
Multiplicity of Business, the Fumes of Burgundy, and other Fatigues of the Day, having almost tired Nature, I went to a certain Coffee-House in Cornhill, near the Royal Edifice of the Renoun’d Gresham, to take a Dish of the dull Mahometan Liquor, to retrieve my declining Senses, and vacuate the Posthumes of other attending Faculties, where being seated, and call’d for a Dish according to Custom, I enquired what News? And was presently answer’d by an old Salt Sinner, who sate at the same Table, whom the vulgar term (*Convel, but never had the Courage of a Militia Captain*) that there was but very little concerning the National Affairs, but the chiefest Tophick [sic] now in Discourse was, Du Foo’s being Pillor’d according to his late Sentence, for being the Author of a late scurrilous Pamphlet (entitul’d, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters;* or, *Proposals for the Establishment of the Church*) of which there is various Sentiments, but he found the more Judicious and Serious part of Men occur’d [concurred?] with his Sentence, and that he merited no less than what the Honourable Court had so justly bestow’d on him; and indeed abundance of Dispute there was concerning it, till at length Night approaching, I went home, and betook my self to Repose, which had no sooner seal’d my Opticks, but these warm Debates on the aforesaid subject reign’d supreme o’re my Slumbers, and presented the following Idea to my Roving Thoughts, in which I wandred till I arriv’d into a large spacious Room, adorned with cross centred Iron-Bars, instead of Modish Sash, where was several Uncouth Persons, whose Legs were united with long Links of the same Metal, to keeping them from stroaling out of each others Company, but Drinking of Brandy like so many Furies of the Bottomless Pit, which methoughts gave me great surprize, nor could I tell what to think of it, till at last a single-Headed Cerberus of a Gyantick [sic] Figure, with a Face more Terrible than the Prince of Darkness, accosts me thus. “I perceive, Sir,” cry’d he, “you’re a Stranger to our dark Dominions, who are poor unfortunate Wretches, confined here for several Crimes and Misdemeanours.”

“What? This is a Prison,” answered I. “I protest I thought so at my first Entrance, when I heard the Place jingle so plentifully about your Heels, and eyed your Chequer’d Windows : Pray what Name do you distinguish it by?”

“Newgate,” said he, “and if you’ll be pleased but to sit down, and take a Quartern, ’tis possible it may give you good Diversion; for about an Hour since, Mr. Fuller at the Queen’s-Bench, but formerly of this College, sent word to his Brother Du’ Foe, he had obtained leave to come and pay him a Visit.”

With that I ask’d which was he? And was no sooner inform’d, but in comes Fuller, and salute him in this manner.

**Fuller.** Dear Brother of the Quill, and fellow sufferer in the Loop-holes, I am heartily glad to see thee, but sorry, ah faith, for any under Affliction.

**De Foe.** Nay, now ’tis worse with me than I suspected, and I shall never harbour a good Opinion of my self, since I am in so low an Ebb of Fortune, as to draw pitty from such A---.
Fuller. Such A--[-.] What Sir? Pray explain your meaning.

De Fooe. Buffoon, if you will have it; To Father Copies that ’tis suspected your self never had the Sence to be Author of, not but you have Impudence enough, according to which had you Courage, when your Heels are at Liberty, I’d recommend you to the Army.

Fuller. ’Tis evident you have, Sir, and are as bold as a French Privateer in a Fleet of Colliers: you have commenc’d one Degree, and in time may attain to another.

De Fooe. You have already had three, and very honourable ones; I assure you, Cony-Wool-Cutter, Pillory and Bridewell. Pray Sir, how did Hemp agree with your Constitution? You labour’d extreamly, I heard, and ’tis to be supposed you’ll at last make your Exit in a Band of that Weed.

Fuller. Why faith if we both had it, ’tis no more than we merit: but I have publish’d my Recantation, humbly beg’d Pardon of those Noble Gentlemen whom I so grossly abus’d, in Fathering things on them that they were wholly Ignorant of, and have now taken leave of State Affairs, but the Spokes that was in my Wheel, can never be mov’d by your Shortest Way, nor was you less Scurrilous to your True born English-man; nay, let any but compare to particular Characters on the D--- they’ll find you were a Weather-Cock and all K--ve at the bottom: But Sir, by the by, pray how did the Wooden Ruff sute your Collar? For I am sensible you come of a stiff-necked Generation; did you bow with submission to the Yoke, or play at Boo-peek with the Mobb. Hah, hah, hah, faith I fancy the subject will make as Morral a Fable as Sir Roger has in his whole Collection; nay, I am confident will exceed the Cock and the Horses.

De Fooe. Had you said between a Fool and an Ass, it might be properly apply’d to your self, for I think thy Person comprehends both, and wer’th thou to be disposed of as I would order it, I’ll be free and tell you how I’d serve you; first thou shouldst run Oats’s Race; then after that I’s send thee to St. Germans with a whole Bundle of your True Account of the Birth of the Prince of Wales.

Fuller. Why I’m extremly oblig’d to you; I assure you an honourable Return for my kind Visit; however I scorn to be out-done in Civility, and in return of your favour, I’ll tell you, had I been of your Jury, I would have strove hard but your Sentence should have been as followeth; First, you should have taken a Titus Dance, (there I occur with you) then sent down in the West amongst the Monmouthians, who you so much scan’d on, and no doubt but they would have given you a worthy Reception; and if you escap’d there, I would then send you either to New-England, or Scotland, wrapt in an old Plod and a Graniders Cap, with the Title of your Shortest Way in the Front, and True born English-man in the Rear: Now I think I am equal with you, and no more Hesitation or Dispute on the matter, but now let’s take a Glass to
refresh our selves, and to shew you I’m good Natur’d, I’ve an old Pushtenian George, that weighs a full Half Ounce, which I have kept some Years for a Pocket-piece in Memoration of those many Heroick Yellow Ones I have had from incognito Friends; nay, this piece by the bright Metal ’tis made of, I protest has supported my Credit in the very extream, and rather than deposite it, my craving Stomach has been debarr’d of Nature’s supply for three Diurnal Notations; yet my dear Friend and fellow-sufferer for the Scribbling Cause; I vow it now shall move its Quarters, and we will have the intrinsick value in the best this Mansion of Iniquity affords.

De Fooe. That’s very indifferent, I assure thee Brother, since thou wilt claim Kindred to our Fraternity, and perforce subscribe thy self a Vassal of the Quill, mayst thou never want the Fate that generally attends it. Poverty dear Dog, as constant a Lacque to the Tribe as Pox to a Whore, or Raggs to a Cynder-Wench.

Fuller. Why faith, thou art hearty in all thy Expressions, and to return thy Complement the next time thou makest thy Tower in the Pillory, mayst thou be plentifully endued with a double Portion that Figure exposes thee to, may Rotten Eggs like March Hail shower on thy Head, and thy Friends, for which thou so acutely prescribes the Shortest Way, may they never fail of giving thee a Lift, though it be to Hide-Park Corner, and the Mobb’s Indignation in a full Torrent add to thy Corporal Punishment the two succeeding Times which speedily approaches.

However, notwithstanding all this Raillery, they both sat down and Quaft several Cups to those instruments of Justice they both so plentifully Experienced, and then in one sence was as Loving as a pair of Brother Sterlings; and just as I was going to give my Officious Introductor another Quartern of Sulphurous Spirits for his Civility in giving me his Company; I wak’d and found it only a Dream, tho’ matter of Fact in several degrees.