CLOD-PATE’s Ghost:
OR
A
DIALOGUE
Between Justice CLOD-PATE, and his [quondam] Clerk
Honest TOM TICKLEFOOT,
WHEREIN
Is Faithfully Related all the News from Purgatory, about Ireland, Langhorn, &c.

The Author, T. T.

Courants, Diurnals, will not do;
Gazettes no News can tell;
Then Hey! for Brave Tom Ticklefoot!
Who brings us News from Hell!

I. Epigr. Lib. 3. Ep. 3.

Ticklef. What a Rumbling, lumbering Noise do you make there! Cannot an Honest man sleep for you? would I could find the Bed-staff.

Clod-p. Would you were hand'd, you Rascal! Cannot you put your Chairs and Stools in better order when you go to Kennel? I have broke my Shins most lamentably.

Ticklef. I would you had broke your Neck for me, whoever you are I'm sure you have broke my Sleep, and I value an inch of my own Sleep before three Inches of your Neck besides you ha' spoil'd as hopeful a Dream as ever I had since I understand the Art of sound Snoring: But who are you with a Rope to you? and what makes your noise?

Clod-p. How now Tom! what, do't not know thy old Master? and I have been better acquainted with thee.

Ticklef. My old Master Clod-pate! Be-threw your Heart, you put me in a cold, clammy, much Sweat: I'm all of a Lather; I alwayes hated Converse with the Folkes of the Invisible World, ever since I could write Ticklefoot. But what Wind hath blown you hither? I thought we had been cock-sure of you.

Ticklef. Nay Master, if I had broke your Pate, I would have given you a Platter but if you break your own Shins, you must be your own Chirurgeon for Tom.

Clod-p. Well Seraph, I'll be even with you, but let's be serious; I have a great mind to divert my self with a little Discourse with you about the Affairs of your Hemisphere.
I have not quit Scores with the Butcher to this day; but this I say, my Confidence would not let me tolerate Whores for our Fees.

Cleop. This 'tis when every hair-brain'd half-witted Cowcomb will be warmer than Roman Catholic Church, that upon a delicate Reform they tolerate Whores and Stews, as knowing it were the will of the Church, that in their ordinary Course, they'll find a more filthy Channel: She allows Simple Formations to prevent Adulteries and Seductions, the other Eclesi is to be the Remedy for the greater.

Tickle. Tickly done Master! for Satan to call out Satan, one Sin to cure another! Why could not she use God's Remedy, as well as the Devil's? She prohibits Marriage in the Clergy, which God's Remedy; and allows Formations in all, which is the Devil's; yet she no Remedy neither; for the Devil does but enter his Whelps with the unmarriage, and when they have got Impudence enough, he enlists them in upon the Married, and examine it when you will, you shall find all your Adulterers to have first been Formators, and he translates them as they are ripe for the Game, as we do Young Players, from the Nursery in Ball; to the Academy in Salisbury Court. I hope this is as serious as your heart can wish.

Cleop. Well, take your Course Tom; but we had a strange piece of News in Pugatory other day, that you had invaded the Bench, Tom, and had Arraigned the Prisoners, when they were Acquitted by that Blessed Jury, and Condemned the Judge him self too: I promise you, I shall catch you entering upon your Office, in the morning, I shall borrow you a Clapper, and you shall have a Claw'd it off in one Seven Years.

But Tom!!!

Tickle. What a Stirs here with Tom, Tom? Nothing but plain Tom! Were I not under such Circumstances as oblige me not to provoke you, I would tell you, Sir, the Toms are as good as God's House, and walk upon English Ground: There's Tom Fool, a very Ancient Family, and Tom-a-Bullia, that has built him a Stately Palace near Bathgate; and Tom-Till-Trot, that thinks his Penny as good Silver as the poultr'd Bully, whose ignorance will not let him understand, nor his Guitl be any thing, but think of them to get out of Purgatory; but if I might be so bold, pray how do they get out of Purgatory? for I have learn'd all the cunning Tricks you know your Rogues here use to break prison, but how to get out of Purgatory; fears me to a difficult matter.

Cleop. Why, I hear tell, Tom; we all

Tickle. It may be not to your purpose; but it is close and pertinent to my purpose: for infact it, I am a Gentleman every thing of me; and though the Ticklest's Family, like some great and famous Rivers, in an undervine from a few Generations, we have as running Blood running in our Veins as our Neighbours.

Cleop. Yes, yes, it seems so; and from hence ye take the Confidence to try over the Trials of Wager, Mash and Corker, and reflectively upon you know what.

Tickle. Pish! Go to Law with a Bogger, and get a Loafer! and if ever he get other Costs and Damages of me; I'll forgive him. Besides, I lay you an even Wager, two round six pences to a broad Shilling, there's never a Jury that pits in Wimpsterton-Hall, would give a Lowe damage against me if I were; but I have raised such a Murray between his Confessor, and his Guinneys, as will be not be called again in one Twelve months but to cry Quits with you, pray what News of Father Ireland in your part.

Cleop. Not a Syllable, I protest Tom.

Tickle. Now that's a Wonder, Master! Why, does not Purgatory lie in the ready High Road to Hell?

Cleop. Oh yes; we are within a stones throw of the Road; and not two Flightshoots from Hell it felt; I have seen Souls crowding and thronging upon the Road, as thick as ever I saw Convain in Wimpsterton-Hall in the Term, especially after the famous Victory we had ever the French at home; and yet I could never hear a word left more, or good bad of Father Ireland: I conclude therefore he cannot be there; for being a person of great Civility, and very much a Gentleman, he would, no doubt, have called in, to see some of his old Acquainatces, though some of them or late have got their Haben Corpora, and received the Smiles of him.

Tickle. Hatred Against, Master; for to the Wit runs in your Court; but if I might be so bold, pray how do they get out of Purgatory? for I have learn'd all the cunning Tricks you know your Rogues here use to break prison, but how to get out of Purgatory; fears me to a difficult matter.

Cleop. Why, I tell thee, Tom; we all

Tickle. Blood prickling upward, Ear, and listening, like a Sow 4th Corn, and allason as none hear the Money chink in the Bank, that's offered at the Mee, upon any particular Soule account, away whips be up to Heaven, without the Civility of being leave, and leaves all his Bag and Baggage behind him for Garnish amongst the poor Prisoners; and therefore the Canton Law determines, That the poor who are dead can Come to Benefit by the Suffrages of the Living, because they are Saints and Angels. For my part, have lain here these 3 years and upwards, and I was twice or twice that I got out upon my pause;, have not seen Sun, Moon or Stars all the while, because I kept nothing to the Prithe to pray me out, and they'll hang ere they do right for Nobody, but I am very confident, Father Ireland, dying a Martyr, shall be at once to take a Turn in Purgatory, but had all his Sims expiated by his Sufferings, and went the ready way to Heaven.

Tickle. I promise you, Master, that's very probable for some such Hopes Faith Turner gave us in his Left Prayer at the Gallows.

Cleop. Ay I meet Tom; that thou wouldest favour me with a Copy on't.

Tickle. You may command a greater matter than that comes to: Here it is: 1. [Vid.] 'sweet Jesus, who hath suffered a moment painfull and aggravating Death upon the Cross, for the Rescue of our Souls; 2. [Vid.] The same, feth thee, unto me the Merits of thy Sacred Patience, and sanctifie unto me thythee Sufferings, mine (which I humbly accept for thy sake) in union of the Sufferings of thy Sacred Majesty, and in Purgatory, and Satisfaction of my Sins. Cleop. Let you and me see the Excellency of our Religion, when our own Sufferings for Christ's sake (such as he bore, Father Turner's were) joy'd with the Sufferings of Christ, will make Satisfaction to Divine Justice for our Sins.

Tickle. The Excellency of your Religion! pray tobear me, I can fly you as excellently: Do you think as this comes to, from a Reverend Father of our own Church? If so, a man (say he) be ready to be thrown into the Sea, he may hopefully taught to pray after this manner, [Grant, O Lord, that the Death of thy Son, and this my Death may be united into one, that so being conjoynd, they may be accepted by thee, for the punishment of my Sins, that all thy Wrath may be forgotten, and all my Sins blotted out of thy Book.] Nay, I can tell you more, That your Father Turner...
Turner (though he was not so ingenues as to confess it) did but borrow that Doctrine from that Reverend Fader of ours, whom he may thank for the first occasion of his being a Catholic. Nay, I tell you, you must be more than all this, that the degenerated Few use to conclude their Lives with this Prayer: Let my Death be the Satisfaction for all my Sins! So that I see no singular Excellency in your Religion above other men.

Cled. However True, a blind man may see they died Martyrs in the Judgment of their own Conscience.

Tickle. It may be so; but I assure you, they died Traitors in mine.

Cled. O abominable uncharitableness! Why, dost not believe that solemn Proclamation of their Innocency, those generous Appeals to God made at the very last Gasp?

Tickle. A word, upon my Honesty: For, as for Father Ireland, he dyed with a loud Eye in's Mouth, enough to draw a man of ordinary Swallow, without a Fluxen Squawney.

Cled. That was an ugly Bussiness indeed. Tom! But how dost thou prove it now, without any Boy?

Tickle. Prove it? Why, Mr Jenius, a Zealot of their own Religion, has proved it over and over; and though modest Ireland faced the Court, and would have oust'd the King's Evidence, that he was in Staffordshire from Aug. to the middle of September, yet in comes this Gentleman, and of his own accord vouches, that he saw him, spoke with him in London, Aug. 10th, at his own Chamber, pulling off his Boots, saying he was just then come Post out of the Country: And this he did as a Gentleman, upon no other Motive, but because he saw how bold Jenius Brazen'd it against Authority, and huzz'd and hooted them, the Prophets, when yet all Ireland's Alcverations were broad Falloways; so that the thing's as plain as the Nose of your Face.

Cled. Ay marry Tom! that was worded like a cunning Sophister. As plain as the Nose of my Face? why thou knowest I have Nose on my Face; and so I told thee before.

Tickle. Why Matter, have the Worms, or the Poult cover it off? But I mean it innocently; and to clear it, I say, 'tis as plain as the Nose upon your Face.

Cled. Come Tom, enough of this jelling! don't think I'me in a pickle to drole it, when I have lain so long reeling in the Smoke of Purgatory; that since the Prohibition of Witches' Hams, I do not believe there's any thing left in England that can fumble my Blackness. But are not things strangely varied with you since the late Pageant-Boat.

Tickle. Ay indeed Matter, we have rung Changes so long, that now we begin to ring the Bells backward: you shall fee a man as hot as Mustard against Plot and Plotters one day, and as cool (not to say frozen) as Charity, the next; so that I'me confident, Modern Charity, and Zeal against Papists, Gautiers, Papists, is the best Jupe in our turn over Fever; that is, in all the Delphentary. Good lack! how have I seen a man bawl, and at some Time for the Plaintiff to die, that would bawl as lowd for the Defendant to murder! in twenty four hours the Nature of things and men shall be so changed, that you cannot know them again; he that was all Cheater, shall be all Eggers, as if the man had been Tapp, and a Sheep's Blood transus'd into a Lion's Veins.

Cled. Pre'thee Tom un ridicule me this Riddle; for I protest it's beyond my Cledated Capacity to understand it.

Tickle. It's done as easily as you can tickle your hands, 'tis but a fluxing a man with Quicksilver, and he's clear another thing.

Cled. Ay but it's dangerous meddling with these Quicksilver Medicines Tom.

Tickle. Upon my word, Sir, none at all you may give it to a Child, 'tis as safe as Butter'd Ale, and as nourishing; my Life for your: there's no danger in't; you may if you please, give it inwardly in a competent Dose of Jarsum Potable (there's a rare Vehicle) jor outwardsly by Leeches, which is only a hard word for Grafting in the Fists.

Cled. And has it done those Feats they boast of?

Tickle. Oh Sir! believe it, if all the Blind had their Eyes open'd, all that have head's and eyes look'd, all that have been cured of Deblindness, Dumbness, by this rare Receipt, were but to Civil as to make their Acknowledgments, our Lady of Hallo would not Glory in a more numerous Returne: It has made that, no Evidence to face one, which was clear and good Evidence to hang a whole Baker's Dozen; it has made sometimes two Warnings necessary to every Branch of an Article of an Indictment, when, in another Cafe, and at another Time, one Witness to each Branch or Article, had been mortal, and kill'd a man as dead as a red Herring: It shall make a Plot no Plot, in eight and forty hours, and convict deadly poison into a Sovereign Cordial: and that's pretty fair, I think, for one Receipt: which you may see in Pope Roo's Plotters Gazette. But I believe you Matter, how cureless you are by your Intelligence?

Cled. We have everything known, but what we have from the publick Prints, Dittants, Courants, Gazettes, Pamphlets which fly up and down thick and threifold, especially of late, Indeed formerly we had St. Coleman's Letters a Week or twain; and they were Authentic: but you're now better employ'd, and our Staple Advice is from the Gazette.

Tickle. Know who writes these Gazettes in your Territories?

Cled. In truth Tom, I cannot well tell; but some few years ago there was a Slip-string, Feller wrote 'em; he had a hardy kind of Strange Names, but really I have forgot; only, I remember they say he was one of old Neale's Fellers, and was old Dog at it; he could tell you where Remond Pauper, dwell, and decipher all his Bum-bafoos. There was not a Spaniel, or a Watch dog, but he could recover it better than Will Lilly, Moll Crofts, on the City-Marchals; but now I think not; there has been a great Smack and Smother o' late about the Fires of London and Southwark: pr'ythee what do you above-ground lay of that? Nay, what you below-ground lay off for me? and with me think you have Reason to know more on't than we.

Cled. Pardon me Tom, for that I must not tell Tales out of the School; we're under an Oath of Secrecy, not to reveal the Arcana Imperii, the Mysteries of our Subterraneum Anglicanum. Besides, to tell you true, we are not of the Dream's poor Wretches, we are not close prisoners, and know as little as you do, what the Grand Signor of Hell is plotting in his Cabinet-Council, only common Fame goes with us, that the Fire of London wonderfully abated the Flames of Purgatory, they were 'e ready to leap out of their Skins for Joy at the News; but tell me seriously, whatever you believe our Friends have a Fireman's Intrest.

Tickle. A Finger! Ay a Hand, a Head, a Heart, and All in't. Honest Readling tells us in his Trial, that Mr. Bedlow had laid in Fagots behind the Pheasant's Head Tavern, to burn Wastenfliter: this he did when a Papist; but he repent'd sincerely, was pardoned fully, and freely; and when Reabing charges in, and he was found guilty, who can deny him the Truth of it?

Cled. Did Reading charge it on him?: then he was as great a Cledate as my selfs: and yet I thought I had been the Head of our Fa-
Tickle. Why Sir, this is the body in Purgatory?

Clod-p. What a childish question is that for a man of your years! My body (call it what you will) is in the Grave, I'm sure. I left it there: but 'tis my Soul, Tom; that's to be tormentet in those flames.

Tickle. Now for Old-Acquaintance-fake, Matter, tell me, are these Whips, thefe Pincers, thof Flayes you talk of, Material, or Immateral?

Clod-p. That's a Captious Question nowt the Pincers, and Whips, Tom, are Metaphorical Terms: but I'll assure theether there's as real Lashing, Whippings, Scourings as ever you saw a Fenel endure at the Whipping-post, or a Thief when he's Buried in the Hand.

Tickle. But I cannot conceive for my Life, how Material Instruments can affect an Immaterial Being.

Clod-p. You cannot perhaps to Tom, thou'tt a dull Philosopher: but to put you to'tt a little; why not a Material pair of Pincers take hold of an Immortal Spirit, as well as a pair of Immortal Pincers take hold of a Material Corporeal Substance? Is there not the same proportion between Material and Immortal, that there is between Immortal and Material?

Clod-p, Ay Sir, to a fingle Hair's Breadth; and if you can flew me thof Immortal Tweezers, or Pincers, that can take hold of a Body, I shall easily believe that (though not faee conoeer how) a Material pair may take hold of a Soul: Come, let me fee you do it, and I render my self your prisoner, and shall become your Prefyte.

Clod-p. Look to the place, Tom, is not Feeling Believing, as well as Seeing? What say you now?

Tickle. Oh, Oh, Oh, my Nofe, my Nofe, my poor Nofe, my precious Nofe! Purgatory take your Immortal Pincers you have almost plucked it off my Nofe.

Clod-p. Really Tom, 'twas only my Immortal Fingers.

Tickle. Would you had left your Fingers behind you, as well as your Nofe; but I remember now an old Charm we had when we were Boys.

Clod-p. Ay but, Tom, there was a nicer Place for I ha been overtaken in a Bradly Hoop, and though my Iriifet Confidens gave it under their Hands (and Lollies had a Juggler) that a man may frequent those Places, though he finds himself: ordinarly overcome with the Temperature, yet I was always to be not his Primary Intention, in going thither, but that he desigates either the Convulsion, or Convulsion of those Sinners: and though I were never good at Convulsion, yet thou knowst I have claw'd the Jades, and made 'em fly! Lollies in Bradly, and as an Iriifet Confidens, I'll not let my Ends, and Aims, and Intentions as fragrant as an Arrow, when I went in; yet, I cannot, then, let me come out again, my Hand turn'd; and I was carried on with the Stream; but this I must needs say; I have been guilty of Lynch; which, in some Cases, they say, is no Sin at all; as when the Lie is Officious, in others but Venial, as when it's Ludicrous; and in some Cases it be Mortal as, when, for example, I have been guilty of Lynch, in some Cases I was Mortal; as, when, for example, I have been guilty of Lynch, in some Cases I was Mortal; and when, for example, I have been guilty of Lynch, in some Cases I was Mortal; and when, for example, I have been guilty of Lynch, in some Cases I was Mortal.

Tickle. Indeed Master, you have got the Poetry of oft, but, twas the best we could chuff out of a dozen, and, to be plain with you, I made it in my self, but it cost me pumping.

Clod-p. The very Truth is, Tom, I had Virtues more than ever I got by; but there's a: infinme Number of odd Trifles that I had for O'thout Bating, and thought no more on than my dying days they call'em Venial Sins, but they may call'em what they will, and Nick-name 'em how they will; this I know, if this be the punishment of the Venial, I wonder how they fare that die under Mortal Sins: Now then and there would come dropping in a Sugar-Leaf; sometimes a Couple of Candles; sometimes a Fat Pig; and what Sin (though I can there be in a Fat Pig, or Couple of Candles) Really they were very agreeable Food. Twice or thrice ('but that was feldom') a Paper of Convent was thrust into my hands, handomely, and modestly, as who say, Say nothing; and I have wondered at it, but could never find the Reason, my Fingers would stick to 'em like Bird-Lime: I wouldn't it was always against my will: Then, once, twice or thrice, I came a loving Letter from my Lord,— to shew decent Favours to an Innocent Gentleman at the Seafloss; but thou knowst I always did Justice right or wrong. 'Tis true, I had some times occation to be Drunk; but Good Catholics aff'ard me twas lawful, for my Health's sake; once a Month, and Ireduc'd it to once a Fortnight, or once a Week. a faulty Circumstance, could not desire me to a Mortal, which before was but Venial, if a Sin at all: now I argued thus with my elf. If we be agreed that the Thing is Lawful in itself, why should we make such a Stir about the Quaeties?

Tickle. I protest you argue most profoundly, and had your Learning out of our Law-Book, and made it with all sorts of terms out an Atlas, then a Placere, and left of all a Tetter quarre's.

Clod-p. Heaven! And my Miftriss, who cry'd and took on without all cause, cast a supernu-ous Monument to be erected to your Memory, with the name of both your, Misses, your Ancestors (indeed they mention'd not your Children, for a reason that we all knew,) and of all, there was an Epitaph bespoke upon your Marble.

Clod-p. An Epitaph, Tom! Thou dost me good at Heart: I preere, without more ado. let me hear it; you cannot think how we are afflicted with those Honours and Respecs which are hewn to our Urn and Marble.

Tickle. Indeed Master, you have got the Poetry of oft, but, twas the best we could chuff out of a dozen, and, to be plain with you, I made it in my self, but it cost me pumping.

Here lies old Judge Clod-page. He had made aWyatte in his older days. And had not been for Grizell his Wife, He might have lived all the days of his life.

Sis officin Tom Ticklefoot.

Clod-p. Who? I pity you, Tom, when you may so easily evade the danger o' Mortal sins, and will not?

Tickle. I had, as have a hundred fellow I had, the knack on't, how to sin, and enjoy my self all my life long, and then escape every one of my etate the remainder of my life.

Clod-p. Come, Tom, what will you give me, if I instruct you in the Mystery on't a moment.

Tickle. Ah, sweet Honey-Master! I give you a Ten Groat's Fee, or you shall have all I get at the Wake to morrow, be it left or more. Happy go Lucks, you shall have it, my Lord, long lives you: I 'a not forgot all my Lein.

Clod-p. Ten Groat's! Who's Fool then? Tom? Will you procure 15000 Mozzet to be laid for my Soul?

Tickle. You fly high Sir; why Pyr- ring was but to have 15000 Groat's for 45 Years, a Kine, a York. Mr.

Clod-p. Nay, thou'tt our Tom, foot, foot.

Doft think thofe Mozzets were to deliver him from Purgatory for such a Meritorious Work? No, no, he never needed fear Purgatory on that Account; but if perhaps he had died in the Act under some irregularities, as fuppose guilty of some other Pecadillo's, Mozzet should have quitted his odd Sorts, and
Tickle. Upon my honest word, I promise you, in truth, and I will stand to it, if you will come to my price.

Tickle. Pray leave Fiding with your Nofe; then, and I defire you, do your work; but what will you, what can you do?

Cleop. What's that to Ton Tickletown? Do you think us such Fools as to tell you before hand? No; We'lt call a Mift before your Eyes, you Hall not fce what you do fee: nor what you do hear, nor believe the ful- left, cleared Evidence that can be brought in against you.

Tickle. And if I hope you have done: Bene- non Nicas, Master, in plain English, Good Night.

Clap. Farewell, honest Tom; but wonder you hear my fine Story out.

Tickle. Ha! It was this; Why, it is not begun yet, and when you once begin, you'll never know when to make an end. And when you have all the Talk to your self, you'll find you spend your time advantageously.

Tickle. Why then I'll tell them the flatter, and truth Teller that I ever told in all my days.

Tickle. That you may soon do, I promise you, but pray Sir, what is it?

Clap. Honest Dick Langdon came late night to Purgatory.

Tickle. And is this one of the short Stories? Why, I foretell, if a man had no more Grace and Wit than to fit it out, you will make this half of the short Story flat till to morrow this time. He came to Purgatory and came right in to Purgatory; pray let's divide the point; that we may handle it more distinctly. And Sir, pray, why to Purgatory? I had thought your Martyrs had made out some Stage on't to Heaven.

Clap. No great matter what you think: I tell thee I saw him there, with thole Eyes, by the same token, there were two or three young Jesuits, that gave him the current Compliment for a welcome, that I forgave he ever had in life.

Tickle. Long extremely to hear their rude Salutation.

Clap. Why Tom, afoam as ever they fided him, without Praise, without Ceremony, they fell aboard him, and so belabour'd him, each with his well tempered Steel whip, that had lain folding in Fice an inch and a half above a Month (Ay, Tom, there were Rods in his name) and did to flink him too and again, raked him fore and aft, that I protest I have seen few such Bouts since I came hither.

Tickle. But still I'm in the dark, why such an Eminent Saint, such an Heroic Martyr, should be doomed to Purgatory? if he died in by chance, it was an ugly chance.

Cleop. The plain truth is, 'is his persevered amongst us, that Dick Langdon plead the Scoggin, and revealed some Mysteries of his own Trade, and some of the Jesuits, above some Lests, and upon some Society, for that he had a great Kindness for, he's in the right in the main, and they would not make, nor meddle with it, not now, but bid us bear as we find it, for they would not come. Order from Rhadecution. As for the bad Angels, they had them selves very officious, but he is to animadverted over all their Esculations, they might as soon hold an Ed by the yoke, as to get a gripe on him; besides, he had for them a levity and fortitune, in which he excelled other Princes, and the few he had, he had far more than Offord or Stockholm: but at last, what Force could not do, that fine Policy I told you of before effect.

Tickle. You tell me before. Sure Master, you talk idly for want of deep; I never heard the fine Policy; nor do I believe that you are of the trick. But if itollover could over reach a Catholic Lawyer.

Clap. In short, it was this: A crafty Jen- nies comes me as far as the Wickett Dick Langdon, (eyes he) what will you not fee your old Friend B笛she? he's just now arriv- ed a back-way in our Quarries. Is the new Commander is not, without an express one have an oath at his Breech for all his good Deeds: and being a little tickled with the fuged hopes of Revenge, was not, it seems, so careful of his hold, but let his Hands and Feet thicken, and the Others watching their opportunity, heart him in, and fairly clap him in. He never dream'd how they terrify'd him; Dandy his Horse never danced a Galliard at that wild rate: they smook't him, they jostled him, and bound him at the floors, and stuffed all the Arrears of his four days obnecy upon his back, though we might legally read the marks of a late Exploite he had undergone before he came hither.

Tickle. Now I protest Master, All this is as paine a Reason as Purgatory is itself: and I'll be as good as my word, not to believe one syllable of this short Story; but yet I would fain know the order of your proceedings in punishing the Sinner there.

Clap. Tom, Didn't ever see the Discipline of Brideswell?

Tickle. Yes, Master, many and many a time; but once to my exceeding great Moni- tification, above all the rest.

Clap. Why just such is the Discipline of Purgatory, for this is certain, that in the Time of Pope in England, a curious Artifit brought in a Model of Purgatory, and the Court of Aldermen made Brideswell by the Plat- form: the Delinquent is brought in, and with strong Cords is made to embrace the Whipping-Pull, two furious Knavehand round.
Tom Ticklefoot
To his Reader, Greeting,

T

om, more hard to Reform an Invertebrate, though Irrational Customs, than to Cure the Itch; and a Non-difinitive Whim, that can plead Proliferation, will craft a private Practice to dirt, that many Gramercy of Great and Gracious Activity to procure its Veneration: the place English of all which is but this: As should be out o’ the World as out o’ the Fashion, though never to Sharp and Ridiculias; however, for once, I am refered not to try whether my New Book (like the New Barge) will not sail against the Wind of Aniquity, and the Tide of Revisiting Example: It has hitherto all along been the Moods of all our Scandal to March their Epitaphs.*

Advices in the Year of our Lord.* An errant Hylteron Procteur (say 1) the Cart before Horse, for all the World: To call him so by Candid, thy Ingenious, thy Learned Reader, (crave, come up thy Dirty Guilt!) this perhaps the poor man has not read one Line, one Word, one Syllable out, and if he be wise, he may, never will; whereas I, upon good Advice, have placed mine in the Rear, politicky considering, that by this Artifice be must be thy Reader, ere I call him so, in light of his Name. Now then have at thee, Courteous Reader, (or by what Name or Title forever thou hast a mind to be Dignified or Distinguiished) I do boldly recommend my Dialogue to the Year of my own Self, because, perhaps no body else will, and if thou thinkst that to applaud it upon my Credulity, to venture thy Judgment upon an Impertinent Folly, praeter consider, the spite of Manhood have taken up their Religion upon no better Principle: Thou, by better see that, if I should tell thee I could have had the Licenses of all the Fat Chaplains, Middle-sized Chaplains, and the Smug-Cotted Chaplains about Town, and a thousand thanks to boot, that I would honour them so far, as to suffer their Names to appear in the Frontispiece; whether the Pope has got it into the Vatican, I dare not say; but its more than probable if the Act for Regulating the Press, has been in force, both the University, and the rest have taken Care of their Book; I think on’t, it had then never been written: It has been a Question moved among the Learned, whether the Destruction of that Statute has done more good than harm? and without doubt it has been very pernicious to the Publick if this one Dialogue had not made amends for the Mischiefs of our Scurrilous Pamphlets: To tell thee one half of its Excellencies, would temt thee to disbelieve the other half; and whilst we pretend to cure all Diffoes (with our Quacks) thou be ready to assert whether it can cure any? yet take a Taste of its Charity. It is nothing to release fourteen Pagans Prefusers over a Ludgate, and sit up as if whole before they were crack’d: What think thou of 20 poor Lads put out Apprentice’s for of 40 poor Old Women clouth’d from Top to Toe against Winter? I will not affirm that, but enquire, and thou know the Truth of it: What strange Cures he has wrought upon those that were given up by the College, I shall not need to relate; how it has opened the Thorax, and disposed Hypochondriacal Winds, removed the Obstructions of the Spleen, broke Impotences with a Pig of Laughter, is the more to conceive; but the flourish of this is this; Look into the Printed Manuscripts of Rhodacanaces Spirit of Salt, the Pillulae Propitiores, Elia’s Vine, in Golden Spermavitrus, and star’d as the Wonders of my Dialogue, and safely stollen from thence, thou canst not but confede its Medical Excellencies. Now for Feats of Activity, Skight of Hand, and all Manual Operations, it cuts the World out o’ Distances, it shall turn your Spitt far beyond the Dog in a Wheel; it cracketh Nuts safer than any Squirrel; it will pick thy Pocket o’ thy Money crotchettly, and shall make thee regret to be so cheated: For the Advancement o’ Trade, there’s nothing like it; it sendeth it to the East-Indies, and the Company may raise as our Golds, it will fetch us home Cloves, Oommon, Mace, Nutmeg, Per- per, Ginger, and all the Oriental Spiceries; as well Diamonds are like to be Dog-cheap another Time, Silks more common than Sarcines, and French-Wines had come in better shelter in Exchange for it, but for an old thing, the call it (I think) Staving. If thou hast an Ambition to be reputed a Scholar, try up this Piece, it shall satisfy the World
World more of thy Abilities, than if thou talk'dst nothing but Sanchonathan, and Jerom-Baul. 'Tis wonder above all, if it should have been turn'd into Latin, French, Italian, Spanish so soon; ay, and into Dutch too; had it not been above their Elegans-tick Intellektikum. I might have had Money for my Copy, if I had been wise; all the Fear was, some Knaves would have Printed upon the Proprietor: And yet I cannot deny some Accidents and Incidents have attended it, which was beyond my Fore-flight and Power to Remedy. It has utterly spent two of its D—s Indications, and half Broke A. Brewher: The Jesuits Trials, (some think,) will fall to Three-pence a-piece in a day or two; The Hawkers may go cool these Voes, the Dialogue has surpris'd 'em far better than my Lord Mayor's Proclamation; but the worst of all is, left some silly Protestants should believe the Reality of purgatory, and so turn Papists; upon my Matter Clod-pate's single Authority; but I can easily justify them: The plain Truth is, I do suspect that 'tis none of my Old Matter that told me that long Film-hemn-pebble-prattle of Purgatory, but Old Nick in his Lakentie's for to the Morning I could trace him to the Window by the sight of his Cloven Foot, as easily as ever I Traced Flares with Snow. To conclude, Reader, if thou shalt only live and value this as it deserves, I have another Dialogue for thee, and another Tact to the bind of that; but beware of a Surfeit. Two Sheets is enough in all Reason for a Dose for the strongest Constitution, and one for the weaker: but if thy Ignorance and Pride shall suffer me to break off my New Trade, I can Retreat Honourably to my Late Employment, and once again become

From Green-Groge Fair.
Aug. 25. 1679.

Tom Ticklefoot

the Tabburer.

FINIS.