, for (without doubt) they had not lost an Advantage so useful as they might have made it in the Charge, had they not known it would have cost them more Impudence to maintain, than they should need to use in proceeding without it ; but let us consider your Student's Might, with which you first say you are satisfied, and yet after have it as a Riddle. First, he was observed to hate the Duke, but instantly, upon the Death of King *James*, took him into his special Grace and Favour, of which you conceive this Art must be

be the Cause. Believe me, your Conjecture is contrary to all Experience, and the common Manner of Princes, who use to love the Treason, but hate the Traytor ; and if he had been so politick a Tyrant as you would describe him, he would never believe his Life safe, nor his Kingdom his own, while any Man lived, (much less his Enemy, whom such a King would never trust) of whose Gift and Secresy he held them both ; nor is it likely that he who would not spare the Life of his Father to gain a Kingdom, should spare the Life of his Enemy to secure it. As for his dissolving the Parliament, I believe not only all Wise Men, but all that ever heard of this, will acquit him, whether he did it to avoid the Duke's Impeachment, you cannot prove, but if you could, you must consider, that in such Cases, Princes may as well protect their Favourites from Injury as Justice, since no Innocence can serve them, if they lie as open to the Question, as they do to the Envy of Men.

But for the better Satisfaction of those you appeal to, I shall add this : It is most certain that this Humour of Innovation began to stir in the first Parliament of this King, and grew to an Itch in the Commons for the Alteration of Government ; to which end, they first resolved to pull down the chief Instrument thereof, the Duke of *Buckingham* :
But

But having then no *Scotch* Army, nor Act of Continuance to assure their Sitting, all the Wit of Malice could never invent more politick Course than to impeach him, and put this Article (true or false) into his Charge; for thus they were not only sure of the Affections of the People, who out of the common Fate of Favourites, generally hated the Duke, and are always pleased with the Ruin of their Superiours, but secured from the King's Interposition, whom they believed by this means bound up from protecting the Duke, (though he knew his Innocency) lest the Envy and Fancy of all should fall upon himself; but the King, who understood their Meaning, and knew this was but in order to their further Attempts, (which always begin with such Sacrifices) suddenly dissolved the Parliament, and by his Wisdom and Policy, kept that Calamity sixteen Years after from the People, which the very same Courses and Fate of these unhappy Times have since brought upon them. But you have taken more Pains to prove him Guilty since his Death of the Rebellion in *Ireland*, altho' with as little Reason or Ingenuity, only you deal fairly in the Beginning, and tell us what Judgment and Conscience we are to expect from you, when you say, as a Ground for all your proofs, If you meet

a Man running down Stairs with a bloody Sword in his Hand, and find a Man stabbed in the Chamber, though you did not see this Man run into the Body by that Man which you met ; yet if you were of the Jury, you durst not but find him Guilty of the Murther, I hope not before you know whether the Man killed were sent by the King to fetch the Man you met, for then you may say it must be in his own Defence: Truly you are a subtil Enquirer, but let us hear some of the clear Proots ; first, he durst never deny it absolutely ; besides the notorious Falshood of that, it is most senseless to imagine, that he who had Wickedness enough to commit so horrid an Act, should have the innocent Modesty not to deny it, when he durst not own it. He sent Thanks to *Muskerry* and *Plunket* by *Ormond*, which you are confident his Height of Spirit would never have done, if he had not been as guilty as themselves ; and may not *Ormond*, that carried the Thanks, be by the same Reason as well proved guilty as the King ? What's next, If he had not been guilty, he would have made a thousand Declarations, and have sent to all Princes in the World for Assistance against such Hell-hounds, and Blood-hounds, &c. That was impossible to be done without sending to the Pope, and then you would have proved

it

it clear indeed. But the Copy of his Commission to the *Irish* Rebels, is in the Hands of the Parliament. 'Tis most certain, they never believed it themselves, else it had not been omitted in the Charge. But now for an Argument to the purpose ; after the *Irish* were proclaimed Traytors and Rebels by the King, their General Council made an Oath to bear true and faithful Allegiance to King *Charles*, and by all means to maintain his Royal Prerogative against the Puritans in the Parliament of *England*, which they would never have done, unless he had commanded or consented to the Rebellion : But observe then what will follow ; after the two Houses at *Westminster* were proclaimed Rebels and Traytors by the King, they made a solemn Covenant to defend his Royal Person, Rights and Dignities, against all Opposers whatsoever ; and therefore by the same Reason he did command or consent to the War raised by the Parliament raised against himself. But did they not say they had his Commission, and call themselves the King and Queen's Armies ? But then, you forgot who they were that said so, Hell-hounds, and Blood-hounds, Fiends and Fire-brands, and bloody Devils, not to be named without Fire and Brimstone ; do you think such are not to be believed, (especially when they speak for their own Advantage) rather than

than the People of God, the faithful of the Land at *Westminster*, who likewise, when they raised Forces, said, they did it for the King and Parliament? Can any Man in his Wits deny but the King is to be believed before either of these? And yet you cannot be persuaded, but his Offer to go in Person to suppress the Rebellion, was a Design to return at the Head of 20 or 30000 Rebels to have destroyed this Nation; that's very strange! but first, how shall we believe what you say before, (to shew your Breeding? Never was Bear so unwillingly brought to the Stake, as he to declare against the Rebels, if he offered to adventure his Person to suppress them: When you made this agree in Sense, let us know how you can suppose the same Person, the wisest King in Christendom, and yet so foolish to study his own Destruction; for who could suffer so much in the Ruin of this Nation as himself? For his hindering the Earl of *Leicester's* going into *Ireland*, he had much more Reason to do so, than the Parliament had to hinder him, and therefore you may as well conclude them guilty, as him, of the Rebellion.

That the sold or exchange'd for Arms and Ammunition the Cloath and Provisions sent by the Parliament to the Protestants in *Ireland*, you must either accuse the Parliament,

E e

which

which seiz'd upon his Arms first, and used them against him, or prove them above the Law of Nature, (which I believe you had rather do) that commands every Man to defend himself. But the Rebels in *Ireland* gave Letters of Mart for taking the Parliament's Ships, but freed the King's as their very good Friends. I see you are not such a Wizard at Designs as you pretend to be ; for if this be the deepest Reach of your Subtilty, had you been a Senator in *Rome*, when *Hannibal* invaded *Italy*, and burnt all the Country of the *Roman* Dictator, you would have spared no longer to have proved him Confederate with the Enemy. But I fear I may seem as vain as your self in repeating your Impertinencies. There is one Argument that would have serv'd instead of all to convince you of Wickedness and Folly in this Business, and that is the Silence of the Charge, which by your own Rule, ought to be taken (*pro confesso*) there was never any such thing.

I will not trouble my self nor any Body with your *French* Legend, as being too inconsiderable to deserve any serious Notice, built only upon Relations and Hear-says, and proved with your own Conjectures, which how far we are to credit from a Man of so much Byass and Mistakes, any of those you appeal to, shall determine, to whom I shall

I shall say but this, that you do but acknowledge the Injustice of the Sentence, while you strove to make it good with such Additions; for if you had not believed it very bad, you would never have taken so much Pains to mend it: And I hope your High Court will punish you for it, whose Reputation your officious Indiscretion hath much impaired to no purpose: For tho' we should grant all your Additions to be true, as you would have it, it does not at all justify the King's Death, since he did not Die in Relation to any thing there objected; and all you can possibly aim at by this pitiful Argument, is but to prove him guilty, because he was punished; for you can never prove him punished, because he was guilty.

For your Epilogue, I have so much Charity to believe it, being of a different Thread of Language, none of your own; but either penn'd for you by your Musty *Peters*, or else you writ Short-hand very well to copy after the Speech of his Tongue. However you came by it, sure I am it could come from no Body else; and having said so, I hope I shall need to say no more; for I shall be loath to commit the Sin of repeating any of it: But since 'tis but a Frippery of common places of Pulpit-Railing, ill put together, that pretend only to Passion, I am content you should use them

YOUR self, and be allowed to say any thing with as little regard, as if you wore your Priviledge : Yet lest you should grow so conceited as to believe your self, I will take *Solomon's* Advice, and answer you not in your own way of Railing or Falshood, but in doing some Right to Truth, and the Memory of the Dead, which you have equally injured.

The

The Character of the Royal Martyr, King Charles I. By Mr. Buttler.

THAT he was a Prince of incomparable Vertues, his very Enemies cannot deny, (only they were not for their purpose) and those so anblemish'd with any personal Vice, that they were fain to abuse the Security of his Innocence, both to accuse and ruin him. His Moderation (which he preserved equal in the Extremity of both Fortunes) they made a common Disguise for their contrary Impalations, as they had occasion to miscall it, either an Easiness to be inflicted by others, or Obstinacy to rule by his own Will. This Temper of his was so admirable, that neither the highest of Temptations, Adoration, and Flattery, nor the lowest of Misery, Injuries, the Insolency of Fools, could move him. His Constancy to his own Vertues, was no mean Cause of his undoing; for if he had not stated the Principles of Government upon unalterable Right, but could have shifted his Sails to catch the popular Air when it grew high, (as his Enemies did) they had

had never undone him with empty Pretendings to what he really meant. His Wisdom and Knowledge were of so Noble a Capacity, that nothing lay so much out of his reach, as the profound Wickedness of his Enemies, which his own Goodness would neither give him Leave to suspect, nor his Experience Power to discover; for they managed the whole Course of his Ruin, as they did the last Act of it, in Disguise; else so great a Wit as his had never been circumvented by the Treachery and Cheat, rather than Policy, of ignorant Persons. All he wanted of a King was, he knew not how to dissemble, unless concealing his own Perfections were so; in which he only deceived his People, who never understood his great Abilities, till their Sins were punished with the Loss of him. In his Death, he not only out-did the high Resolutions of the ancient Romans, but the humble Patience of the primitive Martyrs; so far from the Manners of Tyrants, who use to wish all the World their Funeral Pile, that he employed the Care of his last Thoughts about the Safety of his very Enemies, and died not only consulting, but praying for the Preservation of those whom he knew resolved to have none, but what was built upon their own Destruction.

All this, and much more, the Justice of Posterity (when Faction and Concernment are removed) will acknowledge to be more true

true of him, than any of those Slanders you (or the mad Wickedness of this Age) have thrown upon his Memory, which shall then, like Dung cast at the Roots of Trees, but make his Name more flourishing and glorious; when all those Monuments of Infamy you have raised, shall become the Trophies of his Vertue, and your own Shame. In the mean time, as your own Conscience, or the Expectation of Divine Vengeance, shall call upon you, you will see what you have done, and find there is no Murther so horrid, as that which is committed with the Sword of Justice; nor any Injustice so notorious, as that which takes Advantage both of the first Silence of the Living, and that of the Dead: In this last, you have been very sinful; and in accusing the Dead, have not behaved your self so like a Saint at the Day of Judgment, as the Devil, whose Office is to be Solicitor-General in such Cases. I will not judge you, lest I should do worse, imitate you: But certainly, you will find it the worst kind of Witchcraft, to raise the Devil by sacrificing to your own Malice, especially to so bad a purpose as you have done, that you might invade the Judgment-Seat of Christ, and usurp his Jurisdiction before his Coming, which you have presumed to do with more Rudeness than *Hackett* used, and less Formality in not sending your Fore-runner

runner to proclaim (in a Turnep-Cart) your coming to Judgment. But the worst of all is, you seem to glory in your Sins, and assert the Martyrdom of your Wickedness, for having supposed a Possibility you may fall by the Hands of Violence: You arm your self with a forc'd Resolution, which you may be confident you will never have need of; for you have no Reason to think any Man can believe you have deserved a violent Death; no, you have deserved rather to live long; so long, till you see your self become the Controversy of wild Beasts, and besain to prove our Scare-crow. Unless you shall think it just, as you have been condemned out of your own Mouth, so you should fall by your own Hand. Indeed there was not Hang-man bad enough for *Judas*, but himself, and when you shall think fit to do your self so much Right, you shall be your own Sooth-sayer, and fall by the Hand of a *Raviliack*, to whom with more Likeness compare your self, than to *Henry the Fourth*, for you are no King. What *Raviliack* was, is very well known; what you are, I leave to your own Conscience.

F I N I S.

The True
PRESBYTERIAN
Without Disguise :
O R, A
CHARACTER
O F A
Presbyterian's Ways and Actions.

By Sir John Denham, *Knight*.

THE GREAT

10

10

10

THE CHARACTER OF A PRESBYTERIAN.

A *Presbyter* is such a monst'rous thing,
That loves Democracy, and hates a King.
For Royal Issue, never making Prayers,
Since Kingdoms (as he thinks) should have no
Heirs ;
But stand Elective, that the Holy Crew
May (when their Zeal transports them) chuse
a New :
And is so strongly grounded in Belief,
That Antichrist his Coming will be brief.
As he dares swear (if he dares swear at all)
The *Quakers* are ordain'd to make him fall .

From whence he grows impatient, and he says,
 The wisest Counsels are but fond Delays,
 To hold him ling'ring in deluding Hope,
 Else long e're this he had subdu'd the Pope.

A *Presbyter* is he, whose Heart doth hate
 The Man (how good foe're) advanc'd in State,
 And finding his Disease a Leprosie,
 Doth judge, that all in Court *Gehaz's* be;
 Whilst he himself in Bribery is lost,
 And Lyes for Gain unto the Holy Ghost:
 When the' in shew he seems a grave *Tobias*.
 He is within a very *Ananias*.
 The Lay-profane Name (*Lord*) he hates, and
 says,
 It is th'approaching Sign of the last Days,
 For Church-men to be stiled so; nay, more,
 'Tis Usher to the *Babylonian Whore*.
 The Bishops Habits, with the Tip and Rochets,
 Beget in him such Fancies and such Crotchets,
 That

That he believes it is a thing as evil
To look on them, as to behold the Devil.
And for the Government Episcopal,
That he condemns to be the worst of all ;
Because the primest Times did suffer no Man
To exalt himself, for all was held in common :
Yet 'tis most strange, when he is most Zeal-sick,
Nothing can cure him, but a Bishoprick ;
Where once invested, proves without all scope,
Insulting, boundless, more than any Pope.

A *Presbyter* is he that's never known,
To think on any good besides his own ;
And all his Doctrine is of Hope and Faith,
For Charity, 'tis *Popery*, he saith :
And is not only silent in good Works,
But in his Practice too, resemble *Turks*.
The Churches Ornaments, the Ring of Bells,
(Can he get Pow'r) 'tis ten to one he sells :

For

For his well-tuned Ears cannot abide

A jangling Noise, but when his Neighbours
chide.

A *Presbyter* is he, that never prays,

But all the World must hear him what he says;

And in that Fashion too, that all may see

He is an open Modern Pharisee.

The Name of *Sabbath* still he keeps, ('tis true)

But so he is less *Christian*, more a Jew;

Nor settled Form of Prayer his Zeal will keep,

But preacheth all his purer Flock asleep:

To study what to say, where for to doubt

Of a presumed Grace to hold him out;

And to be learned, is to Human thought;

The Apostles all (he says) were Men untaught:

And thus he proves it for the best to be

A simple Teacher of Divinity.

The Reverence which Caeemony brings

Into the Sacred Church, his Conscience stings,
Which

Which is so void of Grace, and so ill bent,
That kneel he will not at the Sacrament ;
But sits more like a Judge, than like a Sinner,
And takes it just as he receives his Dinner.
Thus do his saucy Postures speak his Sin,
For as without, such is his Heart within.

A Presbyter is he, who doth defame
Those Reverend Ancestors from whence he
came,
And like a Graceless Child, above all other,
Denies Respect unto the Church, his Mother :
His Fellow Protestants he scorns, as Men
Not fav'd, because they are not Brethren :
And lest his Doctrine should be counted new,
He wears an ancient Beard to make it true.

A Presbyter is he that thinks his Place
At every Table is to say the Grace ;

When

When the good Man, or when his Child hath
paid,

And Thanks to God for King and Realm hath
(said,

He then starts up, and thinks his self a Debter,

Till he doth cry, I pray you thank God better:

When long he prays for every living thing,

But for the Catholick Church, and for the King.

A *Presbyter* is he, would wond'rous fain

Be call'd Disciple by the Holy Train;

Which to be worthy of, he'll stray and err,

Ten Miles to hear a silenc'd Minister.

He loves a Vesper Sermon, hates a Mattin,

As he detests the Fathers nam'd in *Latm*.

And as he *Friday Sunday* makes in Diet,

Because the King and Canons do deny it,

The self same Nature makes him to repair

To Week-day Lectures, more than *Sundays*
Prayer.

And as the Man must needs in all things err,

He starves his Parson, crams his Lecturer.

A

A *Presbyter* is he, whose Heart is bent
 To cross the King's Designs in Parliament,
 Where, whilst the place of Burgefs he doth bear,
 He thinks he owes but small Allegiance there;
 But stands at distance, as some higher thing,
 Like a *Licurgus*, or a kind of King.
 Then, as in errant Times bold Knights were
 To seek out Monsters, and Adventures hunt;
 So with his Wit and Valour, he doth try
 How the Prerogative he may defy.
 This he attempts, and first he fain would know
 If that the Sovereign Power be new, or no:
 Or if it were not fitter Kings should be
 Confin'd unto a limited Degree;
 And for his part, likes a Plebean State,
 Where the poor Mechanicks may still debate
 All Matters at their Pleasure, not confin'd
 To this or that, but as they Cause do find;

G g

When

When, tho' that every Voice against him go,

He'll slay the Giant with his fingle (No.)

He in his Heart, tho' at a poor Expence,

Abhors a Gift that's call'd Benevolence,

For as his Mind, so is his Bounty bent,

And still unto the King malevolent.

He is the States-man, just enough precise,

The nearest Government to scandalize,

Nor like a Drunkard, when he doth expose

In secret underneath the silent Rose,

To use his Freedom, when the Pot might bear

The Faults which closely he committed there,

But *Shimei*-like, to all the Men he meets,

He spews his frantick Venom in the Streets :

And tho' he says the Spirit moves him to it,

The Devil is that Spirit made him do it.

A *Presbyter* is he; (else there is none)

That thinks the King will change Religion :

His

His doubtful Thought, like to his Moon-blind
Makes the Beast start at every Shape he ^{(Eyes,} spies;
And what his fond mistaken Fancy breed,
He doth believe as firmly as the *Creed*;
From whence he doth proclaim a Fast to all,
That he allows to be Canonical :
And then he consecrates a secret Room,
Where ~~none~~ but the elected Sisters come ;
When being meet, doth Treason bodily teach,
And will not Fast and Pray, but Fast and Preach.
Then strains a Text, whereon he may relate
The Church's Danger, Discontent of State,
And hold them there so long in Fear and Doubt,
That some do think 'tis Danger to go out,
Believing, if they hear the Ceiling crack,
The Bishops are behind them at their Back ;
And so they sit bewailing one another,
Each groaning Sister howling to her Brother.

A Presbyter is he, has Womens Fears,

G g 2

And

And yet will set the whole World by the Ears;
 He'll rail in publick, if the King deny
 To let the Quarrel of the *Spaniard* die;
 He storms to hear in *France* the Wars should cease,
 And that by Treaty, there should be Peace:
 For sure (saith he) the Church doth Honour
 When 'tis not truly called Militant; (want,
 And in plain Truth, as far as I can find,
 He bears the self-same Treasonable Mind
 As doth the *Jesuit*; for tho' they be
 Tongue-Enemies in shew, their Hearts agree,
 And both professed Foes alike, consent,
 Both to betray the Anointed Innocent;
 For tho' their Manners differ, yet they aim
 That either may the King or Kingdom main;
 The Difference is this way understood,
 One in Sedition, t'other deals in Blood.
 Their Characters abridg'd, if you will have,
 Each seems a Saint, yet either proves a Knave.

T H E E N D.

THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Modern Whig :
OR,
The *Republican* in Fashion:

THE

TO A

A TO

did

THE

THE
 CHARACTER
 OF A
Modern Whig.

A Modern Whig, is a new Book with an old Title, at first Sight you'll expect *Hypocrisy* to be the Contents of it, but survey it well, and you'll find it made up of *Impudence*. Since Masks were forbid at the *Play-House*, he has taken off his, and the Woman of the Town has this to agree with him, that as she makes Application to her Clients Bare-fac'd, so does he, only the last is more indefatigable in debauching their Souls, than the first in distempering their Body.

His Fore-fathers in *Forty One*, are meer Pigmies in *Sedition* to him ; their Pretence was to remove evil Counsellors from their Sovereign, but he is never at Rest, 'till he gets into an Employment to capacitate him to give evil Advice to his. When
 the

the *Penal Laws and Test* were in Vogue, who so violent a Church-man as he? When Toleration came in, who so cool and estrang'd from what he before was so zealous a Professor of?

Ask him his Religion, and his Answer is, It is older than the Ten Commandments; but question him about those Commandments, and he cannot make up the Number for the Soul of him, since the fifth must needs slip him, because it enjoins Obedience to his Superiors. He is not for an *Aristocracy*, because he's conscious to himself, if only the *best Men* were to be chosen for our Rulers, he should never have a Finger in the Pye; but a Democracy suits him to a Hair, because of his Mob-principles.

Though he is not qualify'd to be one of *Oliver's* Chaplains, because he is not Rogue enough, he may serve for one of his Water-men, for to look one way, and row another, is their Business. He was put into a Post, under pretence of being a Church-man, but is taught by Experience, that the ready way to keep in it, is not to be against the *Dissenters*; for some Body has said, *They are too great a Body to be disoblig'd*, and he knows he stands upon slippery Ground, while

while he gives not implicate Obedience to
some Body's Orders.

He's an *Aristotelian*, though he loves the *Mammon* of Unrighteousness too much to be a Philosopher, and his Actions are sufficient Arguments to shew, that the Corruption of one thing, is the Generation of another. He's one that has been deputed by the People to make *new Laws*, and thinks it of no Consequence what becomes of the old. He's of an Al-a-mode Cut, and the very Reason that they should be of Force with him to stand up for the Church, slackens his Resolutions to defend her. She has been a Church from the Beginning; and *King Solomon's Mistress* is too antiquated for a Courtier's Embraces.

He's a pretended Stickler for the Queen's Authority, just so long as he receives the Queen's Money; while, to shew how undeserving he is of her Royal Favours, he confederates himself for the downfall of the Queen's Religion. He's an *Englishman*, with a *Scotch Heart*, an *Irish* pair of Heels, and a *Spanish* Countenance. His Courage is in chusing the strongest Side, his Constancy in being ever subject to Variation, and his Honesty, in what

H

you

you think to call it, for I know not where to find it, unless it be in his Gravity.

He's for a single Ministry, that he may play the *Tom Double* under it, and had rather the Management of Affairs should be in one, than in many; because in the *Multitude of Counsellors*, there would be no Safety for him, and the fewer the Superintendants, the more may be the Miscarriages of those that are subordinate to them, without being discern'd. Not that he is of this Temper for any other Account, since notwithstanding his pretended Affection to her Majesty and Government, he leans much more towards a *Commonwealth*, than a Monarchy, and had rather the Executive Power was to be entrusted with a Committee of Safety, and he to be the *Obadiab* of the Party, than to be lodg'd where it is.

He might be a *Camælion* for his different Appearances, but he knows not how to live upon Air. He's a meer *Reptile*, that should have had the Serpent for his Father, from his solliciting other People to Sin; and *Eve* for his Mother, by his Readiness to comply with Temptations himself. He was born when the Parliament Army was in an Uproar, and had a mutinous Tongue all the last Reign, but his Eye-sight took
away

away the Use of it ; for he no sooner saw the Apple of Preferment, but he laid hold of it, and was silent.

He's a meer *Weather-cock*, though not a High Church-man, and always faces about, and turns his Back-side upon every Wind, but what blows from the Court. He never looks upon her Majesty's Arms, but *Semper Eadem* gives him the Gripes, for he knows he had not been what he is, had he continued what he was. He's *Regis ad Exemplum* only in his Cloths, not his Principles, and pays a greater Deference to her Majesty's Way of Drefs, than her Worship. He's the very Reverse of one of the Members of the Rump Parliament, even while he sides with them that justify their Proceedings : They set aside the House of Lords as useless ; he's for pulling down the Authority of the House of Commons, and making a Surrendry of their Rights in one Point, that he may be taken for a Man of peaceable Dispositions in all other. He should be an *Israelite* by his mutinous Temper, at the same time as the rest of his Actions speak him to be an *Infidel* ; and the only way to trace his Original to the Fountain Head, is to search for his Fore-fathers among the Male-contents in the Wilderness, where 'tis

'tis ten to one but you find them a crying Liberty and Property for the Flesh-Pots of *Egypt*.

He's neither a Prophet, nor one of the Sons of the Prophets himself, though he is pointed out by the Prophet *Esaiah*, for one of those that say, *Peace, Peace, when there is no Peace*, and has always a mouthful of *Moderation* at your Service, when his Heart is full *Intemperance of Persecution*; and he only has a Value for the *Word*, because of all others in the *English* Vocabulary, it is made Use of but once in Holy Scripture.

To conclude; He may be understood, but not thoroughly defin'd, for his ill Practices are without end, and so might his Description. Wherefore I shall take my Leave of him, by saying, He's like one of our fashionable things call'd *Beaux*, that has no Brains, because they are out of Date; so has he no *Honesty*. And if my Reader is in search after one that is neither *Fish*, *Flesh*, nor good *Red Herring*, that is, neither Christian, Jew, Turk, Infidel, or Heretick, simply, but has a Relish of the Leaven of all Sects complexly; here you have him at your Service, and much good may it do you with the Bargain, for I am glad to rid my Hands of him.

F I N I S.

2600

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 03146 7429

BOUND

APR 8 

**UNIV. OF MICH.
LIBRARY**

