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D. C. B. R.

By Richard Leigh  
First Editor

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THE

# TRANSPROSER

REHEARS'D:

OR THE

Fifth ACT

OF

Mr. BATES'S PLAY!

Being a POSTSCRIPT to the  
ANIMADVERSIONS on the  
PREFACE to Bishop Bramhall's  
Vindication, &c.

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SHEWING

*What Grounds there are of Fears and Jealousies of Popery.*

---

OXFORD,

Printed for the Assignes of *Hugo Grotius*, and  
*Jacob Van Harmine*, on the North-side of  
the Lake-Lemane. 1673.

THE

# AMSPROSER

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POSTSCRIPT  
 TO THE  
 ANIMADVERSIONS  
 UPON THE  
 PREFACE  
 TO  
 Bishop *Bramballs* Vindication.

**T**HE Author of the Animadversions upon the Preface to Bishop *Bramballs* Vindication, &c. (if it be not too great a favour to call him an Author that writes a Book upon a Preface) having posted up a *Play-Bill* for the Title of his Book: And here by the way, we cannot but congratulate his honourable employ, and question not but to hear of his being prefer'd from writing of *Bills* for the *Play-houses* to penning of *Advertisements* for the *Stage-Coaches* and *Bills* for the *Pox*, and after a proficiency therein, to be admitted upon the next vacancy, to form

B *Draughts*

*Draughts* for the *Arithmetick* and *Shorthand-men*, and frame *Tickets* for the *Rope-dancers* and the *Royall-Sport* of *Cock-fighting*, that so he may arrive in a short time to be Author of most of those ingenious *Labours* which curious Readers admire at *Passing times* in their passage between *White-hall* and *Temple-bar*.

I say, this great Author ( of *Play-bills* ) having in conformity to his promising Title *Transposed the Rehearsal*, or at least all of *Mr. Bayes* his Play extant, *four Acts*. I thought it was great pitty so facetious and Comical a work should remain incompleat, and therefore I have continued it on, and added the *Fifth*, the Argument of which, and its dependance on the other *Four*, I shall give you an account of after a preliminary examination of the Characters and Plot in our Authors *Transpos'd Rehearsal*.

But before I proceed to either of these, it will not be unnecessary to consider on what bottom he has erected his *Animadversions*; and this I find to be no other then the Preface to *Bishop Bramhall's Vindication*, which is as much as to say, here is a House wrought out of a Portal. 'Tis pretty I confess, and exceeds the power of common Architects. But what follows

lows is more strange, that 100. pages (the Preface is no more by his computation) should be foundation sufficient enough to support his mighty *Paper-building* of 326.

Now 'tis very probable, that which gave the principal hint to our Authors *Rehearsal Transpros'd*, was the near accord he observes betwixt the Preface and Mr. *Bayes* his Prologue, P. 14. and here, I cannot but applaud his admirable dexterity that could extract four Acts of a *Farce*, from a single Prologue, but such is the singular felicity of some Animadverters, (and of ours amongst the rest) in their illustrating of Authors, that they have heighten'd and refin'd some of their Notions, not only above all others, but above even the intentions of the dull Authors themselves; A rare Art! and followed so well by some of our Translators of *French Farce*, that some of them have been luckily mistaken for Authors. For instance, the Writer of the Preface had said, *He could not tell which way his Mind would work it self and its thoughts*; now this our *Improver of Verity*, according to his peculiar excellence, P. 12. resolves into *Prince Volscius* his Debate betwixt Love and Honour, and tells you more of the Authors mind in Verse, than he could

do himself in Prose. And this feat is perform'd by no other Magick then *Regula Duplex*, turning Prose into Verse, and Verse into Prose *alternativè*. See what Miracles men of Art can do by *Transversing Prefaces*, and *Transprosing Playes*.

But to go on with our *Prologue*, (so the *Animadverter* will warrant me now to call the *Preface*) our Critick hath found a flaw in it, and what's that? It has no *Plot*. How, a *Prologue* without a *Plot*! It is impossible, tis a cross-graind objection this, and not easily evaded, had not our Critick plaid Mock-Apologist and answered himself, P. 11. *the Intrigue was out of his head*, which is very civil I gad.

Another weighty exception against our *Prologue* is, that it is written in a *Stile, part Play-Book, and part Romance*, p. 22. (Which of these two is *Gazett*, for that the *Animadverter* says, is our *Authors Magazine*.) this is more unpardonable than the former; for what can be a higher *Indecorum* than a *Prologue* written in *Play-Book* stile. But that we may the better understand the pertinency of this *Remarque*, we must desire the Reader to observe, That the Writer of the *Preface* had said, *That the Church of Ireland was the largest Scene of the Bishops Actions*. Now it will go very hard, but this

this Passage will be condemn'd for one guilty word or two ; for Histories are *Playes* without *Scenes*, and without *Action*; and these two words being neither of the *Historians* Profession, nor *Divines* : the Bishops Historian must of necessity be cast, unlesse he have any hopes of benefit of Clergy ; however we hope before Sentence be past, the Animadverter will inform us, what words are of the Clergy, and what of the Layity, which in Holy Orders and which not ; and then their several Divisions, which *Catholick*, and which *Schismatical* ; and amongst them, which *Classical*, *Congregational*, and of inferior *Secls* ; whether for *Church of Ireland* he would read *Congregation*, for *Scene*, *Diocefs* or *Pulpit*, and for *Actions*, *Spiritual Exercises* or *Labours*.

But if at last the Animadverter intend by *Play-Book-Stile*, whatever is written above the common elevation, unlesse he would have the Priest and the Poet write in two distinct Languages ; I see no reason to allow him, that the Priest should make use of a less refin'd and polisht Stile than the Poet. If after all this, any one should be so impenitently inquisitive, as to demand a reason why our *Prologue Critick* would have a *Prologue* with a *Plot*, and not written in *Play-Book-Stile*, he will



answer him, no doubt, because 'tis *New*.

From the Prologue, pass we to the *Rehearsal Transpros'd*, in which the Characters, the Action, and the Humour offer themselves to our consideration. The principal person concerned in this Farce is Mr. Bays, whom our *Transproser* makes to be of the same Character with the Writer of the Preface; for which he alledges these following reasons, pag. 15, 16.

First, *Because he hath no name, or at least will not own it ( Good. )*

Secondly, *Because he is I perceive a Lover of elegancy of Stile, and can endure no mans Tautologies but his own; ( Good again ) and therefore, I would not distaste him with too frequent repetition of one word, ( Very good I-faith. ) But chiefly because Mr. Bays, and He do very much symbolize in their understandings, in their expressions, in their humours, in their contempt and quarrelling of all others ( and all that ) though of their own Profession. Then less chiefly, Because our Divine, the Author, manages his contest with the same prudence and civility which the Players and Poets have practised of late in their several Divisions ( there's a bob for the Play-House. And lastly, Because both their Talents do peculiarly lye in exposing and personating the Non-conformists. ( I gad sir, and there you have nickt the present juncture of Affairs. )* To



To all these Reasons, our Farce-monger might have added another, which is a *non pareillo*, namely, that which Mr. Bays returned when it was demanded of him, Why in his grand Show ( grander than that in *Harry the VIII.* ) two of the Cardinals were in Hats, and two in Caps, *because----- By gad I won't tell you*, which after a pause, is a reason beyond all exception.

Now though the foregoing Paralell betwixt *Ecclesiastical Mr. Bays*, & *Mr. Bays* in the *Rehearsal* be so exact, that it were hard to distinguish betwixt *Mr. Bays*, and *Mr. Bayes*, had not one writ a Preface, and the other a Play; Yet because in the nearest resemblances of Twins, 'tis not impossible to trace some marks of distinction and *House-wives* there have been upon Record, so expert, as to discern a difference even in Eggs, so as they never mistook one for another; we shall endeavour to shew, that these two are not so alike, but that they are as unlike too; nay most unlike in their nearest resemblances.

First, Then our *Trans-proser* craves leave to call the Writer of the Preface *Mr. Bays*, because *he hath no name, or at least, will not own it*; from whence we may infer, That ever y *Anonymus* Author may be

as well call'd Mr. *Bays*, as this Writer. And what may we then think of the Gentleman himself, who would be Gossip to all the nameless Off-springs of the Press, and yet has not fathered his own Bastard; but let him learn to Christen his own Brat first, before he gives Nick-names to others; for who can endure that he should undertake, as Godfather, for anothers child, that leaves his own to the Parish; Had not his brain been delivered of this *By-blow*, without the Midwifery of an *Imprimatur*; the *Printer* and the *Stationer* at least, would have appear'd as *Sureties* for the Childs behaviour, and the Issue might have been judg'd legitimate, though the Father were not publickly known. But now that the Infant has crept into the World without a lawfull Father, without Gossips, nay, without a name (or what is all one, without a name of its own) we cannot but expostulate with Fate; as Prince *Pretty-man* much upon the like occasion.

*Was ever Child yet brought to such distress!  
To be, for being a Child, made Fatherless,*

Though every Nurse can readily point to *Daddy's* Eyes and Mouth, in the little  
little

little Babies face, as if the dapper Strippling were to be heir to all the Fathers features ; and a Dimple, or a Mole. if hereditary, were better Titles to an Inheritance , than Deeds and Evidences. Yet none certainly was ever born with fairer Marks than this. For it is stigmatiz'd in the Fore-head, and bears in the Front the legible Characters of a *well-meaning Zealot*.

And thus much in consideration of the first Reason, that induc'd the Animadverter to call the writer of the Preface Mr. *Bayes*, because he hath no name : for which reason he might as well have call'd him *Bayes Anonymus* in imitation of *Miltons* learned Bull ( for that Bulls in *Latin* are *learned* ones, none will deny ) who in his Answer to *Salmasius*, calls him *Claudius Anonymus*.

The second Reason is, Because he would avoid *Tautologies* and distastefull *Repetitions of one word* ; and to avoid this, he has taken a sure course ; for since his own Invention could not supply him with variety of names, he has run over the *Dramatis Personæ* of the *Rehearsal* ; and because Mr. *Bays* alone was not sufficient for his purpose, he has made bold with Mr. *Thunderer*, *Draw-can-sir*, and *Prince Volscius*,

*sciens*. These Titles he has confer'd on our Author in consideration of his Dignity, as he is a Clergy-man of Honour.

But chiefly (as he goes on) *because Mr. Bayes and he symbolize in their understandings, in their Expressions, in their Humour, in their Contempt and quarrelling of all others, though of their own Profession.* Now because these with their subsequent Train of Reasons [*because that Players and he manage their contents with the same prudence and civility, and both their Talents lie in personating and exposing the Nonconformists*] seem to make the most Pompous shew of all the rest, (for the precedent ones conclude nothing, why he should be call'd Mr. Bays more than any other name) yet as you will easily discover, this Pomp is far from a Triumph, and not less ignoble then Cardinal *Campejus* his Pageantry, whose Mules under glorious Trappings, and rich foot cloaths, carryed such disgraceful lumber, as is not usually conceal'd in Carriers Packs.

1. Then as to their *Symbolizing in their Humour & Expressions*, Mr. Bays you know, prefers that one quality of fighting single with whole Armies, before all the Moral virtues put together; and notwithstanding whatever the peaceable Morallist says to the contrary, allows Fortitude the Precedency, of the  
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*Red-Hatted* Virtues, & that Fortitude wch consists in Conquering, not in Suffering, (for these two differ one from another more then Mr. Bayes his two *Cardinals* in *Hats*, from those two in *Caps*) whereas the Bishops Historian gives the Palm to *Innocence*, Innocence which is no less a stranger to the use of Swords and Guns then the naked *Indian*! this and an untainted *Reputation* were the *Bishops Armour*. Your Weapons of Offence, and your good old *Fox* you would have girt him with, you might have reserv'd for some of your Pulpit-Officers, who made less use of the *Sword of the Spirit* when they fought under the Banner of the *Lord of Hosts*, (so they call'd the Earl of *Essex*).

Again Mr. Bayes places most of his Art in the various Representations of Battles, and in entertaining your eye with Encounters betwixt the great *Hobby-Horses* and the *Foot*, or your ear with the Battle in *Recitativo* (which resembles not a little your Troops singing of *Psalms* in their Marches) nay he gives it as one of the greatest *Elogiums* to his Play, that it shall *Drum, Trumpet, Shout & Battle, I gad, with any of the most Warlike Tragedies Ancient or Modern*. But in the Bishops Panegyrick, we hear of nothing but the softer sounds of  
Peace,

Peace, and a happy Composure of those Divisions which have too truly made the Catholick Church Militant: An Union, or at least an Accommodation, between the Churches of Christendom, was one of those glorious *Enterprises*, and *great designs*, which the Bishops *active and sprightly Mind* was busied in; and for such *Enterprises and Attempts* (Mr. Bayes, and you call nothing *Enterprising*, but going to Fifty-Cuffs with Armies) you enviously compare him to the Bishops of *Munster, Strasbourg* and *Colen*, and might with as much shew of reason to the three Kings of *Colen*, and that had been *Majestick* indeed, ay and greater to the Ear then the *two Kings of Brainford*, for that had been *three Kings of one Place*.

But then the Animadverter adds, because they symbolize *in their Contempt and Quarrelling of all others, though of their own Profession*. The Bishops Panegyrist, 'tis true has exprest some Contempt, and not unjustly of the *Army-Divines*, and of such as were admir'd by the *Elue and White Apron'd Auditories*; but this will not amount to *Scandalum Magnatum*. Nor can I conceive that every Cashierd Red-Coat once list'd for a Levite, or every broken Shop-keeper made free of the Preaching-Trade, without serving a just



*Apprenticeship* in it, has a Title to a Profession so sacred as our Writers is, and except only this unconsecrate Lay-Clergy, these Reverend Divines of the Shop and the Camp, I know of none that the Author of Ecclesiastical Policy quarrels with.

The next reason is, *because our Divine the Author, manages his Contest with the same Prudence and Civility which the Poets and Players have practised of late in their several Divisions.* Here it is with the *same Civility*, and yet in the very next page he tells us, that Mr. Bayes is more *Civil* than to say, *Villain and Caitiff*, and yet these are not so *tuant* as *Malapert Chaplain, Buffoon-General* (and because it is an accomplishment to rail in more Languages than one) *Opprobrium Academiae and Pejoris Ecclesiae.*

The last is, *because both their Talents do peculiarly lie in exposing and personating the Nonconformists.* And who so fit to be brought upon the Stage as the *Pulpit-Players*, and those Religious *Mimicks* that personated the Gravity of Divines without their Habits. Whom can our Theatres more deservedly expose, than those that turn'd the Church into one. Ecclesiastiques of the Sock and Buskin! To deny that they were *Actors*, were to question Nature that gave them *Vizors* for

for Faces. Certainly *Lacys* best *Grimaces* were never so Artificial as the *Squints* of a Humiliation Saint, and Mr. *Scruple* in the Pulpit has mov'd more to Laughter then on the Stage. Such has been the good fortune of your eminent Preachers, that their Sermons have been *Acted* with the same applause at the Theatre, which they have had in the Church, and been at the same time diversion to the Court, and edification to the Saints. But yet what the Play-house gives us, is but *Repetition* of their excellent *Notes*, and we must confess, *Ananias* and *Tribulation* are *Copies* short of their *Originals*. The exploits of a *Thanksgiving-Romance* have far exceeded the boldest of our *Heroick-Plays*, and no Farce yet was ever comparable to one with *Doctrines* and *Uses*.

We have been somewhat the larger in the examination of this Character, because our Farce-Poet (in imitation of the *French* no doubt) has made but one Person considerable in his Play, and the rest as it were, but Attendants on him; for besides Mr. *Bayes* his part, we have only *Thunder* and *Lightning*, *Prince Volscius* and *Draw-Can-sir Transpros'd*, and what is most observable here, is the fixing the Characters so, that one man may Act any



of these Parts, nay one man may Act them altogether; for the Writer of the Preface is to present Mr. *Bayes*, *Draw-Can-sir*, *Prince Volsci*, and *Thunder and Lightning* all at one and the same time. A notable and compendious peice of Wit indeed; for by this means we have a whole Play Acted by one man, and if our Clergy-man under the notion of Pluralist, may present five several Persons, why not ten, twenty, thirty, and so on till he represent an Army in *Disguise*, and by degrees at last the whole *Church Militant*, (that's greater than a single Army) now if Seculars be invested with the like power of representing Pluralities, one man may go for the *Representative*, not only of one *Shire*, but of all *England*, and by consequence a single *Burgess* may sit for the whole *Parliament* (this you may call a *Parliament Individuum* to match it with your *Synodical Individuum*.)

But this it seems is the *new way* of Acting; First the Gentleman claps a *pair of Boots* on the Clergy-mans legs, and so he personates *Prince Volsci*, and is sent on a Journey to *Knights-Bridge* (though perhaps you'l hear by and by, he is not gone neither) anon he arms him with *Sir Solomons sword*, and then he is the Ecclesiastical

cal

cal *Draw-Can-sir* ( you forget that wearing a Sword is against the Canons ) and after this had he planted a Ruffe upon his neck, under that he might have quarter'd *an Army Incognito* ; unless that this Army might better lye encamp'd in his Collar of Fortifications *Sheernefs, Immernefs, &c.* ( which he has hung about our Authors neck for a *Collar of Nesses.* ) This I must confesse is more Magnificent, because it represents the Army , and their Trenches too. Thus it is but acting a different Dress and Equipage, and the same man is a *Riding Prince*, a *Heroe*, and an Army in *Masquerade*, in his *booted* capacity he is *Prince Volsci*, in his *Sworded Draw-Can-sir*, a pair of *Buskins* thus may personate a whole *Tragedy*, and a single *Sock* a *Comedy*.

But this notable Art of *Summing up an Army in one Man*, the Gentleman no doubt has learnt from the Schools, which tell us, That from a Muster of *Peter and Paul*, and several *Individuals*, we come to frame a Character of bulky *Universals* ; and if so, that one man in different capacities may act severall Persons ; no question but in many more, he may personate *Mankind* ( which in the *Malmsbury* Stile is but *Artificial man* ) for so great a Latitude

tude is there in this way of Representation by *Symbols*, and Hieroglyphical Signatures; that not only every variation of Dress, but every Change of Posture alters the property of the Actor, better than a *Perriwig* or a false *Beard*. Thus the Philosophers have wisely taught us to distinguish betwixt *Peter standing*, and *Peter sitting*; and the *Transposer of the Rehearsal* without all controversie will allow us, that the same man that *sitting in a Chair*, and pulling on *one Boot*, personates *Prince Volsci*, may, when he is prostrate on the ground, present *Prince Pretty-man* intranc'd.

Now having had our *Geneva Jigg*, let us advance to our more serious Councils. First then, after *beating up of the Pulpit-Drums through the Ecclesiastical Camp*, *Draw-Can-sir* (an Army in Himself) enters the Lists against *Hungaria, Transylvania, Bohemia, Poland, Savoy, France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden*, and all *Scotland*, (for these, besides many more, he encounters in the *disguise of Germany and Geneva*) and to avoid the dull prolixity of relations of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there, *their Forces rang'd in Battalia, their Cannon plac'd, the Charge sounded, and the Alarm given.*

*Advance from Lambeth with the Curiafiers.*  
 At the very same instant these reply,  
*The Band you Boast of, Lambeth Curiafiers,*  
*Shall in Geneva Pikes now meet their Peers.*  
*Draw down from Dort the Spiritual Mijn*  
*Heers*

*To joyn with the Bohemian Musqueteers.*  
*Let the left wing of Zurick Foot advance,*  
*And line that Bramble Hedge ,*  
*Th' Hugonot Horse we rais'd in France*  
*Shall try their chance,*  
*And scour the Meadows overgrown with Sedge.*

*While our Blue Brethren of the Tweed*  
*Shall guard the Lake, if there be need,*  
*Secure our Trouts, and save their Breed.*

This, now, is not improper I think, because the Reader knows all these Towns and Territories, and may easily conceive them to be under the Spiritual Jurisdiction of *John Calvin, John Huss, John Knox, Zuinglius*, and the *Hogen Mogen* Clergy. And thus far in imitation of Mr. *Bayes* his *singing-Battel*, and though his way of fighting in *Recitativo* is very pretty, yet, if this were represented with *Bag-pipes* ( instead of *Lutes* ) and sung to the tune of a Psalm, I think, you would grant it a little better. But if this Representation of a Battle won't do, *Trans-*  
*profing*

*profing Bayes* (for all this is but a *Scene* deriv'd with a little alteration from his *Re-bearsal*, as you may see p. 42. 43. 188. 202. 203. of his *Play-book*) has contriv'd it the other way too, and here, if I am not mistaken, you will have fighting enough. You must imagine then after a terrible Sea-fight pass'd betwixt *Draw-Can-Sir*, (who single mannes a Navy) & an *Armada* of *New-England* Divines (conceal'd in a Fleet of *Colliers*) and many a Broad-side of one whole Gun fir'd; a desperate Land-fight to ensue between the same numerous *Draw-Can-Sir*, and the *Congregational* Forces of the *Swiss*, *Scotch*, *French*, *Dutch*, *Bohemian*, and *Genevois*; in this Fray many a *Monseieur Huguonot* falls to the ground, many a *Geneva* Doctor loses his Ruff, and many a *Scotch*, *Kirkman* his Blue Bonnet: here lies an *Ecclesiastical Butter-box* frying in his own grease; and there a *Brawny Swiss* Divine, (stript of his Red and yellow Breeches) weltring in gore with a plump *Bohemian*; to contract, the *Nonconformists* had need desire a truce to bury their Dead. Nay, there are none left alive to desire it: but they are slain every Mothers Son of them: And now that *Draw-Can-sir*, striding over the dead Army, and brandishing his Sword, had Proclaimed

his Triumph, *I kill whole Nations, I slay both Friend and Foe*, and you would expect that he had *Heñor'd* and *Achilliz'd* 'em all out of the Pit, and routed them beyond the delivery of a *Thanksgiving*; Mr. Bayes, to surprize you in the very Nick, tells you, *that they are but stounded perhaps, and may revive again.* Mr. Bayes had no sooner spoke the word, *Rise, Sirs*, and go about your business; but all on a sudden, up they get, Horse and Foot, some upon their leggs, and some upon none, and away. There's ago off for you, this can be a Miracle to none that have heard of a certaine Note, that Mr. Bayes has made in *Effaut flat.*

Some *Critical People* there were, that took the liberty the other day, to examin your *Romantick Tales*, and one amongst the rest, who could not chuse but deplore the sad fate of the *Nonconformists* that were forc'd to follow the wheels of *Draw-Can-Sirs* Chariot, was very curious to know why whole Nations, as *Hungaria, Transylvania, Bohemia, &c.* would suffer this *Hero* to use them so scurvily. Phoo! reply'd a Friend of the *Transpro-sers*, that is to raise the Character of those Nations; for they were such as Triumphed in their being knockt oth' head;



head; an Army of *Martyrs*, provided with no other Armes then *Prayers* and *Tears*; and what defence could these be p. 303. against a hard harted Infidel, that without respect to Law, Justice, or Numbers, would put them all to the Sword, begging on their bare knees for Quarter? One of the company would not let that pass so, but told us, that *Prayers* and *Tears* were a sort of weapons anciently in use among the *Primitive* Christians, before Bows and Arrows came up, but unknown to the Moderns for this many years, as much as any of *Pancirollus* lost Inventions; slighted they were at first 'tis thought, because they were not for dispatch; for a good murdering Cannon does more execution in one hours time, then *Prayers* and *Tears* use to do in many Ages: the *German* Churches therefore, and some of their Neighbours, found a certain composition of *Nitre* and *Charcoal*, more necessary for the carrying on their *Reformation* then all the antiquated Artillery of the Ancient Christians. Captain *Zuinglius*, and *John Calvin*, converted more with Swords and Guns, then with their *sweaty Preaching*, and these are the powerful Armes they have bequeathed to all their followers in *Transylvania*, *Hungary*,  
C 3
*Bohemia*,

*Bohemia, Poland, Savoy, France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Scotland, Geneva and Germany.* But this increases my wonder, sayd his next Neighbour, that *Draw-Can-Sir*, unless he were Incharnted and Cannon-proof, should with his single Arm defeat so vast an Army, and so well appointed! Ay, reply'd he that spoke last, but he defeated only *Geneva* and *Germany*, and the other ten Nations virtually and inclusively. But is it possible answer'd another, that the greater should be included in the less, and that an Army compacted of ten different Nations should be drawn out of *Geneva* and *Germany*. Alack, alack, said I, that was upon the moderating part, you must conceive Sir, this is *elevate*, this is the *new way* of writing, for the *Hungarians, Transylvanians, Bohemians, Poles, Savoyards, French, Netherlanders, Danes, Swedes*, and all the *Scots*, lay conceal'd in *Geneva* and *Germany*. But is not this, says one, a thing somewhat difficult to keep this Spiritual Army thus conceal'd? Not at all, answers another, to continue on the mirth, if they made the *German* and *Geneva* Hosts their Friends. But this we took for a *Play-Conceit ill Transpros'd*. Some therefore there were that spoke of the

*unhoop-*



*unhoopable Tun of Heidelberg*, some of Sir *Politick's* comprehensive *Tortoise*, and some of Sir *John Falstaff's* more capacious *Buck-basket* : in thort, after many reasonings and debates, while some said one thing, some another, a Gentleman in the conclusion, to put a period to the discourse, told us, that *Westphalia* in *Germany* bred a Number of very large Hoggs, and the greater part of those being but Ratt-Divines, might be stow'd in the fair quarters of their Bacon-Buttocks, as commodiously as that Army of Ratts engag'd in the fat Hanches of the *Arcadian* Sow; and with this pleasant solution the Company was dismiss well satisfied.

Now Sir, after this, the Reader may judge, how largely the *Rehearsal* has contributed to your controversial *Adventures*, & the *Knight-Errantry* of your faith; for to recapitulate. *Pag. 42, 43*. You sum up a whole Battell in two Representatives, so lively, that any one would swear, not only ten Thousand men, but ten Armies, and more, were at it, really engag'd : for besides *Hungary, Transilvania, &c.* many more, which for brevity, you omit (as the Churches of *New Atlantis* and *Utopia*) are included under *Germany*, and

*Geneva* ( that is virtually as *Maggots* in *Filberds.* ) Nay, what is more monstrous yet, the united Armies of ten Nations, ( like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men ) have started out of three; for the six first, *Hungary, Transilvania, Bohemia, Poland, Savoy, France,* fight under the Standard of the Roman-Church; and *Scotland* under the *English,* and only *Sweden, Denmark* and the *Netherlands* ( that sounds more pompous than the 7. *Provinces* ) have list'd themselves under *Germany* and *Geneva.*

This is one of your bold strokes; another is p. 188. *When you have rang'd all your forces in Battle, when you have plac'd your Cannon, when you have sounded a Charge and given the word to fall upon the whole party; if you could then perswade every particular person of them, that you gave him no provocation; I confess this were an excellent, and a new way of your inventing, to conquer single, whole Armies. To see the superfetitious Miracles of Art here in the Accumulative Vertues of a single Hero! He ranges his multiply'd self ( Horse and Foot ) in battell array, he places all his Cannon ( with fewer hands than *Briareus* by 98. ) and in the same breath, sounds a Charge ( with as many Trumpets as mouths ) and gives the Signal to himself to fall on; this you may*

may boldly challenge for your *non ultra*, it is as high as you can go.

So, now come in *Thunder* and *Lightning*, that is, the Bishops Historian in those two shapes ; and this way of making one Person represent a Dialogue between two, is very artificial indeed, yet this is perform'd with a little alteration of the voyce ( for besides the diversity of dress and posture, that of the Tone and Accent is no less considerable in an Actors Representation of many Persons at one and the same time ) 'tis but rattling in a big and hoarse voyce, *I am the bold Thunder* ; then squeaking in a shrill and tender, *the brisk Lightning I*, and the business is done ; this now if you mark it, is extraordinary fine, and very applicable to the Bishops Historian ; for he saith, *Some that pretend a great interest in the holy Brotherhood descry Popery in every common and usual chance ; a Chimney cannot take fire in the City, or Suburbs, but they are immediately crying Jesuits and Fire-balls.* Now what does our *Transposer* do, but *transpose* this thus,

*I strike Men down.*

*I fire the Town.*

Where, by the way, it is a marvel our Author, when he call'd his Book, the

REHEARSAL TRANSPROS'D, forgot to add, the PREFACE to Bishop *Bramball's* Vindication TRANSVERS'D, that double Elegancy would have been as pretty as two Flowers growing on one stalk. And this I mention the rather, because I find he is a profest Critick in Titles, for pag. 308, 309. observing, by chance, the Title Page of this Book. *A Rationale upon the Book of Common-Prayer, of the Church of England, by A. Sparrow, D. D. Bishop of Exon. With the forme of Consecration of a Church or Chappel, and of the place of Christian Burial; by Lancelot Andrews, late Lord Bishop of Winchester; sold by Robert Pawlet, at the sign of the Bible (one would have thought that Sign might have atton'd for all) in Chancery-Lane.* This he tells us, was an Emblem how much some of them neglected the Scripture, in respect to their darling Ceremonies: So that the Animadverter cannot be better employed next, than in writing another Book of Animadversions upon *Title-Pages*. And because it is a Task so agreeable to his Genius, I could wish, if all other preferments fail, the Gentleman might be advanced to the Office of *Title-Licenser*, (then *Robert Pawlet* and *James Collins* might shut up their Shops,

Shops, for any trading in *Rationales*, or *Ecclesiastical Policies*) and if he shall appear sufficiently qualified to discharge this trust; I would have him removed next (or if he please, *Translated*) to the greater Dignity of revising Prefaces, if he be not averse from that, because *Prefaces*, as well as *Epistles Dedicatory*, fell under the inspection of Arch-Bishop *Laud*.

But seriously had not our Author Entitled his Pamphlet, the REHEARSAL TRANSPROS'D, we could have given it a more exprefs Name (unless there be some mystery more than ordinary, couch'd in the word TRANSPROS'D) which is the REHEARSAL TRANSCRIB'D, for in *Transcribing* more Verses of the REHEARSAL, than he hath *Transpros'd*, his Play-Observations seem rather to have answer'd the latter Title. Besides his Verses before cited, pag. 170. of his Animadversions.

*I strike men down.*

*I fire the Town.*

Pag. 62. He has hal'd in the two last Verses of the *Song*, which the *two Kings* of *Brainford* sing, descending in the clouds:  
for

for a Couplet in a Song gives a better Ra-  
goust to a *Controversial* Discourse, then  
*Bacon* to an *Olio*, or *St. Austin* to a Ser-  
mon.

Pag. 12. His Animadversion on these  
words of the Writer, *He knows not which  
way his mind will work it self, and its thoughts*  
amounts to no more than this ; that our  
Clergy-man was taken violently with a  
fit of *Love* and *Honour*, and being sick of  
*Prince Volscius* his disease, there was no  
other cure, but this Charm,

*Go on, cries Honour, tender Love says, Nay :  
Honour aloud commands, pluck both Boots  
on.*

*But safer Love does whisper, put on  
none.*

And though the Writer protested *He  
was neither Prophet nor Astrologer enough to  
foretell* what he would do ; the Anim-  
adverter (being both) tells us it is pre-  
cisely,

*For as bright Day with black approach of  
Night  
Contending, makes a doubtfull puzzling  
Light.*



*So does my Honour, and my Love together  
Puzzle me so, I am resolv'd on neither.*

Though the Verses come in to no more purpose then one of Bayes his *Similes*.

Again, for Bayes his Verses will serve for all occasions, as well as his Prologue, for all Plays, pag. 202. he has borrowed these from the *singing Battle*.

*Villain, thou lye'st, -----  
-----A m, Arm, Valerio Arm,  
The lye no flesh can bear I trow.*

If Mr. Bayes (as you tell us, pag. 17.) was more *civil* then to say *Villain*, he might have taught his Actors better manners. All these, (besides the two last verses of the event of the *Battle*) you have diligently Collected, and for the most part faithfully transcribed, unless in these last recited, where for *Gonsalvo* in the *Rehearsal*, you have put in *Valerio*, and by the alteration of that one word, have made it your own, just so Mr. Bayes us'd to do with many a good notion in *Montaign* and *Seneca's* Tragedies: yet though your Title promise us so fairly, you have not *Transpros'd* three whole  
Verses

Verses in all your Book. But be it the *Rehearsal Transpros'd*, or *transcrib'd*, or if you will, *Reprinted*, for your Pamphlet, is little else but a *second Edition* of that *Play*, and Mr. *Hales* his *Traкт of Schism*: though methinks you might have so much studied the Readers diversion, and your own, as to have exercised your happy talent of *Rhyming*, in *Transversing* the *Treatise of Schism*, and for the *Titles dear sake* you might have made all the Verses rung *Isin* in their several changes. I dare assure you Sir, the work would have been more gratefully accepted than *Donns Poems* turn'd into *Dutch*, but what talk I of that, then *Frynnes Mount Orguil*, or *Milton's Paradise lost* in blank Verse. But as it is, you give us quotations of whole Books, like him who wrote *Zabarella* quite out from the beginning to the end, professing it was so good he could leave none behind (how like is this to our Transcriber; yet *whatsoever I omit, I shall have left behind more material passages*, before his Edition of *Hales*, p. 176.) It is no absurdity now to say, your Text is all Margent, and not only all your Dishes, but your Garnish too is *Pork*. And thus much for your *Regula Duplex*, changing Prose into Verse, and  
Verse



Verse into Prose, that's your first Rule. Your second Rule, is the rule of Observation or Record, by way of Table-book. As thus, in my *Observation* (say you p. 168.) *if we meet with an Argument in the streets, (An Argument! how civil that is for a brawl, so modest, so gent!) both Men, Women & Boys, that are the Auditory, (that's well, but Congregation would have bin better) do usually give it on the modest side; and conclude, that he that rails most, has the least reason.* Very subtilly concluded by our Observer, the *Boys*, and the *Women*! Now I had thought that in a Controversie betwixt the Oyster-women and the Opponent *Tankard-bearers*, the cause had ever been carried with confidence & Noise, and that the Rabble adjudg'd the Victory on their side, who manag'd the dispute with the greatest clamour and violence, prosecuting the baffled Scold, that is the *modester*, with stones & hooting. But I will allow our Authors experience in the Rabble-Affairs to be greater, as having been a frequent & assiduous Spectator of these little broyles of the Rascality. He has told us where to find the contemplative man, at the head of a troop of *Boyes* and *Women*, in the corner of a Street, his Table-book out, and his

his hand and eyes very busie in remarking the petty disorders of a Riot. This is his Diary, in which our small Historian registers the proceedings of every Suburb Tumult; in this he summs up all the *Billingsgate* Debates and Conferences. 'Tis his scolding Common-place-book, which acquaints him with all the Moods and Figures of Railing; here he has all the terms of that Art which *Smeæimus*, *Marchmont Needham*, *J. Milton*, or any other of the Professors ever thought of, for there is a certain form & Method in this as well as all other Arts; but yet, our Author being a well-wisher to the Railers, to encourage those that have any inclination this way, to improve that faculty, assures them. *Pag. 261. That the secret is not great, nor the Process long or difficult; if a man would study it ( and though in other things your knowledge may be above his, you may believe him in this, he hath made it his business ) Every Scold hath it naturally. It is but crying Whore first, and having the last word.* Next he instructs his Pupil in the several kinds of Railing; for besides the Common scurrilous way of calling men *Buffoons*, *Brokers*, &c. *p. 270. pag. 106.* in which he is so expert, that I am confident, that Fellow in *Plutarch*,  
that

that busied himself to find out how many several ways the Letters in the Alphabet might be rang'd, tranpos'd & alter'd, could not invent more changes of the Letters, than he has in instructing them to scold; There is yet another by which dumb men may be taught to rail, that is by Signs, ( for there is a Language of the Hand and Head. ) This is pag. 160. Where he tells us of an *incorrigible Scold*, that though she was duck'd over head and ears under water, yet stretch'd up her hands, with her two thumb-nails in the Nit-cracking posture, or with two fingers divaricated, to call the man still in that language, *Lowsy Rascal, and Cuckold*. It is a pretty Tale, I confess, but so miserably foisted in, that whoever will consult the fore-cited Page, cannot but allow with me, that our Disputant is better capacitated to maintain an *Argument* (in his own Phrase) with a rude bustling Carrman, or a Porter in the street, then with an *Ecclesiastical Politician*.

But to follow our Street-walker with a full Cry of *Boys* and *Women* at his heels, (he wants only the Fiddles to make up the Frolick) marching in state with his Retinue through *Lincolns-Inne-fields* to *Gharing-Cross*, after a sober remark or two,

according to his wonted formality, on the Boys *whipping their Giggs*, and the *Lacqueys playing at the wheel of Fortune*, p. 206. he casts his Eye sometimes upon the *Book-sellers Stalls*, and sometimes upon the *Wall*; and gazing at last with admiration at a Preface, shewing what GROUNDS there are for FEARS and JEALOUSIES of POPY: after a solemn pause and profound silence, having spit twice, he turns him round to his *Auditory*, (the *White Aprons*, and the *Boys*) and with a grave Nod, pointing to the *Preface*, See here (says he) is one of the dutiful Sons of the Church, that has writ a *Preface*, shewing what GROUNDS there are, &c. when he knows as well as I, or any of you, I marry does he, that there are no GROUNDS at all, and therefore if he would have said any thing to the purpose, it should have been rather, *A Preface, shewing the CAUSELESNESSE of the Fears and Jealousies of POPY*, at which the Rout shouting *Victoria, Victoria*, the Gentleman big with wonder at his Lucky hit, turns to the wall, (as the *Privy-Councillor* in *Montaigne* on the like occasion) and pissing, cries, *Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy*

thy Name give the glory; then having damn'd the *Rationales*, as he pass'd along, he slips into a Coffee-house, leaving the Rabble to the following Adventures of the day.

Here, placing himself at the Tables-end, and calling for a dish of Coffee, which no sooner brought, but after a short grace, drunk up; he exalts his *Superciliums*, and vexes his formal *Beard*, to make his Face look like the *Turks* in the bottom of the *Dish*, (for by that *Glass* the *Sages* lean to dress themselves in their *Oracular* looks) insomuch that the Coffee-Boy, who had all this while intentively observ'd the Affectations of our Man of Gravity and Understanding, had much ado to forbear asking him, whether, that was not his Picture which his Master had hung out, imagining, as he well might, that he had sat for the Coffee-house Sign. To proceed, the *Gazett* being examin'd, and many Political Discourses pass'd betwixt our Intelligent *Sophy*, and the more judicious Boy, (for this little Officer you must suppose is his principal Camerade, as being of greater quality than those that make up his *Street-Auditory*, and no less than our Authors *Library-keeper*). I say after several facetious reflections on



both sides, on the *Polish* King, and his Cross-legg'd Parliament of Taylors, (manag'd in the style of *Prince Prettyman* and *Tom Thimble*) and many other Arguments too long to relate; Company coming in, and the house beginning to fill, *more Coffee* is the word, and away goes our Authors Camerade. By this time, the Politick Cabal-men were most of 'um set, and all the Rooms rung with nothing but a continued Noise of *Arcana Imperii*, and *Ragioni di stato* (in these places some think, most of our late Forms of Government were model'd, and there are, that say, *Machiavel* the *Florentine* was born in a Coffee-house) And now one sinks the *Dutch* in a dish of Coffee, and another beheading the clean Pipes, prognosticates the fate of *De-Wit* and *Van-Putten*, a third blows up a *Fire-ship* with a provident *Whiff* of Tobacco, and a fourth pouring a flood of Rheume upon the floor, opens the *Hollanders* Sluces. Many secret Intrigues were whisper'd too close to be heard, but amongst all, none we so loud, as a Junto of Wits, that had seated themselves near our Author: while they were engag'd in a very warm dispute, the Man of Observations draws out his Table-book ('tis his most dangerous



gerous Tool) making all this while as he minded nothing, but no sooner had the Wits spoke of the *Designes* and *Enterprises* of the Bishops of *Cologne* and *Strasburg*: Oh ho (says he) are you thereabouts, I think these are Bishop *Bramballs* fellows, or any an *enterprising* Bishops of 'um all; pop, he slaps them down, and makes them his own; and as they went on with the *Attempts* of the Bishop of *Munster*: So, there's another; I shall fit 'em for Bishops now I warrant you, and pricks him down. Bishops he knew they were, and *enterprising designing* Bishops; but never minded whether their *Enterprises* or *Designes* were of the same nature with Bishop *Bramballs*, or whether they acted in the like Capacity. If the Readers cannot find out that themselves, ev'n let 'em alone for *Bayes*. Resolv'd it seems he was, come what would, to drag them by main force into his Book, and he has thrust 'em in accordingly, by head and shoulders, two of them in one place; but of this he repents him afterwards, and says, he *was too prodigal of his Bishops*; but if the *Gazett Commentators* had furnished the Man with any more, you should have had them freely, and what can be more reasonable? Where the Writer of

the Preface tells us, that Bishop *Bramball* finished all the glorious designs that he undertook. This says he, might have become the Bishop of *Munster*; though he, we all know, has not accomplish'd all his designs; but our Author had never another Bishop left, and he must stop the gap, or no body, therefore to bring himself, and his Bishop off, he tells us, it might have become him, before he had raised the Siedge from *Croningen*. Nay, then it is well enough, if it might have become him at all. But if yet you think these Bishops are not like Bishop *Bramball*, he can dress up Bishop *Bramball* like these Bishops, and because his reputation and Innocence were Armour of Proof against Tories and Presbyterians, he arms him with a good old Fox, (mark, here is Innocence with a Sword by its side,) and let any one judge now, whether Bishop *Bramball*, in our Authors accoutrements, be not very like the Bishops of *Cologne*, *Strasburg*, and *Munster*.

*Ditto*, (for we are yet in the Gazette-style, and our Scene is still in the Coffee-house) *We have advice, that the French, after a small dispute, forcing the Dutch from their Post, gained the passage over the Bettuwe, &c.* I foresaw this all along  
(says

(says a *Vertuoso*) this is *Momba's* and *De-Groots* doings, to leave this passage open and unguarded. My life for yours (re-  
 plys another supping up his Coffee, and  
 scalding his chaps for hast) this is a Plot,  
 I plainly see't, a Plot of the *Arminian*  
 Party; this has been a brewing any time  
 this Thirty years and upwards, thus it  
 always has been, and thus it always will  
 be, as long as any of the Race of *Barneveldt*  
 and *Grotius* are left alive. I gad, Sir, and  
 you speak a great deal of Truth (says our  
 Coffee-house Notary, whose hand was  
 moving all this while) these *Arminians*  
 are the rudest ill bred't persons, and  
 all that, in the whole world. There has  
 been a party of 'em in *England*, that shall  
 be nameless; of such a Pontifical stiffness,  
 as if they were Companions for none  
 but Princes and Statesmen forsooth.  
 Well, I'le say no more, they shall know  
 what a Satyrist I am, I'le Lampoon, and  
 print 'em too, I gad. So, out he goes,  
 leaving the *Arminian* and *Calvinistical*  
 Wits to fight it out at Argument.

It is not easie to imagine now, with  
 what pleasure our Author takes a review  
 of his Forces drawn out in their *Notional*  
 Parade. Here's a *fantastique* Bishop *Bram-*  
*hall*, accoutred like a *German* Prelate, at

the head of the *Irish* Army ; there a *Fairy Grotius* making a Bridge for the Enemy to come over ; while those Churches seated on the frontier of Popery, take Alarm at their march. Thus having rais'd and rang'd in order his Martial *Phantômes*, he sets them a fighting through all the Tropes and Figures of Rhetorick. He knew this way of resolving controverse into *Ecclesiastical Combat*, and deeds of Chivalry, would delight, a muse, and all that : Besides he had a politick fetch or two in it, for these Warlike *Norions*, and armed *Ideas* being terrible to him, he conceived they would be no less to others, and that no answerer would have the courage to engage such a *Rhetorical Soldier*, unless he were able to give him battell in all the Metaphors of War. But alas, it is not every Fight in Puppet-Shows strikes a terrour in the beholders, nor are Armies figured, in the imagination, so dreadfull.

And though I will not deny, that these hostile *Shapes*, and *Military Figures*, which our Romancer had quarter'd in the three Ventricles of his Capacious Brain ( his *Memory*, *Fancy* and *Judgement* being transform'd into Fortification and Garrison ) might raise such tumults in his Sconce,

and

& so far invade his civil Peace, as to make the Gentleman startle at his own dreams: yet to those who consider that these are but the fumes of Melancholy, such *Visionary Battalia's* are no more frightful than those fighting *Apparitions*; which Exhalations raise in the Clouds. But to indulge our Author in the love of his *Chimerical* conceits, struck blind with his own daz'ling *Idea* of the *Sun*, and admiring those *imaginary* Heights which his fancy has rais'd Since even timorous Minds are Courageous and bold enough to shape prodigious Forms and Images of Battels; & dark Souls may be illuminated with *bright* and shining thoughts. As, to seek no farther for an instance; the *blind* Author of *Paradise lost* ( the odds betwixt a *Transproser* and a *Blank Verse Poet*, is not great ) begins his third Book thus, groping for a beam of *Light*.

*Hail, holy Light, Off-Spring of Heav'n  
first born,*

*Or of th' Eternal-Coeternal beam.*

And a little after,

*-----thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy Sov'rain vital Lamp; but*

*thou*

*Re-*



Revisist not these eyes , that rowl in  
 vain  
 To find thy piercing Ray , and find no  
 dawn ;  
 So thick a drop Serene hath quencht their  
 Orbs,  
 Or dim suffusion veil'd.-----

No doubt but the thoughts of this  
*Vital Lamp* lighted a *Christmas* Candle in  
 his brain. What dark meaning he may  
 have in calling this *thick drop Serene*, I am  
 not able to say ; but for his *Eternal Co-*  
*eternal*, besides the absurdity of his inven-  
 tive Divinity, in making *Light* contem-  
 porary with it's Creator, that jingling in  
 the middle of his Verse, is more notori-  
 ously ridiculous, because the *blind Bard*  
 ( as he tell us himself in his Apology for  
 writing in blank Verse ) studiously de-  
 clin'd Rhyme as a *jingling sound of like end-*  
*ings*. Nay, what is more observable ,  
 it is the very same fault, which he was so  
 quick-sighted, as to discover in this Verse  
 of *Halls Toothless Satyrs*.

To teach each hollow Grove, and shrubby-Hill.

This, teach each, he has upbraided the  
 Bishop



Bishop with in his *Apology* for his *Animadversions on the Remonstrants Defence against Smeſſymmus*.

You see Sir, that I am improved too with reading the Poets, and though you may be better read in Bishop *Dav'nants Gondibert*; yet I think this *Schismatick in Poetry*, though *nonconformable* in point of Rhyme, as authentick ev'ry jot, as any *Bishop Laureat* of them all. Tell not me now, of turning over the moth-eaten Criticks, or the mouldy Councils: the *Gazetts* and the *Plays* are fitter Texts for the *Rehearsal*—Divines (men more acutely learned than Parson *Otter* and Doctor *Cutberd* the Canonist) than a company of dry Fathers and School-men, that write in *Latin* and *Greek*; Romances are thumb'd more than *St. Thomas* and *Gondibert* is Dogs-ear'd, while the *Rabbies* are untoucht. Mr. *Bayes* his *Ipse Dixit* will pass, when *Pythagoras* his will not, and the *Rehearsal* is more universally applicable than *Homer* or *Virgil*; though they and their Commentators have taught the World the Mysteries of Handicraft, the Principles of Arts and Intrigues of Government. This *Mock-Play*, not only reveals all the Stratagems of War; all the Policies of Courts, and  
Sub-

Subtilties of Schools ; but is so sufficient of it self for all Professions, Trades and Sciences ; that if all other Books were lost, it is conceived they might be abundantly supply'd from this. It has not only thrust the Duellist's *Caranza* out of doors, but the Politicians *Machiavil*, the School-mans *Scotus*, and the Soldiers *Vegetius* too. So compleatly necessary it is for resolving all Scruples and Cases of Conscience, that the neglected Casuists, unregarded and forsaken of all, lye cover'd over with dust and cobwebs ; as in *Astragon's* Library, where

-----a deep dust ( which Time does softly shed.

Where only Time does come ) their Covers bear ;

On which, grave Spiders, streets of Webs have spread ;

Subtle, and slight, as the grave Writers were.

Now my curiosity tempts me to wonder not a little, why the Poet, after he had enumerated the *Linguists*, *School-men*, *Natural Philosophers*, *Moralists*, *Historians*, *Physitians*, *Civil Lawyers*, and *Poets*, in *Astragon's Library* ; should in the tale omit the

the mention of the *Dramatists* and *Gazetteers*; it being a thing wholly unlikely, that the wise *Aragon* should be unprovided of such excellent Authors. I conclude therefore, that the *Dramatists* must be included under the Title of *Poets*, and the *Gazetteers* under the name of *Historians*; and the latter at least, I am the rather inclin'd to believe, because our Animadverter ( a man of profound learning ) pag. 187. tells us, the story of *Macedo* is matter of *Gazett*; which by the way, is an important Discovery, as it serves to correct a popular mistake; for if *Justin* and *Quintus Curtius* were *Gazetteers*, it is most certain, *Gazetts* are not so late an Invention, as is supposed. And of this I doubt not but our Author can produce undeniable Testimonies, if any man should be so bold as to call his authority in question; for I presume he has all the *Gazetts* upon the file, from *Alexander the Great*, to this present Day and Year. Well, such a Collection is an invaluable Treasury; but of all the rest, the *Greek* and *Roman Mercuries* best deserve a corner in a States-mans Cabinet. Who would not give more for an *Express* from *Salamis*, or the Letters from *Pbarsalia*, than would purchase the *Sibyls Leaves*, and  
rate

rate the Diurnals of *Cæſar* and *Pompey* at the price of *Philadelphus* his Library? How cheap was Fame then, when *Luean* acquir'd it by *tranſverſing* the *weekly- Poſts*? Who might deſpair of Honour, when it coſt *Livy* no more than a Body of *Colle- tions* not much ſuperiour to *Ruſhworths*; and *Pliny* procur'd it by ſetting forth a *Volumn* of *Phyloſophical Tranſactions*.

But I am too ſenſible, theſe Reflecti- ons are not proportionable to their Sub- ject. Your Notion Sir, is capable of higher improvements, and I leave it as an ample Theme for the Wiſe to dilate up- on. Only from hence, if I may augu- rate the good fortune of your Writings. I dare aſſure my ſelf, when the Acts and Monuments of *Hen. Elſing. Cler. Par.* ſhall ſuffer by the hands of the well-affected Cooks and Pye-men; yours deſer- ving a more honorable fate, ſhall be pre- fer'd to the *Gazett-Vatican*, and live a- mongſt the immortal *Memoires* of the *Coffee-Houſe*.

The zealous Citizens (if Fame be no lier) have bought up three Editions of your Book, and not unlikely, for they are yearly at a great expence in Paper for Prunes and Caſtle-Sope. Your Wri- tings are made free of all the Trades, and  
who

wnoso hath occasion to buy at many shops, purchases all your Treatise in parcels; for that and Pack-thread are given into the bargain.

This way of selling your Book by Retail, is a notable expedient some have found out to disperse *Orthodoxy* with their Wares, which no policy can prevent, unlesse by making an inspection into the Covers of the Non-conformists Sugar loaves and Comfits. You travel with every Pound of Candles, and make every Race of Ginger a dear Token to the Brethren. Each Page of yours is sold by weight, and as *Dr. Donne* on a like Writer.

*-----for vast Tomes of Currans and of Figs,  
Of Med'cinal and Aromatique twigs;  
Your leaves a better Method do provide,  
Divide to Pounds, and Ounces sub-divide. }*

Disdain not Sir, to stoop to these inferior Offices, for some of your Papers may be reserved unhappily for baser uses, and dye the common death of Illegitimates; thrust into no other grave than the ordinary Jakes, and meriting no nobler Epitaph than this,

*Here*

*Here lies in Sheets, TRANSPROS'D  
 REHEARSAL;  
 Condemn'd to wipe his, or her A----hole.*

If ever the *Blue* and *White Aprons* should be solicitous for a fourth Impression, the Coffee-men I hear will bid fair for your Stationers; for besides that you have singularly oblig'd them, in demonstrating to the world the wonderful effects of an Education in their Academies, you have no less engag'd their Customers in furnishing them with the best part of their Cheer, News and pleasant Tales. As any one may see, p. 242. 243. and at large in your whole Treatise, which is a Gazett of 326. pages. To this we may add, that your Wit is much after the same Rate and standerd with theirs, and your Disputes maintain'd with as much Zeal, and as little Reason. For let any of the oldest Graduates in those tattling Universities resolve me, whether there was ever so sure and compendious a Method of silencing opponents, as you have found out. For 'tis but calling a man *Mr. Bayes* four times in a page (this you do under pretence of avoiding *Tautologies*) Lampooning the Antagonists Booksellers; nay his

*Stoks,*



*Stall*, and the very Avenues on which the Title of his Book is posted, (for it is an horrible affront to any Idle gaping fellow, that he cannot so much as look at the *Wall*, nor pass by a *Stall*, but he must be out-star'd by an impudent *Preface*) tacking such words together, as *Roman-Empire*, and *Ecclesiastical Policy*, crying, this is a Scene out of the *Rehearsal*, and that is *matter of Gazette*, (for these two like *Thramens* his Shoe, must fit all feet) saying, that the style confines on the *Territories of Malmsbury*, and then that 'tis *part Play-book*, and *part Romance*, (which of these come nearest *Mr. Hobbs* his Language) and in short, forcing in a wretched Tale, Rhyming to the *Ims* and *Nesses*, making three or four miserable *Quibbles*, and at last pronouncing in sum of all, that what the Adversary has wrote, is nothing but *Railing*, (which indeed in this Gentlemans sense is nothing but *Argument*, for so he calls *Railing* in the Street) if the greatest Disciples, of *Prattle* shall not approve of these, for Reasons convincing and powerfull enough to carry the Cause let 'em ev'n look for better somewhere else, & when they have done, light Tobacco with the Book, the Coffee-man will be no great loser by it ;

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for

and for any requital of their own loss of time, 'twas a sign they had little to do, when they first began to read it; if they are *bilkt* in their expectation, who bid 'em expect great matters from one that performs so little. Now to our business, for methinks I hear some say, *the Plot stands still*; but I may answer with Mr. Bayes, *What is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?* To proceed then to the Plot and Designe of the *Transpros'd Rehearsal*, which was the next thing propos'd to be examin'd. In this *Farce*, there is a several designe for every Scene, for sometimes he tells us, that *he accounted it a work of some Piety to vindicate the Bishops Memory from so scurvy a Commendation* as the Writer of the Preface has given; and by this it should seem, that he has written a Vindication of the Bishop from the *Ecclesiastical Politicians* Vindication, and yet elsewhere he says, that Bishop *Bramball*, so he might (like *Cæsar*) 'Manage the Roman Empire at it's utmost extent, had quite forgot what would conduce to the Peace of his own Province and Country. And again, that he cannot look upon these undertaking Churchmen, however otherwise of excellent Prudence and Learning, but as men

' struck

' struck with a Notion, and craz'd on  
 ' that side of their heads, and so he thinks  
 ' the Bishop might much better have bu-  
 ' sied himself in Preaching, (you can  
 ' never magnify that enough) in his own  
 ' Dioceſs, and diſarming the Papiſts of  
 ' their Arguments, inſtead of rebating  
 ' our weapons; then in taking an *Oecu-*  
 ' *menical* care upon him, which none  
 ' call'd him to, and as appear'd by the  
 ' ſequel, none conn'd him thanks for.  
 And after proceeds to inſtruct him, whom  
 he *believes to have been a very great Politician,*  
 (a great *Politician*, but a little *craz'd*) in  
 chalking him out a better way for Ac-  
 commodation, with the ſame abſurdity  
 as he, who read *Hanibal* a Lecture in the  
 Art of War. Theſe, if they are Commen-  
 dations, I am ſure, are *scurvy* ones. And  
 as *scurvy* as thoſe are, which the Writer  
 of the Preface has given the Biſhop, you  
 envy him even thoſe, for p. 22. you tell  
 us theſe improbable *Elogies* (a pretty  
 word that for *scurvy* Commendations)  
 are of the greateſt diſſervice to their own  
 deſign. ' For any worthy man (ſay  
 ' you) may paſs through the World un-  
 ' queſtion'd and ſafe with a moderate  
 ' Recommendation; but when he is thus  
 ' ſet off, and bedaub'd with Rhetorick

‘ (*scurvy* Rhetorick) and embroider’d so  
 ‘ thick, that you cannot discern the  
 ‘ ground, &c. find no fault Sir, when  
 your Picture comes to be drawn, you  
 shall have no reason to complain, the  
 Colours are laid too thick; there are  
 many Wrinckles and Chaps we will not  
 fill up with the Paint of Art: indeed, to  
 shape a smooth and well proportion’d  
 Visage for a *Satyrist’s* Crooked Body,  
 would be as preposterous a sight, as a  
 young Whores face on the neck of an old  
 Baud. But if the last passage be not  
 envious enough, what think you of that,  
*p.37. a zealous and resolute Asserter* (as the  
 Bishop was) of the *Publick Rites & Solemnities*  
*of the Church*, ‘those things being only  
 ‘ matters of external neatness, could never  
 ‘ merit the Trophies that our Author  
 erects him. Thus both the *Ecclesiastical*  
*Polititian*, and the *Animadverter* have vindicated  
 the Bishop; that is, both differently  
 vindicate a different Bishop *Bramhall*,  
 the one magnifies a Bishop, whose  
*Reputation and Innocence were Armour of Proof*  
*against the Tories and Presbyterians*; the  
 other a Bishop with a Sword by his side.  
 You see now, that the Gentlemans *moderate*  
*Recommendations* are infamous and  
 base Reflections. He allows the Reverend

rend Prelate no *Elogiums* but *Ironical*, and his Modesty (it is his own Bull) is *all impudent*. In one place, he saith, he finds him to *have been a very good natur'd Gentleman, and one that comply'd much for peace-sake*, and in another, that the *Mediating Divines* (under these, our Bishop is comprehended) *who were not yet past the Sucking-Bottle; seem'd to place all the business of Christianity in persecuting men for their Consciences*. (He was as much a *Persecuter*, as the Brethren are *Saints*) 'Twere endless to recount all the inconsistencies and contradictions throughout his Book, and it were an easier task to reconcile the *Animadverſer* and the *Ecclesiastical Politician*, then the *Animadverſer* with himself. Well, either this Author is several Men, or at least one Man in several minds. *Sitting*, he is a Nonconformist, and *Kneeling* a Conformist. Every distinct Inflexion of his Body, and every new wrinkle in his Forehead produces an answerable Distortion within. His Laughing Face, sooner then a light touch of a Pencil can change it, is turned to a Crying. Nay, on one side of his Face he often Smiles, and looks very gravely on the other. Each turn of his Countenance proves him a Cheat, and each cast of his Eyes

calls him Hypocrite. He pretends to look directly on the Writer, but squints on Bishop *Bramhall*, and casts a Sheeps-Eye at Bishop *Laud* and all the Loyal Clergy.

The *Ecclesiastical Politician* was too mean a Conquest for him, who design'd more than an Ovation-Triumph; our Author therefore, the Nonconformists *Dimock*, throws down his Gauntlet, and in the names of *John Calvin* and *Theodore Beza*, bids a general Defiance to all the Miter'd Heads in *England*; daring them, or any of their dead Predecessors, to maintain their Ancient Rights and Dignities, which he is ready to oppose to the last drop of blood. It is a bold Challenge, but no body will accept it, none will engage so Heroick a Champion; who has given proofs of a Soul as large as that which animated *Alexander Ross* at his greatest dimensions (though he merited no less then the name of *Alexander the Great*, for combating the Worthies by Troops) and of whom it might be more justly sung, then once of *Oliver*.

*The Worthies, are like Nine-Pins, let Him go,  
And down they all come, at a Tip and Throw.*



Every Age is not constellated for Heroes; such Prodigies are as rarely seen as a *New-star*, or a *Phenix*. Once, perhaps in a Century of years, there may arise a *Martin-Mar-Frelate*, a *Milton*, or such a *Brave* as our present Author. Every day produces not such Wonders. Men, that mark out *Epocha's* are not born in many Revolutions. Time forms and perfects such as slowly, as teeming Elephants their young, and is deliver'd but of one at a Birth. Subverters of *Roman Empire* and *Ecclesiastical Policy*, like unusual Conjunctions of the Planets, signalize Remarkable Events, and fill up only the brightest spaces of Annals.

Now saddle the *Mogols* Horse, & mount our *Heroe* according to the ancient fashion of riding in Triumph, with his Face towards the Tail, (the *Headstall* then may pass for the *Crupper*) the Earth already trembling under so glorious a weight, the 8. *Elephant* Supporters not being able to poize it on their heads; display his Victorious Banners as far as the vast Kingdoms of *Garret* or *Clarencieux* do extend, and proclaim before him, this is the Dead-doing-man that has knockt down *Durham*, *Rocheſter*, *Oxford* and *Canterbury*, with the But-end of an Arch-Bishop.

A new and unheard of Weapon you'll say, 'tis true, but such a one as has perform'd more incredible Exploits then Captain Jones his Whinyard, which (if the Reader dread not the Event) will appear by the sequel. So formidable a Tool is the But-end of an Arch-Bishop, when well-ded with the arm of a *well meaning Zealot*, that none of the Episcopal Rochets are proof against it, nay, nor *Reputation* and *Innocence* (of proof against Presbyterians) this dreadful Weapon, that had for a long time been peacefully laid up amongst other Instruments of War in *Rulkworths* Armory (like those rusty Armes of our Ancestors hung up in their Halls) our Author having a fit occasion for its Service, has taken down, and to avenge the Quarrells of the Forreign Divines and Nonconformists, *without any further Ceremony* (no Ceremony, but a small Preamble of 4 Pages) falls upon the *Ecclesiastical Politician*, as the Episcopal Champion: and now let us see to ward off the blows as well as we can, for the same Magazin which our Adversary repair'd to for a Weapon of Offence, will if well searcht furnish us too with a Shield.

A better enquiry into the story of *Sibthorps* Sermon and the *Loan*, will free  
the

the Clergy, and Bishop *Laud* in particular, from many unworthy and false imputations of our Author, if not *Sibthorp* too in some measure from being thought to play the Bishop in the States-mans Diocess. For the truth on't is, he has omitted so many material passages, and dislocated the rest, that the Story as he has *castrated* it, is so mutilate and deficient, as the Narrative which he gives us, pag. 285. is not so much Arch-Bishop *Abbots*, as the Reverend Animadverters. To look back a little into the occasion of this *Loan: Rushworth*, pag. 418 of his *Historical Collections* informs us, ' That the late King receiving news of the disasters that had befallen his Uncle, the King of *Denmark*, commanded his Council to advise by what means & wayes he might fitly and speedily be furnished with monies suitable to the importance of his affairs, (his Allies being weakned & himself threatned with Invasions from abroad) Hereupon after a Consultation of divers ways together, they came to this resolution, that the urgency of affairs not admitting the way of Parliament, the most speedy, equal, and convenient means were by a generall *Loan* from the subject, according as every man was assessed in the Rolls of the last

' last subsidy. Upon which Result, the  
 ' King forthwith chose Commissioners  
 ' for the *Loan*, and caused a Declaration  
 ' to be publisht, wherein he alledged for  
 ' this course of Supply besides other  
 ' Reasons, that the urgency of the occasion  
 ' would not give leave to the calling of a  
 ' Parliament; but assuring the People,  
 ' that this way should not be made a Presi-  
 ' dent for the time to come, to charge them  
 ' or their Posterity to the prejudice of  
 ' their just and antient Liberties, enjoy'd  
 ' under his most noble Progenitors, en-  
 ' deavouring thereby to root out of their  
 ' minds the suspition that he intended to  
 ' serve himself of such ways, to the abo-  
 ' lishing of Parliaments: and promising  
 ' them in the word of a Prince; First,  
 ' to repay all such sums of money as  
 ' should be lent without Fee or Charge,  
 ' so soon as he shall in any ways be ena-  
 ' bled thereunto, upon shewing forth the  
 ' Acquittance of the Collectors, testify-  
 ' ing the Receipt thereof. And Second-  
 ' ly, That not one penny so borrowed,  
 ' should be expended, but upon those  
 ' Publick and General services, wherein  
 ' every of them, and the body of the  
 ' Kingdom, their Wives, Children and  
 ' Posterity, have their Personal and com-  
 ' mon Interest,

Then

Then he proceeds to the private Instructions which were given to the Commissioners, besides which, his Majesty commanded the Bishop of *Bath* and *Wells* to draw up other Instructions to be communicated to the Arch-Bishops, Bishops, and the rest of the Clergy of this Realm upon this occasion, in order to the preparing the people toward a dutiful compliance to his Majesties desires. Which was accordingly performed by the Bishop, and the Instructions thus drawn up, being approved of by the King and Council, were sent to the Arch-Bishops of *Canterbury* and *York*, with a command to see them published and dispersed in the several Diocesses of their Provinces. The Instructions are to be seen at large in Dr. *Heylius* History of Arch-Bishop *Laud*, in obedience to these Dr. *Sibthorp*, as *Rushworth* tells us, pag. 422. preacht that Sermon at *Northampton*, Entituled *Apostolick Obedience*, which he afterwards printed, and dedicated to the King, expressed to be those Meditations which the Doctor first conceived upon his Majesties Instructions unto all the Bishops of this Kingdom, fit to be put in execution, agreeable to the necessity of the times; and afterwards

brought

' brought forth upon his Majesties Com-  
 ' mission for the raising of monies by  
 ' the way of *Loan*. And for refusing to  
 ' license this Sermon, Arch-Bishop *Abbot*  
 ' fell under the Kings high displeasure,  
 ' and not long after was sequestred from  
 ' his Office. *Pag. 431.* and *pag. 436.* the  
 ' Arch-Bishop in his own Narrative tells  
 ' us, that *Sibthorp* being a man of low  
 ' Fortune, conceiv'd that the putting  
 ' this Sermon in Print, might gain fa-  
 ' vour at Court, and raise his Fortune  
 ' higher, on he went therefore with the  
 ' Transcribing of his Sermon, and got  
 ' a Bishop or two to prefer this great  
 ' Service to the Duke of *Buckingham*, and  
 ' it being brought unto the Duke, it  
 ' cometh into his Head, or was suggested  
 ' unto him by some malicious body, that  
 ' thereby the Arch-Bishop might be put  
 ' to some remarkable strait: For if the  
 ' King should send the Sermon unto him,  
 ' and command him to allow it to the  
 ' Press, one of these two things would fol-  
 ' low. That either he should Authorize  
 ' it, and so all men that were indifferent,  
 ' should discover him for a base and un-  
 ' worthy Beast; or he should refuse it,  
 ' and so should fall into the Kings indig-  
 ' nation, who might pursue it at his plea-  
 ' sure,



' sure, as against a man that was contrary  
 ' to his Service. Out of this Fountain  
 (says the Arch-Bishop, if he may be al-  
 lowed to speak for himself, and not  
 our Animadverter for him) ' flow'd all  
 ' the water that afterwards so wet. For  
 Mr. *Murrey* of the Bed-Chamber being  
 sent from the King to the Arch-Bishop,  
 with a command that he, and no other  
 should Licence the Sermon, the Bishop  
 (in pure obedience to his Majesties com-  
 mand no doubt) would have declin'd  
 the Office, and shifted it off to one of his  
 Chaplains, alleading very dutifully,  
*It was an occupation that his old Master King*  
*James did never put him upon:* but in the  
 end, being urg'd to Licence it himself,  
 he fram'd several Reasons, why he could  
 not consent unto it, to which Mr. *Murrey*  
 two or three dayes after, (having parti-  
 cularly acquainted the King with the ob-  
 jections) brought an answer from his  
 Majesty. But this not satisfying the  
 Arch-Bishop, he dismiss him with a de-  
 sire, that his Majesty would be pleased  
 to send the Bishop of *Bath* and *Wells* to  
 him, that so he might by this means  
 make known his Scruples. But Mr.  
*Murrey* returning after one or two dayes  
 more, told him, the King did not think

fit to send the Bishop of *Bath* to him, but expected he should pass the Book. While these things proceeded thus slowly, the Arch-Bishop tells us, ‘ the minds  
 ‘ of those that were Actors for the pub-  
 ‘ lishing of this Book, were not quiet at  
 ‘ Court, that the thing was not dispatcht,  
 ‘ and therefore one day the Duke of  
 ‘ *Buckingham* said to the King, Do you  
 ‘ see how this business is defer’d, if more  
 ‘ expedition be not used, it will not be  
 ‘ Printed before the end of the Term ; at  
 ‘ which time it is fit that it be sent down  
 ‘ into the Countries. Which so quick-  
 ned the King, that the next message  
 which was sent by Mr. *Murrey*, was, that  
 if the Bishop did not dispatch it, the  
 King would take some other course with  
 him. Whereupon finding how far the  
 Duke had prevailed, he thought fit to  
 set down in writing his Objections,  
 wherefore the Book was not fit to be  
 publisht, which he did, and sent them to  
 the King. These Bishop *Laud* was com-  
 manded to answer in Writing, and upon  
 this the Arch-Bishop flies out into  
 a Rage, and taxes *Laud* so severely, as  
 the Animadverter tells us, pag. 286. So  
 difficult was it for that incomparable  
 Prelate to fulfil the Will of his Royal  
 Master,

and not incur the displeasure of the Arch-Bishop, who had not only contemptuously refused to conform to the Command of his Prince, after so many urgent & repeated invitations but justified his refusal in Writing, and well might we expect that they who undertook an Answer, should not escape his sharp Censure, for besides that, possibly *Abbot* (who, as 'tis evident from his Narrative, had no mean opinion of himself) might conceit his Scruples unanswerable. In so doing, they seem'd to disarm him of all just pretenses, and to call in question his wilful Denyal. And accordingly he lays it on with a Vengeance upon Bishop *Laud*, ' for this man (says he) who believes so well of himself, fram'd an Answer to my Exceptions, (this was that which stung him) but to give some Countenance to it, he must call in three other Bishops, that is to say, *Durham*, *Rochester* and *Oxford*, try'd men for such a purpose. Why he, that believ'd so well of himself, (though he thrust not himself upon the undertaking, but was call'd to it by his Master) should call in three other Bishops to his help, I understand not. ' Well, the Confutation seem'd so strong, that the Bishop of *Durham*, and the

' the Bishop of *Bath*, for reward of their  
 ' Service, were sworn of the Privy-Coun-  
 ' cil. And in the end, the Arch-Bishop  
 persisting still in his Refusal, notwith-  
 standing that many things upon his mo-  
 tion were alter'd in the Book, or ex-  
 pung'd out of it, (in somuch, that he  
 seems unwilling, that his *refusing to sign*  
*the Sermon, should be judg'd by the Printed*  
*Book.*) He was by the Kings Command  
 (which in the Animadverters modester  
 Phrase is *the under working of his Adver-*  
*saries*) removed from *Lambeth* to *Food* in  
*Kent*, and afterwards sequestred, and a  
 Commission past to exercise the Archie-  
 piscopal Jurisdiction to *Mountain* Bishop  
 of *London*, *Neal* Bishop of *Durham*, *Buck-*  
*ridge* Bishop of *Rochester*, *Houson* Bithop  
 of *Oxford*, and *Laud* Bishop of *Bath* and  
*Wells*, (who, as our Animadverter says,  
*pag. 291.* but falsly, from thence arose in  
 time to be *Arch-Bishop*, for *Abbot*, as all  
 know, was before his death restor'd  
 again, and *Laud* took *London* in his way  
 to *Canterbury*.) The Approbation of the  
 Sermon refus'd thus by *Abbot*, it was car-  
 ried to *Mountain* Bishop of *London*, who  
 Licensed it. As for the Story of Doctor  
*Woral* his Chaplain, who advis'd with a  
 Gentleman of the *Inner-Temple*, concer-  
 ning

ning his own Licensing it. *Rusworth*, has told us that it was Mr. *Selden*, and it is enough we know the man. His Exposition with the Doctor was not unlike him, *if ever the Tide turn'd* (a civil expression that, for if ever the Government chang'd) *he might come to be hang'd for it*. But Mr. *Selden* in this appear'd more scrupulous than *Abbot* himself, who seem'd not to disallow so much of the *Printed Book*, as that any man from that should take a measure of *his refusing to sign it*. And it is observable, ' that the Loan being ' demanded of the Societies and Inns of ' Court, the Benchers of *Lincolns-Inne* ' received a Letter of Reproof, from the ' Lords of the Council, for neglecting to ' advance the Service in their Society, & ' to return the Names of such as were ' refractory. *Historical Collections*, p.422.

With what justice now can the Animadverter call this an *Ecclesiastical Loan*, and tell us, that part of the Clergy invented these *Ecclesiastical Laws* instead of the Common Law of *England*, and Statutes of Parliament, for the whole Quire (saith he) sung this Tune, pag. 294. and yet pag. 304. he makes us believe, they sing so many different Tunes, as the Presbyterians never invented more for one Psalm.

For there was *Sibthorps Church*, and *Mainwarings Church*, & *Montagues Church*, with many more; and all this, whether more ignorantly or maliciously, 'tis hard to say, for 'tis manifest this Loan the King was advis'd to by his Privy Council in 1626. Nor was Bishop *Laud*, nor any of those Bishops that Arch-Bishop *Abbot* calls *tried Men* then of the Council, for *Durham* and *Bath*, were not sworn Councillors till 1627. So that he might have spar'd that Invective against the Clergy and Bishop *Laud* pag. 294, 295, 296, 301. were it not impossible for him to speak well of any but the Tradesmen and the Forreign Divines. That Bishop was so far from being a Principal in the matter of the Loan, that he was no otherwise an Accessary then as he was employ'd by his late Majesty in drawing up the *Instructions* for the Clergy, and penning an Answer to Arch Bishop *Abbot's* Exceptions: and as to his undermining the Arch-Bishop, *Abbot* himself seems to acquit him, in telling us, that *all the water which afterwards so wet him, flow'd from another Fountain.*

For the Picture of Bishop *Laud*, which the Arch-Bishop has drawn with so black a Coal, and this Gentleman has Copied, 'tis done by too ill a Hand, to be thought



to resemble the Life, and what may serve to convince us of the partiality of the Painter, is the Character given *Abbot* by one of our State-Historians, none of *Lauds* greatest friends; that his extraordinary remissness, in not exacting strict Conformity to the prescribed Orders of the Church in point of Ceremony, seem'd to resolve those legal Determinations to their first Principle of Indifferency, and to lead in such a habit of Inconformity, as the future reduction of those tender Conscienc'd men to long discontinued Obedience, was interpreted an Innovation. From hence any man may judge, what construction is to be put upon the Arch-Bishops Accusation of *Laud*, for informing against the honest Men that settled the Truth, (which he call'd Puritanism) in their Auditors. For which the good man represented *Laud* as a Papist to King *James*. So every stickler for the Church of *England* was term'd in the Language of those times. But if his Marrying the *Earl of D.* to the *Lady R.* when she had another Husband, was not the unpardonable Sin, it may seem strange that neither the Arch-Bishop, nor our Writer should absolve him, when we cannot in charity conceive but God did, upon that his Penitent and Submissive acknowledgment,

which we find recorded at large in the *History of his Life*, p. 59.

Sure I am, the most inveterate Enemies of this gallant Prelate have not so blackt him, as the Pens of the Arch-Bishop, and our Animadverter; for to report him to the World in the r Character, Sir *E. Deering* tells us, *he had muzzled Fisher, and would strike the Papiſts under the fiſt Rib, when he was dead and gone. And being dead, that whereſoever his Grave ſhould be, Pauls would be his Perpetual Monument, and his own Book his Epitaph.* Nay, in that infamous Book call'd *Canterburys Doom*, we are told that at his Tryal, *he made as Full, as Gallant, as Pithy a Defence, and ſpake as much as was poſſible for the wit of man to invent, and that with ſo much Art, Vivacity and Confidence,* as he ſhewed not the leaſt acknowledgment of Guilt in any of the Particulars which were charged upon him. So eminently remarkable were his Accompliſhments, which the moſt Malicious could not diſſemble, nor the moſt Envious conceal. His ſharpeſt Adverſaries were his boldeſt *Encomiaſts*, and when they intended Libels, made Panegyricks. At the ſame Bar condemning themſelves, and acquitting this Great Man, who, after he had been an honour to the  
highest

highest place in our Church ( which was higher yet in being his ) was *Translated* to a more Glorious Dignity in the Church Triumphant, received therewith the joyful *Anthems* of a Quire of *Angels*, and *instal'd* in *White Robes*, according to the usual solemnities of Saints ; sent thither ( as it were ) before, to assist at the following Coronation of his Royal Master, and to set the Crown of *Martyrdom* on the head of that Heroick *Defender of the Faith*.

Now methinks, our Author, *had he any spark of Vertue unextinguish'd*, should upon considering these things, retire into his Closet, and there lament and pine away for his desperate folly; for the disgrace he hath, as far as in him is, brought upon the Church of England. And though the comfort is, *an ill man* ( you may believe him, when he speaks against himself ) *cannot by reproaching fix an ignominy* ; yet the same thanks are due to his honourable Intentions, and his Endeavours are not the less commendable. For to say the truth, he has out pitcht the Executioner half a Barr, so dextrous is he in severing the Head from the Body at one blow ; that were he Probationer for the Headmans Office, I am confident he would carry it in a free Election,

on without the least Opposition; and so he might become a more serviceable Member of the Commonwealth, then he is at present. Seriously, 'tis great pity a man of such Accomplishments should be lost, when no body can deny but he is every way qualified to fill the Place and Quality of *Squire Dun*. Especially if they saw how passing well he lookt in the cast Robes of a Malefactor, Woe be to the Bishops if ever he procures a Patent for that Honour, they cannot in reason expect any greater favour then to have the Traytors Quarters removed from the City Gates, and their own hung up in the room. Axes are the most necessary, because the most powerful *Arguments* against the Clergy (they confuted him, whom *Fisher* could not.) Well, these Bishops are the men have ruin'd all, they brought the late King to the Block, and have contributed to all our miseries ever since. How came *Cromwell*, *Ireton*, and *Bradshaw* trow, to merit their *Tyburn* Pomps and second Funeral Solemnities? Sure 'twas through some mistake, that those who were but Accessaries and under-Instruments of our late troubles should be thus highly honor'd above the Principals, the Prelates. No doubt but

it was a great Affliction to this Gentleman (poor soul) to see the *Heads* of his *Master* and the other two well deserving Gentlemen rais'd to that ignominious Eminency on purpose to be pointed at by the Beholders, and what is worse, expos'd without their Hats to the rude violence of the Weather; when for ought appears, it was an Exaltation they never sought, and they have been undeservedly advanc'd to that Pitch of Greatness; which Bishop *Laud* and two or three of the Villanous Clergy (had they had their deserts) should have climb'd. But since they are there, much good may it do 'um with their places. For, *after all the fatal Consequences of their Rebellion, they can only serve as fair Marks unto wise Subjects to avoid the Causes.* And now shall this sort of Men still vindicate themselves as the most zealous Assertors of the Rights of Princes. At best, they are no better Subjects then Jesuites, or well-meaning Zealots, betwixt whom, as the best of Poets draws their Parallel, there lyes no greater difference then this,

*They dare kill Kings, and 'twixt you  
here's the strife;*

(Mr. Cowly's  
Puritan and  
Papist.)

*That you dare shoot at Kings to save  
their Life.*

This Doctrine of *killing Kings in their own Defence*, you may safely vindicate as your own, it was never broacht before. And from such unquestionable Principles may we reduce your Account of the late War, p. 303. *Whether it were a War of Religion, or of Liberty, is not worth the labour to enquire. Which-soever was at the top, the other was at the bottome; but upon considering all, I think the cause was too good to have been fought for.* Which, if I understand not amiss, is nothing but *Iconoclastes* drawn in Little, and *Defensio Populi Anglicania* in Miniature. Besides, the War as most gave out at first, was for the removal of *Evil Councillors*, but because as we are told, pag. 25. *A new War must have, like a Book that would sell, a New Title*, our Author who has a singular knack in giving *Titles* to both, has founded the late War upon the more specious and plausible names of *Religion* and *Liberty*. These which he has assign'd for causes of our Rebellion being the same with those for which the *Netherlanders* took up Arms against their Lawful Sovereigne, 'tis worth



worth the while to enquire, whether the Consequences of both were not alike. *Sir R. Filmer* in his *Observations, touching Forms of Government*, speaking of the *Low-Country* Rebellion, delivers himself thus. *Two things they say, they first fought about, Religion and Taxes, and they have prevail'd it seems in both ; for they have gotten all the Religions in Christendome, and pay the greatest Taxes in the World.* And I wish I could not say, such was the Freedom of Religion impos'd upon this Nation, and such the Liberty to which we were enslav'd : for the glorious Defenders of either against their King and Country, seem'd no otherwise to prevail in both ; rescuing us from such great grievances as our Authors *Ecclesiastical Loan*, to the milder payments of the *Twentieth Part*, *Poll-mony* rais'd by *Prerogative* of the Subject, and *Loans* upon *Publick Faith* : all which cannot be better exprest then in the words of our incomparable *Cowley*, in his *Puritan* and *Papist*.

*What Myst'ries of Iniquity do we see ?  
New Prisons made to defend Liberty.  
Our Goods forc'd from us for Proprieties sake,  
And all the reall Non-sence which ye  
make.* And

And to shew that through the multitude of *Religions* as well as *Taxes* we were turn'd *Dutch*, the same Poet a little after in that Satyre.

*Twas fear'd, a new Religion would  
begin,  
All new Religions now are enter'd in.*

So that upon a better Calculation, it will appear, that the Clergymen have not been the only Inventors of *New Taxes* and *Opinions*, therefore let not them alone arrogate to themselves the honour of making other Laws in the room of the *Common Law* and *Statutes of Parliament*, for others are to have a share as well as they, and this Gentlemans Masters have deserv'd as highly of the Nation, and ought to be celebrated no less for *Imprisonments*, *Fines*, *Sequestrations*, and many kind *Impositions*, all, questionless for the good of the People. In comparison of these, the heaviest *Pressures* complain'd of under the power of the Clergy in the late Kings Reigne, were *Acts of Grace*. Only so much may be added in favour of those rigorous *Burthens* and *Exactions*, that they seem'd to have some colour of *Legality* at least  
from

from these Doctrines, that the Eleēt had a Right to all, and Propriety was founded in Saintship. For making themselves the Saints and the Eleēt, they had an undoubted title to' whatever the Reprobate possess, and 'tis unreasonable to say they plunder'd, when they took but their own ; the Cavaliers being not so great Delinquents as their Estates ; so low they descended, till at last our Israelites had not only a right to the Jewels and Earrings of the Ægyptians, but to their Bodkins and Tibbles too.

Neither, as far as I can discern, have this sort of men since his Majesties return, given any better Assurances of their Fidelity and obedience. For not withstanding that his Majesty, to demonstrate he was Heir no lesse to his Majesties Vertues then his Crown, was graciously pleased to pass an Act of Oblivion, thereby covering in Eternal Silence those offences, which none but the SON of the R O Y A L M A R T Y R could forget ; and in order to a better agreement betwixt both parties, to appoint a Conference between the Episcopal Divines and Non-conformists ; but this producing no better an effect then that in his Royal Grand-Fathers time at Hampton-Court ; the peevish Dis-

sinters

senters having but too well learnt to turn all Disputes into impertinent Wrangles, and what our Animadverter calls *Arguments* in the *Streets*; sufficiently manifesting how justly that Character in *Hudibras* befits them.

*Señt, whose chief Devotion lies  
In odde perverse Antipathies;  
In falling out with that or this,  
And finding somewhat still amiss.  
That with more care keep Holy-day  
The wrong, than others the right way;  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worshipt God for spight.*

How they have behav'd themselves from that time to this, let the *Sober Apologies* for *Non-conformists* and the *Humble Pleas*, for *Toleracion*, *Indulgence* and *Liberty of Conscience* speak; or the *Avenue-Readers*, the *Wall-Observers*, and those that are acquainted with *Stall-Learning* as well as our Author, testify. And now, that after all, his Majesty issued his *Declaration of Indulgence* for tender Consciences; and that they had all that could be devis'd in the *World*, to make a *Phanatick good natur'd*. Yet what do these Men? To show, that they were the same  
cunning.

*cunning revengeful Men*, as before, and that it is easier to straighten a Crooked Body, then bend a stubborn Fanatick ; they waken the memory of those Crimes, that might ( but for them ) have slept eternally in the *Act* of *Oblivion*, either imagining that that *Act* concerns only the suffering Royalists, or that the Instruments of our late Miseries have so great an Interest in it, that they have a Pardon granted not only for what is past, but to come ; and so having cancel'd all their old Scores, they might now begin upon a new. And accordingly they have arreign'd the late King once more at the Bar, and brought the Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury* again to his Trial. For though our Author promis'd us pag. 281. he would *as little as possible, say anything of his own, and speak before good witnesses.* Yet his fore-cited passage concerning the Original of the War. pag. 303. *Whether it were a war of Religion, or of Liberty, is not worth the labour to enquire. Which-soever was at the top, the other was at the bottom ; but upon considering all, I think the Cause was too good to have been fought for.* And the other pag. 304. *after all the fatal Consequences of that Rebellion, which can only serve as Sea marks unto wise Princes* ( not a word

word of the Rebels) *to avoid the Causes.* A dutiful Caveat this to *wise Princes* to avoid the causes of Rebelling against their Subjects. These I presume are *his own*, till he produce his Authors. And the same I think of another, which is well worth weighing, pag. 304. *His late Majesty being a Prince truly pious and religious, was thereby the more inclin'd to esteem and favour the Clergy. And thence, though himself of a most exquisite understanding, yet thought he could not trust it ( does it relate to understanding ) better than in their keeping.* Compare this with pag. 299. where, he tells us, the Clergy were *Licentious* in their Conversation; and pag. 224. that *some of the Eminentest of them made an open defection to the Church of Rome;* and then tell me if he has not worthily vindicated his late *Majesties Piety and Religion*, and whether he was not couragious and bold in telling his Adversary he feared not all *the mischief that he could make of this.* 'Tis well, he has told us the story of the *Ass*, who because he saw the *Spaniel* play with his *Masters Legs*, thought himself *priledg'd to paw, and ramp upon his Shoulders;* for it is the best Apology in his own behalf, and now he may plead like himself, he does nothing without a Precedent. True it is, he tells



us, pag. 106. that being a man of *private Condition and breeding*, and drawn in to mention *Kings and Princes*, and even our own; whom, as he thinks of with all duty and reverence (which will appear by the sequel) so he avoids speaking of either in jest or earnest, least he should, though most unwillingly, trip in a word, or fail in the mannerlyness of an expression. Thus being conscious to himself that he should offend, he thought it a point of discretion as well as good Manners, to ask Pardon before hand. For it is very hard for a *private* man that has seen no *Kings* but those in the *Rehearsal*, to frame any other address to Princes, then such as might become *King Phys*, and *King Ush of Branford*. And accordingly so it happens, for p. 310. speaking of the Laws against Fanaticks, *Hence is it that the Wisdom of his Majesty and the Parliament must be expos'd to after Ages for such a Superfetation of Acts in his Reign about the same business.* This is so high a Complement that he has pass'd upon the *King and Parliament*, that I cannot but admire, how one of his *Private Condition and Breeding* could arrive to this Degree of Courtship, especially considering how well it agrees with what our *Private Courtier* saith, pag. 242. where he tells us, *these Kings have skrew'd*

under-

*understandings*, and he is not a *Competent Judge of their Actions*. Fie, fie, that's too modest Sir, you wrong your self too much not a *Competent Judge*, O my word Sir, but you are, a *great Judge*. This *Humility* does not become such great *Wits* as are *Princes Companions*. 'Tis too low a *Condescention* for any *Gentleman of Archees Robe*. This *Familiarity* with great ones is a *Priviledge* entail'd upon your *Place*, and was confer'd upon you with your *Cap*. Little better do I like his *Animadversion*, pag. 320. in these words, 'If the *Fanaticks* by their wanton and 'unreasonable opposition to the ingenious and moderate *Discipline* of the 'Church of *England*, shall give their 'Governours too much reason to suspect that they are never to be kept in 'order, &c. *Whom does he mean by our Governours?* *The King*; No, for he is a *Single Person*. (A pretty *Artifice* to shut the *King* out of that *Text*, *Let every Soul be subject to the Higher Powers*) *the Parliament, or the Bishops*? Mark whether there be a *King*, and *Bishops* sitting in this *Exclusive Parliament* of his. This *Quere* methinks might better have become those *Times*, of which *Mr. Digges* (he who wrote a *Book of the Unlawfulness of Subjects*

*jects taking up Armes against their Sovereigns* (excepting no *Causes as too good*) If For-  
 eigners (says he) shall inquire, under  
 what Form of Government we live, the  
 answer must be, *we live over a King.*

And having taken this Liberty with  
 Princes and Senates, no wonder if the  
 Gentleman presume to treat the Bishops  
 (Peers & Privy-Councillers are his Fel-  
 lows) with a little more Freedom.  
 Though for what reason he treats the  
 present Clergy with so little Respect,  
 may be hard to say, yet as for Bishop  
*Lauds* particular, and his course usage of  
 him, I think I could give a guess, what  
 mov'd him to it. Not that I believe as  
 some, that his Quarrel might be the same  
 with *Archees*, who, they say, was exasper-  
 ated against the Bishop, because he was  
 whipt at his procurement, for taking too  
 much Liberty (a Crime much like what  
 is charg'd upon this Gentleman) or as  
 others, that he or some of his Family  
 came sometime in danger of a *Star-*  
*Chamber* Censure, and hazarded losing  
 their Ears; but rather upon better Con-  
 sideration, that there might be no great-  
 er occasion for this Picque, then those  
 several *Cringes* and *Geniuflexions* which the  
 Arch-Bishop (as he thinks) introduced

in the Church, or rather restor'd, and this I must confess is sufficient ground for a Grudge, for it is an unreasonable thing that the Church should expect that every man of how *private a Condition and Breeding* soever, and however *unpractis'd* in the Graceful Motions and Inflexions of his Body, should be conformable to the *Genuflexions* and *Cringes* of the well-bred Ecclesiasticks: Every man has not had the good Fortune to be train'd up at the Dancing-School, nor so happily Educated, as to pull off his Hatt and make a Leg with an Air. And would they have these men expose themselves by not Conforming to the Ceremonies of the rest of the Congregation, or betray their Breeding by an aukard Bending of their Bodies, or an unsightly Bow, proclaiming at every Rustick Scrape, that they have not been initiated by a Dancing-Master in the common Rudiments of Civility. No, I am confident that many of the *English* Protestants, and especially, those of a *private Breeding* are so averse from this, that they would decline coming to their Churches at all first. As I have known some People somewhat wanting in the little Decencies of Behaviour, avoid Conversation and appearing

in Publick. These Persons *naturally affect* a plainness of Fashion, and a Homeliness in Worship. And such a Diversity of Motions, such quick Interchanges of Gestures, distract and confound them. Besides, that they are like the unquiet Variety of Postures of one in a sick Bed, and and really they consult their ease, and what is more their health; which is not a little indanger'd by being too Ceremonious, and many a violent Cold occasioned by a Citizens sitting bare-headed all *Service*-while, without the Defence at least of a pair of Broad-fring'd Gloves laid a cross, well knowing, that their Betters rather than incommode them, in such a Case will desire their Worships to be Cover'd. Several other Occasions there are, that for Conveniency sake may require a Dispensation, as if a fat Burger lye under an inevitable necessity of breaking Wind, (in a Sister 'tis not civil to call it any thing but venting a Sigh at the wrong end) shall not this tender-conscienc'd Man be permitted to strain a point of *Decorum*, because 'tis in the Church, rather then hazard a fit of the Colick? Another thing is, that one Man may have an Antipathy against Wine that comes out of a gilt Chalice, and another



against Bread deliver'd to him by the Hand of one in a Surplice, and will the Priest be so uncivil, as to cram it down the throat of that *puling Christian*? The Clergy certainly cannot be so rude, and in an *affair of Conscience* to exact this compliance. Since *great Persons out of Cruelity will condescend to their Inferiors*, and all *Men out of common humanity will yield to the weak*. We may add to what we have said before, should any more flexible than the rest, and more inclinable to the Superstitious practises of the Primitive Christians, be contented to bend their stubborn Knees, or to bow their Bodies to the East as oft as is requir'd, might not such Gentlemen as our Author be at a loss, and he that was so far out in his Situation of *Geneva*, through pure Devotion it may be to that Place, direct his mistaken Reverence towards the *West*, which though it were *neither Vice nor Idolatry*, yet might perhaps occasion more sport than a man of his Gravity could brook unoffended. 'Tis possible too, he may not be a little displeas'd at the *Imag'ry* of our Churches, in the behalf of those of a *private Condition* and *Breeding*, who having never seen any thing more glorious than *Dives* and *Lazarus*,



or the Picture of the *Prodigal* in their own Halls, might be tempted unawares to worship the first fine Picture they saw abroad. This which I have hinted might be some Cause of his disaffection to Arch-Bishop *Land* for restoring the Innovations of Order, of Decency and Uniformity. But for his Quarrel at the present Clergy, I concluded, there must be some more important Inducement, and ruminating on many Causes, I had the luck at last to pitch upon one more remarkable, why the Clergy fell into his high displeasure. This Gentleman, it seems, *not very many years ago, us'd to play at Picket; Now he us'd to play Pieces* (which was fair for one of a *private Condition*, and the Game gentile enough for one of *private Breeding*) there was a *Dignitary of Lincoln* (as he tells the Story) *who always went half a Crown with him, and so all the while he sat on his hand, he very honestly gave the Sign, so (saith he) that I was alwayes sure to loose. I afterwards discover'd it, but of all the Mony that ever I was cheated of in my Life, none ever vext me so, as what I lost by this occasion. And ever since, (as he adds) I have born a great grudge against their fingering of any thing that belongs to me. The Man is angry, and who can blame him when*

he had lost his Money. ('Tis usual with Gamesters to say they're cheated, when they have lost) He has been bitten it seems, and Losers may have leave to speak. I have ever observ'd, that Gamesters when not favour'd by Fortune, are the passionatest of men, but never thought that they could manage a Wrangle so sharply for 326. pages. Who would have imagin'd that a Game at *Picket* could have made so much mischief? for though it may appear unconscionable, to dun a Man when he has paid the last debt to Nature, yet this Book against the *Dignitary of Lincoln*, was I suppose, design'd in his life time, though it happens I know not how, to come out against him, after he's dead. And though it was intended purely for his sake, yet is it indifferently calculated for Bishop *Laud*, or any of the Gamester Bishops that *made the best of their Masters*. Allowing now, that the *Peeks of Players among themselves, or of Poet against Poet, or of a Conformist Divine against a Nonconformist, are dangerous, and of late times have caused great disturbance; yet I never remarked so irreconcilable and implacable a spirit, as that of Gamesters against those that have won their Mony.* 'Tis a Quarrel not to be ended

ended with their Deaths, but sets 'em in Railing Tune for ever, and they are never so flippant as in their Curses of *Ecclesiastical Fortune*, and *Ecclesiastical Politicians*; now we better understand the meaning of those words. Indeed, it may happen so, that at one time or other, some of the *Ecclesiasticks* may be drawn in to play with *Olivers* Servants, you may suppose his *Clerks* if you will; and knowing the men, for whether it is that they smell strongly yet of *Bishops Lands*, or how; they will make a shift it may be to pay their old Scores, and wheadle 'em out of a considerable summe in reparation of their former losses. In the mean time, this may be a fair warning to any one of *private Breeding*, and unpractis'd in those little Arts; to take heed he be not rookt by such *Politicians*. And though when I game, I confess if I must lose, it is a thing to me indifferent, whether to a *Clergy-man* or another. Yet our Author is not of my mind. For since he was chous'd by the *Dignitary* of *Lincoln*, he's resolv'd that none of the Tribe shall ever be the richer for him. And therefore, hands off my Masters; and pretend not now the *Power of the Keyes*, for those of his *Coffers* hang not at your *Girdles*.

Well, if this Gentleman build no Hofpitals, nor endow no Schools, the blame must lye upon this *Dignitary*, that made him incapable. Which way the Clergy will recover their esteem with him, I see not, unless by some such devise as peeing the Fortunes of our broken Gamester with a *Brief*, recommending his Case to the Charity of well affected People. For since he is undone by the Church, 'tis all the reason in the World they should make him Reparation. But let him alone to be Reveng'd on them, for since they have cheated him, they shan't the Publick. Therefore to make the better provision for that, he in his Wisdom has thought fit to exclude them from meddling with *Parliamentary Aids*, adding in the close, that *English Men always love to see how their mony goes* (especially at *Picket*) and if there be any Interest or profit to be got by it, to receive it themselves. Very good! The Man has made a fair speech to be *Box-keeper*, and 'twas providently done, for then let who will be the Gamesters, he is sure to sweep the Stakes. But were it true what you pretend, that you were abus'd by the *Dignitary of Lincoln*; which we have ground enough to suspect, considering that you have more then once

shown

shown how singularly you can oblige the Dead ; yet what would you gain by it ? Will you thence infer that none of the Clergy are men fit to be trusted ? Methinks that of your Adversaries is here highly pertinent, and very applicable to Men of your no Religion. ‘ Put the ‘ Case (says he) the Clergy were Cheats ‘ and Juglers ; yet it must be allow’d ‘ they are necessary Instruments of State ‘ to awe the Common People into fear ‘ and Obedience, because nothing else ‘ can so effectually enslave them as the ‘ Fear of Invisible Powers, and the dismal apprehensions of the World to come ; and for this very reason, though ‘ there were no other, it is fit they should ‘ be allow’d the same honor and respect, ‘ as would be acknowledg’d their due, ‘ if they were sincere and honest men. Indeed, should all men remember an injury as long as you implacable Gamesters do, or could you perswade the Rabble to cry, *No Bishops* ; as often as you have ill Luck at Cards, the World would never be at quiet.

Whereas, the Gentleman seems displeas’d with the Temporal Power and Employments of the Clergy, telling us pag. 300. 301. *Whether it be or no, that*



that the Clergy are not so well fitted by Education, as others for Political Affairs, he knows not; yet it is generally observ'd that things miscarry under their Government, &c. This making a great noise with some People, I endeavour'd to inform my self the best I could, concerning the truth of this Matter, resolving withal, not to receive Impressions from any of the Clergy, but to gather my Lights from the most Impartial Authorities I could meet with. And I think I am now prepar'd, to give our Author some better satisfaction in this point. If we look abroad then, we shall find that Bishops make a part of the three Estates in all Kingdoms, and that in Europe there are only two Republicques which exclude the Clergy from meddling with Civil Affairs, and the same great Enemies to Monarchy, namely *Venice* and the *Low-Countries*. Both which our late Commonwealths-men made choice of as convenient Models for their new-fangled Government, reconciling Church and State to these disagreeable Platforms. And here I think it not impertinent to insert what a great Wit, the fore mention'd Sir R. Filmer in his *Observations upon Aristotles Politicks* remarks concerning them. 'The Religion in *Venice* and the *Low-Countries*,



Countries, (saith he) is sufficiently  
 known, much need not be said of them:  
 they admirably agree under a seeming  
 Contrariety, it is commonly said, that  
 one of them hath all Religions, and  
 the other no Religion; the Atheist of  
*Venice* may shake hands with the Se-  
 ctary of *Amsterdam*. This is the Liberty  
 that a popular State can brag of, every  
 man may be of any Religion, or no Re-  
 ligion, if he please, their main Devot-  
 tion is exercised only in opposing and  
 suppressing Monarchy. They both a-  
 gree to exclude the Clergy from med-  
 ling in Government, whereas in all Mo-  
 narchys, both before the Law of *Moses*;  
 and under it, and ever since: all Bar-  
 barians, Grecians, Romans, Infidells,  
 Turks and Indians, have with one con-  
 sent given such respect and reverence  
 to their Priests, as to trust them with  
 their Laws. To come nearer home,  
 In this our Nation (saith he) the first  
 Priests we read of before Christianity  
 were the *Druides*; who, as *Cæsar* saith,  
*decided and determined Controversies, in*  
*Murder, in Case of Inheritance, of Bounds of*  
*Lands, as they in their discretion judged*  
*meet; they granted Rewards and Punish-*  
*ments.* It is a wonder to see what high  
 respect

‘ respect even the great *Turk* giveth to  
 ‘ his *Musti*, or chief Bishop. So neces-  
 ‘ sary, (as he concludes) is Religion to  
 ‘ strengthen and direct Laws.

With him concurs an Honourable  
 Member at present of the House of  
 Lords, in a Speech, *about the lawfulness*  
*and conveniency of the Bishops intermedling*  
*in Temporal Affairs.* ‘ Never was there  
 ‘ any Nation that employ’d not their  
 ‘ Religious men in the greatest Affairs.  
 ‘ Hereof Christendome hath had a long  
 ‘ experience for 1300 years. Bishops have  
 ‘ voted here ever since Parliaments be-  
 ‘ gan, and long before were employ’d in  
 ‘ the Publick. The great and good Em-  
 ‘ peror *Constantine*, had his Bishops with  
 ‘ him whom he consulted about his Mi-  
 ‘ litary Affairs, as *Eusebius*. And then in  
 Answer to our Author, who would have  
 them restrained to their *Bibles*, he saith  
 further, ‘ My Lords, there is not any  
 ‘ that sits here, more for Preaching then  
 ‘ I am. I know it is the ordinary means  
 ‘ to Salvation ; yet, I likewise know,  
 ‘ there is not that full necessity of it as  
 ‘ was in the Primitive Times. God de-  
 ‘ fend that, 1600 years acquaintance  
 ‘ should make the Gospel no better  
 ‘ known to us. Neither my Lords doth  
 ‘ their

their Office meerly and wholly consist  
 in Preaching, the very form of Episco-  
 pacy that distinguishes it from the in-  
 ferior Ministry is the orderly and good  
 Government of the Church. And the  
 same Noble Orator pleading for their  
 Right to sit in Parliament in another  
 speech saith, That this hinders their Ec-  
 clesiastical Vocation, an Argument I  
 hear much of, hath in my apprehension  
 more of shadow then substance in it :  
 if this be a reason, sure I am it might  
 have been one six hundred years ago.  
 A Bishop, my Lords, is not so circum-  
 scrib'd within the circumference of his  
 Diocess, that his sometimes absence can  
 be term'd, no not in the most strict  
 sense a neglect or hindrance of his du-  
 ty, no more then that of a Lieutenant  
 from his County, they both have their  
 subordinate Ministers, upon which  
 their influences fall though the di-  
 stance be remote. Besides, my Lords,  
 the lesse must yeild to the greater  
 good; to make wholesome and good  
 Laws for the happy and well regula-  
 ting of Church and Common-wealth,  
 is certainly more advantagious to both,  
 then the want of the personal Executi-  
 on of their Office. And again, The  
 House

' House of Commons represents the  
 ' meanest Person, so did the Master his  
 ' Slave, but Bishops have none to do so  
 ' much for them, and what justice can  
 ' tie them to the Observation of those  
 ' Laws, to whose constitution they give  
 ' no consent, the wisdom of former times  
 ' gave Proxies to this House (the *House*  
 ' of *Lords*) meerly upon this ground, that  
 ' every one might have a hand in the  
 ' making of that which he had an Oblig-  
 ' gation to obey. This House could  
 ' not represent, therefore Proxies in  
 ' room of Persons were most justly al-  
 ' lowed.

And to manifest the better, *that their*  
*immediate dependance upon the King is a*  
*great Obligation he hath upon their Loyalty*  
*and Fidelity* (whatever our Author says  
 to the contrary) we need no clearer  
 proof then this acknowledgment of a  
 Common-wealshs-man and a *great Wit*  
 in his Speech against *Richards* Cobler and  
 Dray-men-Lords, in 59. ' One of the  
 ' main reasons for exclusion of the Bi-  
 ' shops out of the House of Lords, was  
 ' because that they being of the Kings  
 ' making, were in effect so many certain  
 ' Votes for whatever the King had a mind  
 ' to carry in that House.

That

That they are not incapable of the greatest Offices of Trust and the Noblest Employments, can be a doubt to none that have heard of the unparallel'd Integrity of the incomparable Lord Treasurer *Fuxon*. Nay, the Lord Viscount *Falkland* in a sharp speech against them, confesses, ' that some of them in an unexpected and mighty Place and Power express'd an equal moderation and humility, being neither Ambitious before, nor Proud after, either of the *Crosier Staffe*, or *White Staffe*.

Now shall the Antient Rights and just Dignities of the Clergy, which our Nobility and Gentry have thus unanimously and constantly asserted, be call'd in question by a few Levellers and Common-wealths-men? No, this device is stale. The Sport of *Bishop-hunting* is too well known, and though the Clergy be the Game in view, yet they have the Temporal Lords in Chace. These cunning Archers, though they wink with one eye at the Spiritual Lords, yet have another open, with which they take aim at the rest of the Peers. Many of those Arrows which were once darted at the Bishops, glanc'd on the Nobles, and not a few were cast over their heads at  
the



the King. The same hands that were lifted up at the one, struck at the other, levelling Coronets with Miters, and trampling on both together with the Crown. No sooner were the Prelates declar'd useleſs, but a Houſe of Lords was voted *dangerous* and *unnecessary*, and Monarchy call'd *Antichriſtian*; and Experience proves that Coordination in the State, was the natural reſult of Parity in the Church. So little diſtant is Eccleſiaſtical from Civil Anarchy. Had I ever yet heard of any one Oppoſer of Epiſcopacy, whoſe Principles or Practices declar'd him not a profeſs'd Enemy to Monarchy, I ſhould willingly allow, that Monarchy and Epiſcopacy are not ſo neerly linkt, as that Royal Aphoriſm of King *James*, *No Biſhop, No King*, ſeems to imply. For though Royalty and Prieſt-hood, which antiently by right of Primogeniture concenter'd in one, the ſame being Law-giver and Sacrificer ( ſee here, *Mr. Author* the Kings Right to the Prieſtly Office and the Clergies Intereſt in making Laws ) were in ſucceeding ages deriv'd to different Perſons, their Intereſts yet were not divided with their Perſons. But as the Royal and Sacerdotal Dignity have the ſame Original, and antiently Prince and



Priest had one and the same Name ; so, though differently Branch't now, yet as springing from the same Root, they flourish and decay together. So regularly is the Religious State incorporate with the Civil, that the *Image* of Episcopacy (like the *Statuaries* in *Pallas* Target) seems so riveted in Monarchy, that none can attempt defacing the one, without breaking the other. Nay, those who have been taught by *Calvin* and *Beza* to demean themselves so irreverently to the Fathers of their Church, have learn'd from such Apostles as *Knox* and *Buchanan* (to whom duller *Mariana* might have gone to School) to pay as little Obedience to the Fathers of their Country. This is evident from these Opinions.

That the Kings Personal and Politique Capacity are distinct, and so they fought for his Crown, when they shot at his Person.

That the Original of Government is in the People, and that he derives his Sovereignty from their Consent, and not from Succession, and by consequence is no King before he is Crown'd, and his Style should not run *Dei Gratia*, but *Populi Consensu*.

That he is greater then his Subjects singly and apart, but lesser then them altogether, that is, as Mr. *Digges* speaks, a Father is greater then this or that Son; but less then all his Children together.

That there is a Co-ordination of the three Estates, but this is moderate; others go farther, and tell us the King is subordinate to the other two Estates *under whom* he governs: Nay, *Milton* holds, that the Legislative Power is in the Parliament exclusively, and the Executive only in the King.

And that the Supreme Magistrate is accountable to the Inferior, and though *Paræus's* Book was burnt for this, yet Mr. *Baxter* in his *Holy Commonwealth* maintains, he may be call'd to an account by any single Peer.

Now because they have been too liberal, and confer'd too large a Power in Civil Affairs on their Sovereign, they will be sure to retrench it in Spirituals. O they can never give enough to the Lay-Elders! for they admit Lay-men to intermeddle in Ecclesiastical Matters, though they exclude the King upon that account. Therefore Bishop *Bramhall* speaking of the *Scotch* Disciplinarians in  
his

his *Fair warning to take heed of their Discipline*, saith, ' Besides those incroachments which they have made upon the rights of all Supreme Magistrates, there be sundry others which especially concern the King of *Great Brittain*, as the use of his Tenths, First Fruits, and Patronages, and which is more then all these ; the dependance of his Subjects ; by all which we see that they have thrust out the Pope indeed, but retained the Papacy. The Pope as well as they and they as well as the Pope, (neither Barrell better Herrings) do make Kings but half Kings, Kings of the Bodies, and not of the Souls of their Subjects, They allow them some sort of Judgment over Ecclesiastical Persons, in their Civil Capacities, for it is little (according to their Rules) which either is not Ecclesiastical, or may not be reduced to Ecclesiastical. But over Ecclesiastical Persons, as they are Ecclesiasticks, or in Ecclesiastical Matters, they ascribe unto them no judgment in the world. Here, he cites the Vindication of their Commissioners, wherein, they say, *It cannot stand with the word of God, and that no Christian Prince ever claim'd, or can claim to himself such a Power.*

So that that great Prelate, whoever he was (be he amongst the Living or the Dead, or in the World of the Moon) that said, *The King had no more to do in Ecclesiastical matters, then Jack that rubb'd his Horses heels*, may retract his Aphorisme, since he is out-shot in his own Bow by *Synods and Presbyteries*, for according to them, *Jack that rubbs the Horses heels*, (if he be but a Lay-Elder) is *Supreme* in Ecclesiastical matters. Though why our Author would have his Adversary write a Book in defence of that Aphorism, who had reserved the Priesthood and the exercise of it for the King, I see not, unless it be to *vye* him, and *see* him, and *re-vye* him in Contradictions. This Figure now is lost to any man that is not a Gamester.

Upon considering all, I am afraid that *Reformation* is Tinkers work, making two holes for stopping one; and therefore I am sorry that this Gentleman is employ'd in *pulling Pins out of the Church*; for though the *State should not totter*, he may chance to pull an old House upon his Head. And really he has undertaken a desperate Vocation, and there are 20 other more honest and painful ways by which he may earn a Living. Not that

I would have him to do in *Ecclesiastical Matters*, so much as to *rub down* a Bishops *Horses heels*, for fear my *Jack* should take himself for a *Gentleman* if he rides sometimes, though it were but to water his Masters Horse. Besides, cleansing a Stable (were it the *Augean*) being a matter only of *external neatness*, can never merit the *Trophies of Hercules*. For neither can a *Justice of Peace* for an Order about *Dirt-Baskets* deserve a Statue. Nor for the same reason would I have him Chimney-Sweeper to the City, though to give him his due, he ought to be consider'd by them, the next Offices they have in their disposal, for taking such a care of their Chimneys and their Consciences. None of their painful Pastors can admonish them better of their duty or their Interest; *Fear God, Honour the King, preserve your Consciences*, (sweep 'em rather, they're fouler than your Chimneys) *follow your Trades, and look to your Chimneys* (not forgetting the *Crickets*) this is well enough for a *Belmans Song*, instead of *Look to your Fire, Locks and Candle Light*. But Chimney-Reformation is somewhat below the man, and there are many other Callings more advantageous and beneficial than crying

Pag..78.

*Chimney Sweep, Ay, or then Card-Matches  
and Save-alls, or the more substantial  
Mouse-Trap-men ; many, I say there are  
of a more Orthodox Invention then  
these, and less distastful to the sanctifi-  
ed ear of English Protestants, witness the  
London-Cryes of the late blessed Times,  
when*

*The Oyster-Women lockt their Fish up,  
And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop.  
And some for Brooms, old Boots and Shoes,  
Cry'd out to purge the Commons House.  
Instead of Kitchen-stuff some cry,  
A Gospel - Preaching - Ministry ;  
And some for Old Sutes, Coats, Cloak,  
No Surplices nor Service - Book.*

Well, since Bishops must down, (and to be sure then down falls Popery) I think the fairest way to rid our hands of them is, for Mr. *Animadverter* to put his Book in the hands of the Itinerant Gospellers that travel up and down with two penny Books, and Preach the *Desolation and down-fall of the Man of Sin*. (Ah, many a good Book of Mr. *Bs.* and *J. O's* have these Bawlers cry'd) the Project will take wonderfully with your *Street-Auditory*, the Rabble. Then they may sing the Fall of  
*Anti-*



*Antichristian Magistrates and Laws, you have plentifully provided them with Canting for that purpose, for from pag. 243. to pag. 250. you have carried on the Cause. I will point to some of it, pag. 249. pag. 250. Princes consider, that God has Instated them in the Government of Mankind, with that incumbrance (if it may so be call'd) of Reason, and that incumbrance upon Reason of Conscience. That he might have given them as large an extent of ground, and other kind of Cattle for their Subjects: but it had been a melancholy Empire to have been only Supream Grassiers and Sovereign Shepherds. And therefore, though the laziness of that brutal magistracy might have been more secure, yet the difficulty of this does make it more honourable. That men therefore are to be dealt with reasonably: and Conscientious men by Conscience. That even Law is force, and the execution of that Law a greater Violence; and therefore with rational Creatures not to be us'd but upon the utmost extremity. That the Body is in the power of the mind; so that corporal punishments do never reach the offender, but the innocent suffers for the guilty. That the Mind is in the hand of God, and cannot correct those persuasions which upon the best of its natural capacity it has collected: So that it too, though erroneous, is so far*

*innocent.* That the Prince therefore, by how much God hath indued him with a clearer reason, & by consequence with a more inlightned judgment, ought the rather to take heed lest by punishing Conscience, he violate not only his own, but the Divine Majesty. So that if any Prince will hold his Kingdom by Mr. Animadverters Tenure, he is fully Intated in the Melancholy Empire of all his Parks and Chases, and next and immediately under Conscience, over all Persons (their Bodies only reserv'd in the power of their minds, and their minds in the hand of God) and all other kind of his said Majesties Cattle, within his rational or irrational Realms and Dominions, Supreme Head and Governour. This indeed is the most full and comprehensive Inventory of the Goods and Chattels of Monarchy (if I may so speak) that ever was heard of. *Instating* Princes not only in the Government of irrational Cattle, a Right which all successively have claim'd from Adam; Brutal Magistracy being a Flower of his Crown, and a Prerogative of his Melancholy Empire, transmitted from him to the Patriarchs, and all the Supreme Grasers and Sovereign Shepherds: but assigning also other kind of Cattle for their Government as their rational Subjects

jects. Ay, and such *Cattle* as *Conscientious Men*. Which Right as it was at first deriv'd (as some fancy) from the Original Consent of the People, so is the Exercise of it confirm'd by a like Consent of their Heirs, or rather of their Consciences.

Now these tamer Subjects, (the Brutes) are to be govern'd by *force*, that is in our Authors words, by *Law*; for Hunters though they have an absolute Power of Life and Death over those we call the *Feræ Naturæ*, yet give Law even unto them: but the *Conscientious Drove* are not so easily yok'd as the horn'd Subjects of the Wood, and therefore Law is not to be us'd with them, but upon the *utmost extremity*. For which reason our Authortels us that *Brutal Magistracy* is more *secure*, and the latter more *difficult*: which confirms an opinion of the *Malmsbury Philosophers*, that Horses; had they Laws amongst them, would prove more generous Subjects then Men.

'Tis true, the Animadverter says, that God might have given Princes as large an extent of Ground, and other kind of Cattle for their Subjects, (Subjects are one kind of Cattle it seems) but it had been a melancholy Empire to have been only *Supream Grassiers and Soveraign*

*Sovereign Shepherds.* And yet as *Melancholy* an *Empire* as that would have been, he has instated them in one far more unpleasant and uncomfortable, over Subjects, from whom they must expect no greater security for Obedience, than their own good Nature: for punish them they must not if disloyal and unjust, for fear of disobliging their Consciences: for though he says that Laws should not be put in Execution; *but upon the utmost extremity,* 'tis plain he intends they should not be Executed at all; for in the very next words he affirms, that *the Body is in the power of the Mind*, so that *Corporal Punishment do never reach the Offender, but the Innocent suffers for the Guilty.* Admirable Stoick! but say that the infamy of a Gibbet cannot shame the Generous Mind, nor the Severities of the Rack and Wheel awe the most Servile: say further that *Corporal Punishments* cannot reach the *Principal Offender*, the Mind; must therefore the *Accessory and subordinate Instrument*, the Body, scape unpunisht? But the Mind it seems, is not only out of the reach, but Jurisdiction of the Civil Magistrate. *For it is in the hand of God, and cannot correct those persuasions, which upon the best of its natural capacity it has collected:*

So

So that if too, though erroneous, is so far innocent. That the Prince therefore, by how much God hath endued him with a clearer reason, and by consequence with a more enlightned Judgment, ought the rather to take heed, lest by punishing the Conscience, he violate not only his own, but the Divine Majesty. So, now let any of the most desperate Patrons of Fatal Necessity come out and speak any more. Truly, this is a pretty way not only of excusing, but hallowing all the Villany in the World, by dedicating it ( I dread to speak it ) to the Deity. This is the Syntagm of Calvin's Divinity, and System of our Authors Policy. Bishop Bramhall (as was before noted) accus'd the Scotch Disciplinarians for making Kings but Kings of the Bodies, and not of the Souls of their Subjects, but this Gentleman is so courteous as to release them from the charge of both, for the Bodies of their Subjects are exempt from their Jurisdiction, as being in the Power of their Minds, and their Minds are in the hand of God, and so Monarchs had best take heed, lest by punishing the Consciences of their Subjects, they violate with their own, the Divine Majesty. And now shut up the Church doors, there is no use of Altars for the Guilty, they need run no farther then to their  
own



own Consciences for Sanctuary, and be safe. Cut in pieces the *Whipping Posts* and *Pillories*, make Bonfires of the Gallowses, set open all the Prisons, and let there be a general Goal-delivery, for *Corporal Punishments* are all unjust, and reach not the *Guilty*, but the *Innocent*, and what is more, they are manifest infringments on our *Libertys*, and the *Magna Charta* of Conscience. Sheath the Sword of Justice, mure up *Wenminster-Hall*, and set Bills on the Courts, for *Laws are force, and the Execution of them* (though in inflicting the smallest Penalties) *a greater Violence*. Away with these Oppressions of the *Free-born*. All Causes are to be try'd in *Foro Interno*. And every Man is his own Judge in that High Court of Judicature, his Conscience, from which (in the Character of Sovereignty) there is No Appeal. Here Kings are depos'd for *violating the Divine Majesty*, and *their own* in the Exercise of that large Power which God hath intrusted them as his Deputies with. To this, all must swear Allegiance and Supremacy, and those that are Loyal to Conscience, may lawfully be Traytors to their Sovereign. The Supream Magistrate is accountable to the Inferior, but the Conscientious Man in this preposterous way of *climbing downwards*,



wards, is an Inferior Magistrate above even the Inferior, as he is a Supream over the Supream. Thus Conscience is at once (like Mr. *Calvin*) *Pope* and *Emperor*, seated in *St. Peters* Chair and the Imperial Throne, invested with as great a Power *in ordine ad Spiritualia*, as Gods Vice-roys justly challenge, or Christs Vicar-general usurps: So have we rejected one Pope, and set up as many in his room, as there are Subjects. For had not Infalibility place in every private Judgment, (and Conscience is no more) why should our Author imagine, that Princes in *punishing Conscience*, violate their own, and the *Divine Majestie*? For can they violate the *Divine Majesty* in punishing Error? Sure I am, if those Consciences do not erre, that are tender of offending God in obeying Men, and not tender of offending him in disobeying them, we must alter the Scripture, and say, *Disobey for Conscience sake*: but he adds, the Conscience though *erroneous*, is so far innocent as it is in the hand of God, and cannot correct those persuasions which upon the best of its natural Capacity it has collected. But if the Prince in punishing anothers Conscience, proceeds according to his own, is not his so far innocent too? And since you  
are

are so great an Advocate for *absolute Necessity*, you should do well to remember, that *Zeno* when his man pleaded a Necessity of Offending, answer'd him with a Cudgel, alleadging the like Necessity of Beating him.

Thus have you divested Princes of an *Unlimited and Uncoutroulable Power*, and given it to a more Imperious and Arbitrary Tyrant, Conscience. And because your Adversary had told you, that Princes have power to bind their Subjects to that Religion that they apprehend most advantagious to Publick Peace: to avoid this Rock, you split upon a worse, concurring rather with your *Dear Friend Mr. Milton*: who says, that the only true Religion if commanded by the Civil Magistrate, becomes Unchristian, Inhumain and Barbarous. In cashiering the Magistrates Authority in things Indifferent, you rob him of all his Power; for those things that are absolutely lawful and necessary in themselves, were commanded by God before. And besides, that that Opinion, that things Indifferent in themselves become unlawful when impos'd, is irrational and absurd; as if (says one) that were unlawful to be done when commanded,

manded, which was lawful to be done even without a Command. The Consequence is yet wilder, For if things indifferently lawful, become sinful when impos'd, then by the same reason they must needs become necessary, when they are forbidden. And so consequently, whatsoever of this nature the Magistrate shall forbid, men must look upon themselves as bound in conscience to practise; and thus you give him that power over your Consciences by his Prohibitions, which you deny to his Commands.

No less ridiculous is this, *That Law is force, and the execution of that Law, a greater Violence, and therefore not to be us'd with rational creatures, but upon the utmost extremity.* But if the People be forc'd to obey those Laws, to the making of which they consented in their Representatives; certainly they are not forc'd without their own Consent. Besides, what have Rules of force in them, and Laws in their primary intention were no more. The Penalty was only annex'd in case of non-performance. And here the Casuists (those Reverend Serjeants at the Gospel) will tell you, that it is not lawful without great reason to prefer Passive Obedience before Active, because the Law aims not  
so

so much at Punishment as Conformity. Neither is *the execution of the Law*, so great a Violence as is imagined. For some are Condemned to suffer, for a Terrour to others. To condemn them, because they have offended, is a folly says *Plato* : for what is once done, can never be undone. But they are condemn'd because they should not offend again, or that others may avoid the Example of their Offence. And one man is hang'd to prevent the hanging of many more.

Upon considering all, I see not but your *State of Conscience* leads to a wilder Anarchy than the *Hebbian State of Nature*, and how much better might you have assign'd Princes the Government of an innocent Flock according to the Rules of *Arcadian Policy*, than that of such ungovernable Cattle, as *Conscientious Savages*. The Command of Fields and Pastures is more honourable on these terms, than that of populous Towns, and Cities (which our Poet and your Bishop *D'Avenant* calls the *Wall'd Parks of Herded men*) What Monarch, rather than he would be clogg'd with such conditions, would not exchange his Royal Purple for a Forrester's Green, and the formality of that Dress (you know) no man would

would scruple in order to the *Sylvan Empire*. So far however it is agreed by all in favour of your *Supreme Grasers* and *Sovereign Shepherds*, that their *Melancholy Empire*, and *Brutal Magistracy* shall for ever shut out of doors *Roman Empire*. and *Ecclesiastical Policy*.

As to those Misfortunes which you observe, page 244, 245. befell some bold Princes that were too saucy with their Subjects, I shall only match them with some Historical Remarks in an ingenious Writer against Mr. *Milton*, concerning the Rise and Fall of Republicks, He tells us, ' That it was not the Tyranny  
' of *Spain*, nor the cruelty of Duke  
' *D'Alva*, nor the blood of their Nobility,  
' nor Religion, nor Liberty, that  
' made the *Dutch* cast off their obedience  
' to their Prince, but one penny excise  
' laid upon a pound of Butter, that made  
' them implacably declare for a Com-  
' mon-wealth; That the *Venetians* were  
' banisht into a Free State by *Attila*, and  
' their glorious Liberty was at first no o-  
' ther, then he may be said to have, that  
' is turn'd out of his House. That the  
' *Romans* were Cuckolded into their Free-  
' dom; and the *Pisans* Trepan'd into  
' their's by *Charles* the Eighth. That as



' Common-wealths sprung from base O-  
 ' riginals, so they have ruin'd upon as  
 ' slight occasions. The same *Pisans*, af-  
 ' ter they had spent all they had upon a  
 ' Freak of Liberty, were sold (like *Cattle*)  
 ' by *Lewis* the 12th. The *Venetians* He-  
 ' ctor'd, and almost ruin'd by *Maximili-*  
 ' *an* the First, a poor Prince, for refusing  
 ' to lend him money, as they were not  
 ' long before by *Francesco Sforza* about a  
 ' Bastard. And the *Florentines* were utter-  
 ' ly enslav'd for spoyling of an Embassa-  
 ' dors speech, and disparaging *Petro de*  
 ' *Medicis* fine Liveries. To this I might  
 add, that many Stories there are of Sub-  
 jects, who have in all humility condes-  
 cended to bear with the Infirmities of  
 their Princes (remembering your rule,  
 that *Great Persons do out of Civility condes-*  
*cend to their Inferiours*) nay have been  
 proud to imitate them, even your *Alex-*  
*anders* followers bore their heads sideling  
 as their Master did, and *Dionysius* his  
 Courtiers would, in his Presence, run  
 and jostle one another, and either stum-  
 ble at, or overthrow whatever stood be-  
 fore their feet, to show, that they were  
 as pur-blind as he.

So much for his design against Mo-  
 narchy, There is a deal of Plot yet be-  
 hind



hind, but now it begins to break. page 224. he says, *In the late Kings time, some eminent Persons of our Clergy made an open defection to the Church of Rome.* And instances him that writ the *Book of Seven Sacraments*, which had been pertinent indeed, had he writ of *Seven Sacraments* all necessary to Salvation. But how can this man imagine that we should believe, that *some eminent Persons of the Clergy in the late Kings time, made an open defection to the Church of Rome*, when he does not believe himself, for p. 297. he cannot think, that *they had a design to alter our Religion, but rather to set up a new kind of Papacy of their own here in England.* Then this was the reason it seems, why Archbishop Laud gain'd *Hales* from *Socinus* (you great wit confess'd when baffled by that Prelate, that he understood more then *Ceremonies, Arminianism, and Manwaring*) and many besides of considerable Quality from the Church of *Rome*, but none of greater note then *Chillingworth*; for this it was, that he twice refus'd a *Red-Hat*: and no wonder, a Cardinal-ship could not tempt him, when he design'd an *English Popedom*.

But to prove this Surmise of his groundless, we need go no farther then

the Reconciliation which the Arch-bishop labour'd betwixt us and *Rome*, for the compassing of which, amongst other Articles propos'd, the *Pope* was to be allow'd a Priority. This Accomodation, notwithstanding your Wisdom censures as a Design impossible to be effected, was in so great a forwardness once, that it was thought, nothing but the Opposition of the *Jesuites* on the one side, and the *Puritans* on the other, could obstruct it, as the *Popes Nuncio*, affirm'd to be written by the *Venetian* Embassador, expresses it. And indeed, the Pragmaticalness of these two, had made the Breach much wider then at first, else the more Moderate of each party by distinguishing betwixt the Doctrines of private Men, and the Confessions of either Church, might easily have adjusted those Differences, and so have laid a lasting Foundation for the Peace of Christendome. And as for all our Authors idle talk of *Infalibility* and *Secular interest*, he shows, he has clearly mistaken the whole matter; for 'twas not an Agreement with the Court, but with the Church of *Rome*, that was propos'd in this Mediation.

But the Gentleman is wonderful pleasant

fant, for *who knows* (says he pag. 35.) in such a Treaty with Rome, if the Alps would not have come over to England. (No, I would not they should, for they have stood ever since the Flood at least, and I am a great enemy to the removing of ancient Land-marks) England might not have been oblig'd, lying so commodious for Navigation, to undertake a Voyage to Civita Vecchia. That need not neither Sir, and though tis pity this Conceit should have been lost, yet there is a better way then this; for since our Island is so conveniently situate for Trading, had there been a good Correspondence maintain'd betwixt the Catholick Merchants and ours, they might more easily have drove on the Traffick; interchangeably exporting our Religion in Cabbages, and importing the Roman in Oranges and Lemons. So that there was not that necessity of Englands lying at Dover, for a fair Wind to be Shipt for Civita Vecchia. For besides that Transportation of Kingdoms is somewhat more troublesome then Removing House, such a little Spot of Ground as this Island would soon have been missing in the Map, had it been mov'd out of its place; and so have occasion'd many Disputes in Geography.

graphy. Who knows too, if the *English* had once broke up House, and pack'd up their Goods and their Lands to be gone, but some of their Neighbours might have follow'd their Example; and the *Hollanders* after they had given their old Landlord the King of *Spain* warning, might have flung up their Leases, and in time, the *Netherlands* would have been to be Let. And though his Catholique Majesty might possibly be provided with better Tenants, for these 'tis said have not paid him a farthing since the Duke of *Alva* distrain'd last for Rent; yet if all these new Planters should not have had Elbow-room in *St. Peters* Patrimony, his Holiness I fear would have been put to the trouble of building some Cottages upon the Wast, or at least of making a Law against *Ecclesiastical* Inmates to have secur'd his Parish from an unnecessary Charge.

Certainly, had *Mr. Author* been one of the Commissioners for draining of the Fennes, he could not have argu'd more profoundly against the cutting of the *Ecclesiastick Canal*. pag 30. he compares it with those Attempts in former ages of *digging through the Separating Istmos of Peloponnesus and making Communication*

*munication between the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean.* But since he is so averse from any Commnication with *Rome*, he might have done well to forbid any correspondence between their Elements and ours. Who can tell at how great a distance every Breath of moving Air may continue articulate? Especially, if vocaliz'd in *Sir S. Moreland's Trumpet*. Nay, why may not those Birds that sojourn with us half the year, when they fly thither for Winter Quarters, sing strange stories in the *Italian Groves*? and those the learned in *Ornithology* understand. How if those Winds that whistle near our Coasts, should whisper Tales there? and strange Secrets may be discover'd by the *Roman Eaves-droppers*, if they lay their Ears to the ground. What does he think of a *Communication* between Rivers? for it may so happen, that the Protestant *Thames* may at some time or other mix with the impurer streams of *Papal Tyber*, and hold some kind of Intelligence in their prating Murnurs, when they both discharge into the Sea (there may be another *Communication* too this way, between the *Roman Piss-pots* and the *Reform'd*) I am somewhat unwilling I must confess to venture too far in-



to these Depth's, for fear of being plung'd past recovery. I leave them therefore to be fathom'd by this Gentlemans Plummet. He has been over Shoes already, ay, and over Boots too. He has waded through the *Leman Lake* and the River *Rhosne*, and knows every Creek and Corner in each (better then any of the Water-Rats or Natives) p. 55. he tells you that the *River* ducks under ground, *such is its apprehension* (a very apprehensive River indeed) *least the Lake should overtake it* (that is to say, the *Lake* stands still, as fast as the *Current* can run) So great a Wader in Discoveries I am confident might be successfully employ'd in groping for the Head of *Nile*.

But to conclude his Discourse of Accommodation, and with that his Plot. I have heard of a *Hampshire* Clown who being upon the Sea-shore, and seeing nothing but Water beyond *England*, would not be perswaded that there was any such Country as *France*, but that all the Relations of it were Travellers Tales. And this Gentleman belike, having collected upon the best of his Capacity (and *what perswasions* the mind *is so collected, it cannot correct*) that the  
 clearest



clearest Day could not discover *Rome* to  
 one standing at *Dover*, imagin'd not ab-  
 surdly, that two Places remov'd at such  
 a distance, could never meet, unless *Eng-  
 land* made an Errand over the Water, or  
 the Catholick City were transported hi-  
 ther? And good reason it is, according  
 to the Geography of Religions, and as-  
 signing one Religion to Islands, and a-  
 nother to the Continent, that the same  
 Sea which makes a Separation of Places,  
 should also make a *Schism* in Religions.  
 Well, I see it now all along this can be  
 no less a man then Sir *Politique Would-bee*  
 himself, his Reasonings; his Debates, and  
 his Projects are the same, both for Possi-  
 bility and Use. And what does more a-  
 bundantly confirm it, his *Diary* proclaims  
 him right Sir *Pol.* There is nothing so  
 low or trivial that escapes a Place either  
 in his Memory or Table-book. Every  
 Action of his Life is quoted. He notes  
 all Occurrences in Gaming-Ordinaries,  
 and all *Arguments* in the *Street*: how the  
 Boys agree in *whipping Gigs* in *Lincolns  
 Inne Fields*, and what luck the *Lacqueys*  
*have at Charing-Cross* in *Playing at the  
 Wheel of Fortune*. How often every  
 man urines, and whether he looks on a  
*Preface* that while or no. All these he  
 books

books, and many more of that Politicians *Memorandum's* he has in reserve; as no question the Day and Year set down when the Rats gnaw'd his Spur-leathers, and the very Hour when he burst a Pick-tooth in discoursing with a *Dutch Merchant* about *Ragioni di Stato*.

There is one Project more of that *Politique Knights*, not much below this Gentlemans reflexion, in relation to the Security of the City, and that is concerning *Tinder-boxes*, for since almost no Family here, is without its Box, and that is so portable a thing, how easie is it for any Man ill affected to the State, to go with one in his Pocket into a Powder-Shop, or where any other Combustible Wares are lodg'd, and come out again, and none the wiser. How fit were it therefore, the State should be advertis'd that none but such as are known Patriots and Lovers of their Country should be trusted with such dangerous Furniture in their Houses, and even those too seal'd at the *Tinder-box Office*, and of such a bigness, as might not lurk in Pockets.

Well, though our *Transproser* makes no difference as to the Plot or Characters in his

his Heroick Plays, yet his *Rehearsal* is as full of Drollery as ever it can hold; 'tis like an Orange stuck with Cloves; as for Concept. Pag. 6. he leads us into a Printing-house, and describes it in the same style as the Man who shows *John Tradescants* Rarities (which is extraordinary fine for those who have never seen such a Sight) the Letters are shown for Teeth of strange *Animals* (sure *Garagantua's* hollow Tooth would have gone for a Capital Letter.) And what is more surprising for *Serpents* Teeth. And those very Teeth which *Cadmus* sow'd, from which (it seems) he had a large Crop of Printing-Letters. The first Essay (he has told us) that was made towards this Art, was in single Characters upon Iron, wherewith of old they stigmatized Slaves and remarkable Offenders. He might have pursu'd the Subject further yet, and told us of another use of these single Characters upon Iron, (God knows how ancient) which is, that of Proprietaries marking Cattle, and from hence have learnedly concluded a Propriety in Letters, as well as Beasts. The Argument if improv'd might have been of force for the Peoples Propriety in Language, (a new Priviledge of Subject for which our Author contends) for how  
justly

justly may he plead, that they give Names to their Dogs and Horses, (an original Flower of *Adams Crown*) and fix distinguishing Characters on their Sheep, (nay, mark their *Piss-pots, Bowls* and *Flagons*) they exercise a petty Royalty in pin-folding Cattle, and pounding Beasts, in making Wills and Testaments; Leases made with no less Caution than Laws, pass (in the Imperial style) under their Hand and Seal; and why should not they be intrusted in wording Laws for the Publick? for 'tis unreasonable to fill the

P.233. *Princes Head with Proclamations.* And since *Cattle-Blazonry*, (as was said before) is their due, why might not they have the dispensing of Coats of Arms. And if their Pocket-Seals are Authoritative enough for setting their Lands, and binding their Sons, why not for disposing of Offices too, as well as the *Great Seal*? If any man shall say, that some of them are unletter'd (as some few of a *private Condition and Breeding* are) and so incapacitated for Law-makers, because they are not good Scribes: the Answer is easie, if they cannot write their Names, they may set their Mark, (this I conceive was the *first Essay* towards the *Art of Writing*, as that in *single Characters upon Iron*, was

to-

towards that other of *Printing*) and to authenticate this, I remember Sir *Politick Would-bee* (that worthy Predecessor of this Gentleman) tells us of a Letter he receiv'd from a High and Mighty Cheesemonger, one of the Lords of the *States General*, who could not Write his Name (at least at length, and with all his Titles) and therefore had set his Mark to it. Not but that he had *Secretaries* under him (*Latin* or no, I know not) that could do it. But this was for the greater Majesty.

But if the People will be so civil as to forego their *uncontroulable* Power in Language (which they have by a *Natural Right, antecedent to Christ*) they may, but our Author will not upon so easie terms recede from his Prerogative. For there are two Letters *J. O.* over which he claims an absolute Power to make them signify any thing, or nothing, as he pleases. He had lookt in his Dictionary ('tis one of his highest Authors) and found that *Jo* uses to go before *Pæan*, and then amongst the *Proper Names* he saw *Jo* was the Daughter of *Inachus*, and so (as he tells us, *pag. 83.*) *that as Juno persecuted the Heifer, this J. O. was an He-Cow, that is to say a Bull to be baited by Mr. Bayes.* It seems



seems then in his *Accidence* (whether it be the same with *Miltons Accidence commenc'd Grammer*, I know not) it is *Hæc Jo*, a *Cow* both *He* and *She*. But though *J. O.* be the Letters which make up four pages of his Book, (as if his Printer could furnish him with no other) yet is his *Alphabet Wit* further improvable for this *J* being the tallest slenderest Letter of the *Alphabet*, and *O* the roundest, he could not have pickt out two in all the *Cross-Cross-Row* that point more plainly at the Man that owns them, for according to Signatures, they Emblem a *Tall Sir John* that has been a *Round-Head*. As to the first part of his Character, our Author has so far decipher'd him, telling us *pag. 68. of one J. O. a tall Servant of the Ecclesiastical Politician's*. And for the later, the Owner of those two Letters has decipher'd himself in his Books. But if these be not sufficient Marks to know the Beast by, he has describ'd the Monster with the punctuality of a *Gazett-Advertisement* that gives notice of a *Crop-ear'd Gelding* stray'd from his Master. For *pag. 83.* he tells us this *J. O. has a Head, and a Mouth with Tongue and Teeth in it, and Hands with Fingers and Nails upon them.* Which is almost as apposite a Description



tion of an *Independent*, as his Friend Mr. *Milton* has given us of a *Bishop*, who in his *Apology for his Animadversions upon the Remonstrants Defence against Smeđlynnius*, says, that a *Bishops foot that hath all his Toes maugre the Gout, and a linnen Sock over it, is the aptest Emblem of the Bishop himself; who being a Pluralist, under one Surplice which is also linnen (and therefore so far like the Toe-Surplice, the Sock) hides four Benefices besides the Metropolitan Toe.* So that when Arch-Bishop *Abbot* was suspended, we might say in Mr. *Miltons* style, his *Metropolitan Toe* was cut off. But since *Milton* is so great an Enemy to great *Toes* (however dignified or distinguisht, be they *Papal* or *Metropolitan*) we would fain know, whether his are all of a length, since the *Leveller* (it seems) affects a Parity even in *Toes*. Whether now his *Bishop* with a *Metropolitan Toe*, or our Authors *Congregational Man* with ten *Fingers* and long *Nails* upon all, be the fitter Monster to be shown, is hard to say. Only, I am glad to hear that the Author of *Evangelical Love* has got *Claws*, since belike his *Evangelical Love* (like that of *Cats*) is exercis'd for the most part in *Scratching* and *Clawing*. And now let the *Bishops* look to their *Faces*, and be-  
ware

ware of some with long Nails. For unluckily, among other Calamities of late, there has happen'd a prodigious Conjunction of a *Latin Secretary* and an *English School-Master*, the appearance of which, none of our Astrologers foretold, nor no Comet portended. It may be for our Authors reason, because *it is of far higher quality, and bath other kind of employment.* And therefore, though an *Hairy Star*, it might afford no Prognostick of these two Monkeys lousing the Bishops heads.

But if *Milton's Sock* will not well endure a comparison with the *Surplice*, what think you of our Animadverter's joyning the *White-Surplices* and the *White-Aprons* in one period, *pag. 195.* (observe *John Milton*, they are both *Linnen* and both *White.*)

'Tis much we heard not here of the *Sympathy* of White Linnen, as well as of the *Sympathy* of Scarlet, *pag. 68.* where our Author has married the Tippet and the Red Petticoat. See how the Turkey-Cock (if that be not too Masculine an Emblem for a *Capon-wit*) bristles at the Sight of any thing that's *Red.* However, this I hope may be a means to reconcile the *Holy Sisters* to the Church, for if there be so good an Agreement between the *Tippets* and *Red Petticoats*, and the  
White

White Surplices and White Aprons, they are come one step nearer to Conformity than they were aware of. Who knows too, but in time they may be perswaded that their's are Canonical Vestments, save only that the *Doctresses* wear their Tippetts at the wrong end, and inverting the usual Form, under their Surplices. In the mean time, I think the Regulating Canonical Habits an Employment no way commensurate to our Authors Abilities, wishing him rather to concern himself in such Worthy Cares as a Reformation of the Hospital-boys Blue Coats, or the Water-mens Red-Coats and Badges, and so till he proceed to the Lacquey's Liveries. And then possibly he may conceit himself qualified in some degree for an Undertaking in Heraldry. A Perfection he envies in Bishop *Bramball*. For it looks like upbraiding in any man to vaunt his skill in Heraldry before any one of his *private Condition* that wants a Coat of Arms, or at least like reflecting on his *private Breeding* that never learnt to Blazon anothers. For what else can you make of his Animadversion, *pag. 34.* upon this Maxime of the Bishop, That second Reformations are commonly like Metal upon Metal, which is false Heraldry.

raldry. Upon which, *it is a wonder*, (says he) *that our Author in enumerating the Bishops perfections in Divinity, Law, History and Philosophy, neglected this peculiar gift he had in Heraldry, which is altogether as sleeveless as the Heralds Coat, if I may have to offer at that low Wit with which our Author so plentifully abounds. For to give you some of his Clenches, p. 158. he says, his Adversary leaps cross, and has more doubles, (nay triples and quadruples) then any Hare. And to shew, that he as well as Mr. Bayes is an enemy to all the Moral virtues, pag. 322. he tells us, the Ecclesiastical Politician makes Grace a meer Fable, of which he gives us the Moral. And p, 135. if the Archbishoprick of Canterbury should ever fall to his lot, I am resolved instead of his Grace, to call him always his Morality.*

Whereas he tells us a Story of the *Scurvy Disease*, pag. 134, his History, and his hard names of *Podostrabe, Doctylethrae, Rhinolabides*, &c. pag. 132. declare him sufficiently Graduated in Canting for a *Pox-Doctor*. I shall only mind him here of another *Scurvy Disease* deriv'd from *Geneva*, Contemporary with that brought over from the *Indies*. For unless our  
Calcu-

Calculators are out, the *Pox* and *Presbytery* broke out at the same time in *Europe*. And therefore are the *Twin-Diseases* deservedly associated in a *Fatal Chronology*.

And now for what he discourfes p.47. of those who having never seen the receptacle of *Grace or Conscience* at an *Anatomical Dissection* conclude that there is no such matter; the *Learn'd in Anatomy* are so far from granting him this, that they assure him of the contrary. Maintaining upon dissection of the *Presbyterian Carcasses* that they have made an undoubted discovery of the *Receptacle of Conscience*, unanimously agreeing upon their best *Observation* that it lies very near the *Spleen*.

There is one *Conceit* behind which I had almost forgot, in his *Discourse of the Liberty of Unlicens'd Printing* p. 6. (which is little else but *Milton's Areopagitica* in short hand) *The very Sponges* which one would think should rather deface and blot out the whole *Book*, and were anciently used to that purpose, are become now the *Instruments* to make things legible. But truly, I think the *Sponge* has left little else visible in his *Book* more then what it did in the *Figures* of those two *Paint-*

ers, in the one of which it fortunately dash't the *Foam* of a *mad* Horse, and in the other, the *Slaver* of a *weary* Dog ; the *Sponges* ruder *Blot* prevailing above all the light *touches* and tender *strokes* of the *Pencil*. And indeed for this inimitable Art of the *Sponge*, this of Expressing *Slaver* and *Foam* to the Life, I will not deny but his work deserves to be celebrated beyond the Pieces of either Painter. If you will have it in his Elegancy, I never saw a man in *so high a Salivation*. If in *Miltons* (I know he will be proud to *lick* up his *Spittle*) He has *invested himself with all the Rheume of the Town*, that he might have sufficient to bespaul the Clergy.

But enough of these two loathsome Beasts, and their spitting and spauling. Now what think you of washing your mouth with a *Proverb* or two. For I cannot but remark this admirable way he has of Embellishing his Writings *Proverbial-Wit*. As for instance. *One night has made some men Gray*, pag. 144. and *better come at beginning of a Feast, then latter end of a Fray* : pag. 166. Which (to express them Proverbially) are all out as much to the purpose as any of *Sancho Pancha's* Proverbs. For the truth of this



this Comparison, I shall only appeal to the *Leaf-turners* of *Don-Quixot*. Some there are below the Quality of the *Squires* Wit, and would better have become the Mouth of his Lady *Joan*, or any old *Gammer* that drops Sentences and Teeth together, As (speaking of his own Tale of the *Lake Perilous*,) he saith in its Applause, this Story would have been Nuts to *Mother Midnight*, pag. 56. and pag. 142. *A year, nay an instant at any time of a mans Life may make him Wiser*. And his Adversary hath, like all other fruits his annual Maturity. Though there is one sort of *Fruit trees* above all the rest, that bears with its fruit, a signal Hieroglyphick of our Author; and that's a *Medlar*: A *Fruit* more remarkable for its annual maturity, because the same also is an annual rottenness.

As for his wonderful Gift in Rhyming, I could furnish him with many more of the *Isms* and *Nesses*, but that I should distast a *Blank Verse* Friend of his, who can by no means endure a Rhyme any where but in the middle of a Verse, therein following the laudable custom of the *Welsh Poets*. And therefore I shall only point at some of the *Nesses*, the more eminent, because of the peoples *Coi-*

age ; and of a Stamp as unquestionable as the *Breeches*, and so far more legitimate than any that have past for currant since the People left off to mind words (another Flower of their Crown which they fought for, besides *Religion* and *Liberty*) they are these, *One-ness*, *Same-ness*, *Much-ness*, *Nothing-ness*, *Soul-saving-ness* ; to which we may add another of our Authors own, *Pick-thank-ness* ; in which word (to keep our Rhyme) there is a peculiar *Marvelousness*.

I should now in imitation of our Author proceed to his Personal Character, but I shall only advise his Painter if ever he draws him below the Waist, to follow the example of that Artist, who having compleated the Picture of a Woman, could at any time, with two strokes of his Pencil upon her Face, two upon her Breast, and two betwixt her Thighs ; change her in an instant into Man : but after our Authors Female Figure is compleated, the change of Sex is far easier ; for Nature, or *Sinister Accident* has rendered some of the *Alteration-strokes* useless and unnecessary. This expression of mine may be somewhat uncouth, and the fitter therefore (instead of *Fig-leaves*, or *White Linnen*) to obscure what ought

ought to be conceal'd in Shadow. Neither would I trumpet the Truth too loudly in your ears, because ('tis said) you are of a delicate Hearing, and a great enemy to noise; insomuch that you are disturb'd with the tooting of a Sow-gelders Horn.

Some busie People there are, that would be forward enough it may be to pluck the Vizor off this *Sinister Accident*, not without an evil Eye at your Distich on *Un Accident Sinistre*, to which they imagine some officious Poet might easily frame a Repartee to the like purpose as this Tetrastrich.

*O marvelous Fate. O Fate full of marvel;  
That Nol's Latin Pay two Clerks should  
deserve ill!*

*Hiring a Gelding and Milton the Stallion;*

*His Latin was gelt, and turn'd pure Italian.*

Certainly to see a *Stallion* leap a *Gelding*, (and this leap't fair, for he leapt over the *Geldings* head) was a more preposterous sight, or at least more *Italian*, then what you fancy of *Father Patrick's* bestriding *Doctor Patrick*.

Neither is it unlikely but some may say in defence of these Verses, that *Nol's* Latin Clerks were somewhat *italianiz'd* in point of Art as well as Language, and for the proof of this refer those that are curious to a late Book call'd the *Rehearsal Transpros'd*, where p. 77. the Author or some body for him asks his Antagonist if the *Non-conformists* must *down with their Breeches as oft as he wants the prospect of a more pleasing Nudity*. And for his fellow Journey-man, they may direct the *Leaf-turners* to one of his books of *Divorce*, (for he has learnedly *parted Man and Wife* in no less than four Books) namely, his *Doctrine and Discipline*, where toward the bottom of the second *Page*, they may find somewhat which will hardly merit so cleanly an Expression as that of the *Moral Satyr*, *words left betwixt the Sheets*. Not but that he has both *excus'd* and *hallow'd* his Obscenity elsewhere by pleading Scripture for it, as *pag. 24, 25. Of his Apology for his Animadversions upon the Remonstrants Defence against Smečlynnuus*. And again in his *Areopagitica*, p. 13. for Religion and Morality forbid a Repetition. Such was the Liberty of his Unlicenc'd Printing, that the more modest *Aretine* were he alive in this Age, might be

be set to School again, to learn in his own Art of the *Blind School-master*.

Thus have you had the *Transposer Rehears'd*. And now perhaps you may be in expectation of the *Fifth Act* promis'd you in the Title; but because it is the Book-feller's as well as Poet's Art to raise your Expectation and bring you off some extraordinary way, I will not deprive you of the Pleasure of being Cheated: but since the *Transposing Muses* are gone to Dinner, I shall at present, according to a late Precedent only read you the *Argument* of the *Fifth Act*, receding as little as I can, from that which was found in Mr. Bayes his Pocket, and then making our Author personate Prince *Pretty-man*, and varying old *Joan* to the Church of *Geneva*; it is in effect no more then this, that Prince *Pretty-man* (the Character is *Great* enough for a man of *Private Condition*) being passionately in Love (you may allow him to be an *Allegorical Lover*. at least) with old *Joan* (not the *Chandlers*, but Mr. *Calvins* Widow) walks discontentedly by the side of the Lake *Lemane*, sighing to the Winds and calling upon the Woods; not forgetting to report his Mistress's name so often, till he teach all the *Eccho's* to repeat nothing but *Joan*; now entertaining himself in  
his

his Solitude, with such *little Sports*, as *loving his Love with an I*, and then *loving his Love with an O*, and the like for the other Letters. And anon with such melancholy divertifements as angling in the *Lake* for *Trouts*. And making many an Amorous Comparifon between his *Heart* and the *filly Captives*, his innocent Prey, His *fifhing lines* you may conceive, fram'd of a no lefs delicate contexture; then old *Joan's* Hair, (the Mode of wearing *Hair-Bracelets* was fcarce in ufe then, or elfe you had heard of that.) To be fhort, after he has carv'd his Miftreffes Name with many *Love-knots* and *flourifhes* in all the *Bufhes* and *Brambles*; and interwoven thofe facred Characters with many an *Enigmatical* Devife in *Pofies* and *Garlands* of *Flowers*, lolling fometimes upon the Bank and funning himfelf, and then on a fudden (varying his *Postures* with his *Paflion*) raifing himfelf up, and fpeaking all the fine things which *Lovers* us'd to do. His *Spirits* at laft exhal'd with the heat of his *Paflion*, fwop, he falls afleep, and fnores out the reft.

If this *Argument* fhall require a *Key*, I fhall only fay, I call not the *Church* of *Geneva* old, for any other reafon then that

Antiquity



Antiquity in Mistresses is reckon'd a Deformity. Besides, I think it would have been an high *Indecorum* to have supposed Mr. *Calvin's* Widow younger then the *Chandlers*. And for Conferring the Honour of Prince *Pretty-man* on our Author, I shall alleadge such Reasons as these; because, they *Symbolize in their humour*, and not a little in their *Expressions: in their Contempt and quarrelling of all others*; that are not in love with the same Mistress, and lastly, in the choice of their Mistresses.

And first for their *Symbo'izing in their humour and expressions*. Our Author begins very briskly with *Love and blazing Comets*, but in the middle of his Book (as Prince *Pretty-man* in the height of his Rapture) he grows heavy and dull; and a Lethargy at length seising on his Spirits, by that he comes to page 263, he falls asleep, having first bid Mr. *Bayes Good Night*, but before you can speak a *Simile* of eight Verses over him; whip, he starts up, and cryes *Good Morrow*. (which is all out as well as *It is Resolv'd.*) Add to this, that his *Snip-Snap Wit, hit for hit, and dash for dash* is pure Prince *Pret* and *Tom Thimble*. As to their *Symbolizing in their Contempt and quarrelling*  
of

of all others that are not in love with the same Mistress, his whole Book is a Demonstration of their admirable Agreement in this point of Singularity. He-toring all that are not equal adorers of Mr. Calvin's charming Dowager, though he himself would sooner have a *Passion for a Whale*, than any other Mistress but his own. And for the choise of their Mistresses; the Prince quits that *Chloris*, whom Gods would not pretend to blame for old *Joan*, the Chandler's Widow, and this Gallant no less preposterously, espouses the fluttish Mother Church of *Geneva* before our Church with all her Ornaments and Decorations, preferring the *Blue and White Aprons* before the Glories of her *Yellow Hood* and *Bull-head*, admiring most the Wrinkles of a homely Widow, and the Beauties of the *Grub-street* Gossips, her Ragged Daughters and Grand-Children.

Now 'tis but a little walk to *Geneva*, and to invite you thither, I dare undertake for your Welcome. That you shall have good Chear there, and good Company. And besides your other Entertainments there, you may shoot with the *Arbalet*, or play at *Court-boule*. The Divines there are notable Good Companions.

ons. They are incomparable *Pull-mall*-Players. And very good *Bowlers* too no doubt (would they were as *honest Men*) But though we have *Geneva* in the Wind, I am afraid we had need of a better Guide than our *Noses*, else we shall ne're come thither. And for Strangers to ask the way, would be the readier means perhaps to set 'em out of it. If we enquire of some they'll tell us, it lies *South* of the *Lake*; if of other, they say it lies *West*, and Geographers are in as many Stories as the Country People. In this uncertainty of Information, what Course shall we steer? shall we consult the Oracle? We must go then to the *Transprofser*. He'll direct us sure, as *Wizards* to lost Cattle. Navigators may be taught to sail by him, truer than by the *Compass*. He has breath'd the *Aire* of as many Countries as the *Travelling Geek* and *Pious Trojan*. And may more justly challenge the Honor of *Citizen of the World*, than that *wise Philosopher*. A Geographer born and bred, even from his Cradle. Rockt from his Child-hood on the *Sea's*. *Curiat* himself was not a truer Traveller. And what one sung of him, is with more justice due to our Author.

*Some say when he was born (O wondrous hap)  
First time he piſt his Clouts, he drew a Map.*

If we ask his Advice then, he'l bid us Steer to the *West*; and yet thoſe that have Travell'd as far as *Geneva* in *Mercator*, *Botero*, &c. cry, to the *South* of the *Lake*. Muſt we then correct Maps, no, rather, our Compaſſes; and add a New Point of this Pilot's Invention, call'd *South and by West*.

Well, ſain I would have ſaluted Mr. *Calvin's* Houſe, and paid my obeſfance to his *Threshold*. But ſince the Way is ſo difficult, and my Guides unrefolv'd; I have no great Maw to it. I ſhall only therefore leave a Ticket for his *Aſſignes*. It is an Enquiry concerning certain things laid to the Charge of that harmleſs, honeſt *Divine*. In which, if I could receive any Satisfaction from them, I ſhould gladly acknowledge the Obligation, and be more ready for the future to pay a juſt Veneration to his Memory. The one is, a Story of an *Italian Marqueſs*, which becauſe I am affraid it tends not much to his Honor, and there is a paltry Book on purpoſe ſet out concerning the whole matter, I ſhall forbear to recite here

here. The other, a scurvy Report of one *Servetus*, who after he had been confuted by the *English* Bishops, and so dismiss (where were the *Pillories*, *Whipping-Posts*, *Gallies*, *Rods*, and *Axes*, that are the *Ratio Ultima Cleri*) was more secretly handled by Mr. *Calvin* & lighted into the other World by Fire and Faggot (add these two to all the rest, and together they are, *Ratio Ultima Calvinii*) for which reason *Bellius*, *Eleutherius*, and their fellows styl'd him a Bloody Man, and the villanous *Montfort* drew *Calvin's* Picture not in a Gown and Cassock, but in a Helmet, Back and Breast, belted and armed like a Man of War, (this shew'd more noble then Bishop *Bramballe's* Metaphorical Armor) Nay, to go further, he was burnt, and as if the World might not know for what, his Books too. But what makes the Case somewhat the worse, *Grotius* and two or three unlucky Fellows lighted unhappily upon some of them, and would bear us in hand, that there were no such Crimes there, as *Calvin* imputed to him. *Serveti Libri, non Genevæ tantum, sed & aliis in Locis per Calvinii diligentiam exusti sunt, fateor tamen unum me exemplum vidisse Libri Servetiani; in quo certè ea non reperi, quæ ei objicit Calvinus,*

Calvinus, sayes *Grotius* in his *Votum pro Pace*.

I have now done, after I have (which is but just) taken leave of my Author. Sorry I am, to waken him out of that pleasant Dream I left him in, when repos'd under the Arms of a spreading *Bramble*. But I will disturb him as little a time as may be, a few things only I have to say to him at parting, and then let him take the other Nap. First then I cannot but take notice of his Scripture Railery, for though he has told the *Ecclesiastical Politician*, p. 166. that he really makes Conscience of using Scripture with such a drolling companion, yet he makes none of Travesteering it, for amongst the many good jests (he says, pag. 198) he has balk'd in writing his Book, lest he should be brought to answer for every prophane and idle word, he could not find in his heart to balk such as these, *The Non-conformists were great Traders in Scripture, and therefore thrown out of the Temple*, p. 232. and p. 207. he tells us, his Adversary is run up to the wall by an Angel. And again, p. 77. that He is the first Minister of the Gospel that ever had it in his Commission to rail at all Nations. So that if any Man will learn by his Example (as he advises





that of a single Man and a Horse; should think himself sufficiently capacitated to make better Laws for the Government of three Kingdoms. Certainly, not every Man that has set his foot in *Holland* and *Venice*, or read over *Baxters Holy Commonwealth* and *Harrington's Oceana*, and made a Speech once in the *ROTA*, is Statesman compleat enough for such an undertaking. No, the Training of Boys and Education of Horses, are Tasks above the experience and abilities of some of these imperious Dictators, that assume to themselves a Power of correcting their Governors. The new Modelling of a State is somewhat beyond the Oeconomy of a School, and Monarchs are above the Pedantick Discipline of the *Ferula*; it is Arrogance then in a great Degree for Pedagogues to Lecture Princes and Senates, and a high Presumption for every Tutor to claim the Authority of a *Buchanan*.

'Twas this I was displeas'd with, his irreverent and disrespectful usage of Authority. His Malicious and Disloyal Reflections on the late Kings Reign, traducing the Government of the best of Princes, and defaming his faithful Councillors in so foul a manner, as if he had  
at

once made use of *Miltons* Pen, and *Ger-bier's* Pencil. So black a Poyson has he suckt from the most virulent Pamphlets, as were impossible for any Mountebank but the Author of *Iconoclastes* to swallow, without the Cure of Antidotes. And certainly if that Libeller has not clubb'd with our Writer (as is with some reason suspected) we may safely say, there are many *Miltons* in this one Man. Not to recite too often his *too good* Causes of Rebellion, and his Caution to *Wise Princes* only, to avoid the like occasions. To which I may add his insolent Abuse of his Gracions Sovereign, in so cheaply prostituting his *Indulgence* for a *Sign* to give notice of his Seditious Writings.

I was not a little offended to see him cast so much Dirt on the Venerable Names of *Laud*, *Bramhal*, and *Cousens*, aspersing the last as a Papist, notwithstanding his incomparable History of the *Canon of the Scripture*, and with the like Solecisme branding him that wrote *De Deo* for an Atheist. His disingenuity is visible in his misrepresentation of the *Loan*, and his mis-quoting of *Thorn-dikes* Passage of Schism. And what is no less remarkable, is his injurious

dealing with Mr. *Hales*, in citing his Tract of *Schisme*, which he could not but disallow of, when he declar'd himself of another Opinion, obtaining leave of Arch-bishop *Laud* (who converted him) to call himself his *Graces* Chaplain, that naming him in his Publick Prayers for his Lord and Patron, the greater notice might be taken of the Alteration.

But to conclude all the Impertinences of our Author, I will not deny but the *Transprofer* has merited that Crown at least which *Galliennus* the Emperour awarded him, who in a solemn Hunting flinging ten Darts against a Bull, from a little distance, never touch't him with one. Alleading this Reason, when some seem'd to wonder at the Sentence; This Man (says he) is Expert above you all. For to cast ten Darts so little a way against so great a Mark, and not to hit it, is a thing which none knows how to do besides himself.

Give me leave to close all with this short

EPILOGUE.

## EPILOGUE.

----- For ours and for the Kingdoms Peace  
 May this Prodigious way of Writing cease.  
 Once in our Lives let somewhat be Compos'd ;  
 Not bare REHEARSAL all, nor all  
 TRANSPROS'D.

FINIS.

## ERRATA.

**P**Age 2. for *transpos'd* twice, read *transpros'd*. p. 5. for *impenitently*, r. *impertinently*. p. 7. for *Anonymus* r. *Anonymous*. p. 17. for *Transposer* r. *Transprosfer*. p. 20. for *ago off* r. *go off*. p. 36. for *we so loud*, r. *were so loud*. p. 40. for *a muse* r. *amuse*. p. 48. for the *Antagonist's Book sellers and Stalls*, r. *Book seller and Stall*. p. 72. for *reduce* r. *deduce*, and for *Populi Anglicania*, r. *Populi Anglicani*. p. 75. for *Heir to his Majesties Vertues*, r. *Heir to his Fathers Vertues*. p. 80. for *in these words*, r. *on these words*. p. 112. for *Arabian*, r. *Arcadian*.

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