

The last MEMORIAL of the Agent from the
K. of POLAND, to the SALAMANCA DR.

My Learned Chaplain,

Foreseeing many Hours are not allotted me to remain in my Earthly Tabernacle I judged it requisite to impart my Sentiments to Thee before my *Exit*.

Ah Friend! If *Thy Self*, thy *Father*, and old *Ezrael Tonge*, &c. in 1678. (instead of honest *K. K.*) had made a timely application to Me, after you bugger'd out your ill favour'd and imperfect *Embryo* at *Fox-hall* and in *Fulwoods Rents*, I could have lickt the uncouth *Cub* into a much more gainly and Gentile Form, that would have made the People Moon-blind, and transform'd them into such confounded Asses, that they might have been Bridled, Saddled, and Rid as your good pleasure should have deem'd convenient; yea, and have striven with all their Might and Main to have lost their *Liberty*, *Property* and *Religion*, and like egregious Sots and Coxcombs wilfully to thrust their Necks into a certain Noose of Eternal Slavery and Confusion,

If this notorious *Tragi-comedy* had been first revised and corrected by my experienc'd Hand, I should have imbelished it with most curious Touches, and *England* at this day had seen many fair *Commissions* Sealed ^{S^H} and Signed *Johannes Paulus d'Oliva*; But Ye, like a Triumvirate of silly *Tubsters*, had not the Brains to consider, that One *Commission* would have been a Scene superiour to any in your *Farse*, and have far out-done those *Letters*, which (unknown to You) gave you Reputation.

If my Hand had been earlier at the Oar, Dear *Doctor*, thy *Forty Thousand Pilgrims* and their *Black Bills* had not now been invisible, nor thy numberless *Drury-Lane Daggers* been believ'd *Non-Entities*, nor thy *Doctorhood* at *Salamanca* a very Ridicule, nor the Illustrious *Don John* of *Austria* a *Tail Fair Man*; Neither had thy worthy *Father*. at this day sold *Pies* at the *Half Moon* in *Bloomsbury*, (where he died,) nor thy little Brother boy'd *Rumps of Mutton* in *Red-cross-street*, nor Sea Bully *Sam* enter'd the Appartments of the Scolds in *Long-ditch*.

If Ye had attended Me when Ye ought, no Mortal durst now have averred, that there never was such a Man as *Father Strange* the *Jesuit*, who so candedly and frankly unbosom'd himself, and (as *Gabriel* to *Mahomet*) reveal'd to Thee the mighty Mysteries of thy *Alcoran*, which *T. Sm.* of the *Temple* digested into things call'd *Depositions*, or rather Stories of *Cocks* and *Bulls*, and *Parson Jones* prefix'd the *Epistle*, and call'd it by the name of *Narrative*: This was the Sire to numerous hopeful Babes of the same Name and Nature, and Grand-fire to the admired *Narrantine* of thy Renowned Brother the Ingenious *Enstace Comins*; So, as thy prudent Predecessor *Mahomet*, the Impostor, had a juggling *Jew* and a mischievous *Menk*; Thou hadst a discontented *Law-man*, and a discarded *Naval Chaplain* thy Co-adjutors; yet [the veryest *Logger-head* in the Three Nations will never account Thee a *Prophet*, or a *Saviour* worth a Farthing.

I was constrain'd to flie my Countrey in order to preserve my Neck, and to take Sanctuary in that very *Carthage*, I formerly took *Measures* to have destroy'd. Oh! let my *Speech* to the *Lords* and *Commons* be blotted out of the Records of Time! Oh! may my *Delenda est Carthago*, [*Amsterdam must be Damn'd*,] never be remembred by *Butter-boxes* of this or the next Age! Oh! may my Country-men never revert upon Me *Delenda est Septonia*, *S*—y must be sent to the Devil!

My not being soon enough acquainted with thy Intrigue, is the certain source of all our miseries and misfortunes; That breke and dislocated all *Measures*. The World remembers well, after I became thy *Patron* and *Pilot*, how smoothly we all sham'd the Publick; how quickly thou attainedst 12 *l.* a week, to feed a numerous gang of *Rebels* and *Sedition-mongers*, with a Sett of antiquated *Ruffians*, and Beardless *Buggeroons* to attend thy Tail; Any Mortal that would not believe thy *Affidavit*, and make thy *Plot* his *reed*, was forthwith put into it, or into as bad a condition; No Man was secure in his Bed, no Man's Life was his own; 'twas Peace, but a Peace



as dangerous as War; for the malicious Oath of any *Flagitious Villain*, was sufficient to send a Man to the *Gallows*, and to Carve out his Carcase for Crows-meat. Then was the time of great *Miracles*, and stupendious *Faith*; Men believ'd every thing; Not a Sooty Chimney took Flame without a *Popish Fire-ball*; not an idle Fanatick could run from his Creditors, slip into a corner with a Wench, &c. but 'twas reported he was snatcht away by some *Papist*, and sent into another world; The *French* with innumerable Ships and Boats descended out of the Moon, and subdu'd the Isle of *Purbeck*; *W. Bedloe* travers'd *Spain, France & Flanders* in the *Marshalsea*, was wonderfully convey'd from *Bristol* to make strange Discoveries, and from a very great Rogue suddenly transform'd into a Man of Virtue and Integrity. *France* by an admirable Providence, confess'd, deny'd, and declar'd great things. *Frigades* of Horse in bright Armour by Moon-light Associated under a Hedge, to Assassinate my Lordship, but were prevented by a *Miracle*. Then were deep Secrets drag'd out of the Bowels of the Midwives *Meal-Tub*, and 300 *Wolves*, 300 *Letters*, and as many Suits of Cloaths found in the Inchant'd Chamber of *Col. Mansel*; The *Wolves* were slain by his own Hand; The *Letters* sent to *Carolina* by *Tom Merry*, and the Cloaths were reserv'd for the Col's own wearing; but those *Commissions-Waller*, and He had in their custody, are not yet come to light. Then thou didst wisely re-collect thy self, that thou hadst seen 2 or 3 *Blue Garters* through 4 Key-holes.

By this time some of the *Greatest persons* in the three Kingdoms were entangled one way or other in the Plot; the next thing was to make it glance upon the King Himself: First we contrived to pluck the Kingdoms Sword out of His hands; to get the *Militia* from Him; then to steal away His other Sword from His side, to Indict His *Guards* upon an obsoleted Statute, as *Ryoters* and *Routers*, These meane failing, we stirred up *Legions* of *Factionous Fellows* to Petition Him for a *Parliament*; that trick not doing the feat, we caus'd many poysonous *Libels* to be made upon Him, and very carefully disperst; next we Printed *Treasonable Pictures* and Pen'd obscene *Ballads* stuf't full of *Sedition* and most malicious *Ribaldry*; as the *Raree-shew*, and many others; These we diligently call abroad, and order'd our Pensioners *Aaron Smith, Stephen Colledge, S. Harris, Bedlow, Dangerfield* Brother *Sam. Coll. Mancel*, &c. to sing and chant them out in every place they came in. We very well understanding one way (a sure one too) to destroy a Prince, is, to render Him ridiculous, and little in the Eyes of His People.

All these projects, were backt with one more dangerous and dreadful, our late *Association*; this was our *True Protestant-Flail*, the Master-piece, of all our hopes.

London and *Middlesex* were certain Sanctuaries for any *True Protestant Traytor*. The *Sheriffs* were my Slaves, and their packt *Juries* my Vassals: *Treason* escap'd Scot-free, and was esteem'd a Cardinal virtue by every *True Protestant Dissenter*. All *Loyal Men* were call'd *Papists*, and all *Ministers* of State *Fritestors* of *Popery*. *Juries* would not see light at noon-day, and in spight of *Magna Charta*, damn'd up the Sacred Streams of Justice. With what Face will those base Recreants to common sence, & the Sacrament of an Oath, who fix'd an *Ignoramus* upon my *Association*, one day appear at a Barr, and hear the dreadful Statute of *Edward the First* read to them? Or how can those wilful Sots, those *Antipodes* to Reason and prudence, ever atone for their Folly and Madnes, who endeavour'd by *Seditious Arts* and *Rebellious Tumults*, instead of two honest *English-men*, to set up two strange *Calvinistical Walloons* for *Sheriffs* of *London* and *Middlesex*? Or canst thou but expect Justice will catch thee by the crown, and thy *Buggeroons* by the back, who by thy command in all those *Ryots* dispence thy Bottles to the rude enraged Rabble to insence them up to commit Murthers on the King's Liege-people?

I leave thee to the Horror thou bearest in thy own Breast; for a wicked person is always in pain. He either practiceth the Evil he hath projected, or projects to avoid the Evil he hath deserved.

Adieu.

Amsterdam January 17th. Stilo novo. 1683.