

# SELF-MURDER.

O R,

An Episcopal-Doctor Murdering his own Reputation, in a Pamphlet, Call'd, Self-Condernnation, in pursuance of the Debate in the Shop.

Doctor,

**E**RE I atque you in my mode of vilitation, I must needs premise a Caution, lest I run the risque of being reputed as *Pedantick*, as you are *Arogant*. Therefore I frankly own that I have advisedly pur-  
 this *Incubration* in such a dress as best suits your de-  
 sert, and is somewhat *Homo geneous* with your bustling way; being in my opinion the most proper method to treat & match your *Doctor-ship*: And I'll prove the fate of this paper to incur the imputation of Foolishness, it will alleviate my resentment, that I am not alone obnoxious to this Censure, having so grand a Doctor fully exposing his own foolishness: But pray, *Master Doctor*, bear with me a little in my personated folly, seeing you would have the world bear with your real unmasked fatuity.

When I read your Pamphlet, call'd *Self-Condernnation*, I was plung'd into a deep demur, whether to pass any Censure on it or not; it so evidently and effectually proclai'meth your pitiful weaknesses: But your unparalleled *Self-conceit* and *Vanity* is so intolerable, that I was ev'n tempted *nolens volens* to force my Genius to make a sudden fallie, in telling the World over again *cum nota*, what your self have told notably enough to my hand, viz. that you are a most impudent *Braggadocio*: For verification of which Charge, I shall not extrava-gate with out the Sphere of your own flouting print, every page and Paragraph the reof contributing a Line for drawing the Picture of a vain glorious *Torolo*: *tuus verba, tibi cerbera*, therefore do I intitle you, a *Self-murderer*, and this is the Province I undertake here, even to produce testimony from your self, proving your prodigious *Arogance*.

Page 33. says our Doctor, *His Mock Answer ministr'd an occasion form, to tell him, I knew and had seen the Writings of their most famous Authors, I had writ against them, I could Answer all their Arguments, and knew more of the Contrajesse than all of them; this I said, and this I own, and I hope it will not be reputed Vanity in me, &c.*

It is only the Quintessence of *Vanity*, and *Foolry* in *Folio*! Was there ever such a piece of *Vagantrie* pencil'd by a *Dr's* pen? Was there ever such *histrionic* impudence unask'd? I am almost tempted to say that in stead of the *Doctor's Cap, Hood, and Beds*, would better become you: and however you *Tantalize* your self, with the hopes that this your palpable *Arro-gance* will not be reputed *Vanitie*, Yet I doubt nothing but with Men of Temper and Sagacity it will be reckon'd bare-faced *Insolence*; and sure I am the wisest of Men calls it no less than *desperate folly*, *Prov. 26. 12.* And besides, your fancying this your *Vanity*, to be no *Vanity*, is a Dream equivalent with that of the old Philosopher *Anaxagoras*, who *Paradoxically* enough averred that Snow was black. Hence at your own leisure, Doctor, read *Isa. 5. 20, 21.*

*Ibid.* Says he, *I may be pardoned to alledge, Isa. when I open my self to it, search to the bottom of a particular Contraversion.*

O bottomless *Bravade*! I perceive, Doctor, you are a jolly good Ducker, and sure also no ill-swimmer: Certainly there is no judicious Reader, who adverts to this volatill *Bragg*, but will say, the Man's tumide Pate is swimming full of *Mercurial* Atoms and Maggots, that whirl him now and then into dismal Deliriums: Indeed Doctor you have need of a doze of *Hellebor* to drive out these veriginous Phantoms, that fath your noyed Noddle so sadly: And if once the operation had search'd to the bottom of your Brains to work out the sediment of your Disease, how easily fcever others might pardon your insolence, the hardest Matter of all would be to obtain a pardon from your self, for your temerarious impudence and imprudence.

Page 43. *Tou see ( says he ) I can prove any thing I like against you.*

Ay, if your Antagonist had had on your spectacles, he would have seen it the better: It's great pity, Doctor, but you were sent into *Lapland* or the *Indies* to make *Profelytes*, you have such a Non-such irrefragable Art of Arguing; no doubt you would dilemmatize them at the first gird, and bring them into such a bottomless *Buceardo*, that, were *Aristotle* himself alive, he should not be able to extricate them, nor no body else, but your *mighty self*, providing only, the Humour took you, to apply your self to it. But Doctor, so long as you are yet here, take care you prove not your self a fool in *Prin-*, which may marr the blessing of your being sent a *Missionary* on so glorious an Expedition.

Page 46. Says he, *All present in the Shop law and knew he could not hold up with me.*

Small wonder, Doctor, for, as you tell us your self, p. 32, you are a *Tale-man*, and consequently makes wide steps: *Yes, I fancy, you are a Man of such unusual dimensions, that none knows either your height, or your depth. As for your height, you insinuate your self, pag. 23. You can reach above the Clouds, & fetch down Illumination to caule the scales of more than Cimmerian darkness all from your Antagonist's Eyes. And as for your depth, we have heard you can duck down to the bottom of a contraversion, when you apply your self to it, p. 33. And again, Doctor, I believe you verie well, that not only all present in the Shop, but any where else, may see your Antagonist cannot hold up with you; for, I reckon you to be *benigne secundus* for *Banter* and *Vanitie*; but rather, as to this peerless property, to be *Thrasone Thralonior ipso*: And moreover I think that Man so much the wiser, the further he keeps from following your steps: *Yes, Doctor, I must fall here, how hard soever your hap is like to be in vanquishing others, I allow you to set up a Tropic of Victorie for conquering me to be your Proclite*; because, I profess, I come with your sentiment intricate well as to the main point in contraversion; for you have convinc'd me sufficiently that there is an imparitie among Pastors, for if all were *Head-apers*, with your sublim'd Wisdom, wonderful! what a sad Set of Clergie should we have? the wisest Clerks sure, in Christendom.*

Page 47. Says he *(ore rayudo)* in the beginning of my Impertinety among Pastors, I propse my Arguments, that they may be considered by those of the Presbyterian persuasion, and I humbly desire the Commission of the late Assembly, or any subsequent Assembly, to take them to task, and if this be in a manner, bidding defiance to them, to do so: but that he may understand, his Menaces do nowise discourage me, I desire, says he, in like humble manner, (I wish, Doctor you be not see with your double Humilities) the whole General Assembly, may be pleas'd to take them to Task, or recommend them to others: *Nay, I desire all their Party convene'd in Kirk, Sessions, Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assemblies, to do me the like kindness, if they please, &c. they may try my Arguments, if they will, and perhaps come off, as you have done, in this your Mock Edition.*

Well crack'd Doctor, such an audacious challenge becomes a man of your metal, and you deserve to be canonized for your courage, as much as ever *S. George* for his Valour in killing the Dragon: But Doctor, mind ye, not an old Proverb, *room Barrels make most din*, which maie be partly enough applied to this your *Bombastick Bragg*: However, amidst your *Rhodomontads*, let me have one serious Word with you; I'm really afraid you are *Hypocondriack*, or bitten with the *Larantula*; for its not reasonable to be supposed that a Man of common sense in his right Wits would transgress all bounds of Sobriety so far, as to print such arrogant stuff, who but a vain glorious *Thralo* would so impudently give challenge to Assemblies,

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Wives, Commissions, Synods, &c. to enter the Lists of Dispar-  
ation with him? surely an Assembly, or their Commission would  
have little ado, if they should take your loose headed whimsies  
to task, otherwise than on the account of your follie and ar-  
rogance, to depose you from the Ministry, as being a stain to  
that venerable profession: And methinks your own Partic-  
shoud, for the credit of their Cause, disprove and censure  
you for usurping to set up for the Patron and prime propugna-  
tor thereof; Yea and I am informed Doctor, that some of the  
wise Heads of your own Gang, reckon you but a flaming Gouk.

I offer another pregnant proof of your *Doctorships* impo-  
tent Infotence, pag. 33. You brag of your *Writings* against  
Principal Rile, Mr. Darham, the London Assembly Ministers,  
Mr. Jameson, Mr. Thomas Forrester, and particularly that ye  
have refuted Mr. Forrester's Arguments, and you infer, by  
what is said, I may seem to be no Novice in this Contraversy.

Strange Solidity! Vainlingie to tell the World of such &  
such of his Writings against Authors in Print, and that he  
hath refuted them too, and yet at the same time to tell, all  
these his *Learn'd Lecturasons*, are still dormant in *Manu-  
scripts*: Can they be refused otherwise than in his own dream-  
ing Fancy? Is he nor both Judge and Party alone? Can there  
be plainer *vain glorious self-conceitnes*, than to be  
putted up with the imaginary mighty Feates of his Learning,  
that none hath access to know but himself, what is this but  
to be *immodicum proprii factator honoris*: as says *Claudian*. But  
further, doth he not by this *stry Stratagem*, form to himself  
men of hay and straw, and then fall a threshing them when  
he hath done, and after all triumph, as ever did *Cesar*, or  
*Scipio*. Such *Chimerical Speculations* become *Bedlam* better  
than a *Doctors head*: This puts me in mind of a People called  
*Psylli*, who imagining the Wind was injurious to them, would  
needs wage War against *Æolus*: These silly *Psylli*, in point  
of Prudentials, were much about a bind with our valorous *Doctor*.

I cannot pass yet another Reflexion on the *Doctors*'s Learn-  
ing, as it labours of a *Tympany* of Vanity, so it hath another  
unlucky Fault (& specially this is a Criminal in a Divine) that  
it hath little tendency to Edification, for my part my plum-  
beous pate can observe nothing in his *Pamphlet* that smels  
of this way, saving one considerable passage indeed, which I  
must do him the Justice to commemorate, specially seeing  
he humbly conceives, pag. 30. *It will not be unadvising to the  
Reader*: The matter is this, that Rancountering with a *Qua-  
ker*, he conjur'd and cudgell'd the Evil Spirit out of him, by  
the *Magick of a Metaphorical Ellwand*, which nentled the  
bumbaz'd *Quaker* to desperately, that he had no way to escape  
the dirt of his *Herculean Club*, but by calling it a *Carnal Ar-  
gument*: But, as I was saying before, that for his exquisite  
skill in Argumentation, he should be sent to the *Indies* to  
make *Profelytes*; so now I am established in my Opinion,  
for I perceive he hath the Gift of working *Miracles* too.

But our *Doctor* seems to be worse natur'd to the *Presby-  
terians*, than to the *Quakers*, for he takes but *Edwards* to the  
*Quakers*, but he would be at taking *Horns* to the *Presby-  
terians*: for he tells us, pag. 19 *I had rather turn a horn'd  
Ox, ere I turn'd Presbyterian*: But, pray *Doctor*, if ye had your  
wish (as *Jos* the daughter of *Inachus* was by *Jupiter* turn'd into  
a Cow) to be turn'd into a horn'd Ox, what would ye do with  
your horns? I fancy, I'm not much out in my guess, that (as  
ye speak of the *Presbyterian Spurr*, pag. 43. That they are not  
pointed with Steel, but Lead) ye would even point your horns,  
not with Lead, but Steel, and tosse and pult them every *Presbyteri-  
an* comes in your gate: Yea and your declared spite and dis-  
gust at *Presbyterians* is so keen, that it may be fear'd you  
might be tempted to wish not only to be a horn'd Ox, but to  
be a *Phalaris Bull*, which would chastise them lucky as  
sensibly as either *boots* or *thummikins*, which, by the way,  
were among the hardest of your arguments, in the Days

of yore, against the *Presbyterians*; And therefore they ha-  
ve all the reason of the world to do their utmost to prevent fu-  
ture *Bulls of Basban*, as you are, from ever having power to  
push at them again; its within memory, since they found  
the like of you, *horn'd Beasts* indeed.

As for your *Paper Combat* with your *Shop-Antagonist*,  
will not meddle with you, ye are *Divines* and *Ministers*, to  
*Argent fabrilis fabri*; divide the Spoil betwix you, *he's  
age, and can speak for himself*: And I am nothing doubt-  
ful in point of sober and solid Disputation, he will be match-  
for you, and more, though (to give you your due, *Doc-  
tor*) I think you will warr and vanquish him another way, and  
to make all odds even, to wit, by bold banter, *Satyrick In-  
sives*, *scurrilous Saucisms*, and *Maichavelian Calumnies*,  
which are the weapons of your warfare, and wherein, I  
perceive, your *Strength* and *Talents* most lies, especially  
when you apply your self to it. So I leave this part to him,  
to chastise and mortifie you in his own way; though I think  
indeed he hath need both of *Argo's eyes* and *Briarius hands*,  
that hath to do with such a formidable, Multiform En-  
emy, as you are; for we just now heard of you under the  
shape of a *horn'd Beast*, and you tell us pag. 47, that you  
are a *bold Lion*, and pag. 43, that you are an *old Tike* who  
*bites fore*. I wish he be not frighted out of his wits, when  
he sees you playing your *Proreous* pranks, for who can keep  
Courage against your *Horns*, *Claws*, and *Tusks*? But to my  
purpose again, my Province was to discover how you man-  
der your own Reputation, by exposing your Arrogance at  
Vanity in contemning *Assemblies*, *Synods*, and all *Presbyteri-  
ans*: as likewise in magnifying your self so Hypertical  
and Insolently, which none that has a mouthfull of *Mocha  
wit* will do: For *omnis arrogans, fatuus*.

In fine, I have been indulging my *Doctor-like* humour to  
take vent a little, now I'll turn some wiser, and presume to  
give you two Advices, one from the mouth of a wife *Pa-  
gan*, *Nosce teipsum*; and the other from a prudent *Christians  
Desire grande loquid*. I beseech you, *Doctor*, as you continue  
your own Reputation for the future, supercede to appear  
in Print, for you are not lukie that way, *ex quois ligno ven-  
sit Mercurius*; and it had been your Happiness, that you  
two *Pamphlets*, and the Debate in the *Shop*, had been yet  
dormant among your mightie Manuscripts, which have  
not seen the Light; But seeing *nescis vox missa reverti*,  
the next best Course, I think, you can take, is either, eye  
to tie both your *Prints* and *Manuscripts* in one Bundle, and  
commit them to the close Custody of the *luddie Flames*,  
or else send them to a *Tobacco shop*, where they may serve  
their Generation lukie better than in a *Stationers*.

I am somewhat apprehensive this Attack may raise a  
mighty Storm in your *Stomack*, and perhaps have the Opini-  
on of a *Vomiter*, to provoke you to Disgore some  
of your *Serpentin-Choler*; but whatever *Rhodomontades*  
you may come to vent in one of your *Lunastick fits*; I am  
resolved not to regard them (*surdo cantabunt amice*) but even  
to let you speak to the Man in the Moon: For I think  
this a sufficient Shield against all you can belch forth,  
that your *Tongue* is no *Slander*.

Now, *Doctor*, I have done with you; and refers to all  
who have peruted your flaming Pamphlets, to judge if this  
be not a far more agreeable way of Answering you, than for  
an *Assembly of Divines* to take your unanswerable Argu-  
ments to Task, who certainly have Matters of greater Mo-  
ment to mind, than *Damitian like* to fall a dabbling at the  
*Flees* of your volatil Fancies, which to an Intelligent Con-  
sidering Reader, are none other than *Sophisms* and *Pages  
antry*: So that these glorious Monuments of your Ingenious  
Learning may with sound of *Trumper* be Proclam'd to be  
*non digna Cedro, sed summe Letes*.

## P O S T S C R I P T.

I Hope the Candid Reader, who hath read the *Doctors Pamphlet* (Self-Condernation) will say, that my design is  
good. Prov. 26. 4. for I must innocently profess it was not without a goodly Cause. In regard of the  
proper or  
my  
the  
Pamphlet  
well, which I recommend to the *Doctors*'s serious Perusal: But after all that is said, or can be said, he is so Head-bound, that I  
fear his obstinate Self-conceit may still remain with him.