



A

D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

The DEVIL, the POPE,

AND THE

P R E T E N D E R



[Price One Shilling.]

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BETWEEN  
The DEVIL, the POPE,  
AND THE  
P R E T E N D E R

---

*—Comes additur una  
Hortator Scelerum.*

VIRGIL.

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L O N D O N :

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The DEVIL, the POPE,

AND THE

P R E T E N D E R .

DEVIL.

**Y**OUR Servant, my old Friend, I kiss your  
Toe with profound Veneration.

POPE.

Who breaks in upon me thus abruptly?

—Ha! I ask your Mightiness's Pardon, I see  
your Foot, and I kiss it with the utmost  
Adoration.

DEVIL.

It is so long indeed since I have heard from  
you, I thought you had absolutely forgot me.

POPE.

You are the only Person, I believe, who will  
think so; and if you have not heard from me of  
late, it is because my whole Time hath been  
engaged in projecting Schemes for your  
Service.

DEVIL.

I am heartily glad to hear it; for by the  
Situation of Affairs below, I began to fear the  
whole World were becoming Protestants.

POPE.

You win have more Reason to think, I hope,  
before we part, that they are all becoming

Papists; but in your own Name, what Reason can you have to complain? I am afraid, Brother, there is some Truth in the Insatiability which is reported of your Temper. Can you want Souls, when all *Europe* is at War; for of those slain in Battle, a Third must at an Average be supposed to fall to your Share.

DEVIL.

No Thanks to you, Brother. You will be pleased to remember this is no religious War. The Ambition of Princes will send themselves and their Subjects to me without any Assistance of yours. Indeed, Brother, you will shortly place the private Views of Men to my Account.

POPE.

Indeed, Brother, and so I shall.—Who are the Prime Ministers of these Princes? Are they not my Cardinals? Are not the Schemes of extending Dominions, and enriching one Country at the Expence and Ruin of another, often hatch'd within the Walls of the Vatican, and thence by my Instruments infused into the Cabinets and Councils of Princes? Are not those Confessors, who keep a Key to the Consciences of those Princes, mine? Do they ever insinuate, that the Designs of introducing Bloodshed and Desolation into Kingdoms, without any other Motive than that of Ambition, is wicked and unlawful? On the contrary, Do they not often promote and always encourage them in there Projects? And as for private Views, none but you yourself, (and you must be in yourself too to do it) can deny that my Indulgences, Pardons, and Absolutions, are the best Methods to propagate Iniquity, which you could invent. And since you provoke me, I must tell you, it is to me you owe much the greater Part of the Souls in Christendom.

DEVIL.

Hold, Brother. [*aside.*] *I must not anger this old Fellow, for he is the best Friend I have.*

POPE.

Is my Inquisition lull'd asleep?

DEVIL.

Nay, even I can't bear that. My Inquisition, if you please; I am sure I invented it, and am prouder of it than of all my other Inventions.

POPE.

True, you did; but I have encouraged it; and if none but you could have produced such an Invention, none but I would have received it; nor could I act from any other Motive in so doing, than merely a Desire to oblige you. Nay, so visible is this, if Mankind did not absolutely want common Sense, it must have discovered the Alliance between us.

DEVIL.

Be not angry, my good Friend: I did not mean to offend you; nor do I deny the Obligations I have towards you. I own the Justice of your Remonstrances, and confess, that even I myself did not know how much you had done in my Service.

POPE.

And how much I am doing too.---There is a Scheme on Foot.

DEVIL, (*eagerly*).

Ay, what?

POPE.

Don't you know it then?

DEVIL.

You know, Brother, yours are the only human Schemes, (if, indeed, they may be called human) which I cannot penetrate.

POPE.

What think you of the Propagation of your Inquisition?

DEVIL.

My Friend!--where?

In *England*.

DEVIL.

In *England*?

POPE.

In *England*: Nay, I thought it would make you there. Know then, since I must inform you, that under the Protection of the Kings of *France* and *Spain*, I have sent over the Pretender's Son *Charles*, in order to protect the Liberties and Properties and Church of *England*.

DEVIL.

Ha, ha, ha.

POPE.

Now, do you tell me what Success it will have.

*Devil shakes his Head.*

POPE.

Zounds! you are enough to dishearten a Man, and to discourage him from undertaking your Cause.

DEVIL.

You know my Interest must make me wish well to your Enterprize; but I have always despaired of any Success of this kind in that damn'd ----- I mean that not damn'd heretical Country: The Rascals have tasted the Sweets of Liberty in

Church and State too long. And as for the Protection of them by a Popish Prince you know, Brother, they have had an Example.

POPE.

Well, Brother, and don't you know that was a considerable Time ago. Don't you know the Inconstancy of Mens Tempers, that they love Change so well, as often to exchange manifest Good for Evil! There is no Deceit so gross, but that some will swallow it.

DEVIL.

Mum! I smell human Flesh.

POPE.

Quick! change yourself into the Dress of Cardinal *Alberoni*; you are so like, there is no knowing one from t'other. There --- hide this Foot.

*The* PRETENDER, *prostrates himself at the Pope's Feet, and kisses his Toe.*

Most Holy Father, your Blessing.

POPE.

Rise, Child, you have it. Well, what News from the Army of the Church in *Scotland*?

PRETENDER.

Excellent News! We have obtained a Victory over the *Heretics*.

POPE.

I am rejoiced at it. Indeed I could expect no less Success from the constant Prayers which myself and the good Cardinal here have offered up on that Occasion: We had just finished our *Ave-Mary's* when you came in to us.

PRETENDER.

I have been constantly on my Knees,  
particularly to St. Thomas a Becket, to whose  
Assistance I chiefly impute our Success.

POPE.

He is an excellent Saint.

DEVIL.

Let *Tom* alone. I have not left a better Saint  
behind me.

PRETENDER.

I don't understand your Eminence.

DEVIL, (*aside*).

Poh! I had forgot myself; but it is impossible  
even for me to refrain joking on such an  
Occasion.

POPE.

His Eminence hath not so much Regard for St.  
*Thomas* as for some other Saints. St. *Ursula*  
and the 11,000 Virgins receive his chief  
Devotions.

PRETENDER.

Every Man certainly hath his particular Saints;  
nor can anyone in his Senses doubt the  
prodigious Power of those holy Virgins, to  
whom I have said 11,000 Prayers in my Time.  
The Reason I chose St. *Thomas* is, because he  
is on the Spot, and because he was a Martyr to  
the Propagation of your Holiness's Power, in  
that very Kingdom where we are now  
endeavouring to re-establish that Power: And  
there is no Doubt but that holy Martyr will now  
exert his more than mortal Power in the Cause  
of the Church; and tho' perhaps he may chuse  
to be invisible, will head our Troops on this  
Occasion.

POPE.

St. *Thomas* did indeed deserve well of our holy Chair.

PRETENDER.

Your Holiness is too gracious in saying so: It is a Light in which no Man can ever do Works of Supererogation; for he who hath done the most for that Chair, hath done no more than his Duty.

POPE.

My Son speaks with a Respect: to that Chair, which becomes him; and while you preserve that Respect, you may depend on all the Protection which the Saints can give you.

PRETENDER.

When I think with less Reverence of the holy See, may they all abandon my Cause, and my Soldiers desert my Standard.

POPE.

You might have spared the latter part of the Curse, as being a necessary Consequence of the former; but by the Infallibility with which we stand invested, we pronounce that neither will ever happen. On the contrary, my Son, as you are now fighting the Cause of the Church, the Arms of the Church and her Treasures too shall assist you; I will open the Treasures of our holy Chair on this Occasion, and will very bountifully bestow on you. ---

*The Devil laughs in his Sleeve.*

PRETENDER.

Your Holiness is too generous; though I own it is what the Cause stands in need of.

POPE.

I will bestow on you --- One hundred thousand---Indulgences.

PRETENDER.

On my Knees I thank your Holiness.

POPE.

Ay, and with full Power to be disposed of by yourself or Order on whomsoever you please.

PRETENDER.

This is Generosity indeed!

POPE.

Nor will we stop here: We will at the same Time issue forth from the same holy Treasury Two hundred thousand --- Curses, to be distributed in the same Manner and by the same Power amongst your Enemies.

PRETENDER.

Prodigious Liberality ! And that we may not seem altogether unworthy of it by neglecting any Means on our Part, we will pawn all our Jewels, nay our very Royal Plate, in this truly religious Cause.

POPE.

You do well, my Son, such temporal Arms will do some little Service, when supported by those more powerful spiritual ones, which we have bestowed on you. And to make them the more effectual, you shall have holy Money for the Purpose. Let your Jewels and Plate therefore be sent in to us, and our own Coffers shall produce the Coin, which shall receive a particular Blessing, and be washed all over with holy Water on this Occasion: For which Use the holy Cardinal and ourself will presently prepare a large quantity of this divine Cordial.

PRETENDER.

May the holy Virgin, St. *Thomas*, St. *Ursula*, with the 11,000 Virgins, and all the other Saints, grant us Power to return this Goodness

to the holy Chair: Nor shall we ever be forgetful (speaking to the Devil) of the many Obligations we have to your Eminence, who have with such Zeal always espoused our Cause.

POPE.

We are indeed Joint-Workers therein.

DEVIL.

It is a Cause which will never want any Assistance I can give it; nor do I doubt but your Majesty will remember, the Moment you return to your Dominions, the just Judgment which fell on your Royal Father, for declining in the very Beginning of his Reign the only Method by which our Religion can be securely established in an heretical Country; I mean the Inquisition, the only means adequate to such an End.

PRETENDER.

It shall be done instantaneously.

POPE.

My Son will not have the least Pretence to the contrary; for as he will come into his Throne by Conquest, he will have no Excuse for keeping any Terms with Heretics: I shall leave it therefore to your Eminence to consider of an Inquisitor, and other Officers for the Court, which we will appoint directly.

PRETENDER to the DEVIL.

No Person can be so proper as your Eminence.

DEVIL.

I will undertake it.

PRETENDER.

Your Holiness will vouchsafe me a formal Absolution from all the Promises I have made in my Declaration.

POPE.

You shall have it, Son, though you need none; for Promises with Heretics you know are *ipso facto* void: Nay, the most solemn Oath given to such is so far from binding, that it is meritorious to break it.

DEVIL, (*aside*).

A wholesome Doctrine, to which I owe many a good Soul.

PRETENDER.

I have a Suit to your Holiness, which I hope will not be denied me; it is to confer the Archbishoprick of *Canterbury* on my Confessor.

POPE.

Son, we shall always pay due Regard to your Recommendation; but am afraid we cannot grant that Request, having already partly promised that See to another; but he shall be a Bishop, and we may promote him in due Time as he merits, and we see Occasion.

PRETENDER.

I hope your Holiness will not refuse me this.

POPE.

We shall have Abbies and many other good things to favour your Friends with; and you may be assured, Son, that as long as you behave with proper Duty to the Church, your holy Mother will exert the utmost Indulgence towards you, and shall always, where our own Promise, or something urgent doth not interpose, give a very benign Ear to your Recommendations.

PRETENDER.

I wish I had not ventured to promise ---

POPE.

I wish so too; but your Promise is void, and we absolve you from it: And let me tell you, Son, you did ill in promising what was not in your Power to perform. The Bishopricks of England are ours, we claim them, and we will dispose of them. Do you confider what it is you ask, that it is no less than appointing a Person under us to be the Head of the *English Church*?

PRETENDER.

I thought him a very proper Man.

POPE.

You thought! ha! you thought in spiritual Matters! Do you not know, that even thinking in such Matters by the Laity is a Crime? Do not presume, Son, on the Indulgence of a fond Parent: The Church, that tenderest Mother to dutiful Children, when provoked, is of all the severest. And if she once lifts the Rod of her Curses, where is the Child who can bear her Indignation.

DEVIL, (*pulling in his Cloven Foot, which before was half out.*)

Let me beseech you, Royal Sir, immediately to submit, and do not provoke our holy Father too far.

PRETENDER.

Oh, I do, I so submit, and humbly ask Pardon for my Offence.

POPE.

Your Submission is received, but not without Penance: I must in Mercy to your Soul enjoin you some wholesome Penance for your Contumacy. I order you therefore to lay on two Dozen Lashes on your Royal base Back, repeating six *Ave-Mary's* between every Lash; this being performed, we pronounce you once more *rectum in curia*, and absolve you from all further Guilt. But beware of any future

Contumacy; for by all the Saints, if my Will be ever more opposed in England, I will lay that damn'd heretical Country under a Curse, whence it shall never be redeemed. I will curse Young and Old, Men and Women, Maids and Bachelors, Wives and Husbands, Widows and Widowers. I will curse all Degrees, Orders and Professions; nay, I will curse the Earth itself, the Houses, the Trees, the ---

PRETENDER.

O forbear, holy Father, on my Knees I beseech you, forbear: I cannot endure these Execrations.

DEVIL.

They are terrible indeed.

POPE.

Rise, my Son, and praise that indulgent Lenity which hath forgiven thy Crime; but beware henceforth of giving any Offence to a Power, to whom thou owest that Crown thou art about to take Possession of, and of whom thou art to hold it, as a Fief of the holy See, in Imitation of thy Predecessor *John*, of blessed Memory. Happy had it been for that wicked Nation thou art to govern, if none of his Successors had swerved from that Allegiance he vowed to us; but these things are past, and upon their sincere Repentance I shall again stretch forth my Toe for them to kiss.

PRETENDER.

It shall be my sole Endeavour to produce that Repentance.

DEVIL, (*half disclosing his Foot, unobserved by the Pretender.*)

Remember, Sir, gentle Means will never effect it. First, therefore, an Inquisition must be established before they have Time to breathe; then I would advise an immediate Massacre of

the Protestants; the severest Methods are the wholesomest; perhaps some of them may repent and be converted, while the Knives are at their

Throats. if so, a few Masses said for their Souls may redeem them; and believe me, it is a most charitable Act to preserve the Souls of Heretics at the Expence of their Blood.

PRETENDER.

I shall execute whatever the Church pleases to command, being well convinced, that however sinful an Action may appear, if it have but the Sanction of the Church, it is in Reality holy.

POPE.

That's well and dutifully spoken: It is under our Direction only that the Laity can ever be safe.

DEVIL, (*stretching forth his whole Foot.*)

Sin is a Language understood by the Church only, and without her Interpretation Men no more know the Meaning of their Actions than they do of Words in an unknown Tongue. Adultery, Rape, Rapine, Treachery, Perjury, and Murder, are sometimes Sins; but at other Times, and for the Sake of Religion, they are not only innocent, but commendable, and have intitled many a Soul to Happiness -- in one of my Ovens --- (*aside*).

POPE.

As the Poets feign'd the Blood of the Gods not to be real Blood, but *Ichor*, so the Blood of Heretics is not real Blood, but a poisonous sort of Liquor, which it is highly meritorious to spill; and at my next Promotion of Saints, I shall prefer those who have shed the most: Nay, indeed we have many in our Kalendar already, who have been promoted to their Dignity on that single Merit.

DEVIL.

The Text forbids you to spill Man's Blood; but that extends not to Heretics, who are Dogs, not Men.

PRETENDER.

Your Eminence says true, and Humanity to Men doth not teach us Mercy to Dogs.

DEVIL.

A noble Sentiment, and worthy of the Church of which I am Cardinal.

POPE.

I suppose our Abbey Lands will be easily discovered; if there be any Doubt concerning them, you will take Care to have it decided in favour of the Church.

PRETENDER.

Is it the Pleasure of your Holiness to be contented with the Restoration of the Lands themselves, or will you be pleased to insist on an Account for the Profits ever since the Usurpation?

POPE.

That is a question worthy consulting your Eminence upon, and I should be glad of your Opinion.

DEVIL.

My Opinion will be guided by the Prospect of Success: I am for all that we can get. It is the Cause of the Church, and Moderation is sinful.

POPE.

Well, we shall debate it hereafter.

DEVIL.

Ay! my first Advice is to secure the Land itself.

POPE.

Of that I will have no Demurrer. My Curse attend those who presume to make it a Doubt.

PRETENDER.

Let not your Holiness conceive an unkind Thought of me on that Account: I will be no sooner warm in my Throne, than they shall be restored; such shall be my Will and Pleasure; a Will and Pleasure, which in all Matters where your Holiness doth not think fit to interpose, shall be a Law.

POPE.

So I would have it. And the Church, while you preserve an inviolable filial Obedience to her, shall assist you to make it so. The Doctrine of Princes governing by any other Laws than those we give them, is impious and heretical. By *me* (that is by this Chair) *Princes govern*, (says the Text) not by Laws made by the Subject: The very Notion of a People's making Laws to govern themselves, is absurd and unnatural. Do Children make Laws for their Parents to rule by, or Slaves for their Masters? No, I disannul every Law in your Kingdom, and absolve you from keeping them, notwithstanding any Promise you have made, or any oath you may Out of Conveniency take to the contrary.

PRETENDER.

I am glad to find this Doctrine, which I have always rigidly adher'd to, hath the Sanction of your Holiness's Authority.

POPE.

O, it is most holy and orthodox; and tho' the Church is sometimes obliged a little to temporize, this is the Doctrine she always hath at Heart: Indeed it is her Interest so to think; for an absolute King and an absolute Church always stand well together, and do irresistibly

support each other. And sure you are well paid for your absolute Obedience to us by our maintaining you in absolute Power over all your Subjects.

DEVIL.

If Kings have any Right from Heaven, it is to be absolute; for Heaven never gave a Power for Men to circumscribe: Hereditary Right therefore, *jure divino*, and absolute Power, are one and the same. Now, to prove the Certainty of indefeasible hereditary Right, this single Datum is only necessary, which no Man, I think, will have the Impudence to deny, *viz.* That the People are the King's Property; for if this be granted, it will surely follow, that the King (as every private Man hath) hath a Right to his Property; now this Right is derived from that Power which gave the Property, and no Power could give such Property, but that which made the People; thence it very plainly and naturally follows, that the Right of a King is *jure divino*.

PRETENDER.

Your Eminence hath made it most clear.

POPE.

But his Eminence hath forgot one Point, which I could not have expected he would have forgot: I mean the Tenure under which this Power is granted; for however absolute it be over the People, it is not *simpliciter* absolute, but to be holden at the Will of the Church, which hath no less absolute Power over the Crowns of Kings, than they have over the meanest of their Subjects.

PRETENDER.

It would be the utmost Impiety to doubt it.

POPE.

You say well, my good Son. The Church therefore invests thee with absolute Authority over thy Subjects, to hold nevertheless at her Will and Pleasure: Receive therefore her Blessing, and go forth and fight her Battles to the utter Extirpation of the Goods, Persons and Names of Heretics. With their Goods thou shalt endow the Church, their Persons thou shalt commit to the Fire, and their Names we will ourselves take care to see blotted out of the Records of the Book of Life.

PRETENDER.

It shall be my principal Care to fulfil your Holiness's Pleasure in all things: And now, if your Holiness pleases to grant me once more your Benediction, I will proceed to perform my Penance.

POPE.

Do so, my Child; thou hast my Blessing; and his Eminence and myself will proceed immediately to prepare the holy Water. You shall have a full Hogshead. I will likewise order the proper Officers to issue the hundred thousand Indulgences, together with the Curses, and also --- the Money.

PRETENDER.

The Saints, who only can, reward such Goodness. -- I humbly take my Leave, and once more kiss your holy Toe.

*The Pretender is going, but is called back by  
the Pope.*

POPE.

Hold, Son.--Remember to send the Plate and Jewels immediately; you may respite your Penance till that is over.

PRETENDER.

They shall be sent instantly.

POPE *and the* DEVIL.

Ha, ha, ha.

DEVIL.

Was ever so blind a Bigot?

POPE.

It seems you think so; for that cloven Foot was uncovered almost all the Time he was in Company: Had he once cast his Eyes on the Ground, he must have seen it.

DEVIL.

You are mistaken: Superstition would have prevented him; the same Superstition which can make Men see cloven Feet and Devils where there are none, prevents them from seeing them where they really are. But can your Holiness believe in earnest we have any Chance of Success in this *English* Project?

POPE.

Why should you doubt it?

DEVIL.

Because if we do succeed, the Protestants there must be more silly than the rankest Ass you ever imposed Penance upon. A Mixture of *Italian, Spanish* and *French* Government to protect: Liberty, and a Popish Bigot to defend the Protestant Religion: Ha, ha, ha. As I hope to be sav'd, the Impudence of the Imposture almost makes me blush.

POPE.

As you hope to be sav'd! a pretty Oath for the Devil.

DEVIL.

I had forgot myself: I have not put off my Cardinal's Skin; but you know, Oaths without any Meaning come very well out of my Mouth.

POPE.

And so the Imposture would make you blush: You are a modest Devil indeed; I am sure you are a very forgetful one, and as you have more than once this Day forgot the Character you had assumed, so you seem to me to forget who are the Persons to be imposed upon. They are not Devils, Sir, but Men, weak, simple Men; and when you please to recollect what I have already done with them, I believe, what I now propose will not seem so impracticable, and you may spare your Blushes.

DEVIL.

Your Holiness, it is true, hath done a great deal.

POPE.

Am I, Sir, at the Head of Mahometanism, or of Heathenism?

DEVIL.

No, your Holiness is the Head of the Christian Church.

POPE.

Very well, Sir; and have I not unveil'd the only Religion in the World, which hath ever taught the Doctrines of Benevolence, Peace and Charity, to be the Foundation of Hatred, War and Massacres? Have I not propagated Ambition with the Doctrine of Humility? Have I not taught Men to persecute and stab and burn each other? Nay, have I not made them Executioners of some of the worst Tortures, which you yourself could supply me with, and all in Obedience to Laws which in the plainest and most intelligible Terms direct the very contrary? Doth not the Book say, *Do unto all Men, that which you would have them do unto you?* And have I not made them, in mere Obedience to this Law, do unto all Men every thing, which they would most fear to have

others do unto themselves? Why do I mention a single Instance? Have I not deduced Heathenish Doctrine and Mahometan Principles from Christianity, and in a Word, turned Heaven into Hell?

DEVIL.

The Force of your Reasoning is too strong to be opposed: All you have said is --Poh! I hate the Word, Truth; but I must confess all this you have done, and it is not easy after that to say what you cannot do.

POPE.

After what I have mentioned, I think I need give you no other Reason for my Hopes of Success, than my having undertaken it; but however, since you seem not to have been in *England* lately; tho' I must own, I thought you had been there a long Time, and had been assisting the good Work.

DEVIL.

Do not upbraid me with Idleness; tho' I have not been there myself, I have several Emissaries, and some in the Disguise of Popish Priests: But I interrupt you; and I should be glad to hear the Grounds of your Hope; for it is a serious thing, and you must know, however I may fear it, I must wish it Success.

POPE.

First, then, this Attempt is made at a Time, when the best Heretic Forces are out of the Kingdom, engaged in a foreign War. *2dly*, It is begun in a Part of *Scotland*, inhabited by Men almost Savages, whom my Priests will soon convert to their Religion, and whom Poverty and hunger will easily animate to any Undertaking when there is Hope of Plunder: And if these can find their Way into *England*, they will be presently joined by all the Roman Catholics, against whom there are Laws indeed

to deprive them of Arms; but these Laws are so seldom executed, that they are of very little Validity. Now, as to the Heretics, you know there are some, (tho' few) who hold that noble Doctrine of indefeasible hereditary Right, which, I could scarce keep my Countenance, while you so excellently and logically derived from Heaven. Again, there are others who will persuade themselves, though as contrary both to Reason and Experience, as you know it is to Truth, that their Religion may be safe under a Popish King; these rely on that strong Argument of WHO KNOWS BUT; an Argument which can never be answered. *Lastly*, as for the whole Body of the People, they have so little Regard to Religion itself, that they hold one Form of worship to be as good as another: And as for the upper Part of them, they are so sunk in Luxury, and every other Vice, that the very Name of Morality is scarce left among them. Their Luxury is so great, that there is scarce a Man of Fortune without a Palace, without the most expensive Pictures, a large Equipage, *French* Cook, and *French* Wines, imported in diametrical Opposition to the Interest of the Public: And to this Luxury they sacrifice without Scruple their Friends, their Relations, their Honour, and their Country. Their Immorality is so great, that as there is no Vice, which they do not practise, so there is none of which they are ashamed. As no Man is ashamed of being a Miser, a Drunkard, or a Glutton; of betraying his Friend, or of deserting him in his Necessity and debauching his Wife or his Daughter, or lastly, of sacrificing his Country to his own Interest so neither are the Women ashamed of publickly prostituting their Chastity, the only Virtue the Men expect them to maintain. And as to every kind of Riot and Extravagance, they glory and vie with each other in it. At a Time when their Country is engaged in a War abroad, and invaded at home, they have the Impudence to import *Italian* Singers and *French* Dancers, at more

Expence of their Reputation than of their Money. And to shew their Profligacy in the highest Light, one single impudent Buffoon hath for many Years gone on with Impunity, in Defiance not only of Law but of common Decency, to vilify and ridicule every thing solemn, great and good amongst them; and, with a Mixture of Nonsense, Scurrility, Treason and Blasphemy, once a Week, in the public Papers, and once in a public Assembly (if any be so infamous to frequent it) to traduce the Persons and Characters of Nobles, Bishops, and even of the King himself. If this be the Case, what think you of my Hopes, Brother?

DEVIL.

There is some Truth in what you have said; but by the Force of Divination which is in me, I presage the Event will not answer your Expectation. For in the first Place, the heretic Army will be sent for home; and those Troops which have stood the Fury of 100000 *French* Forces, and the Thunder of 200 Pieces of Artillery, will cut off your Highland Banditti with as much Ease as a Mower doth Thistles, before them. Your *Roman Catholicks* are too wise to incense a Government they know it is impossible to overturn. And as for those Doctrines which you flatter yourself have their Followers, there are not 100 Men in the Nation who do not scorn and deride them. As to Religion and Morality, I am glad to say there is not much among these People, and therefore I shall be sure of them without any Assistance of yours: But yet I am afraid there is Common Sense, and even Luxury itself will prevent them sacrificing the Means of supplying it. And what would you say if a Spirit of Liberty should appear amongst them, equal to what the *Romans* ever displayed in the freest Times of the Commonwealth; if they should all unite in Associations to defend their King and Country, and a Million of Men, headed by the best

Troops in the World, should be ready to bear Arms against your Cause?

POPE.

God forbid any such thing should happen,

DEVIL.

You need not affront me, Sir; --- you might pray to me to forbid it as well; but it is not in my Power; for this will happen and hath happened even at this Time. And what is still worse, I am afraid this cursed Rebellion, like some other of your Schemes, will produce an Effect contrary to what was intended, will inspire them with a serious Mood of thinking, and put a Stop to all that Luxury and Immorality which I have been so long endeavouring to raise to its present Heighth; an Effect which if it should not produce, I shall not want your Assistance to destroy them.

POPE.

Brother, I take it ill of you, after what I have done for you, to treat me in this Manner; Consequences, you know, are more in your Power than mine. I am sure nothing hath ever been wanting on my Part for your Service; and however little I have been able to perform, I might at least expect my hearty Endeavours would be well receiv'd.

DEVIL.

That is to say, You expect Gratitude from the Devil. Is that the Wisdom of your Holiness?

POPE.

Why not! I have been told that even you are good when you are well pleas'd.

DEVIL.

Ay, so I am; but none but myself know how to please me.

POPE.

I wish I had never attempted it. I could with much less Difficulty have obtained the Favour of Heaven, and I am sure much greater would have been my Reward. Pray, Sir, what have you ever done for me, in return for all the Favours I have conferred on you, except a little Gratification of Vanity; which, perhaps, I might better have gratify'd by Acts of Goodness? What Pleasure or Profit in reality accrued to myself from your Inquisition, or any other Scheme of yours, which I have with so much Care and Diligence cultivated? What have I got by all the watchful Nights and aching Heads which I have known in your Service, but the Hatred of Heretics, and I'm afraid of Heaven too? What solid Good have I procur'd to myself?

DEVIL, (*with a Sneer*).

---The Honour of my Service: A Reward sufficient; all that I have bestowed on every Tyrant, Plunderer and Destroyer of Mankind from the Beginning of the World, and yet you see they have all been contented; for, a Word in your Ear, Brother, you have heard that Virtue is her own Reward; but this is much truer of Vice, and of no Vice so true, as of Cruelty. What other Reward have I myself from the Exercise of it in the highest Degree? Can you expect more from my Inquisition, than it produces to the Inventor himself? Is there no Joy, no Delight in seeing a Body roast as well as a Soul? Cannot you relish the one, as I enjoy the other? But as you hinted Ingratitude to me, I must retort it on you: Was not Alexander the Great contented, that I suffered him to live but half your Age? Did not he say, he had lived enough to Glory, that is, in other Words, he had done Mischief enough? whereas you know what a large Lease I granted you, and yet you are not satisfied.

POPE.

Well, Sir, you will be pleased to renew my Lease.

DEVIL.

Not an Hour, Sir.

POPE.

Sure your Mightiness is not in Earnest in refusing.

DEVIL.

Sure your Holiness is not in Earnest in asking!

POPE.

If but for five Years.

DEVIL.

And do you really think you can cheat the Devil? Did you imagine I was to be cajol'd into a Renewal of your Lease by this pretty trump'd up Scheme of introducing Popery and the Inquisition into England? None of your wild Projects for me; shew me you can do any real Service to my Cause, which another will not execute as well, and I will give you as much Time as is necessary to complete it; otherwise, as soon as your Lease is expired, I shall expect you below according to Articles: And so I kiss your Toe, and you may. kiss my -----

POPE.

Impudent Rascal! but I will have my Terms of him yet, Or I'll blow up his Church, and send his Inquisition back to the Place from whence it came.

*F I N I S .*