# Center [137]

# Double Rule

# Center AN Center HARANGUER

[I]s one, that is s*o delighted with the s*weet/ [I] Sound of his own Tongue, that [i] William  
Prynne [i] will s*ooner lend an Ear, than he, to any*  
*Thing els*e. His Meas*ure of Talk is till his*  
*Wind is s*pent; and then he is not s*ilenced,*  
*but becalmed. His Ears have catched the*  
*Itch of his Tonuge, and though he s*cratch  
them, like a Beas*t with his Hoof, he finds a*  
*Pleas*ure in it. A [i] s*ilenced Minis*ter, [i] has more  
Mercy on the Government in a s*ecure Conven-*  
*ticle, than he has on the Company, that he is*  
*in. He s*hakes a Man by the Ear, as a Dog  
does a Pig, and never loos*es his Hold, till he*  
*has tired hims*elf, as well as his Patient. He  
does not talk to a Man, but attack him, and  
whoms*oever he can get into his Hands he lays*  
*violent Language on. If he can he will run*  
*a Man up agains*t a Wall, and hold him at a

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Bay by the Buttons, which he handles as bad  
as he does his Pers*on, or the Bus*ines*s he treats*  
*upon. When he finds him begin to s*ink, 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 s*tanding ones. He will hold any*  
*Argument rather than his Tongue, and main-*  
*tain both s*ides at his own Charge; for he will  
tell you what you will s*ay, though, perhaps,*  
*he does not intend 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 s*ome s*ay they will do,*  
*when a Man is talked of in his Abs*ence. When  
he talks to a Man, he comes up clos*e to him,*  
*and like an old Solider lets fly in his Face, or*  
*claps the Bore of his Pis*tol to his Ear, and  
whispers aloud, that he may be s*ure not to*  
*mis*s his Mark. His tongue is always in Mo-  
tion, tho very s*eldom to the Purpos*e, like a  
Barber's Scis*s*ers, which are always s*nipping,*  
*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 Nois*e,  
hims\*elf. He never leaves a Man until he has  
  
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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 s*o* *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. Firs*t he gives his Antagonis*t the Length of the Wind, and* *then, let him make his Approaches if he can,* *he is s*ure to be beforehand with him. Of all dis*s*olute Dis*eas*es the Running of the Tongue is the wors*t, and the hardes*t to be cured. If he happen at any time to be at a Stand, and any Man els*e begins to s*peak, he pres*ently drowns* *him with his Nois*e, 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 dis*charge nine Times with one Loading.* *He is a Rattles*nake, that with his Nois*e gives* *Men warning to avoid him, otherwis*e he will make them wis*h they had. He is, like a Bell,* *good for nothing but to make a Nois*e. He is like common Fame, that s*peaks mos*t and knows leas*t, Lord [i] Brooks, [i] or a Wildgoos*e al- ways cackling when he is upon the Wing. His Tongue is like any Kind of Carriage, the les*s Weight it bears, the fas*ter and eas*ier it* *goes. He is s*o full of Words, that they run over, and are thrown away to no Purpos\*e; and

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s*o empty of Things, or Sens*e, that his Dry-  
nes*s has made his Leaks s*o wide, whats*oever is*  
*put in him runs out immediately. He is s*o  
long in delivering hims*elf, that thos*e that hear  
him des*ire to be delivered too, or dis*patched  
out of their Pain. He makes his Dis*course the*  
*longer with often repeating [i] to be s*hort, [i] and talks  
much of [i] in fine, [i] but never means to come near  
it.