

A
LETTER

TO

Father Petres

FROM THE

DEVIL,

Upon the Miscarriage of their Affairs here.

Son P E T R E,

YOUR S I received from the *Infernal Post*,
After two Days upon the *Stygian Coast*;
Which did me both Astonish and Surprize,
Till Tears of *Madness* issued from my Eyes;
'T must needs be Dismal when the *Devil* Cries. }

I'm mad with *Rage*, with *Spleen* I'm almost burst
Are All our *Plots*, All our *Intreagues* Accurst?
Was it for this I brought into your *Order*,
To countenance each *Villany* and *Murder*,
One who hath Power to *Act* as well as *Will*,
An inbred Proneness unto All that's *Ill*:
Malitious even to the last *Degree*,
Nor equal'd in *Revenge* and *Cruelty*;
Who when sollicit'd to ought that's Good,
He changeth *Countenance*, it chills his *Blood*?
He from his *Gallick* Breed this *Maxim* draws,
To make his *Will* a Boundary to *Laws*;
Nay, his *Male* Family is not excus'd,
Whose *Moral* Vertues are too plain diffus'd,
Over three *Bleeding* Kingdoms, once the *Pride*
Of *Europe*, while a *Tudor* was the *Guide*:
But when the *Scottish* Race took footing here,
I found with every *Wind* their *Faith* would vere;
And tho' to the *First James* I seem'd to fly,
Yet both the *Charles's* easily did comply:
When they drew backward or our *Will* deny'd,
We had a *Wife* or *Brother*, on our side;
True Friends to *Rome*, and each *Tame Monarchs* Guide. }
This *Bigot*, who to *Charles* a *Plague* hath been,
Him I plague justly with as vile a *Q*—

A

And

