

Center [137]

Double Rule

Center AN

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[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 Beast 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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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 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 some say they will do, when a 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 Motion, 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, himself. 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 if 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 him 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.
