

The Plot, *Popery*, and Arbitrary Government is his daily Out-cry, the Common place and burden of his Seditious noise and clamour, and the Pretences of his impertinent Fears and Jealousies; whatever his Factious humour dislikes is *Popish*, and where the Case will not admit of a positive direct Plea, then *Popishly* affected doth the business; and any thing that bridles and restrains his Licentious Insolence, and Seditious Practices is Arbitrary, and Tyrannical. But for all the loud *Mug* and Cry he makes after the Plot, himself hath proved the chiefest hinderer of its full and home discovery, so that 'tis now almost quite spent and lost in running down a Channel of almost three years distance from its first Spring and Fountain. He plainly foresaw that 'twould thwart and prevent his Designs, if it had forthwith been Traced to the Fountain head, and there stop'd and ended presently (as it might very easily have been) when we were at the near distance of 78, and 79; he rather Chose to Wire-draw it at length with Tricks and Finesses, as having many Stages of devices that were to run parallel with it, and many Plots and Stratagems of his own that he could never Accomplish without this Pretence and Exclamation, that, there hath been, and is still a horrid *Popish* Plot, &c. That, is still, doth his business.

And thus he hath kept the Plot 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; insinuating malicious and groundless Suggestions of imminent *Popery* and Tyranny, by horrid Stories of *Smithfield* Flames, *Irish* Massacres, &c. by the Villanous Prints of *Carr*, *Curtiss*, and a whole Pack of scurrilous Scoundrels, and by a Thousand Artifices daily hammer'd out on the Forge of *Faction* by Republican Operators in their respective Cabals: In a word he hath done all he can to reduce the State of these Kingdoms to present Blood-shed and Desolation, hoping thereby to make his own Markets, purchase his Revenges, 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 Sawey Petitioner; especially since he knows how that his Majesty hath Proclaimed not an Aversion only, but a general Prohibition to such Dangerous and Seditious Multi-Rolls, and Factious Pragmatical Intermeddlings: But his greatest Artifice and the Court Bugbear as he thinks, is the perpetually making the King's Ears ring with Calmours about the Succession; so that instead of a Joyful and Dutiful Exclamation of *Vive le Roy*, he is daily Saluting him with a *Memento mori*: This was so harsh and grating to Queen *Elizabeth*, that she returned a sharp *Reprimende* to such a motion'd it, telling them besides, That it was to dig her Grave before she was Dead. Our Modern *Whig*, I say, would lay these Kingdoms in Blood and present Idolation, the better forsooth to prevent the imaginary Evils of a (pretended) *Popish* Successor, and such *Chimeras* as his famous Fancy only hath Conceived in the Womb of Futurity and bare Possibility. His tender Conscience can easily dispense with Disinheriting 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 Scismatical Separation, and that he may neglect the Service of God, and break the Laws of the Land with absolute Impunity: This he prettily Stiles, Uniting his Majesties *Protestant* Subjects, though in effect and intent 'tis no better than admitting the *Trojan* Horse (a Magazine of mischiefs) within the Walls, and we should quickly find that a *Ruit alto a Calvine* 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 Case is desperate, and he must now push it home in his own Defence.

This is our True *Protestants* Loyal Behaviour towards the Children of that Royal Father who was so lately Murdered 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 loud-Crying Guilt, and shew his deep abhorrence of that *Fact*, by paying strict Allegiance to the present Possessor of the Throne, though he were the worst of Tyrants, and by not opposing his *R. H.* the rightful Successour, though he were a profest *Mahometan*.

He hath all along Danced to the *Jesuits* Pipe, and Steer'd by his Compass we know, but of late he hath openly profest, and avowed such Doctrines as these: That 'tis lawful to take any Oaths whatsoever with a Mental *Salvo* for the sake of the good Old Cause. That no Faith is to be kept with the *Tory-Party*. That the self-same Evidence in one Case is Truth and very Oracle, in another Perjury, and Subornation; and, that Truth, and Justice may *Salva Conscientia* be nipt 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 *Whig* is the very Spawn of *Antichrist*, the Counterpart to *Popery*, the *Jesuits* Bum-Crack, the Shame of the Reformation, and the Scandal of Christianity.

F I N I S.

L O N D O N,

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