

## Center [137]

### Double Rule

#### Center AN

#### Center HARANGUER

[I]s one, that is so *delighted with the sweet*/ [I] Sound of his own Tongue, that [i] William

Prynne [i] will sooner *lend an Ear, than he, to any Thing else*. His Measure of Talk is till his Wind is spent; and then he is not silenced, but becalmed. His Ears have caught the Itch of his Tonuge, and though he scratch them, like a Deast with his Hoof, he finds a Pleasure in it. A [i] silenced Minister, [i] has more Mercy on the Government in a *secure Conventicle, than he has on the Company, that he is in*. He shakes a Man by the Ear, as a Dog does a Pig, and never looses his Hold, till he has tired himself, as well as his Patient. He does not talk to a Man, but attack him, and whomsoever he can get into his Hands he lays violent Language on. If he can he will run a Man up against a Wall, and hold him at a

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Bay by the Buttons, which he handles as bad as he does his Person, or the Business he treats upon. When he finds him begin to sink, he holds him by the Cloaths, and feels him as a Butcher does a Calf, before he kills him. He is a walking Pillory, and crucifies more Ears than a dozen standing ones. He will hold any Argument rather than his Tongue, and maintain both sides at his own Charge; for he will tell you what you will say, though, perhaps,

*he does not intende to give you leave. He  
lugs Men by the Ears, as they correct Children  
in [i] Scotland, [i] and will make them tingle, while  
he talks with them, as some say they will do,  
whena Man is talked of in his Absence. When  
he talks to a Man, he comes up close to him,  
and like an old Solider lets fly in his Face, or  
claps the Bore of his Pistol to his Ear, and  
whispers aloud, that he may be sure not to  
miss his Mark. His tongue is always in Mo-  
tion, tho very seldom to the Purpose, like a  
Barber's Scissors, which are always snipping,  
as well when they do not cut, as when they  
do. His Tongue is like a Bagpipe Drone, that  
has no Stop, but makes a continual ugly Noise,  
hims\*elf. He never leaves a Man until he has*

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 run him down, and then he winds a Death  
 over him. A Sow-Gelder's Horn is not so  
*terrible to Dogs and Cats, as he is to all that*  
*know him. His Way of Argument is to talk*  
*all, and hear to Contradiction. First he gives*  
*his Antagonist the Length of the Wind, and*  
*then, let him make his Approaches inf he can,*  
*he is sure to be beforehand with him. Of all*  
 dissolute Diseases the Running of the Tongue is  
 the worst, *and the hardest to be cured. If he*  
 happen at any time to be at a Stand, and any  
 Man else *begins to speak, he presently drowns*  
*him with his Noise, as a Water-Dog makes a*  
 Duck dive: for when you think he has done  
 he falls one, and lets fly again, like a Gun, that  
 will *discharge nine Times with one Loading.*  
*He is a Rattlesnake, that with his Noise gives*  
*Men warning to avoid him, otherwise he will*  
 make them wish *they had. He is, like a Bell,*  
*good for nothing but to make a Noise. He is*  
 like common Fame, that *speaks most and*  
 knows least, *Lord [i] Brooks, [i] or a Wildgoose*  
 al-

ways cackling when he is upon the Wing.

His Tongue is like any Kind of Carriage, the  
 less *Weight it bears, the faster and easier it*  
*goes. He is so full of Words, that they run*  
 over, and are thrown away to no Purpos\*e: and

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*so empty of Things, or Sense, that his Dry-  
ness has made his Leaks so wide, whatsoever is  
put in hi runs out immediately. He is so  
long in delivering himself, that those that hear  
him desire to be delivered too, or dispatched  
out of their Pain. He makes his Discourse the  
longer with often repeating [i] to be short, [i] and talks  
much of [i] in fine, [i] but never means to come near  
it.*

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