It has been Matter of great Grief and Trouble, to truly Pious and Religious Spirits, to Behold the great Ruins and Desolations which are made in our Holy Religion, the Church of England; how Her Pure Doctrine has been Corrupted and Defil’d; Her Primitive Worship and Discipline Prophan’d, and Abus’d; Her Sacred Orders Deny’d and Vilify’d; Her Priests and Professors, Calumniated, Misrepresented, and Ridicul’d; Her Altars, and Sacraments, Prostituted to Hypocrites, Deists, Socinians, and Atheists; and (which the more aggravates their Grief and Concern is) because such grand Impieties, instead of being suppress’d, stop’t, or prevented, have been encouraged, supported, and maintain’d; and that too, not only by those who have profess’d themselves Enemies to, but, which is worse, by the Pretended Friends of our Church and Constitution. And to that Daring pitch of Wickedness, Stupidity, and Folly, is Man now arriv’d at, that if any Charitable Hand but Offers to hold an Unwelcome LIGHT to prevent their Ruin, it must expect to be treated with that ungrateful Insolence and Reproach, which usually at tends the Generous Freedom of those who Dare speak Seasonable, and Necessary Truths. And when Men are so Stupidly harden’d in their Errors as to withstand the most Glaring Evidence, then there’s no Room left for Argument, or Gospel: Sound Words and wholesome Doctrines cannot be entertain’d by them, must not be sounded in their Ears, because so Opposite and Contradictory to their Principles and Practices.

The Misfortunes of those Times, wherein the Church and State was so Notoriously struck and aim’d at, for a total Subversion and Destruction, and the Distractions and Divisions of these Times are chiefly owing (I believe) to the Exorbitant Licentiousness of the Press; from whence the Horridest, Blasphemous, Irreligious, Immoral, Prophane, and Disloyal Tenets and Principles, the many Wild, Latitudinarian, Extravagant Opinions, and Bewitching False Doctrines; the Scandalous, and False Libels upon those in Authority, whether in Church or State, are almost every Day, vented and dispers’d Abroad; tending to the utter Subversion of Religion, Piety, and Good Manners; the Overthrow and Destruction of our Constitution, and Government; and the Corruption, and Debauchery of the Youth of the Nation; In open Defiance and Contempt of those Laws and Provisions, which have been made against the same. Some under the Umbrage of being the Defenders and Maintainers of Truth and Honesty, (and none without some specious or colourable Pretence of other) have, and still continue (with Impunity enough) to disperse their Wild, Romantic, and Impertinent Notions and Fancies. Who then but these are the Incendiaries of the Age? Who but these the Disturbers of our Peace and Tranquility? And was there a Stop put to this excessive Freedom of the Press, I am humbly of the Opinion, that a visible Alteration in the Face of Affairs might soon be: In the mean time let’s shun all Opportunities of Encouraging them, and, as Infectious Plagues and Growing Mischiefs, avoid and fly from’em.

But amongst the numerous Sorts of Pamphlets, which in this Age are so plentifully scatter’d about, and almost every-where to be met with, none, I humbly conceive, will be found more destructive, more pernicious to the Welfare and Happiness of this Nation, than those Two, REVIEW and OBSERVATOR; whose Authors (with many other Hemerobian Pamphleteers) seem to assert, that Her present...
Majesty (whom I pray God preserve) has, nor can pretend, to no other Right to the
Crown, but what She derives from the late Act of Settlement; and tho’ they pretend to
be great Admirers of Her Majesties Person and Government, and the Revolution, as
having made way for Her Happy Accession to the Throne, yet they endeavour to fill
Men’s Heads with an impertinent Noise about I know not what Revolution-Principles,
and as tho’ their Soveraign was a Creature of their own Making, pretend to hold a
Rod over Her Head, to let Her know, She’s on Her Good Behaviour; and maintain,
that ‘tis no Sin to resist those Princes whom they judge to have a Design against, what
they call our Constitution; or that those who made Her Queen, may, when they please,
make Her Nothing; and when that’s done, lay up the Royal Authority again in the
Original Magazine of Power.

These are the Notions exactly calculated for the Meridian of the Mobbish
Multitude, nicely fram’d to set t
he dearest and nearest Friends and Relatives together
by the Ears; and if it be possible to keep up and perpetuate Divisions and Heart-
burnings among us in these Nations, these Notions are pat to the purpose. But sure
the People have felt too much already, the sad and dreadful Effects of the Crimes of
those unhappy Days, wherein the great Rebellion, which ended in the infamous
Murther of the best of Men and Princes, was raised upon this Doctrine of the
Lawfulness of Resisting the Higher Powers, to be Bullied again into the like slavish
Principles. But to proceed to the Matter in hand : Happening lately to peruse one of
the Reviews, I found therein, among many Scandalous and Reproachful Reflections,
an Anagram drawn from O Henry Sacheverell, thus, He car’s on very Hell;
endeavouring thereby to Blacken the Doctor’s Character, and make his Name as
Odious as possible, in the Opinion of the People; And not only in that, but almost
every Review, from the unhappy Time which began the Troubles, and during the
Course of the Doctor’s Tryal, the Author of the said Pamphlet (cum multis alis) has
treated him with all imaginable Contempt, Envy and Malice; as tho’ his Sufferings
and Afflictions were not sufficient, or cou’d not be compleat without the Addition of
the cruel Invectives, Calumniating Speeches and Reflections of that Mercinary
Scribler Daniel de Fo; And ‘tis no wonder to see the Doctor so scurrilously abus’d by
him, since Men of the greatest and highest Characters and Stations, who’ve dar’d to
own their Loyalty and Obedience to their Soveraign, and Love to their Country and
Fellow-Subjects, in Terms and Expressions different from, or not agreeing with his,
have not escap’d his Censures, or, some way or other, felt the Lashes of his Impudent
Pen. It was an Opinion among the antient Anagrammatists, that Names had a Divine
or Mystical Signification; and that the Fate or Destiny of Persons was secretly wrapt
up or written in them, which only could be pry’d into, or read by the Art of
Anagrammatism, (i.e. by transposing, or artificially placing the Letters of the Name,
so as to compleat a Sentence applicable to the Person or Thing proposed;) And I
verily believe the Author of the above Anagram to be the same Superstitious Belief :
For he seems there to Glory in his Production of that Nature, when from the said
Anagram he would fain make the World believe the Doctor to be the person,
intimated by the Holy Ghost in that Apocalyptic Prophecy, to be a Promoter of the
Kingdom of Hell - If it be true then, that there is in every Person’s Name his Fate or
Destiny signify’d, the Doctor must be in a wretched State : But Superstition was never
more favour’d, entertain’d, and practis’d, than by those who seem to be greatest
Enemies to it. How sinful this sort of Superstition is, I won’t go about to determine :
But sure I am, that ‘tis too insipid and ridiculous to be entertain’d by any sober
sensible Man; and, as such, has been condemned and forbidden.
But supposing this Opinion true, that the Fate or Destiny of Men is signify’d in their Names; then, according to the true and genuine Method of Anagrammatism, and without the adding any Letter, the Doctor’s Name declares the happiest Fortune or Destiny Man need with, or desire; whether in respect to the Innocency or Morality of his Life and Conversation, or the harmless Intentions of the Causes he was lately (tho’ unhappily) engaged in. For what can declare it more fully, than this Sentence, *He’s Heavenly clear*, which naturally flows from the Letters of his Name; and with the Addition of the Particle O, to his Name, the Anagram may be thus, *He’s Clear or Heavenly*.

But on the same Supposition, What must we think the Fate or Destiny of Daniel de Fo to be? Can’t he be more properly said to carry on, make way, or prepare for the Kingdom of Hell? For his Name plainly intimates that he’s a Den, where the Devil, the Father of Pride, Envy, Hatred, and Malice, Lies, Hypocrisy, and Lewdness, lurks, and slily watches all Opportunities to destroy heedless Mankind, and fill the Regions of Darkness – from this Anagram, *A Den of De(v)il*. And with the Addition of the Particle Ah! To his Name, the Anagram will, as naturally, be thus, *An Head of De(v)il* : Which intimates the Artifice and Cunning Methods, the Devil makes use of for the Destruction of Mankind. On this last Anagram, I have discanted a little in the following Epigram.

**The Epigram**

*To speak the Truth is Criminal now,*  
*Whilst vilify’d by such as Thou;*  
*Who hast the Policy of De(v)il,*  
*An Head, to work the Nation’s Evil :*  
*Detacht from Hell, thou didst commence*  
*Thy daring Pride and Impudence,*  
*To set up for a Moderator,*  
*(With thy dear Brother Observator)*  
*And a Reformer, to suppress*  
*Intemperance, Pride, and Drunkenness;*  
*Yet dost encrease, not make ’em less :*  
*For who’d Reform his Life and Lewdness*  
*By thee, the Source of Lies and Rudeness,*  
*Without Commission; or if Thou*  
*Hast any, ’t came from Hell below.*  
*And sure, if Honour ’tis to be*  
*Endow’d with Hellish Policy,*  
*Thou hast enough, too much we see.*  
*Whereby thou dost the Croud delude,*  
*The poor unthinking Multitude;*  
*And so the modish Names commence,*  
*A Man of Parts, a Man of Sense !*

*This is the Man (read it who list)*  
*As great a Knave as ever p—t;*
Who yet, to cloak his Knavery,
(Still Presbyterian Policy)
Pretends to be Truth’s Advocate,
Tho’ none has less, than he, of that:
And so his Notions fly about,
Some entertain, some cast ’em out,
As only fit for the Rabble Rout.
He thinks he’s mighty honest, when
He tells the Faults of other Men;
And rails against the Government,
For Errors in mismanagement;
But ’tis the Effect of Discontent,
And Knavish Partiality:
For those who of his Party be,
Are prais’d by him, Carest, commended,
And in their greatest Faults defended;
Whilst honest Men, and Men of Zeal,
Who’ve always wisht the Nation well,
Are said to car’ on very Hell.
His Notions of our Constitution,
And the happy Revolution,
Are false, absurd: For to impute
Resistance (any ways) unto ’t,
Is reflecting on the same,
And the late King’s glorious Name:
Who, in his publish’d Declaration,
Disclaimed the least Imputation
Of Resistance: But such Fools,
Such self-conceited wretched Tools,
The grand Incendariers of the Age,
Dare boldly with the Truth engage;
Despise Authorities, and Charge
Their Own curs’d Principles, at large
On th’Church of England, and Derive
Their Guilt on It; and so contrive,
If possible, its Dissolution,
And infringe our Constitution.
But may Heav’n check their Impudence,
And curb their Pride and Insolence;
Make their own Lies and Curses, all,
To their Confusion, on’em fall;
And cut off their Insestious Race
That so contin’al Scenes of Peace,
And Unity, may e’re abound,
And our distressed Land surround.

F I N I S