

An oration, delivered before an audience of distillers / [Baalzebub].

Contributors

Baalzebub, pseud.

Publication/Creation

London : J. Scott, 1760.

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A N
O R A T I O N,

Delivered before an

A U D I E N C E

O F

D I S T I L L E R S,

By *B A A L Z E B U B.*

Fœlix quem Faciunt, Aliena pericula cautum.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SCOTT, at the *Black Swan*, in
Pater-noster-Row. 1760.

[Price Six-Pence.]

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A M

ORATION

Delivered before an

AUDIENCE

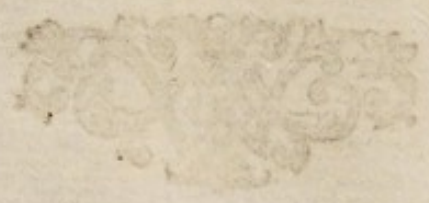


OF

DISTILLERS

BY B. MAZZERUCCI

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LONDON:

Printed for J. Scott, at the Black Swan, in

Waterloo-Place, 1760.

[Price Sixpence]

T O

That faithful Delineator,

Of the Virtues and Vices, Wisdom and Folly,
Of Mankind,

W——m H——th, Esq;

High Steward of the Antient and Populous
Borough of *Guzzledown*,

Sole Proprietor of *Beer-Street* and *Gin-Lane*,

In *English-Ward*,

The following O R A T I O N,

Lately delivered to a Numerous and Splendid
Auditory,

In *Gin-Lane* C H A P P E L,

Is most humbly dedicated

B Y

The Transcriber.

T O
That faithful Delinquent,
Of the Virtues and Vices, Wisdom and Folly,
Of Mankind,

W. H. M. M.
High Steward of the Ancient and Populous
Borough of Glastonbury,

Sole Proprietor of the Press and Office,

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THE Author of the following Effay, is sincerely sorry that any Man, much more that a numerous and respectable Body of Men, should deserve not only the Satire therein contained, but a much severer Punishment: And happy would it be for them, and their Neighbours, if the Censurers of Men, and Judgments of God, could prevail with them to forsake the Evil of their Ways, and do Works meet for Repentance.

HE knows many Persons, who might be very good Christians, if they were not Distillers: but as the same Pretences to Religion and Virtue, would not sanctify a Highwayman, he thinks it cannot a Distiller, who is more injurious to human Society, and criminal in the
Sight

Sight of God, than the profligate or necessitous Wretch, that robs upon the Highway.

THEY, who attentively regard the consequences of things, are convinced that the Distillery is as injurious to the Farmers, as it is to the (almost innumerable) Herd of Gin-drinkers; by lessening the Consumption, and consequently the Price, of their valuable Productions, and gradually sinking them into Slavery; for Slaves they must be, to them or to their stockjobbing, engrossing Agents, if Distillers should be again permitted to go about, like roving Lions, seeking whom they may devour.

To this mischievous Trade, may with strict Propriety be applied the Words of *Oldham*, in his second Satire against the Jesuits.

*Nay, if our Sins are grown so high of late,
That Heav'n no longer can adjourn our Fate.
May't please some milder Veng'ance to devise,
Plague, Fire, Sword, Death, or any thing but this.*

Let

*Let a new Deluge overwhelm again
 Our Land; and end, at once our Lives and Sin!
 To these we wou'd submit, and humbly pray,
 To have this worst of Ills remov'd away.
 Judgments of other kinds are often sent
 To save; and Mercy's mixt with Punishment.
 But, where this spreads, it shews the People's State
 Quite desp'rate; and they're sentenc'd reprobate,
 Wonder no longer, why no Curse like this
 Was known or suffer'd in the earlier Days,
 They never sinn'd enough to merit it:
 'Tis therefore what just Providence thinks fit,
 To scourge our latter, more degen'rate Age,
 With all the Dregs, and Squeezings, of its Rage.*

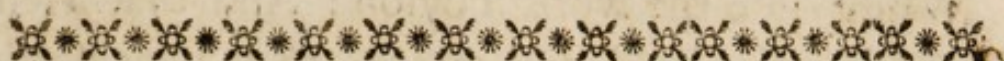
IF then the Health, Comfort, and Usefulness
 of the lower Class of *Britons*, who are, or
 ought to be, the Strength and Riches of their
 Country, be worth the serious Regard of Pa-
 triots; and if their eternal Welfare deserves the

At-

Attention of Christians, I hope our Guardians will answer all the importunate Requests, and specious Pretences, of those Depopulators of their Country, in the Words of *David*: “ Let
 “ us fall now into the Hand of the Lord, for
 “ his Mercies are great, but let us not fall into
 “ the Hands of Men.”



The



The I N V O C A T I O N.

LET us invoke all the Powers on Earth, and under the Earth, for the whole State of the *British* Distillery. And let us implore the Aid and Assistance of those immortal Shades, who dared to rival the Lord of Heaven, and are invested with the Power of the Air; by which they go to and fro upon the Earth, to deceive and seduce Mankind: That there may never be wanting Arguments to delude, nor Bribes to corrupt, such as have it in their Power, to restore the Still to its former flourishing Condition; and may the Gates of Heaven never prevail against it.

FOR the Sake of all Gin-drinkers, let us pray, that all those who oppose the Manufacture of *British* Spirits, may be born down by the Powers of Darkness: May their Understandings be so clouded against sound Policy, and their Hearts be so hardened against Humanity, or Compassion for their Fellow-creatures; that you, my Children, may be allowed to convert the best

Wheat into the worst Poyson: And that Men and Women, old and young, may henceforth prefer Gin to Bread, and the Comforts of this Life, and future Destruction, to eternal Happiness.

THEN you will encrease in Wealth and Pride, and must for Gain neglect the Voice of God, and the Checks of Conscience, till the Measure of your Iniquities shall run over; then may you grow up to such a Stature, as shall fit you for Advancement in my Dominions, where you shall enjoy, and be everlastingly rewarded with, Rivers of burning Spirits, double rectified.

AND as our Interests are inseparable, may no Enemy to you and me, partaking of the detestable Zeal of a DRAPER, prevent these our Invocations and Success. But, being assisted by all the Powers of Hell, and by our Friends on Earth, may you go on and prosper, steadily pursuing every Measure, that may advance my Kingdom, and Power, and your own Interest and Glory, *So be it.*



A N

O R A T I O N, &c.

My Servants and Worshippers,

I HAVE convened you here this Day, to renew my Promises of Assistance, and to exhort you to Perseverance in my Service.

WONDER not, if I harangue you on this Occasion, in the Words of one, that came into the World to destroy the Works of the Devil: I am engaged at this time to be absent from my own Possessions, for your Interest; and it is but right, before I proceed further, to ask you, *Whether ye are able to drink of the Cup, that I shall drink of?*

TRUTH is Truth, though from an Enemy; the Words of the Question I've propos'd to you, were spoken by my greatest Enemy, and yours: For were you infected with one of the Maxims of Jesus, which we call Heresy, every one of you would leave off that gainful, honourable Employment of Distilling, as it is now practis'd by you Gentlemen, who bear the Title of Distillers.

THEY, who hope for my Assistance, must do my Will in all things: They must take their Part in all the Measures which I shall find necessary, to support and promote my Interest, and theirs: Sure you cannot be slothful, in a Business so advantageous, nor ungrateful to your constant Friend, and unwearied Intercessor: Remember one good Turn deserves another.

FORGIVE me, dearest Friends! if, like you, I acknowledge and murmur at superior Power; and, in the Overflowings of my Rage against Heaven, to which neither of us can possibly be reconciled, notwithstanding all our Pretences, Artifices, or Disguises; I blab some Secrets between us, which should never be revealed on Earth. But, as you have hitherto stood as firm to my Interest, and your own, as any Convocation of — in *Christendom*, I hope you'll not be affrighted, or affronted, to
hear

hear the Devil declare his Joy and Gratitude, as I do this Day.

Go on, worthy Rectifiers ! and may Success crown your Endeavours, till every Temple of the Holy Spirit be filled with Spirits of your own preparing: Spirits so repleat with Fire, that every human Body may become a Hell on Earth, and perfectly fitted for everlasting Burnings !

INSTEAD of Grace, that Gospel Antidote to my Doctrine, may Gin henceforward be sufficient for Mortals: Sufficient for all the important Purposes, for which you have kindly designed it (that is to say) to intoxicate the Brain, to banish Reason, to inflame the Passions, to enervate the human Frame, to empty the Purse, and to make Men, whilst in this World, as destitute of Care, Fear, Shame, Remorse, and Hope, as any of the Inhabitants of our spacious, populous Empire below.

NOTHING can be a greater Dishonour, to one in my Situation, than to be too honest; I must therefore restrain the Impetus of my Zeal, and prepare some Milk for Babes, till you are all grown up to that Measure and Stature of consummate Wickedness, to which every brave and witty Man should earnestly aspire: Without which the greatest of Mortals had been, as little regarded or remembered, as others.

FOR,

FOR, some of you seem to have weak Plants of Grace still alive in your Hearts, did not the Love of Ease and Wealth, stifle them in their Growth, and prevent their Increase. You, I am afraid, at sometimes faintly resolve to renounce the Devil and all his Works: Vain Resolution! You have all either served an Apprenticeship to my Works, or have stole the Trade, and been cunning enough to cheat the Devil, at your Beginning. You must either distil, or work, or starve: And, from what I have hitherto seen of your Actions, there is none of you, but would rather be damned hereafter, than be poor, miserable drudging Wretches upon Earth. Others indeed would, though Distillers, endeavour to wear a Form of Godliness: They belong to this or that Conventicle; having Consciences very scrupulous, which laudably strain at a Gnat, and swallow a Camel. In some particular Opinions of no Consequence, or Importance, they can't, nor won't, be conformable to this World. But Gain and Envy, Pride and Malice, like *Cæsar's* Arms, throw down all Distinctions, and make all (you Gentlemen especially) of one Mind. These different Ways, which many of you take, to appear in the Service of my Enemy, are to me indifferent; whilst I behold the Bent and Inclination of your Minds, is to do my Will, and am convinced that you cannot serve God and Mammon.

IN a late Consultation, in *Pandæmonium*; on the Banks of *Phlegeton* (a River you have doubtless heard of, which having burnt violently above four Thousand Years, was almost dry'd up, had not several Thousand Tons of your Spirits been of late Years conveyed into it) it was resolv'd to add some Thousands to our infernal Peerage; and, for your late important Services, that Honour was to be conferred on Gentlemen of your Order, and those of another Order*, which in most Countries where they can get footing, are as eminently mischievous as yourselves. But, alas! you Gentlemen are the only Persons now in *Britain*, who deserve to be Devilized: yet, if you can't, or don't, fulfil my Will, I have other Children, you know not of; by whom I hope, nay I doubt not but my Kingdom, will be strengthned, and encreas'd: And who may, in a little Time, compensate the Loss, we Inhabitants of the Regions below, are like to sustain; should Law triumph over the Still, and Benevolence restrain the inconsiderate from destroying themselves by your Poison, and save many Gin-drinkers from Perdition, like Brands plucked out of the Fire.

HAVE you not observed, the little Regard paid by the Clergy, to instruct their Flocks; how they leave the Cure of Souls to Hirelings,
and

* The Jesuits.

and the Fold open for every Wolf to enter, and devour their Sheep, and Lambs? Have you not also noticed, the little Regard the People pay to that Order of Men, who are set apart to watch the Motions of the Devil, and to defend the Servants of God, from his Temptations? And how they are now almost distracted, by the Pretensions of an amphibious Order *, to a new Correspondence with the Inhabitants of the Mansions above? By such Means the Gospel must be injured, Truth is disguised and smothered, Delusion is propagated, and the Number of my Servants mightily encreased. Those that are left to mere Nature, those whose Religion is Uncharitableness, and those, who are driven to Despair, seldom fail to go to the Devil.

DO TH not the State of Physic in this Nation, furnish our Devilship with more Expectations? The venereal Disease, which your Forefathers were ashamed to name, is become so common, that it brings great Gains to my Devotees, who publish their Nostrums, under the Names of Elixir's, Panacea's, Tinctures, Antisyphilicons, and other rectified spiritual Doses.

THUS you see in what a fair Way, my Kingdom is to be enlarged, by those spiritual, as well as physical Empiricks, who publish,
what

* *Methodists.*

what they call never-failing Remedies for all the Diseases, both of Soul, and Body. The spiritual Quacks, who pretend to be new Lights of the Gospel, make their Followers, or Profelytes, two-fold more the Children of Darkneſs, than they were before: And the phyſical Quacks encourage Debauchees, and ſend them headlong into the bottomleſs Pit, before they have time to conſider of their latter End, and repent.

WHEN you, Gentlemen, were nominated to the Peerage of Hell, the Motion had paſſed *Nemine Contradicente*, had not *Bac-cus* ſtood up, and ſpoke againſt it: And I aſſure you, he being the Patron of Drunkenneſs, a Vice! which you are more zealous to propagate, than Papiſts are their Faith, or Proteſtants to propagate the Gospel; all the infernal Powers liſtned to him with profound Attention.

HE began with ſome Sentences in *Latin*, not as Flouriſhes of Learning, but becauſe it was, I find, his Mother Tongue. The Meaning thereof was: That Times and Manners were ſtrangely changed; that fallen Spirits were now fallen indeed; and that Heroes would take it ill, to be ſupplanted by upſtart Tradeſmen. To which he added; What, in the Name of *Styx*, have theſe People done,

to merit so great Honours? Do their Liquors inspire those who drink them, with Joy and Courage? Do they make Men and Women strong, and plump, and agreeable? Do they assist the Brave, and the Amorous, in the Field and the Bedchamber? Thus did Wine. But, on the contrary, their Liquors are found to consume the Flesh, to corrupt the Blood, to relax the Nerves, and to exhaust the Spirits of those devoted to them; and render them as unfit for Hell, as they are for the World from whence they come, like an untimely Birth. I confess we must make Room for such Rubbish, when *Charon* shoots it upon us; but, are either the Worms, or the Devils, thankful for Bodies and Souls thus emaciated and disabled? Poverty and Diseases waste all their Flesh, and so many Torments have by turns possessed their Minds, that Hell is to them rather a Place of Ease than Punishment: And, had we not several Artists from the Inquisition, the Devils would lament the Task of torturing them; and unanimously declare, that such Persons are not worth Fuel and Labour.

If then (continued he) you have any Design to perpetuate your Dominion on Earth, restrain the Use of spirituous Liquors; otherwise, the human Race will be quickly destroyed: Then you will be in want both of
Em-

Employment and Diversion. Besides, those spirituous Liquors send Multitudes of Infants to Heaven, who might have encreased our Numbers, had they lived to be Men and Women. In this case, they do us more Hurt than Good. Let not your Tyranny appear so barefaced, 'till Mankind cannot escape; for fear supreme Benevolence should restore Mortals to their Reason, and themselves, and prevent your future Conquests. And whatsoever God may do, this is certain, that spirituous Liquors will either prevent your Triumphs there, as I have hinted before; or, to say the best of them, they must lessen the Number of your Victims and Captives, by preventing Multitudes from encreasing, and multiplying Mankind, who might otherwise have been very diligent and faithful therein. For these, and several other Reasons (quoth he) I must give my Negative to your Motion. Such Persons as necessarily lessen the Ease, Prosperity, and Number of reasonable Mortals, being very unfit to lead Multitudes to Hell.

HERE the jolly Dæmon ceased to speak, and immediately a Committee of the fallen Powers was appointed by *Satan*, to consider of the Matter of his Discourse; and either to register the same, if approved; or to depute

one to answer it, if we thought it most proper so to do.

IT fell to my Lot to make Reply ; and, my Replication being approved below, I am now dispatched to inform you, most worthy Gentlemen, of our late Controversy, and of the Honours decreed by our august Senate, to be conferred by Lot on every hundredth Soul that comes from Britain, having been, at least, five Years one of your honourable Profession : And may each of you continue stedfast, unmoveable ; always abounding in such Works as are injurious to Mankind : Then your Labours shall not be in vain.

THAT no Distrust may arise in your Minds, touching my present Visit, permit me, first, to read my Credentials from the Mansions below ; then, my Replication ; and lastly, the Decree in your Favour ; as follows.

SATHAN

S A T H A N, supreme Governor
of the Kingdom of Darknes; to
my trusty and well-beloved Friends,
the Preparers of, and Dealers in,
destructive Spirits on Earth, greet-
ing :

WE being daily convinced of your Loyalty
to our Person, and Zeal for our Service,
have resolved to ennoble many Souls of your
Order, on their Arrival in our Kingdom; and
have dispatched our trusty Agent, *Baalzebub*,
to inform you thereof: To him please to give
Credit as to us, who continually wish you Prof-
perity.

Given at our Court of *Pandæmonium*,
the 5700th Year of our Reign.

My

My Replication was delivered in the Form following:

To the worthy Prince *Baccus*, and the rest of the fallen Powers here present.

Venerable Companions in Despair!

HE, whom we must fear, he, whom we must hate, hath declared, that a Kingdom divided against itself cannot stand; not even our immortal Kingdom: therefore, it is not with any View to encourage Contention and Discord, that I now speak, but by Command of you, my Brethren, and for the Glory and Interest of our grand Monarch: He, and we, unanimously and unweariedly endeavouring to destroy the Works, and oppose the Will of God; and in this important Task, we thankfully acknowledge the Assistance we daily receive, from great Numbers of Mankind.

BRITISH Gentlemen, for whose Benefit these Thoughts are chiefly intended, will readily allow that all Priests, except their own, are our very good Friends. It cannot be denied, but that most of them are so: and very many of their own Priests have done us great Service. But alas! what can they do? how little

little is the Mischief they now perform? Few, very few, have lately been Victims to holy Zeal; except the present Wars in *Europe* are the Effects of destructive Piety, and if so, some Priests have made amends for their late Indolence.

PHYSICIANS and Lawyers, are generally esteemed our Auxilliaris, and I confess that the Majority of them are so, thank Heaven for it! which hath no need of them. It's a considerable Honour to us, to be esteemed fit Companions for Gentlemen, as these are.

COURTIERS also, and Soldiers and Sailor, are most of them greater Friends to us, than to themselves: But all the Gentlemen I have hitherto mentioned, having Honours reserved for them upon Earth, they obtain their Reward there, and cannot expect to share with us the Peerage below, where none must expect to rise, unless they merit.

THUS, you see the Justice of Hell exemplified, and our most excellent Government vindicated: We never bestow two Rewards for one Action, how great soever it be. The Sons of Ambition, therefore, who for a Time took our Business out of our Hands, became the Executioners of Almighty Vengeance, and
tossed

tossed us down ten Thousands in a Day ! must remember, that they were feared, and honoured, and flattered, and pleased, when on Earth ; and after Death, they are damned ! welcomed to Pain, and Infamy below ! and that's enough for them.

IT is out of the lower Ranks of Mankind, therefore, that we, according to our infallible and equitable Laws, must chuse Persons to share with us the Dignity, which our mighty Potentate has resolved, speedily to confer upon such Mortals, as have, in unregarded Stations, given all Diligence to destroy themselves, and very many of their fellow Creatures.

Now, as I have proceeded thus far, permit me to point out the Candidates, and the Merits of each.

First, THE Bawds and Whores are a very numerous and very useful Body. Their Antiquity and Importance demand our peculiar Esteem. But, what Honours have we here for Females ? If we receive them into our Asylum, and make them everlasting Toasts, it will, I hope, be sufficient ; the Whore of *Babylon* cannot hope for more : when here, perhaps they'll repent, if they can ; besides, the Honour of this Profession arising from
their

their destroying the human Species, is greatly eclipsed by the Doctors and the Distillers, and therefore, they must expect to be rewarded accordingly.

Secondly, THE brave and ingenuous Body of Murderers and Thieves, deserve our Esteem ; and some of these may, if *Sathan* pleases, expect to share the Peerage with us, though very few of them deserve it : However, I will say nothing against the Merits of those, who fear neither present nor eternal Shame and Punishment ; did but their Actions, if justly tried and understood, deserve either.

Thirdly, THE numerous Body of Public-House Keepers, numerous indeed they are ! and their Trade, as it's now managed, deserves our Approbation ; but they being only Underlings on Earth, and their Business being a little beneficial to Mankind, prevents them from having any Expectations of Advancement here.

THE Time would fail me, to enumerate all the Advantages we receive from most, if not all, other Trades and Callings, either directly or indirectly : I shall therefore omit such a tedious Enumeration, and the Observations that would thence arise ; assuring all

D

of

of them, that our Proceedings here are very speedy, and very equitable : No Person that deserves, can here be disappointed of his just Reward.

THE last I shall mention, are the Gentlemen of that most successful Employment (both for their Profit and ours) the Distillers, for whom I am now appointed Advocate; and in Praise of their Spirits, and them, I could gladly spend more than the usual Age of a Devotee to Drams; more than the Term of his or her Life, who, inspired by them, daily reels towards us, and necessarily speaks our Language, and travels the Broad-way; for none can go in the Narrow-way, that do not walk upright.

BUT, how can I declare their Praises? How express their Importance? Wine and Strong-Beer have slain their Thousands, but spirituous Liquors their Ten Thousands! The real Nature of all they prepare, and sell, is hurtful, if frequently used; and unless it be too frequently used, the Distillers would starve. What can I say of the artificial Nature of all, or most of their Liquors? An Inundation of their mischievous Compositions, would be as dreadful in Hell, as *Noah's* Flood was on Earth. How wonderfully mischievous are spirituous Liquors!
The

The Wise behold it, the Drunken feel it ; though, like Indian Poison, none know so well as they who prepare it. Thus far, Brother *Baccus*, you are right. Yet have these Liquors captivated more Persons than Wine? The Fury of the Spirit is lowered, *secundum Artem* ; then it becomes a flower, though no less sure Poison : Variety of Flavours are infused therein, to delude the Taste and render it agreeable ; and it is used to give and remove the Disorders of the Head and Stomach : Add to this, it was very cheap for a considerable Time ; and for a Trifle, Men and Women might be intoxicated, and poisoned. Whilst the good-natured Distillers distributed Plagues, by Wholesale and Retail ; and prosperously spread around them, Poverty, Distempers, Suicide, Murders, Robberies, firing Houses, Indecencies, and Madness : Such are the Fruits of their Spirit ! Such the Operations of Gin ! And I dare venture, in Behalf of these our valuable Friends, to assert, that almost every Rectifier who has got any Wealth by his Business, has been accessory to more Crimes, and been more injurious to his Country and Mankind, than all the Persons that suffer'd at Tyburn during the Term he carry'd on that Trade.

I HOPE, the Gentlemen to whom we have been, and still are so much indebted; who have been so useful to all our other Allies; particularly, to the Inhabitants of Bawdy-Houses; the Promoters of Riots, and Rebellions; and the Candidates for *Tyburn*; cannot be neglected here, but will be all of them rewarded according to their Works.

THIS Speech was unanimously approved; even *Baccus* did not attempt to rejoin; but, shrugging his Shoulders, said, He thought Mankind madder now than ever; for, he and his Companions chose a short Life and a merry one: But now, Men and Women choose a short Life and a wretched one; and lived (if a Devotee to Drams, and other adulterated Liquors, could be said to live) as if one Hell was not Punishment enough. He further confessed, that his long Confinement in the gloomy Mansions below, had not quite altered his chearful Temper; but that he still loved to see and make Men and Women jovial and easy, as he thought it soon enough to be miserable, when they came to the Regions of Despair.

Then

Then the following Decree was made and registered.

SATHAN, Sovereign in *Pandæmonium*, by the Advice and Consent of his infernal Council, decrees and ordains, That out of every Hundred of Distillers that arrive from *Great Britain*, one shall be chosen by Lot, who shall have exercised the Trade of a Distiller, at least five Years before his Arrival in the Regions of Darknes, to be one of the Lords of his Court, and of his Privy-Council, until the Number of one Thousand, at least, shall be so ennobled from that Profession; so respectable amongst the fallen Angels, and those of the Children of Men, that love Darknes rather than Light.

THUS, withou Flattery, I have declared the Greatness of our Respect towards the *British* Distillery. Go on, worthiest of Men, to deserve not only these, but greater Favours; and be assured, that your Diligence, and Perseverance in my Works, shall

shall not lose its Reward, when your Souls come into my Territories.

CONSIDER the Greatness of the Honour now conferred upon you ! It makes you equal to us, who were created much superior to you in Nature. Once we were glorious Spirits ; Princes of yon envied, yon never to be recovered, World ; brighter than Morning Stars. Though now our Light is eclipsed, or rather destroyed, and everlasting Darkness is our Portion. Comfortless we should be, did not each of us conclude, as, I hope, you also respectively do, that we had better reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven : To be equal to us, who have born the Heat and Burthen of the Day below. For, as soon as you arrive on the Banks of *Pblegeton*, you will have the perpetual Pleasure of torturing and despising those, who damned themselves to enrich you when on Earth ; and of knowing how much the Mischief every one of you did, exceeded that of twenty, nay a hundred poor Rogues, who expired on the Gallows, or in Bridewell.

Secondly, CONSIDER the Condescension of our supreme Head, in appointing you, rather than the great and brave, to Honours, like those decreed to you. Not many wise
Men,

Men, not many mighty, not many noble, are called to partake of them ; but he raiseth you from the Dust, to Wealth and Greatness : He seeth not as Man seeth ; but examines the Heart, knows each Man's real Importance, and rewards accordingly. How great will be your Triumph ! when you shall see some of those, who oppressed you, as you were pleased to call it, on Earth ; as much below you in Hell, as they were formerly above you ; and on whom you, by Virtue of our *Lex Talionis*, may inflict such Pains and Penalties, in our spiritual Court, as will compensate your Losses, Sufferings, and Labours, on their Account above.

AGAIN, consider how liberal our Prince is to you. He grants you Affluence and Esteem here, and Honours hereafter. You are at present the only successful Alchymists, who turn all you touch into Gold ; and by Ingredients more hurtful to others, than the poor deluded Hermetic's were to themselves. You have changed Rags into Robes ; mean Cottages into Palaces ; and some of the meanest of Mankind into Gentlemen. So advantageous is that spirituous Calling, which hath our Promise of Possessions upon Earth, and Honours in Hell.

AND

AND now, honoured Friends! permit me, like an honest Leader (having congratulated you on the Honour your Trade entitles you to expect with us below) to ask each, and every one, of you, what you think of the Matter? Are such Rewards to be despised? Are such Honours worth no Toil, and Zeal, and Gratitude? Are you able to partake of my Enjoyments? Are not you ambitious to be great where you may be so? Ambitious you must be or you are unfit for Earth, or Hell, or Heaven; ambitious! to be as Princes for ever in the infernal Empire: An Empire so extensive, and so populous, that all the Dominions upon Earth, are but as one petty Province compared therewith.

LET nothing mislead you; let nothing deprive you of the Glory, to which you are invited. Remember, you must either remain loyal Subjects to my immortal Lord; or sink from the Dignity of Distillers.

CAN you be pardoned, and retain the Offence? If you become Foes to us, you must not encrease your Wealth and Importance, by Means really unlawful, as your Trade unquestionably is: For, if you don't sincerely obey my Enemy, he will not accept you;

you; if you wilfully disobey one of his Commands, you are guilty of all: Whatever you may dream of Election, and Grace, and Mercy, all which Terms have been as serviceable to our Cause, as if we had them in our Creed; though those Terms are not to be found in our Articles of Faith. Neither must you keep what you have unlawfully gotten, or any Part thereof; for, if you do, you'll become Partners with *Ananias* and *Saphira* hereafter, whatever you, or others may think here.

THE plausible accounts of Heaven, and the Qualms of Conscience therefore must not, if you love Ease, Wealth, and Reputation, delude you. For the almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and the Enemy to Mankind, must sink to Hell, if they live and die so: And I would have you enquire seriously, how you can live and die otherwise, if you are Distillers? Any thing you can do, or say, or hope for, to the contrary notwithstanding.

As you may now, and must hereafter be convinced, that the Business of a Distiller cannot be carried on with any present Advantage; but by such Means, as destroy all rational and well-grounded Hopes of Salvation: Let me intreat you to go on bravely,

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without thinking of it, or hoping for it ; it is very unfashionable to hope for Rewards unseen. It will be great pity, if your Puffanimity should deprive you of your present Gain, and render you unworthy of our infernal Honours ; which if you go on courageously, you will undoubtedly deserve. Be zealously affected to this noble cause, and be assured that you shall reap, if you faint not.

IT may not be amiss, or unacceptable, to give you a few Directions before I take my leave ; how you may deserve the honour designed you, and of which, unless it is your own Fault, you cannot be disappointed.

First, ENDEAVOUR as much as possible, to make your Business, in its first Stage, an Oppression to the Poor. Ingross the best Wheat to make inflammatory spirits, and the best Sorts of inferior Grain to feed Swine, a Flesh in which I much delight, especially when fed by you : What ? Though Husks and Trash were their antient and proper Food, the other will feed them better. And what is it to you, if you can feed a Thousand Hogs, and get Money thereby ; if a hundred Families are starved for want of that Grain, you so plentifully convert into Pork and Poison. Gin, alas ! is at present very dear, and the Poor can't hurt their Bodies and
Souls

Souls therewith so much as formerly ; let them then, by your Means, be driven to Want and Misery ; and they will be, first uneasy ; then desperate ; and finally, Curse God and die.

Secondly, W O R K continually when you may, make Hay whilst the Sun shines, should it ever shine on you again ; for which our whole infernal Conclave do most heartily pray. Work Day and Night, and let no Regard be paid to the Sabbath, hereby your Servants will be made real Heathens, though nominal Christians ; and run as fast towards our Dominions, as their Masters.

Thirdly, T o you that are called Rectifiers, or, as I cannot help calling you, Adulterators, I now speak. You are the Men that must crown, what the Destroyers, or, as commonly called, Distillers of Corn, began. You must adapt the fiery Liquor to injure Mankind ; to injure them as much by receiving it, as the others did, by depriving them of good, wholesome, substantial Food ; of good Things, which were given by the Author of Nature (would you and I could quite forget him) for the Support, and not the Destruction of Mankind. Let all Arts be tried, to render your Liquors more and more unwholesome ; much more pernicious

than they should or need be ; there is both Pleasure and Profit in deceiving Mankind : And it insures your future Reward, in our World, however your Success may be here.

I MIGHT give you many other Instructions, Gentlemen, beside the former, which I think are absolutely necessary, for your present Advantage, and future Honour : But, having, since my Arrival upon Earth, observed the various and important Improvements, of several ingenuous Adepts in your Semi infernal Mysteries ; I forbear to say any more to you, lest I should have the pleasing, dreadful News, to carry Home : That I found both Encouragement and Advice unnecessary, amongst the present Masters of your Profession ; each of them being more cunning, more covetous, and more mischievous than the Devil himself.

BUT, I must leave the mysterious, intoxicating Fumes of a Distil-house here collected, to perfume this Temple, sacred to your Goddess, Geneva ; for one, to me more agreeable, because natural ; Use being to us, as well as you, a second Nature ; and hope I have said enough to fix your Resolutions, to direct your Hopes, to animate your Minds, to engage each of you to do more,

for my Master and yours, than Persons of any other Business can, or dare to do.

IF you cannot be happy in the Paradise above, resolve to be Heroes, and Princes, in the Abyss below. Set your Affections on present Gain, and future Honour. Honour! which none shall enjoy, unless they deserve; and which none can deserve, unless their Atchievements are superior to most of those, who are by Men esteemed wicked.

*For little Villains must submit to Fate,
That great ones may enjoy the World in State.
And tho' Deceit may in this World prevail,
The Saint, and Hero, may be found in Hell.
And all who are to Heav'n, and Mankind,
Foes;
Tho' prosp'rous here, must sink to endless Woes.*

REJOICE in your Success always; and again, I say, rejoice. Let your Prosperity be known unto all Men. Your Reward is at Hand.

BE careful for nothing, but encrease of Trade, and for that you must daily strive.
For

For thereby cometh encrease of your Gain,
and of the Destruction of Mankind.

FINALLY, Gentlemen, triumph in
your Wealth, your Furniture, your Dress,
and your Influence at present, and be con-
tent, at Death, to go to our Abodes ; to go
to that Place, wherein alone the Heat, and
Malignity of your Liquors can be exceeded.

At present Farewell.

