

## 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 Conven-/ ticle, 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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138 #Center AN HARANGUER./ 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 main-/ tain 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/ / 3

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## Center AN HARANGUER. #Justifyleft 139/

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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140 #Center AN HARANGUER./ *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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