

The Last Words and Sayings
OF THE
TRUE-PROTESTANT
ELM-BOARD,

Which Lately

Suffer'd Martyrdom in *Smithfield*, and now in *Southwark* :

TOGETHER WITH
A TRUE RELATION
OF A

Conference between *Dr. B---*, and the said Board.

Christian Reader,

THis Board was Born in the Parish of *Barn-Elms*, of a very Antient Stock, and growing up in Years, was preferred to the Service of *Sh. B---* in the nature of a *Dresser-Board*, in whose Kitchen he past his days in ease and quietness, free from the Burthen and Oppression of many Dishes, and such like Popish and Antichristian Ceremonies; but this happiness was too great to continue, for the Cheapness of Victuals soon invited his Master into the *York-shire* Climate, so that he was forthwith exposed to the Malice of a Popishly-Affected *Cook-Maid*, who boyling some *Holy-Water* for a *Crop-sick Catholick*, most inhumanely placed the red-hot Skillet upon him, which Barbarous Action could not but extort from him most hideous Groans and Howlings, all which notwithstanding, he firmly adhered to his first principles, and chose rather to be Martyr'd in *Smithfield*, than to dwell in a *Popish Gluttonous Kitchen*, tho' exposed to the Rage and Fury of *Merry-Andrews*, *Jack-Puddings*, *red-hot Irons*, and *Toreys*.

The Reverend *Scot, Dr. B---*, so Remarkable for disturbing the Sick, no sooner heard of the Torments and bitter Agonies of his Beloved Board in the Lord, but he made hast to give him some crums of *Christian Consolation*, before he departed this Life, by which he might



be the better. Enabled to undergoc with Patience so Fiery a Tryal, the *Salamanca* Doctor was designed to be sent for, because he had sworn through many Boards, and therefore was the fitter to Pray by one, but Dr. B---'s voluntary Visit prevented it, who upon his first Entrance saluted the Board with an *Holy Kiss*, and said, *Be of good Comfort my Brother, suffer Patiently, your Reward is great, thou shalt be the Royal Oak in Paradise, and when thou shalt have pit off this Touch-wood Tabernacle, thou shalt be as one of the Cedars of Lebanon, where there will be no Merry-Andrews, no Jack-Puddings, no Cook-Maids, no red-hot Irons.*

The Board return'd the Dr. many Thanks for his Ghostly Advice, and desired him to sit down upon him. The Dr. being a profest Enemy to all manner of Ceremony, complyed, and sat him down, and reflecting with himself, That those who draw near their latter End, have commonly a foresight of future Events, proposed several *Questions* to him, concerning the deplorable condition of this Nation: *First,*

Dr. Shall the D. of M. be King?

Board. Ummmm- No.

Dr. Shall Scotch Kirk-Government ever prevail in England, to which he Groan'd No, as God shall judge me: quoth the Dr. I am exceedingly sorry for it.

Dr. Shall we ever have a Parliament? for I long to be Thank'd for my Regalia.

Board. Ah, Dr. had the last *Westminster* Parliament continued, you had not only had their Thanks, but had been Chair-man of an Assembly, by this time.

Dr. What think you of Mr. Papillion and Mr. Dubois, (my very good Friends) being Sheriffs?

Board. Beware, if they are not you will all come to an Untimely End.

Dr. Shall the Polish Tapski, dye in his Bed?

Board. Let him stick close to *Papillion* and *Dubois*.

Dr. Shall I ever be Rector of the Kirk, called Mary Hill?

Board. Ummmm- No, No.

Dr. You are a Papist in your heart, and so farewell, for I will not Absolve you.

Board. Pray then Dr. do not sham the World with a Narrative of my Life.