

H E L L

I N A N

U P R O A R.

A

S A T Y R.

Occasioned by a

S C U F F L E

Which lately happened between the

LAWYERS *and* PHYSICIANS

F O R

S U P E R I O R I T Y.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. WATKINS, at the *Temple-Exchange Coffee-House, Fleetstreet*; and Sold by the Bookfellers at *Charing-Cross*; the *Royal-Exchange*; and the Universities of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*. MDCCL.

[Price Six-Pence.]

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FOR

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EXT with damn'd Lawfuits all my ab-
ject Life,

And what is worse, a scolding bed-rid Wife,
As from the Hall where Judges gravely sit,
I came to *Tom's* to rectify my Wit.
With dismal Coffee: Lo, I chanc'd to nod,
And fall a Victim to the sleepy God ;
My Soul the Juncture watch'd, who glad to see
The Body leave it to its Liberty,
Fled thro' the Regions of Ætherial Light,
Into the Land of Darkness, Death and Night:

A Land, whose Borders join next Door to Hell,
Where, as I was informed, Death did dwell.

'Tis barren, cold, depopulated, dark,
No Light I saw, but what flew from the Spark
Of Torches, or the Flames of Funeral Piles,
Still us'd by *Indians* in the Eastern Isles,
Or from some Lamp, which commonly doth burn
For many Ages by a Funeral Urn.
No living Creature dwelt within its Bounds,
But nasty Worms, which made polluted Wounds
In stinking Flesh, and putrified Blood,
Which lay there tainting ever since the Flood.
And in the midst of this most dismal Land,
The Court of Nature's Slaughter-Man doth stand;
Whose Palace it is hung inside and out,
With *Agues, Dropsies, Cholick, Palsies, Gout,*
Inside with *Cancers, Raptures, Ulcers, Pox,*
And all the Plagues of curst *Pandora's* Box.
There on a Throne rais'd on a high Ascent
Of some great King's sepulchral Monument,
Death,

Death, Hell's Purveyor sat in Royal State,
 Grinning at Man's most miserable Fate.
 Crowned with Wrath, he for his Scepter bore
 An Iron Dart that reak'd with human Gore:
 His Robes were made of Linnen Cloth, in which
 The *Romans* burnt the Bodies of the Rich,
 To send their Souls the sooner too that Place,
 Where neither *Death* nor *Time* can them deface,
 His Robes dy'd Crimfon of the deepest Hue,
 And wafting Cares for Shirts like Lightning flew:
 Horror, Defpair and Anguifh, furr'd his Gown,
 Ten thousand thousand Tears adorn'd his Crown;
 Which Wives for Husbands fhed, Husbands for
 Wives,
 Children for Parents, Maids for Sweethearts Lives.

All thofe who waited on this King of Dread,
 Were Furies and the *Manes* of the Dead,
 And direful Hobgoblins which delight
 To ramble in the difmal Shades of Night,
 In Meadows, Charnel-Houfes and Church-Yards,
 To frighten tim'rous Folk; thefe are the Guards

Which go before the Harbingers of Hell,
 Who on a pale Horse rides abroad to kill.

Being surprized at the wretched Sight,
 I view'd on all Sides of this Land of Night,
 Between Resolves and Doubts, I could not tell
 Whether I'd best come back, or go to Hell,
 At length, Heart prompting me to see the Place,
 Swiftnefs was added to my former Pace,
 I reached presently the *Stygian* Stand,
 Where sacred *Hermes* with his opiate Wand,
 Was stepping into *Charon's* Boat with Souls,
 Whose *Mittimus* was to those blazing Goals
 Of *Pluto*: Who spying me, his List he read,
 To see if I belonged to the Dead,
 But finding I was only crept away
 For Pleasure from Receptacles of Clay,
 He kindly offer'd me his Ferry-boat,
 And promis'd that he'd see me safely out
 Again on Earth; by vertue of his Charms
 He'd shew me Hell, and keep me from its
 Harms.

Thanking

Thanking the God for this great Favour, I
 Step'd in amongst the rest, and instantly,
 The Oars with thick-stretch'd Strokes, conveyed

us

Ashore, where the three-headed *Cerberus*
 Barked with such a shrill resounding Yell,
 That it did soon alarm the Watch of Hell;
 Who came to see what Souls were coming then,
 As captive Prisoners to that dismal Den:

Where, being enter'd the infernal Gates,
 I saw to my amaze, the ghastful Fates,
 On convex Mounts of Ice, deep sulph'rous Lakes,
 Where *Furies* with their Hair of hissing Snakes,
 Tortur'd condemned Ghosts with Rods of Fire,
 Plung'd them in Surges of eternal Ire:

Others in concave Rocks were chain'd, which
 Waves

Of boiling Brimstone dash against; some Slaves
 Of Terror shriek'd to see the Gulph, which lies
 Between their Torments and eternal Joys.

Their Conscience flew about in dreadful Shapes,
 To frighten all the Damn'd, for none escapes.

The Purfes flew as thick as Hail ; Caps, Gowns,
 Coifs, Writs of Error, there a Lawyer frowns,
 And throws about Indentures, Leafes, old
 Worm-eaten Statute-Books ; but, *Pluto* told,
 Of the Rencounter, fends his Guards to quell
 Thofe common Barretters of Peace and Hell,
 And iffued out *Ne exeat Regno* Writs,
 That Strangers fhould not leave thofe fulph'rous
 Pits
 Till the Ring-Leaders of this Hellifh Rout,
 Were to a publick Court of Juftice brought,
 And try'd for the Offence, fo forc'd to ftay ;
 I heard the Tryal e'er I came away.

The Court now fet, and *Pluto* likewise there,
 The DOCTORS and the LAWYERS
 did appear :

But *Pluto*, in whose Eyes appeared Ire,
 And sparkled nothing but Revenge and Fire,
 Enraged, from his flaming Seat arofe,
 And through his brazen Lungs his Fury blows.

In such like Words as these: Ye Reprobates,
 How dare ye make these Jars within my Gates?
 Do ye, terrestial Villains strive to shake
 My Kingdom with Rebellion; think to make
 A Conquest over me, who dare engage
 A second War with Heaven, in my Rage?
 If I, you Christian *Arch*, could penetrate,
 Or, once more with my Forces tempt my Fate,
 With Angels Blood that Milky Causey stain,
 And strive to Atomize the World again.
 How now can you, weak Beings with me cope!
 On Things Impossible you've fix'd your Hope;
 But for the bold Attempt, in glowing Chains
 Ye shall be ty'd to Rocks of endless Flames.
 This said, the three infernal Judges spoke
 To the exasperated King of *Smoak*,
 Telling him, That no Treason in the least,
 Against him was design'd, but at a Feast
 Some *Doctors* and some *Lawyers* fell to blows,
 And made a Noise concerning which of those
 Professions ought, by Cheating, most to take
 The upper Hand, Sir, in this sulph'rous Lake,

As we're inform'd. Is't so, quoth *Pluto*, I
 Am satisfy'd, do you the Matter try
 Between them. Then stern *Minos* who was
 fee'd,
 Bid first the *Lawyers* in their Case proceed,
 Commanding that they open one by one,
 The Knavish Tricks, when Mortal, they had
 done.

Then at the Bar, *T—*, first did tell,
 (Who had an ancient Standard been in Hell)
 That in his Time the Laws to any Sense
 He wrested, did allow Kings could dispense
 With any Subjects Rights, as they thought fit,
 To Articles of Treason did I set
 My Hand, and other Matters out of Measure,
 To murder Nobles at my Master's Pleasure;
 For all Injustice I was so devout,
 That one at *Tyburn* for it cut my Throat.
 The Wrath of God—I roved then through
 Dens
 Of Horror, nitrous Gullies, gloomy Fens;

There's

There's not a Rock, but what was fill'd with
Fears,

Sighs, Screeches, Vengeance, Frights and briny
Tears

Which scorched Tongues would lap, but can't,
They lie

On killing Miseries, yet never die ;

I, to Amazement, saw some Damned broil

On horrid Flakes of Vengeance ; others boil

In Surges of destructive Pitch and Lead,

The more they roar'd, the more their Torments
bred :

Some tumbling thro' the deep Abyfs of Grief,

No bottom found to fix thereon Relief ;

Devils for madness of the Overthrow,

Which makes them walk on Pavement Grounds
which glow

Much hotter than the flaming *Ætna*, where

Great Pumice Stones do scorch the fleeting
Air,

And from her burning Bowels, Flames are tost

Till Fields are in the midst of Fire lost.

Soaring thro' gleaming Airs where Dæmons rule,
 My Progress was prevented at a Pool,
 The vast Extent of which did seem to lie
 Beyond the Verge of deep Eternity.

To tell the heighth the sulph'rous Waves did
 rise

It is impossible, the lofty Skies
 Shew not so high from Earth, as they did flounce
 On Billows which so terrible did bounce,
 As if the Magazines of Thunder were

At once discharg'd to rend the limpid Air,
 No Souls were tortur'd there; and asking why,
 I was inform'd, the damned when they die,
 Felt not the Pains they must feel; that's the
 Place,

Where Souls shall suffer Pains in full, none trace
 Not *Pluto*, King of *Hell*, himself, that Way
 Of burning Horrors, till the Judgment-Day,
 Upon the Banks of that Eye-frightning Shore,
 Where Wrath and Plagues will be increased more
 On tortur'd Ghosts, which never will consume,
 Reside the Regents of eternal Gloom.

Perplex'd

Perplex'd, as well as those which Humane were
 In Tortures, Griefs and Pains which Endless are,
 But yet insulting over damned Souls,
 Which tumble (more the Pity) there in Shoals.

Returning on the Wings of winged Speed,
 From those Apartments which makes Conscience
 bleed,

To lightfome Earth, there happened to be
 An Uproar in these Plains of Misery,
 So very terrible and great, that all
 The fallen Angels fear'd a second Fall.

I 'spied by the Signs that flew about,
Physicians and the *Lawyers* had fell out;
 For in the Scuffle between the doating Sots,
 There flew Glafs Bottles, Urinals and Pots,
 Black Velvet Coats and Beast Skins stuff'd with
 Hay,

(Happy's the Soul who's farthest from the Fray.)
 Here Tip-Staves knock'd down some, and Maces
 beat
 Teeth down their Throats, in this great Feud
 and Heat.

The first spoke *P—n*, and said unto the
 Court,
 Of Perjury and Lies I make a Sport :
 Nay, for my Part, against all Law and Reason,
 I have withheld and vindicated Treason ;
 For Crimes which did my haughty Humour puff,
 I lost my Ears, and wore a wooden Ruff.

Next *B—w*, with a *Stentors* Voice, prepar'd
 To speak, and thus his Sentiments declar'd :
 The Law, by all the World is known to be
 Corrupted by the Lawyer's Knavery ;
 So passing o'er their Quibbles, Cheats and Quirks,
 I shall proceed to tell a Work of Works,
 Which I have done, a Work which equals all
 The Crimes almost, which made the Angels fall ;
 I judg'd my lawful King, and doomed Fate,
 To stop his Breath before his Palace-Gate.
 What nobler Sacrifice than that could be,
 A President for future Villany.
 And for this Deed, I think, we Sergeants may
 From Urine-shakers bear the Bell away.

Then

Then thus speak *S—s*, Grave Sirs, I must
Confess,

I trac'd, like other Judges, Wickedness;
Bribes I ador'd, to rich Men lent an Ear;
The oppress'd poor Man's Cause would never
hear;

For any Criminal, whose Purse was large,
To Juries gave a favourable Charge.

For that which Lawyers with ill Conscience take,
A very tender good Report I'd make,
(Before Death Warrants by the King were sign'd)

For such whose Villainy was not behind
Hand with the greatest Criminals, and most
Deserv'd to die; but Crimes in Gold are lost.

A Matter that depends against the King,
Himself, and Subject for an Offering
Of *Achan's* Pelf, against all Right should run
In favour of the Subject, this I've done.

Witness, ye Lawyers, a great Doctor's Case,
Whose Guineas fav'd his Life, he's in this Place:
Sirs, there he stands, he can't deny't, but I
Was forc'd to scamper for my Knavery.

I think

I think, no Men on Earth live more prophane
 Than Students in the Law, in Vice they reign;
 They Drink and Whore all Night, i'th' Morn-
 ing rise

To Cozen, Swear, and tell a thousand Lies.
 As long as Clients can feed us with Gold,
 Their Cause till Domesday we can make to hold;
 But, for the poor Man's Cause we let that fall,
 In Law, the weakest goeth to the Wall:
 Of Folks they take more Fees than are their due,
 Take Fees of Plaintiff and Defendant too.
 To see how fast the Lawyers d—n their Souls,
 At the *Exchequer*, *Common-Pleas*, and *Rolls*,
 The *King's-Bench Bar*, *Guild-Hall*, I vow and
 swear

Ye'd think this Place was represented there.
 Having got Client's Land and Money too,
In Formâ Pauperis they're forc'd to sue:
 And then poor Rats we mind their Cause no
 more,

Than damning Bully does his nasty Whore,



Who can't with Money oftener him supply,
 To lose in Gaming with Nobility.
 Go in a Term Time to *Westminster Hall*,
 You'll see the Place with Lies condensed all.
 Those antient Courts, methinks, of Brimstone
 smell,
 That, not *Vesuvius*, is the Mouth of Hell.
 If ye should hear what all the Chancellors,
 Attornies, Judges, Clerks, Sollicitors,
 And Barristers which are in Hell, could say,
 In reference to cheating most, we
 Sit long enough, the List of all their Names,
 Doth reach from Heaven to these blueish Flames.

Next *J—s* spoke in Wrath, I could espy
 Rage in his Cheeks and Fury in his Eye,
 He vented thus his Gall: *Gut-Cleanfers* think,
 That we shall under them in Cheating sink?
 If stinking Physick is preferr'd before
 The Law, I never shall love Cheating more:
 I'm sure on Earth I've done enough to make,
 The Devil love a Lawyer for my sake.

When

When but a *Barrister*, I got such Fame,
 That Brawling was prefixed to my Name,
 As that great Epithet *Superbus* was
 Always to *Tarquin's*. O what Mischiefs has
 Been hatched in me whilst I wore the Coif,
 But after I was furr'd, I made such Strife
 Between the King and Citizens, till they
 Had through my Means their Charter took
 away.

The Laws are good, but be too much abus'd,
 Because by Knaves they are so much misus'd:
 Some *Jack-a-both-sides* Play, and always Might,
 (By Bribes and Favour) overcometh Right.

When Death snatch'd *Charles* from us and gave
 us *James*

To Reign, all Glory be to both their Names!
 I plagued some with Whips and Pillory,
 For keeping *Albion* free from Anarchy;
 I made him curse the Time he'd ever been
 At *Salamanca*, or a Papist seen.

My bloody Temper could not be at rest,
 Till I had near three hundred in the West

Of *England*, caused to be gibbeted,
 For standing by a Peer who lost his Head,
 But when I came to bear the *Mace* and
 Purse,
 Instead of growing better, I grew worfe.
 But when a *Belgick* Prince to *England* came,
 (Who very much kept Fuel from this Flame,
 By his suppressing Vice) I was confin'd
 A Pris'ner, where it buzzed in my Mind,
 That if an Axe and Block were not my Fate,
 For *Tyburn* I must look to be a Bait ;
 So fearing what I'd done for Hell was vain,
 I took a Dose to damn my self again.
 Thus doubly damn'd I hope you don't expect
 The Devil will advancing such neglect ;
 Pulse-feelers, here's a shuffling sorry Crew
 Of Hackney-Writers, who can baffle you,
 The Sheets they've stole from Lodgings are
 enough
 To make for ev'ry damned Wretch a Ruff,
 If Ruffs were here in Fashion. Don't ye know,
 Impartial Judges, that we long ago

Were counted bad, for 'tis in Scripture said,
Woe, twice or thrice to Lawyers, for ye lade
 Poor Men with Burthens grievous to be born,
 But we would let the heavy Loads alone.

Next *W—t*, about to praise the Lawyers
 Trade,

Æacus interrupted him, and said,
 Enough has been declared of your Side,
 Now let the Doctors speak, then we'll decide
 The Difference between you presently :
 So *Wakeman* arose, made this Apology :
 I being by the Doctors chose to speak,
 In their behalves, all Justice do I seek :
 The Lawyers swagger and presume to take
 The upper Hand of us, that always make
 An Int'rest to be great with Mammon, few
 Ador'd him more than we, we hugg'd him too.
 The captious Lawyer this and that doth say ;
 I'm sure we get our Gold as bad as they.
 We pillage Tradefmen, till they've nothing left,
 The Poor who of all Comfort are bereft,

We come not nigh ; but for the Gentry, who
 Have Golden Hooks to bait, we gallop to
 Their Houses fast enough, both Night and Day,
 We make a Coach and Horses dance the Hay ;
 Thro' thick and thin we go, thro' Cold and
 Heat,

To smell their Urine, feel how Pulses beat.
 Those we can cure, if Money comes apace,
 We keep 'em backward, things which are more
 base

We act, young Heirs that want their Fathers
 Wills,

Fee us to rid them with a Dose of Pills,
 Which we perform. Observe, when Princes die
 In hugger-mugger, there's some Villainy
 Of their sworn Doctors in their Death ; ye know
 That I, when Mortal, for the Overthrow
 Of three fine Kingdoms, hired was to chace
 A Monarch's Ghost by Poison, to a Place
 Where Myriads should have follow'd him to
 tell

What Miseries they suffer'd since he fell.

But this I own, had it not been for S—s,
 I had been Limb-meal'd by the Sheriffs Dogs,
 Doctors, as well as Lawyers dare rebel
 Against their King; but to be short, pray tell
 What Crime most Honour to Profession brings,
 Ruining Subjects, or the poisoning Kings?

This said, old *Rhadamanth*, who look'd as
 grave

As *Stoick*, who at no Misfortune rave,
 Declared his Opinion thus: I must
 Own that Physicians are not much in trust
 With Hell, for any Sort of Sin; alas!
 They have enough to purchase half this Mass
 Of blazing Lands, if they were to be sold,
 Doctors will always hazard Souls for Gold;
 But now, to give the Lawyers their full
 Weight

Of Praise, for Knavery, they win the Plate;
 From our Favour we cannot them disband
 For a Doctor; Lucre see doth make him stand

With

With open Mouth to catch the yellow Ore,
Which these hot Flames from golden Mines do
pour ;

When Time shall come that Earth forgets her
Weight,

The Sea its Current, and the Spheres their
Height.

And tumble into this infernal Pit,

Large Guineas they will swallow at a Bit :

You Sin enough, but t'others ten times more,

To Hell they're very little in the Score.

The *Templers*, *Lincoln's-Inn*, and *Gray's-Inn*
Sparks,

Are very fit to make the Devil Clerks ;

Therefore they must take Place of you, and be

The next to Jesuits, for Villainy.

This said, the nitrous Judges broke up
Court,

And Lawyers gave for Joy so great a Shout,

That the Abyss that's bottomless did shake ;

And Ghosts in Fire chain'd, call'd from a Lake

Adjoining

✓
 Adjoining, where the Court was kept, to know,
 The meaning of that sudden Noise below ;
 When Orders were, that wand'ring Ghosts which
 came

To view the Mansions of eternal Flame,
 Must all depart the Kingdom presently ;
 Which made me glad, and so with *Mercury*,
 I came through *Tophet* and the Land of Death,
 To Earth, and gave the Flesh its living Breath ;
 And glad I was, that I was got so well
 From *Lawyers*, *Doctors*, and the Bounds of *Hell*.



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