*Beale Post,*

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Innocnt the 11 Pope of Rome

London Printed for J Dunton at ye black Raven in ye Bultrey

# THE *DEVILS PATRIARCK*, OR A Full and Impartial Account Of the NOTORIOUS LIFE Of this Present

# Pope of Rome

## *INNOCENT* the 11th.

Wherein is *newly* Discovered his *Rise and Reign*; The *Time and Manner* of his being chosen Pope; His Prime Procession, Consecration and Coronation; The *Splendour* and *Grandeur* of his Court; His most *Eminent* and *Gainful* Cheats, by which he Gulls the *silly* People; His *Secret* and *Open* Transactions with the Papists in *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland*, and other Protestant Countreys to this *very* day; Together with the *Rest* of the Hellish Policies and Infamous Actions of his wicked Life.

Written by an *Eminent Pen* to Revive the Remembrance of the *almost* forgotten Plot against the Life of his Sacred Majesty and the Protestant Religion.



*LONDON*, Printed for *John Dunton* at the *Black-Raven* in the *Poultrey*. 1683.

Pipe Inscribed the 11th Devon Regiment

THE

# PREFACE

TO THE

# READER.

Candid and Curteous Reader,

WHen *a suddain and surprizing* Invasion *is made upon us by a* Foreign Power, *every Right-thinking Mind cannot but Judg it high time to* Fire our Beacons. Æsops *Witty Wisdom,* ( *in his* Fable of the Shepherd-Boy, *that cry'd out falsly, as well as frequently*, [ The Wolf comes, the Wolf comes, Help, Help. ] *to the People,* ) *hath in the* Apologues Moral *a very shrewd* Congruity, *with our present* Case, *though there wants not also some* Disparity.

(1.) *The* Congruity *consists in these particulars,*

First, *Every Shepherd should be careful to preserve the Flock committed to his Charge; so ought every* Mystical, *as well as the* Literal *Shepherd,* ( *whether* νεόφυτος aut Επικε-πω, *Young or Old,* ) *to be.*

Secondly, *Both ought to cry out of* Probable *and* Approaching Dangers. *It was not at all Improbable, that the Wolf was a coming, because he us'd frequently to do so.*

Thirdly, *When* Dangers *be both* Probable *and* Approaching, ( *for 'tis the* Nature *of the* Beast *to* worry the Sheep, ) *then 'tis the Duy of* Both, *not only to* Cry out, *but to* Crave Help *from the* Peoples *Hands, yea to quicken up* their *Assistance with strong and Reiterated Outcrys, That the* Abaddon, ( *a bad one indeed,* ) *the* Apollyon, *or Devouring Beast, is just a coming.*

Fourthly, *All Hands are few enough to* Help the Lord *against this* Mighty, ( *yea in the* Romish *phrase,* Almighty, ) Beast.

Fifthly, *All private Works must be left,* ( *both in* City *and* Countrey, ) *for stopping the strong Current of a Publick and Common Calamity.*

Sixthly, *As the Sheep of* Æsops *Shepherd were Grazing,* [ in eminentiori Loco, ] *upon Lofty Mountains, yet not* Inaccessible *to the* Wolf. *So the Sheep, which* Gospel-Shepherds *are feeding, and which the* Romish *Wolf would Worry, are likewise Grazing upon the Holy-Hill of* Zion, *the* highest of all Hills, *yet not so high, but, when the Sins of the Sheep do open a passage, becomes* Accessible *to the Wolf also. Where the Beast hath*

*been*

*been before*, Treading down the Green Pastures, and fouling the Residue with his foul Feet, *he hath some hope for returning thither again, especially, seeing the* Nest-Egg *of* Romish *Reliques is still left behind to encourage his Return: Bloody Bishop* Bonner *could once Briskly Brag,* Such as like to Sup our Broth, we will make them love to Eat our Beef too: *God grant us a good Deliverance from such Barbarous Butchers, and Beastly Butcheries, from that* Brutish People, Skilful to Destroy.

(2.) *As to the* Disparity,

First, *The Outcry of* Æsops *Shepherd-Boy was only,* [ Joci gratiâ, ] *a* false *Holloe for Sport-sake, a Boyish-Trick, playing the Wag with the Masters of the Sheep, to whom he was but an Hireling-Servant: But the Outcry of our Shepherds have been ever more Real and Serious, from the many Essays and Attempts, which* Rome *has really made to Reduce ( as* Colemans *Phrase is, ) this* Northern *Heresie to her Obedience:* She *hath all along, ever since the* Reformation of Religion *here, with all her* Fraud *and* Force, *with all* Her Craft *and* Cruelty *endeavoured to reenter with her* Deformation *of it, and to Recover both her* Nest, *and her* Nest-Egg, *from which she was forced.*

Secondly, *Our Outcry hath not been made by some one* Novice, *or of many* Novices *only, but also of the most Grave, most Judicious, and most Thinking Discerning* Fathers *of the Sheepfold, who, with* Moses, *could espye the very first Outgoings of Wrath, and, with* Elijah *could Observe a Black Cloud, though no bigger than a Mans Hand: All these at Sundry Times, and in Divers Manners, have* ὁμοδυμαδὸν, *as with one Mouth Sounded Loud Alarms.*

Thirdly, *Though those call'd in to be Assistants against the Wolf, in the* Fable, [ nihil esse comperiebant, ] *found nothing of real Danger. Yet those call'd together to Assist against the* Wolf of *Romes Incursions, have upon undenyable grounds found out a Real Danger, Witness His* Majesty *and* Privy-Councils *Reiterated* Proclamations, *the* Unanimous Votes *of* Four Successive Parliaments, *( all call'd upon for their Assistants,* &c. *) The* Forms of Prayer, Composed *and* Imposed *by the* Bishops, *for the Fast appointed by Authority, upon the Account of the* Popish Plot, *as also the Murder of* Justice Godfrey, *and the Just Execution of some Grand Conspirators.*

Fourthly, *The Sheep-worrying Beast in the Fable, is expresly call'd a* Wolf *only, though there be other Beasts as obnoxious to Sheep.*

*But*

*But this* Molock *of* Rome *is ſuch a Bloudy Beaſt, as no Name could ſufficiently expreſs his Bloud-Thirſtineſs. Hereupon* (1.) Daniel *calls the* Firſt Beaſt, ( *or* Aſſyrian Empire,) *a* Lyon. *The* Second, ( *the* Medo-Perſian,) *a* Bear. *The* Third, ( *the* Græcian,) *a* Leopard. *But the* Fourth, *to wit,* ( *the* Roman Empire, ) *he calls a* Beaſt *in general,* ( *without any name,* ) *as if* Exceeding, ( *as well as* Including, ) *the Savage Nature of all the Three former,* Dan. 7. 4, 5, 6, 7, 23. (2.) John *alſo,* ( *as well as* Daniel, ) *calls him a* Beaſt *in the general,* (without, *becauſe* above *any Name,*) *yet makes he* him *a Monſtrous Beaſt, Compounded of all the Three Beaſts aforeſaid, as having the* Feet of a Bear, *the* Mouth of a Lyon, Himſelf like a Leopard, *and* the Dragon giving him Power, *Revel.* 13. 2. *And though* Rome Heathen *hath done much againſt* Chriſts Sheep, Slaying its Thouſands, *yet* Rome Anti-Chriſtian *hath done more, and far outdone* it *in* Slaying its Ten Thouſands: *So that this* Beaſt, ( *above all Names,* ) *is a* Beaſt *with a Witneſs, an Hyperbolical* Behemoth, *as if many Beaſts made up One,* ( *ſo the* Hebrew Plural Fæminine *ſignifies,* ) *far beyond the moſt Bloud-Thirſty* Wolf, *yea the moſt Savage* Cannibal, *for Eating the Fleſh and Drinking the Bloud of* Poor Proteſtants,

*even to an high Inebriation, as the Sequel will more fully Demonstate: Take but this Tast here, 'Tis credibly Related, That in the space of Eight Hundred Years, this* Monstrous Beast, *( who hath all Cruelties Concentred in him, ) hath been the Death of Twelve Millions of Christians.* Idæa Reform. Antichr. Tom. 1. Part 2. Sect. 2. Cap. 6. *To Instance only one Specimen of this* Pourtray'd Beast *in this place, to wit,* Pope Julius the Second, *( who was turn'd up Trump, and Triumph'd in the Chair of Pestilence, in the Fifteenth Century ) that made a shift to Worry ( in Seven Years space of his Papacy ) no fewer than Seven Hundred Thousand* Sheep. *See* Baleus de Actis Rom. pontif. lib. 7. *'Tis one of* Luthers *Divine Raptures, that* Cain *( the First-Born of the Devils Patriarks ) shall be Murdering his Brother* Abel *to the end of the World: and the Older he groweth, the more Bloud-Thirsty he becometh: This* Romish Runnet *( as is commonly said of the* Common *in Dairy Houses ) the Older it is, it grows so much the* Stronger. *If the* Beast *were so Bloudy in that Century aforementioned, how much more may he be expected in this* present Pope. *Seeing* [ Morsus moribundæ Bestiæ sunt maximè mortiferi, ] *The last Bitings of a Dying Beast are mostly most Deadly: and whether this be yet past,* Sub Judice

lis

lis eſt, *'tis a matter of Controverſie, and if not, I would ask my* Countrymen Proteſtants, *Is this a Beaſt fit to be* Courted into England? *which is indeed the Bloudy* Scarlet-Colour'd Whore, *that better deſerveth to be* Carted out of it, *and out of the World alſo.*

Fifthly, *It doth not appear, that the* Wolf *in the* Fable *was ever reſtrained from any Attempts by thoſe frequent outcries for Aſſiſtance, ſeeing the Report of his approaching was falſe until the laſt. But this* Beaſt of Rome *hath had many ſignal and ſingular reſtraints by* King *and* Parliament, *&c. But above all, by an Inviſible and an* Over-ruling *Hand; ſo that ſhe hath been conſtrained to alter her Methods, and to take new Meaſures, Foiſting her dead Brats into the Boſom of* Innocent Proteſtants, *which though it need not the Wiſdom of a* Solomon *to Diſcover, yet requireth it the Power of a* Parliament *more fully to Determine, in a way of Vindicative Juſtice.*

Sixtly *and* Laſtly, *I wiſh with all my Soul, that there may be found more* Diſparity *than* Congruity *in the* Cataſtrophe *and Cloſure of the* Fable, *as Relating to our preſent* Caſe. *The* Apologue *indeed concludeth thus; that whereas the* Husbandmen *had been oft abuſed by the falſe Alarms of the Boy, leaving their Ploughs ſtanding Idle in the Field to deliver the Sheep*

*when there was no Danger, then the* Wolf *coming in good earnest*, *the* Boy *cries out*, *but was not believed by them, whom he had so oft deceived, hereupon the* Wolf *prevails against the* Boy, *Worries the Sheep without resistance, Gluts himself with their Flesh and Bloud, and escapes away scotfree, without so much as a blow for that unparallel'd mischeif: The* Moral *of this last part is, as* Solomon, *with his wonderful Wisdom, helps us to Interpret it, saying*, Woe be to that Land, *that hath* [πόιμνα Λαῶν, ovium Pastorem] no wiser than a Child, *Eccl.* 10.16. *Alas, He is not able, (though never so willing) to Deliver his Flock*, &c. Solomon *saith also, But* in multitude of Councellors there is safety, *Prov.* 11.14. *This* Shepherds Boy *had so much Wit in him, as to call in more helping Hands to his own, though he did oft cry so* Childishly, *and at last (through his own foolish fraud)* fruitlesly *without success. We have had many loud Alarms Trumpeted out, crying*, [The Romish Wolf is coming, Help, Help,] *and though none of the many have been false outcries, as before, yet would to God the* Helping Husbandmen *may not (through so many Disappointments) grow weary of Appearing, so let the* Devouring Beast *have his Blend-Thirsty Lust satiated upon the* Protestant-Sheep, *and all this without any resistance and opposition. But though this*

Apologue

Apologue *of* Æsops *be thus significantly suitable in its* Moral, *yet have we a* Divine Parable *(to Wit, that of* Jothams, *Judg.* 9.) *that infinitely Transcends it in its signal and singular Signature as to our present Calamitous Condition. Bloudy* Abimeleck ( a base Bastard ) *Usurps the Kingdom, which by subtle practising upon his* Kinsfolk *and the* Men of Shechem *he* craftily compassed, *and ( by the help of his vile Vagrants and Villanous Followers, Hired with the Treasure of* Baal-Berith*) as* cruelly constituted *the Foundation of it, in Murdering (like a bloudy Tyrant) Seventy Innocent, and all Legitimate Competitors to make his way to the Throne,* Good Jotham *onely escaping,* He *takes the boldness (notwithstanding his Personal Danger) to make* his mind *( yea and* Gods *too)* known *to the* Men of Shechem *from the* top of Mount Gerizim *(that* Blessing, *not* Mount Ebal *that* Cursing Mountain) *Before he took to his Heels, and fled from the Tyrant. As this Sacred* Apologue *of* Jotham's, *( who, though but a young Man, was* vir bonus, dicendi peritus, *a good Man, and a* good Orator, *one that* could declare his Mind fitly, *and* durst do it Freely, *being* [ θεόπνευστος ] *Inspired of Gods Spirit ) doth therefore far ( I say) Transcend the aforesaid Fable of* Æsop, *so it* more highly *merits a larger Descant upon it, were I not bound up to the Narrow*

*Limits*

*Limits of a Short and yet Succinct* Preface. *Hereupon, all that I am Allowed to Add, is, to let the Ingenious Reader know, that the Hebrew Doctors do Understand by the Fig-Tree in the Parable, Renowned* Deborah *their* Deliveresſ, *as by the* Olive-tree Othniel, *or* Ehud, *and by the* Fruitful Vine, Gideon *with his Numerous Off-ſpring ; what is meant by the* Bramble *needs not much Explication, it being not a* Tree, *but a* Shrub *(the Product of* Gods Curſe upon the Earth, *Gen.* 3. 17, 18.) Prickly, Barren, Baſe, Abject, *good for nothing, but to* Stop Gaps, *or* Kindle a Fire: Abimeleck *was a* Right Bramble *indeed, who grew in the baſe Hedg-Row of a Contemptible Concubine, who horribly ſcratch'd and drew Bloud to purpoſe, when once he had ( by the help of* Baal-Beriths *Treaſure) ſcrambl'd up to a Dominion over* Iſrael, *whereunto he was Handed by his hired Beggerly Raſcals, and Debauched Deſperado's : The* Allegory *or* Moral *Hereof (as to us) is obvious to every common Underſtanding, and neither the* Explication, *nor the* Application *is any matter of Difficulty : I ſhall therefore conclude my Præliminary part with this pathetical* Epiphonema, *as a* Golden Key *to open the* Myſtery *of* Iniquity *: Oh* England, England, *Thou haſt had thy Delivering* Deborah ( Queen Elizabeth) *who ſaved thee in Gods Hand from*

*the*

*the* Curſed Canaanites, *that delt cruelly with thee in the* Marian Days, *Thou haſt alſo had thy* Othniels, Ehuds *who did ſtab the* Red Letter Cauſe *with their very* Pens (*as* King James) *excellently and unanſwerably Accomplished, though* he *was but* left handed *for the Sword, having for his* Motto [ Rex pacificus] *which one wittely Engliſhed* [ put up thy Dagger Jamy] *And ſome Abuſive wits limn'd his Picture with a* Padlock *upon his Sword, yet his* Learned Writing *did ſo effectually vindicate his undoubted Right againſt* Pope Paul the Fifth, *that there was no need of* Martial Warring (Cedant Arma Togæ, *&c.) There was no occaſion for* Mars, *where* Minerva *was his* Bellona, *which made his* Un-Holineſs *Decline the Encounter*: Thou *haſt likewiſe had thy* Gideon *with a fruitful Ofspring, ſtout Aſſertors of the Reformed Religion, ſhouldſt thou? now forſake the* Fitneſs, *the* Fatneſs, *and the* Fruitfulneſs *of thy Truly Noble* Figtree, Olive *and* Vine (*which indeed hath* cheered God and Man) *and at laſt embrace a* Baſe Bramble, *that* exotick, dry, empty, Saples Kex *and* Weed *of a* Forraign Power, *to wit, that of the* Man of Sin, *the* Son of Perdition *and the* wicked one, *which is the threefold Black-Brand, wherewith* Antichriſt *is Stigmatized by the* Holy Ghoſt. *How far this threefold Character agreeth with*

*the*

*the* Pope; *See the* Man of Sin, *lib.* 1, *chap.* 4. Foulis Hiſtory *of* Romiſh Treaſons *and* Uſurpations *per totum, and* Neſſes Diſcovery *of* Antichriſt, *pag.* 55. *to* 63. &c. *what their own Authours Report of* them *may be beſt believed: That this* Babyloniſh Brat *is a* Baſtard *like the* Bramble Abimeleck, *and and not* Legitimate, *or Heaven-born, their own very Creatures are conſtrained to Confeſs.*

*As* Firſt, Platina, *who was the* Pope's *own Secretary, and Keeper of the* Vatican-Library, *yea a Writer by Commiſſion from* Pope Sixtus *the* Fourth.

Secondly, Benno Uſpergenſis, *one of* Romes *own Cardinals.*

Thirdly, *And* Math. Pariſienſis *a* Benedictin Monk *of the Monaſtary of St.* Albans *here in* England, *All theſe three (none of them writing out of Prejudice, ſo they would have bewray'd their own Neſt, but Impartially and in Truth) doe Unanimouſly Deſcribe the* Popes *to be Limbs of the Devil; the laſt of which Relates, How* [Diabolus, & Inferorum Contubernium, *&c.*] *that the* Devil *and All his Helliſh Crew Wrote Gratulatory Letters to the* Pope *and his* Clergy, for ſending more Souls to Hell, than ever went before, *Math. Paris Hiſt. Angl. Guil. Conqueſt. Anno.* 1072. *pag.* 10. *Yea none of them can deny, but that ſome of the* Popes *ſold themſelves*

*to the Deuil for their obtaining of the Popedom by his Craft. Therefore the* Men of Shechem *or* England *need no* Jotham *to Proclaim to them, ( ſeeing the very* Romaniſts *themſelves ſay enough) that* if in Truth ye Anoint this Pope to have Dominion over you, *and Return again to* put your Truſt in his Shadow, *ye will be not onely Notoriouſly diſapointed in your* Shelter *under ſuch a* Shadow *(for the* Bramble-Buſh *cannot yeild any good Shade; the ſilly Sheep flying to it for ſhelter, are ſure to loſe part of their* Fleece, *if not of their Fleſh too) But alſo a Fire will flow fiercely forth from this* Baſe Bramble *to Devour you, and your talleſt Cedars: This one* Terræ-filius *or* Baſtard *will deſtroy all your true-born Sons: He that hath but half an eye, may both* ſee *and* foreſee *the Matchleſs miſcheifs that muſt be its Conſequences, which they that are ſo Hot for a* Popiſh Succeſſour *( while they yet profeſs themſelves to be good* Proteſtants) *doe not Duly and Truly Conſider. But I muſt not detain you too loug in the* Porch, *for fear of your catching cold. Having Diſpatched the* Prologue, *conſiſting of a Double* Apologue, *(which may be further Illuſtrated and Applyed in the* Epilogue) *Let me now hand you to the Houſe it ſelf, wherein you may take a plain Proſpect of this* preſent Pope *limn'd to the life in his Right Red Vermilion Colours.*

T. O.

Pope Innocent

The Devella 11th Regiment

The Notorious

# LIFE

Of this present

# POPE of *ROME*,

## [ *INNOCENT*, XI. ]

THis present *Pope* of *Rome* was *Cardinal Odeschalchi* of *Come* in the *Dutchy* of *Millaine*, when called to the *Roman-Chair*, whether we wrong him in reckoning him among the Base Brambles of the Cursed Earth, is the [ τὸ ζητούμενον ] *Postulatum*, or *Grand Enquiry*. In the General let *Dr. Prideaux* give the Answer for me, who Writes a *Compendious History* of the Lives of all the *Popes*, and after he hath past the *Patriarchs*, ( and the tollerable Popes ) *He* begins at *Anno Dom.* 606. with *Usurping Nimrods*, ( a worse Name than *Brambles* ) and Reckons *Thirty Eighth Popes* ( *Cruel Hunters all*, ) from that Year, to 847.

The

The *First* of which Black Bed-Roll, was *Boniface* the *Third*, and *Leo* the *Fourth* was the Last.

His next Rank were (as he Stiles them) *Rank Luxurions Sodomites*, whereof *He* Reckons *Forty*, from the Year 855. to 996. the *First* of them was *Pope John* the *Eighth* (in plain *English*, *Pope Joan*, the *Rank Whore*, which God would have, to Declare to all the World, That the Church of *Rome* is the *Apocalyptick* Whore,) and the Last of that Number was *Gregory* the *Fifth*.

His *Third* sort of *Popes*, from the Year 999. to 1240. that He presents to our View, are another Bundle of *Forty Popes* again, whom He Dignifies with that Honourable Title of *Ægyptian Magicians*; the First of this Black Regiment was *Sylvester* the *Second*, and the Last was *Cælestine* the *Fourth*.

His *Fourth Prospect* of Popes *He* giveth, is another lovely Cluster of Sower Grapes, consisting of *Eight* and *Thirty Popes*, from the Year 1243. to 1503. The Captain whereof is *Innocent* the *Fourth*, and the Lieutenant (that brings up the Rear) is *Pius* the *Third*, All which he Brandeth for a Company of *Devouring Abaddons*, All *Bad-ones* beyond Bounds.

Yet

Yet still there be *worse* behind, [ *Occupat extremum Scabies*, ] which as some do *English*, not only the *Scab*, but the *Devil* cometh hindermost. 'Tis the Divine Doom inflicted upon the *Church of Rome*, as an Apostate, to be *waxing worse* and *worse*, therefore it may the less be wondred at, that the *last Classis of Popes*, ( which are the very *Dregs* of Time, ) must be the worst, and thereupon are worthily Stigmatiz'd with the worst Appellation. The Words of the Reverend Author aforesaid, Run thus, [ after the *Devouring Abaddons*, ] To fill up the *Mystery* and *Measure* of *Iniquity*, the *Incurable Babylonians* do next step upon the Stage, [ *Curavimus Babylona*, *& non est Sanata*, Jerem. 51. 6. ] *We would have Cured* Babylon, *but she could not be Cured*, for the rest of the Men that were not Killed by those Plagues, Repented not of their (1.) *Murthers*; (2.) *Sorceries*, (3.) *Fornications*, (4.) *Thefts*, Revel. 9. 20, 21. This *last* and *worst* Rank reaches from the Year 1503. to this present 1683. betwixt which Two Periods the Number of Popes are *Twenty-Five*, ( the *fewest Number* of all the Five Classes, yet have the *Foulest*, both *Name* and *Nature* ) whereof *Julius* the *Second* leads the Van, and this present *Pope*, (the subject of our Discourse, ) brings up the Rear.

I would have given ſome ſhort Remarks upon theſe ſeveral Claſſes, (thus dignified and diſtinguiſhed with thoſe Five aforeſaid Honourable Titles,) and upon the ſeveral Popes, as they ſtand in Rank and File, under their ſeveral Banners in every Claſſis, had it not been beſide my preſent purpoſe, and would it not have ſwoln this Diſcourſe too much. *I* ſhall therefore ſatisfie my ſelf, and the Reader with *Two Remarks* only.

The *Firſt Remark* is, That the Leader of the Van in the Second Rank, is a *Virago* rather than a *Virgo*, a Pope of the *Fæminine Gender*, that Taught Gramarians to Decline *Papa* with *Hæc* not *Hic*: The name of this *Female Pope*, (*John* or *Joan*) both in a Literal and Myſtical Senſe, ſheweth that *Rome* may well be called the *Whore of Babylon*, *Romiſh* Chronologers have not Inſerted her Name in the Catalogue of Popes, which *Marianus Scotus* Renders this Reaſon for, [*Propter Turpituidinem Rei, & Sexum Muliebrem*,] becauſe the wrong *Gender* would be a Reproach to them. Wherefore to avoid the like Diſgrace, the *Porphiry Chair*, (or Groping-ſtool) was Ordained, *Ubi ab Ultimo Diacono*, &c. Where the loweſt Deacon muſt make the Experiment, *&c.* Hence it is, That theſe Popes who

have

have called themselves [ *Johns* ] are so ill ordered in their common Catalogues, some making that *John* which Succeeded [*Adrian* the Second] in the Year 872. to be *John* the *Eighth*, and others *John* the *Ninth*: Ingenious *Platina* forequoted, doth only (of all the *Romanists*) Recken *Pope Joan* as the Eighth of the *Johns*, and so farward: And 'tis proboble enough (saith Dr. *Heylin*, a Man Fair and Favourable enough) that God suffer'd that Proud See of *Rome* to fall into such a profound Reproach, the more to cut the Coxcombs of the Succeeding *Popes* in their Highest Ruff and Riotings, and the better to beat down their Big Brags of a continued Succession, whereof they are frequently Boasting. As [ *Remember* Lots *Wife* ] is a due Caution to us, so I see not why [ *Remember Pope* Joan ] should not be likewise a true Check to them: The Truth of this Story, as to matter of Fact, Mr. *Alexander Cook* (my quondam Predecessour) in his Book of *Pope Joan* hath proved it by Irrefragable Arguments, and hath most Industruously batter'd down all the Objections which the most Mercurial Wits of *Rome* could raise against it. See his Book, and Dr. *Heylins Cosmography* in Folio the last Edition, pag. 107. *&c.* The *Bastard Abimelech* aforementioned did Desperately grudg,

that it ſhould be ſaid [ *a Woman had Braind him*] Judg. 9. 54. Sure I am, *this baſe born Brat of* Rome (the *Head* of the Church) hath Received ( were *He* ſenſible) a *Deadly Wound* by the hands of a Woman likewiſe, with this difference only, the *former* was *Active*, and Deſigning, the *latter* was *Paſſive*, and never purpoſed the Wounding : 'Tis ſuch a Reproach to the *Roman* Chair as will never be wiped off ; this is the *Semiramis*, the *Amazoman Queen*, the *She-Captain*, that ſtands in the Front of the *Second* Rank, to wit, of the *Luxurious Sodomits*.

The *Second Remark* is, concerning *Julio* the *Second*, who ſtands as a *ſtout Generaliſſimo* of the laſt Rank, to wit, of *Incurable Babylonians*, and *He* is moſt fitly placed in that Station, as having far more of the *Souldier*, than of the *Prelate* in Him, keeping *Italy*, all his Popedom, in continual Wars, and for a pregnant proof, that this *Romiſh God*, was a *Man of Mettal*, This is the *Pope*, who paſſing over *Tyber-Bridg*, firſt Brandiſh'd his Sword, and then threw his Keys into the River, ſaying, If *Peters Keys* would not ſerve his Turn, then *Pauls* Sword ſhould do it Home.

Such a Thraſonick Bravado would better become *Julius Cæſar* the *Emperour* of *Rome*, than *Julius Secundus* the *Biſhop* of *Rome*.

*Rome.* But I have been thinking, that 'tis a Thousand pities, Famous *Pope Joan* had not her Lot in this Last Rank too, yea, and (were it not to Dethrone and Disposses this *Heroick Hector*) *She* might have stood in the Captains place there, as *She* doth in the Second Rank, [ *Detur digniori* ] is the Rule, She best deserving it: for where could that *Whore* of *Babylon* (as above) be better placed? than among the *Incurable Babylonians*, and where could that *Incurable Whore* have been better order'd? than in the Front of that *File* of *Defiled* and *Defileing Beasts*.

However, this *present Pope*, Cardinal *Odeschalcho*, (who hath chang'd his Name into *Innocent* the *Eleventh*,) is Represented to our View as standing upon the Tail and Fag-end of those *Incurable Babylonians*: We use to say, Such a person as Labors under a Mortal Incurable Disease, hath a [ *Miserere Mei Deus*, ] writ upon his Door: who it is, that Writes the *Continuation of* Dr. *Prideaux*'s *Introduction*, I know not, yet he Writes an *Epitome* of this our Cardinal *Odeschalcho*'s publick *Actions* and *Transactions*, since his coming to be Groped in the *Porphyry Chair*: and we are much obliged to that *Author* (who ever he is) for fixing this *present Pope* under the Head of *Incurable*

*Babylonians*, but I know not (in all the World) how to Reconcile the *White Character* that *Author* giveth *him*, and the *Black Title he* ſeteth *over him*. The Deſcription of his Life there, ſeems to carry no Congruity with an *Incurable Babylonian*. 'Tis great pity, that any miſtaking Candour ſhould make ſuch a Diſparity: but to let that paſs, come we now to give a more full and Impartial Account of his *Riſe* and *Begining*, &c. So far as Hiſtorians lends any light *hereunto*.

I find that *this Perſon* (ſo ſoon as any Fame found *him*) had his firſt noticed Capacity at *Come*, a place of note in the *Dukedom of Millain* in *Italy*, a *Town*, made the more Famous by being the Birth-place of the two *Famous Plinys*, and ſituated on the *South*-ſide of the *Lacus Larius*, which from this *Town* hath now the name of *Lago di Como*, through this Lake the River *Addua* runs; yet (as *Geographers* ſay) their two Waters do not mingle: Which two Remarks hath occaſion'd in Me *two Wiſhes* in this *mans* behalf. The firſt is, that as *Pliny* became the more Famous for ſtopping *Trajan* the Emperour from perſecuting the poor Chriſtians in the Empire, by writing elegantly to Him, that He found no greater fault laid to the charge of the perſecuted,

secuted, save this, that they did (*Cantus Ante-lucanos canere*) *sing Psalms before day*; upon which Letter the persecution ceased: So would to God this *present Pope* might write such an effectual Letter to the *French King* in the behalf of the poor persecuted Protestants in *France*, (sure I am, he can find no worse faults in them) so stop the persecution there, this would make him more *Famous*, than ever the Recovery of his *Regalitys* (he hath been so long contending for) can Render Him: whereas, to be outvy'd by a blind Heathen (such was *Pliny*) in such a good Work of *Piety* and *Charity* (which are Works highly cryed up at *Rome*) may Render Him for ever *Infamous*. Especially if *He* be found to push it on and promote it, instead of putting a stop to it. The *second Wish* is, Oh that this pretended Vicar of Christ may learn some Divine Lesson, even from the very *Nature* of his own Country-River, which will not *mingle* its *pure Streams* with the puddle water of a *corrupted standing Lake*: not to play the Huxter in Sophisticating, and Adulterating the truth of the Gospel, by mingling it with corrupt Traditions. There is certainly most *Evangelical Doctrine* in that Levitical Law, *thou shalt not let thy Cattle Gender with a diverse Kind, thou shalt not Sow thy*

*Field with a mingled Seed, neither shall a Garment mingled of Linnen and Wollen come upon thee*] Levit. 19. 19. to shew, that *Miscelanees* in Religious Worship are both *hateful* to *God*, and *hurtful* to *Men*: and not onely the nature of *His River*, but also naturalists do teach Him not to mingle the *Inventions of Men*, with the *Institutions of God*, for they say, that though *Gold* be so Ductile, as to be willing to mix and incorporate it self with *other Mettals*, save onely with *Latten*, notwithstanding, as to its outward Lustre, it be so like it self: so the true Church (which is call'd a *golden Candlestick*) will not mix or embody her self with the false (commonly called the *Latin*) Church, which stagnateth like a stinking Lake, though she resembleth the *Spouse*, and *sits in the Temple of God*, 2 Thes. 2. 4. but indeed is the *Apocalyptick Whore*, and the most Capital Enemy to the Flock of Christ, in all the last Ages: This *present* Pope, while he was in his *publick Capacity* (omitting his *private*, as not worth Recording) at this Town of *Come*, went under the name of *Benedict Odeschalci*, of the Title of *Saint Onuphrius* and was created a *Cardinal* under *Pope Innocent* the 10th. *March* the 6th. in the year 1645. Upon which take these *Remarks*.

*First*,

*First*, 'Tis not easie to Assign the Reason why his proper *prænomen* (that of *Benedict*) should become so disgustful to *Him* as to change it into *Innocent* (the Name of his Predecessours in the Chair) seeing it was (as it signifies) a *blessed* Name, and also the Name of some *Popes* before him, but more of that change of Names afterwards, when we come to his *Popedom*.

*Secondly*, There may a more probable conjecture be given for the change of his *Sir-Name*, to wit, *Odeschalcho*, more especially when it is Allowable to give an *Italick* Name an *Attick Etymology*, and so [*nomen quasi notamen*] *that Name* hath an evil sound, sent, and sense, signifying (not a *Golden*) but a *Brazen Song*. That which sents and savours of *Brass* (we usually say) is unpleasant to the Palate, and 'tis the more likely this Name might be disgustful to his Palate, seeing his Predecessour *Sergius the Second*, even quarelled with his own Name, which (before he was *Pope*) was [*Bocca di Porco*] signifying *Swine-Mouth*, or *Hog-Face*, and thinking that ill-sounding Name not suitable to his Dignity, he therefore changed it. And upon such an Honourable President, if *Hog-Face* was so odious a Name to the former, why might not also *Brass-Face* or *Brazen-Face* (as a *Face of Brass* is an appro-

approbrious Phrase amongst us) be odious to this latter.

*Thirdly*, As to the Title of Saint *Onuphrius* he was dignified with at *Come*, I shall onely say at this time (though much more might be added) what Tradition tells us of this *Onuphrius*, that he was a monkish Man, who lived a solitary Life for sixty years, in which space he saw no Man: had our *Odescalcho* Imitated this monkish *Patroon*, and trode in this *Pattern's* Steps, he had never become a *Cardinal*, much less a *Pope*, unto which *conversing* with Men, and *conveying Kindnesses* to them (to oblige their Votes at Election) are necessary Ingredients, and which he to the utmost improved.

*Fourthly*, As to his being made a *Cardinal* while at *Come*: this is one of the highest pitches and pinacles of Pride (the very next to the *loftyest Spire* of the *Pope* himself) that the Romish Clergy Aspire to, for the *Cardinals* are the *Popes Senatours* or Privy Councellors, and are called *Cardinals*, which is derived from *Cardo*, the *Hinge* of a Door, because upon them (as the Door hangs upon the Hinge, and turns which way we will, either for opening or shutting) all the important Affairs of the Roman Church hang and are turned which way they please: thus the word [*Cardinal*] is usually used

thus,

thus, that whereupon any thing most turneth and dependeth, as to *East*, *West*, *North*, and *South*, are call'd *Cardinal Points of the Compass*. Thus also those *four principal Vertues*, [*Prudence*, *Justice*, *Fortitude*, and *Temperance*] are call'd the *Cardinal Vertues*. And thus the Word is *generally* taken to denote something that is *Chief* and *Principle*: So these *Cardinals* are: But the Hinge, upon which these *Cardinals* did themselves at the first Hang, was very Low, and their Original Extract very Contemptible: For this great Office did creep into the *Roman* Church thus, *Pope Marcellus* in the *Third Century* divided the City of *Rome* into 25 *Parishes* (some Authors call them *Dioceses*) over each of which He appointed a *Presbyter*, whose work was Assigned to Baptize Heathens Converted, and to Bury the Dead within their several *Precincts*: These were afterward called *Cardinals*, or *Principal Priests*, or *Deacons*, because they had [*Curam Animarum*] the Cure of Souls committed to them, and had others (in Sacred Orders also) under them: There be Three sorts of *Holy Orders*, so called, to distinguish them from their Four other Orders, (*Door-Keeper*, *Readers*, *Exorcists*, *Acolyths*, or *Taper-bearers*,) These are, First, The *Sub-Deacons*, (whose Office is the Grope-

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ing Work, *&c.* ) Secondly, The *Deacon* ( who, with the *former*, hath the Honour only to kiss the Bishops Hand at the Ordination, ) See *Rosses View*, &c. *pag.* 451. The Third, Is the *Priest*, whom the *Bishop* Kisseth to shew his *Parity* in Respect of Order, *Idem Ibidem.* These same 25 *Priests* of so many Parishes in the City, being always so nigh the *Pope*, the more that *he* grew up gradually into his Grandeur, the higher did *he* draw up these *Priests* ( his Appurtenances ) their posture all along keeping pace with the *Popes* Pomp, *Adeò ut quod in principio Oneri fuit; Tandem Aliquandò Honori esse Cæpit.* So, that which at first was but a *Poor* and *Burdensom* Office, became at length an Employ of Dignity and Honour: Thus Dr. *Heylin* Testifieth, That *Pope Paschal* the *First* caused the *Priests* of the several Parishes in *Rome*, by reason of *their* nearness to his Person, their presence at his Election, to be Honoured with a more Venerable Title, that is, to be called Cardinals, See *Cosmogr. pag.* 107. at the Top. Thus from a company of pitiful *Parish Priests*, they account themselves not only Check-Mates to Princes, but also Compeers with Kings themselves; but indeed they ought to be esteemed the principal Limbs of the *Beast Antichrist*; yea, they are so far Incorporated

rated with the *Pope* himself, that they must not (forsooth) so much as be let Bloud without his special License; 'tis (no doubt) for fear least the Head should be so concern'd in these his Special Members, as to Die with them by Sympathy: The Number of them at their first *Roman Constitution* (for want of a *Divine Institution*) were, as is aforesaid, *Twenty Five*, which Dr. *Potter* worthily Observes to be the exact Root Number of Six Hunndred Sixty Six, the *Number of the Beast*; but now they are Multiplied like a Numerous Spawn, into much more than Double the Number; that depends wholy and solely at the *Popes* pleasure, who can Blow them out of his Mouth as many as he pleaseth; he can Breath out a *Cardinal* with as much ease, as he Breaths out the Holy Ghost; yea, for Doing some Notable Jobb in Hand, he can Breath out, or rather Spit out of his Palat or Pallace, a matter of Sixteen Cardinals at one Spit, as this present *Pope* hath lately done; Oh what an Improving Leap & Advance hath *he* now made, whereas while he was but a *Cardinal*, he is then but a *Created Creature* of the *Pope*, but now that he is become a God Almighty the Pope, he can be a Creator of his Creatures: *Monstrum Horrendum*, &c. Prodigious were his Priviledges,

viledges, ( which not *Christ*, but *Antichrist*, bestowed upon him while a *Cardinal*,

As First, When ever he Rode abroad to take Fresh Air, His ( Sir ) Reverence was so Glorified ( yet not so much as *Christ* was at his Transfiguration ) with his Right Reverend *Red Hat*, and *Rich Robes*, that the Splendor of *Beth* these Dazel'd all Spectators Eyes, yea, the very Blast of his Body but passing by, Blew off all their Hats, and Bore so hard upon them, as to Blow them over, and made them fall down to Worship Him, and to ask of Him his Patriarchal Blessing, which He rarely bestowed with that Ingenuity, as He in the Story did, who in so doing, said, [ *Si Populus Vult Decipi, Decipiatur.* ] Light cheap Words make Fools fain. No doubt but His Shadow, ( as he is now Pope, and *Peters Successor* ) can cure as many Diseases, as that of *Peters* did. *Pope Innocent* the *Fourth*, Graced the *Cardinals* with a *Red* ( Fools *Cap*, or ) *Hat*, by his Ordinance in the Twelfth *Century*; and in the Fourteenth, *Pope Pius* the Second Advanced their Splendor yet Higher, with most Stately Scarlet Gowns, ( Dr. *Heylins Cosmogr. pag.* 108. *at the bottom.* ) Thus were they Attired in such Antick, Gawdy and Pedantick Dresses, as neither *Christ* nor his *Apostles* ever Strutted about in, which must

must Declare to all the World, that this is the *Antichrist*, and none need say of *Him*, as *John Baptist* said often to Christ, [ *Art thou He that should come, or may we look for another?* ] No, this is the *Red Letter-Man*, in his *Red Hat* and *Scarlet Gown*. This is the *Bloudy* and *Scarlet Coloured Beast*.

The Second eminent priviledge this *Cardinal* was dignified with by his Creator the *Pope*, is, that whatever condemned Malefactor (just going to the place of Execution) could but be so happy as to meet this Man in his Ponticalibus in the way of his Progress, *He* was immediatly to be Acquitted, and his Life spared, that He might evermore Admire and Adore this his *Romish Saviour*. 'Tis pitty his clemency is not more exercised out of design in this Life-Saving Work: Oh what a choice Act of Mercy might He sometimes do here in but *crossing* the way at a right Juncture, betwixt *Newgate* and *Tyburn*, when his Pontifical Presence is blest with such an excellent Vertue as both to *satisfie* the Nations Law, (which is mortally broken) and *Save* also the Life and Soul of the condemned.

A Third *Immunity* He had also in that *Cardinal Capacity*, was, that no *Cardinal* can be Condemned for the most Capital Crime, except He can first be Convicted by the

the Teſtimony of Seventy Two Witneſſes. By this means, a *Cardinal* may ſafely venture to be the greateſt *Villain* in the World, not onely becauſe the Canon-Law ſaith [*Eccleſia ſit libera*] let Church-Men be free from ſecular Cenſures, but alſo (though the aforeſaid may fail) if they do but obſerve their own Jeſuitical Rule [*ſi non caſtè, tamen cautè*] He may without hazard perpetrate *Whoredom*, *Treaſon*, the worſt of wickedneſs, ſo he do it with caution, and he deſerves to be hang'd ſeventy two times over, that will act his Villany in the preſence of ſeventy two perſons, that may all come in as joynt Witneſſes againſt Him: The Law of the true and onely wiſe God (*ſuppoſing* the Teſtimony of *two or three Witneſſes* ſufficient) is but comparatively an Inſipid Sentence: but the Law of their Lord God the Pope is far more profound, ſaying, two or three and twenty are not enough of Witneſſes, even againſt the *Inferiour Clergy*. There muſt (ſay they) be twenty ſeven againſt a *Deacon*, ſixty four againſta Prieſt, and ſeventy two againſt a *Biſhop-Cardinal*. *Dianæ compendium*, pag. 85. No wonder if the Romiſh Clergy be the greateſt Rogues, and vileſt Villains in the World: No wonder if they carry ſo deep, and ſo Epidemick

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a Tincture as the only and unparallel'd Tools to be employed by *Belzebub*, for *Murdering of Kings*, *Blowing up of Parliaments*, managing not only Privat and Personal Assasinations, but also Publick and National Massacres, to Astonishment; to say nothing of Burning down Cities and Market-Towns, and many more Matchless Mischiefs, whereof how far this *their Holy Father* (both while *Cardinal*, and when *Pope*) in Conjunction with his *Unholy Sons* have been guilty, the Sequel will Demonstrate; and that *Ex abundanti*.

A Fourth *Priviledg* (or rather a Prerogative) this *Cardinal* had, while so, was, That whosoever would dare to Offend or Injure (in any kind) his *Worship* or *Cardinalship*, though the *Offence* were only an opprobrious Word, and though the *Offender* were so *Lofty* as a *King* or an *Emperor* (who apprehend themselves above the comprehensions of the Law) yet the Popish *Canon-Law* Runs thus severely against them, [ *Læsæ Majestatis Rei Sunt, cujus cunq; sint Ordinis, Imò Imperator ipse*, &c. *Et In pœnas Bullæ Cœnæ Incurrent.* ] Such Offenders against a *Cardinal* (yea though it be the *Emperor* himself) shall be Judged *Guilty of High-Treason*, and shall Incur the Pains and Penalties of *Excommunication*, *De-*

*position*, &c. Was not this a *Lofty Beast* then? *Exalting himself above all that is called God*, or *Magistrates*, even of the very highest Form, 2 *Thes.* 4. 4. He might, while in *that Capacity* only, challenge the Stoutest King or Emperor, to affront his Cardinalship, while he stood thus strongly Guarded by his Canon-Law, to Batter them down with its Horrible and Terrible Canon-Bullets; nay, That *Canon-Law* did not only thus secure his Person, but it also extends to protect his very House, and all his Hang-bys, or Menial Servants, to all his Creatures and Favourites in his Presence; even all these his Appertinances are troubled with that Disease called [ *Noli me Tangere* ] They must not (forsooth) be *touched*, though never so Criminal, 'tis an Affront of the highest Nature, even *High-Treason* it self, and therefore (with my consent) should any of his *Clerks* be afflicted with the *Kings-Evil* (as they are overrun with the *Popes-Evil*) a Caveat shall be Entred to Debar them of the *Royal-Touch*, least by a Male-Improvement thereof, they turn their *Canon*-Mouth against the King: How, neither the *Cardinal*, nor any of his *Attendants* (every one bearing for his Motto, the same with the Base Thistle, [ *Nemo me Impunè lacessit*, ] none can touch me without

without Pricking their own Fingers ) ſtand Fortified with the *Grand* Diabolo's, or Great Canons of that Canon-Law. See *Dianæ Compendium, pag.* 93.

The Fifth Prerogative this *Cardinal* had, above all Kings and Emperors, is, That whereas *They, Poor Low Shrubs* ( in compariſon of ſuch a *Tall Cedar* as a *Cardinal* is ) muſt humble themſelves to the very Foot of the Pope, muſt Honour the very Shadow of his Shoe-ſtrings, or rather Adore the Sparkling Diamonds, wherewith the Buckles of his Pantofle is moſt Richly Enambled, and the Higheſt Honour that thoſe *Kings* and *Emperours* muſt have vouchſafed to them, ( a Glorious Vouchſafement and Low Condeſcention in his *Unholineſs* indeed ) is only to Kiſs the Stinking Toe of his Gowty Gulls: but when this *Cardinal* came to pay his Viſits, and do his Homage, unto his Mighty God *Pope Clement* the *Tenth*, ( his immediate Predeceſſor ) he had the Honour ( without any proſtrating poſture, ſave only a *ſlight Congee* ) to Kiſs his Holineſſes Hands, with a Mental Reſervation too, ( Right *Romaniſt* like ) wiſhing him well in his Grave, that he might ( upon ſuch an Irreſiſtible Reſignation ) yeild up his Pontifical Chair to him: Nay, the *Royal Complement* of *Kiſſing the Popes Hand* only,

was not all the Honour he had from him, but he is allowed to *Kiss* the *Popes Mouth* too. *Lorinus* the Jesuit, in *Act.* 6. doth acknowledg this *Ceremony* ( as to matter of Fact ) to be the *Cardinals Prerogative* above *Kings* and *Emperours :* If the Kissing of the Bishop by the Priest at his Ordination, do declare a Parity, as above : So this likewise must be an Indication, that a *Cardinal* is a *Popes* Fellow, yet Advanced above Kings and Emperours, ( contemptible Titles and Offices to his ) by this mutual Embracement. The *Hebrew* Rabbins do Read these words, [ *Gnal Pi Jehovah* ] *Deut.* 34. 5. which we Translate [ *According to the Word of the Lord* ] in this Sense, That *Moses Died at the Mouth of Jehovah,* ( which indeed the *Hebrew* Words do Genuinely and Gramatically signifie, ) as if God had taken away *Moses* his Soul out of his Body with a Kiss in a most friendly manner : could this Lord God the *Pope* ( *Clement* the *Tenth* ) have done so to *Cardinal Odeschalcho,* when he Kiss'd him, it had been no better than *Osculum Iscarioticum.* rather a Treacherous, than an Amicable Kiss, in spoiling his Market, of designing to become his Successor upon the Papal Throne, and then had the World wanted him for Pope *Innocent* the *Eleventh,* though both the Place and the

Title

Title might have been supplied by some other Person: Had this happen'd so, *That Pope* might have cry'd Quits for his wishing (in his Mental Reservation afore mentioned) the Pontifical Chair before the Time: what loss this might have been to the *Roman* Church, I know not, but this I know upon more Infallible proofs than his own Infallibility, that had he *Died at the Mouth of his Lord God the* Pope, when that Complemental Kiss pass'd betwixt him aud his Predecessor, he had undoubtedly pass'd off the Stage with less Guilt, the *Horrid Popish Plot*, the Murder of Sir *Edmondbury Godfrey*, and a Thousand more *Diabolical Intriegues* since that, will lay with weight upon some Bodies Conscience sooner or later. *Veniet, Veniet, qui malè Judicata Rejudicabit Dies:* There is a Day coming, which shall Judg Righteously all Matters over again, (though at present they be Hush'd up in Judgment) and *this may* be done even in this World.

I add to all the former the Sixth Priviledg, For so many must be the Number, that it may the better Symbolize, and carry a Correspondency with the Number of the Beasts Name, which consists of Three Sixes, [666.] and therefore several *Popes* bore the Number of *Sixtus*, and had I been

of the Conclave ( an Honour I am no way Ambitious of ) I would have advised the Cabal, that this *Pope Elect* should have taken upon him no other Name, save that former Name of *Sixtus*, and I would have press'd this Cogent Argument, That seeing there had been before, *Sixtus* the First, the Second, the Third, the Fourth, and the Fifth, now One that will be Stiled *Sixtus* the Sixth, not only makes the *Odd* Number *Even*, but also the very Name will carry along with it a most Gratefull Sound and Symphony : This only would have been the mischief thereof, that it might have Bordered a little too near the *Number of the Name* of the Apocalyptick Beast, for this Name would have consisted of *Two Sixes*, ( *Sixtus* the Sixth ) but that Name consists of *Three* : notwithstanding this little difference ( in an *Unit* ) it might have Sounded some Alarm to the World : This so much necessary *Sixth* Privileg which this Cardinal *Odeschalcho* had, was, That his Cardinalship did Constitute him an *Ecclesiastick Prince*, whereby he became a fit Mate and Side-Fellow ( standing upon equal and even Ground ) with the most Potent Secular Prince in *Europe*, and therefore to Comport with this Princely Greatness, the Canon Law allows him a proportionable

tionable Grandeur, Sumptuous Furniture, and all manner of Pompous Splendor for Supporting the Honour of that Dignity, for to be one of the College of Cardinals is the Penultimate Promotion in the *Roman* Church, it being the very Highest and Uppermost Step, from which one or other of these Crafty Climbers, Lands at last into *Peters Chair*. And seeing *Wealth* is an Indispensible Perquisite, as it is commonly call'd the *Sinews of War*, so 'tis no less the *Nurse to Honour*, yea, oft times more than *Vertue*, upon this account, Their Canon Law allows them most Rich Revenues, most Rapacious Offices and Employs, wherein (as if they had got the *Philosophers Stone*) they turn all they touch into Gold and Guineys: The *Italian* Author of the *Just weight of the Scarlet Gown*, gives a Candid and Ingenuous Account, (keeping the Scales *even*) of those *Crafty Intrigues*, and many Subtle Tricks, that those Arch-Politicians do put in Practice to Enrich themselves, to fill their Coffers by Sale of Offices that are Vacant, by Pensions from the Court of *Foreign Princes*, (both *France*, *Spain*, and *Germany*) who all strive, not only to Counterballance one another, but also, by a pretty *Greaso-Fisto*, with Yellow Ointment to Tilt the Ballance, and so some-

times Advance their own Faction uppermost, through the prevailing Interest of those their closely obliged Creatures the *Cardinals*, who have such a mighty Influence upon all Debates and Resolves in that Pragmatick and Superintendent Court, which *Lords* it, and *Laws* it, (or at least would willingly do so) not only over *Gods Herritage* the Church, but also over the whole Habitable World.

The *Scarlet Gown* Author, in his *Epist. Dedic.* speaks of the several Applications that are made to this Consistory of Cardinals, from all Popish *Princes* and States, especially from the Two Mighty Kings of *France* and *Spain*, by their Ambassadors, who ever lay *Ledger* at that Court, and who always Address themselves to the most Politick and Powerful of these Cardinals, striving to Outvie each other in their proffer of Fat Pensions to them, giving them the best Spiritual Dignities and Promotions their Two Kingdoms can afford them, (which in either of them are plentiful enough) provided always, they will be engaged thereby to Espouse (as much as ever they may) the Interests of their Benefactors Crown, to which they are thus obliged. Herein these Court-Pensioners do Try the Trick of a Treacherous *Judas*,

(who

( who with his [ *Quid Dabitis?* ] *What will ye give me?* and *I will betray my Innocent Master*, &c. ) rather than play the part of Faithful *Peter*, ( whose Successors, though unlike him, save only in Denying his Lord, they would be reputed ) in Defending his Innocent Master from those that Assaulted him: for notwithstanding never so strong Engagements and Assurances; Oh what a slippery Hold either or both those great Princes have of these their *Cardinal* Engines, who frequently ( and upon very slight occasions ) are found to warp into the contrary Faction, which Verifies the Vulgat Proverb, *'Tis Hard to make a Fast Bargain with a Loose Chapman*: They however, in playing thus at *Fast* and *Loose* can notably serve their own Ends, and like Bad Lawyers can take a Bribe upon both Sides, when they are Courted by both the Kings. Especially those Cardinals that sit nearest the Papal Chair, and are in the fairest Capacity to Climb next into it, as was the Happy Case of this our Cardinal, and therefore must be Highly Courted by Foreign Agents in the Name of their Masters; The Height of whose Ambition it was to oblige him. Thus we see this *Benedetto Odeschalcho* had fair opportunities for gaining Wealth enough to maintain his Grandeur;

Grandeur, the Canon-Law doth Command these Cardinals, that, besides their Living upon the Churches Revenues, to catch what they can for themselves, (may we Add, *Per Fas & Nefas*, *Vel Vi*, *Vel Clam*, *Vel Precariò*, either by Hook or Crook, to wit, the Crosier Staff,) upon the Account of Aggrandizing the *Roman* Clergy, which Poverty would render Contemptible, *Dianæ Compendium*, pag. 88.

How far this Cardinal comply'd (as who of that Catholick Faith would not) with that Canon-command, we shall have an Account By and By: But before we can come to that, Here are Two mischievous Stumbling-stones lays in our Way like a Couple of Blockado's, which who ever were able to Roll away out of our Way, would do us a very great Kindness; when set fast.

The *First* is this, Suppose this Cardinal had been a *Monk*, 'tis not to suppose what ought not to be supposed; for some *Benedicts* (as his Fore-Name and some Popes Name were) had been *Benedictine* Monks, and at their entrance into their Monasteries had solemnly vowed *perpetual Poverty*; how could this Monkish Man with a good Conscience Relinquish his *vowed Poverty*? Gather Riches so fast that he got the *Devil and all*, (as will appear afterwards) became an

*Ecclesi-*

*Ecclesiastick Prince*, Ride his Progress in all Prince-like Equipage, never proud *Haman* more Highly Honoured, and never any Triumphant *Cæsar* or Conquerour better Arrayed than He in his Richest Robes for Splendour and Glory: Let any Man come forth and tell me the Consistency of these two Contraries, *& erit mihi magnus Apollo.* He that can rightly Reconcile them, shall be my Oracle.

*Tush* (saith the Romish Casuists, one of the New *Quacks* the *Jesuits*) I can with a wet Finger make these two Contraries Jump friendly into one, *two odds* make *even* (as Two odd Threes make even Six, *still he will harp upon the Number Six*, as above) and why may not *two at odds* meet in *even* also. This is the Learned Gloss of the Popish Casuists upon this Case of Conscience in the *General*, but more particularly (he saith) this *Vow of Poverty* was taken with a mental Reservation, that he resolved to be poor, no longer, than while he could not possibly be Rich, and so the word [*Perpetual*] in the Vow must be *vox æquivoca*, and to be taken with equivocation, *&c.*

Such Dirt-Dawbers (that *Dawb with untemper'd Morter*) are the Jesuitical Casuists, yea, many *Monks* can play the pranks of a *Monkey* (there is not much difference be-

twixt

twixt their Names ) who can slip his Collar on *for his Masters Pleasure*, and with as much ease, can slip it off again *for his own*, The *Monk* can play at fast and loose with his *strict Vow* as well as the *Monkey* with his *strait Collar*. But above all Casuists that speak home to this Case, hear what an Infallible Pope (*papa in Cathedrâ non potest errare*) and that *Innocent* the 10th, ( one of the last before this ) speaketh ; He surely, cannot speak but like a most profound Oracle : I have heard some Judicious Clients say, when I want Councel, I will go to the *Head*, and not to the *Tail*, meaning, to the profoundest Councellors at Law, and not to the mean, pittiful, underling Lawyers : let us do so here, omitting all other scribling puny Casuists in *Popish Schools*, and hear what this great Oracle saith out of *Peters unerring Chair* : This *Pope Innocent* the Tenth, when he was but Cardinal *Pamphilio*, made a promise in the Conclave to Marry his onely Nephew into the Family of the *Barberinos* ( one of the three grand pontifical Factions, *Paulino* and *Pamphilian* being the other two, in that Sacred Colledge or Consistory ) the same Promise he privatly made to his Nephew also ; howbeit, he soon chang'd his mind ( being then not in the Papal Chair and so, nor Infallible) and pro-

moted

moted Him to a Scarlet Gown (instead of a Wife). which was far better, and which (he thought) would best prevent divers Emergent Differencies that were likely to arise by Marrying one of the *Pamphilian* Family to a Wife of the *Barberinos*, a contrary Faction, which yet had been wheadled into a Beleif of this great Match for their She-Cozen, because it was so solemnly and publickly promised by the Cardinal (the Unkle of the Gentleman, or in plainer Terms, the Father of the Bastard) in their Sacred Colledge of Cardinals, where there was a dead weight of Living Witnesses thereof. Notwithstanding this *Promise*, a Sacred thing in it self, made in a Sacred place, and before so many sacred Persons (according to Popish Sentiments) he made a shift to *cozen* both *them* and their *She-Cozen*: whereupon, not long after His Assumption into the Papal Chair (no doubt but his Nephew in his new Scarlet Gown, gave his Uncle an heaty lift thither) Cardinal *Antonio Barberinos*, having still the grumbling of his Gizzard for the late cheating affront, makes his Address to his New-Created and Now-Crowned *Holiness* (expecting nothing but what was Holy Redresses suitable to his new Title, to sweeten unto all his new Crown and Dignity) He therefore

brake

brake out into those words to this new Pope *Innocent* the 10th. (into which he had changed his Name *Pamphylio*) saying, *Most Blessed Father, your Transactions about your Nephew (in Marrying him to a Scarlet Gown, and not to our Cozen) doth not well correspond with your promises made to us in the Conclave, when you was but Cardinal:* Hereupon his new *Un-Holiness* (with a great deal of Gravity, as became his Place) as Un-Holily Answered, thus saying, *Tell me my Lord, who was He, that made such promises to you? Was it not Cardinal Pamphilio?* Yes, saith *Antonio*, upon which the Pope turns short upon him, and bids him go challeng his Promise of *Pamphilio*, for he was not the Man of that Name now, His Name was *Innocent* the *Tenth*, and not that Man you Imagine me to be: At this, *Antonio* Raged, and like a new *Mongi Bello*, Fire started out of his Eyes, and like Old *Orlando*, stamps with his Feet upon the Ground, when he heard the Infallible Chair speak more Fallibly and Fallaciously, than ever the Devil did at his Delphos-Oracle: In this Transport his Voice also Vomited out some severe Invectives against his Lord God the Pope, and in an High Disgust, Uncivilly turns his Tail upon his Blasphemed, as well as Blaspheming Idol, Excommunicates himself from

from the *Sacred Consistory*, and from the Metrapolitan City of *Rome* (the very place of his own Nativity) flies into *France* to be Protected by the *French* King, at whose Devotion he had all along been in the Faction, leaving all his Riches (he had Vastly scraped together) and Revenues behind him: See the Substance of this whole Story in the Author of the *Just Weight of the Scarlet Gown*, his own *Preface* to his Book; who tells us likewise, *pag.* 68. That this *Don Antonio Barberino* (who thus Dis-resented this profound, more than *Jesuitical*, the Diabolical Salvo of his Holy Father) was none of the Best, who kept for his Miss or Whore, *La Checa Bufona*, upon whom he wasted most Vast Sums of Money, *&c. pag.* 69.

Mark here, This Papal *Distinction* without a Difference (to wit, it was not *Innocent* the Pope, but *Pamphilio* the Cardinal, that made the Promise, and therefore not at all obliging, *&c.*) is the Best Bramble-Bush, that the Infallible Chair it self can find out, wherewith to stop the Gap in a *Romish* Conscience; and if this will serve as a sufficient Salvo for the Supreme Pope himself, much more for his Underling, a *Cardinal*; and so our *Odeschalcho* is brought off with flying Colours; It was not *Odes-*

*chalcho*

*chalcho* the *Cardinal* that *Vowed perpetual Poverty*, it was only *Odeschalcho* the *Monk* that did so, I am not He that made that Vow, 'tis not obliging to me, as a *Cardinal*, but least of all, as now I am *Pope*.

Such slippery Tricks of the *Monkey*, we find the *Jesuits* can play, as well as the *Monks*; for *Casimer* the *Jesuit* could (by his Fervent Prayers to his Founder *Ignatius Loyola*) obtain an effectual Dispensation for his Acquitment from his *Holy Orders* to Embrace a Crown, the Jewels whereof had a Sovereign Vertue to Salve all Wounds of Conscience, and to give him a *Quietus Est*: Hereupon he became the *King* of *Poland*: but while I think of it, Take this pleasant Story, I have sometimes Read with complacency, 'tis this, The Bishop of *Triers* (I think, but am sure it was one of those Bishops that are the *Electoral Princes* of the *Emperour* of *Germany*) was found fault with for some Notorious Extravagances in his Publick Ministrations, by a very *Grave Senator*, Who told him, Such Gross Actings were a Scandal to his Lawn Sleeves and Mitre; all the Apology that Proud *Prelate* could make for himself, was this, He Answered, That he did not those things as he was a *Bishop*, but as he was a *Prince*: But the *Senator* Replies in a cutting Reprimend, saying,

saying, *If the Devil get the Prince for such Crimes, I pray you, what will become of the Bishop.* This Non-plus did not admit of a Rejoinder; and is there not *par Ratio* in both these Cases of Conscience aforementioned, If the Devil get *Pamphilio* the Cardinal for breaking his Promise, (contrary to *Psal.* 15.) what will become of *Innocent* the *Pope*; it may be, he hath got them *Both* together at one Mouthful (being but one Individual Man) already, seeing Pope *Innocent* the *Tenth*, who was before, *Cardinal Pamphilio*, is now Trip'd off the Stage, and our *Odeschalcho* is got into the Chair in his Room: So likewise, If the Devil get the *Monk* for breaking his *Vow of perpetual Poverty*, what will become of the *Rich Cardinal*, sure I am, Though the Devil hath not already made one Mouthful of them both, yet, the *Pope* (the Devils Eldest Son) hath done it, for both *Odeschalcho* the *Monk* (as some say) and *Odeschalcho* the *Cardinal* are at once Swallowed up by this present Pope, *Innocent* the *Eleventh*.

The Upshot of the whole in a word is this, I Refer to the Judicious Reader, whether this *Grave Senator*, or the Jesuits (*Azorius, Navar*, &c.) yea the *Infallible Chair* it self, be the better *Casuist*; and whether *Don Antonio Barberino*, the *Crook-Back*

Nephew to Pope *Urban* the *Eighth*, were not a *Straighter* Man of the Two, that Abhord those wicked Evasions of Pope *Innocent* the *Tenth*, as above.

But having well wearied both my *Self* and my *Reader*, with lifting at this great *Stone* that lay in our Way, and yet cannot get it Removed out of the Way half so well as was *Amasa*'s Stab'd Body, that stop'd the *March* of the Army, 2 *Sam.* 20. 12. 'Tis high time to leave it, and to try our Strength in a Lift or Two at the *Second*, which in like manner obstructs our passage, in giving a particular Character of this *present Pope*.

The *Second Objection* is, Whether these pretended Governors of the Church, the Popish *Prelates* and *Cardinals*, abounding in all manner of *Pride*, *Pomp* and *Luxury*, can by any sober Mind be Deemed the *Rightful* Successors of *Christ* and his *Apostles*, who all did so oft Recommend *Self-Denyal* and *Humility*, &c.

To this, in short, I shall Answer, with a Story that I have Read many Years ago, and which I have lately met with in the *History of Cardinals*, pag. 46. The Author of *Nipotismo di Roma*, (wherein he shews how Sedulous every Pope is to promote his Nephews or Bastards) Relates the *Matter of Fact*

*Fact* thus, being both an *Eye* and an *Ear* Witness thereof in Person himself, saying, I Remember a certain Sermon I heard in a Covent in *Rome*, and in the presence of Two *Cardinals*, ( it may be our *Odeschalcho* was one of them ) and Cardinal *Sacchetti* was the other ; The Preacher was a *Bare Footed Franciscan*, who seem'd a poor pitiful Creature to look upon, yet geting into the Pulpit ( on the first *Sunday* in *Lent* ) in a very great Auditory, after an *Ave-Maria*, and Two or Three Cringes ( as is usual ) with his Knee, rising up again upon his Feet, and pulling his Cappuce or Cowle upon his Head, down almost over his Eyes, he paused a while ( in this posture ) without speaking a word, and fixing his Eyes stedfastly upon the *Cardinals* that stood before him, without Naming any Text at all, he breaks out abruptly into these words, [ St. *Peter was a Fool*, St. *Paul was a Fool*, all the *Apostles were Fools*, all *the Holy Martyrs*, all the *Primitive Saints of the Church of Jesus Christ our Redeemer, were Fools.* ]

The *Cardinals* were strangely Stun'd with these words, and stood as Insensible as Two Statues, the People also, and I among the rest, Admiring this unusual Freak, were content enough to Attend the Attendency of it : The *Fryar*, after some small silence

(which he purposely did, to observe the Resentments of his Auditory) began his Discourse as followeth, [*You that are Prelates, do not you believe, you shall be Saved?* I know your Answer, *Yes*, Father *Fryar, we do. And you People, you are certain of Paradise?* without Doubt, you will say, *Yes* too. *Yes*, saith the *Fryar*, What, will Turning Night into Day, by Feasting, Sporting and Luxury? Will Frequenting Play-Houses, Whore-Houses, and a Living in all manner of Debauchery, bring *you* [*People*] to Heaven?

As for *you* [*Prelates,*] Will your Wearing *Purple* aad *Scarlet*, Will your Glittering in Gold and Silver, Will your Riding abroad, and Carreeceing about in Gawdy Coaches, and when you come out of them, Will the having your Silken Trains carry'd after you in the Street, bring you to Heaven? Will your Spoiling the Walls of the *Church*, to Adorn the Walls of your *Chambers*, and will your Subtracting from *Christ*, to bestow upon the World, bring you thithither? Would you Oh *Romanists*, be Saved in this manner? Is this the *way to Salvation*? *which* we are told is not a *Broad* but a *Narrow Way*.

Then certainly all the *Apostles*, and all the *Saints of the Primitive Church* might have

have been Saved in the same Way, as well as you; and then as certainly they were all *Mad Men* and *Fools*, to *Wander up and down in Sheep Skins*, and *Goat Skins*, being *Destitute*, and *Afflicted*, to Undergo the *Hard Tryals of Cruel Mockings and Scourgings*, yea, *moreover of Bonds and Imprisonments*, yet higher, they were *Mad Men* and *Fools* to *be Stoned*, to be *Sawn Asunder*, to be *Slain with the Sword*, and to be *Tortured* and *Tormented*, not *Accepting Deliverance*, &c. *Heb.* 11. 35, 36, 37, 38. If *your Way* be the Way to Heaven.

But the mistake is on your part, Oh *Romanists*, They were all *prudent* and *pious Men*, 'Tis *You* that are the *Madmen* and *Fools*, and not *They*. 'Tis *You* that propose a new way of Salvation to your Selves, which will best comport with your own Vanity and Villany, even such a way, as is not onely contrary to the Holy Gospel, but to the very light of *Right Reason* also.

This single story is sufficient of it self, to Demonstrate what kind of Successours these *Cardinals* (and amongst the rest our *Odeschalcho*) are to the *Apostles*. The *pattern* and the *portraiture* do correspond like *Harp* and *Harrow*, which made the *Italian Painter* Draw the Pictures of *Peter* and *Paul*, with a very deep Tincture of a Red Vermilion

Colour in both their Complexions, and when ſome *Cardinals* blamed him for putting an Abuſe upon their holy Predeceſſours (to Limn them more like *Good Fellows*, who had been taking a Cup of *Nims*, a little too much of the comforting Creature) He Smartly yet Modeſtly Anſwered, No, Gentlemen, you miſtake my Genuine meaning, for there you may behold thoſe two *Holy Apoſtles* no other than *Bluſhing* at *you* their ſuch *Unholy Succeſſours*.

I ſhall conclude this Paragraph with that ſtrange Prayer of a *Proteſtant Divine* upon his Reading a *Gazet*, who there found, how in the Vacancy of the *Roman* See, ſome Cardinals were conſulting, that the next Pope when Created, ſhould be bound to diſcard his *Nephews*, thoſe *Suckers of the Churches Treaſure*. He Zealouſly Ejaculated this ſhor, but pithy, Petition, ſaying, [*God Almighty Remove theſe good Thoughts out of the Minds of theſe Cardinals*, for *the Scandal of their Church*, *are the Edification of ours*, and Diſturbances amongſt them, gives a Sweet Repoſe to us: *Hiſtory of Cardinals*, pag. 132.

Suitable to that before, is this, that which followeth after. Another *Divine* Diſcourſing with Cardinal *Odeſchalcho*'s Chaplain, and asking him what he was, he Anſwered, *I*

*am*

*am a Priest*, and pray you, saith the Minister, what is your Master whom you Serve, Oh Sir (quoth he) 'tis my *Lord Cardinal*: Go to then, said the Enquirer, pray what is your Work? Oh *Sir* (saith he) *I Say Service* in my Lords Chappel; *Say Service*, (saith the other) then you are not so good as an *Horse* or an *Asse*, for both these dumb Creatures *doe Service*, and *doing Service* is better than *Saying Service*: but the Discourse ended not here, the *Opponent*, a little too Pragmatical, must ask some more Questions, being too much Question-sick, further, saying, I pray you *Sir*, who gave to you the Name of *Priest*, and to your Master the Name of *Lord Cardinal*, seeing St. *Paul* Names no such Offices among the Officers of the True Church? *Ephes.* 4. 11. The *Respondent* Replys, Oh Sir, Our *Holy Mother the Church* gave to me the Name of *Priest*, and to my Master the Name of *Cardinal*. Upon this, the *Questionist* makes this brisk Repartee, saying, [ God Almighty Bless me with my *Fathers* Name, for all that Bear only their *Mothers* Name, (as you say, *You* and your *Lord* do) be no better than *Bastards*, or if you will have it in a cleaner Dress, that is to say, the *Popes Nephews*: But enough of this *Facetious Discourse*.

Now 'tis High time to take a more particular View of our *Odeschalcho*, whom we have Characteriz'd but little as a *Cardinal* hitherto, seeing our main Design is, to give him a more Ample Character as *Pope*, where the *Mystery of Iniquity* must be more fully opened in a large Field of Discourse.

As *John* the *Divine* gives a Graphical Description of the Picture of his *Double Beast in general*; how *He* gradually Rose, both out of the *Earth*, and out of the *Sea*, *Revel.* 13. 1, 11. So my present Task is to Limn to the Life the very Person of this present *Scarlet Colour'd Beast*, the *Pope* in particular, shewing, *First*, How he rose up Step by Step to the *Pontifical Chair*, into which this our Cardinal *Odeschalcho* was Usher'd with abundance of Pompous and Solemn *Ceremonies*: 'Tis indeed an usual Saying, That *Ceremonies* are but *Indifferent things*; yet this is a most certain and Tryed Truth, ( to the great Detriment of many, much Damnified hereby ) that though *Ceremonies* be in truth but things *Indifferent* to *Salvation*, yet Experience ( the best School-Mistress ) Teacheth, they are things *Necessary* to *Preferment*. None can Climb up ( not *Jacob's*, but ) *Antichrist's* Ladder, save such as have the *Cheveril* Conscience of

a *Latitu-*

a *Latitudinarian*, who can stretch out and Gape wide as the Greedy-gut once did, (in his Eating a Fish Dinner) who swallowed down Bones and all, till he had like to have been Choaked: We must suppose our *Odeschalcho* had a Throat wide enough, he was not at all so *Scrupulous* as the *precise* Ones among us, but could Gulp down any *Romish Ceremony* (though never so Corrupt and Unscriptural) provided it might but give him an Hearty Lift into the *Seat of Infallibility*: 'Tis as much beyond Questioning, as the most Received *Maxim* in Phylosophy, That such as are most *Defective* in their *Morals*, are most Zealous to supply *it* with *abundance* of *Ceremonials*: How far this our *Odeschalcho* was *Deficient* in *Morality*, let the Author of the *Scarlet Gown* (his own Countrey-man, the *Italian*) be heard to speak, His Relation Runs thus, *Benedetto Odeschalcho* was a very *Rich Prelate*, who a long time Courted *Don Barberino* for preferring him to be *Clerk* of the *Chamber*, which place he was Ambitious of, (that he might be the better Acquainted with all the Grand Intrigues of the Consistory) and which the *Don* had promised him upon his paying down upon the Nail a Round Sum of Money for it: But finding that his Purchase proved nothing, save only

only a company of Court Complements, and that this *Crooked-back Don Antonio* dealt but *Crookedly* with him, in making the Fool fain with Fair Words without Deeds, he (being weary'd with a little ſprinkling of Court Holy Water only,) began to think of the Proverb too late, *That a Fool and his Money is ſoon parted*: He hereupon Reſolves to take new Meaſures, and to try whether (againſt, and to Confute all *Gramer* Rules,) the *Fæminine Gender* might not prove more Worthy than the *Maſculine*, and whether the *Gray-Mare* might not prove the better *Horſe*; ſo makes he his Application to that Famous Strumpet, that Imperious *Jezabel*, Sifter in Law, *&c.* to Pope *Innocent* the *Tenth*, *Don Olympia*, wherein 'tis Remarkable, that he deals in both with the *Dons*, and with the Greateſt *Dons* too, the one an Ambitious, and (as to the Court Faction in *Rome*) a very *Potent Cardinal*; but the other (when he ſhifts his Sails unto, and makes his Second ſhift) was no leſs than an Omnipotent Creatreſs; for ſhe could Create what *Cardinals* and what *Popes* ſhe pleaſed, with her Irreſiſtible Charms: No wonder then, if, when at a loſs, he falls upon this new Expedient, and Turns *Don Antonio* into *Don Olympia*, yea Turns from the former to the latter, as being better furniſhed

furnished with Conveniences for him: he now thought it nothing so Commodious to *Court a Lord*, as to *Court a Lady*, especially One so Accomplished both with an Almighty Power, and with a Bewitching Beauty.

*Et si qua latent, Meliora putat*, Ovid.

Was not this a Brisk Madam, and well worth a Prelate, yea a Cardinals Courting: The Substance of this Account, (though here dress'd up in other Language) may be seen in the *Scarlet Gown* Author, *pag.* 21. who says further, That this *Benedetto* Presented this Lady with Rich Love-Tokens, wherewith at length he *Got into Her*——Favor: But above all (saith the said *Italian*) with One Amourous Bribe more than Ordinary, and most to be Remarked; which matter (as that Author Relates it) was manag'd after this manner, Our *Odeschalcho*, going one Day (as he did often) to pay his Respects to this his Lady *Don Olympia*, about the Coronation of her Brother in Law *Pope Innocent* the *Tenth*, a Goldsmith came at that very time, and shewed *Her* a very fair Cupboard of Rich and Modish Plate to Sell, and perhaps prompting the Lady to Buy it, as conducing

ducing much to the Grace and Honour of that Great Days Solemnity : *Olympia* Vieweth it thorough and thorough in the presence of this *Odeschalcho* ( Her Paramour ) and other Lords, and no doubt had more than a Months Mind to it, but how to compass it without her own Cost and Coin, was her present Project, in order to this, She first highly commends every Vessel by it self, both Mettal, Workmanship and Lustre, and then all in the whole, saying, It was a goodly and curious Cupboard of the New Fashion'd Plate, but she was a *Poor Widow* ( she should have said, a *Rich Harlot* ) so pretending she was not able to Purchase it ; lastly, upon this she withdraws immediately to her Chamber, leaving the By-stander *Odeschalcho* ( who admired all for her sake ) to make out some better proof ( than yet he had done in all his former Gifts ) of his Cordial Affections to Her. This *Prelate* , being but ( as the same Author calls him ) a *Man of mean* Undestanding, was the more easily Insnared with the wily Wit of a Woman, which, at a pinch, doth usually exceed that of a Man ( who Requires more Deliberation ) even of such as have deeper Reaches and Capacities than our shallow *Odeschalcho* : Hereupon, under this suddain Surprize, he calls

calls the Goldsmith to him, Asks the Price of the Plate, 'twas below his Honour in his Amorous Expectations to bid him lower than was Asked, he paid down Eight Thousand Crowns for it, and without more Adoe, sent it in to the Lady, as a Present from Him, to her in her Chamber, that this *Gift* (as *Solomon* saith) might make Room for himself thither also: *Don Olympia* was so Transported (both with the Success of her Craft, and with the Possession of so much Plate, all costing her Nothing, save only Casting a Figure about a Credulous Fool,) that Immediately she went to the Pope where she was *Domina*, *Fac totum*, and whether she had free Access Night and Day, See *Scarlet Gown*, pag. 81. *at the bottom.*) Begs of him for *Odeschalcho*, not only the *Clerkship* in the Chamber, but soon after a *Scarlet Gown* also. How far this *She-Don* Help'd him with her Hand (if not in Person, yet by Proxy) into *Peters* Chair, I know not, 'tis enough to know here that *Odeschalcho*'s Familiar Converse with this *Famous* Woman, but Infamous Whore, gives Ground enough to beleive, that *He* was *Defective in Morals*, and therefore was under a Necessity to *Eeek* that out *with Ceremonials*: No wonder then, if such a Man of *Immorality* should become (as it were) a very

very Compound of *Ceremony*: His *Election* to the Chair *consisted of Ceremony*; his *Coronation* in the Chair *consisted of Ceremony*; but above all, his whole Worship and Devotion in the matters of Religion *consisteth of Ceremony*; only a Word or Two as a By-blow upon this last, it being beside the Scope of our present Design. This present Popes Worship is drawn forth in such an *Antick* and *Pedantick* Dress, so far from the Simplicity of the Gospel, that no thinking Mind can look upon *Popery* to be any better than *Foppery*, sure I am, the *Romish* Church is far past her *Meridian*, seeing she can scarce be now seen for the length of her own Shadow, the *Shadows of her Evening* are stretched out, in turning *Doctrine* into *Sophistry*, and *Discipline* into *Ceremony*, and though the *Hedg of her Ceremonies* may favourably *protect Carrion-Crows*, yet is it *pricking and Vexatious enough to harmless Doves.*

But to Wave that in this place, and come to that Compound of Ceremonies, manag'd by a *Master of Ceremonies*, at the *Election* of this present *Pope*: No sooner was his Predecessor, *Pope Clement* the *Tenth* Dead, (for though the Keys of *Heaven*, *Hell* and *Purgatory*, hang at the Popes Girdle, yet there's the Mischief, the Key of the *Grave* was

was by some Mishap or other drop'd from it, otherwise the Pope had been equally as *Immortal* as *Infallible*, ) but the Congregation of Cardinals ( having Nine Mornings after *his* Death Sung Dirges for the Repose of his Soul, and preparing themselves with Holy Water, Incense, *&c.* ) did all Repair to the Conclave, and with them Two Masters of Ceremonies, and the Secratary of the College, *&c.* were all close shut up together, in order to Elect a New Pope: Then Processions came Thick and Threefold from all Churches and Monasteries, Singing, [ *Veni Creator*, &c. Come Holy Ghost, *&c.* ] Round about the Consistory, Imploring the Inspirations of the Spirit to come upon the Cardinals: The first Step or Ceremony, was, The Three chief Cardinals of the several Orders, with the Cardinal-Chamberlain, took an Exact Survey of all the parts of the Conclave to see that all be close, and shut up on all sides, as if they would shut out the Holy Ghost from coming among them; for upon the Death of Pope *Clement* the *Fourth*, when the Conclave could not agree (being divided and Rent in pieces by the Feuds and Factions of the *French* and *Spanish* Interest ) about the Election of a Successor, one of the Cardinals ( perhaps supposing that they were

too

too close shut up in the Conclave, ) Cryed, *You must Order the Uncovering of the Roof of the Consistory, to make way for the Holy Ghost to come down upon us* : The Conclave puts so much stress upon this same *Ceremony*, that not strictly to observe it, is a Nullity of the Election.

The *Second Ceremony* at the Election of this Pope, was, The Master of the Ceremonies, ( after a Recital of the Cardinals Priviledges, which each Swore to Observe, in case he were chosen Pope, ) Rings a Bell and calls them all to Mass, at which they Sang the Hymn, [ *Veni Creator Spiritus*, ] and the Prayer of the Holy Ghost, to Implore His Illumination upon them : But I am afraid they could not find one *Promise* to ground their *Prayer* upon, for the promise of the Spirits coming is only to those that Seek him *in Spirit and in Truth*, and that are found *in Due Order*, and not in such Disorders as Usually attend the Conclave, which once gave occasion to an Old Cardinal of *Sicily*, (who, after long Absence, coming to a Popes Election, and finding nothing but Animosities, Factions and Fractions among them, ) to complain, saying, *Num ad Hunc Modum fiunt pontifices Romani?* &c. I expected that fervent Prayers, as in Times of Old, should have procured

procured some fit Man to be pointed out by the Holy Ghost to us for a *Vicar of Christ*, but (saith he) If promising Rewards for Pensionary Votes, If Cajoling, Cursing and Threatning Revenge be your way of Canvasing your Elections, then farwel for me, and so the good Old Man Returned Home to his Countrey, and could never be perswaded to see *Rome* any more.

The *Third Ceremony*, was, To Elect a Pope by *Scrutiny*, (waving the Two other ways of *Inspiration* or *Compromise*,) which they thus managed, Each Cardinal hath a List of all the Cardinals Names given to him, he Wrote down in a peice of Paper, whom he would have chosen, went to the Altar, puts his Scroll into the Golden Chalice standing thereupon, and so Return'd to his place, when all had so done, the *Prime Bishop* took out all the Papers, delivered them to the *Prime Deacon*, who unfolded them all, and without mentioning the *Elector*, Read aloud the Names of the *Elected*: The *Prime Priest* Reckoning the Voices, pronounced the *Majority* of Votes to fall upon *Cardinal Odeschalcho*: Hereupon he Rang a Silver Bell, and a Pan of Coals was brought in, and all the Paper Billets, wherein the Names of all the Cardinals were Written, were Burnt.

*Good God*, How far the Ancient Church of *Rome* is now Run from the Primitive Pattern? How far is that Church at this Day Run a Whoring? more like *Babylons Whore*, than *Sions Spouse*, who both Ask'd and Received Directions from the Blessed Bridegroom, how she might follow the Footsteps of *Christs* (not *Antichrists*) Flock: I would gladly Ask of any Man, how many of these (and many more, for Brevity, omitted) silly *Apish* as well as *Popish Tricks* and *Trinkets*, were put into practice at the Election of St. *Matthias* into Traiterous *Judas*'s *Bishoprick* and *Apostleship*, Act. 1. 20. *to* 26. The pure Simplicity of that Primitive Ordination makes our Pope *Innocent* the *Eleventh* look more like an *Unholy Apostate*, than any *Holy Apostle*, whose *Successor* he yet presumes to be Reckoned, who in Truth is rather a *Successor* of *Judas* in betraying *Christ*, as he is the *Antichrist*, than any of the Holy *Apostles*, who were fervent followers of the Sacred Footsteps of their Sweet Saviour, and who Commands us *to follow them no farther*, *than they follow Christ*, 1 Cor. 11. 1. They make that *Holy Child Jesus* the *Regula Regulans*, or Rule Ruling, and themselves only the *Regula Regulata*, the *Rule Ruled*, they would not have us to follow the Dark Side of the *Cloud* of Witnesses,

nesses, as the *Ægyptians* did, and were Drowned, but the White-side thereof, as the *Israelites* did, and were Saved. Neither do we ever find that St. *Peter* pass'd under those Comick and Theatrical Ceremonies when called to his Apostleship, or ever so Prefer'd or Enrich'd any of his *Nephews* or Bastards; as the *Pope* ( his pretended Successor ) doth now.

The *Fourth Ceremony* wherewith this present Pope had his Pompous Inauguration at his Election, was, Still more like *Apostatical*, than *Apostolical*, to wit; No sooner was the Majority of Votes ( even Two parts of Three ) acknowledged to fall upon our Cardinal *Odeschalcho*, through the Almighty Influence of his Old *Grateful* as well as Humble Servant, *Don Olympia*, who could not, with either *Honour* or *Advantage*, so soon forget her Stately Cupboard of curious Silver Plate, well knowing, her lasting Gratitude to Him would be an Encouragement to others in that Court, to make their Addresses in the same manner to Her. No sooner ( I say ) was this *Odeschalcho* owned to be the *Pope Elect* Duely, though never so Factiously and Surreptitiously; but presently the *Wicket*, or rather *Wicked* Hole ( well call'd the *Golden Door*, through which the Hungry Cardinals Receive all their

*Meat*, as well as *Air*, during their, sometimes, long Confinement,) was then broken open, at which stood an Infinite Number of Poor People; on whom this New Pope bestowed his Papal Benediction, and to whom He Remitted all their Sins. The Formality of opening this *Golden Door*, was thus Observed, This New Pope came with a *Golden Mallet* in his Hand (all *He* meddles now with must be Gold,) His *Silver Age* is now turned into a *Golden* One, his Silver Cupboard of Plate before purchased, is now turned into a *Golden Door*, and into a *Golden Mallet*, yea, better than all this. Here was, by Vertue of the Philosophers Stone, a *Silver*, or rather a *Leaden*, or *Copper Cardinal* (as *Odeschalcho* signifies) into a more Illustrious and *Golden Pope*. With this *Golden Mallet* he strikes at the *Golden Door*, which while He was in Doing, there were Workmen Ordered without to Break it open, which done, all the *Chips*, *Stones*, *Dust* and *Dirt*, (that fell from this *Golden Gate*, while it was in opening,) are gathered up, and preserved as the choicest and most Inestimable Relicks; and as to the *Golden Mallet* which this New Pope held in his Hand, *He* Nobly gave to Cardinal *Sforza* (according to Custom) who was his great Crony and Correspondent, oftenest

in

in his Company, and especially in most Grace and Favour with him, for Lending him such an effectual Lift into *Peters* Chair. Now let any Man of a Sober Mind Judg, what kind of Successor this present Pope is to *Poor Peter* in his Chair; the Apostle *Peter* saith of himself, [ *Silver and Gold have I none,* ] Act. 3. 6. But this Pope ( his pretended Successor ) hath *Silver* for himself, and for his *Olympia* too, yea, and a *Golden Mallet* to give away, *&c.* *Simon Peter* Rejected *Simon Magus*, when he would have Hired of him the Gift of Miracles, *Acts* 8. 19, 20, 23. whereas this *Pope* will do nothing without Ready Money. St. *Peter* paid his Tribute to Temporal Princes, even at his Lord Christs Command, both for *himself* and for his *Master*, *Matth.* 17. 24. to the last; But this *Pope* ( being *Antichrist* ) Scorns any such Disgraceful Motion, No, 'tis below his Unholy Highness to pay One Penny; he Received not *Peters* Patrimony upon any such Ignoble Terms: The *Law of the Land*, saith, *That a Mans Heir is Obliged to pay the Debts*, and to *perform the Duties of the Inheritance*, otherwise the Heir is Disinherited, and the Inheritance Divided among the Creditors: But the Popes Canon-Law saith, *Peters Keys of Authority*, with all the Profits and Emoluments, belong

to the *Pope*, who holds them fast in his Hand; but as to his *Key of Doctrine*, wherein *He* Taught Universal Subjection to Secular Governours, is a Duty no way Incumbent upon *Him*; these are great Incumbrances to Popes, and would be unsupportable Burdens to our Sacred Inheritance: Yet in this the Pope likes well enough to Imitate his Predecessor *Peter* in, He dearly loves to Catch with his Angling Rod such Fishes in his *Sea* or *See*, as have a peice of *Silver in their Mouths*, *Matth.* 17. 27. and it will do no Harm, if now and then a peice of Gold be found there also, for then will he be furnish'd with Materials, not only for a Silver Cupboard of Plate, but likewise for making his *Golden Doors*, and his *Golden Mallets*.

The *Fifth Ceremony* should have been, When the *Golden Door* was opened, He should have proceeded to the *Porphiry* Chair, the *Chair of Exploration*, where the Youngest *Cardinal-Deacon* should have Examined Things and Things. But this Customary Ceremony is now a Days Antiquated as Superfluous and Unnecessary, since commonly those Popes that have been lately Elected, had given sufficient proof by their Bastards of their *Virility*, and that they were known beforehand to be of the Right *Masculin Gender*, and indeed I think it

it need not be much Doubted, but rather than fail, rather than this Pope should have this trouble given him, *Don Olympia* her self might have come in with her Testimony, and have assured them *Viva Voce*, they might undoubtedly spare the Labor of Exploration, for she hath had some Experimental Knowledg ( which is the Best ) of his Manhood and Gallantry. And now, when I think of it, I cannot but Imagine this *Groping Chair* a very ill advised Injunction, however upon this Account, That whereas the *Romanists* do usually Stile their Head, *The Lord God their Pope*, now if as they say, *He* be indeed a *God*, they do but Debase him ( if not *Ungod* him ) in Trying whether be be a *Man:* Methinks the Words of *Christ*, with but a little Variation, might serve the pretended *Vicar of Christ*: as the *Lord* did Evidence the Truth of his Resurrection, by saying, [ *If I be a Spirit, I should not have Flesh and Bones,*] Luke 24. 39. So this Vicar might give a Repulse to his *Gropers*, by saying, [*If I be a God, I should not have Manly Members.*] There is only this Difference, Christ was willing to be Handled, but *his Vicar* is *unwilling*, unless by *Olympia*, therefore this Rude Ceremony was Omitted.

But the *Sixth Ceremony* (and so many there must be to comport still with the number

of the name of the Beast, 666.) is a *Ceremony* of *Ceremonies*, So it supplies the late omission of the *fifth* by way of Redundancy: for this introduceth all the *Splendour* and *Grandeur* of his prime *Procession*, *Consecration*, *Coronation*, &c. (1) His first *Procession* after his *Election* was thus pompously managed: this *great Man*, or rather, this *great God* was mounted upon Mens shoulders in the most splended Equipage imaginable, *such* as *Solomon in all his Glory was never Arayed with* (for you must suppose this *Pope* to be the goodly *Lilly*, or rather the glorious and gawdy *Tulip*, that our Lord speaks of *Matt.* 6. 28, 29.) However *such* as neither *Christ* himself (*who was greater than Solomon*, Matt. 12. 42.) nor much less his Apostle *Peter* (whose Successour this Pope pretends to be) ever took upon them the like prodigal and pompious Grandeur. *This Pope was now Arayed in Scarlet Robes, Furr'd with Ermines quite through, and Adorned with the Richest Gold and Silver Laces, there was placed upon his Head a most glittering and glorious Tripple Crown of Gold, and a most Rich Collor of Gold all curiously Enameld with the choicest Jewels and chiefest precious Stones: there were put into his Hands two Golden Keys* (pretended to be the same, that *Christ* gave to *Peter*, and that *Peter* at his Death bequeathed

queathed to the *Popes* successively) *which are for opening* and *shutting* the *Gates of Heaven* (a place where Himself is never like to come) *for whom he pleaseth*: and *over his Head was carried a most stately Canopy with lofty, flying, and most gawdy Streamers*, and *He Himself* under it most Trim, with his Artificial Locks finely curl'd and powder'd with a Vast Tower or Fruz upon his Forehead (in the very Dress of the *Mystical Whore*) and in all this Antick Dress and Pedantick Pageantry, this Pope was presented to the people, who (together with his Page) made thereupon loud Acclamations: [*Vive le Papa, Vive le Papa*] all along as He made his Progress to *Peters Chair*: mark here, while this *Apocalyptick Beast* was thus mounted upon Mens shoulders, He was then carried like a *Conquerour*, who had now made a compleat Conquest over the whole Conclave of his Fellow-Cardinals, and now had stoutly Stormed (in despight of all fraud and force, yea, of Fate it self) the pontifical Chair, and in this posture He was not onely like King *Saul, who was higher by the Head and shoulders than all the People*, but also as a *mighty Nimrod*, who was to Trample them all under Foot, His Feet standing as high as their Heads: but the most significant Ceremony in his passage from the *Gol-*

*den*

*den Hatch* or *Wicket*, to his Chair of State, was this, a lump of Flax was carried before Him Burning, whereat these words were proclaimed.

——*Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.*

'Tis the Prayer of prudent and pious Protestants, that an happy Blast may descend from Heaven to blow out for ever all this Antichristian Glory. Even so Amen & Amen.

Thus was he brought to his *Chair of State*, which was likewise covered with *Scarlet*, all richly Embroidered, Fringed round about with a Gold and Silver Silk Fringe, and gloriously bedeckt with *Golden Balls* and *Crosses*, and which was placed upon as *Lofty* and as *Costly* a Throne as was that of *Solomons*, 1 Kings 10. 18. Thither was he brougt upon Mens shoulders, and when gently taken down (for fear of hurting the good old Man) there was He *seated*, there was He *consecrated*, and there was He *crowned*, &c. when all this *solemnity* is accomplished, then His *Herald* (dressed up in a Garb comporting with the Pomp) proclaims by sound of Trumpet, His great Lord and Master, to be now [*the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords*] and as if that were not sufficient, *He* had his *Parasites* prepared

prepared to cry loud [*God Bless our Lord God the Pope*] Thus *He*, who trode under foot onely the People before, must now trample upon the Necks of Kings and Emperours, Instance onely in *poor Emperour Frederick*, who was constrained to lay sprawling under the *proud Popes* Feet, on whose Neck *He* insolently trampled at *Venice*: 'Tis therefore one part of this Pompious Magnificency, that this *Magnifico* hath two Swords standing erect by his Chair of State at his right Hand, to denote, that not onely the *Sword of Excommunication*, but also the *Sword* of *Civil Dominion* belongs to him also: To say nothing of the number of Gawdy *Beads*, *Agnus Deis*: and abundant more *Remish Trumpery* exposed to publick View, for the better setting off the Solemnity of his Inauguration: I think 'twas about well, that, together with his Title aforementioned, this also [*God of Gods*] was not superadded, so exalted Him above the *most High God*, as well as over all *Lords*, *Kings*, and *Emperours*. The *Roman Canon* and Ceremonial Law *commands* the People to say at the *Popes Instalment* [*thou art our God the Pope*] and *Pope Martin* could calmly and complaisantly receive the Complement of the *Sicilian* Embassadour saying [*thou art the Lamb of God, that takest away the*

*the sins of the World*] so was this, but to declare to all the World, that it is He *who sits in the Temple of God, exalting Himself above all that is called God*, if not above the true God Himself, the Pope dare dispence with, if not disanul or contradict the Law of God: Sure I am, never did any mortal Man look more like *proud Lucifer* (who said *ero sicut Altissimus*, I *will be like*, If not above; *the most High*, Isa. 14. 14.) than this present proud Pope in his pontificalibus exposed to View with all those Additional Formalities did go, all which, yet one more must still be added, to wit, the *change of his Name*, his old Name [*Odeschalco* the *Cardinal* must be turned into *Innocent* the 11*th*. How *Nocent* this *Innocent* was, the sequel will demonstrate. Yet follows he the Pattern of *Bocca di Porco* or Hog-face, who was the *first Pope* that changed his Name, thus when his Successours were *Cowards*, they must be called *Leo*, if he were a Tyrant, called *Clement*, if a *Rustick*, *Urbanus* though never such a *Turbanus*, or trouble World: If an Athiest then *Pious*. So if never so obnoxious, or *Nocent* then it must be *Innocent*. The *Popes* of these later Years have been generally short lived, to Instance onely in a few of the last Edition, Cardinal *Chigi* was Elected Pope, in the year 55. *April* the 7*th*,

*7th.*, call'd himself *Alexander* the *7th*, one troublesome enough to the Church, *&c.* He soon trips off (Whether from the goodness of God or his own good Nature, I shall not say) gave up the Ghost, and Resigned up the Chair to Cardinal *Rospigliosi*, who succeeds him *June 20th.* by the Name of *Clement* the *9th*, in the Year 67. The *loss of Candia* afflicted him much more, than the *burntng of London*, and hastened his Death in the Year 70. The Conclave being shut up above Four Months (a long time to be in the Dark, where they made day of Wax Candle, Having neither Windows nor Holes to let in light) at last had so much light as to Elect *Cardinal Altieri*, which was the doating Pope that Created our *Cardinal Howard* (who is after to be mentioned) and then Dyeth in the Year 76. having born the Name of *Clement the Tenth.* So gives place to our *Cardinal Odeschalco*, &c. what a black Character they all bear in the *History of Cardinals*, I must rather request the Reader to observe it there than to expect it here; especially of this present Pope *Don Olympias* grand Favourite: but above all, I wonder at that Irish Prophet *Malachi* which Dr. *Heylin* mentioneth in his Cosmog. last Edition p. 106.) who lived in the *11th*, Century, contemporary with *Bernard*, yet undertook

undertook to give an account of all the Popes from that time to this day, and this He doth by *Symbols and Hieroglyphicks*, and omitting all others, as beside our purpose that which is most remarkable, is the character, He so prophetically Imposeth upon this present Pope Symbolically, and in an Hieroglyphick way plainly Stiles Him, *Bellua Insatiabilis*, an *Insatiable Beast*, I have been thinking since I found it that this *Malachi* the *Irish Prophet* (not to meddle with his other predictions, *&c.)* hath Accommodated this character so congruously to this *Odeschalco*, as if he had been the *Jewish Prophet Malachi*, who infallibly had the *Infallible Spirit*, what kind of Spirit (this Popish Saint, a Cestertian Monk, Arch-Bishop of *Dublin* in *Ireland)* was endued with, is not easie to Determine, yet is there found such an Admirable Harmony *inter signum & signatum*, the *Person* and the *things* do Symbolize to Astonishment, as *Messingham*, *Busser*, &c. do observe.

*Conveniunt Rebus Nomina Sæpe Suis.*

That this *present Pope* should be pointed out ( as by the Finger ) to be an *Insatiable Beast*, above Five Hundred Years before He was Born, must be acknowledg'd *Mira-*

*bile*

*bile Dictu.* If several of the true Prophets of God did so Truly Foretel of *Nebuchadnezzar*, that *He* would Arise, and become Gods *Battle-Axe* to Hew down the Degenerate Generation of the *Jews*, bring them *to literal Babylon*, keep them Captive there for *Seventy long Years*, &c. And if several of the *True Apostles of Christ* did so Truly Foretel of *Antichrist*, that he would Arise out of the *Earth* and out of the *Sea*, and become the *Devils Patriarch* to tread down the outward Court of formal Professours, carry them Captive to *Mystical Babylon*, keep them in Captivity for *one thousand two Hundred and sixty long Years*, &c. And *both these*, Some Hundred of Years before they both came to pass: Why may we not call this *strange Prophet*, (that thus long before foretold of this Individual present Pope, that he would Arise, and become an *Insatiable Beast*) The Prophet *Malachi the Second*, notwithstanding he was one of the *Monkish Order*, I cannot but Judg His Testimony is therefore so much the stronger, for 'tis a received Maxim [ *firmum est probandi Genus quod etiam ab Adversario Sumitur, quum Veritas etiam ab Inimicis Veritatis probari possit* ] 'tis the strongest kind of proof, when the very *Enemies of the Truth* are constrained to bear Witness to it. Hereupon *Ludovicus Vives de probabilitatis Instrumentis*

*mentis* ſaith thus [*Amici contra Amicum, & Inimici pro Inimico Invincibile Teſtimonium erit*] which in *plain Engliſh* muſt thus be *explained*. *The Teſtemony of a Papiſt againſt a Papiſt*, and of a Papiſt for a Proteſtant is a Teſtimony without exception, and more Infallible than this *Infallible Pope*, againſt whom this Popiſh Monk, *Malachi*, beareth ſuch an undeniable Teſtimony, though his Friend as of the ſame Religion; yet Honours He Him with no better a Title, than that of an *Inſatiable Beaſt*.

The whole Scope of all the following *Diſcourſe* is no other than a *Deſcant* and *Comment* upon that *Black* and *Beaſtly Brand*, wherewith this *Iriſh* Prophet (*Monk Malachi*) Stigmatiz'd *him* with, ſo many Hundred Years before He was in *Rerum Naturà*, or had any Exiſtence: Now that He hath been ſo long in his preſent Being, and hath been Acting (like the *Devils* Patriarch) his Deviliſh part in the Tragedy upon the Theatre of the World, ever ſince *September* the *Twenty-Firſt*, in the Year *Seventy Six*, whereon He was *Conſecrated and Crowned*, &c. as above. *Time* is always the beſt *Expoſitor* of the moſt Abſtruce and Obſcure Prophecies; and what a full and perfect Expoſition *Time* it ſelf hath already made (and may hereafter make more) upon

upon this very Text and Title of this *Irish Prophet Malachi*, concerning this Pope, is my Task I have before me to Demonstrate.

First, In *General*, That this present Pope is a *Beast*, is as plain, as if Writ with a Beam of the Sun upon a Wall of Marble. Seeing both the *Prophet Daniel*, and the Apostle *John*, do Unanimously call the whole Series of those *Roman* Popes no better than *Beasts*, yea, such Beasts as are beyond and above all Names, as in the *Preface*.

'Tis manifest enough even out of their own Authors (such as Wrote the Lives of the Popes) How that many, if not most of them, were *Men* of *Sin* with an Accent; yea, Beasts rather than Men; yea, even *Monsters* in Iniquity: See Dr. *Heylin*'s Cosmog. pag. 106, 107, 108. of the last Edition, where you have a Black-Bed Roll of their State and Story, to the number of Thirty one, which is a lucky Number, call'd an *even Hitter*, and is said, a Knave and One and Twenty, (or in plainer English, a *Knave*, that stands for *ten* [ *Knaves* ] and One and Twenty more (of the same litter, or letter) wins all at the Game of Noddy this Christmass time, wherein *The Knave* K[illegible] is turned up Trump with a witness: See also *Ness's Discovery of Antichrist*,

pag. 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62. where you have a Compendious Landskip of but a few of the Popes Lives (all gather'd out of their own *Roman* Writers) to shew in short, what *Beasts*, what *Monsters of Men* they have been: And that this great Truth may be *Compleatly Confirmed* by the Mouth of even *Three Witnesses*, See also Dr. *Scalter* in his Comment upon the *Second of Thessalon.* pag. 115. where he saith, [If a Man may be so bold with the *Pope*, as *John Baptist* was with our Saviour (and why should *Christ* be more Rudely Handel'd than *Antichrist*) Asking, [*Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?*] The like Answer may most properly be Returned, [*Go and Tell what you heard and seen*, to wit, *God is Contemn'd, the Devils are Worship'd, Religion is Prophan'd, Superstition is Hallow'd, Beastly Lust is Practic'd, and Parricide is not only Perpetrated, but Patreniz'd,*] with much more Horrid Hellishness those [*Parum probi Homines*] or Wicked Popes have done: Is not this the *Man of Sin*, the *Apocalyptick Beast*, the *Matchless Monster*, Prophecy'd of in the *Word*, that should come into *the World* and play *Rex*, and his Pranks in it: Now 'tis below this present Pope to be better than his Predecessors, He Scorns to Degenerate from the Worst of them, chusing rather to

Imitate

Imitate them, than Holy *Peter*. The *Irish Prophet* Stiles him a *Beast*, and *Time* hath proved him so. Our next Work is to shew him the *Insatiable* One, for *Craft* and *Cruelty*.

The *Epithet Insatiable* hath Variety of Acceptions, according to the Variety both of its *Subject* and *Object*. There be various Passions of the Mind of Man, that are Headstrong, Extravagant and Insatiable, whereby Man is turned into a Beast, as Thus,

First, The *Passion* of Lust, when it grows Unruly and Ungovernable, *Transporting* the Monk out of his Monastery into the Nunnery among the Nuns, or suppose the Man a *Cardinal*, or a *Pope*, when he is Exported out of all Bonds and Bounds of Temperance and Continency, his *Unruly Lust* causeth him Rudely to break His *Vow of Chastity*, and He hereupon Applys himself to his common *Curtezans*, or *Don Olympia*'s, then is the *Beast* truly Stiled *Insatiable*. Or

Secondly, When that Passion of Bloud-Thirstiness hath the like prevalency over the Mind of Man, makes him as Savage, and as Bloudy-Minded as a Butcher or Beast, insomuch, that *He* Delights to Wallow in the Bloud of others, yea, to be *Drunk with*

*the Bloud of the Saints* (which is the Trick of the *Beast*,) then is the Beast Rightly Branded with being *Insatiable*, and then 'tis High Time for good Protestants to put up this good Prayer, *Lord, let this Drunken Insatiable Beast, Spue and Fall, and never Rise up any more.* or

Lastly, (To Omit other Exorbitant Passions and Affections of Mankind,) the Third Case is, When the Connatural Passion of Covetousness hath got such a Predominancy over the Mans Mind, that it Metamorphoses *him* into a *Muck-worm*, yea, into a Mole, that Subterraneal Blind Creature, which lives altogether within the *Earth* (being Restless, as out of its Center, while out of it) and hath nothing to do with *Heaven*: Must Evermore have his Mouth and Claws full of Earth, when *the Man* will Extract Gain out of a very Dunghil, a Vast Revenue for Indulging Stews, and that as a Necessary Convenience, [*Ad purgandos Renes*] especially in the Three Hot Months of the Year, when *the Man* doth practically approve of that Motto, [*Lucri bonus est odor ex re quâlibet,*] and that other too, [*Lucrum è Lotio est Optabile,*] These were the Old Symbols of some Great Men of *Rome*, who thought all Gain Sweet, though Got out of the Piss-Pot, *&c.* And this

*Great*

*Great Man of* Rome is no Changling from them, He is for getting the Devil and all, with his *Gain from all Quarters*, Isa. 56. 11. *and* Micah 3. 3. *per Totum*. Then also is the *Beast Insatiable*, and upon this Third Account it is, that the *Prophet Malachi* the Second, aforesaid, calleth in His Characters, this very *Odeschalcho* ( the *present Pope* ) *Bellua Insatiabilis*, as a late Learned Writer doth well Interpret it: Though this *Beast of Rome* hath been *Insatiable* enough as is supposed, in the First Case and Account of *Insatiability*, when he look'd upon *Carnal Concupiscence* with *Romish* Spectacles, and according to the Popish Doctrine, but a *Peccadillo*, a *Trick of Youth*, a *Venial Sin*; He had that Flesh-pleasing Circular saying, [ *Confess after Sin, Sin and Confess*, in Infinitum, ] in great Veneration, as a Sovereign Cure for a Popish Conscience, and indeed, 'tis a wonder that all the *World* ( *which lays in Wickedness*, 1 John 5. 19. ) will not easily turn *Papists*, that they may Sin, in Sins of all sorts, with Peace, wherein they can Bless themselves with Pardons prepared and to be Purchased: But to let that pass, seeing the Jesuits Rule, [ *Si non castè, tamen cautè* ] Anticipates Intelligence of such Deeds of Darkness, till the Pond come to be Scowred again, wherein were found Thousands of

Infants Skulls, which, as it promoted the Destruction of *Abbeys* here, so in Time every where, yea, of *Rome* it self, that *Brothel-House of Babylon.* My Work at present is, to give him his due Character of an *Insatiable Beast* in both the other Respects, with a little Transposition of the Third, (as coming next to Hand into the Seconds place) to wit, both as a Greedy and as a Bloudy *Insatiable* Beast.

This *Prophet Malachi* (the *Irish Monk*) hath *Divine Warrant* to call this Pope an *Insatiable Beast*, seeing the *Prophet Isaiah* calls such *Priests* (*ejusdem Farinæ* of the same Brann with this *High Priest*) *Greedy Dogs, which can never have enough*, Isa. 56. 10, 11. and though they were *dumb Dogs and could not bark*, yet could they bite well enough, perverting the House of God for Prayer into a Den of Cut-Throat Thieves: How far this *Pope* hath been the *Jewish Prophets Greedy Dog*, and the *Irish* Prophets *Insatiable Beast*, falls first in Order to Demonstrate: so His most *Eminent* and *Gainful Cheats, whereby he Gulls the silly People*, do here follow.

*He* is (in the General) the Grand *Impostor of the World*, so the *Pope* was call'd by Doctor *Morton* Bishop of *Durelm* many Years ago, whose Elaborate Book Discourseth

eth the many Legerdemain Tricks where, with He *deceiveth Nations*, and all and only to pick their Pockets.

May we but be let in a little to behold the Bowels of this *Grand Cheat*, and View but a while his *Guts* and *Garbage*, 'twill soon be Discerned that he is the *Devils Patriark*, bearing upon his Banner the *Abomination of Desolation*: The time would fail to tell, How many Families this *Abominable Beast* hath made *Desolate*: what else is the whole Cento and Fardle of Popery, but a Concatenation of Wiles to compass a purse? What is the chief Design of this *Balaam of Rome*, but a continual conjuration for an *House-full of Gold and Silver*? Witness his *lying Legends*, His *Mock-Miracles*, *Praying for the* Dead, and a Thousand more nimble Tricks too tedious to enumerate, but above all, His *Doctrine of Purgatory*, The Fire whereof doth more effectually *warm the Popes Kitchin*, than Torture any Soul *He* Damns into it. 'Tis a *Cheat of Cheats*: Methinks the *Apostle Peter* points at this *Pope*, (who pretends to be his Successor) while he speaks of such, as *through Covetousness with feigned Words*, do make *Merchandise of Men*, and when He names *Balaam the Son of Bosor*, *who loved the wages of Iniquity* so far, until the *Dumb Ass* forbad the mad-

nesſ of the *profane Prophet*, yet *He* cannot pa s off without paſſing a Divine Doom, ſaying, *whoſe Judgment now of a long time lingreth, and yet their Damnation ſlumbreth not*, 2 Pet. 2. 3. 15, 16. How can it *ſlumber* long, when the cry of his cheating Tricks (together with *that of Bloud*) is gone up to Heaven to fetch down Gods Vengeance upon this *Popes* Head, and upon his whole *Popedom*: Let the *Apoſtle Paul* alſo Joyn Iſſue in this matter with his *beloved Peter*, (both which are repreſented *Bluſhing*, as before, at ſuch pitiful pretended Succeſ. ſors) who ſaith likewiſe [as *Jannes* and *Jambres withſtood Moſes, ſo do theſe the Meſſias, Men of corrupt Minds, and Reprobate concerning the Faith: But they ſhall proceed no further, for their folly ſhall be made manifeſt to all Men, as theirs alſo was*, 2 Tim 3. 8, 9. Now what were *Jannes* and *Jambres*, but a couple of *Gipſy* or *Ægyptian Coujurers*, that cheated the People with their *lying Miracles*, &c. And ſuch have ſome of the *Popes of Rome* (that *Myſtical Ægypt*, Rev. 11. 8.) been, *&c.* [*Habemus Reos Confitentes*] Popiſh Authors do acknowledg it, and did *Moſes* muzzle the Mouths, and made their Cheats manifeſt to all Men? How much more will the *Meſſias* (who is greater than *Moſes*, Heb. 3. 3.) confound in due time this

this *Grand Impostor*. 'Tis impossible for any Man of a Sober Mind to think otherwise, especially, If he cast but a seeing Eye upon [*Taxa Cameræ Apostolicæ*] the Apostolical Chamber in the Vatican at *Rome*, where this *Pope* hath opend his *Pedlars Pack*, exposed all his Vendible Commodities (for *Romæ Omnia Venalia*) to the best Advantage of commending them to his Chapmans Eye, no Shop so well furnished, or affords such a Tempting Prospect in any of the Walks of the Royal Exchange Chambers, and that which gives the most Splendid and Decoying Lustre is, there you have the Pope himself in his Grandeur, Courting in Customers, good Man, *He* dare not trust his Vassals, a pack of Knaves, He hath found them long, wou'd go Snips with their Master, He ha's now Learnt by His Loss. *Keep the Shop* Robin, *and it will keep thee*. There himself stands crying in the very Language of *Folly* (not of *Wisdom*) *who so is simple*, *let him turn in Hither*, Prov. 9. 16. He Cants in his Proselytes with Pedlars Pedantick Oratory, Coying them in with come along my *Cronies*, my Soft Pates (for you must suppose He is of the same Sentiments with that Crafty *Shop-Keeper*, who once Boasted, He would not sell all his *Children and Fools*, his Customers, for some Hundreds of Pounds

in

in the Year) come along my Corculums, look about you, Gentlemen, what lack you? Lo, here's a *Goose-Giblet Pye*, wherein every Palate may pleaſe it ſelf, what will ye buy? I am juſt now upon my laſt Legs, my long Leaſe of 1260 Years is now at its laſt Gaſp and Expiration, what, never a packing-penny among you all for a poor packing-off Pope: But are you Deſirous to know his *Wares* (all very Vendible to the Credulous, that never think of the Cheat) what are his Commodities in particular? I will tell you, where you have them all named, and we are not a little obliged to the *Infallible Holy Ghoſt*, that will take all the pains in giving us a Diſtinct Catalogue of all this *Infallible Ghoſtly* Fathers Commodities: He tells you, *Rev.* 18. 12, 13. in *Antichriſts* Stately Shop, you may have for *Ready Money* [*the Merchandiſe of Gold and Silver, precious Stones* and *Pearls, fine Lennen* and *Purple*, all *Silk* and *Scarlet, all Thyne or Sweet Wood, all manner of Veſſels of Ivory, all manner of Veſſels of precious Wood*, of *Braſs*, of *Iron*, and of *Marble*; yet more, yea, and *Cinnamon*, *Odours*, and *Ointments*, yea, *Frankinceuſe*, *Wine* and *Oyl*, yea, *fine Flower* and *Wheat*, yet more, there be *Beaſts*, and *Sheep*, and *Horſes*, (I wonder *Aſſes* are left out) and Chariots, and Slaves, (no doubt on't,

on't, but the greatest Ware is behind) the *Souls of Men.*

Who will not say here [God bless us] what a Shop is this? So Capacious, and so Accommodated with all the choicest and chiefest Commodities, that this lower World can afford: Here's the Riches of both the *Indies* (*Gold*, *Silver*, and *precious Stones thereof*) Here's the Riches of all Countrys and Kingdoms, betwixt *East* and *West*, *North* and *South*: Here's the very Quintessence and Compendium of *Europe*, of *Asia*, of *Africk*, and of *America*: is not this the *Grand Impostor*, that even call'd for a packing-penny to a poor Pope, who hath so much of Treasure, enough to serve himself and enough to sell to others, But I wonder *He* exposeth his *Scarlet* to Sale, Having so much use for it to Array the *Scarlet Whore*: as also that the *Beast* should be a Seller of *Beasts*, and above all, I wonder what price He sets upon the *Souls of Men*: seeing our Lord Christ (who best knew the worth of Souls, because He onely went to the price of Souls) *Valued one Soul worth the whole World*, Matth. 16. 26. Surely He must be the *Antichrist*, who *selleth Souls* for Trifles: In a Word, surely, This Pope is *Jack of all Trades*: Here he is a *Goldsmith*, with his Gold and Silver, and it may be a *Banker*,

I wish

I wish him to become a *Bankrupt*. Here he is a *Jeweller*, with his *Pearls* and *Precious Stones*. Here he is a *Linnen-Draper*, with his *Fine Linnen* and *Purple*, (I doubt He wants the *Scotch-Cloth.*) Here you have him a *Silk-Man* with his Silks of all sorts, and fear not, but he has *Satten* (or *Satan*) enough. Here he is a *Turner*, that Sells all sorts of *Vessels*, wherewith he *Turns* the World Upside Down; this *He* effects by *Vessels of Wrath*, but He Sells for *Slaves* the *Vessels of Mercy*. Here you have him one while a *Brazer* with his *Brass*; another while an *Iron-Monger* with his *Iron*; yea, sometimes a *Stone-Cutter*, with his *Marble*, and why not a *Tinker* too, being a Kin to him, that instead of mending some Holes, made many more, yet was well paid for his pains. Here he is a *Druggist*, with his *Cinnamon*, *Odours* and *Ointment*, &c. not one Sophisticated Drug amongst them all. Here he comes as a *Vintner* with his Bottles of *Wine* to *comfort the Heart*, and his Cruises of *Oil* to Chear and Clear the Countenance; 'tis well if there be not a Tincture of the *Wine of Sodom* among Hands. Yea, rather than fail, *He* becomes a *Corn-Chandler*, affording you *Wheat*, either broken into *Flour* (with Bran enough in it) or in the whole Grain, but a little Musty by laying

ing in a bad Granary or Garner, the Apostolical *Chamber*. Yet lower, nay rather than sit Idle, he will come as a Rustick *Drover* to Sell *Beasts*, and *Sheep*, and *Horses*, ( well Mouth'd and Man'd all, and made as Tame as *Asses.)* And at last he comes as a *Coach-Maker*, who has his *Charots* to Sell, but have a care they carry you not to *Purgatory* instead of *Abrahams Bosom*. But to Crown up the Catalogue of all his Commodities, Note, that which we Read *Slaves*, doth signifit [ *Bodies*, ] which he Sels for *Slaves*, and the *Souls of Men* too. And so Lastly, he becomes a *Body-seller*, and ( to make a thorough-whole-sale Trade, a *Soul-seller* also. Let us all ( with *Moses* ) turn aside to see this *great Wonder*, sure I am, never did *Proteus* turn himself into so many *Shapes*, never did any *Jesuit* ( this *Popes* Creature ) Convert himself into so many Callings, as His Master is here Represented in. The Pope hath made a Monopoly of all Employs to himself, both in *City* and *Country*. And the greatest Merchants Shop ( whose Riches lay not there, but in the Warehouse ) cannot, though taken both together, be compared to the *Apostolical Chamber*. One coming into a Merchants Shop ( I knew the Man, a Rustick Carrier ) and seeing no Goods therein, Bluntly

Asks

Asks the Apprentice (sitting alone in the Shop) what was Sold there? the Malapert Youth Answered, We Sell *Loggerheads*, say you so, saith the Rustick, Then you have a Quick Market for them, seeing I see but One left in the Shop. There is no Danger of any *Citizen* or *Countryman* either *Missing* (what Wares he would be at) or *Mistakings* of that Nature, for here's all things Exposed to View. There is yet One Mischief mention'd, *Revel.* 18.11. where (this Rich Shop is Inventory'd) that *No Man Buyeth His Merchandise any more* : This will break him at last.

But let my Countrymen take these Two Cautions,

First, Have a care of a Cheat in his corrupt Commodities: for he sells them all in a very dark Shop, not suffering you to exercise your own Reason, you must take all upon his crack'd Credit, and comply with His price in an *Implicit Faith*, and in a *blind Obedience* you must believe what the Pope believes, and he is no such Fool as to discommend his own Wares, He best Embraces Blindfold Buyers, *Ignorance is the Mother of his Merchandize.*

The Second Caution is, 'Tis dangerous venturing into this *Apostolical Chamber*, least this *Grand Cheat* pick your pockets, for

though

though his Wares be naught, being all for Impositions, *He* will impose them upon you, and he will not trust you to the door for fear you give him the slip, He must have *Ready Money* paid down upon the nail.

Have a care you be not cox'd out of good Gold for bad Ware: And before you *Saddle* your *Ass* to Ride down to this Arch Huxter in Mystical *Ægypt*, let me beseech you to consider a little in your considering Cap, whither it were not far better for you, to make your Buying Bargains with *Christ* than with *Antichrist*, for the *former* Invites Chapmen to buy his *true Treasure, unsearchable Riches, Gold Tryed in the* Fire, *Royal Robes* of his own Righteousness, the choicest Opthalmicks or *Eye-Salve*, the *Waters of Life*, the *Wine of the* Spirit, the *Milk* of *Consolation*, &c. And all these *without Money* and without *Price*, Isa. 55. 1. Rev. 3. 18. Eph. 3. 8. Isa. 66. 11, *&c.* but the *latter* Wheadles *simple ones* (as above) to buy his *Trash* and *Trumpery*, yet credulous Fools must part with much Money, and a prodigious price for them, *&c.*

But some may say, these *Commodities* of the *Pope*, as set down in the *Catalogue* under such Glittering Titles, *Rev.* 18. 12, 13. *Gold, Silver*, &c. look nothing like to *Trash* and *Trumpery*: To this I answer, the Book

of

of the *Revelation* is so Abstruse and Mysterious, that it requires another *Revelation* to unfold its Mystery: I confess, I have consulted some Learned Interpreters upon the place: But that which is *Instar Omnium*, and gives a None-Such Interpretation is the *chief Auditor* of the Apostolick Chamber in his Infallible Account Book.

Never did the *profoundest Interpreter* (no not the Accutest of their own *Popish Postillers*) make a plainer Explanation of any Dark Scripture, than this Popes *Auditor General* hath made of *Rev.* 18. 12. 13. All the Voluminous Quirks of the most Mercurial *Jesuits* [*Cajetan, Mendoza, Salmeron*, &c.] are comparatively but Insipid Stuff, and dull Descants to that one *Auditors Record* of the Romish Merchandise in this Popes Apostolical Chamber. Yea, the *Chaldee Paraphrase*, or *Onkelos* (so much cry'd up in the World) is but a *Jejune Piece* to it. *This* is the *Master Piece* of all, wherein what be the *Romish Pearls and precious Stones*, &c. are made so *Legible* and *Intelligible*, that every common Capacity may both *Apprehend* and *Comprehend* the right Notion of them.

In that known Court-Rolls and Rate-Book, is Registred, and made publick the common and current Price of a many-choice and curious Commodities, as *Pardons, Indignity*

*dulgences*, *Licenses*, *Absolutions*, &c. whatever you have a mind to buy: Indeed the *Crys* of Vendible Wares in the Streets of *London* [ *will you buy this*, &c. *and will you buy that*, &c. ] are both [ πολυειδῆ and πολυπλόκα ] *manifold* and somewhat hard to be understood, especially in some of the *cryes*: but the *cryes* and *outcryes* in the *Streets of Rome*, do far exceed the best of *ours*, yea that of *Dainty Trotters*, *Curious Trotters*: But they that have a mind to *Trot* to *Rome*, may *There* hear far better *Crys*, as this for one [ *will ye buy any Bodies*, *will ye buy any Souls of Men?* ] This is a Raree-Show Indeed, and such a *Tickling*, *Tempting Cry*, as will cause empty Houses, who would not Run out ( though the Pot be boiling upon the Fire, and the Spit turning at it ) to see the *Wonders of the Beast*? Revel. 13. 3, 13, 14. Who would not but desire to be a Chapman for (at least to Cheap) his Rare Commodities?

But because it may seem a little below His *Highness* and *Holiness*, to become a common Cryer, He hath learnt the Trick of our Nimble *Quacks* and *Don Quick-Sots*; as every common *Quack* and *Mountebank*, Prints now his Bills, Hands them out *Gratis* with much Generosity, yet catches *Children and Fools* enough to pay for them; there

you have set down, *Elixir Vitæ* at so much, *Elixir Salutis* at so much; the *Golden Spirit* at so much, the *Scurvy Spirit* at so much, *Sovereign Powder* for so much, the *Plaister*, call'd *All-Heal*, for so much, and Twenty Rarities more (all *Arcanums*) none Attains to such a Secret as himself; every thing Exposed is good for all things, if but a *Thumb-Bottle* of his Liquor be Bought, 'twill Cure all Diseases; if but a little of his Balsom be Applied, 'twill Heal all Wounds. What *Madmen* be these to be either Slain or Die in the midst of so many Antidotes, *&c.* Yea, the *Mountebank* goes a little further, He comes forth *Cum Regis Privilegio*, makes Experiments upon himself, both in *Stabbings* and *Poisonings*, Builds his Theatre, whereon he Exposeth all his *Cheating Tricks* to Publick View, and when the Credulous come not in fast enough to make their Markets there, his *Merry-Andrew* must Dance upon a Rope, play Twenty pretty Pranks (yet all the while more Knave than Fool) to Decoy them, and yet when all is done, few more than the Rabble are Caught in the Snare.

So this *Grand Quack* the *Pope*, and *Master-Mountebank*, Prints his Bills *Cum Privilegio*, commends to the Life his Cursed Wares, Acts all the parts of the former to

a Threed,

a Threed, yet Advances upon an Higher Stage. And indeed, His Wares have a strange Operation. If but a *Thumb-Bottle* of his *Wine of Fornication* be Drunk, it will strangely Intoxicate even the *Kings of the Earth*. And his *Jesuits Powder* will work Wonders.

But not to detain you in the Dark any longer, If you have a mind to be Cheated, or only to see his Cheats, you'l find *his Printed Bills*, Publish'd to the whole World with *Antichrists Arms* stamp'd upon them, in his *Taxa Cameræ Apostolicæ*, where you have the *Scarlet Whore's Adulterated* Wares particularly Represented, both in their *Species*, *Properties*, *Profits* and *Prices*, yea, and there is *Morsus Diaboli*, the Herb call'd *Devil-bit*, to wrap them up in, cast into the Bargain.

Take only an *Antipharmacon*, a *Divine Allay* and *Preservative*, along with you, least your Nostrils be offended, and your Vital and Animal Spirits contract any Tincture of Contagion, while I am (to satisfie your Curiosity) but a little way *Digging* into this *stinking Dunghil*. I have good Warrant for this my good Work, in laying open the Cheating Abominations of this *Scarlet Coloured Beast*. As that *Man of God*, great *Elijah* could not tell how to *Ridicule* enough

the Prophane *Priests of Baal*, 1 Kings 18. 27. Much more may I *Ridicule* the Grand Master of them, and this cannot be better done, than by giving you but a brief Land-skip of the *Roman* Merchandize, a bare *Recitatim* whereof is a sufficient *Refutation* to any Sober and Right Thinking Mind.

The *Apostolical Chamber* Pots up its [ *Si Quis*, &c. ] *If any one* want this or that Popish Trumpery, they may *come* and be *welcome* at this *present Popes* Ware-house, provided always they come with Money in their Hands, and come up to the current Price ( by Canon-Law ) of each Vendible Commodity: come along my Hearts, *My Son, Give me thy Heart.* You shall have *Robin Hood* Penniworths, enough for your Money in all Conscience: because you are all Friends, you shall all be very Kindly Used, and so *Farewel.*

A Schedule or List of the *Romish* Wares, this *Pope* ( the *Lord* of the *Manour* ) Exposeth to Sale by Inch of Candle, take as followeth,

*Imprimis*, *He* Exposeth his Pick-pocketing *Pardons* of all sorts and sizes, and the Prices thereof ( in some of them ) are set down in Black and White upon the Popes Tables hung out to Publick View, or something *Equivalent.* As

First,

First, A *Pardon* for the Third part of your Sins, equally Divided by Indifferent Persons, for Seven Pound Ten Shillings, and if you would Buy off the other Two parts, 'twill Cost you Two and Twenty Pound Ten Shillings, and a very Rich Penniworth.

Secondly, A *Pardon* for Forty Eight Years Sins, as you can Agree with this *Innocent Pope*; He is a very *Innocent*, you may possibly Wheadle him to your own Terms with Nuts and Apples, *&c.*

Thirdly, A *Pardon* for Two Thousand Eight Hundred Years, confirm'd by Pope *Paschal* the First, by *Boniface* the Eighth, and by *Gregory* the Ninth, and now under a New Ratification by this Pope *Innocent* the Eleventh; this may be had Dog-cheap, only for saying a few very short Prayers in the right Critical Hour, betwixt the *Elevation* of the Host and Three *Agnus Dei*'s; This would keep you out of *Purgatory* for a long time upon easie Terms.

Fourthly, A *Pardon* for Thirty Three Thousand Years at a very low Rate, only for once going up a pair of Stairs, which, you must suppose, were the very same that Christ Ascended, when he appeard before *Pontius Pilate*. Here's *great Wages* for a *little Work*; and he's a Fool in Grain, that will not Purchase such a cheap Pardon for

so long a Time, provided he may have *general Warranty* for securing his Bargain till that Time be Expir'd; and much more of this Trash, *&c.*

*Item, Absolutions* of various Prices, according the Crime committed. As

First, For *Sacriledg*, Ten Shillings and Six Pence.

Secondly, For *Symony* in a *Priest* the same Price, but in a *Lay-Man* the odd Eighteen Pence shall be Baited. Kindly done.

Thirdly, For *Perjury*, 'tis a Rich Pennyworth at Nine Shillings.

Fourthly, For *Murder*, If it be a Priest that is Kill'd, it cannot be Dear at one [ Two Pence ] more than a *Mark*, I would never be a Priest there, where my Life is no higher Valued. But you may Kill your *Father*, *Mother*, *Wife* or *Sister*, &c. upon easier Terms, That shall but cost you Ten Shillings and Six Pence.

Fifthly, For *Adultery*, Deflouring a Virgin goes at Nine Shillings, but *Incest* with Mother, Sister, *&c.* is cheaper, passing at Seven Shillings and Six Pence. And the *Whore* that Destroys her Bastard Child either before or after Birth, hath the self same Sum to pay.

Sixthly, For *Burning a Neighbours House* is Dog-cheap at Twelve Shillings; but for

Burning

Burning Heretical Cities, 'tis severely Punish'd with being *Canoniz'd for Saints*, &c.

*Item, Licenses* for what you List.

First, If you be a Priest you may keep a Whore, paying only Ten Shillings and Six Pence; and if a Lay-Man it will cost you no more; that the one may not Deride the other.

Secondly, A *License* to be Lazy, and to become an *Abby-Lubber*, and so to be *Inutile pondus Terræ*, Living there like Hogs in the *Stie*, unuseful to Mankind, unless to the *Wanton Nuns*.

Thirdly, A *License* to be Licentious, and to have the liberty of the Stews the Three Hot Months of the Year, there is the *Roman Recipe* prescrib'd (with Dr. Pope's *probatum est*) *ad purgandos Renes*. This *Grand Quack*, or great *Mountebank*, is Tender of his *Proselytes* Health, Allows this Remedy (which God never thought of, when he said, *'Tis not good for Man to be alone*, Gen. 3. 18.) to prevent his Popelings (under the *Vow of Chastity*) from falling into Acute Fevers, and to shew how good Natured he will be to them (Remembering it had been his own needful Priviledg and Practice) you may have these Two last Licenses (both to be *Lazy* and to

be *Licentious* ) *Gratis.* Gra-Mercy upon his Kind Heart, they shall not cost you a Penny.

Fourthly, Yet a *License* to *Eat Flesh in Lent*, will cost you much more, for his Un-Holiness Infallibly Judgeth this to be a far greater Sin *than to keep a Whore.* Yea, and many more *Indulgences.*

*Item*, Here you may have *Holy Water* Chymically prepared, *Secundum Artem Diabolicam*, for driving away the Devil; hence comes that Popish Proverb, to express something that is *Hateful*, [ *A Man loves it as well as the Devil loves Holy Water.*] You must suppose, *that Water* which the Pope Conjures into the like *Holiness* with his own, is able to Conjure away the strongest Devil in Hell.

*Item*, You may have *Holy Oil*, compounded according to the same Art, only 'tis an *Arcanum* and *Magisterial.* The Pope hath been so kind to let the World know how he makes his *Holy Water*, Pissing it out by Conjuration; but *he* hath a mind to be *private* in Consecrating his *Holy Oil*, and when he hath done his best to it, have a care you eat it not with a *Romish* Sallet, least it be mix'd with *Jesuits Powder*; however, 'tis good enough to Liquor your Boots after your long Journey to *Rome.*

No

No doubt but it serves notably as an Unguent for (far better than for *anointing the Sick* to make them well) the *Popes Charet Wheels*, makes them run glib in all Transmarine Countreys, and is now calling for a wast over into ours; do not you hear Him at *Callice*, Crying, *have over for* Dover, *have over for* England: God grant Him contrary Winds, but if the *Prince of the Air* must be permitted to lend Him a lift with a *Favonian* or Favourable Wind, God grant, this prond Mystical *Pharaoh* of *Spiritual Ægypt*, Rev. 11. 8. May meet with no better a *Fate* and *Fare*, than that *Litteral King of Ægypt did*; who, though for ought we know to the contrary, had as fair *way* and *weather* into the midst of the *Red Sea*, as *Israel* had, yet when Irrecoverably brought into an unavoidable Noose (which He could not Slip nor Retreat from) then *God looked out of the black* side of the Cloud (which was *towards His Host*, as the *bright side was toward* Israel) with an angry Countenance, took off His *Charet Wheels*, made them (though never so well Oyled with *His Priests Holy Oyl*) *drive Heavily*, then dows'd Him with a Witness, and drown'd Him (too) with a Vengeance, *Exod.* 14. 7. 20. 22, 23, 24, 25, *&c.* I cannot but be confident, that the Lord will look through this

*black*

*black cloudy Dispensation*, with a *look of Love* upon his own People (as he did upon *poor perplexed Peter*, Luke 22. 61.) and with a *look of Wrath* upon this great *Leviathan*, His *Holy Oyl* shall fail His *Chariot Wheels*, and they shall never become as the *Chariots* of *Aminadab*, *England* cannot ever be a *willing People* to Receive Him:

*Item*, Here you may have His *Holy Salt* also, this is soundly *Conjur'd* likewise into as good an Holiness as that of His *Holy Water*, or as that of His *own Holiness*: and with this *Holy Stuff* the *Beast* works His Mighty Miracles and Wonders: What place soever hath this *Holy Salt* scattered upon it, neither the *Devil* nor any of his *evil Spirits* have any power against it: 'Tis a wonder there should be so many Houses, Haunted with Hobgoblins all over His *Holinesses Dominions*, Surely, either His *Holy Salt* hath lost its efficatious Vertue, or *Himself* hath lost the Right Art to Consecrate it, or more likely, the Devil is in His Priests that they Improve it not. 'Tis a wonder this *old Sophister* doth not dash whole handfuls of this *Holy Salt* in the Eyes of those Raw *Freshmen* (those *Novices* as he calls the *Protestants*) and so to blind them for ever. But though this will not do (*His Holy Salt* having lost its Efficacy) He hath a better Trick behind far

far more Bloudy, He would *Bleed* and *Burn* those He cannot *Blind*: If His *Holy Salt have lost its Savour* (as indeed it hath,) otherwise there could never have been so much Carrion, for want of Seasoning, both among Popes and His Popelings) what is it good to, but to be *cast to the Dunghil*, and to be *Troden Underfoot*? Matth. 5. 13. *England* is as the *Garden of Eden*, never any *Pope* that passed through the *Porphury Chair* (ever since the *Writ of Ejectment* was by an Almighty Hand Served upon Him to dispossess that Devil in the Reformation) but He hath lick'd his Lips, and longed after some sweet Lettuces, that Grow in this *English Garden*, God grant it may be, as the Law calls that Writ, an *Ejectione Firmæ*: that this *evil Spirit* (once cast out) may not find the *House* of our Land (which, God knows is now neither *Swept* of Moral Vices, nor *Garnished* with Moral Vertues, but too much overspread with Epidemical Immortality) *empty* also of all Grace, and so Return with *Seven worse Spirits than the former*, Matth. 12. 43, 44, 45. I would to God, *England* were not so much like *Jericho*, *whose Situation was pleasant, but the Waters were naughty*: Our fresh River of *Thames* seems to Run so near the salt Waters of *Tybur* (ever since the *Beast fouled our Fountains with his Feet*,

Ezek.

Ezek. 34, 18.) that they taſt a little *Brackiſh* and ſomewhat Imbib'd with the *Salt-Sea of Rome*, 'Tis too much Tinged with the *Tincture* of its *Holy Salt*, Oh where is that *Eliſha*, that will take a Cruſe of *better Salt* (than this *Popes Holy Salt* is) happily to hand in, that our *Waters may be Healed*, &c. 2 Kings 2 19, 20, 21.

*Item*, Here is expoſed to Sale the *Holy Milk* of the *Virgin Mary*, which, ſome of the Popes Doctours affirm, is as Sovereign and Salvifical as the Bloud of her Son our Saviour. However, 'Tis commended moſt Highly for never-failing to cure Conſumptions, far exceeding the Milk of an *Aſſe*, or that of the *Red-Cow*. What Fools are the Conſumptive and Phtiſical Popelings, that have ſuch a Ready Cure by them, yet ſo many dye of a *Conſumption*, which is ſo *Ranting* and *Regnant* a Diſeaſe in thoſe *Hot Climates*: Nay, What a Fool is the Conſumptive *Pope* or *Antichriſt* himſelf, who doth not by this truſty trick diſapoint the Divine Doom paſſed upon him, what need he Fear [*that the Lord ſhall CONSUME Him with the Spirit of his Mouth.*] 2 Theſſ. 2. 8. Seeing an Hearty Draught of this *Holy Milk* will cure the Conſumption: This Pope might then ſay as one of his Holy Predeceſſours once ſaid, I will have my Will [*Al deſpito di dio*] in Deſpiglit

spight of God; But the mischeif is, neither the Pope nor his Popelings dare take a sufficient Dose of this Salutiferous Antidote, for fear of marring the General Market hereof, 'tis a long time since the Blessed Virgin gave her Milk, and they can expect none in her Glorified Breasts, the *old Stock* (suppose every one take but a little sup, though that is not enough) must needs be far spent in above Sixteen Hundred Years, and where or how these Traders make their *old Store* bring in *new*, I know not, unless that *Image* of the Virgin (which bid *Bernard Good Morrow* at his entrance into the Church, and whom that Father Rebuked, because She a Woman, took upon her (contrary to the Truly Apostolical Canon) to speak in the Church, might supply, for that Idol of Stone might equally and as Probably have *Milk in its Breast* as well as a *Voice in its Mouth*: But that which spoil'd the expectation of this fresh supply of *Holy Milk*, was the Discovery of a crafty Priest that was crept into the Hollow Belly of this Holy Image, and that gave Holy *Bernard* the Hearty Salutation, and sure I am, there could not be much *Holy Milk* in such a Profligate Priests Breast, who durst put such an affronting Cheat upon so Holy a Father. But suppose there were supply then, 'tis

above

above 500 Years ago, and this cry [*will ye have any holy Milk*, &c.] that Milk-street Market must needs be down ere now, seeing all their *Milk-Maids* (whereof they cannot have many, while the Indulged Stews afford his Unholiness such a vast Revenue) are now surely sitting upon their Empty Pales: But I had forgot my self that the Beast can work Wonders, and can multiply that *Holy Milk* (though but little from the Blessed Virgin) as well as Christ did the *Barly Loaves*; Yea, He hath done it to such an overflow, that the Priests (all the Popedom over) do expose this *Holy Milk* to Sale, all pretending that theirs is the very Milk of the *Virgin Mary*, which, were all they have in their Consecrated Dairys gathered together into one place, *Solomons* prodigious *Molten* Sea could not possibly contain it. Nay, hereby they put the greatest Dishonour upon the Holy Mother of our Lord (whom they pretend to Adore) in making Her such a *Milk-Beast*, as *Ten* of the best Cows in *Holland* cannot give the like quantity in Ten Years.

*Item*, *Holy-Bread* is here to be had: The Pope (good Man) takes care for your Table, and to furnish it so far as *Holy Water*, *Holy Oyl*, *Holy Salt*, *Holy Milk*, and *Holy Bread* will go: But surely all these do but

look

look like a Lent Dinner, I hope his Holiness keeps a better Table for Himself: If you be a *Water Drinker*, here's the best of the Kind, *Holy Water* for you, of the Popes own *making*, I should have said, *Consecrating*: If you be a *Milk-Sop*, Here's the best of the Kind, Holy *Milk*, the self same your Saviour Sucked out of the self-same Breasts, when he was a Child, and who will not be content with the same Fare that Bred the Blessed Babe of *Bethlehem*, the *Holy Child Jesus*, and because the *Master* of this *Lent-Feast*, will not undervalue you as a sort of sorry Sucklings, He is so *Kind-hearted* as to allow you *Bread* to your *Milk*, that you may *sup* it and not *suck* it, is not *boiling* and *supping* good Fare? especially, of *Holy Bread* and *Holy Milk*. You must not expect a Glass of Wine, for I find not any *Holy Wine* in the *Popes Ware-shop*. Perhaps he and his *Priests* Monopolizes it wholly to themselves, for in the Eucharist, the Cup is forbid to you of the Laity, you must suck *Wine* out of the *Bread*, If you would have it, and can catch it.

Neither must you grudge that you have onely Bread (though it be but course Barley Bread, such as you were never possibly brought up with) 'tis however *Holy Bread*, and the *Holier*, and so more satisfactory, because

becauſe (as this *Mart-Maſter* tells you) 'tis a *Fragment* of thoſe ſame *Five Loaves* wherewith *Chriſt fed the Multitude*, and picked out of the Twelve Baskets (*that were taken away*) by ſome of the Popes nimbleſt Snips, but I wonder how they have kept it from Moulding ever ſince, The *Moulded Bread* wherewith the *Gibeonites* cheated *Joſhua*, was not ſo many *Hours* old, as this *Holy Bread* is *Years*, at this Day. If it be *Sound* Bread that is ſhewn you, take heed you be not cheated with it, as *Joſhua* was with the *Mouldy*: But you will ſay, why is *Holy Salt* prepared for the Table, when the forementioned Fare needs it not? *Anſwer*, You muſt know 'tis not ſet there for Faſhion-ſake onely, as ordinarily, for

*Item*, Here you may have *Holy Fiſh* too, and of the ſelf-ſame *two Fiſhes* wherewith Chriſt Fed the Multitude alſo, the *Bread* and the *Fiſh* were taken out of the ſame Baskets; and if you ſuppoſe it *Freſh Fiſh*, then there is uſe for your Salt, but to prevent your Second Objection about the uſe of your *Oyl*, you muſt rather ſuppoſe it *Holy Fiſh* Salted with that *Holy Salt*, (it could never have otherwiſe kept ſo long ſweet for this Sixteen Centuries) and then your *Holy Oyl* will make your *Holy Fiſh* (ſo called) ſlip down the better, and be mo-

diſh

dish enough, and what would you have more, is not here enough for a *Four Penny Ordinary*.

*Item*, Besides this Belly-Timber, here you are Treated with a Numberless Number of *Rarieties*. As

First, The *Asses* Tail upon which Christ Rode; not a word of his *Ears*.

Secondly, *Josephs Breeches* both Threadbare and out of Fashion, they will do you neither Credit nor Service.

Thirdly, A Feather from the Cock that Crew, and awaken'd *Peters* Conscience; yet this Startles not *Peters* Successor for his Apostacy; as also a Feather from *Grabriels* Wing, taken up at such a time when as Angels cast their Feathers.

Fourthly, Choice Hair Cloth, the same as *Elijah* and *John Baptist* wore, good enough for the Pope to do Penance in, for forcing the Witnesses into Sack-Cloth.

Sixthly, Whole Cart Loads of *Apostles Bones*, sometimes those of a Thief (as once) drops in among them; good for I know not what.

*Item*, Sold at a very Reasonable Rate,

First, An Holy Rag clip'd off from Christs Seamless Coat; 'tis a wonder how the Pope got it from the Soldier to whom it fell by casting Lots, and 'tis a wonder they

have not clip'd it all away by this time.

Secondly, The Holy Relick of the very *Slippers* Christ wore, when He, being weary with *walking about doing Good*, put off his Shoes, for the ease of his Feet, surely they were made of well Tan'd Leather, that lasts still, and are not Rotten to Dirt ere this Day, and I wonder the Pope doth expose them, and not Monopolize them to himself, for they cannot want a Vertue to Cure his Gouty Golls: 'Tis strange we hear nothing of his Shooes (in the Popes Warehouse) the Latchets whereof, *John Baptist* (though the *Greatest Born of Women*) thought himself Unworthy to Unloose, *Matth* 11. 11. *Luke* 3. 16.

Thirdly, The very *Linnen Cloth* with which *Christ* was wrap'd in the Sepulchre, as likewise that wherewith Christ wiped his Disciples Feet. I am thinking the Man that Cries in our Streets, [ *Here's your strong lasting Linnen Cloth,* ] might do good Service in this *Romish* Market.

Fourthly, The very *Needles*, *Thread*, *Work-Basket* and *Scissers*, of the *Virgin Mary*, which would be excellently useful for an Exchange-shop, and could not fail to bring in a whole shoal of Chapmen, *&c.* How the Pope comes by all these Rich Commodities

dities for all kind of Customers, is the Question? But the Infallible Tradition of the Church must be the Satisfactory and Silencing Answer.

*Item*, Lastly, Here you may have, whatever your Heart wishes, or Need doth Require. Is it any of those many things mentioned in *Revel.* 18. 12, 13. Rich all, here they are to be had. Want you *Holy Bells* (Baptized with God-Fathers and God-Mothers) God Bless our Empty New Erected Steeples, *&c.* Or want you *Holy Beads*, made of *Glass*, *Wood*, *Stone*, *Coral* or *Amber*; *Holy Wax* for your Candles; *Holy Knives* for Cutting Hereticks Throats; or *Holy Roses*, this *Christmas* time, a Rare *Present* for *Princes*; or what else soever, all is Holy that comes from his Unholiness; and all have a Power to drive away the Devil, yet the Devil takes most of those that are taken with these [ *Piæ Fraudes* ] *Holy Cheats*. None of their *Names are Writ in the Lambs Book*, Revel. 13. 8. God Bless every good *Englishman* from the *Beast* and his Cheating Tricks.

Having taken a short prospect of the *Craft* of this *Insatiable Beast* (to keep close still unto the *Irish Malachi's* Character of this *present Pope*) let us now take a brief View of his *Cruelty*. He is a most Accom-

plish'd *Beast*, his *Infallible Unholiness* is Described by an Infallible Hand ( the Spirit of Truth himself ) in his most Horrible Accoutrements, no less than *Seven Heads to Plot with*, for the more *crafty* carrying on of all his *Gainful Cheats*, and no less than *Ten Horns* to *push his Plots endway with*, and to push all down ( that stand in his way ) with *Unparrallel'd Cruelty*. To pretermit all former Bloudy Plots in foregoing Ages of this present Popes Predecessors, against all Protestant Countries, ever since the Reformation, and against *England* in particular, both in *Queen Elizabeth*'s, *King James*'s, and in *King Charles*'s the First's Time. I shall confine my self to Characterize this *Insatiable Beast*, the *Devils Patriarch*, that now Possesseth the *Roman Omnipotency*.

His Name is *Innocent* the *Eleventh*, who after his Instalment, was Arrayed with a White *Surplice*, wherein he Worship'd that God which had now Constituted him the *Universal* Monarch; in this White Garment he seem'd as pure as *Innocence* it self, there was nothing surely under it, but *Meekness*, *Gentleness*, and Lamb-like *Innocency*. You might then stroke the *Beast*, *He* would not spurn you, you might put your Hand into his very Mouth, *He* by no means would Bite you. No, *He* had newly put on

on the Name of *Innocent*, and He was (what ever he had been while a *Cardinal*) now become an *Innocent Pope*, a Toothless *Innocent* Milk-Sop, that would neither Kick, nor Fling, nor Scratch, nor Bite; but the mischief was, *He* soon after going to his Court-Office, *De propagandâ Fide* to a *Consult* there, coming thither without his White Garment (that Reach'd down to his Foot) His *Red Shoes*, and *Red Stockins*, were there Unhappily Discovered. At that *Consult He* Declar'd his Determinations, That he Resolv'd (*Adjuvante Diabolo*) to Reduce all the Heretical Countreys in *Europe* into the Subjection of His *Roman See*, and He said (for a flying Argument) 'twas below *both* his *Hignes's* and his *Holines's* to prove such a poor Puny, as his Predecessors, in playing such small Games as they had done; He would (for his part) *Take New Measures*, and *Make such Methods*, as neither *God* nor *Devil* could be able to Disapoint him of his Design. Whereupon for the better *Propogation of his Popish Faith*, He *proposeth* these following Expedients, and not only so, but *Imposeth* them also upon that his *Privy-Council*, who dare not gain-say their God.

The *First Proposal Imposed*, was this, *Go forth* you my *Emissaries*, and Debauch the Heretical Countreys, Foist your *Loose Prin-*

*ciples*, (Calculated for, and Accomodated to, the Depraved Natures of Mankind in general) this will soon bring Men to *Loose Practices*; 'Tis found by Experience (saith He in great Gravity, comporting with his *Grandeur*) a *Prosperous Bait* to Catch, and a *Powerful Hook* to Hold whole Shoals of Proselites. I am a *Fisher of Men*, as my Predecessor *Peter* was, yet I have a Trick, which He (simple Fisher-man) never thought of, or Practic'd; I can make Men *Atheists* in their Lives, and then they will turn *Papists* the sooner, for stopping the Mouths of their Natural Consciences (which will be Barking) the better with my precious Pardons, whereby I can make the worst of Sins Venial, *&c.*

The *Second Expedient* propounded by this Pope there was this, You *Jesuits* must be my *Locusts*, my *Beutefeaus* to go into the Courts of all these Kingdomes, and set them all on a light Fire (in Warring one against another) that my Religion (which hath grown very cold ever since Unhappy *Luther* call'd the *Pope*, *Antichrist*) may be warmed again with those very *Flames* that I (by you my Engines) have kindled. You know, *Christ* hath made me a *Fisher of Men*, as before, and I find it best Fishing in *Troubled Waters*. Nay, I am the true *Salamander*, that can best

live

live in the Flames, of Foreign and Secular Princes Contentions, *&c.*

The *Third Proposal* was, to *Depose those Kings that will not Truckle*, and to *Expose* their Kingdomes, *primo occupaturo*, the first that can win it, let them wear it, I will warrant the Assault of the Aggressor, *&c.*

The Fourth nimble Trick he Proposed was, saying, Though I have a Thousand more Reaching and Effectual Knacks to offer, yet seeing you know them all so well, 'tis superfluous to mention more, save onely this, which is; *Instar Omnium.* You must in Reducing all others, Begin with that *Stubborn Kingdome of England*, which hath been more fatal to my Tripple Crown than all other Kingdomes, and when you have made a *Breakfast* of that, then make your *Dinner* of this, *&c.* and your *Supper* of that, *&c.* and so *go on* and my *Blessing go with you.*

Thus ended the *Seraphical* or rather *Diabolical* Oration of this *Innocent* Grave old Gentleman that never did, nor ever will do Harm to any.

This done, the Damnable Popish Plot was in all its Parts and Paragraphs contrived, &c. The Romish Fry of *Priests and Jesuits*, (who were soon Hatch'd and grew Fledge under his Holiness's Wing) came Flying over in

great Wild-goose Flocks into *England*, we may suppose they came fully furnished with their *Pick-locks* of *Pardons*, with their *Pad-locks* of *Auricular Confession*, and all other useful Engines to promote their Hellish *Project*, the Sum whereof in the general was, to Subvert the Establish'd Government and Religion of this Kingdom, and to Reduce the same to the *Foppery* of *Popery*, yea, and 'twas concluded at the Consult (which these Romish Emissaries came to Accomplish) that no manner of Tolleration should be granted to any sort of Protestants, but all such should be Extirpated *Root & Branch*, and if all other means failed, it should be effected by *Fire and Sword*.

The cheif Conspirators, who designed, and were engaged to carry on this Bloudy project, must be thus Ranked in a lasting Record.

☞ *First*, The Fountain of these Bitter Waters, and Original of all, was this *Present Pope Innocent* the 11th, who in the Congregation [ *de propaganda Fide* ] consisting of about 350 Persons, (all fit Tools for the Devils Work) and held about *December* 1677. as soon as he was well warm in *Peter's* Chair, He Plots ( even in that cold Season) work Hot enough for poor *England*: Then was it He belchd out that *nocent* rather than *Inno-*

*cent*

*cent* Oration aforementioned, Declaring further, that this Kingdome was a part of St. *Peters Patrimony*, and was forfeited to the Holy *See*, by the Heresy both of *Prince* and *People*, and so must be disposed of as he thought meet: though this *Pope* was the *primus motor*, the *primum mobile*, or great Wheel that moved all the lower Orbs, and set all the lesser Wheels on Work, yet let us take a short view of his Under-Engines, before we more fully give him his due Character, upon this *last* (which at the *last day* will be a great ) *Account* also, to wit, his *Plots*, as before, his *Cheats*, in the one a *crafty Fox*, in the other a *cruel Tyger*, and surely whoever were the Instruments, the Members, the Hands and the Feet for Acting this Bloudy Plot, to Reduce *England* to the Roman Rotten Religion, we shall find *Him* the Head and Principal Agent. My Design is here to set the Saddle upon the Right Horse: 'Tis a Thousand pitties, that the *petty larceners* should *be Hang'd* and *Beheaded*, (though that be no more than what both *Distributive* and *Commutative Justice* most Justly Required) and the grand Thief (that set them all on work) escape Scot-free. How many did pity those poor mercenary Rogues that were Executed for that Inhumane and Cowardly Murther of that Eminent

nent Patriot *Esquire Thinn*, when they saw *Count Connismark*, the great Rogue, (that set his silly Vassals on Work) to be acquitted. but there is a [ δίκη ] a *Vengeance* (even in the Judgment of no better than *Barbarians*, Act. 28. 4.) *which will not suffer* either the *one* or the *other long to live*; because the *God of Justice* hath peremptorily said, that the *Bloudy* and *Deceitful Men shall not live out half their days*, Psal. 55. 23.

Take here a Distinct List and Catalogue of the *chief* Plotters in this Late and Damnable Plot, and View them from Head to Foot, from *Top to Toe*, as they stand Ranked in our English Records, and Orderly Registred for everlasting Remembrance.

First, This *Present Pope Innocent the Eleventh*, the *Master of all the Misrule* and *Matchless Mischief*: as the Philosopher saith of *Finis*, 'tis *primus Intentione*, but *ultimus Executione*; So must I say of this *Fino Filth*, He is the *first in Intention*, (his Cursed Character being the principal end proposed in this present Discourse) yet must He come *last in Execution*, not onely in the *Method* of this *Platform*, but also (for ought I yet see) in the *Measures* of Gods *Providence*: For the *Law of Justice* (compared to the Cobweb that catches the lesser Flyes, but cannot keep the great ones, *&c.*) is too

*Low* and Short Handed (as to Man) to Reach so High and so Far as the *Great Goff of Rome*, Yet surely *in due Season His Sin shall find him out* by the great God, *Numb.* 32. 23. unto whom we must leave Him, for He is the *God of Vengeance*, *Justice is His*, and *He will Repay*, Deut. 32. 35. 43. Rom. 12. 19.

Secondly, *Cardinal Howard*, by Birth both an *English Man*, and *Brother* to the Great *Duke of Norfolk*; So one of the Popes first and fittest Engines to Betray *England* into His *Holinesses* Hands, that thereby this *Cardinal* might the more Merit Saint *Peters Chair* upon this Popes Departure from it, and then this Sweet Bit (our Land) would prove a Sowceing Augmentation to *Peters Patrimony*: Therefore, as the Pope was *Lord High Admiral* in the whole *See* of *Rome*; So, it was concluded by the *Cabal* in the Colledg *de propaganda fide*, that this same *English Cardinal*, should be his *Vice Admiral*, and hereupon He was disparch'd away from *Rome* to be the *Popes Legatus a Latere*, or a *None Such Nuncio* into *England*, upon such an unparalleld Errand, as never any *Embassiadour* durst undertake, which was to take possession of *it* in this Popes Name, as if it had been claps'd into his Hands for want of either Heir or Possessour, though

Blessed

Bleſſed be God it hath both, and needs none of the *Popes falſe Claims*, or *foul uſurpations:* and to make this Cardinal more briſk in his exploit, the Pope Creates Him *Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury* (as if *there* had been a Vacancy too ) and, that *Sees Vaſt Revenue* being look'd upon as too little a Bribe for ſo Heroick an undertaker, the *Pope* ordains Him Forty Thouſand Crowns *per Annum* out of His own Coffers (where there is *Gold and Silver enough*, &c. Rev. 18. 12, 13.) as a neceſſary ſupplement to that pittiful Arch-Biſhoprick (the Beſt and Richeſt in *England*) that He might be had in more Veneration, and the better Support His Authoritative Grandieur: And as if this alone were below this *Innocent Harmleſs Pope* (like another *proud Haman* ) to lay His Violent Hands onely upon our *Mordecai* (the *Biſhop of Cdnterbury*, as well as *King Charles the Second*) to Diſpoſſeſs them both of their *Crown* and *Miter*, but He daringly Diſpoſſeſſeth (ſo far as the good will of the evil Beaſt would ſtretch) moſt of our other *Biſhops*, promoting His own Popelings as ſo many *Interlopers* in their places, as Father *Perrot* to *York*, *Corker* to *London*, *Whitebread* to *Wincheſter*, *Strange* to *Durham*: *Godder* to *Salisbury*, *Napper* to *Norwich*, &c. I appeal to all thoſe Biſhops (whom this Pope would

would have *turned out* to Grazing, unless they could have *turned in* to Him ) whether His *Name* and His *Nature* do correspond well herein, and whether they would not have had hereupon far greater Reason to brand Him (as in Scripture, *this is King Ahaz* ) saying likewise, this is *Pope Nocent*, rather than *Pope Innocent* the *Eleventh*: All must Truckle to *Cardinal Howard* His Nuncio.

Thirdly, *Johannes Paulus de Oliva*, comes in next to play his pranks, and as He had been the Father *General of the Jesuits* in all Lands, so this Pope Constitutes *Him* his *Rere-Admiral*, to *Mann* and to Mannage a right *Romes* Great *Man of War*, the *Provincial* of the *Jesuits* in *London*, in so noble an Attack: but is Attacking in a Military manner, proper Work for an *Olivas*, whose Name carries an *Olive Leaf* (that Badg of Peace) in its Mouth, but it seems, He will be like his Great Master, *Pope Nocent Innocent*, there is *War in his Heart*. Which minds me of a Story concerning the foregoing *Pope Innocent the Tenth*, who bare for part of his Arms [ *a Dove with an Olive Branch in her Mouth* ] Whereupon our Turn Coat and Runagate *Doctor Baily* wittily Quibbles upon *Oliva vera*, profoundly perverting it to *Oliverus*, and highly Courted that Protector with

with his Seraphick Comparison of the *Olive* and *Oliver*. See his Life of *Fisher*, p. 260, 261. 'Tis the genuine Character of a *Jesuit* to have *Honey* ( or the *Olive of Peace* ) in *his Mouth*, and to have designed ( yea Consecrated ) Swords and Daggers in his Heart. Oh *brave Olive*, Oh *brave Oliver*, the handle of the Sword that should have been Sheath'd in our Bowels, Reached to *Rome*, and was held in this Brave *Olivas* Hand.

Fourthly, *Pedro Jeronimo de Corduba*, Provincial of the Jesuits in *New-Castle* in *Spain*, the Pope must have here a *Paul* ( as His Third Engine ) and a *Peter* (as this Fourth) engaged with Himself herein, though both *Jesuits* ( without whom no Mischief in all *Europe* can be managed, the *Hand of Jesuit* or *Jesuite* is in all ) to make this *Damnable* and *Diabolical Plot* more like *Apostolical*: That Work which this Pope cut out for him, was to be a *Grand Pilot* in his Countrey, and to give the Plot a lift endways, both with *Money* and *Men*, under the notion of Pilgrims: and where *this* Popish *Pedro* or *Peter* plaid his pranks like a right Beautifeu to Sow his Seed of Contention betwixt that Crown and this, thereby the more to facilitate the further Progress of the Plot.

Fifthly, *La Chele* a *Jesuit* too, and Confessor to the *French King* (and so must be

Privy

Privy to all his Royal Designs) *He* was also a *Grand Pilot* in that Countrey, whose hands were directed to Steer a right Course herein by that conceited Coxcomb, our *Coleman*, who was hang'd for his pains in Betraying his own Native Countrey.

Sixthly, Another Jesuite (I have not his Name, and indeed 'tis not worth enquiry) who is Confessour to the *Emperour* of *Germany*, must Create Fends betwixt *Him* and our King: That, with all these pretty Diversions, we might be wheadled into a Gazing abroad, while they by their *English Jesuits*, &c. could cut our Throats at Home: Mark here, what a Sacred Number is Six, with them there must be Six of Forreign Assistants (the Number of the Beast is Three Sixes as before) and still *Jesuits* every where must be the *Instruments* of Cruelty, though the Pope be the hand to Improve them: I the less wonder at this, since I Read that passage in the Jesuit *Muffeius*, writing the Life of *Ignatius Loyala* their Founder, He there Ingeriously confesseth, that their *Father Imitated the Devil in using Tricks to Convert* (or rather *Pervert*) *Disciples*, &c. You may Swear, that all the *Jesuits* do *Patrizare* and will *Try* the *Devils Tricks* with the best of *Jugglers*, &c.

But

But are our Jesuits in *England* asleep all this while? No, the Pope hath *Domestick* Tools as well as *Forreign*.

This Popes Domestick Engines employed here, were These

First, The *Provincial of the Jesuits*, for the Time being in *England*, who was *White-Bread*, who would have made Brownbread and Brann of us, but he *fell into his own Pit*, &c.

Secondly, The *Benedictine Monks* at the *Savoy*. The Duke of *Savoys* Country was call'd *Malvoy*, because it was pesterd so notoriously with Theeves as made it *Mala Via* or *Malvoy*, that is, a *Dangerous Passage*, but when the Thieves were Rooted out, its Name was changed into *Salvoy* or *Savoy*, the way *thence* to *Somerset-house*, makes the Application more easie.

Thirdly, The *Jesuits* and *Seminary Priests*, who were Sowing their *Tares among* the Wheat (like the *Envious one* their Father) all over the Land, they being about the Number of *Eighteen Hundred*, a large black Regiment under Roman Colours.

Fourthly, Many *Lay-Papists both of the Nobility* and *Gentry* (too well known to need naming) who had all Commissions Sealed by Brave *Oliva* aforementioned, both for Civil and Military Employ, and sent them

by

by *this Pope*; as the Highest Marks of his Favour.

Fifthly, *Multitudes*, *Multitudes of the Lay-Papists* among the *Commonalty*. Even all the Papists in *England* could not chuse but be Engaged in so Glorious and Meritorious a Matter; and this is the more probable, If not only their General Principles Imbibed with their Religion, but also the Popes particular Test (for Anathematizing us Heretick's) Imposed Universally on them, be but well considered.

Sixthly, For still we must have the Six in Adoration of Six Hundred Sixty Six, *&c.* *All the English Covents beyond Sea*, (as St. *Omors*, &c.) must be almost drain'd Dry, and Transported *Incognito's* hither, to Corroberate the better carrying on of the Catholick Cause, which was now become as Catholick as their *Religion*, having likewise all the most Eminent of the Popish Clergy in *Europe* Engaged to help at a Dead Lift, and to Lift *England* to *Rome*. Hereby this Plot became the Unanimous Act of the whole *Romish* Church, whose *Infallible* and *Innocent* Head (this Pope) Adjur'd them to it, upon the forfeiture of their Fathers Blessing. Though we may not Imagine every Individual Popeling could know the whole Intrigue (for there might be a

Wheel within a Wheel ) yet in the Lump they pay to this Pope their *Blind Obedience*, however the Guilt both of the parts, and of the whole, falls upon the *Innocent* Conſcience of this Pope, which all his *Holy Water* cannot waſh off, and make him as *Innocent* as his Name, ſhould he Conjure *Tibur* it ſelf.

Now when His Holineſs had thus well furniſhed his Holy Cauſe with *Men* ( a double Set of Sixes, a *Jury* of Twelve, I cannot ſay, *All Good Men and True*, No, not ſo much as the *Foreman himſelf* ) His next Care is to be ſupply'd with *Money*, the *Sinews* of His *Holy War*, and though his own private Exchequer be *Puteus In exhauſtus* ( as he once ſaid of *England*, when it was his *Aſs* to Ride on, and therefore would fain beſtride her ſoft Back again, ) an *Inexhauſtible Fountain*, yet the Old Crafty Fox liked better to get ſome Bearers, well knowing that many Hands make lighter Work. Hereupon by his *Apoſtolical Command*, as well as *Example*. A Vaſt and Prodigious *Fund* was quickly Erected for ſo Great and Pious a Work.

*Firſt*, The *Pope himſelf*, to be a good Pattern to others, conveys into his Sacred Treaſury by *Paulus de Oliva*, or *Paul Olive*, *Eleven Thouſand Crowns*, I wonder He made it not

not even *Twelve*, and the *Crown's*, *Pounds*; His own full Coffers *Revel.* 18. 12. might well enough have born it besides; the Regaining of *England* to His Revenue would well enough have Countervail'd that Cost.

*Secondly*, The *Catholick King* (His Eldest Son) of *Spain* shames his *Holy Father*, in Advancing Ten Thousand Pounds by *Peter Jeronimus*; thus his *Indian* Gold was Expended.

*Thirdly*, His *Most Christian Son of France* (to shew himself the better *Christian*, or rather *Antichristian*,) Advanceth Ten Thousand Pound more by Father *Le Cheese*, what a shame it is, that His Holiness should be out done by both his Sons, when it was peculiarly His Cause, and He would have Run away with the Profit.

*Fourthly*, I wonder we hear nothing of the *Emperors Charity*, was it because he was too *Nigardly*, or because the *Male-Contents* of *Hungary* kept his Coffers Empty; however, divers considerable Sums were transmitted to *Coleman* by Foreign Ministers, among whom, *He* from *Germany* might be one.

*Fifthly*, But the *English Jesuits* (supposing the *Emperor* to be too *Narrow Soul'd*,) *Ex Abundanti*, supply'd all Defects, they

having Threescore Thousand Pound *per Annum*, Estate in Land here, and an Hundred Thousand Pound Ready Cash, a constant Running Stock in the way of their *Trade* which (you know) is the *Mystery of Iniquity*.

*Sixthly*, The *Benedictine Monks* (not to be thrust out as Rotten) contribute out of their Blessed Treasure, Six Thousand Pound to purchase the Popes *Benediction*, whom *they* also exceeded in their Benevolence, *&c.*

*Seventhly*, God Bless us, here's the Third Six again, and so we have got the *exact Number of the Beast*, Six, and Six, and Six, or Six Hundred Sixty Six, and to make up this Number compleat, the *English Catholick* (as well as *Romon*) *Grandees* were free Contributors of most *Ample Benevolencies* to this so Great and so Glorious a Work.

No sooner had this *Innocent* Pope thus provided Himself (though He as to his part, comes off but *Stingily*) with *quantum sufficit* (or rather *suffocat*, as to Justice *Godfrey*) both of *Men* and *Money*: He then sends forth His hungry *Beagles* to Hunt the *harmless Hare*, that never gave them the least provocation: but He *must* do it, 'tis the *nature* of the *Beast* to worry the Harmless, and 'tis the *custome* (which is a second nature) of this *Innocent Pope* to be notoriously *Nocent* to the *Innocent*. The

The *First Innocent*, He Assaults with his greedy Hounds, is no less than *our King* (God Bless Him) *Grove* and *Pickering* are hired to shoot Him, *Conyers* and *Anderton* to stab Him, *four Irish Ruffians* to *Godfrey* Him, Sir *George Wakeman* to poyson Him: *Out of the way with Him, any way* (they cry) since He will not *comply with our Plot.*

*Secondly*, The *Duke of York* shall fare no better, unless He will turn Tenant to this *Innocent* Pope for his *Kingdom*, as well as for his *Religion*, and pardon the Murtherers of his Brother, the Burners of the City, *&c.* and the Massacrers of the People, *&c.*

*Thirdly*, Because their Horrid and Hellish Plot had taken *Wind* by *Doctor Oats*'s Depositions given in to *Justice Godfrey* (whereby their Bloudy Designs, both of Murdering the *King* and the *Duke of York* too, If he would not comply, and upon His *Majesties Murther*, of Firing *Westminster*, *Wapping*, *Rotherith* and *Southwark*, as they had done *London*, and to lay all upon the *Presbyterians*, &c. as likewise of making a *General Massacre* at the same time by a secret listed Army of Five Hundred Thousand Cut-Throats, whereof the Lord *Bellasis* was to be General, *&c.* were all Discovered) this *good Magistrate* must have his Mouth stoped from telling Tales, *&c.* wherein the Pope

ſucceeded ſo far as to make this Man the *Firſt Martyr of our Religion, and a fair Ranſom of our Realm.*

The like was Attempted upon *Juſtice Arnold*, though no other Crime was found in either, ſave a faithful Diſcharge of their Oath and Duty. Nor againſt *Juſtice Pye* neither, yet *Bodnam* the Papiſt prevail'd to knock down his *Clay-Cruſt* with his Bill, whereby this *good Pye* (a ſerviceable Diſh in *Hereford-ſhire*) was Deſtroyed.

*Fourthly*, The *Popes Agents* (being now Fleſh'd in Proteſtants Bloud, yet unable to *ſtifle the Plot*, when it once was Declared by both Houſes of Parliament that there was a Traiterous Deſign of the Pope to Subject this Kingdom to his Tyrannical Government, by theſe Five pernicious Lords in the *Tower*, whereof *Stafford* lately Executed was, &c.) do then club their Wits, not onely with this *Pope* (the Devils Eldeſt Son) but even with the *Devil* himſelf, how they might handſomly *Sham* it, and this they labour in the very Fire to Accompliſh.

*Fifthly*, Then began they to play their Popiſh pranks in *Blaſting* the *Kings Evidence*, Sir *Dennis Aſhburnham*, the Saint *Omers Boys*, are brought in to Accuſe *Doctor Oats* of *Perjury*, as *Lane and Osborn* did of *Sodomy*, the like *pranks againſt Prance, Bedloe, Dugdale,*

*dale*, &c. but their Bowl Runs not here without a Rub for their Design of Subborning *Alderman Brook* and Captain *Bury*, being Discovered, this Discover'd also that all the aforesaid Tools were but the *Popes* or the *Devils* Trunks through which he spake, as he used to do in his *Dumb Images*, which the Father of Lyes taught to say what he listed, yet must be his *Oracles*.

*Sixthly*, They, being Non-plus'd herein also by the Over-ruling Hand of God, begin new Methods by the Popes Advice (and indeed, what should direct Hands and Feet but the Head) then thought of shifting the Plot from their own shoulders by Forging several *Sham-Plots*, all to be Fathered upon the Protestants: thus at a pinch they are *Ingeniose nequam*, wickedly witty.

*Heu quantum subitis casibus Ingenium.*

Yet this was but to new Vamp a pair of their old Boots, for that Impious Pope *Pius* the Fifth, taught his Popish Priests, that when they had by the Powder Plot blown up the King (*James*) Lords and Commons, to Father that filthy Fact upon the *Puritans*: the Father of Lyes is put hard to his Trumps, when he is so low Run,

that he hath no new Tricks in his Tinkers Budget to ſtop holes with, but is forced to bring forth his old Baſſoold Stratagems. However He is Reſolved to drive this Tinkers nail (new pointed) ſo far as it would go with his Hammer.

*In Order* to this, They ſtart many *Shamplots*, wherewith they indeed began betimes, even in 1661 (as Captain *Yarranton* Demonſtrates, when the Crown was ſcarce warm upon our *King Charles* his Head: but that and all other Succeſſively, were but low Games compared to this, for then they had not ſuch a Damnable Plot Diſcovered to Palliate as now, even this Plot of Plots that was Hatched at *Rome* as ſoon as this *Innocent* Pope ſtorm'd *Peter's* Chair, his *Miter* was ſcarce warm upon his Head (put upon him in the Year 1676.) but preſently the Devil enters into him (as if he had taken *Judas's* Sop) and ſets both his *Head* and his *Heart* to contrive this Bloudy Deſign, which for two full Years (like that *ſtrange River* Related in Hiſtory) Ran underground, before it brake forth and was Diſcovered in the Year 1678. Now when that Devil and his Deeds of Darkneſs was brought to Light (though long wrap'd up in *Samuels* Mantle) by the Father of Lights, who always overſhoots Satan in in his own Bow, theſe white

Witches

Witches would fain Conjure him down with multiplyd Sham-plots : Indeed, one begetting another *Corruptio Unius* was *Generatio Alterius.*

The *First* was, The *Clapping up of Mr.* Clapool *into the Tower*, before their plot was Discovered, that they might have him at Hand to Father the Kings Murder upon; so soon as he should fall by their Hands, whereas all the Treason that can be charg'd upon this modest Gentleman, is, that he hath led a Retired Life for many Years, and onely seekt to betray the Secrets of Nature by hard Study, as also that he Marryed *Olivers Jewel*, which render'd him more fit to Fasten their Designs upon.

The *Second* was, A Raising of the Report, that *Justice Godfrey* was a Papist (one of their Creatures said so much to my self) and that he was Murdered by the Protestants, *&c.* This, by *Nevils* means, was made the common Discourse in every Coffehouse, to amuse the Nation, and to give them a Diversion from the Papists. The now Honest Mr. *Dangerfield* knows it to be true.

Of the same Bran was a later Report that Justice *Godfrey* Hangd himself, for which *N. T.* was Pillory'd, both could not be true, if the one, then not the other, whereas neither is true, for he neither Hangd himself, nor dyed he by Protestants but by Papists Hands:

Hands: ſtill the Death of one Sham-plot gave Life to another, and one Baſled begat another to the end of the Chapter.

The time would fail (as Room I am ſure doth) to Reckon all *Romes Plots.*

The *Third* was (to omit *Netervils* endeavouring to Suborn Captain *Bury* and Alderman *Brooks*, &c.) The Duke of *Buck.* was an Eye-ſore for ſaying (I ſuppoſe) he would never turn Papiſt, *till they* can eat up the Devil, as, they ſay, they do God in their Hoſt.

For this they firſt Accuſe him of *Treaſon*, and this failing, of *Sodomy.*

The *Fourth* was, The Earl of *Shaftsbury* was their greateſt ſtumbling Block, becauſe His Sagacity had ſo oft Countermined their Deviliſh Deſigns, Hereupon, Plots upon Plots were laid againſt his Life: both by Men and Women, in City and Country.

The *Fifth* was, Sir *William Waller* had (while in Commiſſion) been a Thorn in their Sides, for daily Ferreting the Foxes out of their Holes, where they had Earth'd themſelves, and openly Condemning their Trumperies to the Flames of a *Purgatory*-fire above ground: no wonder then, if they at that time ſought to blaſt his Reputation, as they (to wit, *Monſon*, whom he had committed to *Newgate*) and *Nevil*, aforementioned,

(*alias*

*(alias Paine)* do now seek to Destroy his Life, the Preservation whereof the *whole Nation*, yea, the whole *Protestant* Interest are obliged to Pray for, He being an Active Instrument in Gods Hand for the Preservation of both.

But the *Sixth* (and still this *Mistery of Iniquity* Runs all in *Sixes* both in the *Real* and in the *Sham-plots*, in the *former* and in the *latter* Distribution.) was a *Plot of Plots*, a Wickedness with a Witness indeed: which (in some sense) was worse than either the *Irish* or *Parisian Massacre*, wherein good Men onely lost their lives, but herein they must lose their *Reputations* too, as Branded with Rebellion to Posterity. 'Twas worse than the Cruelty of *Nero*, who only wish'd all the People had but one Neck, that *He* might cut them all off at one Blow: but here was more than a *bare wish*, a *crafty endeavour* to blow up all the Protestant Lords (the Duke of *Monmouth*, &c.) All the Protestant *Gentry* and *Yeamonry* in *City* and *Country* at one Blast, by fixing High Treason upon them all Universally: and when the Knife was at our Throats, God sent Sir *William Waller* to turn up the bottou of *Mad-dame Celliers Meal-Tub*, where all the Bran of this Brutish Intreague was Discovered, *Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.*

These

Theſe and a Thouſand more pretty *Innocent* Pranks hath this Pope *Innocent* the *Eleventh* plaid in poor *England*, though not in his *Perſon*, yet by his *Proxy*, whatever His Slaves and Vaſſals have Acted here, even *Matchleſs Villanies*, All have been by an *Implicit Faith*, and by a *Blind Obedience* to his *Apoſtolical* (or rather *Apoſtatical*) Commands; but ſurely that Servant who will be Hang'd for his Maſter, or for his Maſters Fault more than his own, muſt needs have more of *Blind Charity*, than of a *Solid Judgment*.

☞ One would Admire, that any Humane Breaſt could be ſo Capacious as to contain in it ſo much *Villanous Venom* as this *Innocent Pope* hath poured out upon *England*; but is here all? No, *Scotland*, *France*, *Ireland* and *Holland*, yea, and all other Proteſtant Countries, muſt likewiſe be Wounded with the Poiſonful Sting of this *Fiery Flying Serpent*, this *Great Red Dragon*, Mounted aloft upon the Higheſt Theatre in the Chriſtian World, hath his proſpect into all theſe places, and, as if He *True Baſilisk*, Kills down-right with his very *Looks*, His *Looks* are Top-full of Faſcination. To tell diſtinctly how he hath Bewitched with his bare *Looks* all thoſe Lands aforenamed, would Require another Volum. Take here only

only a very Brief Landskip hereof, which yet may serve to satisfie, that this pretended Head is Top-full of Poison, and this Catholick Head of the Church Transfuseth a Fatal Poison into all the parts of the Body; his *Venom* is as *Universal* as his *Headship.*

As *First*, For *Scotland*, *He* sent several Jesuits to Preach there under the Notion of Presbyterians, who Industriously Blew up the Coals of Discontent among that People, knowing that *Oppression maketh Wise Men Mad*, Aggravating to them their Unbearable Burdens under Episcopal Tyranny, exciteing them to Vindicate their Religion and Liberty with the Sword, and promising them in the *Popes* Name, That they should be Assisted with Eight Thousand Catholicks to overturn the Government.

Oh how did this Pope Laugh in his Lawn Sleeves, to see himself so *Successful.* See Dr. *Oats Narrative*, *Art.* 1, 74, 11.

*Secondly*, As to *France*, How far this *Innocene* Pope hath been *Nocent there*, How far his *Tincture* of *Lucifer* hath turn'd his *Christian* Son into *Antichristian*, may be Legibly Read, even in Capital Letters, in the *Bloudy Whales* upon the Backs of the *Hugonots*, but most of all in that *Detestable Test*, which wounds not their *Bodies* only, but their *Souls* also; unless they will *Abjure* the Protestant

ſtant Religion, *Anathematize* all Proteſtants, this hath Turn'd out of *France* many Thouſands of the Tendereſt part of that People into Foreign Countries, though *it* be ſo Diametrically contrary to the Sacred *Edicts of Nants*, ſo ſolemnly Sworn to by the *French King*. Yet this Pope, by his Omnipotency, dare Abſolve him from this Oath, and Undertakes to make Sin a Duty. See Sir *William Waller*'s *Account of the preſent State of the Proteſtants there*. And ſee alſo, *The Politicks of France*. And whether all this Conteſt betwixt the *Father* and the *Son*, about the *Regalia*'s, be not all a Juggle, (ſeeing the poor Proteſtants are among hands ſo ſevearly Perſecuted, and peſtilent Jeſuits ſo Cordially Embraced,) Time will Declare.

*Thirdly*, As to *Ireland*, Dr. *Oats* Depoſeth, *Narrat.* pag.65,66.That this *Innocent Pope* ſent his *Bloudy Iriſh Hounds*, *Commiſſions*, *Arms*, and *Eight Hundred Thouſand Crowns*, that they might cut the Throats of the Proteſtants again, as they had done by another *Innocent* Popes Order in One Thouſand Six Hundred Forty One. The Death of the Duke of *Ormond* ſhould lead this Popiſh Dance, the Pope looſes of his Bloud-Hounds (Four Jeſuits) who Undertook to Diſpatch the Duke, Twenty Five Thouſand

ſand *Iriſh* were to Riſe, and play their Old Bloudy Game, wherein they were Experienced, and Artificial Gameſters. Theſe were to Join with a *French Army* to be Landed there, and as good Gameſters of that Kind as they, ſo fall on to their Old Trade of Maſſacring, *&c.* Yea, ſome of thoſe *Iriſh Cattel* had a Diſpenſation from this Pope to take the *Oaths* of *Allegiance* and *Supremacy*, provided they promiſe to Betray their Garriſons, and other Truſts: So that when you ſee a Papiſt ſwallow thoſe Oaths, you may Swear 'tis with ſuch a *proviſo*, He hath ſome Truſt or other to Betray.

*Fourthly, Holland*, There this *Innocent* Pope hath ſet his Foul Foot (of the *Beaſt*) to purpoſe, in ſending his *Moſt Chriſtian Son*, moſt Unchriſtianly to Scourge them for their Hereſie, and to over-run their Countrey with his Rapacious Army; and had not God Almighty put an Hook into the Jaw of that Proud *Leviathan* at *Utreck*, He had laid their Land under an Abſolute Deſolation. To ſay nothing of *His* Intrigueing Influences to plunge *them* and *us* into a War to Waſt and Weaken each other, that He might the eaſier worry *us* both: To ſay nothing of *Hungary* and other parts of *Germany*, nor of the Three *Northern Crowns*;

*Crowns*; in all which he hath throughly tryed the same Trusty Tricks of *Divide, and Command*, &c.

Yet while this Pope is thus *Malevolent* and *Mischievous* abroad (embroiling all Countries with his Contagious Evomitions) He is all this while Mighty Magnificent and Magisterial at Home, strutting about in that *Splendour and Grandeur*, as if He were more than a *Mortal Man* on *Earth*, one of the *Immortal Angels* of *Heaven*, Resembling the *Angelical Nature*, not onely in *Innocency* in his Name *Innocent*, but also in *Lustre and Glory*; as to his Garb and Deportment. Grant Him to be one of the Angels Order, yet undervalue him not, by reckoning him among the Inferior Rank. No, let him be Reputed no less than *proud Lucifer*, a Prince or Principality among them, &c. *Isa.* 14.14. As to his *Innocency*, Angel like, I can say little of it, and sure I am nor no body else (unless some of his Sycophants who can be content to lick up his *Slaver*, as once one *Parasite* did a Tyrants) no further than his Name [*Innocent*] will be the Guarranty: To be *Nocent in Nature* (as the premisses have proved him) and to be *Innocent in Name*, is to make himself a compleat lump of Contradiction: However this *Whore of Babylon* can exactly Imitate *Solomons Whore*

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in *wiping her Mouth*, and saying I have not done those mischiefs in all those Lands aforementioned: But as to this Splendour and Glory, Angel-like, I have more to say than I have room for, as to his *Roman Grandeur*, never was *Jaddus* (the *High Priest* of the Jews) so Richly Arrayed for *Glory and Beauty*, when *Great Alexander* met him and fell down to Worship him for a god, as this *Roman Pontifex* in all his pompious pontificalibus is, either sitting in his Chair of State, or standing upright, or strutting about. The Prophet *Ezekiel* most graphically Describes *this Anointed Cherub, that Seats himself in the Holy Mountain of God, & sits as God* (that is a degree above an *Angel*) *covering himself with every pretious Stone*, the *Rubys*, the *Diamonds*, the *Jasper*, the *Saphire* and *Emerauld*, &c. *Ezek.* 28. 2. 13, 14, 15, to 20. Oh what a glittering and glorious Scarlet coloured Beast is this, thus bedeckt with Radiant Jewels. No wonder if they give him this Canting Courtship [*Thou art the prime of all Bishops, the Heir of the Apostles, an Abel for primacy* (sure I am, not for Religion) *a Noah for Government* (not for Righteousness) *an Abraham for Patriarkship* (not for Piety) *a Melchisedeck for Order, an Aaron for Dignity, a Moses for Authority, a Samuel for Judicature, a Peter for Power*, yea, *a Christ for*

*Unction*, but none of them for *Holiness*, though that be his Title: No wonder if his pickthanks go yet higher, in calling him [*their Lord God, their Creator in whom they must Believe, and whom they must Obey upon pain of Damnation*] no wonder if they say to this their God three times [*Oh Thou that takest away the Sins of the World, have Mercy on us. Thou canst make a Sin to be no Sin, & contrà*] No wonder if Popelings *Kiss the great Toe* of their *Great God*, in a Country where God hath Toes, which *Moses* (who came nearest him) could not Discern, and much less Kiss, *Deut.* 4.12,15. No wonder if Kings and Emperours *hold the Stirrop*, to this God, when weary with walking, and would Ride, one Beast upon the back of another, no wonder if *Odeschalcho* thought his Name too base for a *God*, as *Octavian* did, when chosen Pope at Eighteen Years old, cast off his *Name* because *Heathnish*, and calls himself *John* the *Thirteenth*, but he proved such *a God* as used to drink Healths to the Devil, and in his Diceing would Pray, that *Jupiter*, *Venus*, and all the Devils would help him.

This was a *Mad Jack* indeed, and as *Bad a* [illegible] would be All good.

To conclude, come my Country-men, how can you like to Worship such a God, (who is rather a *Devil* Incarnate, or the *Devils Patriarch*) can you stoop to *kiss his stinking Toe*, can you *hold his Stirrup* (as too many are doing) till he get upon your own Backs and Ride you to the Devil, Grave *Bishop Ushar* feard a Massacre approaching, and that this very Pope would be the chief Agent in it? Can you Court in a bloudy Villain, who will certainly cut your Throats? Can you like to Trade with such a Cheat (that is as *Crafty* as *Cruel*, having as much of the Fox as of the Lyon) in his *Trash and Trumpery* afore mentioned? This Pope had great hopes of Reentry into *England* by his hopeful Plot, hereupon *Cottingtons* Bones were brought to be Buried *here*, to take possession of it as *Jacob* did in like matner of *Canaan*: Indeed, the *late Comet* frighted him into such a *cold Sweat*, as nothing but a Dutch Stove could bring warmth into him again, and the *Cockatrice* laid by the Prophetick Hen in *Campidoglis* Garden stun'd him a little; But now he Recovered with *warm Cloaths* and hot Cordials again, yet I hope 'tis but a lightning before his fall: God forbid, that the Imperial Crown of *England* should again Truckle to the Miter

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and Tripple Crown of this Pope: *Eraſmus* Satyrical Drollery prevailed againſt the Pope, as well as *Luthers Argumentative Gravity*, I wiſh the like Efficacy to this Diſcourſe, and let all good People ſay, Amen.

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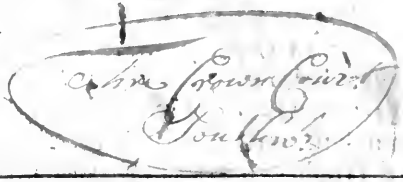
*FINIS,*



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