The Plea, Paper, and Arbitrary Government is his daily Out-cry, the Common place and burden of his Solicitors noise and clamour, and the Pretences of his impertinent Fears and Jealousies; whatever his Favourite humour dislikes is Popish, and where the Cape will not admit of a positive direct Plea, then Popishly affected doth the business, and any thing that bristles and restrains his licentious inclinations, and Solicitors Preaces is Arbitrary, and Tyrannical. But after the Plague and "Cry he makes the chiefe burden of its fall and home discovery, is that its now almost quite spent and left in running down a Channel of almost three years distance from its first Spring and Fountain. He plainly foresew that 'twould thwart and prevent his Designs, if he had forthwith been Trace to the Fountain head, and therefore had ended presently (as it might very early have been) when we were at the near distance of 78, and 79; he rather Choos to Wire-draw it at length with Tricks and Finecies, as having many Stages of devices that were to run parallel with, and many Plots and Stratagems of his own that he could never Accomplish without this Pretence and Exclamations: That, there hath been, and is still a horrid Paper Plot, &c. That, is still, doth his buffets.

And thus he hath kept the Plea at Bay for these three years, to amuse and divert us, whilst all the while he is in the hot and eager Pursuit of other Game.

He endeavours to poison the people, and scare the Nation into Rebellion by libelling the best King and Government in the world; instituting malicious and groundless Suggestion of eminent Popery and Tyranny, by horrid Stories of Smithfield Flames, Irish Murders, &c. By the Villanous Prints of Carr, Cartells, and a whole Pack of scurrilous Scoundrels, and by a Thousand Artifices daily hammer'd out on the Forge of Faction by Republican Operations in their respective Cabals: In a word he hath done all he can to reduce the State of these Kingdoms to present Bloodshed and Desolation, hoping thereby to make his own Market, purchase his Revenues, and glut his Malice, or at least hide his abominable Head (due long since to Publick Justice) in the general Confusion. Again, our true Loyal Protestant to shew how highly he Values his Sovereigns Content and Quiet, is frequently tormenting him with his impertinent Petitions, and that about things as much beyond the reach and judgment, as they are beside the duty and proper business of the Sawyer Petitioner; especially since he knows how that his Majesty hath Proclaimed not an Avernon only, but a general Proscription to such Dangerous and Seditious Multis and Rolls, and Popish Pragmatical intermollings!

But his greatest Artifice was the Court Plague, and he makes after the Plague and "Cry's Eard ring with Cautions about the Succeeding; so that instead of a Joyful and Dutiful Exclamation of Vive le Roi, he is dayly saluting him with a Memora Mori: This was so harsh and grating to Queen Elizabeth, that she return'd a sharp Reprimand to such as motion'd it, telling them besides, That it was to dig her Grave before she was dead. Our Modern Wight, I say, would lay these Kingdoms in Blood and present it to the World as the true successor of his Loyal Fancy only had conceived in the Womb of Fruition and bare Poultby. His tender Conscience can easily dispense with Dismembering a Royal Prince of his undoubted Right to Three Crowns, upon a supposition only of being of an Opinion different from himself; and yet nothing can serve his own turn, but Repealing Acts of Parliament to indemnify his Secularical Separation, and that he may neglect the Service of God, and break the Laws of the Land with absolute Impunity: This he pretently Stales, Uniting his Majesties Protestant Subjects, though in effect and intent there is no better than admitting the Trojan Horse (a Magazine of mischief) into the Walls, and we should quickly find that a fruit also a Goliath would be the Fatal Consequence in our Church. He knows well enough that he hath blasphemed his R. H. beyond all hopes of Pardon, that therefore his All is at Stake, there is now no Retreat, his Cape is desperate, and he must now pull it home in his own Defence.

This is our True Protestant Loyal Behaviour towards the Children of that Royal Father who was so lately Murder'd by his Faction; whereas if he had but the least grain of his so much boasted Loyalty, or indeed of Christianity, he would strive to Expiate that odious Crying Guilt, and shew his deep abhorrence of that Peal, by paying strict Allegiance to the present Possessor of the Throne, though he were the want of Tyrants, and by not opposing his R. H the rightful successor, though he were a profligate Mahometan.

He hath all along Danced to the Jests Pipe, and Steerd by his Comps we know, but of late he hath openly professed, and avowed such Docility as this: That 'tis lawful to take any Oaths whatsoever with a Municipal Agreement the City of the good Old Cause. That no Faith is to be kept with the City Party. That the famous Evidence in one Cape is Truth and very Oracle, in another Perjury, and Subornation: and, that Truth, and Jure ce may Salute Conscience be not in the bud by Ignoramus, when Billa Vera would be an ill President, prove prejudicial to the Cause, and of bad Consequence when his nearer and dearer Friends turn comes to be Concerned; &c.

To conclude, a Modern Wight is the very Spawn of Antichrist, the Counterpart to Popery, the Jesuits Bum-Brach, the Shame of the Reformation, and the Scandal of Christianity.

FINIS.

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