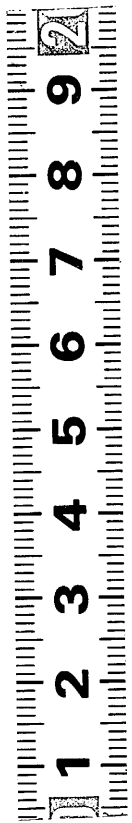


57-17



PLOT DISCOVERED

OR A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

POPE and the DEVIL,

At a late Conference.

Consulting the most Effectual Expedient for Promoting their joint Interest and Designs in the present Juncture of Affairs.

With their Instructions concluded upon to be sent to their Emissaries in all parts to that purpose.

Let all the People in the world admire,

That we are not Consum'd by sword and fire!

Since that the Pope and Devil too contrives

To Murder King, and's People sacrifice.

LONDON, November 9th. 1678.

Edinburgb, Re-Printed in the Year, 1678.

The Plot Discover'd:

A Dialogue between the Pope and the Devil,

The Introduction, or Occasion of the Conference.

His Holiness being lately much perplex'd at the Receipt of a Packet from *Oropia*, intimating that some of his most hopeful Projects, thwarted by Providence, were like to miscarry, forthwith summon'd all the Cardinals to a solemn Conclave, where a thousand Proposals were made for Retirving the desperate Game, yet none that seem'd satisfactory: Whereupon Dismissing that Assembly, the holy Father reflecting how famous divers of his predecessors had been for *Negromancy* and *Conjuring*, sends immediately to the *Vatican* for some choice Volumes of *Magick*, and retiring (when Night-Masking heavens Face made all things appear black in conformity with his designs, and no noise but the Musick of howling Wolves and Schreec-Owls hollows could be heard) to an obscure corner of *Belvidere* his private Garden, he there with the accustomed Ceremonies, invokes *Lucifer*, Prince of the fallen Angels, to make his personal appearance, not doubting but the subtle degraded Seraphin (knowing it to be their joint Concern) would furnish him with some fresh new-minted Policies, for carrying on his business in this unexpected Exigency. Scarce had he finished his dreadful Orisons (which he repeated with more devotion than ever he mumbled out an *High Mass*) when the welcome Monarch of the infernal crew appears, usher'd with flashes of Lightning, and thus accosts him.

Devil. Who thus imperiously summons our Presence? We are of late too much crowded with employments, both Military and Civil, Ecclesiastick and Secular, to attend every impertinents pleasure: speak therefore, and briefly thy Name and Buiness.

Pope. I am, Dread Prince of Darknels, *Servus servorum*, the humblest of your Vassals, your Deputy, your *Vice-Roy* on earth, on whom your Bounty has conferr'd the *Tripple-Crown*, and other Marks of Damnable Favor: My buiness is to implore your Advice and Directions

Edinburgh: Printed in the Year 1728.

(3)
in certain Affairs, that not a little concern both mine own, and your Interest.

Devil. Who? our infallible Factor? The Support of our Empire, and Darling of our hopes? to thee both our Ear and Breast shall be ever open.

Pope. Gracious *Belzebub*, You oblige me eternally to serve you; and as your assistance heretofore brought Princes to kiss my Gouty Tees, I cannot in gratitude refrain from paying the same Devotion to your most reverend Cloven-Foot.

Devil. Spare your unnecessary Complement, and acquaint us with the present posture of affairs.

Pope. I am all obedience to your Commands: but must crave leave to state things *ab origine*. 'Tis not unknown to your Ghostly intelligence, what faithful Votaries my self and predecessors for many hundred years, have been to your hellish interest, after your *Delphick* Oracles were struck Dumb, and your heathen slaves grown weary of doing your tormenting Drudgeries. When the light of the Gospel in its purity, (which designs the utter Overthrow of your dark Kingdom) had baffled all your fury, becoming more bright by the surrounding Flames of persecution; so that you were forced for a time, to wave fruitless Rigors, and refer the Conduct of your affairs to our Management: You may remember how suddenly by another Path, we re-establisht your power greater than ever. Our fained Traditions, new invented Doctrines, Canons, Decrees, Dicretals, Constitutions, and Pompous Ceremonies, had so altered the Face of the Church, and rendered it quite different in all things (but the Name) from the primitive Simplicity. Our Pardons, Absolutions, Indulgencies for Murdering of Prince and People, permitting of publick Stews, or Bawdy-houses, our Doctrines of Merit, Venial Sin, Purgatory and works of Supererogation. What were they but so many Draw-nets, or Lime-twigs, to inveigle the Looser and Unwary part of Mankind in your Snares, and Lake of Perdition. After that, I need not recount the Bloody Wars we have raised, the horrid Treasonable plots we have fomented, the cruel Massacres we have caused throughout *Bohemia*, *England*, *France* and *Germany* of old, and in *Ireland*, and the vallies of *Piedmont*, of a later Date, whereby some millions of innocent and pious Souls have been by our Religious industry, offered up as so many Victives to your hellish Malice. Besides this, we have of late

Devil. Hold, hold, good Mr. *Pope*, though we allow you to preach your Doctrine of *Misery* to others, you must not boast of it to us. We

(4)

acknowledge your eminent Services, nor have we been behind hand in Retaliations: have we not advanced you to Riches, Pomp, and Glory? To the Title of Universal Bishop, and successor of *Peter*, (though you imitate him in nothing, but denying his Master?) Have we not brought you to lord over all your fellow Bishops; and behold with contempt, Kings, and Emperors, at your feet? is not your interest and advantage inseparably twisted with mine? if your Doctrines or Ceremonies bring me in Souls, do they not bring you in Money? and when your Zeal destroys my Enemies, do you not provide for your own Safety and Grandure?

Pope. 'Tis confess *Mighty Satan!* Nor did I intend to upbraid you with our Devoirs, but to induce you thereby rather to our Assistance; For some few Ages ago a pestilent Generation sprung up, that would pull down the whole Fabrick we so long have been Building, and Restore Religion in its primitive Beauty, strip of all these Meretricious Gayties, which at once both replenish your Territories and our Coffer.

Devil. Pish, pish, did I not teach you long since a Medicine, called the *Inquisition*, to stop the spreading of such Leprosies.

Pope. True, but alas! it came too late, some Kingdoms were infected, that they cast off all subjection to our authority, and left no hopes (at least as yet) of bringing that most Excellent Engine amongst them to reduce 'em.

Devil. In that case too, I many years ago provided thee an Expedient, by creating the Society of *Jesuits*, those Matchless Embroilers of Affairs, who being sent abroad, will, I doubt not, by their Learned and active Zeal, soon bring back these stragling Hereticks to roost under the Wings of *Mother Church*, and truckel to your Irish wooden Chair.

Pope. Upon my Holiness, your *Devilship* is egregiously mistaken, a *Jesuite*, 'tis true, about 40. or 50. years ago was a pretty sprightly instrument, when they durst stab a wavering Monarch, or blow up an Heretical State at a Blast. But now alas! he is grown Old, Rusty and Dismetled; his very Name is odious amongst many of our own party, his prodigious Learning found but a blazing Meteor, and his Treasons, Murthers, and Equivocations, Colenages, and other Excellencies, become too over palpable.

Devil. Your Holiness prates like an Infallible Sot, thus to disparage the most Trusty *Janzaries* of our Empire; The Duller Order *Franciscans*, and *Capuchins*, with their nasty Austerities, may amuse

(5)

Melancholly Fools; But 'tis these active *Sociable Incendiaries*, must do the grand Work; who by their Oily Tongues, and Pliable Behaviour, insinuate themselves in Princes Courts, to Dive into their *Cabines Councils*, and at the same time, abet all Factions, to infuse specious principles, preparatory to our Designs, in the head of the unwary Rabble.

Pope. True, it is all this, and more they have done, screwing themselves into the affections of *Grandees*, as gently as Malevolent Stars dart their influence, or blasting mildews slide into the bosome of a flower. They have varied shapes oftner than the *Camelion* at Land, or *Polypus* at Sea: Now a Courier, to morrow a Souldier, then a Cobler, by and by a Weaver, a Gallant amongst the Ladies in the *Park*, an Atheist amongst the *Coffee-wits*, and a Quaker at *Devonshire-house*. Yet when we thought all Cock-sure prepared, and doubted not but to have stem'd the Tide of Opposition, by a Torrent from our *Romish See*, behold! an unhappie providence damps the progress; and the *Alarm* takes through the City, as fast as our Train of *Wild-fire* in *Sixty-six*: immediately the *Palpit Rings*, and the *Press* Croans with invectives against our Doctrines. All our Pollicies are unravel'd, our Sacred person exposed to Contempt and burnt by the Hereticks in *Effigy*. In brief, this most holie Design, which we have so long been Midwifing into the World, is like to prove abortive, and fatallie Miscarrie; unless your *Old-dragon* subtiltie, can speedilie by some wonderful Stratagem, revive it to perfection.

Devil. Be patient dear Child! and bend a little to fate, remember your Countrie Proverb, *Plans Piano*, what is said of the Citie, holds true of your Faith.

Non fuit in uno contra Roma die:
Rome is not built in a day.

Great Mutations require time, be not too hastic, he goes safest that walks *Pedetentim*; Physicians never administer Remedies in the Fit; stay till this *Paroxysm* is over, way lay Opportunitie, and learn to sail with everie wind. In the mean time follow me to the next Harbour, where we will prepare instructions for our *Emissaries* abroad, as we conceive most convenient in the present juncture. Hereupon laying their heads together for an hour, like the *Toad* lending poyson to the *Viper*, their teeming Inventions were delivered of the following By-blow.

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(6)

INSTRUCTIONS to be pursued by all Nuncio's, Jesuits, Priests, Laysticklers, and other Factors of the See of Rome, for facilitating the Re-establishment of Popery in Heretical Countries.

Imprints, You shall make the advancement of the Romish Church your Pole-star. The Center whereto all your words and actions tend, For attaining which end, you shall bank no means be they never so unjust or abominable, for he that thinks Fraud cannot be Pious or Piety, fraudulent is a short-ear'd Ass, and was never bottom'd in School Divinity.

2. You shall discover or conceal your Religion, as best suits your conveniences, and rather than lose a good place for want of a renunciatory Oath, you shall have from us Dispensations and Pardons gratis, to Indemnify your Souls; yet still you shall pretend in publick to a most stout honesty and sincerity. For,

*The Stratagem is then exalted high
When th' Hypocrite reviles Hypocrisie.*

3. Think not to put off all your ware at once, down right Popery at first dash is frightful, but those that keck at it whole, will swallow it handsomely minc'd. First, Tinge people with a preparative Blew, and then sauce 'um with the colour of the Scarlet Whore, begin with our most plausible Principles; The Vulgar never mind the Tail of the business, yet there lies the Stings; when the Needle is once through the Threed will follow; some serious Truths must be delivered the better under those Palliations, to disseminate out profitable Errors, so a stink offends more when concomitant with some weak Perfume which it hath *pro vehimlo*, than when 'tis single, the Perfume procuring for the stench easier admittance into the Sense: Thus Poysons are most dangerous and irremediable when joyned in Commission with a Cordial too weak to resist them, it only serving to conduct them to the Heart, but is unable to vanquish their malignity.

4. Let your deportment be complaisant, even to servile Flattery; Court your very Enemies with the most obliging Language, and Protestations of kindness: Kiss those hands you would cut off, and hug him you cannot hang, at least untill you can; still fashion your selves to the humor of the present company, as the light is round in the Sun, in the fire *Pyramidal*. If any recommend Liberty of Conscience, do you straight cry out against Persecution, and laugh not for a world, but remember you are yet a while to play the Foxes and Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing: 'Tis hereafter in the Inquisition you are to act the parts of Lyons Rampant.

(7)

5. In private Discourses you shall passionately bewail the Variety of Sects and Opinions amongst Protestants, (yet still promote such differences what you can) representing the difficulty of *Scriptures* to be understood: How every *Heresse* seeks Protection there; and a thousand different Judgements vouch their Warrant from the same Text. Hence you shall take occasion, silyly to magnifie the Unity of Rome, (though indeed there's no such thing) That without a Judge, there can be no Accision: without *Infallibility*, no Certainty; and consequently, no *Security*. That such as skip the Pale of the Church, are alwayes in a rolling condition, and like a floating Island, or Sea-weeds, know not where to take, or how to keep root; yet still perswade people, there's no danger of *Popery*, no design to introduce it: That such a Charge is ridiculous to imagine, impossible to be accomplisht, &c. When Men sleep, is the only time to sow Tares: Security dwells next door to Ruine.

6. Study profoundly, humours and interests, to the poor magnify *Popish Charity*, and the noble house-keeping of old: To young Scholars, the learning of the *Jesuites*, and the excellent Method and Discipline of their Schools beyond the Seas: To the Debauch'd, represent the Moderation of your Church, in voting the wanton Sillies of Nature, (as *Whoredom, Adultery, Incest, and Sodomy*) but venial *Peccadillies*, and granting indulgencies at easie Rates, for great Crimes.

7. Promote that laudable Designe of *Atheism*, which you have already so hopefully begun: For those that have no regard for any Religion, to be sure, will never oppose one that is so fitted for their turn, and near of Kin (in effect) to their present Sentiments.

8. You shall more industriously spread your nets for the Rich and the Great: Who being most allied to the world, are aptest to comply with any Religion that's thriving. Besides the influence of their Example and Power on the *Domesticks, Relations, and Dependants*: For you may see when the Tide turns, all the Ships at anchor in the River, presently change *Head for Sterne*.

9. A Miracle, now and then, may do well among the vulgar, but cautiously: 'Tis a subtile Eagle-eyed Age; Be sure therefore, prepare your Counterfeit, that is to be possess'd very well, and your hand invisible, juggling hair clearly.

Lastly, Forget not *Primitive Policy*, in tempting *Eve* first; profelitate the *Women*, and let them alone to draw in the *Men*: There is no Devil to the *Shee Devil*: They long since brought the *Strongest* of Men to Ruine, and the *Wiseest* to Idolatry. Our more Private Directions

Directions

reactions for Murthering Princes, Burning Heretical Cities, &c. We shall inspire you within person, and now conclude with our joynt Benediction.

May your Foreheads be as Walls of Corinthian Brass, your Tongues tipped with Syrens Musick, and your Ignis fatuus lead all Europe.

Given at Rome, this 9th of November, S. Re. in the year of Hells Confusion, 1678. Signed with the Devils Paw, and the Seal of the Fisher.

Having dispatcht away these Instructions by an Infernal Carrier, they both fell a Quaffing some full Bowls of English Martyrs Blood, reserv'd ever since Queens Maries dayes, for the Popes own Mornings Draughts, and being pretty well heated, were beginning heal hs to his Holiness and the whole Conclave, and success to their Pious Design of Murdering the King and all His English Subjects: but that the sudden News of the Discoverie of their Hellish Plot marr'd their Occasions; and their Deeds of Darknets, and inhumane Cruelty committed upon the innocent Body of that renowned English Patriot, Sir Edmundbury Godfry, which being now brought to Light, how, where, and when, has damp't their Mirth; and caused a true Protestant who overheard their Consultations, and what happen'd, thus to express his joy:

Oh Rome! Thy Plots are discover'd I see,
And Fire-Balls found compounded by thee:
Thy Hellish Designs are known: and in vain
The Draw-Net is cast, to catch us again.
Thy Coffers will shrink, th' Inexhaustible Well
Shall ne're be thy Lot: Let Hell-huff and swell,
Grutch Abby Lands: though Rome threat and sing,
She shall ne're possess the Partridge wont Spring.
You both may Club your Interest, and joyn
Your Forces, yet miss our Souls and our Coyn.

FINIS.

...the Devil to the Sea...
...the Devil to the Sea...
...the Devil to the Sea...