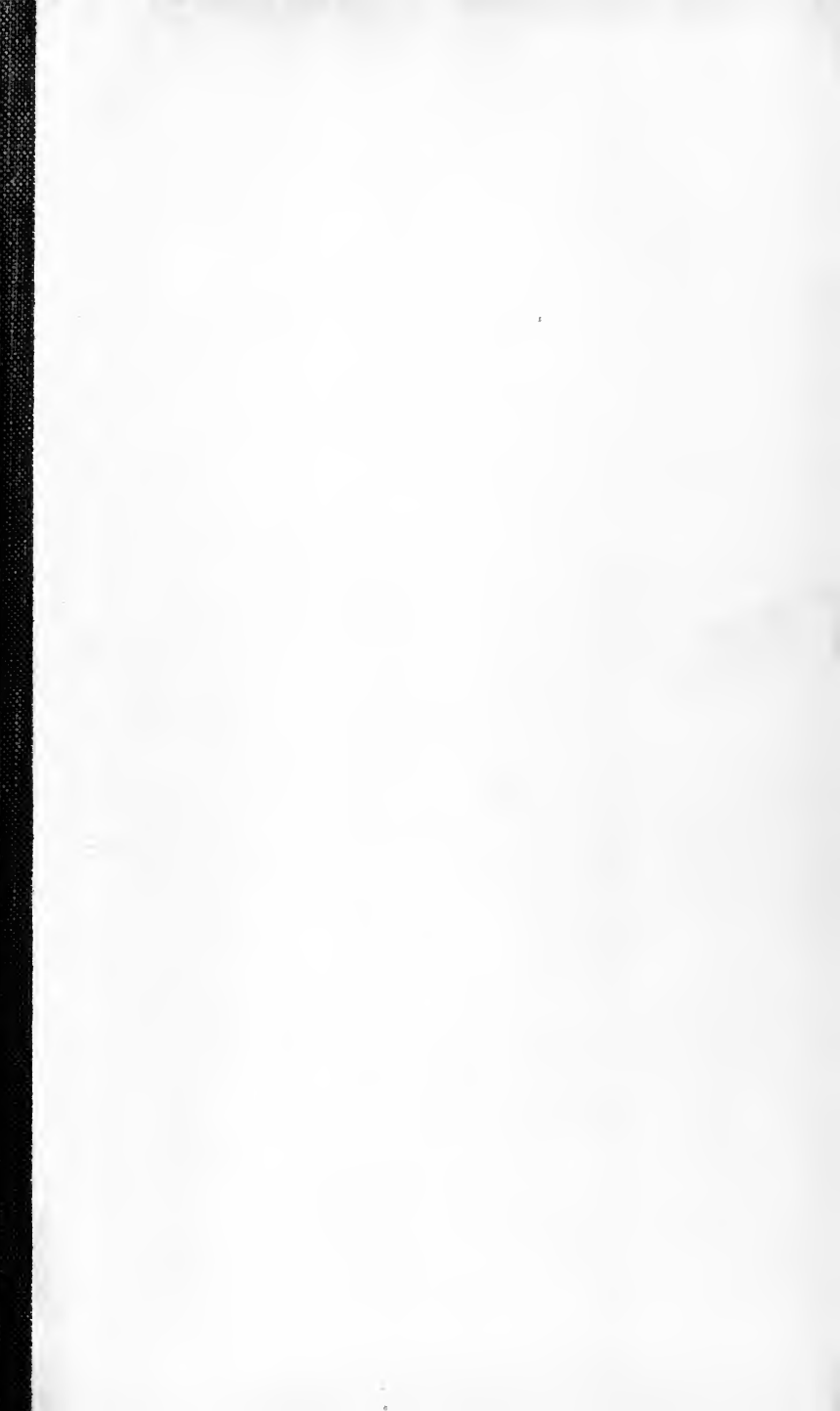
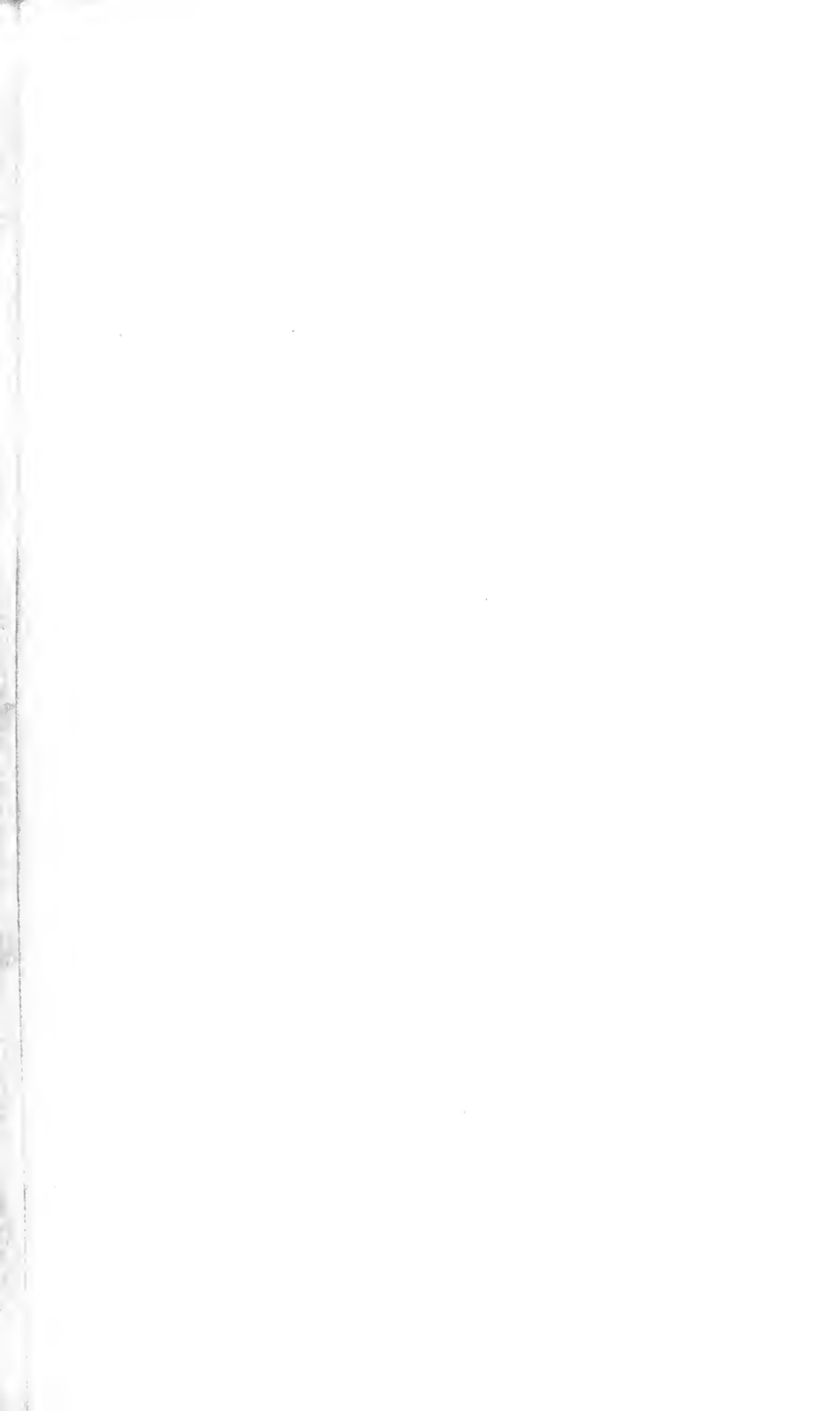


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Mr. Yonge Kerman 1828

Twenty Two Select
COLLOQUIES

OUT OF

Erasmus Roterodamus,

Pleasantly representing several

SUPERSTITIOUS LEVITIES

That were Crept into the

CHURCH of ROME

In His DAYS.

By Sir *Roger L'Estrange*, Kt.

To which are added,

Seven more **DIALOGUES**, with the Life
of the **AUTHOR**.

By Mr. **THO. BROWN**.

— *Utile Dulci*. —

L O N D O N :

Printed for DANIEL BROWN, GEORGE STRAHAN, B.
MOTTE, and the Executors of RICHARD SARE, 1725.

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1902

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1870

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T O T H E

R E A D E R .

YOU will find that at the Writing of these Colloquies, the Church of Rome stood in great Need of Reforming; even in the Judgment of Erasmus Himself, who was an eminent Member of That Communion. You will find Reason also, from the Candour and Moderation of our learned Author, to distinguish even betwixt the Romish Doctors Themselves. You will perhaps find Matter enough of Diversion besides, to mollifie the Evil Spirit; and to turn some Part of the Severity and Bitterness of the Age, into Pity and Laughter.

To the Reader.

But when you shall have found all this in the Dialogues Themselves, you have no Obligation yet for any Part of it to the Translator; who made Choice of this Piece, and of this Subject, for his Own Sake, and not for Yours. Some will have him to be a Papist in Masquerade, for going so far; Others again will have him to be too much a Protestant, because he will go no farther: So that he is crush'd betwixt the two Extremes, as they hung up Erasmus himself, betwixt Heaven and Hell. Upon the Sense of this hard Measure, he has now made English of These Colloquies; and added two more to the Number; and partly as a Christian Revenge.

R. L'E.

THE

T H E
L I F E
O F
E R A S M U S.

ERASMUS, so deservedly famous for his admirable Writings, the vast Extent of his Learning, his great Candor and Moderation, and for being one of the chief Restorers of the Purity of the Latin Tongue on this side the Alpes, was Born at Rotterdam on the 28th of October in the Year 1467. Indeed the anonymous Author of his Life, commonly Printed at the End of his Colloquies (of the London Edition) is pleased to tell us, that de anno, quo natus est apud Batavos, non constat; and if himself writ the Life, which we find before the Elzevir Edition, and is there said to be Erasmo Autore, he does not particularly mention the Year in which he was Born, but places it circa annum 68 supra millesimum quadringentesimum. Another Latin Life which is prefixed to the above-mention'd London Edition in Octavo, fixes it in the Year 1465, as likewise does his Epitaph at Basil. But as the Inscription of his Statue at Rotterdam, the Place of his Nativity, may reasonably be supposed to be the most Authentick Testimony, we have here thought fit to follow that.

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His Mother's Name was Margaret, Daughter to one Peter, a Physician, born at Sevenbergen in Holland; his Father's Name Gerard, who entertain'd a private Correspondence with her upon Promise of Marriage, and was actually contracted to her, as the Life which carries Erasmus's Name before it seems to insinuate by these Words, sunt qui intercessisse verba dicunt.

* *His Father was the youngest of Ten Brothers, without one Sister coming between; for which Reason the Old People, according to the Superstition of those Times, design'd to consecrate him to the Church; and his Brothers liked the Motion well enough, because, as the Church-men then govern'd all, they hoped, if he thrived upon his Profession, to have a sure Friend where they might eat, and drink, and make merry upon Occasion; but no Importunities whatever could prevail upon Gerard to turn Ecclesiastick. Thus finding himself perpetually press'd upon so ungrateful an Argument, and not able any longer to bear it, he was forced in his own Defence to shift his Quarters, and fly for it; leaving a Letter for his Friends upon the Road, wherein he acquainted them with the Reason of his Departure, and concluded that he would never trouble them any more. Thus he left his Spouse, that was to be, big*

* 'Tis not to be denied, but that *Erasmus* was a Bastard, but his Enemies have published some invidious Circumstances about his Birth, that are false: as for Instance, that his Father was Parson of *Tergou* when he begot him. *Pontus Heuterus* calls him by the same Error *filis de prêtre*. Father *Theophile Raynard* has this pleasant Passage: *If, says he, one may be allow'd to droll upon a Man, that droll'd upon all the World, Erasmus, though he was not the Son of a King, yet he was the Son of a crown'd head, meaning a Priest; but 'tis plain his Father was not in Orders at that time.*

with

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with Child, and made the best of his Way to Rome. In this City he maintain'd himself very handsomely by his Pen, at which he was an admirable Master, transcribing most Authors of Note (for Printing was not then known, * tum nondum ars Typographorum erat) and for some time lived at large, as young Fellows use to do; but afterwards applied himself seriously to his Studies, made a great Progress in the Greek and Latin Languages, as likewise in the Civil Law; which he had the better Opportunity of doing, because Rome at that time was full of Learned Men, and because, as has been intimated before, his Necessities obliged him to transcribe Books for his Livelihood, and consequently must impress them strongly in his Memory. When his Friends knew that he was at Rome, they sent him word that the young Gentlewoman, whom he courted for a Wife, was dead; which he believing to be true, in a melancholy fit took Orders, and wholly turned his Thoughts to the Study of Divinity. When he returned to his Native Country, he found to his Grief that he had been imposed upon; however it was too late then to think of Marriage, so he dropt all farther pretensions to his Mistress; neither would she after this unlucky Adventure be induced to Marry.

His Son from him took the Name of Gerard, which in the German Language signifies Amiable, and after the Fashion of the Learned Men of that Age, who affected to give their Names, either a

* So says the Life, with *Erasmio Auctore* before it, but 'tis most certainly a Mistake; for Printing was found out in the Year 1442. which was at least 24 Years before this; but perhaps he means, that though the Invention was known, it was not commonly used.

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Greek or Latin Turn; (as for Instance, OEcophilampus, Crinitus, Melancthon, Pontanus, Theocrenius, Pelargus, &c.) he turn'd it into Desiderius, (Didier) which in Latin, and into Erasmus which in Greek, has the same Force and Signification. He was Chorister of the Cathedral Church of Utrecht, till he was Nine Years old; after which he was sent to Deventer, to be instructed by the famous Alexander Hegius, a Westphalian, an intimate Friend to the Learned Rodolphus Agricola, then newly returned out of Italy; and who from him had learn'd the Greek Tongue, which Rodolphus first brought from the other side of the Mountains into Germany. Under so able a Master he prov'd an extraordinary * Proficient; and 'tis remarkable, that he had so prodigious a Memory, that he was able to say all Terence and Horace by Heart. All this while he was under the watchful Eye of his Mother, who died of the Plague then raging at Deventer, he being then about thirteen Years old; which cruel Contagion daily encreasing, and having swept away the Family where he boarded, he was obliged to return home. His Father Gerard was so concerned at her Death, that he grew melancholy upon it, and died soon after; neither of his Parents being much above Forty when they deceased. Erasmus had three Guardians assign'd him, the chief of whom was Peter Winkel, School-master of Goude; and the For-

* There is an ill-grounded Tradition in Holland, that Erasmus was a dull Boy, and slow to learn; which if it were true, would be no Dishonour to him, no more than it is to Thomas Aquinas or Suarez, of whom the same thing is reported; but Monsieur Bayle has shewn the Vanity of this Story. *Vie d' Erasme.*

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tune that was left him might have supported him handsomely enough, if the Executors had faithfully discharged their Trust. By them he was removed to Boisleduc, though he was at that time fit for the University; but the Trustees were utterly averse to send him thither, because they design'd him for a Monastick Life. Here, as he himself owns, he lost very near three Years, living in a Franciscan Convent, where one Rombold taught Humanity; who was exceedingly taken with the pregnant Parts of the Boy, and daily importun'd him to take the Habit upon him, and make one of their Number. The Boy alledged the Rawness of his Age as a sufficient Excuse; and upon the spreading of the Plague into these Parts, after he had struggled a long while with a Quartan Ague, he returned to his Guardians, having by this time arriv'd to an indifferent good Stile, by his daily reading of the best Classick Authors. The above-mention'd raging Distemper had carried off one of his Guardians; and the other two having managed his Fortune with none of the greatest Care, began to consider how to fix him in some Monastery. Erasmus, who was not as yet fully recover'd from his Ague, had no great Inclinations for the Cloyster; not that he had the least Disrelish to the Severities of a pious Life, but he could not easily reconcile himself to the Monastick Profession; for which Reason he desired some farther time to consider better of the matter.

All this while his Guardians employ'd the People about him, to use all manner of Arguments to bring him over, who sometimes threatned him with the fatal Consequences he must expect in case of a Denial; and sometimes alter'd their Language, and endeavour'd to effect their De-

signs

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*signs by Flattery and fair Speeches. In this Interim they found out a Place for him in * Sion, a College of Canons Regulars, and the principal House belonging to that Chapter, not far from Delft. When the Day came in which he was to give his final Answer, the young Man fairly told them, that he neither knew what the World was, nor what a Monastery was, nor yet what himself was; and therefore humbly conceived it to be more adviseable to pass a few Years more at School, till he was better acquainted with himself. When Winkel his Guardian found him not to be moved from this Resolution, he told him, that he had spent his time to a fine Purpose, in making of Friends, and employing all his Interest to procure this Preferment for an obstinate Boy, that knew not what was convenient for him: But, continues he, since I find you are possess'd with a Spirit of Obstinacy, e'en take what follows for your Pains; I throw up my Guardianship from this Moment, and now you may maintain your self. Young Erasmus immediately replied, that he took him at his Word, since he was old enough now to look out for himself. When the other found that Threatning signified nothing, he underhand employed his Brother, who was the other Guardian, to see what he could do by fair means. Thus he was surrounded by them and their Agents on all Hands: his Ague still kept close to him, yet for all this a Monastick Life would not go*

* *Moreri* in his Dictionary pretends, that he took the Habit of a Canon Regular of St. *Austin* in this Monastery; but 'tis a Mistake. *Guy Patin* fell into a contrary Error, when he said that he never was a Monk; for *Erasmus* owns it not only in his Life, written by himself, but likewise in a Letter to *Lambert Grunnius*.

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down with him. At last by mere Accident, he went to visit a Religious House belonging to the same Order in Emmaus or Steyn, near Goude; where it was his Fortune to meet with one Cornelius, who had been his Chamber-Fellow at Deventer. Since that time he had travell'd into Italy, but without making any great Improvements in his Learning; and though he had not then taken the Sacred Habit upon him, yet with all the Eloquence he was Master of, he was perpetually preaching up the mighty Advantages of a Religious Life; such as the Convenience of noble Libraries, the Helps of learned Conversation, the retiring from the Noise and Folly of the World, and the like. At the same time others were employed to talk the same Language to him; besides his old Persecutor the Ague continued to torment him; and thus at last he was induc'd to pitch upon his Convent. Upon his Admission they fed him with great Promises to engage him to take the Holy Cloth: But though he found every thing almost fell vastly short of his Expectation here, yet partly his Necessities join'd with his Modesty, and partly the Usage he was threaten'd with, in Case he abandon'd their Order, oblig'd him after his Year of Probation was expir'd, to profess himself a Member of their Fraternity. Not long after this he had the Honour to be known to Henry à Bergis, Bishop of Cambray, who having some hopes of obtaining a Cardinal's Hat, (in which Design he had certainly succeeded, had not his Money, the never-failing Recommender to the sacred Purple, been deficient) wanted one that was a Master of the Latin Tongue, to solicit this Affair for him. For this Reason he was taken into the Bishop's Family, where he wore the Habit of his Order; but find-

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ing his Patron, who was disappointed of the Promotion he expected at Rome, fickle and wavering in his Affection, he prevailed with him to send him to Paris, to prosecute his Studies in that famous University, with the Promise of an annual Allowance; which however was never paid him, after the Mode of great Persons who think their Quality excuses them from being Vassals to their Word. He was admitted into Montague College, where by ill Diet and a damp Chamber he contracted an Indisposition, which obliged him to return to the Bishop, by whom he was very courteously and honourably entertain'd. He no sooner found himself re-established in his Health, but he made a Journey into Holland, intending to settle there; but he was persuaded, at the Instance of his Friends, to go a second time to Paris; where having no Patron to support him, he rather made a shift to live, (if I may use his own Expression) than could be said to study. After this he visited England, in Company with a young Gentleman, a Pupil of his; but who, to use his own Expression, was rather his Friend than his Patron. Here he was received with universal Respect; and as it appears by several of his Letters, he honoured it next to the Place of his ^a Nativity. In one of them addressed to ^b Andrelinus, he invites him to come into England, if it were only upon the Score of the charming Beauties, with which that Island abounded. He pleasantly describes to him the innocent Freedom and Complaisance of the English Ladies: When you come into a Gentleman's House,

• Epist. 19. l. 2.

• Epist. 10. l. 5.

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says he, you are allow'd the Favour to salute them, and you do the same when you take your Leave. Upon this Subject he talks very feelingly, but without making any unjust Reflections upon the Virtue of our Women, as several Foreigners, and particularly the French Writers, have impudently done. It appears that Learning flourished exceedingly in England, when Erasmus was here ^c Apud Anglos triumphant bonæ literæ, recta studia. Nay, he does not doubt in ^d another Letter, to put it in the same Scale with Italy itself; ^e and particularly commends the English Nobility for their great Application to all useful Learning, and entertaining themselves at their Tables with Learned Discourses; whereas nothing but Ribaldry and Profaneness made up the Table-talk of the Church-men. He tells us himself in his own Life, that he won the Affections of all * good Men in our Island, during his Residence here; and particularly for an Act of Generosity, which cannot be enough commended. As he was going for France, it was his ill fortune at Dover to be stript of all he had about him; however he was so far from revenging this Injury, by reflecting upon our Nation, which that haughty Censurer Julius Scaliger afterwards did, upon no Provocation, in a most brutal Manner; that he immediately published a Book in Praise of the King and Nation. However, not meeting the Preferment which he expected, he made a

^c Epist. 10. l. 16.

^d Epist. 12. l. 16.

^e Epist. 26. l. 6.

* He was particularly acquainted with Sir Tho. More, Colet Dean of Pauls, Grocinus, Linacer, Latimer, &c. and pass'd some Years in Cambridge.

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Voyage to Italy, which Country at that time could boast of a Set of Learned Men, and a Vein of Learning little inferior to that of the Augustan Age. He took his Doctor of Divinity's Degree in the University of Turin, tarried above a Year in Bologna, and afterwards went to Venice, where he published his Book of Adagies in the famous Aldus's Printing-House. From thence he returned to Padua, and last of all came to Rome, where his great Merits had made his Presence expected long before his Arrival. He soon gain'd the Esteem and Friendship of all the considerable Persons of that City, either for their Quality or their Learning, and could not have failed of making his Fortune there, if his Friends in England, upon the coming of Henry the VIIIth to the Crown, had not by their great Promises prevail'd with him to leave Italy for England. Here he intended to have settled for the Remainder of his Life, had these Gentlemen been as good as their Words to him; but whether Erasmus was wanting to make his Court aright to Wolsey, who carried all before him; or whether that Cardinal looked with a jealous Eye upon him, because Warham Archbishop of Canterbury, between whom and Wolsey there was perpetual Clashing, had taken him into his Favour, as appeared by his bestowing the Living of Aldington in Kent upon him. 'Tis certain, that upon this Disappointment he went to Flanders; where by the Interest of the Chancellor Sylvagius, he was made Counsellor to Charles of Austria, who was afterwards so well known in the World by the Name of Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany. He resided several Years at Basil, chiefly for the Sake of Frobenius, a Learned and Eminent Printer, to whose Son

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he dedicated his Book of Colloquies, and published several Books there; But so soon as the Reformation had abolished the Mass in that City, he left it, and retired to Friburg, a Town of Alsace; where he lived seven Years in great Esteem and Reputation, not only with all Persons of any Note in the University, but with the chief Magistrates of the Place, and all the Citizens in general. He was at last obliged to leave this City upon the Account of his Health, and returned to Basil. His Distemper was the Gout, which after a tedious Persecution left him; but he was soon seiz'd by a new Enemy, the Dysentery, under which having laboured very near a whole Month. He * died on the 22^d of July, 1536. about Midnight, in the House of Jerome Frobenius, Son to John the famous Printer above-mentioned, having by his Will appointed Amberbachius, an eminent Civilian, Nicolaus Episcopus, and his Landlord Frobenius, his Executors, and order'd what he left behind him to be laid out, in relieving of the Aged and Impotent, in giving Portions to poor young Maidens, in maintaining of hopeful Students at the University, and the like charitable Uses. He was honourably interred, and the City of Basil still pays him that Respect which is due to the Memory of so Excellent a Person; for not only one of the Colleges there goes by his Name, but they shew all Strangers the House where he died, with as much Veneration, as the People of Rotterdam do the House where he was born.

* The Author of *Les delices d' Hollande*, speaking of Rotterdam, says, that Erasmus y nasquit l' an 1467. & mourut à Fribourg en Alsace; which latter is false; for 'tis certain he died in Basil.

Having

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Having thus briefly run over the most material Passages of his Life, I come now to consider him in his Character and Writings. He was the most facetious Man of his Age, and the most judicious Critick; which are two Talents that as seldom meet together in the same Person, as Pedantry and good Manners. He carried on a Reformation in Learning, at the same time as he advanced that of Religion, and promoted a Purity and Simplicity of Style as well as of Worship. This drew upon him the Hatred of the Ecclesiasticks, who were no less bigotted to their Barbarisms in Language and Philosophy, than they were to their unjust Innovations in the Church. They murder'd him over and over in their dull Treatises, libell'd him in their wretched Sermons; and what was the last and highest Effort of their Malice, practis'd a piece of Mezentius's Cruelty upon him, and join'd some of their own dead execrable Stuff to his Compositions: Of which barbarous Usage he himself complains in an Epistle address'd to the Divines of Lovain. He expos'd with great Freedom the Vices and Corruptions of his own Church; yet for all that could never be induced to leave the Communion in which he was bred; which may be imputed to his great Candor and Moderation, or else to [the ill Management and furious Proceedings of the first Reformers in Germany, which cannot be defended.] Thus, by the common Fate of all Peace-makers, while he honestly and charitably intended to do all good Offices to both Parties, he was most undeservedly worried and persecuted by both. Perhaps no Man has oblig'd the Publick with a greater Number of useful Volumes than our Author; not like his Country-Men, the modern Dutch Writers, who visit Frankfort Fair once a Year, with two or three

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stupid Mum-begotten Dissertations, that die of themselves, before they can be said to have ever lived. Every thing that comes from him instructs and pleases, and may as easily be known by the masterly Strokes, as his Friend Hans Holben's Pieces by the Boldness of the Paint, and the Freshness of the Colours. However, he was supposed to be the Author of several Books he never writ, which has been the Case of a hundred Writers, both before and after him; as the Captivitas Babylonica, Eubulus, Lamentationes Petri, a Satyr of Huttenus call'd Nemo, Febris, Sir T. More's Utopia, and several others. It has been commonly believed in England that the Epistolæ obscurorum Virorum were of his writing; but the learned Monsieur Bayle assures us of the contrary, who says, that the reading of it put him into such a Fit of Laughter, that it broke an Impostume which was ready to be cut. I will not here pretend to give a Catalogue of all his genuine Pieces, which they shew at Basil, but shall confine my self to this Book of Colloquies; which together with his Moriaë Eucomium, has seen more Editions than any other of his Works. Moreri tells us, that a Book-seller of Paris, who it seems thoroughly understood the Mystery of his Trade, sold Twenty Four Thousand of them at one Impression, by a Trick which has since been frequently practis'd by those of his Profession; for he got it whisper'd to his Customers, that the Book was prohibited, and would suddenly be call'd in, and this helpt to give it so prodigious a Run.

2. *The Dialogue way of Writing, in which Erasmus has succeeded so happily, owes its Birth to the Drama. Plato took it from the Theatre; and if I may be allow'd the Expression, consecrated it to the Service of Philosophy: But with*

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all due Respect to Plato's Memory be it said, though his Management is extremely fine and artificial, yet his Diction is too poetical, and his Metaphors are too bold and rampant. The Language of Dialogue ought to sit loose and free, the Transitions ought to be easy and natural; whereas Plato's Expression comes nearer to that of Poetry, than Comedy it self. Tully, who has treated several Subjects in this Way, cannot indeed be charg'd with any such Tumour of Stile, yet he wants that which is the Life and Spirit of Dialogue, I mean a beautiful Turn, and Quickness of Conversation. But the greatest Genius of all Antiquity, as to this manner of Writing, is Lucian, whose Language is easy and negligent, but pure; his Repartees are lively and agreeable; and to say the Truth, every one that hopes to manage this Province well, ought to propose to himself Lucian for a Copy to write after. If what some Ecclesiastical Writers have reported of him be true, that he apostatiz'd from the Christian Religion, he made it some amends however by his admirable Dialogues; for 'tis a plain Case that the Primitive Fathers batter'd the Pagan Theology with Artillery drawn out of his Magazines, and enter'd the Garrison through the Breaches which he had made to their Hands. He rallies with the Air and Gaiety of a Gentleman, and at the same time writes with all the Justice of a Philosopher, whenever his Argument requires it; and this happy Mixture of Serious and Ridicule makes him so eternally entertaining, that the Reader still rises from him with a Gust. Far be it from me to defend him in every Particular; but this Testimony is due to him even from an Enemy; and if I have dwelt so long upon him,

'tis

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'tis to be consider'd that Erasmus, who translated part of him into Latin, made him his Pattern; and indeed has copy'd his Graces with such Success, that 'tis difficult to say which of the two is the Original.

3. Both of them had an equal Aversion to sullen, austere, designing Knaves, of what Complexion, Magnitude, or Party soever. Both of them were Men of Wit and Satyr, and employ'd it as righteously as the old Heroes did their Arms, in beating down the crying Grievances of their Times, in deposing Superstition, the worst of Tyrants, and disarming Hypocrisy, the basest of Vices. But the Hollander, according to the Genius of his Country, had more of the Humourist in him than the Syrian; and in all Parts of Learning was infinitely his Superiour. It was Lucian's Fate to live in an Age, when Fiction and Fable had usurped the Name of Religion, and Morality was debauch'd by a Set of four Scoundrils, Men of Beard and Grimace, but scandalously lew'd and ignorant; who yet had the Impudence to preach up Virtue, and stile themselves Philosophers, perpetually clashing with one another about the Precedence of their several Founders, the Merits of their different Sects, and if 'tis possible about Trifles of less Importance; yet all agreeing in a different Way to dupe and amuse the poor People, by the Fantastick Singularity of their Habits, the unintelligible Jargon of their Schools, and their Pretensions to a severe and mortified Life. This motly Herd of Juglers, Lucian in a great measure helpt to chase out of the World, by exposing them in their proper Colours; but in a few Ages after him, a new Generation sprung up in the World, well known by the Name of Monks and Friars,

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differing from the former in Religion, Garb, and a few other Circumstances, but in the main the same individual Impostors, the same everlasting Cobweb-spinners, as to their nonsensical Controversies; the same abandon'd Rakebells, as to their Morals; but as for the mysterious Arts of heaping up Wealth, and picking the Peoples Pockets, as much Superior to their Predecessors, the Pagan Philosophers, as an overgrown Favourite that cheats a whole Kingdom is to a common Malefactor. These were the sanctify'd Cheats, whose Follies and Vices Erasmus has so effectually lash'd, that some Countries have entirely turn'd these Drones out of their Cells; and in other Places, where they are still kept up, they are contemptible to the highest Degree, and obliged to be always upon their Guard.

4. Before I dismiss, this Parallel, it may not be amiss to observe, that Erasmus has so religiously imitated Lucian, that perhaps he has carry'd it to Excess, and copy'd his Master even to a Fault, I mean in the frequent Use of old Adagies; most of which, though poinant enough in Lucian's Time, have lost all manner of Relish with us; and therefore I have wholly omitted them in my Translation, or substituted others that are better understood in their Room. This I know will be call'd false Doctrine by a modern * Grammarian, who pretends that a Man may cite them in his Works, without being guilty of the Sin of Pedantry, and justifies his Assertion by the Examples of Cato, Tully, Plutarch, and Lucian. 'Tis true indeed, those worthy Gentlemen frequently use them, and were

* See Dr. Bentley's Preface to his Answer to Mr. Boyle, p. 87.

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no Pedants for doing so; but with the Doctor's Leave I will make bold to affirm, that what they might commendably use, who lived upon the spot where these proverbial Expressions grew, and cou'd tell the History of them without the help of a German Commentator, would be rank lowly Pedantry for us to follow them in, who either know nothing of the True Occasion; or if we do, live at too great a Distance of Time to be much affected with the Wit of them. The Ruff and Farthingale of venerable Memory were no doubt on't a very laudable Dress, when they were the common Fashion of the Town; but should any Lady at this time of Day, out of her singular Respect to Queen Elizabeth, wear them in the Mall, or the Side-Box, I am afraid she would be soon laugh'd out of this ridiculous Affectation of Antiquity. I own that true Wit will be eternally so to the end of the World; but the Garniture and Trimming of it, under which Class we may reckon Proverbial Allusions, and the Similies in our Comedies, depend much on the Humour of the Times, and the Genius of the Country, and still vary with the Age; so that what passes for a Jest in France or Holland, we see is received but indifferently with us in England, who don't understand the true Rise of it; nay what pleases us now, I dare engage will not find that Welcome twenty Years hence. But it has been the constant Fault of the Grammarians in all Countries of the World, that in order to force a Trade, they must affect to write so learnedly, that is so obscurely, that they want another Grammarian to explain them to the generality of their Readers; and the Reason of it is plain, because they write not to instruct, but to make a pompous, tho' impertinent shew of their own Learning.

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I have already observed that Erasmus drew abundance of Enemies upon himself by his Writings, some of whom attacked him, because he touched them in their most sensible part, their Interest; Others out of Vanity, that it might be said they had enter'd the Lists with a Person of his Reputation. And lastly, some out of down-right Malice and Envy. The Monks, who had Bellies, one wou'd have thought large enough to have some Bowels in them, cou'd never forgive him for exposing their Luxury and Avarice, their pretended Visions and Revelations, with the rest of their pious Artifices. The Lutherans had a Quarrel to him, because he was not one of their Party; and perhaps Erasmus, who spared the Follies of neither Side, might disgust them, by making bold now and then with their great Patriarch of Wittemberg. I remember I have some where read, that when Erasmus was told that Luther, out of his great desire for an Armful of consecrated Flesh, had married, and got the famous Catharine Boar with Child; he shou'd in a jesting manner say, that if according to the popular Tradition, Antichrist was to be begotten between a Monk and a Nun, the World was in a fair way now to have a Litter of Antichrists. Such innocent Freedoms as these, which might fall from a Man of Wit without any Malice, I doubt not but incensed those of the Reformation, who like the rest of the World were apt to put the worst Construction upon every thing that seem'd to reflect upon them: But none of his Enemies fell upon him with that unprecedented Rancour and Spleen, as the Prince of Pedants Scaliger the Father. I know I shall incur the Displeasure of the above-mentioned

* Gramma-

The Life of ERASMUS.

* *Grammarians*, for giving this Character to a Man, of whom he has said so many magnificent things; but before I have concluded this Paragraph, I hope to convince him that his Hero deserves it. The Occasion of the Quarrel, in short, was as follows. Erasmus had been so ill-advised, as to expose the Superstition of the Ciceronians, a set of Rhetorical Sir Formal Trifles, who, (as Monsieur Bayle pleasantly expresses himself) thought there was no Salvation for poor Latin out of the Pale of Cicero's Works. Upon this Scaliger declared War against Erasmus, rails at him in an Oration composed for that purpose, with the same Vehemence and Fierceness, as if he had design'd nothing less than the Extirpation of all good Learning, and was actually marching at the Head of a Hundred thousand Goths, to destroy all the Libraries in Christendom. He calls him Sot and Drunkard, and says, that when he was Corrector to Aldus's Press, a thousand Faults escaped him, merely upon the account of his Drunkenness. In a Letter not published, but for the Scurrillity of it suppressed by his Son Joseph, he calls him Son of a Whore. I appeal now to the Reader, whether any thing can excuse such insufferable Brutality, and ill-manners; or whether if this be the effect of Learning, a Man has not good Reason to say with Nero, *Quam vellem me nescire Literas*. If the Scaligeriana are the genuine Sayings of the Person whose Name they bear, this Quarrel is accounted for otherwise; for Scaliger there tells us that his Father had written an Ora-

* See Dr. Bently's Preface, p. 101.

The Life of ERASMUS.

tion against Erasmus, which the latter cou'd not believe was of his Father's Writing, quia Miles erat, because he was of the Military Profession; that his Father resented this so heinously, that it drew a second Oration from him, which Erasmus got his Friends to buy up, and burnt them all; so that now 'tis no where to be had. And indeed if Erasmus had any Foible, he shew'd it perhaps in his being too sensibly touched at the Libels that were written against him, as it appears by the * Complaints he makes of the Printers of them. However it be, 'tis our Comfort that Erasmus is not the only Person, whose Fortune it was to fall under Scaliger's Displeasure. The same Man has call'd Horace's Latin in Question, condemn'd his Art of Poetry, and censur'd Aristotle's Rules. The same Man (for with him like Zimri in Absolon, every one is either a God or a Devil, but generally speaking they are Devils) has said that all Ovid's slippery Stuff † is not to be compared with that single Epithalamium of Catullus upon Thetis's Marriage, and that all Hesiod's Works ought not to be put in the same Scale with one Line in the Georgicks. The same Man has arrogantly damn'd Lucan and Silius in a Breath, who was himself one of the most aukward unnatural Versifiers of his Age, and pretended to mend Ovid's Poetry, which he has done to as much Purpose as Parson Milburn has mended Mr. Dryden's Translation of Virgil. The same Man has us'd Cardan worse than the most contemp-

* Epist. 3. l. 21.

† Lubricitas.

The Life of ERASMUS.

*tible Insect in Nature, without any Provocation, in the very same Book, which he dedicated to him, tho' the Lord knows there was no such mighty Difference between them, as to their Philosophy; and has found Errors in Cicero's and Gellius's Criticks; who to shew the Goodness of his own, preferred the Present Musæus to Homer. Lastly, The same Man, (to give an Instance of the great Sincerity, as we have given several of his singular Humanity,) pretends that he writ his Galliambick Hymn upon Bacchus, in less than two Hours, amidst a thousand other Occupations that distracted him, which is as notorious a Truth, as any in Dr. Bently's Preface. Yet this is the mighty Man, whom in Conjunction with Salmasius, the aforesaid Doctor, would Palm upon us for the greatest Men of their Age, and what is very surprizing, for the Ornaments of the Reformation, * who by their Influence and Example gave such a Spirit of Learning to it, as made it triumph over it's Enemies; with a great deal of Rhetorical Fustian to the same Purpose. What great Services Scalliger did to the Reform'd Religion, I wou'd desire to be informed; and as for the other Mercenary Wretch, 'tis true he play'd his small Shot at the Pope's Primacy; but at the same Time, as far as in him lay, struck at the whole Episcopal Order, for which I hope Dr. Bently will not thank him, and afterwards was shamefully bribed to lick up his own Spittle. But Providence that delights to humble the Proud, raised up two Men afterwards to chastise this wonderful pair of Assu-*

* Ibid. p. 102.

The Life of ERASMUS.

mers: For Milton, tho' inferiour to Salmasius in the Righteousness of his Cause, yet with all these Disadvantages so effectually foiled him that he broke his Heart; and Schioppius, who was as errant a Grammarian as any of the Tribe, fell foul upon both the Scaligers, and visited the Iniquities of the Father upon the Son, who in truth did not deserve it. This is all I have at present to say of Erasmus, being obliged to reserve what I have farther to offer upon this Subject, for the Dissertation I intend to prefix to the new Translation of Lucian's Works, done by several Gentlemen, which will be handed to the Press with all convenient Speed.

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The Shipwreck.

COL. I.

The Description of a Tempest. The Religious Humour of People in Distress. The Superstitious Practice of Worshipping Saints, Censur'd and Condemn'd. Adoration belongs to God Alone.

ANTONIUS, ADOLPHUS.

An.



Most dreadful Story! Well, if this be Sailing, I shall have the Grace, I hope, to keep my self upon dry Ground. *Ad.* Why all this is no more than Dancing, to what's to come. *An.* And yet I have e'en a Belly full on't already. It gives me such a Trembling, that methinks I'm in the Storm my self upon the very hearing of it. *Ad.* But yet when the Danger's over, a Man's well enough content to think on't. There was one Passage, I remember, that put the Pilot almost to his Wit's end. *An.* What was that, I pray? *Ad.*
The

The Night was not very dark, and one of the Mariners was gotten into the Skuttle (I think that's the Name on't) at the Main-Mast-Top, to see if he could make any Land: There drew near him a certain Ball of Fire; which is the worst Sign in the World at Sea, if it be *single*; but if *double*, 'tis the contrary. These two Fires were call'd by the Ancients, *Castor* and *Pollux*. *An.* What had they to do a Ship-board, I wonder, when the one was a *Horseman*, and the other a *Wrestler*? *Ad.* That's as it pleas'd the Poets. But the Steersman calls out to him, *Mate*, says he, (the Sea-Term) *don't you see what a Companion you have gotten beside you there? I do*, (says he) *God send us good Luck after't*. By and by the Ball glides down the Ropes, and rolls over and over close to the Pilot. *An.* And was he not frighten'd out of his Wits almost? *Ad.* Sailors are us'd to terrible Sights. It stopt a little there, and then pass'd on by the side of the Vessel, till at last it slipt through the Hatches, and so vanish'd. Towards Noon the Tempest increas'd. Did you ever see the *Alps*? *An.* Yes, I have. *Ad.* These Mountains are no more than Warts to the Billows of a raging Sea. One while we were tost up, that a Man might have touch'd the Moon with his Finger; and then down again, that it look'd as if the Earth had open'd to take us directly into Hell. *An.* What a Madness is it for a Man to expose himself to these Hazards? *Ad.* When they saw that there was no contending with the Storm, in comes the Pilot, as pale as Death. *An.* There was no Good towards then, I fear. *Ad.* Gentlemen, says he, I am no longer Master of my Ship, the Wind has got the better of me, and all

all we have now to do is to call upon God, and fit our selves for Death. *An.* Marry, a cold Comfort! *Ad.* But first, says he, we must lighten the Ship, for there's no struggling with Necessity; we had better try if we can save our selves with the Loss of our Goods, than lose both together. The Proposition was found reasonable, and a great deal of rich Merchandize was cast over-board. *An.* This was *casting away* according to the Letter. *Ad.* There was in the Company a certain *Italian*, that had been upon an Embassy to the King of *Gotland*, and had Abundance of Plate, Rings, Diapers, and rich wearing Clothes aboard. *An.* And he, I warrant you, was loath to come to a Composition with the Sea. *Ad.* No, not altogether so neither; but he declar'd that he would never part with his beloved Goods, and that they would either sink or swim together. *An.* And what said the Pilot to this? *Ad.* If you and your Trinkets were to drown by your selves, says he, here's no body would hinder you; but never imagine that we'll endanger our Lives for your Boxes: If you are resolv'd not to part, ye shall e'en go over-board together. *An.* Spoken like a true *Tarpawlin*. *Ad.* So the *Italian* submitted at length, but with many a bitter Curse, upward and downward, for committing his Life to so boisterous an Element. *An.* I am no Stranger to the *Italian* Humour. *Ad.* The Winds were not one jot the better for the Presents we had made them, but soon after they tore our Cordage, threw down our Sails. *An.* Oh lamentable! *Ad.* And then the Man comes up to us again. *An.* With another Preachment, I hope. *Ad.* He gives us a Salute, and bids us fall to our

The Shipwreck.

Prayers, and prepare our selves for another World, for our time, says he, is at hand. One of the Passengers askt him how may hours he thought the Vessel might be kept above Water? His Answer was, that he could promise nothing at all, but that three hours was the utmost. *An.* This was yet a harder Chapter than the other. *Ad.* Upon these Words he Bauls out immediately, *Cut the Shrowds; down with the Mast by the Board, and away with them Sails and all into the Sea.* *An.* But why so? *Ad.* Because now they were only a Cumber to the Ship, and of no Use at all; for we had nothing to trust to but the Helm. *An.* What became of the Passengers in the mean time? *Ad.* Never so wretched a face of things! The Seamen they were at their *Salve Regina*; imploring the *Virgin-Mother*; calling her the *Star of the Sea*; the *Lady of the World*; the *Haven of Health*, with abundance of other fine Titles that we hear no news of in the Scripture. *An.* What has she to do with the Sea, that never was upon it? *Ad.* In time past, the *Pagans* gave *Venus*, that was born of the Sea, the Charge of Seafaring-men: and since she look'd no better after them, the *Christians* will have a *Virgin-President*, to succeed her that was none. *An.* You're Merry. *Ad.* Some were lying at their length upon the Boards, Adoring the Sea, throwing Oyl into it, and flattering it, as if it had been some incensed Prince. *An.* Why what did they say? *Ad.* O most Merciful, Generous, Opulent, and most Beautiful Sea; Save us, be Gracious to us; and a deal of such stuff did they offer to the deaf Ocean. *An.* Most ridiculous Superstition! But what did the rest? *Ad.*

Ad. Some were Spewing, Some were Praying; I remember there was an *Englishman* there; What Golden Mountains did he promise to our Lady of *Walsingham*, if ever he got safe ashore again! One made a Vow to a Relick of the *Cross* in one Place; a second, to a Relick of it in another; and so they did to all the *Virgin Mariés* up and down; and they think it goes for nothing, if they do not name the *Place* too!

An. Childish! as if the Saints did not at all dwell in Heaven. *Ad.* And some promise to turn *Carthusians*. There was one among the rest that Vow'd a *Pilgrimage*, bare-foot and bare-head to *St. James* of *Compostella* in a *Coat of Mailes*; and begging his *Bread* all the way. *An.* Did nobody think of *St. Christopher*? *Ad.* I could not but laugh at one Fellow there, that Vow'd to *St. Christopher* in the great Church at *Paris*, as loud as ever he could bellow, (that he might be sure to be heard) a *Wax-Candle* as big as himself. (Now you must know that the *Paris St. Christopher* is rather a Mountain than a Statue.) He was so loud, and went over and over with it so often, that a Friend of his gave him a touch upon the Elbow, *Have a Care what you Promise*, says he, *for if you should sell your self to your Shirt, you are not able to purchase such a Candle. Hold your Tongue, you Fool*, (says t'other, softly; for fear *St. Christopher* should hear him;) *These are but words of course; let me set foot a Land once, and he has good luck if he get so much as a Tallow-Candle of me.* *An.* I fancy this Blockhead was a *Hollander*. *Ad.* No, no, he was a *Zealander*. *An.* I wonder nobody thought of *St. Paul*; for he has been at Sea you know, and suffer'd Shipwreck, and then leapt ashore; and

he understood better than other People what it was to be in that Condition. *Ad.* He was not so much as nam'd. *An.* But did they Pray all this while? *Ad.* As if it had been for a Wager. One was at his *Hail Queen*; another at his *I believe in God*; and some had their particular Prayers against Dangers, like Charms for Agues. *An.* How Religious does Affliction make a Man! In Prosperity we think of neither God, nor Saint. But which of the Saints did you Pray to your self? *Ad.* None of 'em all, I assure you. *An.* Why so, I beseech ye? *Ad.* I don't like your Way of conditioning, and contracting with the Saints. *Do this, and I'll do that: Here's one for t'other; save me, and I'll give you a Taper, or go a Pilgrimage.* *An.* But did you call upon none of the Saints for Help? *Ad.* No, not so much as that neither. *An.* And why did you not? *Ad.* Because Heaven is large you know: As put the Case, I should recommend my self to *St. Peter*; as he is likeliest to hear, because he stands at the Door. Before he can come to God Almighty, and tell him my Condition, I may be fifty Fathom under Water. *An.* What did you do then? *Ad.* I e'en went the next Way to God himself, and said my *Pater Noster*; the Saints neither Hear so readily, nor Give so willingly. *An.* But did not your Conscience check you? Were you not afraid to call him *Father*, whom you had so often offended? *Ad.* To deal freely with you, I was a little fearful at first; but upon Recollection, I thought thus with my self: Let a *Father* be never so angry with a *Son*, yet if he sees him falling into a River, he will take him up, thought't be by the hair of the Head, and lay him upon a Bank.

The

The Shipwreck.

The quietest Creature in the whole Company, was a Woman there, with a Child at her Breast.

An. Why, what of her? *Ad.* She neither Clamour'd, nor Cry'd, nor Promis'd, but hugging of the poor Infant, prayed softly to herself. By this time the Ship Struck, and they were fain to bind her *fore and aft* with Cabies, for fear she should fall to pieces. *An.* That was e'en a sad shift.

Ad. Upon this, up starts an old Priest, of about *Threescore*, (his Name was *Adam*) strips himself to his Shirt, throws away his Boots and Shoes, and bids us provide to Swim; and so standing in the middle of the Ship, he Preached to us out of *Gerson* upon the Five Truths, of the Benefits of *Confession*, and so exhorts every Man to prepare himself, either for Life or Death. There was a *Dominican* there too; and they confest that had a mind to't. *Ad.* And what did you? *Ad.* I saw every thing was in a Hurry, and so I confest my self privately to God, condemning my own Iniquity, and Imploing his Mercy. *An.* And whither had you gone, do you think, if you had miscarry'd? *Ad.* I e'en left that to God; for he is to judge me, and not I my self: and yet I was not without comfortable Hopes neither.

Whilst this pass, the *Steersman* comes up to us again, all in Tears; prepare your selves, good People, says he, for we have not one quarter of an hour to live; the Ship leaks from one end to t'other. Presently after this, he tells us he had made a high Tower, and urges us by all means to call for help, to what Saint soever it was, that had the Protection of that Temple, and so they all fell down and worshipped that unknown Power.

An. If you had known the Saint's Name, 'tis

forty to one your Prayers would have been heard. *Ad.* But that we did not know. The Pilot however steers his torn and leaky Vessel toward that Place as well as he could; and if the Ship had not been well Girt, she had without more ado, fallen directly one piece from another. *An.* A miserable Case! *Ad.* We were now come so near the Shore, that the Inhabitants took notice of our Distress, and came down in throngs to the Sea-side, making Signs, by spreading their Cloaks, and holding up their Hats upon Poles, that they would have us put in there; giving us likewise to understand, by casting their Arms into the Air, how much they pitied our Misfortune. *An.* I would fain know what follow'd. *Ad.* The Vessel was now come to that pass, that we had almost as good have been in the Sea, as in the Ship. *An.* You were hard put to't, I perceive. *Ad.* Wretchedly. They empty the Ship-Boat, and into the Sea with it: every body presses to get in, and the Mariners cry out, they'll sink the Vessel, and that they had better every one shift for himself, and swim for't. There was no time now for Consultation; one takes an Oar, another a Pole, a Plank, a Tub, or what was next hand, and so they committed themselves to the Billows. *An.* But what became now of the patient Woman? *Ad.* She was the first that got ashore. *An.* How could that be? *Ad.* We set her upon a Rib of the Ship, and then ty'd her to't, so that she could hardly be wash'd off, with a Board in her hand that served her for an Oar; we cleared her of the Vessel, which was the greatest danger, and so setting her afloat, we gave her our Blessing. She had her Child

in her Left-hand, and row'd with her Right.

An. What a *Virago* was that? *Ad.* When there was nothing else left, one of the Company tore away a *Wooden-Image* of the *Mother-Virgin*, (an old Rat-eaten Piece) he took it in his Arms, and try'd to swim upon't.

An. But did the Boat get safe to Land? *Ad.* No, that was lost at first with thirty Men in't.

An. How came that about? *Ad.* The wallowing of the great Ship overturn'd it, before it could put off.

An. What pity 'twas; and how then? *Ad.* Truly I took so much Care for other People, that I was near drowning my self.

An. How came that? *Ad.* Because I staid till I could find nothing to help my self withall.

An. A good Provision of Cork would have been worth Money then.

Ad. I had rather have had it, than a better thing. But looking about me, I bethought my self in good time of the Stump of the Mast: and because I could not get it off alone, I took a Partner to assist me: We both plac'd our selves upon it, and put to Sea, I held the right corner, and my Companion the left.

While we lay tumbling and tossing, the *Sea Priest* I told you of, squabs himself down directly upon our Shoulders: It was a Fat heavy Fellow, and we both of us cry'd out, what have we here? this third Man will drown us all: But the *Priest* on the other side, very temperately bad us pluck up our Hearts, for by the Grace of God we had room enough.

An. How came he to be so late? *Ad.* Nay, he was to have been in the Boat with the *Dominican*; for they all had a great respect for him: but though they had Confest themselves in the Ship, yet leaving out I know not what Circumstances, they Confess over again,

and one lays his hand upon the other; in which *Interim*, the Boat is overturn'd: And this I had from *Adam* himself. *An.* Pray what became of the *Dominican*? *Ad.* *Adam* told me further of him, that having called upon his Saints, and strip'd himself naked, he leapt into the Water. *An.* What Saints did he call upon? *Ad.* *Dominicus*, *Thomas*, *Vincentius*, and one of the *Peters*, but I know not which; his great Confident was *Catharina Senensis*. *An.* Did he say nothing of *Christ*? *Ad.* Not a Word, as the *Priest* told me. *An.* He might have done better, if he had not thrown off his *Coul*; for when that was gone, how should *St. Catharine* know him? But go forward with your own Story. *Ad.* While we were yet rowling, and beating near the Ship, and at the Mercy of the Waves, by great Misfortune the Thigh of my *Left-hand-man* was broken with a Nail, that made him lose his Hold; the *Priest* gave him his *Benediction*, and came into his Place, encouraging me to maintain my Post resolutely, and to keep my Legs still going. In the mean while we had our Bellies full of Salt-Water, for *Neptune* had provided us a *Potion*, as well as a *Bath*, though the *Priest* shew'd him a Trick for't. *An.* What was that, I prithee? *Ad.* Why he turn'd his Head upon every Billow, and stopt his Mouth. *An.* It was a brave old Fellow it seems. *Ad.* When we had been a-while *adrift*, and made some Advance, Chear up, says the *Priest*, (who was a very tall Man) for I feel ground. No, no, said I, we are too far off yet from the Shore, (and I durst not so much as hope for such a Blessing.) I tell you again, says he, my Feet are at the Ground, and I would

would needs persuade him that it was rather some Part of the Wreck that was driven on by the Current. I tell you once again, says he, that I am just now scratching the Bottom with my Toes. When he had floated a little longer, and that he felt Ground again, Do you what you please, says he, but for my part, I'll leave you the whole Mast, and wade for't; and so he took his Opportunity, still to follow the Wave, and as another Billow came on, he would catch hold of his Knees, and set himself firm against it, one while up, and another while down, like a *Didapper*. Finding that this succeeded so well with him, I follow'd his example. There stood upon the Shore several Men with long Pikes, which were handed from one to another, and kept them firm against the force of the Waves; they were strong Body'd Men, and us'd to the Sea, and he that was last, held out his Pike to the next comer; he lays hold of it, and so they retire, and draw him ashore: There were some preserv'd this Way? *An.* How many? *Ad.* Seven; but *two* of them dy'd when they were brought to the Fire. *An.* How many were there of them in the Ship? *Ad.* Eight and fifty. *An.* Methinks the Tithes might have serv'd the Sea as well as it does the Priest. So few to scape out of so great a Number! *Ad.* The People, however, we found to be of wonderful Humanity; for they supplied us with Lodging, Fire, Meat, Cloaths; Money, with exceeding Cheerfulness. *An.* What are the People? *Ad.* *Hollanders.* *An.* Oh they are much more humane and charitable than their Neighbours. But what do you think now of another Adventure at Sea? *Ad.* No more, I do assure

you, so long as I keep in my right Wits. *An.*
And truly I my self had rather *Hear* these Sto-
ries, than *Feel* them.

The Religious Pilgrimage.

C O L. II.

The Vanity of Pretended Religious Pilgrimages. The Virgin Mother's Epistle to Glaucoplutus, complaining of the Decay of Devotion toward the Saints. The History of the Canterbury Monasteries; and the inestimable Riches of the Church: With a Reproof of the Superstition, Magnificence and Excesses of the Times. The Temple of Thomas Becket; his Monument, Reliques, and Miracles: With a pleasant Story of a Purchase of our Ladies Milk at Constantinople; notably setting forth the Practices and Corruptions of that Age.

MENEDEMUS, OGYGIUS.

Me. **W**HAT have we here? The Resurrection of a Body that has been six Months in the Grave? 'Tis the very Man. Welcome *Ogygius.* *Og.* And well met *Menedemus.* *Me.* From what quarter of the World art thou come? For we have all given thee for dead here,

here, this many a day. *Og.* And God be thank-
ed I have been as well since I saw thee last,
as ever I was in my Life. *Me.* And mayst thou
long live to confute such Stories. But what's
the meaning of this Dress, I prithee? These
Shells, Images, Straw-works, Snakes-Eggs for
Bracelets? *Og.* Oh! you must know that I have
been upon a Visit to St. *James* of *Compostella*; and
after that, to the famous Lady t'other side the
Water, in *England*, (which in truth was a Re-
visit, for I had seen her three years before.)
Me. For Curiosity, I suppose. *Og.* Nay upon
the very score of Religion. *Me.* You're behol-
ding to the *Greeks*, I presume, for that Reli-
gion. *Og.* My Wife's Mother, let me tell you,
bound her self with a Vow, that if her Daugh-
ter should be delivered of a live Male Child,
her Son in-Law should go to St. *James* in Per-
son, and thank him for't. *Me.* And did you
salute the Saint, only in your own, and your
Mother-in-Law's Name? *Og.* No, pardon me,
in the Name of the whole Family. *Me.* Truly
I am persuaded, that your Family would have
done every jot as well if you had sav'd your
Complement. But pray tell me what answer
had you? *Og.* Not a syllable; but upon the
Tendring of my Present, he seem'd to smile,
and gave me a gentle Nod; with this same
Scallop-Shell. *Me.* But why that Shell rather
than any thing else? *Og.* Because there's great
Plenty of these Shells upon that Coast. *Me.* A
most gracious Saint, in the way both of Midwife-
ry and Hospitality! But this is a strange way
of Vowing; for one that does nothing *himself*,
to make a Vow that *another* Man shall work.
But the Case, that you should tie up your self
by

by a Vow to your Saint, that if you succeeded in such or such an Affair, I should Fast twice a Week for so many Months: Would I pinch my Guts, do ye think, to make good your Vow?

Og. No, I do not believe you would: No, not if you had made the Vow in your own Name; for you would have found some Trick or other to have droll'd it off. But you must consider that there was a Mother-in-Law, and somewhat of Duty in the Case; and Women are Passionate you know, and I had an Interest at stake. *Me.* But what if you had not perform'd this Vow now? What Risque had you run?

Og. There would have lien no Action of the Case; but yet the Saint, I must confess, might have stopt his Ears some other time, or brought some sly Mischief into my Family; (as People in Power, you know, are Revengeful.) *Me.*

Prithee tell me, How is the good Man in Health? Honest *James*, what does he do? *Og.* Why truly, Matters are come to an ill pass with him, to what they were formerly. *Me.*

He's grown old. *Og.* Leave your Fooling; as if you did not know that Saints never grow old. No, no, 'tis long of this new Opinion that is come to be so rife now in the World, that he is so little visited; and those that do come give him only a bare Salute, and little or nothing else; they can bestow their Money to better Purpose (they say) upon those that want it. *Me.* An impious Opinion! *Og.* And this is the reason that this great Apostle, that was wont to be cover'd with Gold and Jewels, is now brought to the very Block he was made of; and hardly so much as a Tallow Candle to do him Honour. *Me.* If this be true, who knows

but

but in time, People may run down the rest of the Saints too? *Og.* Nay, I can assure you, there goes a strange Letter about from the *Virgin Mary* her self, that looks untowardly that way. *Me.* Which *Mary* do you mean? *Og.* She that is called *Maria a Lapide.* *Me.* Up toward *Basil*, if I be not mistaken. *Og.* The very same. *Me.* A very *Stony Saint.* But to whom did she write it? *Og.* The Letter tells you the Name too. *Me.* By whom was it sent? *Og.* By an *Angel* undoubtedly; and found in the Pulpit where he preach'd to whom it was written. And to put the Matter out of all Doubt, I could shew you the very Original. *Me.* But how do you know the Hand of the *Angel* that is the *Virgin's Secretary*? *Og.* Well enough. *Me.* But how will you be able to prove it? *Og.* I have compar'd it with *Bede's Epitaph*, that was engraven by the same *Angel*, and I find them to be perfectly one and the same Writing: And I have read the *Angel's Discharge* to *St. Aegidius* for *Charles the great*; they agree to a Tittle *. And is not this a sufficient Proof? *Me.* May a body see't a little? *Og.* You may if you'll damn your self to the Pit of Hell that you'll never speak on't. *Me.* 'Tis as safe as if you discover'd it to a Stone. *Og.* But there are some Stones that a body would not trust. *Me.* Speak it to a Mute then. *Og.* Upon that Condition I'll tell you; but prick up both your Ears. *Me.* Begin then.

* The Story goes, that Charles the Great, being in a Fit of Desperation, St. Giles obtained from an Angel a Pardon for him in these Words: Egidii merito Caroli Peccata remitto.

MARY, the Mother of Jesus, to Glauco-
 plurus, Greeting: These are to give you
 to understand, that we take in good Part your stre-
 nuous Endeavours (as a True Disciple of Luther)
 to convince the World of the Vanity and Needles-
 ness of Invocating Saints: For I was e'en wea-
 ried out of my Life with Importunities, Petitions,
 and Complaints: Every body comes to me: as if
 my Son were to be always a Child, because he is
 painted so: And because they see him at my
 Breast still, they take for granted, that he dares
 deny me nothing that I ask him, for fear that,
 when he has a mind to't, I should deny him the
 Bubby. Nay, and their Requests are sometimes
 so extravagant, that I'm asham'd to mention
 them; and that which a young Fellow (not whol-
 ly abandon'd to his Lusts) would hardly ask of a
 Bawd, they have the face to desire from a Virgin.
 The Merchant when he is to make a long Voyage,
 desires me to take Care of his Concubine. The
 Professed Nun, when she is to make her Escape,
 recommends to me the Care of her Reputation,
 when at the same time she's resolv'd to turn Pro-
 stitute. The Soldier marches to a Butchery and
 Slaughter, with these Words in his Mouth, Bles-
 sed Virgin, put into my hands a fat Prisoner,
 or a rich Plunder. The Gamester prays to me
 for a good Hand at Dice, and promises me a Snip
 with him in the Profit of the Cheat: and if he
 has but an Ill Run, how am I curs'd, and rail'd
 at, because I would not be a Confederate in his
 Wickedness? The Usurer prays for Ten in the
 Hundred; and I am no longer the Mother of
 Mercy, if I deny it him. And there is another
 sort of People, whose Prayers are not so properly
 Wicked,

Wicked, as Foolish. The Maids, they pray for Rich and Handsome Husbands; the Wives for Fair Children; the Big-belly'd, for Ease Labour, the Old Trot, for Good Lungs, and that I would keep her from Coughs and Catarrhs. He that is Mop'd and Decrepid, would be Young again. The Philosopher prays for the Faculty of starting Difficulties never to be Resolv'd: The Priest for a Plump Benefice; the Bishop for the Preservation of his own Diocese; the Mariner for a Prosperous Voyage; the Magistrate, that I would shew him my Son before he dies; the Courtier, that he may make an Effectual Confession upon the Point of Death, (as the last thing that he intends to do;) the Husbandman for Seasonable Weather; and his Wife for her Pigs and Poultry. If I deny them any thing, I am presently hard-hearted. If I send 'em to my Son, their Answer is, if you'll but say the Word, I'm sure he'll do't. How is it possible now for me, that am a Lone Body, and a Virgin, to attend Sailors, Soldiers, Merchants, Gamesters, Princes, Ploughmen, Marriages, Great Bellies? And all this is nothing yet, to what I suffer. And this Trouble is almost over too, (make me thankful for't) if the Rid-dance were not accompany'd with a greater Inconvenience; for the Money and the Reputation that I have lost by't, is worth a great deal more than the Leisure that I have gotten; for instead of the Queen of the Heavens, and the Lady of the World, not one of a thousand treats me now so much as with a single Ave Mary. Oh! the Presents of Gold, and precious Stones, that were made me formerly; the Rich Embroideries, and the Choice I had of Gowns and Petticoats! Where-

as, I am now fain to content my self with one half of a Vest, and that mouse-eaten too; and a years Revenue will hardly keep Life and Soul together of the poor Wretch that lights me Candles. And all this might be born yet, if you would stop here, which they say you will not, till you have stript the Altars, as well as the Saints. Let me advise you over and over, to have a care what you do; for you will find the Saints better provided for a Revenge, than you are aware of. What will you get by throwing Peter out of the Church, when he comes to keep you out of Heaven? Paul has a Sword; Bartlemew has a Knife; the Monk William has a Privy Coat under his Habit, and a Lance to boot. What will you do when you come to encounter George on Horse-back in his Curiaffe Arms, with his Spear and his Whinyard? And Anthony himself has his Holy Fire. Nor is there any one of them all, that one way or other, cannot do mischief enough if he pleases. Nay, weak as I am, you'll have much ado to compass your Ends upon me. For I have my Son in my Arms, and I'm resolv'd you shall have both or none. If you'll set up a Church without Christ, you may. This I give you to understand, and you shall do well to consider of an Answer, for I have laid the thing to Heart.

From our Stone-House, the
Kalends of August,

1524.

Me. This is a terrible menacing Letter, and *Glaucoplutus*, I suppose, will have a care what he does. *Og.* So he will, if he be wise. *Me.* I wonder why honest *James* wrote nothing to him

him about it. *Og.* 'Tis a great way off, and Letters are liable to be intercepted. *Me.* But what Providence carry'd you again into *England*? *Og.* Why truly I had the Invitation of a fair Wind, and beside, I was half engaged, within two or three years after my last Visit, to give that Beyond-Sea Saint another. *Me.* Well, and what had you to beg of her? *Og.* Nothing but ordinary Matters; the Health of my Family, the encrease of my Fortune, a long and happy Life in this World, and everlasting Felicity in the World to come. *Me.* But could not our *Virgin Mother* have done as much for you here? She has a Church at *Antwerp*, much more glorious than that beyond the Seas. *Og.* It may be our Lady here might have don't; but she dispenses her Bounties, and her Graces, where, and in what manner she pleases; and accommodates her self to our Affections. *Me.* I have often heard of *James*; but give me some Account, I prithee, of the Reputation and Authority of that Beyond-Sea Lady. *Og.* You shall have it in as few Words as possible. Her Name is so famous all over *England*, that you shall hardly find any Man there, that believes he can prosper in the World, without making a yearly Present, more or less, to this Lady. *Me.* Where does she keep her Residence? *Og.* Near the Coast, upon the furthest part, *Eastward*, of the Island, in a Town that supports it self chiefly upon the resort of Strangers. There is a College of Canons, to which the Latins have added the Name of *Regulars*; and they are betwixt *Monks*, and *Canons*, which they call *Seculars*. *Me.* You make them *Amphibious*, as if they were *Beavers* or *Otters*. *Og.*

Yes, and you may take in *Crocodiles* too: But trifling apart, you shall hear in three Words what they are; in *Odious Cases*, they are *Canons*; in *Favourable*, they are *Monks*. *Me*. I'm in the dark still. *Og*. Why then you shall have a Mathematical Illustration. If there should come a Thunderbolt from *Rome* against all *Monks*, then they'll be all *Canons*. Or if his Holiness should allow all *Monks* to take *Wives*, then they'll be all *Monks*. *Me*. These are wonderful Favours; I would they would take mine for one. *Og*. But to the Point: This College has little else to maintain it, than the Liberality of the *Virgin*; for all Presents of Value are laid up; but for small Money, and things of little Moment, it goes to the feeding of the Flock, and the Head of it, whom they call the *Prior*. *Me*. What are they? Men of good Lives? *Og*. Not much amiss; for their Piety is more worth than their Revenue. The Church is Neat and Artificial: but the *Virgin* does not live in it her self; for upon the point of Honour, she has given it to her Son; but she has her Place however upon his right Hand. *Me*. Upon his right Hand? Which way looks her Son then? *Og*. That's well thought of. When he looks toward the *West*, he has his Mother on his *Right Hand*; and when to the *East*, on his *Left*: And she does not dwell here neither; for the Building is not finish'd, the Doors and Windows lie all open, and the Wind blows through it; and that's a bleak Wind, you'll say, that come^s from the Sea. *Me*. This is somewhat hard methinks; but where does she dwell then? *Og*. In that unfinish'd Church I told you of, there's a small boarded Chapel, with a little Door on each

each side to receive Visitors. There's scarce any light at all to't, more than what comes from the Tapers, but a most delicious Perfume. *Me.* These things cannot but conduce strangely to Religion, *Og.* You would say something, *Menedemus*, if you saw it within, how it glitters with Gold, Silver, Diamonds, Rubies, &c. *Me.* You have set me agog to go thither too. *Og.* Take my word for't, if you do, you shall never repent your Journey. *Me.* Is there no *Holy Oyl* there? *Og.* Well said, *Simpleton*: That *Oyl* is only the Sweat of Saints in their Sepulchres; as of *Andrew, Katharine, &c. Mary*, you know, was never bury'd. *Me.* That was my Mistake; but I pray go on with your Story. *Og.* For the better Propagation of Religion they shew some things at one Place, and some at another. *Me.* And perhaps it turns to their Profit too; as we say, *Many a Little makes a Mickle.* *Og.* And you never fail of some body at hand to shew you what you have a mind to see. *Me.* One of the Canons it may be. *Og.* No, by no means; they are not made use of, for fear that under colour of Religion, they should prove Irreligious, and lose their own Virginity in the very service of the *Virgin*. In the Inward Chapel, there stands a *Regular* at the Altar. *Me.* And what's his Business? *Og.* Only to receive and keep that which is given. *Me.* But may not a Man chuse whether he will give any thing or no? *Og.* Yes, he may; but there is a certain Religious Modesty in some People; they will give bountifully, if any body looks on: but not one farthing perhaps without a Witness; or at least not so much as otherwise. *Me.* This is right Flesh and Blood,

and I find it my self. *Og.* Nay, there are some so strangely devote to the *Holy Virgin*, that while they pretend to lay one Gift upon the Altar, by a marvellous flight of Hand they'll steal away another. *Me.* But what if no body were by? Would not the *Virgin* call them to account? *Og.* Why should she take any more notice of them, than God himself does, when People break into his Temple, Rob his Altars, and Commit Sacrilege? *Me.* The impious Confidence of these Wretches, and the Patience of Almighty God, are both of them admirable. *Og.* Upon the *North side*, there is a certain Gate (I do not mean of the Church) but of the Wall that encloses the Church-yard; it has a very little Door, like the Wicket that you see in some great Gates of Noblemens Houses. A Man must venture the breaking of his Shins, and stoop too, or there's no getting in. *Me.* An Enemy would be hard put to't to enter a Town at such a Passage. *Og.* So a Man would think; and yet the *Verger* told me for certain, that a Knight a Horse-back, with an Enemy at his heels, made his Escape through this Door, and sav'd himself. When he was at the last pinch, he bethought himself of a sudden, and recommended himself to the blessed *Virgin*, there at hand, resolving to take Sanctuary at her Altar, if he could come at it: When all in an instant (a thing almost incredible) he and his Horse were convey'd safe into the Church-yard, and his Adversary stark mad on the other side for his Disappointment. *Me.* And did you really believe what he told you? *Og.* Beyond all dispute. *Me.* One would hardly have expected it from a Man of your Philosophy. *Og.* Nay,

which is more, he shew'd me the very Image of this Knight, in a Copper Plate that was nail'd to the Door, in the very Clothes that were then in Fashion, and are to be seen yet in several old *English* Pictures; which if they be right drawn, the Barbers and Clothiers in those days had but an ill Time on't. *Me.* How so? *Og.* He had perfectly the Beard of a Goat, and not one Wrinkle in his Doublet and Hose; but they were made so straight, as if he had been rather sticht up in Them, than they cut out for Him. In another Plate there was an exact Description of the Chapel, the Figure and the Size of it. *Og.* So that now there was no further Doubt to be made upon the Matter. *Og.* Under this little Gate, there's an Iron Grate, that was made only for one to pass a foot; for it would not have been decent that any Horse should afterward trample upon the Ground; that the former Horseman had consecrated to the *Virgin.* *Me.* You have Reason. *Og.* *Eastward* from thence, there's another Chapel, full of Wonders, to the degree of Prodigies; thither I went, and another Officer received me: When we had Pray'd a little, he shews the middle Joint of a Man's Finger; first I kist it, and then I askt to whom that Relick formerly belong'd? He told me to *St. Peter.* What, said I, the *Apostle*? He told me yes. Now the Joint was large enough to have answered the Bulk of a Giant; upon which Reflection, *St. Peter,* said I, was a very proper Fellow then: Which set some of the Company a laughing, truly to my Trouble; for if they had kept their Countenance, we should have had the whole History of the Relicks. But however we dropt

the Man some small Money, and piec'd up the matter as well as we could. Just before this Chapel, stood a little House, which the Officer told us, was convey'd thither thorough the Air, after a wonderful manner, in a terrible Winter, when there was nothing to be seen but Ice and Snow. Within this House there were two Pits brim full, that sprang (as he told us) from a Fountain consecrated to the *Holy Virgin*. The Water is strangely cold, and the best Remedy in the World for Pains in the Head or the Stomach. *Me.* Just as proper as Oyl would be to quench a Fire. *Og.* You must consider, my Friend, this is a Miracle: Now it would be no Miracle for Water to quench Thirst. *Me.* That shift goes a great way in the Story. *Og.* It was positively affirm'd that this Spring burst out in an instant, at the Command of the *Holy Virgin*. Upon a strict Observation of every thing I saw, I askt the Officer how many Years it might be since that little House was brought thither? He told me that it had been there for some Ages; and yet (said I) methinks the Walls do not seem to be of that Antiquity: and he did not much deny it. Nor these Pillars, (said I.) No Sir, says he, they are but of late standing, (and the thing discover'd it self.) And then, said I, methinks that Straw, those Reeds, and the whole Thatch of it look as if they had not been so long laid. 'Tis very right, Sir, says he; and what do you think, said I, of those Cross Beams and Rafters? They cannot be near so old? He confess they were not. At last, when I had questioned him to every part of this poor Cottage; How do you know, said I, that this is the

House that was brought so far in the Air so many Ages ago? *Me.* Prithee how did he come off there? *Og.* Without any more to do, he shew'd us an old *Bear-Skin* that was tackt there to a piece of Timber, and almost laught at us to our very teeth, as People under an invincible Ignorance. Upon seeming better satisfy'd, and excusing our Heaviness of Apprehension, we came then to the *Virgin's Milk.* *Me.* It is with the *Virgin's Milk* as with her *Son's Blood*; they have both of them left more behind them than ever they had in their Bodies. *Og.* And so they tell us of the *Cross*, which is shew'd up and down both in publick and in private, in so many Relicks, that if all the Fragments were laid together, they would load an *East-India-Ship*: and yet our Saviour carry'd the whole Cross upon his Shoulders. *Me.* And is not this a wonderful thing too? *Og.* It is extraordinary, I must confess; but nothing is wonderful to an Almighty Power, that can encrease every thing according to his own Pleasure. *Me.* 'Tis well done however to make the best on't: but I'm afraid that we have many a Trick put upon us, under the Mask of Piety and Religion. *Og.* I cannot think that God himself would suffer such Mockeries to pass unpunish'd. *Me.* And yet what's more common than for the Sacrilegious themselves (such is the Tenderness of God) to scape in this World without so much as the least Check for their Impieties? *Og.* This is all true, but hear me on: The Milk that I was speaking of, is kept upon the High-Altar; *Christ* in the *Middle*, and his *Mother*, for respect's sake, at his *Right-hand*. The *Milk*, you must know, represents his *Mother.* *Me.* Can you see it

then? *Og.* Yes, for 'tis preserv'd in a Crystal Glass. *Me.* And is it liquid too? *Og.* What do you talk to me of liquid, when 'twas drawn above Fifteen hundred Years ago. It is now come to a Concretion, and looks just like pounded Chalk with the white of an Egg. *Me.* But will they not let a Man see it open? *Og.* Not upon any terms. Men would be kissing of it, and profane it. *Me.* You say very well; for all Lips are not fit to approach it. *Og.* So soon as the Officer sees us, he runs presently, and puts on his Surplice, and a Stole about his Neck; falls down, and worships; and by and by gives us the *Holy Milk* to kiss; and we prostrated our selves too, in the first Place bowing to Christ, and then applying to the *Virgin*, in the following Prayer, which I had in readiness for this purpose.

Virgin Mother! *That hast deservedly given suck to the Lord of Heaven and Earth, thy Son Jesus at thy Virgin's Breasts; We pray thee, that we, being purified by his Blood, may ourselves arrive at the Happy Infant State of the Simplicity and Innocence of Doves; and that being void of Malice, Fraud and Deceit, we may daily thirst after the Milk of Evangelical Doctrine, until it grows up to be perfect Man, and to the Measure of the Fulness of Christ, whose blessed Society thou shalt enjoy for ever and ever, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, Amen.*

Me. Truly a very devout Prayer: But what Return? *Og.* If my Eyes did not deceive me, they were both pleased; for the *Holy Milk* seem'd to leap and sparkle; and the *Eucharist*,
of

of a sudden, lookt brighter than usual. In the mean while, the *Virger* came to us, and without a Word speaking, held out such a kind of Table as they use in *Germany* upon their Bridges, when they take toll. *Me.* I remember those Tables very well, and have curst them many a time in my Travels that way. *Og.* We laid down some pieces of Money, which he presented to the *Virgin*. After this, by our Interpreter, one *Robert Aldridge*, (as I remember) a well spoken young Man, and a great Master of the *English* Tongue, I askt as civilly as I could, what Assurance they had that this was the *Milk* of the *Virgin*? Which I did with a pious Intention, that I might stop the Mouths of all Scoffers and Gainfayers. The Officer, at first, contracted his Brow, without a word speaking; and thereupon I prest the Interpreter to put the same Question to him again, but in the fairest manner imaginable; which he did in so obliging a fashion, that if the Address had been to the Mother her self, when she had been newly laid, it could not have been taken amiss. But the Officer, as if he had been inspir'd with some *Enthusiasm*, expressing in his Countenance the Horror and Detestation he had for so blasphemous a Question; *What need is there,* says he, *of these Enquiries, when you have so Authentick a Record for the Truth of the matter?* And we had undoubtedly been turn'd our for Hereticks, if we had not sweeten'd the angry Man with a few Pence. *Me.* But how did you behave yourselves in the Interim? *Og.* Just as if we had been stunn'd with a Cudgel, or struck with Thunder. We did most humbly beg his Pardon (as in holy matters a Man ought to do) and so went our

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way from thence to the little Chapel, which is the peculiar Receptacle of the *Holy Virgin*. In our way thither, comes one of the under-Officers to us, staring us in the Face, as if he knew us; and after him a second and a third, all gaping upon us after the same manner. *Me*. Who knows but they might have a Mind to draw your Picture? *Og*. But my Thoughts lookt quite another way. *Me*. Why, what did you imagine then? *Og*. That some body had robbed the *Virgin's Chapel*, and that I had been suspected for the Sacrilege; and therefore I enter'd the Holy Place with this Prayer to the *Virgin-Mother* in my Mouth.

O *H! Thou alone, who among Women art a Mother and a Virgin; the Happiest of Mothers, and the Purest of Virgins: We that are impure do now present our selves before thee that art Pure; humbly saluting and paying Reverence unto thee, with our small offerings, such as they are. O that thy Son would enable us to imitate thy most holy Life, and that we might deserve, by the Grace of the Holy Spirit, spiritually to conceive the Lord Jesus in our Souls, and having once received him, never to lose him. Amen.*

And so I kist the Altar, laid down my Offering, and departed. *Me*. What did the *Virgin* here? Did she give you no token that your Prayer was heard? *Og*. It was (as I told you) but an uncertain Light, and she stood in the dark upon the Right-Hand of the Altar: but in fine, my Courage was so taken down by the Check the former Officer gave me, that I durst not so much as lift up my Eyes again. *Me*. So
that

that this Adventure, I perceive, did not succeed so well. *Og.* Oh best of all. *Me.* You have put me in Courage again; for as your Author has it, my Heart was e'en sunk into my Breeches. *Og.* After Dinner we go to Church again. *Me.* How durst you do that, under a suspicion of Sacrilege? *Og.* It may be I was, but so long as I did not suspect my self, all was well: a good Conscience fears nothing. I had a great Mind to see the Record that the *Virger* refer'd us to; and after a long search, at last we found it: but the Table was hung so high, that a Man must have good Eyes to read it. Now mine are none of the best, nor yet the worst: but as *Aldridge* read, I went along with him; for I had not Faith enough wholly to rely upon him in so important an Affair. *Me.* But were you satisfy'd in the point at last? *Og.* So fully, that I was asham'd that ever I had doubted of it: every thing was made so clear, the Name, the Place, the very Order of the Proceeding; and, in one word, there was nothing more to be desired.

There was one *William* (born at *Paris*) a Man of general Piety, but most particularly industrious in gathering together all the Relicks of Saints, that were to be gotten over the whole World. This Person, after he had travell'd several Countries, and taken a View of all Monasteries and Temples, where-ever he pass'd, came at last to *Constantinople*, where a Brother of his was that time a Bishop; who gave him notice, when he was preparing for his Return, that there was a certain Nun that had a quantity of the *Mother Virgin's Milk*; and that if any of it were to be gotten, either
by

by Art, or for Love, or Money, it would make him the happiest Man in Nature; and that all the Relicks, which he had hitherto collected, were nothing to't. This same *William* never rested till he had obtain'd the one half of this *Holy Milk*; which he valu'd above the Treasure of an Empire. *Me.* No question of it: and a thing so unexpected too. *Og.* He goes strait homeward, and falls sick upon the way. *Me.* As there's no trust to human Felicity, either that it shall be perfect or long liv'd. *Og.* Finding himself in danger, he calls a *Frenchman* to him, (his Friend and Fellow-Traveller) makes him swear Secrecy, and then delivers him this *Milk*, upon Condition, that if he gets home safe, he should deposite that Treasure upon the Altar of the *Holy Virgin* in the famous Church of *Paris*; that Church that has the *Seine* on each side of it; as if the River it self gave place, in Reverence to the Divinity of the Saint. To be short, *William* is dead and bury'd, the other takes Post, and he dies too; but finding himself in Extremity, he delivers the Milk to an *English* Nobleman, but under the strictest Obligation imaginable, that the Count should so dispose of it as he himself would have done; the one dies, the other receives it, and puts it upon the Altar in the Presence of the Canons of the Place, who in those Days were still called *Regulars*, (as they are yet at *St. Genevieve*.) Upon his Request, these *Regulars* were prevail'd upon to divide the Milk with him; one Moiety whereof was carry'd into *England*, and by him afterward deposited upon the Altar I told you of, as moved thereunto by a divine Impulse. *Me.* Why this is a Story now that hangs handsomely

somely together. *Og.* And to put all out of Doubt, the very Bishops Names are set down, that were authorized to grant Releases and Indulgences to those that should come to see it, according to the Power to them given; but not without some Obligation or other, in token of their Veneration. *Me.* Very good; and how far did that Power extend? *Og.* To forty Days. *Me.* But are there Days in *Purgatory*? *Og.* There is Time there. *Me.* But when the stock of forty Days is gone, have they no more to bestow? *Og.* Oh you mistake the business! for 'tis not here as in the Tub of the *Danaides*, which is always filling, and always empty; but here, take out as long as you will, there's never the less in the Vessel. *Me.* But what if they should now give a Remission for forty Days to 100000 Men, has every one of them his Proportion? *Og.* All alike. *Me.* And suppose a Man should have forty Days granted him in the Morning, have they wherewithal to give him forty Days more at Night? *Og.* Yes, yes, if it were ten times over every Hour. *Me.* If I had but such a Device at home, I should not ask much to set up withal. *Og.* You might e'en as well wish to be turn'd into a Golden Statue, and as soon have your asking. But to return to my History: There was one Argument added, which methought was of great Piety and Candor, which was, that tho' the *Virgin's Milk* in many other Places might challenge due Veneration, yet this was to be the most esteem'd, because it was sav'd as it fell from the Virgin's Breasts, without touching the Ground; whereas the other was scrap'd off from Rocks and Stones. *Me.* But how does that appear? *Og.*
From

From the very Mouth of the Nun at *Constantinople* that gave it. *Me.* And it may be she had it from *St. Bernard.* *Og.* I believe she had. *Me.* For he had the Happiness to taste the Milk of the same Breast that suck'd our Saviour: so that I wonder he was not rather called *Lactifluous*, than *Mellifluous.* But how is that the *Virgin's Milk*, which did not flow from her *Breasts?* *Og.* It did flow from her Breasts; but dropping upon the Rock she sat upon, it was there concreted, and afterward, by Providence, multiply'd and encreas'd. *Me.* You say well, go forward now. *Og.* We were now upon the point of marching off; but still walking and looking about us to see if there were any thing else worth taking notice of: and there were the *Chapel-Officers* again, leering at us, pointing, nodding, running up and down back and forward, as if they would fain have spoken to us, but had not the face to do't. *Me.* And did not your Heart go pitapat upon't? *Og.* No, not at all: but on the contrary, I look'd them chearfully in the very Eyes, as who should say, *Speak and welcome.* At length one of them comes to me, and asks me my Name. I tell it him. *Are not you the Man,* says he, *that a matter of two Years since set up a Votive-Table here in Hebrew Letters?* I told him I was that Person. *Me.* Do you write *Hebrew* then? *Og.* No: but let me tell you, they take every thing to be *Hebrew* they do not understand. By and by comes (upon calling I suppose) the *Πρωτῶν ὕσερ* of the College. *Me.* What Dignity is that? Have they no *Abbot?* *Og.* No. *Me.* Why so? *Og.* Because they don't understand *Hebrew.* *Me.* Have they no *Bishop?* *Og.* Neither. *Me.* What's the

the Reason on't? *Og.* The *Virgin* is so poor, that she is not able to be at the Charge of a *Staff* and *Mitre*; for you must know, the Price is extremely rais'd. *Me.* But methinks at least they should have a *President*. *Og.* No, nor that neither. *Me.* What hinders it? *Og.* Because a *President* is a Name of a *Dignity*, not of *Holiness*. And therefore the Colleges of Canons will have no Abbots. *Me.* But this same *Πρωτον ὕψιστον* is a thing I never heard of before. *Og.* You are but an easy Grammarian, I perceive. *Me.* I have heard of it indeed in *Rhetorick*. *Og.* Observe me now: He that is next to the *Prior*, is the *Posterior-Prior*. *Me.* Yes the *Sub-Prior*. *Og.* That Man saluted me with great Courtesy, and then fell to tell me what Pains had been taken to read those Verses; what wiping of Spectacles there had been to no purpose; how often such a Doctor of Law, and another Doctor of Divinity, had been brought thither to expound the Table. One would have the Character to be *Arabick*, another look'd upon't as a *Sham*, and to signify nothing at all; but in conclusion, there was one found out that made a shift to read the Title, which was written in *Latin* and *Roman Capitals*. The *Greek Verses* in *Greek Capitals*, which at first sight lookt like *Roman*. Upon their Request, I turn'd them Word for Word into *Latin*, and they would have paid me for my Pains; but I excus'd my self with a Protestation, that for the Holy *Virgin's* Sake I would do any thing in the World; and that if she had any Letters to send, even to *Jerusalem*, I would not stick to go upon the Errand. *Me.* As if she could want Carriers, that has so many Angels perpetually waiting about her. *Og.*

Og. He took out of his Purse a little Piece of Wood, that was cut off from the *Beam* the *Virgin Mother* stood upon, and made me a Present of it. I found by the wonderful Fragrancy of it, that the thing was sacred, and could not do less than kiss it twenty times over; and in the lowest Posture of Humility (bare-headed, and with the highest Degree of Reverence) I put it up in my Pocket. *Me.* Mayn't a Man see it? *Og.* I'm not against it; but if you have either eat or drank to Day, or had to do with your Wife last Night, I would not advise you to look upon't. *Me.* Shew me't however; and I'll stand the venture. *Og.* Why there 'tis then. *Me.* How happy a Man art thou now to have such a Present! *Og.* Such a one as it is, I would have you know, that I would not change it for the Wealth of the *Indies*. I'll set it in Gold, and put it in a crystal Case. *Hysteroprotos*; when he saw me so over-joy'd at the Favour I had already receiv'd, began to think me worthy of greater; and askt me, if I had seen the *Virgin's Secrets*? The Expression startled me, and yet I durst not so much as desire him to expound himself; for a Body's Tongue may slip in Holy matters as well as in Profane. However I told him that I had not as yet seen 'em, and that I much desired to see them. I am carry'd in now, as one in an Ecstasy; two Tapers presently lighted, and an Image produc'd, of no great Value for the Bigness, Matter or Workmanship, but of wonderful Virtue. *Me.* It is not the Bulk that does the Miracle; yonder's *Christopher* at *Paris*, there's a Waggon-load of him, a very *Colossus*, nay I might have said a *Mountain*, and yet I never heard of any Miracles

cles that he wrought. *Og.* There's a Gem at the Feet of the Virgin, which the *Latins* and *Greeks* have not yet found a Name for: The *French* call it a *Toadstone*, from the Resemblance of a Toad in it, beyond any thing that ever was done to the Life; and, to make it the greater Miracle, it is but a little Stone neither: and the Image does not stand on't, but 'tis form'd in the very body of the Stone. *Me.* Perhaps People may fancy the Likeness of a Toad in the Stone, as they do that of an Eagle in the Stalk of a *Brake* or *Fern*; or as Boys do burning Mountains, Battles, and terrible Dragons in the Clouds. *Og.* Nay, for your Satisfaction, one living Toad is not liker another. *Me.* Come, come, I have had enough of your Stories; you had best go with your Toad to some body else. *Og.* This Humour of yours, *Menedemus*, does not at all surprize me; for if I my self had not seen it with these Eyes, (mark me, with these very Eyes) if the whole Tribe of School-Men had sworn it to me, I should never have believ'd 'em. But you are not curious enough methinks upon these Rarities of Nature. *Me.* And why not curious enough? Because I cannot be persuaded that Asses fly. *Og.* But do you not see how Nature entertains her self in the Colours and Shapes of all things, and especially of precious Stones? What admirable Virtues she has implanted in them, and incredible too, if Experience had not forc'd us to an Acknowledgment of them? Tell me, would you ever have believ'd that Steel could have either been drawn by the Load-stone, or driven away without touching it, if you had not seen it with your own Eyes? *Me.* Truly I think I should not, though

though ten *Aristotles* had sworn the Truth of it. *Og.* Do not pronounce all things to be fabulous then, that you have not found so by Experiment. Do we not find the Figure of the *Bolt* in the *Thunder-stone*? *Fire* in the *Carbuncle*? the Figure of *Hail*, and the invincible Coldness of it (even as if it were cast into the *Fire*) in the *Hail-stone*? the *Waves* of the *Sea* in the *Emerald*? the Figure of the *Sea-Crab* in the *Carcinias*? of a *Viper* in the *Echites*? of a *Gilt-head* in the *Scarites*? of a *Hawk* in the *Hieracites*? of a *Crane's Neck* in the *Geranites*? In one Stone, you have the *Eye* of a *Goat*; in another, of a *Hog*; in another, *three human Eyes* together: In the *Lycophthalmus* you will find the *Eye* of a *Wolf*, with four Colours in't, fiery, bloody, and black in the middle, encompassed with white. One Stone has the Figure of a *Bean* in the middle; another the *Trunk* of a *Tree*, and it burns like *Wood* too; the Resemblance of *Ivy* in another. One shews you the *Beams* of *Lightning*; another looks as if there were a *Flame* in't; and in some Stones you shall find *Sparkles*; the Colour of *Saffron*, of a *Rose*, *Brass*, the Figure of an *Eagle*, a *Peacock*, an *Asp*, a *Pismire*, a *Beetle*, or *Scorpion*. It would be endless to pursue this Subject; for there is not any Element, living Creature, or Plant, which Nature (as it were to sport her self) has not given us some Resemblance of in Stones. Why should you wonder then at this Story I have told you of the *Toad*? *Me.* I did not think Nature had had so much spare time, as to divert her self in drawing Pictures. *Og.* 'Tis rather to exercise our Curiosity, and keep us from Idleness, or worse Diversions, as running mad
after

after Buffoons, Dice, Fortune-tellers, and Hocus's, &c. *Me.* All this is too true. *Og.* I have heard that if you put this Toad-stone into Vinegar, it shall move the Legs, and swim. *Me.* But why is it dedicated to the *Virgin*? *Og.* 'Tis laid at her Feet, to shew that she has overcome, trampled upon, and extinguished all Uncleanness, Malice, Pride, Avarice, and Earthly Desires. *Me.* Wo be to us then that have so much of the Toad still in our Hearts. *Og.* But if we worship the *Virgin* as we ought, we shall be pure. *Me.* How would she have us worship her? *Og.* By the Imitation of her. *Me.* That's soon said, but not so easily perform'd. *Og.* 'Tis hard, I confess, but well worth the Pains. *Me.* Proceed now, and finish what you have begun. *Og.* The Man shew'd us next certain Gold and Silver Statues: This (says he) is solid Gold, this only Silver gilt; and he tells us the Weight, the Price, and the Presenter of every Piece. The Man then taking notice of the Satisfaction I found to see the *Virgin* endow'd with so rich a Treasure; you are so good a Man, says he, that I cannot honestly conceal any thing from you, and will shew you now the greatest Privacies the *Virgin* has; and, at that Word, he takes out of a Drawer from under the Altar, a World of things of great Value: It would be a Day's Work to tell you the Particulars. So that thus far my Journey succeeded to my Wish: I satisfied my Curiosity abundantly, and brought away this Inestimable Present with me, as a Token of the *Virgin's* Love. *Me.* Did you ever make any Trial of the Virtues of this Token? *Og.* Yes, I have: I was three or four Days

ago in a Tipling house, and there was a Fellow stark staring mad, that they were just about to lay him in Chains: I only laid this Piece of Wood under his Pillow, (without his Privy) he fell into a sound Sleep, and in the Morning rose as sober as ever he was in his Life. *Me.* But art sure he was not drunk? for Sleep is the best Remedy in the World for that Disease? *Og.* This is not a Subject, *Menedemus*, for Railery; 'tis neither honest nor safe to make Sport with the Saints: Nay, the Man himself told me, that there was a Woman appear'd to him in his Sleep, of an incomparable Beauty, that brought him a Cup to drink. *Me.* Of *Hellebore* it may be. *Og.* That's uncertain; but of a certainty, this Man is in his Wits again. *Me.* Did you take no notice of *Thomas* the *Archbishop* of *Canterbury*? *Og.* Yes sure I hope I did. 'Tis one of the famousest Pilgrimages in the World. *Me.* If it were not a Trouble to you, I would fain hear something of it. *Og.* Nay, 'tis so far from that, that you'll oblige me in the hearing of it.

THat part of *England* that looks toward *France* and *Flanders*, is called *Kent*; there are two Monasteries in't, that are almost contiguous, and they are both *Benedictines*. That which bears the Name of *St. Augustine* seems to be the ancients; and that of *St. Thomas* I judge to have been the Seat of the Archbishop, where he pass'd his Time with a few Monks that he made Choice of for his Companions; as the Prelates at this Day have their Palaces near the Church, tho' apart from the Houses of other Canons; for in Times past, both Bi-
shops

shops and Canons were commonly Monks, as appears upon the Record. But St. *Thomas's* Church is so eminent, that it puts Religion into a Man's Thoughts as far as he can see it; and indeed it over-shadows the Neighbourhood, and keeps the Light from other Religious Places. It has two famous Turrets, that seem in a manner to bid Visitants welcome from afar off; and a Ring of Bells that are admir'd far and near. In the *South Porch* stand the Statues of three armed Men, that murder'd the Holy Man, with their Names and Families. *Me.* Why had the Wretches so much Honour done them? *Og.* It is the same Honour that was done to *Judas, Pilate, and Caiphas*, and the Band of wicked Soldiers, whose Images and Pictures are commonly seen upon the most magnificent Altars. Their Names, I suppose, are there express'd, for fear some body else hereafter should have the Glory of the Fact that had no Title to't; and besides they stand there for a Warning to Courtiers, that they meddle no more with Bishops or Possessions of the Church; for those three Ruffians ran mad upon the Horror of the Act, and had never come to themselves again, if St. *Thomas* had not been mov'd on their Behalf. *Me.* Oh! the infinite Clemency of Martyrs! *Og.* The first Prospect upon entering the Church, is only the Largeness and the Majesty of the Body of it, which is free to every one. *Me.* Is there nothing there to be seen then? *Og.* Only the Bulk of the Structure, and the Gospel of *Nicodemus*; with some other Books that are hung up to the Pillars; and here and there a Monument. *Me.* And what more? *Og.* The Quire is shut up with Iron Gates, so that

there's no Entrance; but the View is still open from one End of the Church to the other. There's an Ascent to the Quire of many Steps, under which there is a certain Vault, that opens a Passage to the *North-side*, where we saw a Wooden Altar that's dedicated to the *Holy Virgin*; a very little one, and only remarkable as a Monument of Antiquity, that still reproaches the Luxury of following Ages. There it was that the good Man upon the Point of Death is said to have taken his last leave of the *Virgin*. Upon the Altar, there's a Piece of the Blade with which that Reverend Prelate was kill'd; and part of his Brains, which the Assassins dash'd together, and confounded, to make sure Work on't. We did with a most Religious Solemnity kiss the sacred Rust of this Weapon, for the Martyr's Sake. From hence we pass'd down into a Vault under ground, which had its Officers too: They shew'd us first the Martyr's Skull, as it was bor'd through; the Top of it we could come at with our Lips, but the rest was cover'd with Silver: They shew'd us also a Leaden Plate inscribed *Thomas Acrensis*; and there are hung up in the dark, Shirts, Girdles, and Breeches of Haircloth, which he us'd for Mortification: It would make a Man shrug to look upon 'em, nor would the Effeminacy of this Age endure them. *Me.* No, nor the Monks neither Perhaps. *Og.* I can say little to that Point, nor does it concern me. *Me.* But this is all Truth however. *Og.* From hence we return'd to the Quire; upon the *North-side* they unlock a private Place: It is incredible what a World of Bones they brought us out of it, Skulls, Shins, Teeth, Hands, Fin-

gers,

gers, whole Arms, which with great Adoration we beheld and kiss'd; and there would have been no end, if it had not been for one of our Fellow-travellers, who indiscreetly enough interrupted the Officer in his Business.

Me. What was he? *Og.* An *Englishman*, one *Gratian Pull*, (as I remember) a Learned and a Religious Man, but not so well affected this way as I could have wish'd him. *Me.* Some

Wickliffist perhaps. *Og.* No, I think not, but I found by him that he had read his Books; how he came by 'em I know not. *Me.* And

did not your Officer take Offence at him? *Og.* He brought us out an Arm with the Flesh upon it, that was still bloody; and he was so squeamish forsooth, that he made a Mouth at it when he should have kiss'd it; whereupon the Officer shut up all again. From hence we

went to see the Table, and the Ornaments of the Altar; and after that, the Treasure that was hidden under it. If you had seen the Gold and Silver that we saw, you would have look'd upon *Midas* and *Cræsus* as little better than Beggars.

Me. And was there no kissing here? *Og.* No; but methought I began to change my Prayer.

Me. Why what was the matter? *Og.* I was e'en upon wishing that I had but such Reliques as I saw there at home in my own Coffers. *Me.*

A most sacrilegious Wish! *Og.* I do confess it; and I do assure you, I ask'd the Saint Forgiveness for't before I went out of the Church.

Our next Remove was into the *Vestry*; Good God! what a Pomp of rich Vestments, what a Provision of golden Candlesticks did we see there! And there was *St. Thomas's Crook*; it look'd just like a Reed cover'd over with a Sil-

ver Plate; it had neither Weight nor Art, and about some three Foot and half high. *Me.* Was there never a *Cross*? *Og.* Not that I saw. There was a Silk Gown, but it was coarse and plain, without either Pearl or Embroidery; and there was a Handkerchief of the Saints, which was still sweaty and bloody. These Monuments of ancient Thrift we kiss'd most willingly. *Me.* But do they shew these Rarities to every Body? *Og.* O bless me! no such matter, I warrant ye. *Me.* How came you then to have such Credit with them? *Og.* I had some Acquaintance, let me tell ye, with *Archbishop Warham*, and pass'd under his Recommendation. *Me.* A Man of great Humanity, they say. *Og.* You would take him for Humanity it self, if you knew him. A Person of that exquisite Learning, that Candor of Manners, and Piety of Life, that there is nothing wanting in him to make him a most accomplish'd Prelate. From hence we are carry'd yet farther; for beyond the High Altar, there is still another Ascent, as if it were into a new Church. We were shewn in a certain Chapel there the whole Face of the good Man, all gilt, and set out with Jewels; where, by an unexpected mischance, we had like to have spoil'd the whole Business. *Me.* And how was that as you love me? *Og.* My Friend *Gratian* lost himself here extremely. After a short Prayer, Good Father (says he to the Assistant of him that shew'd us the Relicks) I have heard that *Thomas*, while he liv'd, was very Charitable to the Poor; is it true or not? For certain, says he, so he was; and began to instance in several Charitable Works that he had done. And
he

he has undoubtedly the same good Inclination still (says *Gratian*) unless perhaps they may be alter'd for the better. The other agreed to't. Now (says he again) if this Holy Man was so charitable when he was poor, and wanted for his own Necessities himself, I cannot but think now he is rich, and wants nothing, that he would take it well if some poor Women with Children ready to starve, or in danger to prostitute themselves for Bread, or with a Husband agonizing, and void of all Comfort; if such a miserable Woman, I say, should ask him leave to make bold with some small Proportion of his vast Treasure, for the Relief of her wretched Family. The Assistant of the Golden Head making no Reply, I am fully persuaded, says *Gratian* (o'the suddain) that the good Man would be glad at's Heart, (tho' in the other World) that the Poor in this should be still the better for him. The Officer upon this fell to frowning, pouting, and looking at us as if he would have eaten us; and I am confident, if it had not been for the Archbishop's Recommendation, we had been rail'd at, spit upon, and thrown out of the Church: But I did however what I could to pacify the Man; we told him *Gratian* was a Droll, and all this was but his way of Fooling; so that with good Words and a little Silver I made up the Quarrel. *Me.* I cannot but exceedingly approve of your Piety, and yet when I consider the infinite Expence upon Building, Beautifying, and enriching of Churches, I cannot in cold Thoughts but condemn the unmeasurable Excess; not but that I would have magnificent Temples, and such Vestments and Vessels as may support the Dignity of a

solemn Worship; but to have so many Golden Fonts, Candlesticks and Statues, such a Profusion upon Organs and Church-Musick, while our Brethren, and the Living Temples of Christ, are ready to perish for want of Meat and Lodging; this is a thing I cannot allow of by any means. *Og.* There is no Man, either of Brains or Piety, but is pleas'd with a Moderation in these Cases; but an Excess of Piety is an Error on the right Hand, and deserves Favour, especially considering the cross Humour of those People, that rob Churches instead of building them: And beside, the large Donatives come from Princes and great Persons, and the Money would be worse employed either upon Gaming or War. And moreover, to take any thing away from the Church is accounted Sacrilege. It is a Discouragement to the Charity of those that are inclin'd to give; and after all, it is a Temptation to Rapine. Now the Church-men are rather Guardians of these Treasures, than Masters; and it is much a better Sight, a Church that is gloriously endow'd and beautify'd, than a Church that is sordid, beggarly, naked, and liker to a Stable than a Temple. *Me.* And yet we read of Bishops of old, that were commended for selling their Plate to relieve the Poor. *Og.* And so they are commended at this Day; but the Commendation is all, for I suppose they have neither the Power nor the Will to follow the President. *Me.* But I hinder your Relation, and I am now expecting the Catastrophe of your Story. *Og.* And you shall have it in a few Words. Upon this, out comes the Head of the College. *Me.* Whom do you mean, the *Abbot* of the Place? *Og.* He wears a *Mitre*,
and

and has the Revenue of an *Abbot*, only he wants the *Name*, and they call him the *Prior*, the *Archbishop* himself supplying the Place of the *Abbot*; for of old, every *Archbishop* there was a *Monk*. *Me*. If I had the Revenue of an *Abbat*, I would not care tho' they call'd me a *Camel*. *Og*. He seem'd to me to be a godly and a prudent Man, and to be in some measure a *Scotist*. He open'd us the Box, in which the Remainder of the Holy Man's Body is said to be deposited. *Me*. Did you see it? *Og*. That's not permitted; nor was it to be done without a Ladder. There stood a Wooden Box upon a Golden one; and upon the craining up of that with Ropes, bless me, what a Treasure was there discover'd! *Me*. What is't you say? *Og*. The basest part of it was Gold; every thing sparkled and flam'd with vast and inestimable Gems; some of them as big or bigger than a Goose Egg. There stood about with great Veneration some of the Monks: Upon the taking off of the Cover, we all worship'd; the *Prior* with a white Wand touch'd every Stone one by one, telling us the Name of it, the Price, and the Benefactor. The richest of them were given by Princes. *Me*. He had need have a good Memory methinks. *Og*. You're in the right; and yet Practice goes a great way, and this is a Lesson that he says often over. From hence we were carry'd back into a Vault: It is somewhat dark, and there it is that the *Virgin-Mother* has her Residence; it is doubly rail'd in, and encompassed with Iron-Bars. *Me*. Why what does she fear? *Og*. Nothing, I suppose, but Thieves; and in my Life I never saw a fairer Temptation or Booty.

Me.

Me. What do you tell me of Riches in the dark?

Og. But we had Light enough brought us to see the Wealth of the richest Empire.

Me. Is it beyond that of the *Parathalassian Virgin*?

Og. Very much in Appearance, but for what's conceal'd, she her self knows best.

And take this along with ye, that these precious things are only shew'd to Persons of eminent Quality, and to particular Friends.

In the end we were conducted back to the Vestry, where was a Box with a black Leather Cover upon it:

This Box was set upon a Table, and upon the opening of it they all fell down upon their Knees, and worship'd.

Me. What was in't? *Og.* Rags of old Hankerchiefs in abundance, that carry'd still about them the Marks of the use they had been put to.

These, as they told us, were some Relicks of the Linen the good Man had made use of about his Nose, his Body, and other homely purposes.

Upon this my Friend *Gratian* forfeited his Credit once more; for the gentle *Prior* offering him one of these Rags for a Present, as the highest Obligation he could lay upon him, he only took it squeamishly betwixt his Finger and his Thumb, and with a wry Mouth laid it down again, (a Trick that he had got when he would express his Contempt of any thing.)

This Rudeness made me both ashamed and afraid; but yet the *Prior* was so good, (tho' sensible enough of the Affront) as to put it off very dexterously; and after the Civility of a Glass of Wine, we were fairly dismiss'd, and return'd to *London*.

Me. What needed that when you were nearer your own shore before?

Og. 'Tis true, but it is a Coast so infamous for Cheats and Piracies, that I had rather

rather

rather run the Hazard of the worst of Rocks or Flats, than of that People. I'll tell you what I saw in my last Passage that way: There was a great many People at *Calis* that took a *Chaloup* to put them aboard a great Ship, and among the rest a poor, beggarly *French-man*, and they would have two Sols for his Passage; (for that they'll have if they carry one but a Boat's Length :) the Fellow pleads Poverty; and they in a Frolick would needs search him. Upon the examining of his Shoes, they find ten or twelve Pieces of Silver that were there concealed; they made no more ado but kept the Money, and laugh'd and rail'd at the *French-man* for his Pains. *Me.* What did the young Man? *Og.* What should he do but lament his Misfortune? *Me.* Had they any Authority for what they did? *Og.* The same Commission that an Inn-keeper has to rob his Guest, or a Highway man to take a Purse. *Me.* 'Tis a strange Confidence to do such a Villany before so many Witnesses. *Og.* They are so us'd to't, that they think they do well in't: There were divers in the great Ship that look't on, and several *English* Merchants in the Boat that grumbled at it, but to no purpose: They take a Pride in't, as if it were the outwitting of a Man, and made their boasts that they had catch'd the *French-man* in his Roguery. *Me.* I would without any more to do hang up these Coast Thieves, and make Sport with them at the very Gallows. *Og.* Nay they are both Shores alike; and hence we may gather, if the little Thieves be thus bold, what will not the great ones do? And it holds betwixt Masters and Servants. So that I am resolv'd for the future

future rather to go five hundred Leagues about, than to take the Advantage of this accursed *Compendium*. Nay, in some respects this Passage is worse than that to Hell it self; for there the Descent is easy, tho' there is no getting out again; but here 'tis bad at one end, and yet worse at t'other. There were at that time some *Antwerp* Merchants at *London*, and so I propounded to take my Passage with them.

Me. Are the Skippers of that Country then any better than their Fellows? *Og.* *An Ape will be always an Ape*, and a Skipper a Skipper; but yet compar'd to those that live upon the Catch, these Men are Angels. *Me.* I shall remember, this if ever it comes in my Head to go for *England*: But I have led you out of your way.

Og. Very good. In our Journey to *London*, not far from *Canterbury*, there's a narrow hollow steep way, and a great Bank on each side, so that there's no scaping or avoiding; upon the Left Hand of that way, there stands a little Cottage or Receptacle for *Mendicants*. Upon the Noise of any Horsemen, comes an old Man out into the way: He first sprinkles you with Holy Water, and then offers you the upper Leather of a Shoe with a Brass Ring to't; and in it a Glass, as if it were some Gem: This you are to kiss, and give the poor Fellow some small Piece of Money. *Me.* I had rather meet a Company of old Beggars in such a way, than a Troop of lusty Rogues upon the Pad. *Og.* *Gratian* rode upon my Left Hand next to this Cottage, where he had his Share of Holy Water, and bore it well enough; but upon presenting him the Shoe, he askt the manner of it. This, says the poor Man, is the Shoe

Shoe of *St. Thomas*. *Gratian* was in a Choler upon't, and turning to me, *What a Devil*, said he, *would these Brutes have? If we submit to kiss their Shoes, by the same Reason we may be brought in time to kiss their Arses too.* I pitied the poor Wretch, and gave him a small Charity to comfort him. *Me.* In my Opinion *Gratian* was not angry without a Cause; I should not dislike the preserving old Shoes and Garments, as an Instance of the Moderation of our Fore-fathers; but I am absolutely against the forcing People to kiss 'em. He that is so zealous to do it upon that Account may be left to his Liberty. *Og.* Not to dissemble the matter, I think it were better let alone than done; but in case of what cannot be mended on a sudden, it is my Custom to make the best on't. How much have I been pleas'd with this Contemplation; that a good Man is like a Sheep, and a wicked like a harmful *Creature!* The Viper, tho' it cannot bite when 'tis dead, yet the very Corruption and the Smell of it is mischievous; whereas a Sheep, while it lives, feeds us with its Milk, cloaths us with it's Wool, and fattens our Ground with its Ordure, and when 'tis dead, it serves us still with Mutton and with Leather. In like manner, Men that are furious, and given to their Lusts, while they live they are troublesome to all, and when they are dead, what with the Noise of Bells, and the Pomp of their Funerals, they are still a Vexation to the Living, and sometimes to their Successors, by causing new Exactions; but the good Man makes himself profitable in all respects to the whole World. As this Saint by his President, his Learning, and his good Counsel, invited all Men to Piety; he comforted
the

the Friendless, assisted the Needy, and if it were possible, he does more good now he is dead, than he did living: He built this magnificent Church, and advanc'd the Authority of the Priesthood all over *England*; nay, and with this very Fragment of his Shoe he maintains a Conventicle of poor Men. *Me.* This is certainly a pious Contemplation; but seeing you are of this Mind, I wonder you should never go to see *St. Patrick's Den*, of which the World tells so many Wonders, which I must confess are no Articles of my Faith. *Og.* Take my Word for't, Friend, all the prodigious things that ever you heard of it, fall short of the Truth. *Me.* Why, were you ever in't then? *Og.* Yes, and I had as good have pass'd the *Stygian Lake*, or descended into the Jaws of *Avernus*. I was where I could see all that's done in Hell. *Me.* Do but bless me with the Story of it. *Og.* We have made this Dialogue long enough already; let that rather serve for the Beginning of another. 'Tis time for me to go home, and bespeak Supper, for I have not din'd to Day. *Me.* You do not fast out of Conscience, I hope. *Og.* No, but out of Spight. *Me.* What to your Belly? *Og.* No, no, but to the unconscionable Victuallers, that set high Rates upon ill Meat; and this is my way of Revenge. When I am in hope of a good Supper, my Stomach wambles at Dinner; and when I find a Dinner to my Mind, my Stomach is out of Order toward Supper. *Me.* And are not you asham'd to shew your self so narrow and penurious? *Og.* Believe me, *Menedemus*, in such a Case as this Shame is very ill employ'd, and I have learn'd to keep mine for better uses. *Me.* I do e'en long

long for the Remainder of your Story, wherefore expect me at Supper, and let me hear it out. *Og.* In troth I am beholden to you for offering your self uninvited, when others, tho' never so earnestly invited, will not come. But if you will have me thank you over and over, let me persuade you to sup at home to Night; for I have time little enough for the Business of my Family: And yet now, I think on't, I'll tell you what will be better for us both; you shall invite me and my Wife to Dinner to Morrow, and then if you please we'll talk it out till Supper; or rather than fail, we will not part then neither, till you profess you have your Belly-full. Never scratch your Head for the matter; do you but provide, and depend upon it we'll keep touch with ye. *Me.* If I can't have your Company cheaper, so let it be; I'll find Meat, and do you find Sauce; for your Discourse must be the best part of your Dinner. *Og.* But do you hear? Have I not set you agog now upon Travelling? *Me.* I do not know what you may do by that time you have finish'd your Relation; but at present I find Work enough to do to maintain my Post. *Og.* What's your Meaning for that? *Me.* I walk about my House, go to my Study, take Care of my Girls, and then again into my Shop; I look after my Servants, and so into my Kitchen, to see if any thing be amiss there, and then up and down, observing how my Wife and how my Children behave themselves, for I am very solicitous to have every thing as it should be; this is my Post. *Og.* Prithee ease thy self, and leave that to St. James. *Me.* *I have Divine Authority for looking after my Family*

mily my self, but I do not find any Text for leaving it to the Saints.

O F

R A S H V O W S.

C O L. III.

The Vanity and Misery of Rambling Voyages. The Folly of Inconsiderate Vows. With some Pleasant Reflections upon pretended Indulgencies or Pardons.

ARNOLDUS CORNELIUS.

Ar. **W**ELL met once again, my dear *Cornelius*; 'tis a thousand Year methinks since I saw thee. *Cor.* What! my old Acquaintance, *Arnoldus*? the Man of the whole World I long'd to see. *Ar.* We all gave thee for lost. But prithee where hast been Rambling all this while? *Cor.* In the other World. *Ar.* Why truly by thy slovenly Dress and this lean ghastly Carcass, a Body would e'en judge as much. *Cor.* Well! but I han't been with *Old Nick* yet, for all that. I am come from *Jerusalem*. *Ar.* And what Wind blew thee thither? *Cor.* The very same Wind that blows other People to the same Place. *Ar.* Some Whimsy;

Whimsy, I suppose. *Cor.* There are more Fools than one however. *Ar.* What did you hunt for there? *Cor. Misery.* *Ar.* Methinks you might have found that nearer home. But did you meet with any thing there worth seeing? *Cor.* Why truly little or nothing. They shew'd us certain Monuments of Antiquity, which I look upon to be mostly Counterfeit, and mere Contrivances to gull the credulous and simple People. Nay, I am not yet satisfied that they can so much as to tell ye the precise Place where *Jerusalem* stood. *Ar.* What did ye see then? *Cor.* Only Barbarity and Desolation. *Ar.* But the *Holy Land* (I hope) has made ye a *Holy Man*? *Cor.* No, nothing like it; for I am come back ten times worse than I went out. *Ar.* You have filled your Pockets perhaps. *Cor.* So far from it, that a Snake that has cast her Skin is not so bare as I am. *Ar.* Do you not repent ye then of so long a Journey to so little purpose? *Cor.* As if that Repentance would not be to as little purpose as the Journey. Nay, I cannot so much as be ashamed on't, there are so many other Fools to keep me in Countenance. *Ar.* What's the Fruit then of this dangerous Voyage? *Cor.* Oh! very much. *Ar.* Let's know it then? I shall live the more at my Ease hereafter for't. *Ar.* You'll have the Pleasure of telling old Stories when the Danger's over. *Cor.* That's something, but not all. *Ar.* Is there any Advantage in it else then? *Cor.* Yes, there is. *Ar.* Pray'e, what may that be? *Cor.* It furnishes a Man with Table-talk and Discourse upon all Occasions; the History of such an Adventure. 'Tis a strange Delight that one Coxcomb takes in telling of Lies, and

another in the hearing of them. *Ar.* Truly that goes a great way. *Cor.* Nay I am well enough pleased my self to hear other Travellers amplify upon Matters that they never saw nor heard; and they do it with so much Confidence too, that in things, even the most ridiculous and impossible, they believe themselves. *Ar.* A perverse kind of Satisfaction! But there's something however for your Money. *Cor.* This is a more tolerable Course yet, than that of a Mercenary *Soldier*. An Army is the very Nursery of all Wickedness. *Ar.* But Lying is a mean and ungentleman-like Humour. *Cor.* And yet a Lye is more pardonable than a *Calumny*, or than either doing the Office of a Pick-thank, or encouraging it, or lavishing away a Man's Time and Fortune in Gaming. *Ar.* I'm of your Opinion. *Cor.* But then there's another Benefit I reap by my Travels. *Ar.* What's that? *Cor.* If I should find any Friend of mine tainted with this Phrensy, I should advise him to stay at home; as a Mariner that has been wreck'd himself bids another have a Care of the Place where he miscarry'd. *Ar.* This Caution would have done well, if it had come in time. *Cor.* Why, are you sick of the same Disease too? *Ar.* Yes, I have been at *Rome* my self, and at *Compostella*. *Cor.* Bless me! How proud I am to play the fool in such Company! But what Angel put this into thy Head? *Ar.* What Devil rather? Especially to leave a handsome young Wife, several Children, and a Family at home, and nothing in the World to maintain them but my daily Industry. *Cor.* It must be some mighty matter sure, that could carry you away from all these Obligations: What was't,

I prithee? *Ar.* I'm aſham'd on't. *Cor.* What's to me, thy Friend and thy Fellow-sufferer.

Ar. There was Knot of neighbourly good Fellows of us drinking together; and when we were high-flown, one was for making a Viſit to St. James; another, to St. Peter: *If you'll go, I'll go,* ſays one; and *I'll go, if you'll go,* ſays another; till at laſt, we concluded upon it to go all together. I was willing, I confeſs, to keep up the Reputation of a fair Drinker; and rather than break Company, I e'en paſt my Promise: The next Queſtion was, whether we ſhould march for Rome, or *Compaſtella*? And upon the Debate, it was determined that (God willing) we ſhould begin our Journey the very next Morning, and viſit both.

Cor. A Learned Sentence, and fitter to be Recorded in Wine, than upon Copper. *Ar.* Af-

ter this, a ſwinging Glaſs was put about to the *Bon Voyage*; and when every Man in his Courſe had *done Reason* to't, the Vow was ſealed, and became inviolable. *Cor.* A new Religion! But did ye all come ſafe back again?

Ar. All but *Three*. One dy'd upon the way; but gave us in Charge to remember his humble Service to *Peter* and *James*: Another at *Rome*, who bad us commend him (when we returned) to his Wife and Children: The *third* we left deſperately ſick at *Florence*, and I believe he is in Heaven long e'er this. *Cor.* Was he a very good Man?

Ar. The beſt Droll in Nature.

Cor. Why ſhould ye think he is in Heaven then?

Ar. Be cauſe he had a whole Satchel full of large *Indulgencies*. *Cor.* I hear ye: But 'tis a huge way to Heaven, and a dangerous one, as I am told, there are ſuch a World of Thieves

in the middle Region of the Air. *Ar.* That's true; but he was so fortified with *Bulls*. *Cor.* In what Language? *Ar.* In *Latin*. *Cor.* Well! and does that secure him? *Ar.* Yes, unless he should fall upon some Spirit that does not understand *Latin*; and in that case he must back to *Rome*, and get a new Instrument. *Cor.* Do they sell any *Bulls* there to the *Dead*? *Ar.* Yes, yes, as thick as Hops. *Cor.* Have a care what ye say, for there are Spies abroad. *Ar.* I don't speak against *Indulgences*, tho' I cannot but laugh at the Freak of my fudling Companion: He was otherwise the vainest Trifler that ever was born, and yet chose rather to venture his Salvation upon a Skin of Parchment, than upon the Amendment of his Life. But when shall we have the Trial of Skill ye told us of? *Cor.* We'll set a time for a little *Drinking Bout*; give Notice of it to our *Comrades*, and then meet and tell Lies in our turns. Helter-skelter. *Ar.* So let it be then.

The Soldier's Confession.

COL. IV.

The Hardship and Iniquity of a Military Life: With the Mockery of a Formal Confession.

HANNO, THRASYMACHUS.

Han. **W**HY how now, Soldier? What's the matter? A *Mercury* turn'd into a *Vulcan*? *Th.* What do you talk to me of your *Mercuries* and *Vulcans*? *Han.* Why you went out upon the *Wing*, and are come back *Limping*. *Th.* I'm come back like a Soldier then. *Han.* A Soldier, say'it? In my Conscience, thou'dst out-run a Deer, if thou hadst but an Enemy at thy Heels. *Th.* The Hope of Booty makes many a Man valiant. *Han.* Then 'tis to be hop'd you have made your Fortune; What Spoils have ye brought off? *Th.* Empty Pockets. *Han.* That's light Carriage however. *Th.* But then I have a huge Burthen of Sins. *Han.* Sin is a terrible Weight indeed. The Prophet calls it *Lead*. *Th.* In my whole Life I never saw so much Villany; and I had my part in't too. *Han.* How do ye like a Military Life then? *Th.* It is undoubtedly of all Courses the most wicked and the most miserable. *Han.* And yet some People, ye see, whether for Money or Curiosity, make as much

haste to a Battle, as to a *Banquet*: What do they ail, I wonder? *Tb.* I look upon 'em to be absolutely possess'd; for if the Devil were not in them, they would never anticipate their Fate. *Han.* So one would think; for put them upon honest Business, they'll scarce stir a foot in't for any Money. But how went the Battle? who got the better on't? *Tb.* What with the Noise and Clamor of Drums and Trumpets, Horses and Arms, I was so far from knowing what became of others, that I could hardly tell where I was my self. *Han.* But I have seen those, that after a fought Field would paint ye every Circumstance so to the Life, as if they had only look'd on. Such an Officer Said this, and t'other Did that; and every Word and Action to a Tittle. *Tb.* I am of Opinion, that these Men ly'd most confoundedly. In short, if you would know what was done in my *Tent*, I can tell ye; but for the History of the *Battle*, I can say nothing to't? *Han.* What not so much as how ye came lame? *Tb.* Scarce that upon my Honour: But I suppose it might be some Stone, the Heel of a Horse, or so. *Han.* Well, but shall I tell you now how it came? *Tb.* Why, who should tell you? *Han.* No body, but I fancy it. *Tb.* Guess then. *Han.* You were e'en running away, and got a Strain with a Stumble. *Tb.* Let me die if you have not hit the Nail on the Head. *Han.* Go get ye home, and tell your Wife of your Exploits. *Tb.* I shall be rattled to some Tune, when she sees what a trim I am come back in. *Han.* I do not doubt but you have robb'd and stol'n sufficiently; What *Restitution* now? *Tb.* 'Tis made already. *Han.* To whom? *Tb.* To *Wenches, Sutlers, Gamesters.*

Gamesters. *Han.* Done like a Man of War; it is but reasonable that what's *Ill got* should be *Worse Spent*. But have you kept your Fingers all this while from *Sacrilege*? *Tb.* We have made bold indeed with Churches, as well as private Houses; but in Hostility ye know, there's nothing Sacred. *Han.* But what Satisfaction? *Tb.* In a State of War there needs none; for all things are then lawful. *Han.* By the Law of Arms, ye mean. *Tb.* Right. *Han.* But that Law is the highest Degree of Iniquity; nor was it Piety, but the Hope of a Booty made you a Soldier. *Tb.* 'Tis true; I took up Arms upon the common Principle of other *Swordsmen*. *Han.* 'Tis some Excuse yet to be mad with the major part. *Tb.* I have heard a Parson in the Pulpit say, that *War* was *Lawful*. *Han.* Pulpits are commonly the Oracles of Truth: But War may be *Lawful* in a *Prince*, and yet not so with *You*. *Tb.* The *Rabbies* hold that every Man may live by his Calling. *Han.* Burning of Houses, spoiling of Temples, ravishing of Nuns, robbing the Miserable, and killing the Innocent. An admirable Calling! *Tb.* Why may not we as well be hir'd to kill Men, as Butchers are to kill Beasts? *Han.* But did you never think what would become of your Soul, if ye should be knockt on the Head? *Tb.* Truly not much; but I had a lively Faith; for I commended my self once for all to St. *Barbara*. *Han.* And did she take ye into her Protection? *Tb.* I fancy'd so; for methought she gave me a little Nod. *Han.* At what time was't? In the Morning? *Tb.* No, no, 'twas after Supper. *Han.* And by that time, I suppose, the *Trees* walk'd, as well as the *Saint*

nodded. *Tb.* This Man's a Witch. But *Christopher* was the Saint I most depended upon; for I had his Picture always in my Eye. *Han.* What in your Tent? How should a Saint come there? *Tb.* We had it drawn with a Coal upon the Canvas. *Han.* So that you pray'd to *Christopher the Collier*; a sure Card to trust to, no doubt! But without fooling, you can never expect to be forgiven all this, unless you go to *Rome.* *Tb.* Yes, yes, I know a shorter way. *Han.* How's that? *Tb.* I'll away to the *Dominicans*, and I can do my Business there with the *Comissaries* for a Trifle. *Han.* What for *Sacrilege.* *Tb.* Why, if I had robb'd *Christ* himself, and cut off his Head over and above, they have Pardons would reach it, and Commissions large enough to compound for't. *Han.* That's well: But what if God himself should not pass the Composition? *Tb.* Oh! he's merciful. I am more afraid of the Devil's not letting go his hold. *Han.* What Confessor do you intend to make use of? *Tb.* Some Priest that has neither Shame in him, nor Conscience. *Han.* Like to like; And when that's over, you'll go strait away like a good Christian to the Communion. *Tb.* Why not? For when I have once discharged my Iniquities into his Cowl, and cast off my Burthen, let him that absolves me look to the rest. *Han.* But hark ye: How can you be sure that he *does* absolve ye, when you *think* he does? *Tb.* Oh very well. *Han.* But ye do not tell me how yet. *Tb.* He lays his Hand upon my Head, and then mumbles something to himself; I don't know what it is. *Han.* What if he should give you all your Sins again, when he lays his Hand up-

on your Head, and that these following should be the Words he mumbles to himself, *I absolve thee from all the Good that is in thee, which I find to be little or none at all: I restore thee to thy self, and I leave thee just as I found thee.*

Tb. Let him take a Care what he says; 'tis enough for me that I believe I am absolv'd.

Han. But that Belief may be dangerous: And what now if he should not absolve ye at all?

Tb. 'Tis an unlucky thing to meet a troublesome Man, that will be waking a Bodies Conscience when 'tis fast asleep. *Han.* But a blessed Encounter to meet a Friend that gives good Advice, when a Body needs it. *Tb.* How good I know not, but I'm sure 'tis not very Pleasant.

The INNS.

COL. V.

The Civility of the People at Lions to Strangers and Travellers; and the Sweetness of the Place. The Churlishness of a German Host; with a lively Description of their Entertainment in their Stoves.

BERTULPHUS, GULIELMUS.

Be. **W**Hat's the reason, I wonder, that People will never be gotten out of *Lions* under two or three Days Stay there! For when

when I am once upon the way my self, I can never be quiet till I come to my Journey's End. *Gu.* Now do I rather wonder that People can be gotten from thence at all. *Be.* Why so? *Gu.* Because 'tis the very Place where the *Sirens* charm'd *Ulysses* and his *Mates*; or 'tis at least the *Moral* of *that Fable*. When a Man is there at his Inn, he's as well as if he were at his own House. *Be.* Why what's the way on't then? *Gu.* The Women are very handsome there; and the Table never without one of 'em to season the Entertainment; and with ingenious and innocent Raillery to keep the Guests in good Humour. First came the Mistress of the House, and bad us welcome; and then her Daughter, a very fine Woman, and of so pretty a kind of Wit and Fashion, that it was impossible to be sad while she was in the Company: And you are not received there like Strangers neither, but as if you were familiar Friends and old Acquaintance the first Minute you see one another. *Be.* Oh I know the *French* way of Civility very well. *Gu.* Now because they could not be always with us, (what with Business, and what out of respect to their other Lodgers) when the Daughter left us, we had to supply her Place till she could return, a Lass that was so well instructed in the Knack of *Repartees*, she had a Word for every body, and no Conceit came amiss to her; (the Mother you must know was somewhat in Years.) *Be.* Well, but how were you treated all this while; for Stories fill no Bellies? *Gu.* Truly so splendidly and so cheap, that I was amaz'd at it. And then after Dinner we chatted away the time so merrily, that I was still at home me-
thought.

thought. *Be.* And how went Matters in your Chambers? *Gu.* Why there we had the Girls about us again, gigling and toying, with a thousand Ape-tricks; and their main Business was to know what Linen we had to wash: In one Word, they were all Females that we saw there, save only in the Stable; and we had 'em there too sometimes. Upon our coming away, they could not have shew'd more Affection and Tenderneſs at parting if we had been their own Brothers. *Be.* This Mode may do well enough in *France*; but the manly way of the *Germans* methinks pleaſes me better. *Gu.* I never was in *Germany*, wherefore pray let's know how 'tis there. *Be.* I can tell you for as much on't as I ſaw; but how 'tis in other parts of *Germany*, I can ſay little. Mine Hoſt never ſalutes his Gueſt, for fear he ſhould be thought to have ſome Deſign upon him, which is look'd upon as below the Dignity and Gravity of a *German*. When ye have call'd a good while at the Gate, the Maſter of the Inn puts his Head out of the Stove-window, like a Tortoiſe from under his Shell, (for till the Summer Solſtice they live commonly in Stoves;) then does he expect that you ſhould ask him if there be any Lodging there? If he makes you no Answer, you may take it for granted there is; and if you enquire for the Stable, without a Word's ſpeaking, he points you to't, and there you may go and curry your own Horſe as you pleaſe your ſelf; for there are no Servants there to do that Office, unleſs it be in an Inn of extraordinary Note, and then you have one to ſhew you the Stable, and a ſtanding for your Horſe, but incommodious enough; for they
keep

keep the best Places for Noblemen, as they pretend, that are yet to come. If you fault any thing, they tell you at next Word, *You'd best look out another Inn.* In their great Towns there's hardly any Hay to be got, and 'tis almost as dear too as Oats. When you have drest your Horse, you come *whole* into the Stove, Boots, Luggage, Dirt and all; for that's a common Room for all Comers. *Gu.* Now in *France* you have your Chamber presently appointed you, where you may change your Linnen, clean, warm, or rest your self as you please. *Be.* There's nothing of that here; for in this Stove you put off your Boots, don your Shoes, change your Shirt if you will, hang up your Cloaths, or set your self a drying. If you have a mind to wash, the Water's ready; but then you must have more Water to fetch off the Dirt of that. *Gu.* I am clearly for these *manly* People (as you call 'em.) *Be.* If you come in at *Four Afternoon*, you must not expect to sup before *Nine* or *Ten.* *Gu.* What's the Reason of that? *Be.* They never make any thing ready till they see their whole Company, that they may have but one Work on't. *Gu.* For Brevity Sake. *Be.* Right: So that you shall have betwixt fourscore and an hundred Persons sometimes in the same Stove; Horse and Foot, Merchants, Mariners, Waggoners, Husbandmen, Women and Children, Sick and Sound. *Gu.* Why here is the true *Convent*, (or *Cænobium*) then? *Be.* One's combing of his Head, another wiping off his Sweat, a third cleansing of his Boots or Hob-nail Shoes; others belching of Garlick: Without more ado, the Confusion of *Babel*, for Men and Languages, was nothing to this. If

they see any Stranger, that by his Train and Habit looks like a Man of Quality, they stand gaping at him as if he were an *African Monster*; nay, when they are set at the Table, and he behind them, they'll be still looking back at him, and staring him in the Face till they forget their Suppers. *Gu.* There's none of this gazing at *Rome, Paris, or Venice, &c.* *Be.* Take notice now, that 'tis a mortal Sin to call for any thing. When 'tis so late that there's no hope of any more Guests, out comes ye an old grey-bearded Servant, close cropt, with a sour crabb'd Look, and in a sordid Habit. *Gu.* He would make a good Cup bearer to a Cardinal. *Be.* He overlooks the Place, and counts to himself the Number of the Guests; and the more Company, the more Fire he puts in the Stove, though they were half smother'd before: For 'tis a token of respect to stew the People into a Sweat. If any Man that's ready to choak with the Fume, does but open the Window never so little, mine Host bids him shut it again. If he says he's not able to bear it, *get ye another Inn then*, cries the Master. *Gu.* 'Tis a dangerous thing, methinks, when Mens Bodies are open'd with the Heat, to draw in the Vapour of so many Folks together, to eat in the same Place, and stay there so many Hours: To say nothing of their Belching, Farting, and corrupt Breaths, some of 'em tainted with secret Diseases, and every Man contributing to the Contagion: Nay, they have most of 'em the *French Itch* too; (and yet why the *French*, when 'tis common to all Nations?) so that a Man might be as safe among so many *Lepers*. Tell me now, what is this short of a Pestilence? *Be.* They

They are strong stout Men, and laugh at these Niceties. *Gu.* But in the mean time they are bold at other Mens Perils. *Be.* Why what's to be done? 'Tis a thing they are us'd to, and 'tis a Point of Resolution not to depart from a Custom. *Gu.* And yet till within these five and twenty Years nothing was more common in *Brabant* than hot Baths; but we have no more of 'em now, since they are found to be ill for the Scabbado. *Be.* Now let me go on: By and by comes your bearded *Ganymede* in again, and lays ye his just Number of Napkins upon the Table; no Damask (with a Pox to 'em) but the Remnants rather of an old Sail. There are eight Guests at least allotted to every Table; and every Man that knows the Fashion of the Country places himself where he likes: Rich and Poor, Master and Servant, 'tis all one. *Gu.* This was the primitive Equality which is now driven out of the World by Tyranny; the very Life (as I suppose) of the holy Disciples with their Master. *Be.* When they are all seated, out comes the Dog-looking grey-Beard again, counts his Company once more over, and by and by brings every Man his Wooden Dish, with a Spoon of the same Metal, and then a Glas; a while after comes the Bread, which the Guests may chip at Leisure while the Porridge are a boiling; for there they sit waiting perhaps some half an Hour. *Gu.* Do none of 'em call for Meat in the mean time? *Be.* Not if they know the Country. At last, in comes the Wine, and Wine that for the Sharpness and Subtilty of it is fitter for a Schoolman than for a Traveller; none of your heady fuming Drink, I warrant ye. But if a Body

Should privately offer a Piece of Money to get a Can of better Wine somewhere else, they'll give ye a Look, without speaking a Word, as if they would murder ye. If you press it farther, they'll tell you presently, here have been such and such *Counts* and *Marquisses*, that found no Fault with this Wine: If you don't like it, ye'd best mend your self elsewhere. You must observe now, that they only reckon upon their own Noblemen in effect to be *Men*; and wherever ye come, they are shewing you their *Arms*. By this time comes in a Morfel to pacify a barking Stomach; and after that, in great Pomp, follow the Dishes. The first with Sippets of Bread in Flesh Porridge; or, if it be a Fish-day, in a Soupe of Pulse. After that, comes in another Soupe; and then a Service of Butchers Meat, that has been twice boil'd, or of Salt Meats twice heat; and then Pulse again, or perhaps some more substantial Dish. When ye have taken off the Edge of your Appetite, they bring ye either Roast Meat, or Stew'd Fish, (which is not amiss) but they are sparing on't, and 'tis quickly taken away again. This is the Method of their Eating, which they order as Comedians do their Scenes, into so many Courses of Chops and Soupes; still taking Care that the last Act may be best. *Gu.* The Poets Method too. *Be.* Now 'tis Death for any Man to say, *Take away this Dish, there's no body eats*; for you are bound to sit out your time, which (as I take it) they measure by an Hour-glass. And at length out comes your old Servant again, or mine Host himself, (who is no better clad) and asks ye, *What Cheer, Gentlemen?* By and by comes a Can of more generous Wine.

They

They are Men of Conscience, ye must know; and love those most that drink most; for (say they) you are all upon the Club, and he that drinks most pays no more than he that drinks least. *Gu.* Why these People are Wits. *Be.* There are many of 'em that spend twice as much for their Wine, as they pay for their *Ordinary*. But before I leave this Entertainment, what a horrible Noise and Confusion of Tongues is there, when they come once to be warm in their Drink! Without more Words it deafens a Man; and then you shall many times have a Mixture of Mimicks and Buffoons in among them; a most detestable sort of Men, and yet you would not think how these People delight in 'em. There's such a Singing, Bawling, Gaggling, Leaping, and Thundring up and down, that there's no hearing one another, and you'd think the Stove would fall upon your Heads, and yet this is it they take to be a pleasant Life; and there you are condemn'd to sit in spite of your Heart till toward Midnight. *Gu.* Come make an End of your Meal, for 'Im e'en sick on't too. *Be.* Presently. At length when the Cheese is taken away, (which must be rotten and full of Maggots, or they'll have none on't) in comes your *Ganymede* once again, with a wooden Trencher, and so many Circles and Semicircles drawn in Chalk upon't. This he lays upon the Table with a grim Countenance, and without Speaking; by his Look and by his Dish you would take him for a *Charon*. They that understand the Meaning of all this, lay down their Money one after another, till the Trencher's cover'd: The Servant takes notice who lays down, and then reckons it to himself; if
all

all be paid, he gives you a Nod. *Gu.* But what if there should be too much? *Be.* Perhaps he'll give ye it again; for I have seen it done. *Gu.* Does no body find fault with the Reckoning? *Be.* Not if he be wise, for he shall quickly hear on't then: *What are you for a Man?* (says he) *you are to pay no more than other People?* *Gu.* 'Tis a frank Nation this! *Be.* If you are weary with your Journey, and would go to Bed, they'll bid you *stay till the rest go too.* *Gu.* *Plato's Common-wealth!* *Be.* And then every Man has his Nest shew'd him, and in truth it is very properly call'd a Bed-Chamber; for there's nothing in't but a Bed, that a Man can either carry away or steal. *Gu.* Every thing is clean however? *Be.* Just as it was at the Table: Your Sheets are wash'd perhaps once in six Months. *Gu.* But what becomes of your Horses? *Be.* They are treated much at the same Rate with the Men. *Gu.* And is it alike all over *Germany?* *Be.* No; 'tis better in some Places, and worse in others: but in general 'tis thus. *Gu.* What if I should tell you now how Travellers are treated in *Lombardy, Spain, England, Wales?* For the *English* partake of the Manners both of the *French* and *Germans*, as a Mixture of both Nations; but the *Welsh* boast themselves to be *Originals*, and of the *Ancient Britains.* *Be.* Pray'e tell me how 'tis; for I was never there. *Gu.* 'Tis too late now, for my Baggage is aboard; and if I fail of being at my Boat by three a Clock, I shall lose my Passage; but some other time ye shall have the rest at large.

The Religious Treat.

C O L. VI.

Table-Discourse for Christians. All the Works of Nature yield Matter for Contemplation. A Description of a pleasant Garden, with all the Beauties of it. The Reading of Scripture recommended even at Meals. Several Texts expounded. The Force of the Light of Nature, in Pagan Philosophers and Poets: With Reflections upon the Excellencies of Socrates and Cicero. Charity is better bestowed upon Necessities than Superfluities; with Directions how to apply it.

EUSEBIUS, TIMOTHEUS, THEOPHILUS, CHRYSOGLOTTUS, URANIUS.

Eu I Wonder how any body can endure to live in a smoaky Town, when every thing's so fresh and pleasant in the Country; such delicious Flowers, Meadows, Rivers, Fountains, &c. *Ti.* Several Men several Humours; and besides, a Man may like the Country well, and yet like something else better. For 'tis with Pleasure as 'tis with Nails, one drives out another. *Eu.* You speak of Usurers perhaps, or of covetous Traders, which in truth are all one.

Ti.

Ti. Not of them alone, I assure ye, but of a thousand other sorts of People; to the very Priests and Monks, that make Choice still of the most populous Cities for their Habitations. It is not *Plato* or *Pythagoras* that they follow in this Practice, but the *Blind Beggar* rather, who loves to be where he's crouded: For, says he, *the more People the more Profit.* *Eu.* Prithee let's leave the *Blind Beggar* then, and behave our selves like *Philosophers.* *Ti.* Was not *Socrates* a *Philosopher*? And yet he was for a *Town-Life*, where a Man might learn what he had a mind to know. In the *Country*, 'tis true, ye have Woods, Gardens, Springs, and Brooks, that may entertain the Eye; but these are all mute, and there's no Edification without Discourse. *Eu.* *Socrates* puts the Case, I know, of a Man's walking alone in the Fields; not as if any of the Works of the Creation wanted a Tongue, for every part of it speaks to the Instruction of any Man, that has but a good Will, and a Capacity to learn. Do but consider the native Glories of the Spring, how they set forth and proclaim the equal Wisdom and Goodness of the Creator! How many excellent things did *Socrates*, in his Retirement, both teach *Phædrus*, and learn from him? *Ti.* A *Country Life*, I must confess, in such Company were a Paradise. *Eu.* If you have a Mind to make Trial of it, take a Dinner with me to Morrow a Step here out o'th' Town. I have a plain little House there; but I'll promise you a cleanly and a hearty Welcome. *Ti.* We are enough to eat ye up. *Eu.* Never fear that, so long as the Melons, the Figs, Pears, Apples, and Nuts last: And 'tis but gaping neither, to have the Fruit fall into your

Mouths. In one Word, you are to expect only a *Garden-Treat*, unless perhaps we should search the Hen-roost for a Pullet; the very Wine grows on the Place too, so that there's not one Penny of Money in the Case. *Ti.* Upon these Terms we'll be your Guests. *Eu.* Let every Man bring his Friend too, and then we are the just Number of the Muses. *Ti.* A Match. *Eu.* And take notice that though I find Meat, you are to bring Sauce. *Ti.* What do you mean! Pepper and Sugar? *Eu.* No, no; a thing that's both more savoury and cheaper. *Ti.* What may that be? *Eu.* A good Stomach. - A light Supper to Night, and a Walk to Morrow Morning does it; (for the Walk you may thank me.) But what Hour will you eat at? *Ti.* About Ten; before the Heat of the Day. *Eu.* I'll give order for't.

Servant, Sir, the Gentlemen are come. *Eu.* You're welcome, my Masters, for coming according to your Words; but you're twice as welcome for coming so early, and bringing the best Company in the World along with ye. It is a kind of unmannerly Civility, methinks, in some People to make their Host wait. *Ti.* We came so much the sooner, that we might have time enough to look over all your Curiosities; for they say you live like a Prince here, and that the very Contrivances about your House tell who's the Master of it. *Eu.* And you will find it a Palace (I can assure ye) worthy of such a Prince: This Nest is to me more than Imperial Court; and if Liberty be a Kingdom, here do I reign. But what if we should take the Cool of the Morning now to see the Gardens, while the Wench in the Kitchen.

chin provides us a Sallad? *Ti.* Never was any thing in better Order. The very Design of this Garden bids a Man welcome to't. Have you any more than this? *Eu.* Here are Flowers and Greens that will serve to put by a worse Scent. Let every Man take freely what he likes; for this Place lies (in a manner) in common; I never shut it up but a Nights. *Ti.* St. Peter keeps the Gate, I perceive. *Eu.* A Porter that pleases me much better than the *Mercuries*, *Centaur*s, and fictitious Monsters that I see in other Places. *Ti.* And more suitable to Christianity too. *Eu.* And he's no Mute neither, for he accosts you in three *Languages*. *Ti.* What does he say? *Eu.* You may read it your self. *Ti.* 'Tis too far off for my Eyes. *Eu.* Here's a Glass then will make you see through an Inch board. *Ti.* I have the *Latin*: *Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata*, Mat. 19. 17. *If thou wilt enter into Life, keep the Commandments.* *Eu.* Now read the *Greek*. *Ti.* I see the *Greek*, but that does not see me. Let *Theophilus* speak to that Point; for he's never without *Greek* in's Mouth. *Th.* Μετανοήσατε ἢ ἐπιστρέψατε, *Repent and be converted*, Acts 3. 19. *Ch.* Now leave the *Hebrew* to me, ועזריק באמונתו יחיה, *in Truth and Righteousness.* *Eu.* You'll take him perchance for an unmannerly Porter, that at first Dash bids ye *Turn from your Iniquities, and apply your self to Godliness*: And then he tells ye, that *Salvation comes not from the Works of the Law, but from Faith in the Gospel; and the Observance of the Evangelical Precepts.* *Ti.* And see the Chapel there on the Right Hand that he directs us to; it is a very fine one: There's *Jesus Christ* upon an Altar, pointing up to Hea-

ven, with his Right Hand towards *God the Father*, and the *Holy Ghost*; and with his Left he seems to court and invite all Comers. *Eu.* And he greets you in three Languages too, *Ego sum Via, Veritas, & Vita. I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* *Εγώ ειμι τὸ Ἄλφα καὶ τὸ Ω, I am the Alpha and Omega.* *לכו בנים שמעו לי יראת יהוה אלמורכם, Come ye Children unto me, I will teach ye the Fear of the Lord.* *Ti.* This Greeting looks like a good Omen. *Eu.* And it is but just and devout to pay back an Acknowledgment with Supplications to our Blessed Saviour, that he will vouchsafe (since we can do nothing of our selves) by his infinite Goodness, to keep us in the right Way, and bring us by the Truth of the Gospel to everlasting Life, drawing us by himself to himself; all superstitious Vanities and Delusions apart. *Ti.* It is most reasonable that we should pray, and the very Place invites us to't. *Eu.* Strangers are generally pleased with this Garden; and hardly a Man that passes by this Place without an Ejaculation. Instead of the Infamous *Priapus*, I have committed not only my Gardens, but all my Possessions, both of Body and Mind, to the Protection of my *Saviour*. This bubling Fountain of *Living Waters* represents that only Fountain of *Life* that refreshes all that are weary and oppress'd with its Divine Streams; the *Fountain*, which the languishing Soul longs for, as the *Hart*, in the *Psalmist*, does for the *Brooks*: The *Fountain*, which whoever thirsts for may have his Fill *gratis*. Some that come here make it a matter of Religion to sprinkle themselves with it, and others to drink of it. You are loth, I perceive, to leave this Place: But let's
go

go on, and I'll shew you a square wall'd Garden here beyond, that's better worth your seeing. After Dinner we'll view what's within Doors, for till towards Evening 'twill be so hot, there's no looking out of our Shells. *Ti.* Bless me, what a delicious Prospect is here! *Eu.* And so it ought to be, for this Garden was design'd for Pleasure; but for honest Pleasure, the Entertainment of the Sight, the Smell, and the Refreshment of the very Mind. You have nothing here but sweet Herbs, and those only choice ones too; and every Kind has its Bed by it self. *Ti.* I am now convinc'd that the Plants are not mute, as you were saying e'en now. *Eu.* You're in the right: My House was never made for Magnificence, but for Discourse: So that I can never be alone in't, as you your self shall confess when you have seen it through. As I have rang'd my several Plants into several Troops, so every Troop has its *Standard* to it self with a peculiar *Motto*. The *Marjoram's* Word is, *Abstine Sus, non tibi spiro*: My *Perfume* was never made for the Snout of a Sow; being a Fragrancy to which the Sow has a natural Aversion. And so every other Herb has something in the Title to denote the particular Virtue of the Plant. *Ti.* I have seen nothing yet that pleases me better than this Fountain. It is the Ornament, the Relief, and Security of the whole Garden. But for this *Cistern* here, that with so much Satisfaction to the Eye, waters the whole Ground in Channels, at such equal Distances, that it shows all the Flowers over again, as in a Looking-Glass; this *Cistern*, I say, is it of *Marble*? *Eu.* Not a Word of that, I prithee. How should *Marble* come hi-

ther? 'tis only a *Paste* that's cover'd over with an artificial Counterfeit. *Ti.* And where does this delicious Rivulet discharge it self at last?

Eu. Just at the Rate of Human Obligations, when we have serv'd our own Turns: So is it with this delicate Brook; when we have had the Pleasure and the Benefit of it in the Garden, it washes the Kitchen, and then passes through the Sink into the Common-Shore. *Ti.*

A most inhuman Cruelty, as I am a Christian!

Eu. And I should think it so too, if the Bounty of Providence had not appointed it in common for all these Uses. If you call this a Cruelty, what shall we say of those that with their Lusts and Appetites pollute the Fountain of Divine Truth, which was given us for the composing and purging of our Minds; and abuse the unspeakable Goodness of the Almighty? *Ti.* You speak Reason. But how comes it that all your *Made-Hedges* are Green too?

Eu. Because I would have every thing Green here. Some are for a Mixture of Red to set off the other. But I am still for Green; as every Man has his Fancy, though it be but in a Garden. *Ti.* The Garden is very fine of it self, but these three Walks, methinks, take off very much from the Lightsomness and Pleasure of it. *Eu.* There do I either Study, or Walk, or

Talk with a Friend, or Eat a Dish of Meat, according as the Humour takes me. *Ti.* Those speckled parti-colour'd Pillars there, are not they *Marble*? *Eu.* Out of the same Quarry with the *Cistern*. *Ti.* 'tis a pretty Cheat; I should have sworn they had been *Marble*. *Eu.*

Take it for a Warning then that you swear nothing rashly, for you see how a Man may be mistaken

mistaken. What I want in my Purse, I am fain to supply with Invention. *Ti.* And could you not content your self with so neat and well-finish'd a Garden in *Substance*, without more Gardens in *Picture* over and above? *Eu.* First, one Piece of Ground will not hold all sorts of Plants. Secondly, 'Tis a double Pleasure to compare painted Flowers with the Life. In the one we contemplate the admirable Work of Nature, in the other the Skill of the Artist; and in both the Goodness of God, who gives us all things for our Use, and shews himself to be wonderful and amiable together. And lastly, the Painting holds fresh and green all the Winter, when the Flowers are dead and wither'd. *Ti.* But what Sweetness is there in a Picture? *Eu.* Consider on the other Side, that it requires no dressing. *Ti.* It only delights the Eye. *Eu.* But then 'tis beautiful in all Seasons. *Ti.* Pictures themselves grow old. *Eu.* They do so, but yet they'll out-live us; beside, that whereas we are the worse for Age, they are the better for't. *Ti.* That's too true, if it could be otherwise. *Eu.* These Walks serve me to many Purposes. In one of them I take the Benefit of the *Morning Sun*; in another, I take Sanctuary against the Heats of the *Meridian*, and refresh my self in the Cool of the Shade; and in the third I sit airing my self sometimes. But if you please, we'll take a View of 'em nearer Hand. See how green 'tis under Foot; and ye have the Beauty of painted Flowers in the very checquering of the Pavement. Here's a Wood now in *Fresco*; there's a strange Variety of Matter in't; so many Trees, and but one of a sort; and all exprest to the Life: And so

so for the Birds too, especially if any way remarkable. As for Geese, Hens and Ducks, they are not worth the Drawing. Underneath are four-footed Creatures, or such Birds as live upon the Ground, and keep them Company. *Ti.* The Variety indeed is wonderful, and every thing in *Action*; either doing, or imitating something. There's an *Owl* sits peeping through the Leaves, with a Label in her Mouth. What says she? *Eu.* She's an *Athenian* her self, and so speaks *Greek*: Σωφρόνῃ, says she, ἔ πάσῃ ἰσχυρί, *Be wise, I do not fly to all.* She bids us do nothing rashly. There's an *Eagle* quarrying upon a *Hare*, and a *Bittle* interceding, but to no purpose; the *Wren*, that mortally hates the *Eagle*, seconding the *Bittle*. *Ti.* That *Swallow*, What has she got in her Mouth? *Eu.* A Leaf of *Celandine*; (Don't you know the Plant?) she cures the Eyes of her young ones with it. *Ti.* What an odd kind of *Lizard* is there? *Eu.* You're mistaken, 'tis a *Chamæleon*. *Ti.* Not the *Chamæleon* there's so much Talk of? I took that for a Beast twice as big as a *Lyon*; the Name on't is twice as long too. *Eu.* This *Chamæleon* is always hungry and gaping, especially near a *wild Fig-Tree*, for that's his Aversion. He's otherwise harmless, and yet the little Creature has Poison in him. *Ti.* I do not find that he changes his Colour. *Eu.* But if you saw him change his Place, you would see him change his Colour too. *Ti.* What's the Meaning of that *Piper*? *Eu.* Don't you see a *Camel* dancing there hard by? *Ti.* A very pleasant Fancy truly; the *Ape* whistles, and the *Camel* dances. *Eu.* It would ask at least three Days to run through the Particulars one by one: So that we had better

better take some other time for that, and content our selves with what we have had for the present. You have here all sorts of famous Plants, describ'd according to Nature; and (to encrease the wonder) the strongest Poisons in the World, which ye may both look upon and handle without any Danger. *Ti.* Here's a *Scorpion*; they are common in *Italy*, and very mischievous, but rarely seen here. Has the Painter given it the true Colour? *Eu.* Why do ye ask? *Ti.* This is too pale, methinks; for those in *Italy* are blacker. *Eu.* Do you know the Plant it's fall'n upon? *Ti.* Not very well. *Eu.* That's no wonder, for we have none of it in these Parts: They call it *Woolf's Bane*; so deadly a Poison, that upon the very Touch of it, a *Scorpion* presently turns pale, is stupified and overcome. But then when he is wounded with one Poison, he finds his Remedy in another; and if he can but get to the *White Hellebore*, he recovers. Those Plants there are the two sorts of *Hellebore*. *Ti.* This *Scorpion* is undone then, for he is never like to remove from the Place where he is. But do your *Scorpions* speak here? *Eu.* Yes, and they speak *Greek* too. *Ti.* What does he say? *Eu.* *Ευγε Θεός τ' αλιτρεόν*, *God hath found out the Guilty.* Now here in the Grass you have all kinds of Serpents. Here's the *Basilisk*, that's not only terrible for his Poison, but the very Flash of his Eye is mortal. *Ti.* And does not he say something too? *Eu.* Yes; and his Word is, *Oderint, dum Metuant: Let them hate me, so they fear me.* *Ti.* Spoken like an Emperor. *Eu.* Like a Tyrant, you mean. Now for a Combat betwixt a *Lizard* and a *Viper*; and there again lies

lies a *Snake* (the *Dipsas*) upon the Catch, under an *Estrich* Egg-shell. You come now to the whole Polity of the *Ants*, (that industrious Creature, which we are call'd upon to imitate, by Authors both Sacred and Prophane.) And here are your *Indian Ants*, that both carry Gold, and hoard it up. *Ti.* Good God, how is't possible for any Man to be weary of this Entertainment! *Eu.* And yet some other time you shall see I'll give you your Belly full on't. Now before ye, at a good distance, there's a third Wall, where you have *Lakes, Seas, Rivers,* and all sorts of choice *Fishes*. Here's the *Nile*, and a *Dolphin* grappling with a *Crocodile*; the natural Friend of Mankind with our greatest Enemy. Upon the Banks and Shores, ye see several *Amphibia*, as *Crabs, Seals, Beavers*: Here's a *Polypus* catch'd in an *Oyster*. *Ti.* And what is't that he says? *αἰσῶν αἰσῆμαι*, the *Taker taken*. *Ti.* This Water is rarely done. *Eu.* If it were not, we should have needed other Eyes. Look ye; there's another *Polypus*, see how he cuts it away above Water like a Wherry; and there lies a *Torpedo* upon the Sand (both of a Colour) you may touch 'em here without any sort of Danger; but let's to something else; for this feeds the Eye, but not the Belly. *Ti.* Is there any more to be seen then? *Eu.* We'll look into the Back-side by and by. Here's an indifferent fair Garden cut into two: The one's for the Kitchen, and that's my Wives; the other is a *Physick Garden*. Upon the left hand, you have an open green Meadow enclosed with a Quickset Hedge. There do I take the Air sometimes, and divert my self with good Company. Upon the Right-hand

hand there's a Nursery of foreign Plants, which I have brought by degrees to endure this Climate. But these things you shall see at better Leisure. *Ti.* The King himself has nothing like ye. *Eu.* At the End of the upper Walk, there's an *Aviary*, which I'll shew you after Dinner. And among the Birds you'll see as great a Diversity of Humours as of Plumes and Notes: For they have their Kindnesses and their Feuds as well as we. And then they are so tame and familiar, that when I'm at Supper they'll come flying in at the Window to me at the very Table, and eat for Company. When they see me there upon the Draw-bridge (talking perhaps with a Friend or so) they'll sit some of them observing and hearkening, others fluttering about me, and lighting upon my Head or my Shoulders, without any sort of Fear, for they find that no body hurts 'em. At the further end of the Orchard, I have my *Bees*, which is a Sight worth your Curiosity. But I'll keep that in reserve for ye till by and by.

Servant. My Mistress bids me tell you, Sir, that Dinner will be spoil'd. *Eu.* A little Patience, tell her, and we come. Let's wash first, my Masters, that we may bring clean Hands to the Table, as well as clean Hearts: The very Pagans us'd a kind of Reverence in this Case, how much more then should Christians do it, if it were but in Imitation of that sacred Solemnity of our Saviour with his Disciples at his last Supper. The washing of the Hands is but an Emblem of purging the Mind. And so long as there is any Uncleaness in the one, or any Envy or Rancour in the other, we ought

ought not to usurp upon the Blessings of the Table: The very Body is the founder, the Meat the wholsomer for a purified Mind. *Ti.* Most undoubtedly. *Eu.* It is evident from several Instances in the Scriptures, that it was the Practice of our Saviour to bless the Table, both before and after Meat. Wherefore, if you please, I'll say you a Grace that St. *Chrysofome*, in one of his Homilies, commends to the Skies, and he himself was the Interpreter of it. *Ti.* Pray'e do.

Blessed be thou, O God, who hast sustained us from our Youth, and providest Food for all Flesh: Fill our Hearts with Joy and Comfort, that partaking abundantly of thy Bounties, we may likewise abound in all good Works, through Jesus Christ our Lord; to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be Glory, Honour and Power, World without End. Ti. Amen.

Eu. Sit down now, and let every Man take his Friend next him. The first Place is yours, *Timothy*, in the Right of your grey Hairs. *Ti.* The only thing in the World that gives me a Title to't. *Eu.* We can judge but of what we see, and must leave the rest to God. *Sophronius*, keep you close to your Principal. There's the right side of the Table for *Theophilus* and *Eulalius*; and the left for *Chryfoglottus* and *Theodidactus*. *Uranius* and *Nephalius* must make a shift with what's left; and I'll stick here to my old Corner. *Ti.* This must not be; the Master of the House sure shall take the first Place. *Eu.* The House is as much yours as mine, Gentlemen; or however, if I may go-

vern within my own Jurisdiction, I'll sit where I please, and I have made my Choice. Now *Christ be with us and among us; without whom there can be no true Joy and Comfort. Ti. Amen.* But where shall He sit, for the Places are all taken up? *Eu.* I would have him in every Drop and Morfel that we eat or drink; but principally in our Minds. And the better to fit us for the Reception of so Divine a Guest, if you please, we'll have some Piece of Scripture read in the *Interim*; which will not at all hinder us in the Business of our Dinner. *Ti.* With all my Soul. *Eu.* This Entertainment pleases me so much the better, because it puts off vain and frivolous Discourse, and brings Profit beside. I am none of those that think no Society diverting, unless it be season'd with the Foppery of wanton Stories, and Bawdy Songs. There's no true Joy but in a clear and open Conscience; and those are the happy Conversations, where only such things are spoken and heard, as we can reflect upon afterward with Satisfaction, and without any Mixture either of Shame or Repentance. *Ti.* It were well if we were as careful in this Point, as we are sure of the Truth on't. *Eu.* And 'tis not all neither, that the Benefit is valuable and certain, but one Month's using of it would make it pleasant too. *Ti.* And therefore 'tis the best Course we can take to wont our selves to that which is good.

Eu. Read us something, Boy, and speak out, and distinctly. *Boy.* Prov. 21. *The King's Heart is in the Hand of the Lord, as the Rivers of Water: he turneth it whithersoever he will. Every way*

way of Man is right in his own Eyes, but the Lord pondereth the Hearts. To do Justice and Judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than Sacrifice, v. 1, 2, 3. *Eu.* Hold there, 'tis enough; for 'tis better to take down a little with an Appetite, than to devour more than a Man can digest. *Ti.* 'Tis better, I must confess, in many Cases. *Pliny* would have *Tully's Offices* never out of your Hand; and I am so far of his Mind, that I could wish the whole World, especially Statesmen, had him by Heart: And for this little Book of the *Proverbs*, I have always look'd upon as the best of Manuals. *Eu.* 'Tis a good Sauce however to a flat Dinner. *Ti.* That Compliment might have been spar'd, where every thing is excellent. But if you had given us this Lecture to a Dish of Beets only, without either Pepper, Wine, or Vinegar, it had been a most delicious Treat. *Eu.* I could commend it however with a better Grace, if I did but perfectly understand that which I have heard: And I would we had but some able Divine among us, that might fully expound it: But I do not know how far a Lay-man may be allowed to descant upon such a Subject. *Ti.* I see no hurt in't, even for the meanest Skipper to do it, bating the Rashness of passing Sentence in the Case. And who knows but that Christ himself (who has promised his Grace and Favour even to two or three that are gathered together in his Name) may vouchsafe his Assistance also unto us, who are somewhat a larger Congregation. *Eu.* What if we should take these three Verses then, and divide them among us nine Guests. *Ti.* We are all content, provided that our Patron lead
the

the way. *Eu.* I should not scruple it, but that I am loth to use ye worse in my Exposition, than I have done in my Dinner. But Ceremony apart, and waving all other Interpretations, I take this to be the Moral of the first Verse: That private Men may be wrought upon by Admonition, Reproof, Laws and Menaces; but Kings, that are above Fear, the more they are oppos'd, the fiercer their Displeasure. And therefore Princes in their Passions should be left to themselves; not in respect of any Confidence in the Goodness of their Inclinations, but they are many times the Instrument of Providence for the Punishment of the Wicked, tho' by their own Cruelties and Errors. Was not Nebuchadnezzar a Scourge to his People? And yet God commanded that Obedience should be paid him. And that of Job. ch. 34. of the Hypocrites reigning, peradventure looks this way. And so that of the Prophet David, lamenting his Sins, Psal. 51. 4. Against Thee only have I sinned, and done this Evil in thy Sight. Not as if the Iniquity of Princes were not also fatal to the People; but they are only accountable still to Almighty God, from whose Judgment there lies no Appeal. *Ti.* It goes well thus far. But what's meant by the Rivers of Waters? *Eu.* The very Comparison explains it. The Wrath of a Prince is impetuous and impotent, not to be led this way or that, or to be manag'd, but it presses forward with a restless Fury. There's no stopping or diverting of a Sea-breach; but the interposing of Banks and Walls only makes it the more outrageous. Let it but alone, and it will at last sink of it self; as it falls out in many great Rivers. There is, in one word, less Hazard in yielding, than in striving. *Ti.* Is there no Re-

medy then against the Extravagancies of unruly Governours? *Eu.* The first Expedient is, not to receive a Lyon into the City. The second, so to hamper him with Laws and Restrictions, as to keep him within Bounds; but the best of all would be to train him up from his Childhood in the Love and Exercise of Piety and Virtue; and to form his Will before he comes to understand his Power. Good Counsel and Persuasion go a great way, provided it be seasonable and gentle: But the last Resort must be to Almighty God, for the moving of his Heart towards things becoming his Dignity and Profession. *Ti.* And do you excuse your self because you are a Lay-man? Where's the Graduate in Divinity, that will take upon him to mend this Comment? *Eu.* Whether it be right or wrong, I cannot tell; but if it be not heretical or impious, I'm satisfy'd. But whatever it be, I have done as ye bad me; and now, according to the Rules of Conversation, do you take your turns too.

Ti. The Complement you pass'd upon my grey Hairs, gives me some kind of Title to speak my Sense next; which is, that the Text will bear yet a more mysterious Meaning. *Eu.* I believe it may, and I should be glad to hear it. *Ti.* By the Word King may be signified a Man so perfected, that he has wholly subdu'd his Lusts, and is only led by the Guidance of a Divine Impulse. Now it may not be proper perhaps to tie up such a Person to the Conditions of Humane Laws; but rather to remit him to his Master, by whose Spirit he is govern'd. Neither is he to be judg'd according to the Measures, by which frail and imperfect Men advance themselves toward

ward true Holiness; but if he steer another Course, we must say with St. Paul, Rom. 14. God hath received him, and to his own Master he standeth or falleth. And so 1 Cor. 2. 15. He that is Spiritual judgeth of all things, yet he himself is judg'd of no Man. To such therefore let none prescribe; for the Lord, who hath appointed Bounds to the Seas, and the Rivers, hath the Heart of the King in his Hand, and inclines it which way soever pleases him. Now to what End should we prescribe to him, that does better things of himself than Human Laws can oblige him to? And how great a Rashness were it, to restrain that Person to Political Constitutions, who is manifestly directed by the Inspiration of the Holy Ghost? *Eu.* You have not only the Pretences of Wisdom (*Timothy*) in your grey Hairs, but the Substance of it in your Reasoning. And I would to God that we had more such Kings as this of yours among Christians; for in truth they ought all of them to be such. But we have dwelt long enough upon our Herbs and Eggs, let them be taken away, and something else set in the Room. *Ti.* We have done so well already, there's no need of more. *Eu.* Now since by God's Help our Success has been so good upon the first Verse, I should be glad to hear your *Shadow* (for so the *Latin* calls your *Guest*) explain himself upon the next, which I take to be the darker of the two. *Soph.* If you'll pardon me at a venture, or if a *Shadow* may pretend to give *Light* to any thing, you shall have my Thoughts upon't. *Eu.* You will lay an Obligation upon the whole Company; and I dare assure ye, that such a *Shadow* casts as much *Light* as our Eyes will well bear.

Soph. St. Paul tells us, that there are several ways of Life that lead to Holiness: One's Genius lies to the Church, another is for a Marry'd State, a third for a Single Life, others for Privacy, and some again are pleas'd with publick Administrations in the Government; according to the various Dispositions of Bodies and Minds. To one Man all Meats are indifferent; another distinguishes betwixt this Meat and that, and betwixt one Day and another; and some again pass a Judgment upon every Day. In these things St. Paul would have every Man enjoy his own Freedom, without reproaching another. Neither should we censure any Man in these Cases; but leave him to be judg'd by him that weighs the Heart. It falls out many times that he that Eats may be more acceptable to God than he that forbears; he that breaks a Holy-day, than another that seems to observe it; he that weds, than another that lives single. I have done. *Eu.* You have hit the Nail o'th' Head: And so long as I may converse with such Shadows, I shall never desire other Company. But here comes one that has liv'd single, and an *Eunuch*; not upon the Score of Religion, but to gratify our Palates; it is a Capon from my own Barn Door. I am a great Lover of boil'd Meats. Take where you like. Methinks this Soup with Lettice favours very well. But we'll have something from the Spit, and after that some small Desert, and there's an End. *Ti.* But where's your Lady all this while? *Eu.* When you bring your own Wives, mine shall keep 'em Company; but she's more at Liberty among the Women, and so are we too by our selves. And if she were here, she must sit like a Mute.

Socrates,

Socrates, ye know, with some Philosophers at his Table, that lov'd their Discourse better than their Meat, had All thrown on the Floor by his Wife, for the Company's talking more (as she thought) than came to their share. I should be loth that my *Xantippe* should shew us such another Trick. *Ti.* What your Wife! She's certainly one of the best Women in the World, and you're in no Danger of such an Exploit.

Eu. Truly such as she is, I should be loth to change her if I might; and 'tis my great Happiness that she proves so. There are several *People* that are apt to say, such or such a Man is happy, for he never had a Wife; but I say rather (with the wise Man) *He that has a good Wife has a good Lot.* *Ti.* 'Tis commonly our own Fault if we have ill Wives; either for loving those that are bad, or for making 'em so, or else for want of instructing 'em better.

Eu. You say right. But all this while who shall expound the third Verse? Methinks the Divine *Theophilus* looks as if he had a Mind to do it. *Th.* Truly my Mind was upon my Belly: But I'll do my best however, if I may venture upon't without Offence. *Eu.* Nay it will be a Favour to us, if even by a Mistake you should give us Occasion of finding the Truth. *Th.* *It seems to me, that the Prophet Hosea, 6. 6. expounds that Verse very well: I desire Mercy and not Sacrifice, and the Knowledge of God more than Burnt-Offerings. This is fully explain'd, and to the Life, by our Saviour in St. Matthew, chap. 9. When being at the Table of a Publican, with several others of the same Stamp and Profession, the Pharisees that valu'd themselves upon their ex-*

ternal Observance of the Law, without any Regard to the Precepts of it, whereupon depend the Law and the Prophets; the Pharisees, I say, askt the Disciples (to alienate their Affections from him) what their Master meant, to eat with Publicans and Sinners? This is a Point, of which the Jews made a Conscience to so high a Degree, that if the stricter sort had but met any of 'em by chance, they would presently go home, and wash themselves. This Question put the Disciples to a Loss, till their Master made Answer, both for himself and them. They (*says he*) that are whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick: But go you and learn what that meaneth, I will have Mercy and not Sacrifice; for I came not to call the Righteous, but Sinners. *Eu.* This way of comparing Texts is the surest Rule of expounding the Scriptures. But I would fain know what is't he calls *Sacrifice*, and what *Mercy*? For how should we reconcile it, that God who has appointed and required so many *Sacrifices* should be against them? *Th.* How far God is against *Sacrifices*, he himself teaches us in the Prophet *Isaiah*, chap. i. There were certain legal Obligations among the Jews, that were rather Significations of Holiness, than of the Essence of it; and there were certain other Obligations of perpetual Force, being good in their own Natures, without any Respect to the Command: Now God was not displeas'd with the Jews for observing the Rites and Ceremonies of the Law; but for placing all their Holiness upon that outward Performance, to the Neglect of necessary and more important Duties: As if they had merited Heaven by keeping their Holy Days, offering up of *Sacrifices*, abstaining from Meats forbidden,

forbidden, and by their frequent Fastings; whereas all this while they lay wallowing in their Sins, as Avarice, Pride, Rapine, Hatred, Envy, and other Iniquities, embracing only the Shadow of Religion, without minding the Substance. But where he says, I will have Mercy and not Sacrifice, I take it to be an Hebraism; that is to say, Mercy rather than Sacrifice, after the Interpretation of Solomon in this Text. And again, the Scripture expresses all charitable Offices to our Neighbour under the Term of Mercy and Eleemosinary Tenderness, which derives its very Name from Pity. By Sacrifices, I suppose, is intended whatsoever respects corporal Ceremonies, under any Affinity with Judaism. As the Choice of Meats, appointed Garments, Fasts, Sacrifices, Resting upon Holy Days, and the saying over Prayers as a Boy says his Lesson. These things, as they are not to be neglected in their due Season, so if a Man relies too much upon these Observances, and sees his Brother in Distress, without relieving him, these bare Formalities are very displeasing to God. It has some Appearance of Holiness to have nothing to do with wicked Men; but this Caution ceases, wheresoever there is Place for the Exercise of our Charity. It is a Point of just Obedience to rest on Holy Days, but it were most impious to make such a Conscience of the Day, as not to make a greater of saving his Brother upon that Day, if he were in Danger. Wherfore to keep the Lord's Day is a kind of Sacrifice, but to be reconcil'd to my Brother is a Point of Mercy. And then for the Judgment of things, tho' the Weak are commonly oppress'd by the more powerful, who are to pass the Sentence; yet it seems to me reasonable enough, that the poor Man should

mind him of that in Hosea, And the Knowledge of God more than Burnt-Offerings. No Man can be said to keep the Law, but he that observes the Will in it of the Law-Maker. The Jews could take up an Ass upon their Sabbath that was fallen into a Pit, and yet they calumniated our Saviour for preserving a Man upon that Day. This was a preposterous Judgment, and not according to the Knowledge of God, for they never consider'd that these Provisions were made for Man, and not Man for them. But I should think myself impudent in saying thus much, if you had not commanded it, and I had rather learn of others. *Eu.* This Discourse is so far from impudent, that it looks rather like an Inspiration. But while we are feeding of our Souls, we must not forget our Companions. *Tb.* Who are those? *Eu.* Our Bodies; and I had rather call them *Companions*, than *Instruments*, *Habitations*, or *Sepulchres*. *Ti.* This is a sure way of Satisfaction, when the whole Man's relieved. *Eu.* We are long a coming to't methinks; wherefore if you please, we'll call for a roasted Bit, without staying any longer for a little. And now ye see your Ordinary. Here's a good Shoulder of Mutton, a Capon, and two Brace of Partridges. These Partridges came from the Market; and I'm beholden to my Farm for the rest. *Ti.* Here's a Dinner for a Prince. *Eu.* For a *Carmelite*, you would say; but such as it is, you're welcome to't, and that must supply your Entertainment. *Ti.* This is the talkingst Place that ever I set my Foot in; not only the Walls, but the very Cup speaks. *Eu.* And what does it say? *Ti.* No Man is hurt but by himself. *Eu.* The Cup pleads for the Wine; for if a
Man

Man get a Fever, or a Pain in the Head with over-drinking, we are subject to curse the Wine, when we should rather impute it to our selves for the Excess. *Soph.* Mine speaks Greek here; 'Εν οίνω ἀλήθεια, *In Wine there's Truth.* *Eu.* This gives to understand, that 'tis not safe for Priests or Courtiers to drink deep, for fear of throwing their Hearts out at their Mouths. *Soph.* The *Egyptians* would not allow their Priests to drink any Wine at all, and yet in those Days there was no *Auricular Confession.* 'Tis become lawful now for all People to drink Wine; how convenient I know not. What Book is that *Eulalius*, you take out of your Pocket? It must needs be a good one sure, there's so much Cost bestow'd upon it. *Eula.* It has a glorious Outside, I must confess, and yet 'tis infinitely more precious within. Here are the *Epistles* of *St. Paul*, which I still carry about me as my beloved Entertainment, and I take 'em out now upon something you said, that minds me of a Place which I have beat my Head about a long time, and I am not yet resolved in. It is in the 6th Chapter of the first *Epistle* to the *Corinthians*: *All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the Power of any.* First (if we may trust the *Stoicks*) nothing can be profitable to us which is not honest. Therefore how comes *St. Paul* to distinguish betwixt *lawful* and *expedient*? It is not *lawful* sure to whore, or to drink drunk. How is it said then that *all things are lawful*? But if *St. Paul* speaks of some particular things only, which he would have to be *lawful*, how shall I divine from the Tenor of the Place, which those

those particular things are? From that which follows it may be gathered, that he there speaks of the Choice of Meats: For some abstain from things offered to *Idols*, others from Meats that were forbidden by *Moses's Law*. In the *Eighth Chapter* he treats of the former, and then in the *Tenth* unfolds the Intention of this Place, saying, *All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient: All things are lawful for me, but all things edify not. Let no Man seek his own, but every Man another's Wealth. Whatsoever is sold in the Shambles, eat.* And that which *St. Paul* subjoins, agrees with what he said before: *Meat for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats; God shall destroy both it and them.* Now that this was spoken of the *Judaical Choice of Meats*, appears by the Close of the *Tenth Chapter*. *Give none Offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God, even as I please all Men in all things; not seeking my own Profit, but the Profit of many that they may be saved.* Where he speaks of the *Gentiles*, he seems to reflect upon things offer'd to *Idols*; and in naming the *Jews*, he refers to the *Choice of Meats*; under the *Church of God* comprehending the *Weak* that are collected out of both sorts. It was *lawful*, it seems, to eat of all Meats whatsoever, and all things are clean to the Clean: But the remaining Question is, whether or no it be *Expedient*? The Liberty of the Gospel makes all things Lawful; but for the avoiding of Scandal, Charity has a regard to the Conscience of my Neighbour, Upon that score I would forbear even things the most *lawful*; rather choosing to gratify the Scruples of another, than to in-

list upon the Exercise of my own Freedom. But now here arises a double Difficulty: First, That there's nothing in the Context to warrant this Construction either before or after; for his Charge against the *Corinthians* was, that they were *Seditious, Fornicators, Adulterous, Incestuous,* and given to *Contention* before *Wicked Judges*. Now what Coherence is there after all this to say, *All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient?* After this Passage he returns to the Point of *Incontinence*, which he had also repeated before, only leaving out the Charge of *Contention*: *But the Body,* says he, *is not for Fornication, but for the Lord, and the Lord is for the Body.* But this may be salv'd too, because a little before in the Catalogue of Sins, there was mention made of *Idolatry*: *Be not deceived, neither Fornicators, Idolaters, nor Adulterers;* and then the eating of things offer'd to *Idols* is a spice of *Idolatry*: Wherefore he follows it with this Expression, *Meat is for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats;* intimating, that in Case of Necessity, and for a Season, a Man may eat any thing, as far as Charity will permit; but that Uncleaness is in all Persons, and at all Times, to be detested. It is Matter of Necessity that we eat, but that Necessity shall be taken away at the Last Day: If we be Lustful, it is voluntary and malicious. There is yet another Scruple which I cannot either dissolve, or reconcile to that Passage, *But I will not be brought under the Power of any:* For he says, that he has the Power of all things, and yet he will not be brought under any one's Power. If he may be said to be in another Man's Power, that abstains for Fear of offend-

ing;

ding; it is no more than what in the ninth Chapter he speaks of himself: *For tho' I be free from all Men, yet I have made my self Servant unto all, that I might gain the more.* St. *Ambrose* stumbling, as I suppose, at this Scruple, takes this to be the genuine Sense of the Apostle, for the better understanding of him in another Place, where he claims to himself the Power of doing as the rest of the Apostles, (either true or false) the Liberty of receiving Maintenance from those to whom he preached the Gospel. But yet he forbore this, tho' he might have done it, as a thing expedient among the *Corinthians*, whom he charg'd with so many and so enormous Iniquities. And moreover, he that receives is in some degree in the Power of him that gives; and suffers some kind of Abatement in his Authority: For he that takes, cannot so freely reprove his Benefactor; and he that gives, will not easily take a Reprehension from him that he has oblig'd. Therefore did St. *Paul* abstain from many things that were lawful, for the Credit of his *Apostolical Liberty*, which he chose rather to support at the height, that he might maintain the Dignity of his Commission, for the Reprehension of their Sins. This Explication of St. *Ambrose*, I am well enough pleas'd with: And yet if any body had rather apply this Passage to Meats, St. *Paul's* saying, *But I will not be brought under the Power of any*, may in my Opinion bear this Explanation: Although I may sometimes abstain from Meats offered to Idols, or forbidden by the *Mosaical Law*, out of a Tenderness to the Scruples of a weak Brother, my Mind is nevertheless free; well knowing that Necessity makes all
Meats

Meats lawful. But there were some false Apostles, that would persuade the World, that some Meats were in themselves impure; and that not only upon Occasion, but in all Extremities they were to be forborn, as *Adultery* or *Murder*. Now those that were thus misled, fell from their *Gospel-liberty* under a *foreign Power*. Only *Theophilact*, as I remember, has an Opinion by himself; it is lawful, says he, to eat of all Meats, but it is not expedient to eat to Excess; for from Luxury comes Lust. There's no Impiety now in this Sense, but I take it to be forc'd. I have now shew'd you my Scruples, and it will become your Charity to set me at Ease. *Eu.* Your Discourse is certainly answerable to your Name; and the Questions you have propounded, cannot be better resolv'd than by your self: For your manner of doubting has put me out of all doubt. Altho' *St. Paul*, proposing to do many things together, passes so often from one thing to another, repeating what he had intermitted, and going over with the same thing again in the same Epistle, that it is a hard matter to disentangle it. *Cb.* If I were not afraid of talking ye out of your Dinners, and if I did not make a Conscience of mingling things profane with sacred, there is something that I would venture to propound to you; I read it this Day with singular Delight. *Eu.* Whatsoever is pious, and conducing to good Manners, should not be called profane. The first Place must be granted to the Authority of the Holy Scriptures; and yet after that, I find among the Ancients, nay the *Ethnicks*, and, which is yet more, among the Poets, certain Precepts, and Sentences,

Sentences, so clean, so sincere, so divine, that I cannot persuade my self but they wrote them by Holy Inspiration. And perhaps the Spirit of Christ diffuses it self farther than we imagine. There are more Saints than we find in our Catalogue. To confess my self now among my Friends, I cannot read *Tully of Old Age, of Friendship, his Offices, or his Tusculan Questions,* without kissing the Book, without a Veneration for the Soul of that *Divine Heathen*; and then, on the contrary, when I read some of our Modern Authors, their *Politicks, OEconomies, and Ethicks*; good God! how Jeune and Cold they are! and so insensible, compar'd with the other, that I had rather lose *all Scotus*, and twenty more such as he, than *one Cicero or Plutarch*. Not that I am wholly against them neither; but from the reading of the one, I find my self to become honest and better; whereas I rise from the other extremely dull, and indifferent in the point of Virtue; but most violently bent upon Cavil and Contention. Wherefore never fear to make your Proposition, whatever it is. *Ch.* Tho' all *Tully's Philosophy* carries upon it the stamp of something that is Divine, yet that Treatise of *Old Age*, which in his Old Age he wrote; that Piece, I say, do I look upon, according to the *Greek Proverb, to be the Song of the dying Swan*. I read it this Day; and these Words I remember in it, that pleas'd me above the rest. *Should God now put it into my Power to begin my Life again from my very Cradle, and once more to run the course over of the Years I have liv'd, I should not upon any Terms agree to't. For what's the Benefit of Life? Or rather how great is the Pain? Or if there*

were none of this, there would be yet undoubtedly in it Satiety and Trouble. There are many (I know) and learned Men, that have taken up the Humour of deploring their past Lives. This is a thing which I can never consent to, or to be troubled that my Life is spent, because I have so liv'd as to persuade my self that I was not born in vain. And when I leave this Body, 'tis but as an Inn, not as a Place of Abode. For Nature has given us our Bodies only to lodge in, not to dwell in. Oh! How glorious will that Day be, when I shall leave the Rabble and the Trass of this World behind me, to join in Counsel and Society with those illustrious Spirits that are gone before. Thus far *Cato*. What could a Christian have said more? The Dialogue of this *Aged Pagan*, with the *Youth* of his times, will rise up in Judgment against many of our *Monks*, with their *Holy Virgins*. *Eu.* It will be objected, that this Colloquy of *Tully's* was but a Fiction. *Ch.* 'Tis all one to me, whether the Honour be *Cato's* for the Sense and Expression of this Rapture; or *Cicero's*, for the Divinity of the Contemplation, and the Excellency of representing his Thoughts in Words answerable to the Matter; though I'm apt to think, that although these very Syllables were not *Cato's*, yet that his familiar Conversations were not far from this Purpose. Neither had *Tully* the Confidence to draw a *Cato* fairer than he was; especially in a time, when his Character was yet fresh in the Memories of all Men. Beside that such an Unlikeness in a *Dialogue* would have been a great *Indecorum*, and enough to have blasted the Credit of the Discourse. *Tb.* That which you say is very likely; but let me tell you
what

what came into my Head upon your Recital. I have often wonder'd with my self, considering that long Life is the Wish, and Death the Terror of all Mortals, that there is scarce any Man so happy (I do not speak of *Old*, but of *middle-aged Men*) but if it should be offer'd him to be young again if he would, upon Condition of running the same Fortune over again of good and ill, he would make the same Answer that *Cato* did, especially passing a true Reflection upon the Mixture of this past Life. For the Remembrance, even of the pleasantest part of it, is commonly attended with Shame and Sting of Conscience; insomuch that the Memory of past Delights is more painful to us, than that of past Misfortunes. Wherefore it was wisely done of the ancient *Poets* in the Fable of *Lethe*, to make the *Dead* drink the Water of *Forgetfulness* before their Souls were affected with any Desire of the Bodies they had left behind 'em. *Ur.* It is a thing that I my self have observ'd in some Cases, and well worthy of our Admiration. But that in *Cato*, which takes me the most, is his Declaration, that *he did not repent himself of his past Life*. Where's the Christian that lives to his Age, and can say as much? 'Tis a common thing for Men that have scrap'd Estates together, by hook or by crook, to value themselves at their Death upon the Industry and Success of their Lives. But *Cato's* saying, That he had not liv'd *in vain*, was grounded upon the Conscience of having discharg'd all the Parts of an honest and a resolute Citizen and Patriot, and untainted Magistrate; and that he should transmit to Posterity the Monuments of his Integrity and Virtue. *I depart* (says he)

as out of a Lodging, not a Dwelling Place. What could be more Divine? I am here upon Suffe-
 rance, till the Master of the House says *Be gone*.
 A Man will not easily be forc'd from his own
 Home; but the Fall of a Chimney, the Spark
 of a Coal, and a thousand petty Accidents drive
 us out of this World; or at the best, the Stru-
 cture of our Bodies falls to pieces with old
 Age, and moulders to Dust; every Moment
 admonishing us, that we are to change our
 Quarters. *Neph.* That Expression of *Socra-
 tes* in *Plato*, is rather, methinks, the more sig-
 nificant of the two: *The Soul of a Man* (says
 he) *is in the Body as in a Garrison*; there's no
 quitting of it, without the Leave of the *Cap-
 tain*; nor any longer staying in't, than du-
 ring the Pleasure of him that plac'd it there.
 The Allusion of a *Garrison* is much more em-
 phatical, than that of a *House*: For in the *One*
 is only imply'd an *Abode*, (and that perhaps an
 idle one too) whereas in the *Other* we are
 put upon Duty by our *Governour*. And much
 to this purpose it is, that the *Life of Man* in
Holy Writ is one while called a *Warfare*, and
 another while a *Race*. *Ur.* But *Cato's* Speech
 methinks has some Affinity with that of *St.
 Paul*, *2 Cor.* ch. 5. where he calls that Heave-
 nly Station, which we look for after this Life,
 in one Place a *House*, in another a *Mansion*;
 and the Body he calls *σκήνη*, or a *Tabernacle*.
 For *we also* (says he) *in this Tabernacle groan,*
being burthened. *Neph.* So *St. Peter*, *2. 1.* *And*
I think it meet (says he) *as long as I am in this*
Tabernacle to stir ye up, by putting you in mind,
being assured, that I shall shortly put off this my
Tabernacle. And what says *Christ* himself, *Mat.*

24. *Mark 13. and Luke 21.* That we should so live and watch, as if we were presently to die; and so apply our selves to honest things, as if we were to live for ever. Now who can bear these Words of *Cato*, *Oh that glorious Day!* without thinking of *St. Paul's*, *I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ?* *Ch.* How happy are they that wait for Death in such a State of Mind? But yet in *Cato's* Speech, tho' it be great, there is more Boldness and Arrogance in it, methinks, than would become a *Christian*. No, certainly, never any *Ethnick* came nearer up to us, than *Socrates* to *Crito*, before he took his Poison: *Whether I shall be approved or not in the Sight of God, I cannot tell; but this I am certain of, that I have most affectionately endeavour'd to please him: And I am in good hope that he will accept the Will for the Deed.* This great Man's Diffidence in himself was yet so comforted by the Conscience of pious Inclinations, and an absolute Resignation of himself to the Divine Will, that he deliver'd up himself, in a Dependance upon God's Mercy and Goodness, even for the Honesty of his Intentions. *Neph.* What a wonderful Elevation of Mind was this in a Man that only acted by the Light of Nature! I can hardly read the Story of this Worthy without a *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis, Saint Socrates, pray for us*; and I have as much ado sometime to keep my self from wishing well to the Souls of *Virgil* and *Horace*. But how distracted and fearful have I seen many *Christians* upon the last Extremity! Some put their Trust in things not to be confided in, others breathe out their Souls in Desperation, either out of a Conscience of their lewd
Lives,

Lives, or some Scruples perhaps injected into their Thoughts, by meddling with indiscreet Men at their dying Hours. *Ch.* And 'tis no wonder to find those disorder'd at their Deaths, who have spent their whole Lives in the Formality of philosophizing about Ceremonies. *Neph.* What do you mean by *Ceremonies*? *Ch.* I'll tell ye; but with this Protestation over and over before-hand, that I am so far from condemning the Sacraments and Rites of the Church, that I have them in high Veneration; but there are a wicked and superstitious Sort of People, (or, in good Manners, I shall call them only simple and unlearned Men) that cry up these things as if they were Foundations of our Faith, and the only Duties that make us truly Christians: These, I must confess, I cannot but infinitely blame. *Neph.* All this is not yet enough to make me understand what it is you would be at. *Ch.* I'll be plainer then: If ye look into the ordinary Sort of Christians, you will find they live as if the whole Sum of Religion rested in *Ceremonies*. With how much Pomp are the ancient Rites of the Church set forth in *Baptism*? The Infant waits without the Church-door, the *Exorcism*, the *Catechism* is dispatch'd, the *Vow* is past, the *Devil* with all his Poms and Pleasures is *abjur'd*, and then the Child is *anointed*, *signed*, season'd with *Salt*, *dipt*, a Charge given to his *Sureties* to see him well brought up, and then follows their *Oblation*, and by this time the Child passes for a Christian, as in some Sense it is. After this, it comes to be anointed again; and in time learns to *Confess*, take the *Eucharist*, rest on *Holy-days*, to observe *Fasts* and *Publick Prayers*, and to ab-

stain from *Flesh*; and observing all these things; it goes for an absolute *Christian*. The Boy grows up then, and marries, which draws on another *Sacrament*; he enters into *Holy Orders*, is *anointed* again, and *consecrated*, his *Habit* chang'd, and so to Prayers. Now the doing of all this I like well enough; but the doing of it more out of *Custom* than *Conscience*, I do not like; as if this were all that is needful to the making up of a *Christian*. There are but too many in the World, that so long as they acquit themselves in these outward Forms, think 'tis no matter what they do else; but rob, pillage, cheat, quarrel, whore, slander, oppress, and usurp upon their Neighbours without Controul: And when they are brought through this Course of Life to their last Prayers, then there follow more *Ceremonies*; *Confession* upon *Confession*, more *Unction* still, the *Eucharist*, *Tapers*, the *Cross*, *Holy Water*, *Indulgences* and *Pardons*, if they be to be had for Love or Money: Order is then given for a *magnificent Funeral*, and then comes another *solemn Contract*. When the Man is come to agonizing, there's one bawls in his Ear, and dispatches him now and then before his Time, if he chance to be a little in drink, or to have better Lungs than ordinary. Now though these things may be well enough, so far as they are done in Conformity to *Ecclesiastical Customs*, there are yet some inward and spiritual Impressions, that do more fortify us against the Assaults of Death, even to the degree of filling our Hearts with Joy and Confidence at our last Breath. *Eu.* All this is pious and true; but in the mean time here's no body eats. I told you at first what you were to trust to; and if you look

look for any thing more now than a Dish of Nuts and Apples, you'll find your selves mistaken. Come take away this, Boy, and set the rest on. Take what ye like, and thank my Gardiner for't. *Ti.* There's so much Choice, and they're so well dispos'd, it does a Man good to look upon't.

Eu. 'Tis no despicable Piece of Thrift, I'll assure ye. This Dish would have chear'd up the Heart of the *old Evangelical Monk Hilarion*, with a hundred more of his Fellows at's Heels. But *Paul* and *Anthony* would have liv'd a whole Month upon't. *Ti.* Yes, and *Prince Peter*, I fancy, would have leapt at it too when he lodg'd at *Simon the Tanners*. *Eu.* Yes, and *Paul* too, I believe, when he sat up a Nights to make *Tents*. *Ti.* How much do we owe to the Goodness of God! But yet I had rather Fast with *Peter* and *Paul*, upon Condition, that what I wanted for my Carcass, might be supply'd in the Satisfaction of my Mind. *Eu.* Let us learn of *St. Paul* to Abound, and to suffer Want: When we have it not, God be prais'd that we have still a Subject for Frugality and Patience; when we Abound, let us be thankful for that Munificence and Liberality, by which we are both invited and oblig'd to love him. And let us still use his Blessings and Bounties with Moderation and Temperance, and remember the Poor. For God has given to some too little for their Convenience, and to others more than they need, that neither Side may want an Occasion for their Virtue. He bestows upon us sufficient for the Relief of our Brethren, that we may obtain his Mercy; and the Poor, on the other Side, when they are refresh'd by our

Liberality, give God Thanks for putting it into our Hearts, and recommending us to him in their Prayers. And now I think on't, come hither, Boy; bid my Wife send *Gudula* some of the Meat that's left: 'Tis a very good poor Woman in the Neighbourhood; her Husband's lately dead (a profuse lazy Fellow) and has left his Wife nothing but a Number of Children.

Ti. 'Tis Christ's Command that we should give to every one that asks; but yet if I should follow that Rule, within one Month I should go a begging my self. *Eu.* This is said, I suppose, of those that ask only Necessaries: For 'tis Charity to deny to many what they ask. There are, that not only beg, but importune, or rather extort great Sums from People to furnish voluptuous Entertainments, or which is worse, to nourish Luxury and Lust. It is a kind of Rapine, to bestow that which we owe to the present Necessities of our Neighbours, upon those that will abuse it. Upon this Consideration it is, that I can hardly excuse those from a mortal Sin, who, at prodigious Expence, either build or beautify Monasteries or Churches, when so many living Temples of Christ are ready to starve for want of Food, Cloathing, and other Necessaries. When I was in *England* I saw *St. Thomas's* Tomb, so prodigiously rich in Plate and Jewels, that the Value was almost inestimable. Now had it not been better if these Superfluities had been rather apply'd to charitable Uses, for the Relief of the Poor, than reserv'd for those ambitious Princes, who shall have the Fortune one Day to make a Booty of it. The Holy Man, I am confident, would have been very well content with

Leaves

Leaves and Flowers instead of them. In *Lombardy* I saw a Cloyster of *Carthusians*; (not far from *Pavia*) the Chapel within and without is white Marble from the Top to the Bottom; the Altars, Pillars, Tombs in it, (and almost every thing else) are all Marble. To what end was this vast Expence upon a Marble Temple for a few solitary Monks to sing in? And 'tis of more Burden than Use too: For they are perpetually troubled with Strangers that come only out of mere Curiosity to see it. And which is yet more ridiculous, I was told there that they are endow'd with three thousand Ducats a Year, for Building and Maintenance of the Monastery. It passes for little better than Sacrilege, to bestow one Penny of that Money upon pious Uses beside the Intention of the Testator. And they had rather pull down that they may rebuild, than not to go on with Building. We have a World of Instances up and down in our Churches of this kind; but I shall content myself with these, as being somewhat more remarkable than ordinary. This is rather Ambition than Charity. Great Men now a-days will have their own Monuments in Churches, whereas in times past they could hardly get room for the Saints. They must have their Pictures there, and their Images forsooth, with their Names at length, their Titles, and their Benefits; and this takes up a considerable Part of the Temple. Who knows (if they may have their Wills) but their own Carcasses may come hereafter to be laid upon the Altars? But this Munificence of Great Men, you'll say, must not upon any Terms be discourag'd; and I say so too, if that which they offer to the

Temple of God be worthy of it. But if I were a Priest or a Bishop, I would hammer it into the Heads of those thick-skull'd Courtiers and Merchants, that if they would atone themselves to Almighty God, they should privately bestow their Liberality upon the Relief of the Poor. But they reckon all as good as lost, that goes out so by Parcels, and is so secretly distributed toward the Succour of the Needy, that the next Age shall have no Memorial of the Bounty. But can any Money be better bestow'd than that which makes Christ himself a Debtor? *Ti.* Do not you take that Bounty to be well plac'd then, that's bestow'd upon Monasteries? *Eu.* Yes, and I would be a Benefactor my self, if I had a Fortune for't; but it should be such a Provision for their Necessities as should not reach to Luxury: And I would give something too, wheresoever I found a Religious Man that wanted it. *Ti.* I have heard many find Fault with giving to publick Beggars. *Eu.* I would do something that way too, but with Caution and Choice. It were well if every City were to maintain its own Poor, without suffering Vagabonds and sturdy Beggars, which want Work rather than Money. *Ti.* To whom is it then that you would give? How much? And to what Purposes? *Eu.* 'Tis hard to answer all these Points exactly. There should be, first, an Inclination to oblige all; and then the Proportion must be according to a Man's Ability, as often as he has occasion. And for the Choice of the Men, I would be satisfy'd that they are poor and honest; and where my Purse fails me, I would preach Charity to others. *Ti.* But will you give us leave now to
discourse

discourse at Liberty in your Dominion? *Eu.* You are not so free in your own Houses. *Ti.* You do not like prodigious Excesses, it seems, upon Churches; and they might have been built cheaper, you say. *Eu.* Truly I take this House of mine to be within the Compass of cleanly and convenient; far from any Pretence of Luxury, or I am mistaken. I have seen many a more chargeable Building that has been erected by a Beggar; and yet out of these Gardens of mine (such as they are) I pay a kind of Tribute to the Poor, and daily lessen my own Expence, that I may contribute the more plentifully to them. *Ti.* If all Men were of your Mind, it would be better with many that are now in extreme Want; and on the other side, many of those pamper'd Carcasses would be brought down, whom nothing but Penury can ever teach to be either modest or sober. *Eu.* This may very well be. But shall I mend your Entertainment now with the best Bit at last? *Ti.* We have had more than enough already. *Eu.* But that which I am now to give ye, I'll undertake for't shall never charge your Stomachs. *Ti.* What is it? *Eu.* The *four Evangelists*, which I have reserv'd to crown your Treat. Read, Boy, from that Place where ye left off last.

Boy. *No Man can serve two Masters; for either he will hate the One, and love the Other, or else he will hold to the One, and despise the Other. You cannot serve God and Mammon. Therefore I say unto you, take no Thought for your Life, what you shall eat, or what you shall drink; nor yet for your Body, what you shall put on. Is not*

not the Life more than Meat, and the Body than Raiment?

Eu. Give me the Book. In this Place our Saviour seems to me to have said the same thing twice: In one Place 'tis said *he will hate*, and in the other *he will despise*; and for the Word he will *love*, it is afterward turn'd, he will *hold to* the other. The Sense is the same, tho' the Persons be chang'd. *Ti.* I do not very well apprehend you. *Eu.* Let us go mathematically to work then: Let *A.* in the first part, stand for *one*, and *B.* for the *other*; and in the latter part put *B.* for *one*, and *A.* for the *other*, inverting the Order; for either *A.* will *hate* and *B.* *love*, or *B.* will *hold to*, and *A.* will *despise*. Is it not clear now that *A.* is twice *bated*, and *B.* twice *below'd*. *Ti.* 'Tis very clear. *Eu.* This Conjunction *Or* especially repeated, has the Emphasis of a contrary, or at least of a different Meaning. Would it not be otherwise absurd to say, *Either Peter shall overcome me, and I'll yield; or I'll yield, and Peter shall overcome me.* *Ti.* A pleasant Crotchet, as I'm an honest Man. *Eu.* I shall think it so when you have unriddled it. *Tb.* I have something in my Head, I know not what; it may be a Dream, but I am big till 'tis out; but whatever it is, if you'll have it you shall. *Eu.* 'Tis ill Luck, they say, to talk of Dreams at the Table; and if you're big, this is no Place neither for Midwifery. But let it be what it will, we should be glad to have it. *Tb.* In my Judgment, it is rather the Thing that is chang'd in this Text, than the *Person*; and the Words *One* and *One* do not refer to *A.* and *B.*; but *either apart*, to
which

which of the other you please: So that chuse which you will, it must be oppos'd to that which is signified by the other. As if you should say, *Either you shall exclude A, and admit B, or you shall admit A, and exclude B.* Here's the *thing chang'd*, and the *Person the same*: And it is so spoken of *A*, that 'tis all a Case if you should say the same thing of *B*; as thus: *Either you shall exclude B, and admit A, or admit B, and exclude A.* *Eu.* A Problem so artificially solv'd, that *Euclid* himself could not have done it better. *Soph.* The greatest Difficulty to me is this: That we are forbidden to take Thought for to Morrow, when yet *Paul* wrought with his Hands for his Bread, and falls bitterly upon lazy People, and those that live upon other Mens Labour, exhorting them to take Pains, and get their Livings with their Fingers, that they may have wherewithal to relieve others in Necessity. Are not these holy and warrantable Labours, by which a Husband provides for his Wife and Children? *Ti.* This is a Question, which in my Opinion may be resolv'd several ways: First, *This Text had a particular regard to those times, when the Apostles being disperfed far and wide for the Promulgation of the Gospel, they were to cast themselves upon Providence for their Support, without being solicitous for it themselves; having neither Leisure to get their Living by their Labour, nor any thing to trust to for it, beside Fishing. But the World is now at another pass, and we are all for Ease.* Another way of expounding it may be this: *Christ has not forbid Industry, but Anxiety of Thought; such as commonly possesses those Men that are hard put to't for a Livelihood; and sets*

all

all other things apart only to attend this. This is intimated by our Saviour himself, when he says that one Man cannot serve two Masters: For he that wholly delivers himself up to any thing, is a Servant to't. Now though the Propagation of the Gospel ought to be our chief, yet it is not our only Care: For he says First (not Only) seek the Kingdom of Heaven, and these things shall be added unto you. The Word To Morrow, I take to be Hyperbolicall, and to signify a time to come Uncertain; it being the Custom of the World to be scraping and solicitous for Posterity. *Eu.* Your Interpretation we allow of. But what is his Meaning when he says, *Ne solliciti sitis Animæ vestræ, quid edatis*; The Body is cloath'd, but the Soul does not eat. *Ti.* By *Anima* is meant Life, which cannot subsist without Meat: This does not hold in our Garments, which are more for Modesty than Necessity: For a Body may live without Cloaths, but without Meat it is certain Death. *Eu.* I do not well understand how to reconcile this Passage with that which follows: *Is not the Life more than Meat, and the Body more than Raiment?* For if Life be so precious, we should take the more Care of it. *Ti.* This Argument does rather encrease our Trouble than lessen it. *Eu.* But this is none of our Saviour's Meaning; who by this Argument creates in us a stronger Confidence in the Father: For if a bountifull Father hath given us gratis that which is more valuable, he will, by a stronger Reason, confer upon us that which is cheaper; he that hath given us Life, will certainly give us Food; he that hath given us Bodies, will not deny us Cloaths. So that upon the Experience of his Divine Bounty, there

there is no Reason why we should afflict our selves with any Anxiety of Thought for things below. What remains then but that using this World as if we used it not, we transfer our whole Study and Application to the Love of heavenly things; and rejecting the World and the Devil, with all their Vanities and Impostures, we cheerfully serve God alone, who will never forsake his Children. But here's no body takes any Fruit! 'Tis a Scripture Dinner you have had; for there was little Care before-hand to provide it. Ti. We have sufficiently pamper'd our Carcasses. Eu. I should be glad ye had satisfied your Souls. Ti. That's done, I assure ye, in a larger measure. Eu. Take away, Boy, and bring some Water. Now if you please we'll wash, and conclude with a Hymn out of Chrysostome; and pray'e let me be your Chaplain. Glory be to thee, O God, O Holy, O King; as thou hast given us Meat for our Bodies, so replenish our Souls with Joy and Gladness in thy Holy Spirit, that we may be found acceptable in thy Sight, and not be confounded when thou shalt come to render unto every Man according to his Works. Boy. Amen. Ti. A pious and a most pertinent Hymn. Eu. Of St. Chrysostome's Translation too. Ti. Where is it to be found? Eu. In his Fifty sixth Homily upon St. Matthew. Ti. God willing I'll read it before I sleep. But tell me one thing; why these three Attributes of Lord, Holy and King? Eu. Because all Honour is due to our Master, and principally in these three respects. We call him Lord, as the Redeemer of us from the Tyranny of the Devil with his Holy Blood, and taking us to himself. We style him Holy, as the

Sanctifier

Sanctifier of all Men; and not only forgiving us all our Sins *gratis*, but by the Holy Spirit cloathing us with his Righteousness, that we might follow Holiness. And then *King*, as Heirs to a *Heavenly Kingdom*, from him who sits and reigns himself at the Right Hand of God the Father. And all this we owe to his gratuitous Bounty, that we have *Jesus Christ* for our Lord, and not *Satan*; that we have Innocence and Sanctity, instead of the Filth and Uncleaness of our Sins; and for the Torments of Hell, the Joys of Life Everlasting.

Ti. 'Tis a very godly Discourse. *Eu.* This is your first Visit, Gentlemen, and I must not dismiss ye without Presents, but plain ones, and suitable to your Entertainment. Bring 'em out here, Boy: These are all of a Price, that is to say, they are of no Value. 'Tis all one to me now, whether you will draw Lots, or chuse: You will not find it *Heliogabalus's Lottery*, for one to draw 100 Horses, and another as many Flies. Here are four little Books, two Clocks, a Lamp, and a Standish; which I suppose you will like better than ether Balsoms, Dentifrices, or Looking-glasses. *Ti.* They are all so good, that there's no place for a Preference; but rather distribute them your self: They'll come the welcomer where they fall.

Eu. In this little Book are the Proverbs of *Solomon* in Parchment. It teaches Wisdom; and the Gilding is a Symbol of it. This must be yours, *Timotheus*, that according to the Doctrine of the Gospel, *to him that has Wisdom, shall Wisdom be given.* *Ti.* I will make it my Study to stand in less need of it. *Eu.* This Clock must be yours, *Sophronius*; for I know you count

count your Hours, and husband your Time. It came out of the farther part of *Dalmatia*, and that's all the Commendation I'll give it. *Soph.* 'Tis a good way of advising a Sluggard to be diligent. *Eu.* You have in this Book the Gospel of *St. Matthew*. I would recommend it to be set with Diamonds, if a sincere and candid Breast were not more precious. Lay it up there, *Theophilus*, and be still more and more suitable to your Name. *Tb.* I will endeavour to make such use of it, that you may not think it ill bestow'd. *Eu.* *St. Paul's Epistles* (your constant Companions, *Eulalius*) are in this Book. You have them often in your Mouth, which would not be if they were not also in your Heart. Hereafter keep 'em in your Hand, and in your Eye. *Eu.* This is a Gift with good Counsel over and above, which is of all Gifts the most precious. *Eu.* This *Lamp* must be for *Chryfoglottus*; a Reader as insatiable as *Tully's Devourer of Books*. *Ch.* This is a double Obligation: First, for the Choice of the Present it self, and next for the Means of keeping a Dreamer waking. *Eu.* The *Standish* belongs to *Theodidactes*, who writes much, and to excellent Purpose; and I dare pronounce these Pens to be happy, that shall be employ'd to the Honour of our Saviour by so great a Master. *Tb.* I would ye could as well have supply'd me with Abilities, as ye have with Instruments. *Eu.* This is a Collection of some of *Plutarch's* choicest *Morals*, and written in a very fair Character. They have in them so much Purity of Thought, that it is my Amazement how such *Evangelical Notions* could come into the Heart of an *Ethnick*. This I shall present to young *Euranius*, (a Lo-

ver and Master of the Language.) This *Clock* I have reserv'd for *Nephalius*, as a thrifty Dispenser of his Time. *Neph.* We are all of us to thank you, not only for your Gifts, but for your Compliments. *Eu.* But I must return you double Thanks: First, for taking these small things in so good part; and secondly, for the Comfort I have receiv'd from your learned and pious Discourses. What Effect this Meeting may have upon you, I know not, but I shall certainly find my self both the wiser and the better for't. You take no Pleasure, I'm sure; in Fiddles, Fools and Dice, (after the common Mode) wherefore if you please, we'll pass away an Hour in seeing the rest of our little Palace. *Ti.* The very thing we were about to beg of you. *Eu.* To a Man of his Word, there's no need of entreating. This *Summer-Hall*, I suppose, you have had enough of. It looks three ways, you see; and which way soever you turn your Eye, you have a most delicate Green before ye. If either the Wind or the Sun be troublesome, here are both *Shutters* and *Chassies* to keep them out. Here do I eat in my House, as if I were in my Garden; for the very Walls have their Greens and their Flowers intermixt, and 'tis no ill Painting. Here's our *Saviour* at his last Supper; and here you have *Herod's* bloody Banquet. Here's *Dives* in the Height of his Luxury, little thinking how soon he's to be torn from his Delicates, and cast into Hell; and here's *Lazarus* beaten away from the Door, and soon after to be receiv'd into *Abraham's* Bosom. *Ti.* We do not well know this Story. *Eu.* 'Tis *Cleopatra* in a Contention with *Anthony*, which should be most luxurious:
She

She has drunk the first Pearl, and now reaches out her Hand for the other. Here's the Battle of the *Centaurs*; and here *Alexander the Great* with his Lance through the Body of *Clytus*. These Examples do as good as preach Sobriety to us at the Table, and give a Man a Loathing for Gluttony and Excess. You shall now see my Library: 'Tis no large one, but furnish'd with very good Books. *Ti.* You have brought us into a little Heaven, every thing shines so. *Eu.* You have now before you my chiefest Treasure: You saw nothing but Glass and Tin at the Table, and I have in my whole House but one Piece of Plate, and that is a gilt Cup, which I preserve most religiously for his Sake that gave me it. This hanging Sphere gives you a Prospect of the whole World; and this Wall shews you the Situation of the several Parts of it more at large. In those other Walls you have the Images of all eminent Authors; the rest are numberless. In the first Place, here's *Christ* upon the *Mount*, stretching forth his Hand; over his Head comes a Voice from Heaven, saying, *Hear Him*; the *Holy Ghost*, with out-stretch'd Wings, and in a *Glory*, embracing him. *Ti.* A Work worthy of *Apelles*, as God shall bless me! *Eu.* Near the Library there's a little Study, but a very pretty one; and 'tis but removing a Picture in cold Weather, and there's a Chimney behind it. In Summer it passes for a Part of the solid Wall. *Ti.* Every thing's as clear here as Crystal; and what a Perfume's here! *Eu.* Above all things I love to have my House neat and sweet; and this may be done with little Cost. To my Library there belongs a Gallery, that looks into the

Garden; and adjoining to it I have a Chapel. *Ti.* The Place it self deserves a Deity! *Eu.* Let's go to those three Walks now above the other, that I told you look'd into the *Kitchen-Garden*. These upper Walks have a Prospect into both Gardens, but only through Windows with Shutters; especially in the Walls that have no View into the Inner Garden, for the Safety of the House. Upon this Wall on the left Hand, (having fewer Window's in't, and a better Light) there is painted the whole Life of *Jesus*, out of the Story of the *four Evangelists*, to the *Mission* of the *Holy Ghost*, and the first Preaching of the Apostles out of the *Acts*, with such Notes upon the Places, that the Spectator may see near what Lake, or upon what Mountain such or such a thing was done. There are also Titles to every Story, with an Abstract of the Contents; as that of our Saviour, *I will, be thou clean*. Over against it you have the Types and Prophecies of the *Old Testament*, especially out of the *Prophets* and *Psalms*; which are little other than the Story of *Christ* and his Apostles told another way. Here do I sometimes walk discoursing and meditating with my self upon the unspeakable Counsel of God, in giving his Son for the Redemption of Mankind; my Wife or some Friend at my Elbow perhaps, that takes Delight in Holy things. *Ti.* 'Tis impossible for a Man to be weary in this House. *Eu.* Provided it be one that has learn'd to live by himself. Upon the upper Border are all the *Popes Heads* with their Titles; and against them the Heads of the *Cæsars*, as Memorials of the History. At each Corner there's a Lodging-Chamber, where I can repose my self, within sight of

of my Orchard, and my little Birds. There's an Out-house, you see, in the farthest Nook of the Meadow; there in Summer do I sup sometimes, and make use of it upon Occasion of any contagious Sickness in the Family. *Ti.* Some are of Opinion, that those Diseases are not to be avoided. Why do Men shun a Ditch then, or Poison? Do they fear this the less because they do not see it? Neither does a *Basilisk* see the Venom that he shoots from his own Eyes. In a good Cause I would not stick to venture my Life, but to do it without a Cause is Madness; as it is Cruelty to bring others into Danger. There are yet other things worth the seeing here, but my Wife shall shew you them: Entertain your Eyes and your Minds as long as you will, and be in this House as if you were at home. There's some Business calls me away here into the Neighbourhood, so that I must take my Nagg and be gone. *Ti.* Money perhaps. *Eu.* I should be loath to leave such Friends for Money. *Ti.* Perhaps you are call'd a Hunting. *Eu.* A kind of Hunting indeed, but not for Boars or Stags. *Ti.* What then? *Eu.* I'll tell ye: I have a Friend in a Village hard by, that lies dangerously sick; the Physician fears his Life, but I'm in more Fear of his Soul, for he is not so well compos'd for his End as a Christian should be. I'll go give him some Counsel that he may be the better for, live or die. In another Village there are two Men bitterly at odds; and no ill Men neither, but obstinate to the highest degree. If the Difference be exasperated, I'm afraid it may run into a Feud; they're both my Kinsmen, and I'll do all I can in the World to reconcile 'em.

This is my Hunting; and if I succeed in't we'll drink their Healths. *Ti.* A Christian Employment! Heaven prosper ye in it. *Eu.* I had rather have them Friends than two thousand Ducats. *Ti.* We shall see you again by and by. *Eu.* Not till I have made all Trials; so that I cannot set an Hour. In the *Interim* enjoy one another, and be happy. *Ti.* God be with you forward and backward.

The Marriage-Hater.

C O L. VII.

A Girl takes a Fancy to a Cloyster; Her Parents violently against it; and she herself in great Affliction for want of their Consent. A Friend dissuades her, and lays before her the Snare and Danger of that Course of Life, the Cheats, Artifices, and Abuses of the Monks; preaches Obedience to her Parents, and advises her rather to work out her Salvation in her Father's House, than in a Convent.

EUBULUS, CATHARINA.

Eu. I Am e'en so glad Supper's over, that we may go walk, 'tis so delicate an Evening. *Ca.* And I was so Dog-weary of sitting too. *Eu.* How Heaven and Earth smile upon one another! The Spring of the Year makes the World look young again. *Ca.* So it does. *Eu.* But why is it not Spring with you too? *Ca.* What's your Meaning? *Eu.* Because methinks you are a little off the Hooks. *Ca.* Why sure

sure I look as I use to do. *Eu.* Shall I tell ye now how 'tis with ye? *Ca.* With all my Heart? *Eu.* Do ye see this Rose, how it droops and contracts it self now towards Night? *Ca.* Well, I see't, and what then? *Eu.* 'Tis your very Picture. *Ca.* A gay Resemblance. *Eu.* If you will not believe me, look only into this Fountain. What was the matter with you to sit sighing and thinking all Supper? *Ca.* Pray'e let's have no more Questions, for the thing does not at all concern you. *Eu.* But, by your Favour, I am very much concern'd, when I cannot be merry my self unless you be so too. What a Sigh was there now, enough to break your Heart! *Ca.* Nay, there is somewhat that presses me, but 'tis not a thing to be told. *Eu.* Out with it, I prithee; and whatever it be, upon my Soul, thou'rt safe: My own Sister is not so dear to me as thou art. *Ca.* Nay, I dare swear you would not betray me; but the Mischief of it is, you can do me no good. *Eu.* That's more than you know. As to the thing it self perhaps I cannot, but in the matter of Advice or Consolation, 'tis possible I may serve ye. *Ca.* It will not come out. *Eu.* What should this be? Dost thou not hate me? *Ca.* Less than I do my own dear Brother; and yet my Heart will not serve me to speak it. *Eu.* Shall I guess at it? And will you tell me if I'm right? Nay, give me your Word, or you shall never be quiet; and we'll have no shifting neither. *Ca.* Agreed then; I do promise it. *Eu.* Upon the whole matter, I cannot so much as imagine why you should not be perfectly happy. *Ca.* I would I were so. *Eu.* Not above *Seventeen Years of*

Age, as I take it; the very Flower of your Life! *Ca.* That's true. *Eu.* So that the Fear of *Old Age* can be no part of your Trouble.

Ca. Nothing less, I assure ye. *Eu.* Every way lovely, which is a singular Gift of Heaven!

Ca. Of my Person (such as it is) I can neither glory nor complain. *Eu.* And then the very

Habit of your Body, and your Complexion speak ye in perfect Health: So that your Grief must certainly be some Trouble of Mind. *Ca.*

I have my Health very well, I thank God.

Eu. And then your Credit's fair. *Ca.* I should be sorry else. *Eu.* Your Understanding suitable

to the Perfections of your Body; and as capable of the Blessings of Wisdom, as any Mortal can wish. *Ca.* Whatever it be, it is still the Gift

of God. *Eu.* And again; for the Graces of your Manners and Conversation, (a thing rarely met with) they are all answerable

to the Beauties of your Person. *Ca.* I could wish they were what you are pleas'd to term

them. *Eu.* Many People are troubled for the Meanness of their Extraction; but your Parents

are both of them well descended, and virtuous, of plentiful Fortunes, and infinitely kind to

you. *Ca.* And I have no ground of Affliction here neither. *Eu.* In one word, you are the

Woman of the World (if I were in a Condition to pretend to't) that I would wish to make my

Wife. *Ca.* And if I would marry any Man, you are he that I would make my Husband.

Eu. This Anxiety of Mind must have some extraordinary Foundation. *Ca.* No slight one,

believe it. *Eu.* Will you not take it ill if I guess at it? *Ca.* You have my Word that I

will not. *Eu.* I know by Experiment the Tor-

ments

ments of Love; confess now, is that it? *Ca.* There is Love in the Case, but not of that sort you imagine. *Eu.* What kind is it then? *Ca.* Can't you divine? *Eu.* I have spent all my Divining Faculties: But yet I'll never let go this Hand till I have drawn it from ye. *Ca.* You are too violent. *Eu.* Lay it up in my Breast whatever 'tis. *Ca.* Since there's no denying of ye, I will.

From my very Infancy I have had a strange kind of Inclination. *Eu.* To what, I beseech ye? *Ca.* To put my self into a *Cloyster*. *Eu.* And turn *Nun*? *Ca.* That's the very thing. *Eu.* 'Tis well: I have digg'd for *Silver*, and I have found *Coals*. *Ca.* What's that ye say? *Eu.* Nothing, nothing, my dear *Moll*; my Cough troubles me. *Ca.* This was my Inclination, and my Parents most desperately against it. *Eu.* I hear ye. *Ca.* On the other side I strove as passionately, by Entreaties, fair Words and Tears, to overcome that pious Aversion. *Eu.* Most wonderful! *Ca.* At length, when they saw that I would take no Denial, they were prevail'd upon, by Importunities, Submissions and Lamentations, to promise, if I continu'd in the same Mind till I were *Seventeen Years of Age*, they would leave me to my self. The Time is now come, I continue still in the same Mind, and they go from their Words. This is the Sum of my Misfortune; and now I have told ye my Disease, be you my Physician, and help me if ye can. *Eu.* My Advice must be (my sweet Creature) to moderate your Affections; and if ye cannot do all that ye would, to do however as much as ye can. *Ca.* It will certainly be my Death if I

be disappointed. *Eu.* What was it that gave the first Rise to this fatal Resolution? *Ca.* When I was a little Girl, they carry'd me into one of these Cloysters, and shew'd me the whole College; the Chapels were so neat, and the Gardens so clean, so delicate, and so well order'd, that I fell in Love with 'em; and then they themselves were so pure and glorious, they look'd like Angels: So that (in short) which way soever I turn'd my Eye, there was Comfort and Pleasure: And then I had the prettiest Discourses with the *Nuns!* I found *Two* there that had been *my Play-Fellows* when I was a Child; but I have always had a strange Passion for that kind of Life. *Eu.* I have no Quarrel to the *Rules and Orders of Cloysters*; though the same thing can never agree with all Persons. If I were to speak my Opinion, I should think it more suitable to your *Genius and Manners* to take a convenient *Husband*, and set up a *College* in your own House; where *He* should be the *Father* of it, and *You* the *Mother*. *Ca.* I'll rather die, than quit my Resolution of *Virginity*. *Eu.* Nay, 'tis an admirable thing to be a pure Maid. But cannot you keep your self so without running your self into a Prison, never to come out again? Cannot you keep your Maidenhead, I say, *at home* with your Parents, as well as in a *Cloyster*? *Ca.* Yes, I may, but 'tis not so safe though. *Eu.* Much safer truly in my Judgment, than with these Brawny Swill-belly'd *Monks*. They are no *Capons*, I'll assure ye, whatever you may think of 'em; but may very probably be called *Fathers*, for they commonly make good their Calling to the very *Letter*. In times past Maids
liv'd

liv'd no where honefter than at home; when the only *Metaphorical* Father they had was the Bifhop. But I prithee tell me, what Cloyfter haft thou made choice of to be a Slave in? *Ca. Chryfertium.* *Eu.* Oh! I know it; it is a little way from your Father's Houfe. *Ca.* You're in the right. *Eu.* I'm very well acquainted with the whole Gang. You'll have a fweet Catch on't, to renounce your Father, Mother, Friends, and a worthy Family, for that precious Fellowship! The *Patriach* there, what with *Age*, *Wine*, and a certain *natural Drowzinefs*, has been mop'd this many a Day: He, poor Man, tastes nothing now but *Florence Wine*; and he has two Companions there (*John* and *Jodocus*) that match him to a Hair. And yet I cannot fay, that *John* is an *ill Man*; for he has *nothing* at all of a *Man* about him but his *Beard*: Not a grain of Learning in him, and about the fame Proportion of common Prudence. Now for *Jodocus*, he's fo errant a Sot, that if he were not ty'd up to the Habit of his Order, he would walk the Streets in a *Fool's Cap*, with *Ears* and *Bells* at it. *Ca.* Truly they feem to me to be very good Men thefe. *Eu.* But you muft give me leave (*Kitty*) to know 'em better than you. They'll do good Offices perhaps betwixt you and your Father to gain a *Profelyte*. *Ca.* *Jodocus* is very civil to me. *Eu.* A transcendent Favour! But fuppofe 'em good and learned Men to Day, you'll find 'em the contrary perhaps to Morrow; and yet then be what they will, you muft ftill bear with 'em. *Ca.* You would not think how I'm troubled at my Father's Houfe, to fee fo many Entertainments there; and then the *Marry'd Women*

are

are so given to talk smutty: And besides, I'm so put to't sometimes, when People come to salute me, and ye know no Body can tell how to deny 'em a Kissing. *Eu.* He that would avoid every thing that offends him, must go out of the World. There's no hurt in using our selves to hear all things, so we take nothing into the Mind but what's good. I suppose you have a Chamber to your self at home. *Ca.* Yes I have. *Eu.* You may withdraw then if you find the Company grow troublesome; and while they are Chaunting and Trifling, you may entertain your self with (*Christ*) your Spouse, Praying, Singing, and giving Thanks; your Father's House will not defile ye, and your Goodness on the other Hand will turn it into a Chapel. *Ca.* But 'tis easier yet to be in a *Cloyster*. *Eu.* I do not disallow of a modest Society; but yet I would not have you delude your self with false Imaginations. When ye come once to be wonted there, and see things nearer Hand, you'll tell me another Story: There are more *Veils* than *Virgins*, believe me. *Ca.* Good Words, I beseech ye. *Eu.* Those are good *Words* that are *true Words*; and I never read of any more *Virgins* than *One*, that was a *Mother*. *Ca.* I abhor the Thought on't. *Eu.* Nay, and more than that, the *Maids* you speak of (let me assure you) do *more than Maids Business*. *Ca.* Why so, if you please? *Eu.* Because there are more *Sappho's* among 'em for their *Bodies*, than for their *Brains*. *Ca.* I do not understand ye. *Eu.* And I talk in Cypher (my dear *Kitty*) because I would not have thee understand me. *Ca.* My head runs strangely upon this Course of Life though; and my Passion for it grows every

every Day stronger and stronger. Now if it were not inspir'd into me from above, this Disposition (I am persuaded) would have gone off long ago. *Eu.* Nay, but the Obstinacy of it makes me the rather to suspect it, considering that your Parents are so fiercely bent against it. If it were good, Heaven would as well have inclin'd your Parents to favour the Motion, as you to entertain it: But the *gay Things* you saw when you were a *Child*, the *Tittle-Tattles* of the *Nuns*, and the *Hankering* you have after your *old Acquaintance*, the *external Pomp* of their *Worship*, the *Importunities* of their *Senseless Monks*, that only hunt for *Profelytes*, that they may cram their own *Paunches*, *here's the ground of your Affection*: They know your Father to be frank and bountiful, and that this is the way to make sure of their *Tipple*; for either they drink with him, or else they invite him, and he brings as much Wine along with him as ten lusty Sokers can swallow. Do nothing therefore without your Parents Consent, (whom God has set over you as your Guardians.) *Ca.* But what's a *Father* or a *Mother*, in respect of *Christ*? *Eu.* This holds, I grant ye, in some Cases; but suppose a *Christian Son* has a *Pagan Father*, who has nothing but a *Son's Charity* to support him; it were an *Impiety* in him to leave even that *Father* to starve. If you were at this *Day Unchristen'd*, and your *Parents* should forbid your *Baptism*, you were undoubtedly to prefer *Christ* before a *wicked Father*: Or if your *Parents* should offer to force ye upon some *impious Thing*, their *Authority* in that *Point* were to be contemned. But what's this to the Case
of

of a *Convent*? Have you not *Christ at Home*? The *Dictate of Nature*, the *Approbation of Heaven*, the *Exhortation of St. Paul*, and the *Obligation of Human Laws* for your *Obedience to Parents*? And will ye now withdraw your self from the Authority of *Good and Natural Parents*, in Exchange for *Figurative Ones*? Will ye take an *Imaginary Mother* for a *True One*? And deliver up your self a *Slave* to severe *Masters and Mistresses*, rather than live happily under the *Wing of tender and indulgent Parents*? So long as you are at home, as you are bound in some things, so in many things you are wholly free, as the Word *Liberi* (or *Children*) denotes, in *Contradistinction* to the *Quality of Servants*. You are now of a *Free Woman* about to make your self a *Voluntary Slave*. A *Condition Christianity* has long since cast out of the *World*, saving only some obscure *Footsteps* of it, and in some few *Places*. But there is now found out (under *Pretence of Religion*) a new sort of *Servitude*, which I find practised in the *Monasteries*. You must do nothing but by a *Rule*, and then all that *you lose, they get*. Set but one *Step* out of the *Way*, and you're jugg'd back again; like a *Criminal* that would have *poison'd his Father*. And to make the *Slavery* yet more evident, ye change the *Habit* that your *Parents* gave ye; and (after the old *Example of Slaves* bought and sold in the *Market*) ye change the very *Name* that was given you in *Baptism*: *Peter* is called *Francis*, and *John* (for the *Purpose*) is called *Dominicus* or *Thomas*. *Peter* gives his *Name* first up to *Christ*; and when he gives up his *Name* to *Dominicus*, he's called *Thomas*. If a *Servant* taken in *War*

do

do but so much as *cast off* the Garment that his *Master* gave him, it is look'd as a *Renouncing* of his *Master*; and yet we applaud him that lays down the *Body of Christ* (who is the *Master* of us all) and takes up *another Habit* that *Christ* never gave him. And if he should after that presume to change the other, his Punishment is a thousand times heavier, than for throwing away the *Livery* of his *Heavenly Master*, which is the *Innocency* of his *Mind*. *Ca.* But they say 'tis a *Meritorious Work* for a body to enter into this *Voluntary Confinement*. *Eu.* That's a *Pharisaical Doctrine*: *St. Paul* teaches us otherwise, and will not have him that's called *Free to make himself a Servant*, but rather endeavour that he may be more *Free*. And that which makes the *Servitude* yet more unhappy is, that you must *serve many Masters*, and those most commonly *Fools* too, and *Debauchees*, besides that they are both new and uncertain. But say, I beseech ye, by what *Law* are you discharg'd from the *Power* of your *Parents*? *Ca.* Why truly by none at all. *Eu.* What if ye should buy or sell your *Father's Estate*? *Ca.* I do not hold it lawful. *Eu.* What *Right* have ye then to dispose of your *Parent's Child* to I know not whom? His *Child*, which is the dearest and most appropriate Part of his *Possession*. *Ca.* The *Laws of Nature* may be dispens'd withal (I suppose) in the *Business of Religion*. *Eu.* The great Point of *Religion* lies in our *Baptism*; but the matter in *Question* here is only the changing of a *Garment*, or of such a *Course of Life*, which in it self is neither good nor evil. And now consider how many valuable *Privileges* ye lose, together

with your Liberty: If ye have a Mind to Read, Pray, or Sing; you may go into your Chamber when you will, and take as much or as little on't as you please. When ye have enough of Privacy, you may go to Church, and hear Prayers, Sermons, Anthems; you may pick your Company among grave Matrons and sober Virgins, and such as you may be the better for. And you may learn from Men too, where ye find any that are endow'd with excellent Qualities; and you are at Liberty to place a more particular Esteem upon such as affectionately and conscienciously preach the Gospel. But there's none of this Freedom when ye come once into a Cloyster. *Ca.* In the mean time I shall be no Nun. *Eu.* Away with this Nicety of Names, and weigh the Thing it self. They make their Boast of Obedience; and why should not you value your self too upon obeying your Parents, your Bishop, and your Pastor, whom God commands ye to obey? Do they profess Poverty? And so may you too, so long as all is in your Parents Hands. 'Tis true, the Virgins of former Times were commended by holy Men for their Liberality toward the Poor; but they could never have given any thing, if they had possess'd nothing. Nor is the Reputation of your Chastity ever the less, for living with your Parents. And what is there more now here? A Veil, a Linen Stole, and certain Ceremonies, that serve but little to the Advancement of Piety, and make us never the more acceptable in the Sight of God, who only regards the Purity of the Mind. *Ca.* All this is News to me. *Eu.* But Truth too. If you cannot dispose of so much

as a Rag, or an Inch of Ground, so long as you are under the Government of your Parents; what Right can you pretend to, for the disposing of your self into the Service of another? *Ca.* The Authority of a Parent cannot interpose betwixt the Child and a Religious Life. *Eu.* Did you not profess your self a Christian in your Baptism? *Ca.* I did so. *Eu.* And are not they Religious that conform to the Preepts of Christ? *Ca.* They are so. *Eu.* What new Religion is that then, which pretends to frustrate what *the Law of Nature has established?* What the *Old Law taught*, what *the Evangelical Law has approv'd*, and what *the Apostles Doctrine hath confirm'd?* This is a Device that descended not from *Heaven*, but was hatch'd by a *Monk* in his *Cell*. And at this rate some of them undertake to justify a Marriage betwixt a Boy and a Girl, tho' without the Privity, and against the Consent of their Parents, if the Contract be (as they phrase it) in Words of the *Present Tense*. And yet that Position is neither according to the *Dictate of Nature*, the *Law of Moses*, or the *Doctrine of Christ* and his *Apostles*. *Ca.* But may not I espouse my self to Christ, without the Good-will of my Parents? *Eu.* You have already espoused him, and so we have all. Where's the Woman (I pray'e) that marries the same Man twice? The Question here is only concerning *Place*, *Garments* and *Ceremonies*, which are not things to leave *Christ* for. *Ca.* But I am told that in this Case 'tis Sanctity even to contemn our Parents. *Eu.* Your Doctors should do well to shew you a Text for't; but if they cannot do this, give 'em a Beer Glas of *Burgundy*, and they'll shew their Parts upon it.

It is Piety indeed to flee from *Wicked Parents* to *Christ*, but from *Honest Parents* to *Monkery*, that is, (as it proves too often) from Good to Ill, that's but a perverse kind of Holiness. In ancient Times he that was converted from *Paganism* to *Christianity*, paid yet as great a Reverence even to his *Idolatrous Parents*, (Matter of Religion apart) as was possible. *Ca.* You are then against the main Institution of a *Monastical Life*. *Eu.* No, by no means: But as I will not persuade any body against it, that is already engaged in this Condition of Life; so I would most undoubtedly caution young Women, (especially those of generous Natures) not to precipitate themselves into this Gulph, from whence there is no returning; and the rather, because their Modesty is more in Danger in a Cloyster, than out of it; beside that they may discharge their Duties of Devotion as well at home as there. *Ca.* You have said all (I believe) that can be said upon this Point, and my Affections and Resolutions stand firm. *Eu.* If I cannot succeed to my Wish, remember however what *Eubulus* told ye before-hand. In the mean time, out of the Love I bear ye, I wish *your Inclinations* may succeed better than *my Counsels*.

The Penitent Virgin.

C O L. VIII.

A Virgin seduc'd into a Cloyster, finds her Error, repents of it, and in twelve Days gets off again.

EUBULUS, CATHARINA

Eu. HEAVEN grant I may never have a worse Porter to let me in. *Ca.* Nor I a worse Guest to open the Door to. *Eu.* But fare ye well. *Ca.* What's the matter? Do ye take Leave before ye salute? *Eu.* I did not come hither to see you blubber. What should make this Woman fall a crying as soon as ever she sees me? *Ca.* Why in such haste? Stay a little. Pray'e stay: I'll put on my best Looks, and we'll be merry together. *Eu.* What sort of Cattle have we got here? *Ca.* That's the *Patriarch* of the *College*. Rest your self a-while, you must not go away. They have taken their Dose of *Fuddle*; and when he's gone, we'll discourse as we use to do. *Eu.* Well, I'll be good-natur'd, and hearken to you, though you would not to me.

Now we are alone you must tell me the whole History, for I would fain have it from your own Mouth. *Ca.* I find now by Experience, that of all my Friends, (which I took
L for

for wise Men too) your Advice (though the youngest of all) was the best. *Eu.* How came you to get your Parents Consent at last? *Ca.* Betwixt the restless *Sollicitations* of the *Monks* and *Nuns*, and *my own Importunities* and *Tears*, my Mother at length relented, and gave way, but my Father was not yet to be wrought upon. In the end, being ply'd with several *Engines*, he was prevail'd upon to yield as a Man absolutely oppress'd and overcome. The Resolution was taken in their Cups, and they preach'd no less than Damnation to him, if he refused Christ his Spouse. *Eu.* A Pack of flagitious Fools! But what then? *Ca.* I was kept close at home for three Days, and several of the *Convent* (which they call *Convertites*) were constantly with me, mightily encouraging me to persist in my holy Purpose, and as narrowly watching me, lest any of my Friends or Kindred should come at me, and make me change my Mind. In the *Interim*, my Habits were making ready, and other Necessaries for the Solemnity. *Eu.* And did not your Mind misgive you yet? *Ca.* No, not at all; and yet I had so horrid a Fright, that I had rather die ten times over, than be in that Condition again. *Eu.* What might that be? *Ca.* It is not to be utter'd. *Eu.* Come, tell me frankly, I am your Friend. *Ca.* Will ye keep Counsel? *Eu.* Yes, yes, without Conditions; and I hope you know me better than to doubt it. *Ca.* I had a most dreadful Apparition. *Eu.* Your *Evil Genius*, (it may be) that push'd ye forward into Disobedience. *Ca.* Nay, I am fully persuaded that it was no other. *Eu.* In the Shape, I suppose, that we use to paint? With a *crooked Beak*,

Beak, long Horns, Harpies Claws, and a swinging Tail. *Ca.* You may laugh as you will, but I had rather sink into the Earth than see the Fellow on't. *Eu.* And were your Women-Sollicitresses then with you? *Ca.* No; and I would not so much as open my Mouth to 'em of it, tho' they sifted me most particularly; for you must know, they found me almost dead with the Surprize. *Eu.* Shall I tell you now what it was? *Ca.* Do, if you can. *Eu.* These Women had absolutely bewitch'd you, or rather conjur'd your Brains out of your Noddle. But did you hold out for all this? *Ca.* Yes, yes; for they told me, that many were thus troubled upon the *First Consecration* of themselves to *Christ*; but that if they got the better of the Devil that Bout, he'd let 'em alone for ever after. *Eu.* You were conducted with great Pomp and State, (I presume) were you not? *Ca.* Yes, yes; they put on all my Fineries, let down my Hair, and dress'd me just as if't had been for my Wedding. *Eu.* To a Logger-headed Monk. Hem! Hem! this villainous Cough——*Ca.* I was brought by-fair Day-light from my Father's House to the College, and a world of People gaping at me. *Eu.* These Whoreson Jack-puddings, how they coaks and wheedle the little People! How many Days did you continue in that holy College, forsooth? *Ca.* Part of the *Twelfth Day*. *Eu.* But what was it that brought ye off again? *Ca.* It was something very considerable, but I must not tell ye what. When I had been there *Six Days*, I got my Mother to me, I begg'd and besought her, as she lov'd my Life to help me out again; but she would not hear on't;

and bad me hold to my Resolution. Upon this I sent to my Father, and he chid me too; he told me, That I had made him master his Affection, and that he would now make me overcome mine. When I saw that this would do no good, I told them both, that I would submit to die to please 'em, which would certainly be my Fate if I staid there any longer; and hereupon they took me home. *Eu.* 'Twas well you bethought your self before you were in for good and all. But still ye say nothing of what it was that brought ye about so on the sudden. *Ca.* I never told it any Mortal yet, nor will I tell it you. *Eu.* What if I should guess? *Ca.* You'll never hit it, I'm sure; or if ye should, you're never the nearer, for I'll not own it to ye. *Eu.* Leave me then to my Conjectures: But in the mean time, what a Charge have you been at? *Ca.* Above 400 Crowns. *Eu.* Oh! these guttling Nuptials! But since the Money's gone, 'tis well that you your self are safe: Hereafter hearken to good Advice. *Ca.* So I will. *The burnt Child dreads the Fire.*

The

The Rich Beggars.

C O L. IX.

A pleasant and profitable Colloquy betwixt a German Host and Two Franciscans: The true Character of an Ignorant Country Pastor; With an excellent Discourse concerning Religious Habits, the Original, the Intent, and Use of them.

CONRADUS, BERNARDINUS, PASTOR, PANDOCHEs, UXOR.

Co. **B**UT still I say a *Pastor* should be *Hospitable*. *Pas.* I am a *Pastor* of *Sheep*, not of *Wolves*. Co. And yet though you hate a *Wolf*, 'tis possible you may love a *Wench*;—they begin with a Letter.

Pas. *Pastor sum Ovium; Non amo * Lupos.*

Co. *At non perindè fortassis odisti * Lupas.*

But why so cross, (if a Body may ask ye) as not to admit a poor *Franciscan* so much as under your Roof? And we shall not trouble you neither for a Supper. *Pas.* Because I'll have no Spies upon me; for if you see but a Hen or Chick stirring in a body's House, (you know my Meaning) the whole Town is sure to hear on't to Morrow in the Pulpit. Co. We are

not all such Blabs. *Paf.* Be what you will; if *St. Peter* himself should come to me in that Habit, I would not believe him. *Co.* If that be your Resolution, do but tell us where we may be else. *Paf.* There's a *Publick Inn* here in the Town. *Co.* What's the Sign? *Paf.* *The Dog's Head in the Porridge-Pot.* You'll see't to the Life in the *Kitchen*, and a *Wolf* at the *Bar.* *Co.* 'Tis an ill boding Sign. *Paf.* You maye'en make your best on't. *Be.* If we were at this *Pastor's Allowance*, he would starve us. *Co.* If he feeds his *Sheep* no better, he'll have but *hungry Mutton.* *Be.* Well we must make the best of a bad Game. What shall's do? *Co.* What should we do? Set a good Face on't. *Be.* There's little to be gotten by Modesty in a Case of Necessity. *Co.* Very right. Come, we have *St. Francis* to befriend us. *Be.* Let's take our Fortune then. *Co.* And never stay for *mine Host's* Answer at the Door, but press directly into the Stove; and when we are once in, let him get us out again if he can. *Be.* Would you have us so impudent? *Co.* 'Tis better however than to lie abroad, and freeze in the Street. In the *Interim*, put your *Scruple* in your Pocket to Day, and tak't out again to Morrow. *Be.* In truth the Case requires it. *Pan.* What Animals have we here? *Co.* *We are the Servants of the Lord*, (my good Friend) and the Sons of *St. Francis.* *Pan.* I don't know what Delight the *Lord* may take in such Servants, but I should take none, I assure ye, in having any of them about me. *Be.* What's your Reason for't? *Pan.* Because you are such *Termagants* at eating and drinking; but when you should do any *Work*, you can find neither
Hands

Hands nor *Feet*. Hear me a Word, *you Sons of St. Francis*: You use to tell us in the Pulpit, that *St. Francis* was a *Virgin*; how comes he by so many *Children* then? *Co.* We are the *Children* of his *Spirit*, not of his *Flesh*. *Pan.* He's a very unlucky *Father* then; for your *Minds* are e'en the worst part of ye; and to say the Truth on't, your *Bodies* are better than is convenient, especially for us that have *Wives* and *Children*. *Co.* You may suspect us perhaps to be of those that degenerate from their *Founder's* Institutions; but we, on the contrary, are strict Observers of them. *Pan.* And I'll observe you too, for Fear of the worst; for it is a mortal Aversion I have for that sort of Cattle. *Co.* What's your Quarrel to us? *Pan.* Because you're sure to carry your *Teeth* in your *Heads*, and the Devil a Penny of *Money* in your *Pockets*. Oh! How I abominate such Guests! *Co.* But still we take Pains for you. *Pan.* Shall I shew ye now the Pains ye take? *Co.* Do so. *Pan.* See the hithermost Picture there on your left Hand: There's a *Fox Preaching*, and a *Goose* behind him with his Neck under a *Cowl*; and there again, there's a *Wolf* giving *Absolution*, with a Piece of a *Sheep's Skin* hanging out under his *Gown*: And once again, there's an *Ape* in a *Franciscan's Habit*, ministring to a *Sick Man*, with the *Cross* in one *Hand*, and his *Patient's Purse* in the other. *Co.* We cannot deny but that sometimes *Wolves*, *Foxes*, and *Apes*, nay, *Hogs*, *Dogs*, *Horses*, *Lions*, and *Basilisks* may lurk under a *Franciscan's Garment*; and you cannot deny neither, but that it covers many a good Man. A *Gown* neither makes a Man *better* nor *worse*; nor is

it reasonable to judge of a Man by his Cloaths; for by that Rule a body might pick a Quarrel with the Coat you sometimes wear, because it covers *Thieves, Murtherers, Conjurers* and *Whoremasters*. *Pan*, If you'd but pay your Reckonings, I could dispense with your *Habits*. *Co*. We'll pray for you. *Pan*. And so will I for you; and there's one for t'other. *Co*. But there are some People that you must not take Money of. *Pan*. How comes it that you make a Conscience of touching any? *Co*. Because it does not stand with our Profession. *Pan*. And it stands as little with mine to give you your Dinner for nothing. *Co*. But we are ty'd up by a Rule. *Pan*. So am I by the clean contrary. *Co*. Where shall a Body find your Rule? *Pan*. In these two Verses.

*Hospes, in hac Mensâ, fuerint cum Viscera tensa,
Surgere ne properes, ni prius annumeres.*

*'Tis the Rule of this Table, eat as long as
ye're able;
But then pay your Score, there's no stirring
before.*

Co. We'll be no Charge to you. *Pan*. Then you'll be no Profit neither. *Co*. Your Charity upon Earth will be rewarded in Heaven. *Pan*. Those Words butter no Parsnips. *Co*. Any Corner of your Stove will content us, and we'll trouble no body. *Pan*. My Stove will hold no such Company. *Co*. Must we be thrown out thus? What if we should be worried this Night by *Wolves*? *Pan*. Neither *Wolves* nor *Dogs* prey upon their own Kind. *Co*. This were
barbarous

barbarous even to *Turks*. Consider us as you please, we are still *Men*. *Pan*. I have lost my Hearing. *Co*. You can indulge your self, and go from your Stove to a warm Bed; how can you have the Heart to expose us to be kill'd with *Cold*, even if the *Beasts* should spare us? *Pan*. Did not *Adam* live so in *Paradise*? *Co*. He did so, but *innocent*. *Pan*. And so am I *innocent*. *Co*. Within a Syllable of it; but have a Care you be not excluded a better Place hereafter, for shutting us out here. *Pan*. Good Words, I beseech ye. *Ux*. Prithee, my Dear, make 'em some Amends for thy Severity, and let 'em stay here to Night; they are good Men, and thou'lt thrive the better for't. *Pan*. Here's your Reconciler! I'm afraid you're agreed upon the Matter. Oh! How I hate to hear a Woman call any body a *good Man*, (especially in *French*.) *Ux*. Well, well, you know there's nothing of that. But think with your self how often you have offended God, by Dicing, Drinking, Brawling, Quarrelling? This Charity may perhaps make your Peace; and do not drive those out of your House now you're well, whose Assistance you would be glad of upon your Death-Bed. Never let it be said that you harbour Buffoons, and shut your Doors upon such Men as these. *Pan*. Pray'e be gone into the Kitchen about your Business, and let's have no more Preaching here. *Ux*. It shall be done. *Be*. The Man sweetens methinks; see he takes his Shirt, and I hope all will be well yet. *Co*. And they're laying the Cloth for the Children: 'Tis happy for us there came no other Guests; for we should have been sent packing else. *Be*. 'Tis well we brought Wine and

Lamb with us from the next Village; for if a Lock of Hay would have sav'd a Man's Life, 'tis not here to be had. *Co.* Now the Children are plac'd, let's take part of the Table with 'em, there's Room enough. *Pan.* 'Tis long of you, my Masters, that I have never a Guest to Day, but those that I had better be without. *Co.* If it be a thing that rarely happens, impute it to us. *Pan.* Nay, It falls out oftner than I wish it did. *Co.* Never trouble yourself, Christ lives, and will not forsake those that serve him. *Pan.* You pass in the World for *Evangelical Men*. The Gospel, ye know, forbids carrying about Bread and Satchels: But your Sleeves, I perceive, serve for Wallets; and you do not only carry Bread about ye, but Wine and Flesh the best that is to be gotten too. *Co.* Take part with us if you please. *Pan.* My Wine is *Hogwash* to't. *Co.* Take some of the Flesh too, there's enough for us. *Pan.* O blessed Beggars! my Wife provided me nothing to Day but *Collworts* and a little *rusty Bacon*. *Co.* If you please let's join our Stocks, for 'tis all one to us what we eat. *Pan.* Why don't you carry *Cabbage-Stalks* about with you then and *dead Drink*? *Co.* They would needs force this upon us at a Place where we dined to Day. *Pan.* Did your Dinner cost you nothing? *Co.* No, not any thing; nay, we had Thanks both for what we had there, and for what we brought away. *Pan.* Whence come ye? *Co.* From *Basil*. *Pan.* What, so far? *Co.* 'Tis as we tell you. *Pan.* You're a strange kind of People sure, that can travel thus without *Horse, Money, Servants, Arms, or Provisions*. *Co.* You see in us some Footsteps of the *Evangelical*

gelical Life. Pan. Or the Life of Rogues rather, that wander up and down with their Budgets. Co. Such as *we are*, the *Apostles were* and (with Reverence) our Saviour himself. Pan. Can you tell Fortunes? Co. Nothing less. Pan. Why how do you live then? Co. By his Bounty that has promis'd to provide for us. Pan. And who is that? Co. He that has said, *Take ye no Care but all things shall be added to you.* Pan. But that Promise extends only to those that seek the Kingdom of Heaven. Co. And that do we, with all our Might. Pan. The *Apostles* were famous for *Miracles*; they cur'd the *Sick*, and 'tis no wonder then how they liv'd any where; but you can do no such thing. Co. We could, if we were like the *Apostles*, and if the Matter requir'd a *Miracle*. But the Power of *Miracles* was only temporary, to convince *Unbelievers*: There's nothing needful now but a *Holy Life*: Beside that, it is many times better to be sick than to be well, to die than to live. Pan. What do you then? Co. The best we can; every Man according to the Talent that God has given him: We comfort, exhort, admonish, reprove, as we see Occasion: Nay, sometimes we preach too, where we find *Pastors* that are dumb; and where we can do no Good, we make it our Care to do no Hurt, either by our Words or Examples. Pan. To Morrow is a *Holy-day*; I would you would give us a *Sermon* here. Co. What *Holy-day*? Pan. *St. Anthony's*. Co. He was a good Man; but how came he to have a *Holy-day*? Pan. I'll tell ye; we have a World of *Swine-berds* hereabouts, (for there's a huge Wood hard by here for *Acorns*) and the
 People,

People have an Opinion, that St. *Anthony* takes Charge of the *Hogs*, and therefore they worship him, for fear he should hurt 'em. *Co.* I would they would worship him affectionately as they should do. *Pan.* In what Manner? *Co.* Who-soever follows his Example, does his Duty. *Pan.* We shall have such Drinking, Dancing, Playing, Scolding, and Boxing here to Morrow! *Co.* Like the *Pagans Bacchanals*. But these People are more sottish than the *Hogs* they keep; and I wonder that *Anthony* does not punish 'em for it. What kind of Pastor have ye? Neither a *Mute*, I hope, nor a *Wicked* one. *Pan.* Let every one speak as he finds, he's a good *Pastor* to me; for here he topes it the whole live-long Day, and no Man brings me either more, or better Customers: 'Twas ten to one he would have been here now. *Co.* He's not a Man for our Turn. *Pan.* What's that? Do you know him then? *Co.* We would fain have taken up a Lodging with him, but he bad us *be gone*, and chac'd us away like so many Wolves. *Pan.* Very, very good. Now I understand the Business; 'tis *you* that kept him *away*, because he knew you would be here. *Co.* Is he not mute? *Pan.* Mute, do you say? He's free enough of his Tongue in the Stove; and he has a Voice that makes the Church ring again, but I never heard him in a Pulpit. In short, I presume he has made you sensible that he wants no Tongue. *Co.* Is he a learned Divine? *Pan.* So he tells the World himself; but he's under an Oath perhaps never to make any other Discovery of it. In one Word, the *People* and the *Pastor* are well agreed; and the *Dish* (as we say) wears its own Cover. *Co.* Do you

you think he would give a Man Leave to preach in his Place? *Pan.* I dare undertake he shall, provided that there be no flurting at him, as 'tis a common Practice to do. *Co.* 'Tis an ill Custom. If I dislike any thing, I tell the *Pastor* of it privately; the rest belongs to the *Bishop*. *Pan.* We have but few of those Birds in our Country, tho' truly you seem to be good Men enough your selves.

Pray'e what's the Meaning of such Variety of Habits? For some People judge amiss of you for your Cloaths. *Co.* What Reason for that? *Pan.* I cannot tell you the Reason, but I know the thing to be true. *Co.* Some think the better of us for our Habits, and some the worse. Now though they both do amiss, the former is the most generous Mistake. *Pan.* So let it be; but where's the Benefit of all those Distinctions? *Co.* What's your Opinion of them? *Pan.* Truly I see no Advantage at all but in *War* and *Procession*; for in the *latter* there are personated *Saints*, *Jews*, *Ethnicks*, that must be discriminated in their Diversity of Dress: And in *War*, the Variety is good for the ranging of several Troops under several Colours, to avoid Confusion. *Co.* You speak to the Point; and so is this a *Military Garment*, some under *one Leader*, some under *another*; but we are all under *one General*, that is *Christ*. But there are three things to be consider'd in a Garment. *Pan.* What are those? *Co.* *Necessity*, *Use*, and *Decency*? Why do we *Eat*? *Pan.* To keep our selves from *Starving*. *Co.* Why do we cover our *Bodies*, but to keep us *warm*? *Pan.* It cannot be deny'd. *Co.* And in that Point *my Garment* is better than *yours*,
for

for it covers the *Head*, the *Neck*, and the *Shoulders*, where we are most in *Danger*. Now for our *Use*, we must have *Variety of Fashions* and of *Stuffs*: A *short Coat* for a *Horseman*, a *longer* when we lie *still*; we are *thin clad* in *Summer*, *thick* in *Winter*. There are those at *Rome* that change their *Cloaths* twice a *Day*; they take a *fur'd Coat* in the *Morning*, a *single* one at *Noon*, and toward *Night* one that's a little warmer: But every *Man* is not furnished with this *Variety*; nor is there any *Fashion* that better answers several *Purposes* than this of ours. *Pan.* Make that out. *Co.* If the *Wind* or the *Sun* trouble us, we put on our *Cowl*. In *hot Weather* out of the *Sun* we throw it *behind* us; when we sit still, we let the *Gown* fall about our *Heels*; if we *walk*, we *hold* or tuck it *up*. *Pan.* He was no *Fool*, I perceive, that invented it. *Co.* Beside that, it goes a great way in a happy *Life*, the wonting of our selves to be content with a little; for if we once lash out into *Sensuality* and *Pleasure*, there will be no *End*. But can you shew me any other *Garment*, that is so commodious in so many *Respects*? *Pan.* Truly I cannot. *Co.* Consider now the *Decency* of it. Tell me honestly, if you should put on your *Wife's Cloaths*, would not every body say you were *Phantastical*? *Pan.* Nay, *Mad* perhaps. *Co.* And what if your *Wife* should put on *yours*, what would you say to't? *Pan.* I should not say much perhaps, but I should bang her *hand-somely*. *Co.* What does it signify now what *Garment* a body uses? *Pan.* Oh! Yes, in this *Case* it is very *material*. *Co.* Beyond *Controversy*; for the very *Pagans* will not allow

allow a Man to wear a Woman's Cloaths, or a Woman a Man's. *Pan.* And they are in the right for't. *Co.* 'Tis well. Put the Case now that a Man of *four score* should dress himself like a Boy of *fifteen*, or a Boy of *fifteen* like a Man of *four score*, would not all the World condemn it? Or the same thing in a *Woman* and a *Girl*.

Pan. No Question of it. *Co.* Or if a *Layman* should go like a *Priest*, or a *Priest* like a *Layman*?

Pan. It were a great *Indecorum* on both Sides. *Co.* Or if a *Private Man* should put on the Habit of a *Prince*; or a *particular Priest* that of a *Bishop*?

Pan. It were a great *Indecency*. *Co.* What if a *Citizen* should sit in his *Shop* with his *Sword*, *Buff Coat*, and a *Feather in's Cap*?

Pan. He would be pointed at. *Co.* What if an *English Ensign* should put a *white Cross* in's Colours, a *Swiss* a *red one*, or a *Frenchman* a *black one*?

Pan. 'Twould be very foolishly done. *Co.* Why do you wonder so much then at our Habit?

Pan. I am not now to learn the Difference betwixt a *Private Man* and a *Prince*, or a *Man* and a *Woman*; but as to the Difference betwixt a *Monk* and *no Monk*, I am utterly ignorant.

Co. What Difference is there betwixt a *Rich Man* and a *Poor*?

Pan. *Fortune*. *Co.* And yet it would be very odd, if a *Beggar* should cloath himself like a *Lord*.

Pan. True, as *Lords* go now a-days. *Co.* What's the Difference betwixt a *Fool* and a *Wise Man*?

Pan. A little more than betwixt a *Rich Man* and a *Beggar*.

Co. *Fools*, you see, are dress'd up after another manner than *Wise Men*.

Pan. How well it becomes you, I know not; but your *Habit* wants very little more of a *Fool's Coat*, than *Ears* and *Bells* to't.

Co. That's the Difference;

rence; and we are no other than the World's Fools, if we be what we profess. *Pan.* I cannot say what you are; but this I know, that there are of these *Idiots* with their *Ears* and *Bells*, that have more *Brains* in their Heads, than many of our square Caps, with their *Furs*, *Hoods*, and other Ensigns of *Authority*. Wherefore it seems a Madness to me, to think any Man the *wiser* for his *Habit*. I saw once an errant *Tony*, with a *Gown* to his *Heels*, a *Doctor's Cap*, and the Countenance of a very grave *School-Divine*; he disputed publickly, several Princes made much of him, and he took the *Right Hand* of all *other Fools*, himself being the most eminent of the Kind. *Co.* What would you be at now? Would you have a *Prince*, that makes sport with a *Fool*, change Cloaths with him? *Pan.* If your Proposition be true, that the *Mind* of a Man may be judg'd by his *Habit*, perhaps it might do well enough. *Co.* You press this upon me, but I am still of Opinion, that there is very good Reason for allowing of *Fools distinct Habits*. *Pan.* And what may that Reason be? *Co.* For fear any body should hurt 'em, if they misbehave themselves. *Pan.* What if I should say on the contrary, that their *Habit* does rather provoke People to do 'em Mischief; insomuch that of Fools they come to be mad Men; and why shall not a Bull, or a Dog, or a Boar, that kills a Man or a Child, escape unpunish'd as well as a Fool? But the thing I ask you is, the Reason of *your distinct Habits* from *others*? Why should not a *Baker* as well be distinguish'd from a *Fisherman*, a *Shoe-maker* from a *Taylor*, an *Apothecary* from a *Vintner*, a *Coach-man* from

from a *Water-man*? You that are *Priests*, why should you not be cloath'd like *other Priests*? If you are *Laicks*, why do you differ from us? *Co.* In ancient times *Monks* were only the purer Sort of the *Laitty*; and there was no other Difference betwixt a *Monk* and another *Laick*, than betwixt an *honest frugal Man* that maintains his Family by his *Industry*, and a *Ruffling Hector* that lives upon the *High-way*. In time the *Bishop of Rome* bestow'd Honour upon us; and we gave some Reputation to the Habit our selves, which is not simply *Laick* or *Sacerdotal*; but such as it is; I could name you some *Cardinals* and *Popes* that have n t been ashamed of it. *Pan.* But as to the *Decorum* of it, whence comes that? *Co.* Some time from the very Nature of the Thing; other while from Custom and Opinions. If a Man should wear a *Buffle's Skin*, with the *Horns* upon his *Head*, and the *Tail* dragging after him, would not all the World laugh at him? *Pan.* I believe they would. *Co.* And again, if a Man should cover himself to the Middle, and all the rest naked? *Pan.* Most absurd. *Co.* The very *Pagans* censure Men for wearing their Cloaths so thin, that it were an *Indecency* even in a *Woman*: It is *modester* to be *stark-naked*, as we found you in the *Stove*, than to be only cover'd with a *Transparent Garment*. *Pan.* The whole Business of *Habits*, I fancy, depends upon *Custom* and *Opinion*. *Co.* Why so? *Pan.* I had some Travellers at my House t'other Day, that had been up and down the World, as they told me, in Places that we have no Account of in the very Maps; and particularly upon an Island of a very temperate Air, where it was accounted dishonourable to

cover their Nakedness. *Co.* They liv'd like Beasts perhaps? *Pan.* No; but, on the contrary, they were a People of great Humanity. Their Government was Monarchical; and they went out with their Prince every Morning to work for about an Hour a Day. *Co.* What was their Work? *Pan.* The plucking up of Roots, which they use instead of Wheat, and find it much more pleasant and wholesome. After one Hour every Man goes about his own Business, or does what he has a Mind to. They bring up their Children with great Piety, punishing all Crimes severely, but especially Adultery. *Co.* What's the Punishment? *Pan.* Women, you must know, they spare, for 'tis permitted to the Sex; but if a Man be taken in't, they expose him in Publick, with the Part offending cover'd. *Co.* A sad Punishment indeed! *Pan.* And so it is to them, as Custom has made it. *Co.* When I consider the Force of Persuasion, I could half believe it: For if a Man would make a Thief or a Murderer exemplary, would it not be a sufficient Punishment to cut off the hind Lappet of his Shirt, clap a Wolf's Skin upon his Buttocks, put him on party-colour'd Stockins, cut the Forepart of his Doublet into the Fashion of a Net, leave his Breast and his Shoulders bare, turn up one Part of his Beard, leave another Part at length, and shave the rest, cut off his Hair, clap a Cap upon his Crown with a hundred Holes in't, and a huge Plume of Feathers, and then bring him in this Dress into Publick, would not this be a greater Reproach than a Fool's Cap to him with long Ears and gingling Baubles? And yet we find those that

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account this an Ornament, tho' nothing can be a greater Madness; nay, we see Soldiers every Day in this Trim, that are well enough pleas'd with themselves. *Pan.* Yes; and there are some honest Citizens would strain hard to get into this Mode. *Co.* But now if a Man should dress himself up with Birds Feathers like an *Indian*, would not the very children think him mad? *Pan.* Directly mad. *Co.* And yet that which we admire, does still favour of a greater Madness. Now as it is true, that nothing is so ridiculous but Custom may bear it out; so it must be allow'd, that there is a certain *Decorum*, which all wise Men will approve of; and somewhat again in *Garments* that is misbecoming, and agreed by all the World to be so. What can be more ridiculous, than a *burthensome Gown* with a *long Train*? As if the *Quality* of the *Woman* were to be measur'd by the *Length* of her *Tail*: Nay, and some *Cardinals* are not asham'd to imitate it. And yet so prevalent a thing is *Custom*, that there's no changing of a *Fashion* so receiv'd. *Pan.* So much for *Custom*. But tell me now, whether you think it better for *Monks* to wear *different Habits* or *not*? *Po.* I take it to be more agreeable to Christian Simplicity, not to pronounce upon any Man for's *Habit*, provided it be sober and decent. *Pan.* Why do not you cast away your *Cowls* then? *Co.* Why did not the *Apostles* presently eat of all Sorts of *Meats*? *Pan.* I know not, and do you tell me. *Co.* Because an invincible Custom hinder'd it: For whatsoever is deep rooted in the *Minds* of *Men*, and by long *Use* confirmed, and turned as it were into *Nature*, can never be taken

away on the sudden, without the Hazard of the publick Peace; but it must be remov'd by Degrees, as the Horse-Tail was pluckt off by single Hairs. *Pan.* I could bear this, if the *Monks* were but all *habited* alike, but so many Diversities will never down with me. *Co.* You must impute this Evil to Custom, as well as all others. *St. Benedict's Habit* is no new one, but the same that he us'd with his Disciples, that were plain and honest Men. No more is *St. Francis's*, but it was the Fashion of poor Country Fellows. Now some of their Successors have, by new Additions, made the Matter a little Superstitious. How many old Women have we at this Day, that stick to the Mode they were brought up in, which is every Jot as different from what is us'd now, as your Habit is from mine? *Pan.* There are indeed many such Women. *Co.* Therefore when you see this Habit, you see but the Relicks of past Times. *Pan.* But has your Habit no Holiness in it? *Co.* None at all. *Pan.* There are some of you make their Boasts, that they were of *Divine Direction* from the *Holy Virgin*. *Co.* Those Stories were but Dreams. *Pan.* One Man has a Fancy that he shall never recover a Fit of Sickness, unless he cloath himself in a *Dominican's Habit*; another will not be bury'd but in a *Franciscan's*. *Co.* They that tell you these things, are either Cheats or Fools; and they that believe 'em are superstitious. God Almighty knows a Knave as well in a *Franciscan's Habit*, as in a *Buff-Coat*. *Pan.* The Birds of the Air have not that Variety of Feathers which you have of Habits. *Co.* What can be better than to imitate Nature, unless to
 our-

out-do it? *Pan.* I would you had as many Sorts of Books too. *Co.* But there's much to be said for the Variety also. Has not the *Spaniard* one Fashion, the *Italian* another, the *French*, *Germans*, *Greeks*, *Turks*, *Saracens*, their several Fashions also? *Pan.* They have so. *Co.* And then in the same Country again, what Variety of Garments, among Persons of the same Sex, Age, and Degree? How different is that of the *Venetian* from the *Florentine*, and of both from the *Roman*, and this in *Italy* alone? *Pan.* I'm convinc'd of it. *Co.* And from whom comes our Variety? *Dominicus* took his Habit from the *honest Husbandmen* in that Part of *Spain* were he liv'd; *Benedictus* his from that Part of *Italy* where he liv'd; *Franciscus*, from the *Husbandmen* of several Places; and so for the rest. *Pan.* So that for ought I find, you are never the holier for your Cowls, if you be not so for your Lives. *Co.* Nay, we have more to answer for than you have, if by our lewd Lives we give Scandal to the Simple. *Pan.* But is there any Hope of *Us* then, that have neither *Patron*, nor *Habit*, nor *Rule*, nor *Profession*? *Co.* Yes, you have Hope, but have a Care you do not lose it. Go ask your God-fathers, what Profession you made in *Baptism*; and what Order you were initiated into. What signifies a *Humane Rule* to him that's under the *Rule* of the *Gospel*? Or any other *Patron* to him whose *Patron* is *Jesus Christ*? Did you profess nothing when you were marry'd? Bethink yourself, what you owe to your self, to your Children, your Family, and you will find a heavier Charge upon you as a *Christian*, than as a *Disciple* of *St. Francis*. *Pan.* Do you believe

that any Inn-keepers go to Heaven? *Co.* Why not? *Pan.* There are many things said and done in this House, that are not according to the *Gospel.* *Co.* As what? *Pan.* One fuddles, another talks Bawdy, a third brawls, a fourth detracts, and I know not what beside. *Co.* These things must be avoided as much as may be: And however, you are not for your Profits sake to countenance or draw on this Wickedness. *Pan.* And sometimes I do not deal fairly with my Guests. *Co.* How's that? *Pan.* When I find them grow hot, I give them a good deal of *Water* with their *Wine.* *Co.* That's more pardonable yet, than stumming of it. *Pan.* Tell me truly, how many Days have you been now upon your Journey? *Co.* Almost a Month. *Pan.* Who looks to ye in the mean time? *Co.* Are not they well look'd to, that have a *Wife.* *Children, Parents, and Kindred!* *Pan.* Abundantly. *Co.* You have but one *Wife,* one *Father,* one *House:* We have a *hundred,* you but a few *Children,* a *few Kindred,* we *innumerable.* *Pan.* How comes that about? *Co.* Because the *Alliances* of the Spirit are more numerous than those of the *Flesh;* Christ has promis'd it, and all his *Promises* are made good. *Pan.* I have not met with better Company: Let me die if I had not rather *Talk* with *Thee,* than *Drink* with our *Pastor.* Let's hear you preach to *Morrow,* and when you come this way next, let this be your *Lodging.* *Co.* But what if you have other *Guests?* *Pan.* They shall be welcome too, if they be like you. *Co.* Better, I hope. *Pan.* But among so many wicked Men, how shall I know a good one? *Co.* One Word in your Ear, I'll tell you. *Pan.* Say then. *Co.* — *Pan.* I'll remember it, and do't. The

The Soldier and the Car- thusian.

COL. X.

The Life of a Soldier of Fortune, and of a Pious Carthusian: With a Discourse upon Habits.

THE SOLDIER and the CARTHUSIAN.

So. **M**orrow, Brother. Ca. My dear Cousin, God have ye in his keeping. So. Troth, I had much a-do to know you. Ca. What! Such an Alteration in two Years? So. No. But your new *Dress* and that *bald Crown* make you look like quite another sort of Creature. Ca. You'd hardly know your *own Wife* perhaps in a *new Gown*? So. In such a one as yours, truly I think I should not. Ca. And yet I remember you perfectly well still, though you have chang'd *Habit, Face, Body,* and all. How come you to be so set out with Colours? Never had any Bird such a Variety of Feathers. You have nothing about you that's either *Natural,* or in *Fashion.* Was ever any Man's *Hair* cut so phantastically? Half a *Beard,* and the Crop of your *Upper Lip* grown so straggling, as if one *Hair* were afraid of another: A Man would think ye had chang'd *Whiskers* with a *Cat.* Your *Face* so cover'd with *Scars* too,

that a Body would swear the *common Hangman* had set his Mark upon ye. So. No, no, Father, these are the Marks of Honour; but pray'e tell me, are there no *Surgeons* or *Physicians* in this *Quarter*? Ca. Why do you ask? So. Because your Brains should have been taken out and wash'd, before you plung'd your self into this Slavery. Ca. You take me for a *Mad Man* then? So. As any thing in *Bedlam*: You would never have leapt into your Grave before your Time else, when you might have lived handsomely in a better *World*. Ca. So that I'm no longer a *Man of your World*. So. By *Jove*, I take it so. Ca. And what's your Reason for't? So. Because you are coop'd up, and cannot go where you will. Nay, your very *Habit* is *prodigious*, your *Shaving* as *extravagant*, and then perpetually to eat nothing but *Fish* makes ye all stink like *Otters*: Your very *Flesh* is *Fish* too. Ca. If Men were turn'd into what they eat, your *Bacon-eating* Chops would have been *Swines-Flesh* many a fair Day ago. So. But you have enough of your Bargain, I suppose, by this; for I meet very few in your Condition, that are not sick on't sooner. Ca. 'Tis one thing for a Man to cast himself into a *Retreat*, as if it were into a *Well*; and another thing to do it considerately, and by degrees, as I have done upon a thorough Search of my own Heart, and a due Contemplation of humane Life: For at the Age of Eight and Twenty a Man may be supposed wise enough to know his own Mind. As to the Place, what is the Place of any Man's Abode compar'd with the *World*? And any Place is large enough, so long as it wants nothing for the Commodity

of Life. How many are there, that never stirr'd out of the City where they were born, and yet rest well enough contented within that Compass? But yet you'll say, if they were confin'd to't, it would give e'm a Longing to go out. This is a common Fancy, which I am clear of. This Place is the whole World to me, and this Map here shews me the Globe of the Earth; which I can travel over in a Thought with more Security and Delight, than he that sails to the *Indies* for *Spice* and *Pearl*. So. That ye say comes near the Matter. *Ca.* Why should not I *shave my Head*, as well as you *clip yours*? If you do the one for *Commodities* Sake, if there were nothing else in't, I would do the other for my *Health*. How many noble *Venetians* shave their Heads all over? And then for our *Habit*, where's the Prodigy of it? Our *Garments* are for *two Ends*; either to defend us from *Heat* and *Cold*, or to *cover our Nakedness*: And does not this Garment now answer both these Ends? If the *Colour* offend you, why should not that become all Christians, which was given to us in *Baptism*? It is said also, *Take a White Garment*, so that this Colour does but mind me of what I promis'd in that Sacrament, the perpetual Study of Innocency. And then if by *Solitude* you mean only a with-drawing from the Crowd; you may reproach with this Solitude the *ancient Prophets*, the *Ethnick Philosophers*, and many other Persons that have applied themselves to the gaining of a good Mind as well as us: Nay, *Poets*, *Astrologers*, and other *eminent Artists*, whensoever they have any thing in hand that is extraordinary, do commonly betake

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themselves

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themselves to a *Retreat*. But why should this kind of Life be call'd a *Solitude*, when one single Friend is a most delightful Contradiction to it? I have here almost twenty Companions to all sociable and honest Purposes, Visits more than I desire, and indeed more than are expedient. *So*. But you cannot have these always to talk with. *Ca*. Nor would I if I could: For Conversation is the pleasanter for being sometime interrupted. *So*. I fancy so too; for I never relish *Flesh* so well, as I do after a *strict Lent*. *Ca*. Neither am I without Companions, when you take me most to be alone! and for *Delight* and *Entertainment*, worth a thousand of your *Drolls* and *Buffoons*. *So*. Where are they? *Ca*. Look you; here are the *four Evangelists*: In this Book I can confer with him that accompanied the two Disciples in their way to *Emmaus*, and with his Heavenly Discourse made them forget the Trouble of their Journey; with him that made their Hearts burn within them, and inflam'd them with a Divine Ardor of receiving his blessed Words. In this little Study I converse with *Paul*, *Isaiab*, and the rest of the Prophets: *Chrysofome*, *Basil*, *Austin*, *Jerome*, *Cyprian*, with a World of other *Learned* and *Eloquent Doctors*. Where have you such Company *abroad* as this? Or what do you talk of *Solitude*, to a Man that has always *this Society*? *So*. But these People will signify nothing to me, that do not understand 'em. *Ca*. Now for our *Diet*; as to the *Quantity*, Nature contents her self with a little; and for the *Quality* of it, *a Belly full's a Belly full*, no Matter what it is. Your Palate calls for *Partridge*, *Pheasant*, *Capon*; and a Piece of *Stock-Fish* satisfies

satisfies mine: And yet I am persuaded my Body is as good Flesh and Blood as yours. *So.* If you had a Wife as I have, perhaps 'twould take off some of your Mettle. *Ca.* But however we are at Ease, let out *Meat* be never so plain, or never so little. *So.* In the mean time ye live like *Jews.* *Ca.* You are too quick; if we cannot come up to Christianity, we do at least aim at it. *So.* You place too much *Holiness* in *Meats, Formularies,* and other *Ceremonies,* neglecting *the more weighty Duties of the Gospel.* *Ca.* Let others answer for themselves; but for my own part, I place no sort of Confidence in those things, but only in *Christ,* and in the Sanctity of the *Mind.* *So.* Why do ye observe these things then? *Ca.* For the preserving of *Peace,* and the avoiding of *Scandal.* There's little Trouble in such a *Conformity;* and I would not offend my Brother for so small a Matter. Let the *Garment* be what it will, Men are yet so nice, that Agreement or Disagreement, even in the smallest Matters, has a strange Influence upon the publick Peace. The *Shaving* of the *Head,* or the *Colour* of the *Habit,* gives me no Title (of it self) to *God's Favour* and *Protection;* and yet if I should let my *Hair* grow, or change my *Gown* for a *Buff coat,* would not the People take me for a *phantastical Coxcomb?* I have now told you my Sense, and pray'e let me have yours in Requital. You askt me e'en now, if there were no Physicians in this Quarter, when I put my self into a Cloyster? Where were they, I beseech you, when you left your young Wife and pretty Children at home, to enrol your self a Soldier? *A mercenary Bravo, to cut the Throats of*
your

your Fellow-Christians for Wages? And your Business did not lie among *Poppies* and *Bushes*, neither, but with *Pikes* and *Gun-shot*; where over and above the miserable Trade of cutting their Throats for Money that never did you Hurt, you expose your self, Body and Soul, to eternal Damnation. But here's none of this in a Cloyster. *So.* Is it not lawful then to kill an Enemy? *Ca.* Yes and pious too, if it be in the Defence of your Country, your Wife and Children, your Parents and Friends, your Religion, Liberties, and the publick Peace. But what is this to a *Soldier of Fortune*? If you had been knockt on the Head in this Service, I would not have given a Nut shell to redeem the very Soul of you. *So.* No? *Ca.* As I am honest I would not. Speak your Conscience: Is it not better to be under the Command of a *good Man*, whom we call our *Prior*; one that summons us to *Prayers*, *Holy Lectures*, the hearing of saving *Doctrine*, and the glorifying of *God*, than to be subject to some *barbarous Officer*, that posts you away upon *Marches* at *Midnight*, sends you at his Pleasure hither and thither, backward and forward, exposes you to Shot great and small, and assigns you your *Station*, where upon Necessity you must either *kill* or be *kill'd*? *So.* And all this is short yet. *Ca.* In Case of any *Transgression* here upon the Point of *Discipline*, the Punishment is only *Admonition*, or some such slight Business: But in *War*, you must either *hang* for't, (if you cannot *compound* for *beheading*) or run the *Gantlope*. *So.* All this is too true. *Ca.* And what have ye got now by all your great Adventures? Not much, if a Man may judge by your *patch'd Breeches*,

Breeches. So. Nay, my own Stock is gone long since, and a good deal of other Peoples Money too: So that my Business here is only to entreat you for a *Viaticum*. *Ca.* I would you had come hither before you embark'd your self in this lewd Employment. But how come you to be so bare? *So.* So bare do ye say? Why all's gone in *Wenches, Dice, and Tipple*. My *Pay, my Plunders,* and all the Advantages I made by *Rapine, Theft, and Sacrilege*. *Ca.* Miserable Creature! And all this while your Wife and your poor Children left to the wide World to grieve themselves to Death; the Woman, that you promis'd to forsake Father and Mother for. And still you call this *Living*, which was but wallowing in your Iniquities. *So.* The thing that egg'd me on was, that I fin'd in so much Company. *Ca.* Will your Wife know you again, do you think? *So.* Why not? *Ca.* Your Scars have made you the Picture of quite another Man. What a Trench have you got here in your Forehead, as if you had had a Horn cut out? *So.* But if you knew the Business, you'd say I came off well with a Scar. *Ca.* What was the matter? *So.* There was an Engine brake, and a Splinter of it struck me there. *Ca.* And that long Scar upon your *Cheek*? *So.* This I received in a *Battle*. *Ca.* What Battle? In the Field? *So.* No, it was a *Battle at Dice*, upon a Quarrel about the Cast. *Ca.* Your Chin too looks as if 'twere stuck with Rubies. *So.* That's a small matter. *Ca.* Some Blow with a *French Faggot-stick*, (as they say.) *So.* Right: It was my *third Clap*, and it had like to have been my last. *Ca.* But you walk too, as if your Back were broke, like a Man
of

of a hundred Years old; what makes you go double so, as if you were a mowing? *So.* 'Tis a kind of a *convulsive Distemper.* *Ca.* A wonderful *Metamorphosis!* From a *Horseman* to a *Centaur*, and from a *Centaur* to an *Insect*, a kind of *Creeper.* *So.* The Fortune of the War. *Ca.* Or the Madness of your Mind. But what *Spoils* have you brought home for your Wife and Children? The *Leprosy*, I see; for that Scab is only a Spice on't, and only privileged from the Pest-house, because 'tis a Disease in Fashion; for which very Reason it should be the rather avoided. This is now to be rubb'd upon the Face of your poor Wife; to whom, instead of an *industrious Husband*, you have only brought back *innumerable Diseases* and a *living Carcase.* *So.* Pray'e give over chiding of me; for I'm miserable enough without it. *Ca.* Nay, this is the least part of your Calamity, for your *Soul* is yet fouler than your *Body*, more *putrid* and *ulcer'd*, and yet more dangerously wounded. *So.* It is more unclean, I do confess, than a publick *Jakes.* *Ca.* But to God and his Angels it is still more offensive. *So.* If you have done wrangling, pray'e think of some Relief to help me on in my Journey. *Ca.* I have nothing my self to give you, but I'll speak to the *Prior.* *So.* But if any thing should be allow'd me, will you receive it for me? There are so many Rubs in the way in cases of this Nature. *Ca.* Others may do as they please, but I have no Hands, either to give Money, or to take it. We'll talk more on't after Dinner, for 'tis now Time to sit down.

The Apotheosis of Cap- nio; or, the *Franciscan's* Vision.

C O L. XI.

A Pleasant Relation of John Reuchlin's Ghost appearing to a Franciscan in a Dream; and St. Jerome's coming to him, and cloathing him, to take him up into Heaven: With several comical Circumstances that pass upon the Way, betwixt his Death and his Canonization or Ascension.

POMPILIUS, BRASSICANUS

Po. **W**HERE have you been with your Spatter-Lashes? *Br.* At *Tubingua*.

Po. Have ye any News there? *Br.* 'Tis a wonderful thing that the World should run so strangely a madding after News. I heard a *Camel* in a Pulpit at *Louvain* charge his Auditory upon their Salvation, to have nothing to do with any thing that was *new*. *Po.* Thou mean'st a *Car-melite*; but it was a Conceit indeed fit for a *Camel*: Or if it were a *Man*, by my Consent he should never change his Shoes, his Linen, or his Breeches; and I would have him dieted
with

with Souce, musty Drink, and rotten Eggs. *Br.* But yet for all this, you must know that the good Man had rather have his Porridge fresh, than stale. *Po.* Prethee come to the Point; and tell me what News. *Br.* Nay, I have News in my Budget too; but *News*, he says, is a *wicked thing*. *Po.* Well; but that which is *New*, will come to be *Old*. Now if all *Old* things be *Good*, and all *New* things *Bad*, that which is *Good* at present, will hereafter be *Bad*; and that which is now *Bad*, will hereafter be *Good*. *Br.* According to the Doctrine of the *Camel*, it must be so; and a *young wicked Fool*, will come to be an *old good One*. *Po.* But prithee let's have the News whatever it is. *Br.* The famous *Tripple-tongued Phoenix* of Erudition, *John Reucklin*, is departed this Life. *Po.* For certain? *Br.* Nay, it is too certain. *Po.* And where's the hurt on't, for a Man to leave an Immortal Memory of his Name, and Reputation behind him, and so pass from this miserable World, to the Seats of the Blessed? *Br.* How do you know that to be the Case? *Po.* It cannot be otherwise, if his Death was answerable to his Life. *Br.* And you'd be more and more of that Opinion, if you knew as much as I. *Po.* What's that, I pray? *Br.* No, no; I must not tell ye. *Po.* Why not? *Br.* Because he that told me the thing, made me promise Secrecy. *Po.* Trust me, upon the same Condition; and upon my honest Word, I'll keep your Counsel. *Br.* That same *Honest Word* has so oft deceived me. But yet I'll venture't; especially, being a matter of such a Quality, that it is fit all good Men should know it. There is a certain *Franciscan* at *Tubinga*, (a
Man

Man of singular Holiness, in every Bodies Opinion but his own.) *Po.* The greatest Argument in the World of true Piety! *Br.* If I should tell you his Name, you'd say as much; for you know the Man. *Po.* Shall I guess at him? *Br.* Do so. *Po.* Hold your Ear then. *Br.* Why here's no body within hearing. *Po.* But however for Fashion sake. *Br.* The very Man. *Po.* Nay, we may swear it; for if he says it, 'tis as true as Gospel. *Br.* Mind me then, and I'll give ye the naked Truth of the Story. My Friend *Reuchlin* had a dangerous Fit of Sicknes; but not without some hope of Recovery neither. What Pity 'tis that so admirable a Man should ever grow old, sicken, or dye! One Morning I made my *Franciscan* a Visit, to put off some Trouble of Thoughts, by diverting my self in his Company; for when my Friend was sick, (do ye see?) I was sick; and I lov'd him as my own Father. *Po.* As if ever any honest Man would have done otherwise! *Br.* My *Franciscan* bad me chear up; for *Reuchlin* (says he) is well. What? (said I) Is he well again so soon? For but two Days ago the Doctors despair'd of him. Then satisfy your self, says he, for he's so well, that he shall never be sick again. The Tears stood in my Eyes, and my *Franciscan* taking notice of it. Pray'e be patient, (says he) till I have told you all. I have not seen the Man this Week, but I pray for him every Day that goes over my Head. This very Morning, after *Matins*, I threw my self upon my Bed, and fell into a gentle, pleasant Slumber. *Po.* My Mind gives me already there will come some good on't. *Br.* And yours is no ill Genius. Methought I was standing by a little Bridge

that led into a Meadow, so wonderfully fine, what with the emerald Verdure, and Freshness of the Trees and Grass; the infinite Beauty, and Variety of Flowers, and the Fragrancy of all together, that all the Fields on this Side the River look'd dead, blasted and withered, in Comparison. In the *Interim*, while I was wholly taken up with this Prospect, who should come by (in a lucky Hour) but *Reuchlin*? And as he pass'd, he gave me (in *Hebrew*) his Blessing. He was gotten above half over the Bridge, before I was aware; and as I was about to run up to him, he look'd back, and bad me stand off. *Your Time* (says he) *is not yet come; but five Years hence you are to follow me. In the mean while, be you a Witness, and a Spectator of what's done.* I put in a Word here, and ask'd him if *Reuchlin* was cloath'd or naked; alone or in company. He had nothing upon him (says he) but one Garment, and that was white and shining, like Damask; and a very pretty Boy behind him, with *Wings*, which I took for his *good Genius*. *Po.* Then he had no *evil Genius* with him? *Br.* Yes; the *Franciscan* told me, he thought he had; for there followed him a good way off, certain Birds that were black all over, saving, that when they spread their Wings, they seem'd to have a Mixture of Feathers that were betwixt white and Carnation. By their Colour and Cry, one might have taken them for Pyes; but that they were sixteen times as big; and about the Size of Vultures. They had Combs upon their Heads, and a kind of gorbelly'd Kites, with crooked Beaks, and Talons. If there had been but three of them, I should have taken them for *Harpies*. *Po.* And what

what did these Devils do? *Br.* They kept their Distance, chattering and squalling at the heroick *Reuchlin*, and would certainly have set upon him if they durst. *Po.* Why, what hinder'd 'em? *Br.* *Reuchlin's* turning upon 'em, and making the Sign of the Cross at 'em. *Be gone,* says he, *ye cursed Fiends, to a Place that's fitter for you. You have Work enough to do among Mortals, but you have no Commission to meddle with me, that am now listed in the Roll of Immortality.* The Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, says my *Franciscan*, but these filthy Birds took their Flight, and left such a Stink behind them, that a Close-stool would have been Orange Flower-water to it; and he swore, that he would rather go to Hell, than even snuff up such a Perfume again. *Po.* A Curse upon these Pests! *Br.* But hear what the *Franciscan* told me more. While I was musing upon this, *St. Jerome* (says he) was gotten close to the Bridge; and saluted *Reuchlin* in these very Words, *God save thee, my most holy Companion. I am commanded to conduct thee to the blessed Souls above, as a Reward from the Divine Bounty, of thy most pious Labours.* With that, he took out a Garment, and put it upon *Reuchlin.* Tell me then, (said I) in what Habit or Shape *St. Jerome* appear'd? Was he so old as they paint him? Did he wear a Cowl, or a Hat; and the Dress of a Cardinal? Or had he a Lion for his Companion? Nothing of all this (said he) but his Person was comely, and his Age was only such, as carried Dignity with it, without the Offence of any sort of Sluttery. But what need had he there of a Lion by his Side, as he is commonly painted? His Gown

came down to his Heels, as transparent as Crystal, and of the same Fashion with that he gave to *Reuchlin*. It was painted over with Tongues of three several Colours; in Imitation of the Ruby, the Emerald, and the Sapphire. And beside the Clearness of it, the Order made it exceeding graceful. *Po.* An Intimation, I suppose, of the three Tongues that they profess'd. *Br.* No doubt on't; for upon the very Borders of his Garments, were the Characters of these three Languages, in many Colours. *Po.* Had *Jerome* no Company with him? *Br.* No Company, do ye say? The whole Field swarm'd with Myriads of Angels, that flew in the Air as thick as Atoms: (Pardon the Meanness of the Comparison) If they had not been as clear as the Glass, there would have been no Heaven nor Earth to be seen. *Po.* How glad am I now for poor *Reuchlin*! But what followed? *Br.* *Jerome*, says he, for Respect's Sake, giving *Reuchlin* the Right-hand, and embracing him; carry'd him into the Meadow, and so up to the top of a Hill that was in the middle of it, where they kiss'd and hugg'd one another again. And now the Heavens open'd to a prodigious Wide-ness, and there appear'd a Glory so unutterable, as made every thing else that pass'd for wonderful before, to look mean and sordid. *Po.* Cannot you give us some Representation of it? *Br.* How should I without seeing it? But he that did see it, assures me, that the Tongue of Man is not able to express the very Dream of it. And farther, that he would die a thousand Deaths to see it over again, tho' it were but for one Moment. *Po.* Very good. And how then? *Br.* Out of this Overture, there was let

let down a great Pillar of Fire, which was both transparent, and very agreeable. By the means of this Pillar, the two holy Souls embracing one another, ascended to Heaven; a Quire of Angels all the while accompanying them, with so charming a Melody, that the Franciscan says, he is not able to think of the Delight of it, without weeping. And after this, there followed an incomparable Perfume. His Sleep (or rather the Vision) was no sooner over, but he started up like a Mad-man, and call'd for his Bridge, and his Meadow, without either speaking or thinking of any thing else; and there was no persuading of him to believe that he was any longer in his Cell. The Seniors of the Convent, when they found the Story to be no Fable (for 'tis clear, that *Reuchlin* dy'd at the very Instant of this Appearance to the Holy Man) they unanimously gave Thanks to God, that abundantly rewards good Men for their good Deeds. *Po.* What have we more to do then, but to enter this Holy Man's Name in the *Kalendar* of our *Saints*? *Br.* I should have taken care for that, tho' the Franciscan had seen nothing of all this: And in Golden Letters too, I'll assure ye, next to St. *Jerome* himself. *Po.* And let me die, if I don't put him in my Book so too. *Br.* And then I'll set him in Gold, in my little Chapel, among the choicest of my Saints. *Po.* If I had a Fortune to my Mind, I'd have him in Diamonds. *Br.* He shall stand in my Library the very next to St. *Jerome*. *Po.* And I'll have him in mine too. *Br.* We live in an ungrateful World, or else all People would do the same thing too, that love Learning and Languages; especially the Holy
N 3 Tongues,

170. *The Apotheosis of Capnio; or,*

Tongues. *Po.* Truly it is no more than he deserves. But does it not a little stick in your Stomach, that he's not yet canoniz'd by the Authority of the Bishop of *Rome*? *Br.* I pray'e who canoniz'd (for that's the Word, who canoniz'd) *St. Jerome, Paul, the Virgin Mother*? Tell me, whose Memory is more sacred among all good Men, those that by their eminent Piety, and the Monuments of their Learning, and good Life, have entituled themselves to the Veneration of Posterity; or *Catharina Senensis* (for the Purpose) that was Sainted by *Pius II.* in Favour of the Order and City. *Po.* You say true; that's the right Worship that's paid voluntarily to the Merits of the Dead; whose Benefits will never be forgotten. *Br.* And can you then deplore the Death of this Man? If long Life be a Blessing, he enjoy'd it; he left immortal Monuments of his Virtue; and by his good Works, consecrated himself to Eternity. He's now in Heaven, above the Reach of Misfortune, and conversing with *St. Jerome*. *Po.* But he suffer'd a great deal tho' in this Life. *Br.* And yet *St. Jerome* suffer'd more. 'Tis a Blessing to be persecuted by wicked Men, for being good. *Po.* I confess it; and *St. Jerome* suffered many Indignities from wicked Men for his Virtues. *Br.* That which *Satan* did formerly by the *Scribes* and *Pharisees* against our *Saviour*, he continues still to do by *Pharisees* against good Men, that have deserved well from the World by their Studies. He does now reap the Fruit of the Seed that was sow'd. In the mean time it will be our Part to preserve his Memory Sacred, to glorify him, and to address him in some such Manner as follows. *Holy Soul!*

Soul! Be propitious to Languages, and to those that cultivate and refine them. Favour Holy Tongues, and destroy evil Tongues, that are infected with the Poison of Hell. *Po.* I'll do't myself, and persuade all my Friends to do't. I make no Question, but we shall find those that will employ their Interest to get some little Form of Prayer, according to Custom; to perpetuate the Honour and Memory of this blessed Hero. *Br.* Do you mean that which they call a Collect? *Po.* Yes. *Br.* I have one ready, that I provided before his Death. *Po.* I pray'e let's hear it. *Br.* O God that art the Lover of Mankind, and by thy chosen Servant John Reuchlin, hast renewed to Mankind the Gift of Tongues, by which the Holy Spirit from above did formerly enable the Apostles for their preaching of the Gospel: Grant that all People may in all Tongues, preach the Glory of thy Son, to the confounding of the Tongues of the false Apostles, who being in Confederacy, to uphold the wicked Tower of Babel, endeavour to obscure thy Glory, by advancing their own; when to thee alone is due all Glory, &c. *Po.* A most elegant and holy Prayer! And it shall be my daily one. How happy was this Occasion to me, that brought me to the Knowledge of so edifying, and so delightful a Story? *Br.* May that Joy last long too; and so farewell.

The Funeral.

COL. XII.

In the differing Ends of Balearicus and Montius, here is set forth the Vanity, Pomp, and Superstition of the Funerals of some Rich and Worldly Men; With the Practices of too many of the Monks upon them in their Extremities. As also how a Good Christian ought to demean himself when he comes to die.

MARCOLPHUS, PHÆDRUS.

Ma. **W**HYY, how go Matters, *Phædrus*? Thou look'st, methinks, as if thou hadst been eaten, and spew'd up again. *Pb.* Why so, I beseech ye? *Ma.* So sad, so sowe, so ghastly, so forlorn a Wight: Thou hast not one bit of *Phædrus* about thee. *Phæd.* What can you expect better, from one that has been so many Days among the Sick, the Dying, and the Dead? You might as well wonder to see a *Black-Smith*, or a *Chimney-Sweeper* with a dirty Face. Well, *Marcolphus*! Two such Losses are enough to put any Man out of Humour. *Ma.* Have you bury'd any of your Friends then? *Pb.* You knew *George Belearicus*. *Ma.* Only his Name, but I never saw his Face. *Pb.* He's one, and *Cornelius Montius* the other; (my very particular Friend:) but he, I suppose,
was

was wholly a Stranger to you, *Ma*. It was never my Fortune yet to see any Man breathe his last. *Pb*. But it has been mine too often, if I might have had my Wish. *Ma*. Pray'e tell me, is Death so terrible as they make it. *Pb*. The *Way* to't is worse than the *Thing* it self; for the *Apprehension* is the greatest Part of the *Evil*. Beside that, our Resignation to the Will of God makes all the Bitterness, as well of Sickness, as of Death, easie to us. There can be no great Sense of any thing in the Instant of the Soul's leaving the Body. For before it comes to that Point, the Faculty it self is become dull and stupid; and commonly laid asleep. *Ma*. What do we feel when we're born? *Pb*. The *Mother* feels something however, if we do not. *Ma*. Why would not Providence let us go out of the World as smoothly as we came into't? *Pb*. Our Birth is made painful to the Mother, to make the Child dearer to her; and Death is made formidable to Mankind, to deter us from laying violent Hands upon our selves; for if so many make away themselves as the Case stands already, what would they do if the Dread of Death were taken away? If a Servant, or a Child were but corrected; a Family quarrel started, a Sum of Money lost, or any thing else went cross, Men would presently repair to Halters, Swords, Rivers, Precipices, Poisons, for their Relief. It is the *Terror of Death*, that makes us set the greater Value upon *Life*; especially, considering that there's no Redemption; for the Dead are out of the reach of the Doctor. Now so it is, that we do not all either come into the World, or go out of it alike. Some die sooner, others later;

later; some one way, some another: A Lethargy takes a Man away without any Sense of Death; as if he were stung with an Asp, he goes off in's Sleep. Or be it as it will, there is no Death so tormenting, but that a Man may overcome it with Resolution. *Ma.* Pray'e tell me, which of your two Friends bore his Fate the most like a Christian? *Pb.* Why truly, in my Opinion, *George* dy'd the more like a *Man of Honour*. *Ma.* Is there any Sense of *Ambition* then, when we come to that Point? *Pb.* I never saw two People make such different Ends. If you'll give it the Hearing, I'll tell you the Story, and leave you to judge which was likest a Christian. *Ma.* Let's have it, I beseech ye, for I have the greatest Mind in the World to hear't. *Pb.* I'll begin with my Friend *George*.

So soon as ever it could be certainly known that his Hour was drawing on; the *Physicians* that had attended him throughout his Sicknes, gave to understand the Pains they had taken, and that there was matter of Money in the Case; but not a Word of the Despair they had of his Life. *Ma.* How many *Physicians* might there be? *Pb.* Sometimes *ten*; sometimes *twelve*; but never under *six*. *Ma.* Enow in all Conscience to have done the Business of a Man in perfect Health. *Pb.* Their Money was no sooner paid, but they privately hinted to some of his near Relations, that his Death was at hand, and advis'd them to take the best Care they could for the Good of his Soul, for his Body was past Hope. This was handsomely intimated by some of his particular Friends to *George* himself; desiring him, that he would
remit

remit the Business of his *Life* to *Providence*, and turn his Thoughts now toward the Comforts of another *World*. Upon this News, George cast many a fowre Look at the Physicians, taking it very heinously, that they should now leave him in his Distress. They told him, that *Physicians* were but *Men*, not *Gods*; and that they had done as much as *Art* could do to save him; but there was no Remedy against *Fate*; and so they went into the next Chamber.

Ma. What did they stay for after they were paid? *Pb.* They were not yet agreed upon the

Disease. One would have it to be a *Dropsy*; another, an *Aposteme* in the *Guts*; Every Man of them would needs have it a several *Disease*; and this Dispute they were very hot upon, throughout his whole Sickness. *Ma.* The Patient had a blessed time on't all this while!

Pb. For the deciding of this Controversy, *First*, They desir'd by his Wife that the Body might be open'd; which would be for his Honour, a thing usual among Persons of Quality. *Secondly*, they suggested how beneficial it might be to others, which he would have the Comfort of, by increasing the Bulk of his *Merits*, and then they promis'd him *Thirty Masses* at their own Charge, for the good of his *Soul*. There was much ado to bring him to't; but at last, by *Importunities* and *fair Words*, the thing was obtain'd, and so the whole Consultation was dissolv'd; for Physicians, whose Business it is to preserve Life, do not think it convenient to be present, either at their Patients Death, or Funeral. By and by, *Bernardinus* was sent for to take his *Confession*: A Reverend Man, ye know, and *Warden* of the *Franciscans*. His

Confession

Confession was no sooner over, but there was a whole *Houseful* of the four *Orders of begging Fryers*. *Ma.* What, so many *Vultures* to one *Carcass*? *Pb.* And now, the *Parish-Priest* was call'd to give him *Extreme Unction*, and the *Sacrament* of the *Eucharist*. *Ma.* Religious People! *Pb.* But there had like to have been a bloody *Fray*, betwixt the *Priest*, and the *Monks*. *Ma.* What? At the *Patient's Bed-side*? *Pb.* Nay, and *Christ* himself *looking on* too. *Ma.* Upon what *Occasion*? *Pb.* The *Parish-Priest*, so soon as ever he found that *George* had *confessed* to a *Franciscan*, did *Point-blank* refuse to give him, either the *Sacrament of Unction*, or the *Eucharist*; or so much as the *common Rights* of *Burial*; unless he heard his *Confession* with his own *Ears*. He was to be accountable for his *Flock* *himself*, he said: And how could he answer for any *Man*, without knowing the *Secrets* of his *Conscience*? *Ma.* And don't you think he was in the right? *Pb.* They did not think so, for they all fell upon him, especially, *Bernardinus*, and *Vincentius* the *Dominican*. *Ma.* What did they urge? *Pb.* They told the *Curate*, he was an *Afs*, and fitter for a *Hog-driver*, than a *Pastor*, and ratled him up to some tune. I am a *Batchelor of Divinity*, (says *Vincentius*) and shortly to be *Licens'd*, and take my *Degree* of *Doctor*; and shall such a *Dunce* as thou art, that can hardly read a *Letter* in the *Book*, be peeping into the *Secrets* of a *Man's Conscience*? If you have such an *Itch of Curiosity*, you had better enquire into the *Privacies* of your *Concubine*, and your *Bastards* at *Home*. I could say more, but I am *asham'd* of the *Story*. *Ma.* And did he say nothing to all this? *Pb.* Nothing, do ye say?

Never was any Man so nettled. I'll make a *better Batchellor* than you are, says he, of a *Bean-stalk*. I pray, what were your *Masters, Dominicus* and *Franciscus*? Where did they ever learn *Aristotle's Philosophy*, the *Arguments of Thomas*, or the *Speculations of Scotus*? Where did they take their Degree of *Bachelors*? Ye crept into a *believing World*, a Company of poor, humble Wretches of ye, (tho' some, I must confess, were devout and learned.) Ye nettled at first in *Fields* and *Villages*, and so by Degrees transplanted your selves into *opulent Cities*; and none but the best part of them neither would content ye. Your Business lay then only in Places that could not maintain a *Pastor*, but now, forsooth, none but great Mens Houses will serve your turn. You value your selves much upon the Title of *Priests*; but all your *Privileges* are not worth a Rush, unless in the *Absence* of the *Bishop, Pastor*, or his *Curate*. Not a Man of you shall come into my *Pulpit*, I assure ye, so long as I am *Pastor*. 'Tis true, I am no *Batchelor*; no more was *St. Martin*, and yet he discharg'd the Office of a *Bishop*. If I have not so much Learning as I should, I'll never come a begging to you for't. The World is grown wiser now a-days, than to think that the *Holiness* of *Dominicus* and *Franciscus* is entail'd upon the *Habit*. You're much concern'd what I do in my own House: 'Tis the common Talk of the People what you do in your Cells; and at what rate you behave your selves with your *Holy Virgins*; and how many *illustrious Palaces* ye have turn'd into *direct Bawdy-Houses*. *Marcolphus*, you must excuse me for the rest, for it is too foul to be told:

told: But in truth, he handled the Reverend Fathers without *Mittens*; and there would have been no end on't, if *George* had not held up his Hand, in token that he had something to say. With much ado the Storm was laid at last, and they gave the Patient the Hearing. *Peace* (says he) *be among ye: I'll confess my self over again to my Parish-Priest; and see all the Charge of Ringing, of my Funeral Rites, Burial, and Monument paid ye before ye go out of the House; and take such Order, that ye shall have no Cause to complain.* *Ma.* I hope the *Parish-Priest* was pleas'd with this. *Pb.* He was pacify'd in some measure, only something he mitter'd about *Confession*; but he remitted it at last, and told them that there was no need of troubling either the Priest or the Patient with the same things again; but if he had confess'd to me in time (says he) he would have made his Will perhaps upon better Considerations. But now we must e'en take it as it is; and if it be not as it should be, it must be at your Door. This Equity of the Sick Man's gall'd the Monks to the very Heart, to think that any part of the Booty should go to the Priest of the Parish. But upon my Intercession Matters were compos'd; and the Parish-Priest gave the Sick Man the *Uction* and the *Eucharist*, receiv'd his Money, and so went his way. *Ma.* And now all was well again, was it not? *Pb.* So far from it, that this Tempest was no sooner laid, but a worse follow'd. *Ma.* Upon what Ground, I pray thee? *Pb.* To the four Orders of Beggars, that were gotten into the House, there was now join'd with them a fifth one, of *Cross-bearers*, which put the other *Mendicants*

dicants into a direct Tumult against the fifth Order, as illegitimate and spurious. *Where did you ever see* (says one of them) *a Waggon with five Wheels? Or with what Face will any Man pretend to reckon more Mendicant Orders, than there were Evangelists? At this rate, you may e'en as well call in all the Beggars to ye from the Bridges and Cross-ways.* *Ma.* What said the *Cross-bearers* to this? *Pb.* They ask'd how the *Waggon* of the *Church* went, before there was any Order of *Mendicants* at all? And so after that, when there was but *One Order*? And then again, when there were *Three*? For the *Number* of the *Evangelists* (say they) has no more Affinity with *our Order*, than with the *Die*, for having *four Angles*. Who brought the *Augustines*, or the *Carmelites* into *that Order*? Or when did *Augustine* or *Elias* beg? (whom they make to be the *Principles* of their *Order*.) This and a great deal more, they thunder'd out; but being over-power'd with Numbers, they were forc'd to give way, but not without threatning a *Revenge*. *Ma.* I hope all was quiet now. *Pb.* No, no; for *this Confederacy* against the *fifth Order* was come almost to *Daggers drawing*; the *Franciscan* and *Dominican* would not allow the *Augustines* and *Carmelites* to be *True Mendicants*, but only *Bastard* and *Supposititious*. The brawl went so high, that every body expected it would have come to *Blows*. *Ma.* And was the *Sick Man* forc'd to suffer all this? *Pb.* They were not in his *Bed-Chamber* now, ye must know, but in a *Court* that join'd to't; which was all one, for he heard every *Word* that was spoken: There was no *Whispering*, believe me, but they very fairly

fairly exercis'd their Lungs; beside that, in a Fit of Sickness Men are commonly quicker of Hearing than ordinary. *Ma.* But what was the End of this Dispute? *Pb.* The Patient sent them Word by his Wife, that if they would but be quiet a little, and hold their Tongues, all things should be set right; and therefore desir'd, that for the present the *Augustines* and *Carmelites* would depart, and they should be no Losers by it; for they should have the same proportion of Meat sent them home, which the rest had that staid. He gave Direction to have all the *five Orders* assist at his *Funeral*, and for an *equal Dividend* of Money, to every one of them: But to have taken them all to a *common Table* would have endanger'd a *Tumult*. *Ma.* The Man understood *O Economy*, I perceive, that had the Skill, even at his Death, to atone so many Differences. *Pb.* Alas! he had been an *Officer* a long Time in the *Army*, where he was us'd to *Mutinies*. *Ma.* Had he any *great Estate*. *Pb.* A very *great* one. *Ma.* But *ill gotten*, as commonly, by *Rapine*, *Sacrilege*, and *Extortions*. *Pb.* After the *Soldier's Method*; and I will not swear for him neither, that he was one jot better than his Neighbours: But still, if I do not mistake the Man, he made his Fortune rather by his *Wit*, than by *downright Violence*. *Ma.* How so? *Pb.* He had very great Skill in *Arithmetick*. *Ma.* And what of that? *Pb.* Why he would reckon 30000 *Soldiers*, when there were but 7000; and those not paid neither. *Ma.* Truly a compendious way of *Arithmetick*! *Pb.* And then he was a great Master of his Trade; for he had a way of getting *Monthly Contributions*
on

on *both Sides*; from his *Enemies*, that he might spare them; and from his *Friends*, as an *Allowance* for them to deal with the *Enemy*. *Ma.* Well, well, I know the common way of *Soldiers*; but make an *End* of your *Story*. *Pb.* *Bernardinus* and *Vincentius*, with some of their *Fellows*, continued with the *Sick Man*, and the rest had their *Provisions* sent them. *Ma.* But how did they agree among themselves that staid upon *Duty*? *Pb.* Not perfectly well; for I heard some grumbling among 'em about the *Prerogative* of their *Bulls*; but they were fain to dissemble the *Matter*, that they might go the better on with their *Work*.

The *Will* is now produc'd, and *Covenants* enter'd into before *Witnesses*, according to what they had agreed upon between *themselves*. *Ma.* I should be glad to hear what that was. *Pb.* I'll tell ye in short, for the whole *Business* would be a long *History*: He leaves a *Widow* of *Thirty Eight Years of Age*, a *sincere* and a *virtuous Woman*. He leaves *two Sons*, the one of *Eighteen*, the other of *Fifteen*; and *two Daughters*, both under *Age*. He provided by his *Testament*, that since his *Wife* would not confine her self to a *Cloyster*, she should put on the *Habit* of a *Beghin*, (which is a middle Order betwixt *Laick* and *Religious*.) The *elder Son*, because he could not be prevail'd upon to turn *Monk*——*Ma.* *There's no catching old Birds with Chaff*. *Pb.* He was immediately after his *Fathers Funeral* to ride *Post* to *Rome*; where being made a *Priest*, before his *Time*, by the *Pope's Dispensation*, he should for *one Year* say *Mass* every *Day* in the *Lateran Church*

for his *Father's Soul*; and every *Friday* creep upon his *Knees* up the *Holy Steps* there. *Ma.* And did he take this *Task* upon himself *willingly*? *Ph.* With as much *Submission* as an *Ass* bears his *Burthen*. His *younger Son* was dedicated to *St. Francis*, his *elder Daughter* to *St. Clare*, and the *younger* to *Catharina Senensis*. This was all could be obtain'd; for it was *George's Purpose* (to lay the greater *Obligation* upon *God Almighty*) to dispose of the *five Survivors* into the *five Orders* of *Mendicants*; and it was hard press'd too; but his *Wife* and his *eldest Son* were not to be wrought upon by any *Terms*, fair or foul. *Ma.* Why, this is a kind of *Disinheriting*. *Ph.* The *whole Estate* was so divided, that the *Funeral Charges* being first taken out, *one twelfth Part* of it was to go to his *Wife*; *one half* of that for her *Maintenance*, and the *other* to the *Stock* of the *Place* where she dispos'd of her self. *Another twelfth Part* to go to the *elder Son*; with a *Viaticum*, and as much *Money* as would purchase him a *Dispensation*; and maintain him at *Rome*; provided always, that if he should *change his Mind*, and *refuse* to be initiated into *holy Orders*, his *Portion* to be divided betwixt the *Franciscans* and *Dominicans*: And that I fear will be the end on't; for he had a *strange Abhorrence* to that *Course of Life*. *Two twelfth parts* are to go to the *Monastery* that receives his *younger Son*; and *two more* to those that should entertain his *Daughters*, but upon *Condition*, that if they *refuse* to *profess* themselves, *all the Money* should go *whole* to the *Cloyster*. *Another twelfth part* to *Bernardinus*, and as much to *Vincentius*. *Half a Share* to the *Carthusians*, for
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the good Works of the whole Order; one remaining part and half to be divided among such poor as Bernardinus and Vincentius should judge worthy of the Charity. *Ma.* It would have been more Lawyer-like to have said *Quos vel Quas*, instead of *Quos* only, as I find. *Pb.* The Testament was read; and the Stipulation ran in these Words: *George Balearicus; Now whilst thou art in Life and sound Sense, dost thou approve of this Testament, which hath been made long since by thy Direction and Appointment? I approve it. Is this thy last and unchangeable Will? It is. And dost thou constitute me and this Batchelor Vincentius, the Executors of this thy Last Will? I do so. And then he was commanded to subscribe. Ma.* How could he write when he was dying? *Pb.* Bernardinus guided his Hand. *Ma.* What did he subscribe? *Pb.* Whosoever shall presume to violate this Testament, may St. Francis and St. Dominick confound him. *Ma.* But what if they had brought an *Action; Testamenti Inofficiosi? Pb.* That *Action* will not hold in things dedicated to God, nor will any Man run the Hazard of a Suit with him. When this was over, the Wife and Children gave the Sick Man their Right Hands, and swear Observance to his Directions.

After this they fell to treat about the Funeral Pomp, and there was a Squabble there too; but it was carried at last, that there should be present nine out of every one of the five Orders, for the Honour of the five Volumes of Moses, and the nine Quire of Angels; every Order to carry its proper Cross, and sing the Funeral Songs. To these, beside the Kindred, there should be thirty Torch-Bearers, all in Mourning,

and in Memory of the *thirty Pieces of Silver*, that our Saviour was sold for; and, for Respect sake, *twelve Mourners* to accompany them; as a Number sacred to the *Apostolical Order*. Behind the *Bier* follow'd *George's Horse* all in Mourning, with his Head ty'd down to his Knee, as if he were looking upon the Ground for his Master. The *Pall* was hung round with *Escutcheons*, and so were the *Garments* both of the Bearers and Mourners. The *Body* it self was to be laid at the Right Hand of the *High Altar*, in a *marble Tomb*, some four Foot from the Ground, and he himself at his Length upon the Top on't. His *Image* cut in the purest Marble, and in *Armour* from Head to Foot: To his *Helmet* a *Crest*, which was the Neck of an *Onocrotalus*; a *Shield* upon his *Left Arm*, charged with *three Boar's Heads Or*, in a *Field Argent*; a *Sword* by his Side, with a *Golden Hilt*, and a *Belt* embroidered with *Gold* and *Pearl*; *Golden Spurs*, and *all Gold*, for he was *Equus Auratus*. He had a *Leopard* at his Feet, and an *Inscription* worthy of so great a Man. His *Heart* was to be laid in the Chapel of *St. Francis*; and his *Bowels* bequeath'd to the *Parish*, to be honourably interr'd in our *Ladies Chapel*. *Ma.* This was a *noble Funeral*, but a *dear one*. Now at *Venice* a *Cobler* should have as much *Honour* done him, and with little or no *Charge* at all. The *Company* gives him a handsome *Coffin*, and they have *six hundred Monks* all in their *Habits*, many times, to attend *one Body*. *Pb.* I have seen it my self, and cannot but laugh at the *Vanity* of those poor People. The *Fullers* and *Tanners* march in the *Van*, the *Coblers* bring up the *Rear*, and the
Monks

Monks march in the *Body*. This mixture made it look like a *Chimera*; and *George* had this Caution too, that the *Franciscans*, and *Dominicans* should draw *Lots*, who should go *first*; and after *them*, the *rest*, for fear of a *Tumult*, or *Quarrelling* for *Place*. The *Parish-Priest* and his *Clerks* went *last*: For the *Monks* would never endure it otherwise. *Ma.* *George* had Skill, I find, in *marshalling* of a *Ceremony*, as well as of an *Army*. *Pb.* And it was provided, that the *Funeral-Service*, which was to be perform'd by the *Parish-Priest*, should proceed in *Musick*, for the greater *Honour* of the *Defunct*. While these things were a doing, the *Patient* was seiz'd with a *Convulsion*, which was a certain *Token* that his *Dissolution* was at *Hand*: So that they were now come to the *last Act*. *Ma.* Why, is not all done yet? *Pb.* No; for now the *Pope's Bull* is to be read, wherein he is promised a total *Pardon* of all his *Sins*, and an *Exemption* from the *Fear* of *Purgatory*; with a *Justification* over and above, of his *whole Estate*. *Ma.* What? Of an *Estate* gotten by *Violence*? *Pb.* Gotten by the *Law*, and *Fortune* of the *War*: But it happen'd that a *Brother* of his *Wives*, one *Philip*, a *Civilian*, was by at the reading of the *Bull*; and took notice of one *Passage* in it, that was not as it should be, which made him jealous of *foul Play*. *Ma.* This came very unseasonable; or if there had been any *Error*, it might have been *dissembled*, and the *sick Man* never the worse for't. *Pb.* You say very well; and I assure ye it wrought upon *George* so, that it had like to have cast him into an *absolute Despair*. And here, *Vincentius* shew'd himself a *Man* indeed; *Courage*, *George*, (says he) for I

have an Authority to correct, or to supply all Errors, or Omissions in this Case: So that if this Bull should deceive thee, my Soul shall stand engag'd for thine, that thine shall go to Heaven, or mine be damn'd. *Ma.* But will God accept of this Way now of changing Souls? Or if he does, is the Pawn of *Vincentius's* Soul a sufficient Security? What if *Vincentius's* Soul should go to the Devil, whether he changes it, or no? *Pb.* I only tell ye Matter of Fact. *Vincentius* enter'd formally into this Obligation, and *George* seem'd to be much comforted with it. By and by the Covenants are read, by which, the whole Society promise to transfer to *George* the Benefits of the Works of all the five Orders. *Ma.* I should be afraid that such a Weight should sink me to Hell. *Pb.* I speak of their good Works only; for they help a Soul in mounting to Heaven, as Feathers help a Bird. *Ma.* But who shall have their evil Works then? *Pb.* The Dutch Soldiers of Fortune. *Ma.* By what Right? *Pb.* By Gospel-Right; for to him that has, shall be given. And then they read over how many Masses and Psalms were to accompany the Soul of the deceased; which indeed were innumerable. His Confession was repeated, after this; and they gave him their Benediction. *Ma.* And so he dy'd. *Pb.* Not yet. They laid a Mat upon the Ground, which was roll'd up at one End into the Form of a Pillow. *Ma.* And what was this to do? *Pb.* They threw Ashes upon it; but thin spread; and there they laid the sick Man's Body; and then they consecrated a *Franciscan's* Coat, with certain Prayers, and Holy Water, and cast that over him: They laid his Coull under his Head. (for there was no putting of it on)

and

and his *Pardon* with it. *Ma.* A new Way of leaving the World. *Pb.* But they affirm that the Devil has no Power over those that die in this Manner; for they do but follow *St. Martin*, *St. Francis*, and *others*, that have gone this Way before. *Ma.* But *their Lives* were religious as well as their *Ends*. But go on. *Pb.* They then presented the sick Man with a *Crucifix*, and a *Wax Candle*. Upon holding out the *Crucifix*; *I thought my self safe*, says *George*, under the Protection of my *Buckler*, in War; and now this is the *Buckler* that I shall oppose to my *Enemies*: So he kiss'd it, and laid it to his left Side; and for the *holy Taper*, *I was ever held to be a good Pike-man in the Field*, and now I shall make use of this *Lance* against the *Enemy of Souls*. *Ma.* Spoken like a Man of War. *Pb.* These were the last Words he spake: For Death presently ty'd up his Tongue, and he fell into an Agony. *Bernardinus* kept close to him, in his *Extremity*, upon the *Right Hand*, and *Vincentius* upon the *Left*; and they had both of them their *Pipes* open: The one shew'd him the *Image* of *St. Francis*, the other that of *St. Dominick*, while the rest were up and down in the *Bed-Chamber*, mumbling over certain *Psalms* to a most lamentable *Tune*: *Bernardinus*, bawling in his *Right Ear*, and *Vincentius*, in his *Left*. *Ma.* What did they say? *Pb.* *Bernardinus* spake to this Purpose: *George Balearicus*, if thou dost now approve of all that is here done, lean thy *Head* toward thy *right Shoulder*. And so he did. *Vincentius*, on the other Side, *Have a good Heart*, *George*, (says he) *thou hast St. Francis and St. Dominick for thy Defenders*; fear nothing, but think of the *Merits* that are bestow'd upon

thee; the Validity of thy Pardon, and that I have engag'd my Soul for thine, if there should be any Danger. If thou understand'st all this, and approve'st of it, lean thy Head toward thy left Shoulder; and so he did. After this, they cry'd out as loud as before, if thou art sensible of all this, squeeze my Hand; and he did so: So that betwixt the turning of his Head, and the squeezing of his Hand, there past almost three Hours. When George began to yawn, Bernardinus stood up, and pronounc'd his Absolution; but he could not go through with it, before George's Soul was out of his Body. This was about Midnight; and in the Morning, they went about the Anatomy.

Ma. What did he die of? *Pb.* Well remembred, for I had like to have forgot it. There was a Piece of Lead that stuck to the *Diaphragma.*

Ma. How came that? *Pb.* With a *Musquet-shot*, as his Wife told me; and the Physicians conjectur'd that some Part of the melted Lead was yet in his Body. By and by, they put the *Dissected Corps*, as well as they could, into a *Franciscan's Habit*; and after Dinner they bury'd him in Pomp, as it was order'd.

Ma. I never heard of more Bustle about a Man's dying, or of a more pompous Funeral: But I suppose you would not have this publickly to be known. *Pb.* Why not? *Ma.* 'Tis not good to provoke a Nest of Hornets. *Pb.* There's no Danger; for if this be well done, the more publick, the better: But if it be ill, all good Men will thank me for the Discovery of it; and for making the *Impostors themselves*, perhaps, *asham'd* of what they have done; and cautious how they do the same thing again. Beside that it may possibly preserve the simple from falling any more into the like Mistakes.

stakes. For I have been told by several learned and pious Men, that the *Superstition*, and *Wickedness* of some few, brings a *Scandal* upon the whole Order. *Ma.* This is well and bravely said.

But I would fain know what became of *Cornelius*. *Pb.* Why truly he dy'd as he liv'd, without troubling any Body: He had an *Anniversary Fever* that took him every Year at such a certain Time; but being worse now than ordinary, either by Reason of his *Age* (for he was above *Threescore*) or some other *Infirmity*, finding that his fatal Day was drawing on; he went to Church, upon a *Sunday* some four Days before his Death, and there *confess'd* himself to his *Parish-Priest*; heard *publick-Service*, and *Sermon*; received the *Eucharist*; and so returned to his own House. *Ma.* Had he no *Physicians*? *Pb.* Only one, who was an excellent Man, both in his *Morals*, and in his *Profession*, (one *James Castrius*.) *Ma.* I know the Man; a very worthy Person. *Pb.* He told him, that he should be ready to serve him in any thing as a Friend; but that his Business lay rather with *God*, than with the *Doctors*. *Cornelius* took this Sentence as chearfully, as if he had assur'd him of his Recovery. Wherefore, though he had always been very charitable, according to his Power, yet he then enlarg'd himself, and bestow'd upon the Needy all that he could possibly spare from the Necessities of his Wife and Children: And not upon those that take a *Pride* in a seeming *Poverty*; (those are an *ambitious Sort* of *Beggars*, that are every where to be met withal :) But upon those good Men, that oppose a *laborious Industry* to an innocent *Poverty*.
He

He desir'd him that he would rest himself, and rather take a *Priest* to entertain him, than spend his wasted Body with more Labour than it would bear. His Answer was, that it had been his Practice, rather to ease his Friends where he could, by *doing* good Offices, than make himself troublesome by *receiving* them; and that he would now *die* as he had *liv'd*. He would not lie down till the *last Day*, and *part* of the *last Night* of his *Life*. In the *Interim*, he was forced to support his weak Body with a Stick; or else he would sit in a Chair, but very rarely came into his naked Bed; only he kept himself in his Cloathes, with his Head upright. In this time either he was giving Orders for the Relief of the Poor, and of the Neighbourhood, (especially such as were known to him) or else he would be reading of those Scriptures that might fortify him in his Faith toward God, and shew the infinite Love of God to Mankind. When he was not able to read himself, he had some Friend to read to him; and he would frequently, and with wonderful Affection, encourage his Family to mutual Love and Concord, and to the Exercise of true Piety, comforting his Friends with great Tenderness, and persuading them not to be over-solicitous for his Death. He gave it often in Charge to his Family, to see all his Debts paid.

Ma. Had he no *Will*? *Pb.* Yes, long since; he had dispatch'd that Affair in his best Health, for he was us'd to say, that what a Man does at his *last Gasp*, is rather a *Dotage*, than a *Testament*.

Ma. Did he give any thing to *religious Houses*, or *poor People*? *Pb.* No, not a *Cross*. I have given already (says he) in my
Life-time

Life-time what I was able to give; and now, as I leave the Possession of what I have to my Family, they shall e'en have the disposing of it too; and I trust that they will yet employ it better than I my self have done. *Ma.* Did he send for no *holy Man* about him, as *George* did? *Pb.* Not a Man of 'em. There was only his own Family, and two intimate Friends about him. *Ma.* What did he mean by that? *Pb.* He was not willing, he said, to trouble more People when he went out of the World, than he did when he came into it. *Ma.* When comes the End of this Story? *Pb.* You shall hear presently: *Thursday* came, and finding himself extremely weak, he kept his Bed. The *Parish-Priest* was then call'd, gave him *Extreme Unction*, and the *Holy Communion*; but he made *no Confession*, for he had *no Scruple*, he said, that stuck upon him. The *Priest* began then to discourse of the *Pomp, Place, and Manner* of his *Burial*. *Bury me* (says he) *as you would bury the meanest Christian; nor do I concern my self where ye lay my Body, for the last Judgment will find it out in one Place as well as in another; and for the Pomp of my Funeral I heed it not.* When he came to mention the *Ringing of Bells*, the saying of *Masses*, the *Business of Pardons*, and purchasing a *Communion of Merits*; *My good Pastor* (says he) *I shall find my self never the Worse, if never a Bell be rung, and one Funeral Office will abundantly content me: But if there be any thing else, which the publick Custom of the Church has made necessary, and that cannot well be omitted, without giving a Scandal to the Week; in that Case I remit my self to your Pleasure:*

Nor

Nor am I at all desirous, either to buy any Man's Prayers, or to rob any Man of his Merits; those of Christ I take to be sufficient; and I wish only, that I my self may be the better for the Prayers and Merits of the whole Church, if I live and die but a true Member of it. All my Hope is in these two Assurances: The one is, that my Sins are abolished, and nail'd to the Cross by my blessed Saviour who is our chief Shepherd; the other is, that which Christ hath signed and sealed with his holy Blood, by which we are made sure of Eternal Salvation, if we place all our Trust in him. Far be it from me to insist upon Merits and Pardons, as if I would provoke my God to enter into Judgment with his Servant, in whose Sight no Flesh living shall be justified. His Mercy is boundless and unspeakable, and thither it is that I must appeal from his Justice. The Parish-Priest, upon these Words, departed; and Cornelius, with great Joy and Chearfulness, (as one transported with the Hope of a better Life) caused some Texts to be read, to confirm him in the Hope of a Resurrection, and set before him the Rewards of Immortality; as that out of the Prophet *Isaiab*, concerning the deferring of the Death of *Hezekias*, together with the Hymn; and then the *1 Cor. xv.* the Death of *Lazarus* out of *St. John*; but especially the History of *Christ's Passion* out of the Gospels. With what Affection did he take in all these Scriptures! sighing at some Passages; closing his Hands, as in thankfulness at others: One while rapt and overjoy'd at some Passages, and at others sending up his Soul in short Ejaculations. After Dinner when he had slept a little, he caused to be read the *Twelfth* of *St. John*,

to the End of the Story. And here the Man seem'd to be transfigur'd, and possess'd with a new Spirit. Toward Evening, he call'd his Wife and Children; and raising himself as well as he could, he thus bespake them.

My dearest Wife, the same God that join'd us doth now part us; but only in our Bodies, and that too but for a short Time. That Care, Kindness, and Piety, that thou hast hitherto divided betwixt my self, and the tender Pledges of our mutual Love, thou art now to transfer wholly to them: Nor canst thou do any thing more acceptable to God, or to me, than to educate, cherish, and instruct those whom Providence has bestow'd upon us as the Fruit of our Conjunction, that they may be found worthy of Christ. Double thy Piety towards them, and reckon upon my Share too, as translated unto thee. If thou dost this, (as I am confident thou wilt) thy Children are not to be accounted Orphans.

If ever thou shouldst marry again——
With that his Wife gush'd out into Tears; and as she was about to forswear the thing, Cornelius thus interposed: *My dearest Sister in Christ, if our Lord Jesus shall vouchsafe to thee such a Resolution, and Strength of Spirit, be not wanting to thy self in the cherishing of so divine a Grace; for it will be more commodious, as well to thy self, as to*
6 thy

thy Children; but if thy Infirmity shall move thee another way, know, that my Death has freed thee from the Bond of Wedlock; but not from that Trust, which in both our Names thou owest in common to the Care of our Children. As to the Point of Marriage, make use of the Freedom which God has given thee. This only let me entreat, and admonish thee, make such a Choice of a Husband, and so discharge thy self towards him, in the Condition of a Wife, that either by his own Goodness; or for thy Convenience, he may be kind to our Children. Have a Care then of tying up thy self by any Vow: Keep thy self free to God, and to our Issue; and bring them up in such a Frame of Piety and Virtue, and take such Care of them that they may not fix upon any Course of Life, till by Age, and the Use of Things, they shall come to understand what is fittest for them.

Turning then to his Children, he exhorted them to the Study of Virtue, Obedience to their Mother, and mutual Friendship and Affection among themselves. He then kiss'd his Wife, pray'd for his Children, and making the Sign of the Cross, recommended them to the Mercy of Christ. After this, looking upon all that were present: Yet before to Morrow-morning (says he) the Lord that sanctified the Morning, by reviving upon it, will descend out of his infinite Mercy, to call this poor Soul of mine out of the Sepulchre of my Body, and the Darknes of
this

this Mortality into his Heavenly Light. I will not have ye tire your selves in your tender Age with unprofitable Watching; only let one wake with me, to read to me, and let the rest sleep by Turns. When he had passed the Night; about Four in the Morning, the whole Family being present, he caused that *Psalm* to be read, which our Saviour, praying, recited upon the Cross. When that was done, he call'd for a *Taper*, and a *Cross*; and taking the *Taper*, *The Lord* (says he) *is my Light and my Salvation, whom shall I fear?* And then kissing the *Cross*, *The Lord* (says he) *is the Defender of my Life, of whom then shall I be afraid?* By and by, with his Hands upon his Breast, and the Gesture of one praying, and with his Eyes lifted up to Heaven, *Lord Jesus* (says he) *receive my Spirit.* And immediately he closed his Eyes, as if he were only about to sleep; and so with a gentle Breath, he deliver'd up his Spirit, as if he had only slumber'd, and not expir'd. *Ma.* The least painful Death that ever I heard of. *Ph.* His Life was as calm as his Death. These two Men were both of 'em my Friends; and perhaps I am not so good a Judge which of them dy'd the likest a Christian: But you that are unbyass'd may perhaps make a better Judgment. *Ma.* I'll think of it, and give you my Opinion at Leisure.

The Exorcism: Or, The Apparition.

COL. XIII.

A Dragon in the Air; with the Relation of an artificial and famous Imposture.

THOMAS, ANSELMUS.

Tb. YOU have found a Purchase sure, that ye laugh to your self thus: What's the best News? *Ans.* Nay, you are not far from the Mark. *Tb.* If there be any thing that's good, let your Friend take part with ye. *Ans.* And welcome too; for I have been wishing a good while for some Body that would be merry with me for Company. *Tb.* Let's have it then. *Ans.* I was told e'en now the pleasantest Story; and if I did not know the Place, the Persons, and every Circumstance, as well as I know you, I should swear 'twere a *Sham*. *Tb.* You have set me a longing to hear it. *Ans.* Do not you know *Pool*, *Fawn's* Son-in-law? *Tb.* Perfectly well. *Ans.* He's both the *Contriver* of it, and the chief *Actor* in the *Play*. *Tb.* I am apt enough to believe that; for he's a Man to do any Part to the Life. *Ans.* 'Tis right: Do you not know a Farm that he has a little Way from *London*? *Tb.* Oh? very well. He and I have crack'd many a Bottle together there. *Ans.*
There's

There's a Way, you know, betwixt two streight Rows of Trees. *Tb.* A matter of two Flight Shot from the House, upon the left Hand. *Ans.* That's it. One side of the way has a dry Ditch, that's over-grown with Brambles; and then there's a little Bridge, that leads into an open Field. *Tb.* I remember it. *Ans.* There went a Report among the Country People, of a Spirit that walk'd there; and of hideous Howlings that were heard about that Bridge, which made them conclude it to be the Soul of some Body that was miserably tormented. *Tb.* Who was't that rais'd this Report? *Ans.* Who but *Pool*, that made this the Prologue to his Comedy; *Tb.* What put it in his Head, I wonder, to invent such a Flam? *Ans.* I know nothing more than the Humour of the Man; for he loves to make himself Sport with silly People. I'll tell you a late Whimsy of his, of the same Kind. We were a good many of us, riding to *Richmond*, and some in the Company that you would allow to be no Fools. The Day was so clear, that there was not a Cloud to be seen. *Pool*, looking wishly up into the Air, fell on the sudden to crossing of himself, and with a strange Amazement in his Countenance; *Lord* (says he to himself) *what do I see!* They that rode next him, asking him what it was that he saw; he cross'd himself, *more and more.* *In Mercy* (says he) *deliver us from this Prodigy.* They still pressing him more earnestly, to say what was the Matter. Then *Pool* fixing his Eyes, and pointing toward such a Quarter of the Heaven, *That monstrous Dragon* (says he) *with fiery Horns;* (don't you see him?) *and look how his Tail is turn'd up into a Kind of a Circle.*

Upon their Denial, that they saw any thing; and his urging them to look steadily just where he pointed; one of them, at last, for the Credit of his Eyes, yielded that he saw it too; and so one after another, they all saw it; for they were ashamed not to see any thing that was so plain to be seen. In short, the Rumour of this *portentous Apparition* was in three Days all over *England*; and it is wonderful, how they had amplify'd the Story; and some were making Expositions upon the Meaning of this horrid Portent. But in the mean time, the Inventor of it had the Satisfaction of seeing the Success of his Project. *Th.* I know the Humour of the Man to a Hair. But to the Ghost again. *Ans.* While that Story was a foot, there comes very opportunely to *Pool*, one *Fawn*, a Priest; (one of those which they call in *Latin*, *Regulars*; a Parish-Priest of a Village there in the Neighbourhood.) This Man took upon him to understand more than his Fellows in holy Matters. *Th.* Oh! I guess whereabouts ye are: *Pool* has found out one now to bear a Part in the Play. *Ans.* They were a talking at Supper of this Report of the *Spectrum*, at the Table; and when *Pool* found that *Fawn* had not only heard of it, but believed it; he fell to entreating the Man, that as he was a holy, and a learned Person, he would do his best toward the relieving the poor Soul out of that terrible Affliction. And if you make any Doubt of the Truth on't, says he, sift out the Matter; and do but walk about ten a Clock, towards that little Bridge, and there you shall hear such Cries and Groanings, as would grieve your Heart; but I would advise ye, however, for your own Security, to take some Com-

pany

pany that you like, along with you. *Tb.* Well, and what then? *Ans.* After Supper, out goes *Pool*, a hunting, or about his usual Sports; and when it grew duskish, out went *Fawn*, and was at last, a Witness of those grievous Lamentations. *Pool* had hid himself thereabouts in a Bramble Bush, and perform'd his Part incomparably well. His Instrument was an earthen Pot, that through the Hollow of it, gave a most mournful Sound. *Tb.* This Story, for ought I see, out-does *Menander's Phasma*. *Ans.* You'll say more when you have heard it out. Away goes *Fawn* home in great Impatience, to tell what he heard; while *Pool*, by a shorter Cut, gets home before him. There does *Fawn* tell *Pool* all that past, with something of his own too, to make the Matter more wonderful. *Tb.* Well, but could *Pool* hold his Countenance all this while? *Ans.* He held his Countenance. Why, he carries his Heart in his Hand; and you would have sworn that the whole Action had been in Earnest. In the end, *Fawn*, upon the pressing Importunity of *Pool*, resolv'd to venture upon an *Exorcism*; and slept not one Wink that Night, his Thoughts were so taken up with the Consideration of his own Safety; for he was most wretchedly afraid. In the first Place, he got together the most powerful *Exorcisms* that he could find; to which, he added some new ones, as by the Bowels of such a Saint, the Bones of *St. Winnifrede*; and after this, he makes choice of a Place in the Field, near the Thicket of Bushes, whence the Noise came. He draws ye a Circle, a very large one, with several Crosses in it, and a phantastical Variety of Characters; and all this was perform'd in a

set Form of Words. He had there also, a great Vessel, full of holy *Water* ; and the holy *Stole* (as they call it) about his Neck ; upon which hung the Beginning of the Gospel of St. *John*. He had in his Pockets a little Piece of *Wax*, which the Bishop of *Rome* us'd to consecrate once a Year, commonly call'd an *Agnus Dei*. With these Arms in Time past, they defended themselves against *evil Spirits*, till the *Cowl* of St. *Francis* was found to be more formidable. All these things were provided, for fear the Fiend should fall foul upon the Exorcist. And all this was not enough neither to make him trust himself alone in the Circle ; but he concluded to take some other Priest along with him, to keep him Company. This gave *Pool* an Apprehension, that by the joining of some cunning Fellow with him, the whole Plot might come to be discovered. So that he took a Parish-Priest thereabouts, whom he acquainted before-hand with the whole Design ; (and it behoved him so to do) besides, that he was as fit as any Man for such an Adventure. The next Day, when every thing was ready, and in order ; about ten a Clock, *Fawn* and the Parish-Priest enter the Circle. *Pool*, that was gone before, yells and howls in the Brambles. *Fawn* gives a God-speed to the *Exorcism*. In the mean time, *Pool* steals away in the dark to the next Village, and from thence, brings another Person to act his Part ; for there went a great many of them to the Play. *Th.* Well, and what are they to do ? *Ans.* They mount themselves upon black Horses, and privately carry Fire along with them. When they came near, they shew'd the Fire to fright *Fawn* out of the Circle.

Th.

Tb. *Pool* took a great deal of Pains, I see, to carry on the Work. *Ans.* His Fancy lies that Way; but there fell out an Accident that had like to have spoil'd the Jest. *Tb.* How so? *Ans.* The sudden flashing of the Fire, so startled the Horses, that the Riders could hardly keep the Jades upon their Legs, or themselves in the Saddle. And here's an End of the first Act.

Upon *Fawn's* Return, *Pool* ask'd him very innocently what he had done, as knowing nothing at all of the Matter; and then *Fawn* up with his Story, and tells him of two dreadful *Cacodemons* that appear'd to him upon black Horses, their Eyes sparkling with Fire, and Flames coming out of their Nostrils; and what Attempts they made to pass the Circle, but that by the Power and Efficacy of his Words, they were driven away with a Vengeance. This Encounter put *Fawn* into Courage; so that the next Day, with great Solemnity, he returned to his Circle. And when he had a long Time, with much Vehemence, provok'd the Spirit; *Pool*, with his Companion, shew'd himself again upon their black Horses, and press'd on with a most outrageous Outcry, as if they were fully determin'd to storm the Circle. *Tb.* Had they no Fire? *Ans.* None at all; for that did not succeed well: But you shall now hear of another Device. They had a long Rope, which they drew gently over the Ground; and then hurrying from one Place to another, as if they had been frighted away by *Fawn's* Exorcisms, up went the Heels by and by of both the Priests, and down come they upon the Ground, with a great Vessel of *Holy Water*; the Priests and

their *Holy Water* both together. *Tb.* And this was t'other Priest's Reward for playing of his Part. *Ans.* It was so; and yet he would have endur'd a great deal more, rather than quit the Design.

After this Encounter, *Fawn*, upon his Return, makes a mighty Business to *Pool*, of the Danger he had been in, and how valiantly he had defeated both the Devils with his Charms; and he was by this time absolutely persuaded, that all the Devils in Hell had not the Power to force his Circle, or the Confidence so much as to attempt it. *Tb.* This same *Fawn*, I perceive, is next door to a Fool. *Ans.* Oh! You have heard nothing yet to speak of. When the Comedy was thus far advanc'd, in very good Time came *Pool's Son-in-Law*: He's a pleasant Droll, ye know; the young Man that married *Pool's eldest Daughter*. *Tb.* I know him very well, and no Man fitter for such an Exploit. *Ans.* Fitter, say'st thou! Why, I will undertake he shall leave his Dinner at any Time for such a Comedy. His Father-in-Law acquaints him with the whole Business, and who but he to act a Ghost. He undertakes his Part, has every thing provided, and wraps up himself in a Sheet, like a Corps, with a live Coal in a Shell, that shew'd through the Linen, as if something were a burning. About Night he goes to the Place, where the Scene of the Story lay: There were heard most doleful Mones; and *Fawn*, in the mean time, lets fly all his *Exorcisms*: By and by, a good way off in the Bushes, appears the Ghost, shewing Fire by Fits, and groaning most ruefully. While *Fawn* was beseeching him to say who he was,
imme-

immediately out leaps *Pool* in his *Devil's Habit*, from the Thicket, and roaring and raging; *This Soul*, says he, *is mine, and you have no Power over it*; and with that he runs up presently to the very Edge of the Circle, as if he were about to fall violently upon the *Exorcist*. After which he loses Ground, and retreats, as if he had been either beaten off by the Words of the Exorcism, or by the Virtue of the *Holy Water*, which was thrown upon him in great Abundance. At last, when the Spirit's Protector was driven away, *Fawn* enters into a Dialogue with the Ghost; which, after much Entreaty and Importunity, confesses it self to be the Soul of a Christian: And being ask'd the Name? My Name (says the Ghost) is *Fawn*. Why then (says *Fawn*) we are both of a Name: And the very Thought of delivering his *Name* - *sake*, made him lay the Matter more to Heart. *Fawn* put so many Questions, that the Ghost began to fear, that a longer Discourse might make some Discovery, and so withdrew himself, upon pretence that his Hour was come, that he was not permitted to talk any longer, and that he was now compell'd to go away, whither it pleas'd the Devil to carry him; but yet promis'd to return again the next Day at some lawful Hour. They meet again at *Pool's* House, who was the Master of the Shew; and there the *Exorcist* talks of his Atchievement: And though in many things he help'd the Matter, he believ'd himself yet in all he said; so heartily was he affected to the Business in Hand. It was now manifest that it was the Soul of a Christian, that was fallen under the Power of some unmerciful Devil, and in the most cruel

Torments; so that their Endeavour is now wholly bent that way. There happen'd one pleasant kind of a ridiculous Passage in this Exorcism. *Tb.* I prithee what was that? *Ans.* When *Fawn* had call'd up the Ghost, *Pool*, that acted the Devil, leap'd directly at him, as if without any more ado he would break into the Circle. *Fawn* fought him a great while with *Exorcisms*, and whole Tubs of *Holy Water*, and at last the Devil cry'd out, *He did not value all that, any more than the Dirt under his Feet; you, Sirrab, (says he) have had to do with a Wench, and you are my own. Many a true Word has been spoken in jest; for so it proved, for the Exorcist finding himself touch'd with that Word, retir'd presently to the very Centre of the Circle, and mumbled something, I know not what, in the other Priests Ear. Pool finding that, withdrew, that he might not hear more than did belong to him. Tb.* A very modest and religious Devil. *Ans.* Very right. Now the Action, you know, might have been blam'd, if he had not observ'd a *Decorum*: But yet he over-heard the Priest appointing him Satisfaction? *Tb.* And what was the Satisfaction? *Ans.* That he should say the *Lord's Prayer three times over*; from whence he gather'd, that he had *transgress'd thrice that Night. Tb.* A most irregular *Regular. Ans.* Alas, they are but Men, and this is but human Frailty. *Tb.* But what follow'd next? *Ans.* *Fawn* advances now, with more Courage and Fierceness, up to the very Line of the Circle, and provok'd the Devil of his own Accord: But the Devil's Heart now fail'd him, and he fled back: *You have deceiv'd me, says he; what a Fool was I for giving*

ving you that Caution! Many are of Opinion, that what you once confers to a Priest, is immediately struck out of the Devil's Memory, so that he shall never twit you in the Teeth for't. *Tb.* A very ridiculous Conceit! *Ans.* But to draw toward a Conclusion: This way of *Colloquy* with the *Ghost* continu'd for some Days; and it came to this at last, that the *Exorcist* asking, if there were any way to deliver the Soul from Torment? The *Ghost* answer'd him, that it might be done by restoring the ill-gotten Money, which he had left behind him. What (says *Fawn*) if it were put into the Hands of your *People*, to dispose of for *pious Uses*? His Reply was, that it might do very well that way: Which was a great Consolation to the *Exorcist*, and made him very diligently enquire, to what Value it might amount? The *Ghost* told him, that it was a mighty *Sum*, and a thing that might prove very good and commodious. He told him the very Place too (but a huge way off) where this Treasure was buried under Ground. *Tb.* Well, and to what Uses? *Ans.* *Three Persons* were to undertake a *Pilgrimage*; One of them to the *Threshold* of *St. Peter*, another to *James of Compostella*, and the *third* to kiss the *Comb* of our *Saviour* which is at *Tryers*; and then a great Number of *SerVICES* and *Masses* were to be perform'd by several *Monasteries*; and for the rest he should dispose of them as he pleas'd. Now *Fawn's* Heart was wholly fixt upon the *Treasure*, which he had in a manner swallow'd already. *Tb.* That's a common Disease, tho' perpetually cast in the *Priest's Dish* upon all Occasions. *Ans.* There was nothing omitted that concern'd the
Business

Business of Money; and when that was done, the *Exorcist* (being put upon't by *Pool*) fell to question the *Ghost* about *curious Arts, Chymistry* and *Magick*: But the *Ghost* put him off for the present with some slight Answer; only giving him the Hopes of large Discoveries, so soon as ever he should get clear of the *Devil's Clutches*. And here's the end of the *third Act*.

In the *fourth*. *Fawn* began every where to talk high, and promise strange things, and to brag at the Table, and in all Companies, what a glorious Work he had in Hand for the Good of the *Monasteries*; and he was elevated now into another manner of Style and Behaviour. He went to the Place where the Treasure was hid, and found the Marks, but durst not venture to dig for't; for the *Ghost* had put into his Head, that it would be extreme dangerous to touch the Money before the *Masses* were said. By this Time there were a great many cunning Snaps that had the Plot in the Wind; but yet he was still making Proclamation every where of his Folly, though divers of his Friends, and his *Abbot* particularly, caution'd him against it, and advis'd him, that having a long time had the Reputation of a sober Man, he should not take so much Pains now to convince the World of the contrary. But his Mind was so possess'd with the Fancy of the thing, that all the Counsel in Nature could not lessen his Belief of it. All his *Discourses*, nay his very *Dreams*, were of *Spectres* and *Devils*. The very Habit of his Soul was got into his Face; so pale, shrivel'd and dejected, that he was rather a *Sprite* than a *Man*. In one Word, he had certainly run stark mad, if it had not been seasonably prevented.

vented. *Th.* Now this is to be the last *Act* of the *Comedy*. *Ans.* It shall be so.

Pool and his *Son in-Law* hammer'd out this Piece betwixt them. They counterfeited an *Epistle*, written in a *strange antick Character*, and upon such a sort of Paper, as your *Guilders* use for their *Leaf Gold*; a kind of a *Saffron-colour'd Paper*, you know. The Form of the *Epistle* was this.

FAwn, *that has been long a Captive, now Free, to Fawn his Gracious Deliverer, Greeting. It is not needful (my Dear Fawn) that thou should'st macerate thy self any longer upon this Affair; Heaven has regarded the pious Intentions of thy Mind, and in Reward of thy Merit, I am deliver'd from my Punishment, and live now happily among the Angels. Thou hast a Place provided for thee with St. Augustin, which is the next Range to the Quire of the Apostles. When thou com'st hither, I'll give thee publick Thanks; in the mean Time, Live as merrily as thou canst.*

*From the Empyreal Heaven,
the Ides of September,
1498. under the Seal of
my own Ring.*

This *Epistle* was laid privately under the *Altar*, where *Fawn* was to officiate; and there was one labour'd upon the Conclusion of the Office, to advertise him of the thing as found by Chance! And the good Man carries the Letter

ter now about him, shews it as a holy thing, and makes it an Article of his Faith, that it was brought from *Heaven* by an *Angel*. *Tb.* This is no *freeing* the Man of his *Madness*, but only *changing* the *Sort* of it. *Ans.* Why truly it is so; for it is only a more agreeable *Phrensy*. *Tb.* I never was very credulous in the common Tales of *Apparitions*, but I shall be less hereafter than ever I was; for I am afraid that many of those Relations that we hear of, were only *Artifice* and *Imposture*, deliver'd over to the World for *Truths* by *easy Believers*, like our *Fawn*. *Ans.* And I am very much inclin'd to think as you do of the greater part of them.

The

The Horse-Courser.

COL. XIV.

A Horse-Courser puts a Jade upon a Gentleman; and the Gentleman consens the Horse-Courser again with his own Jade.

AULUS, PHÆDRUS.

Aul. **G**oodly, goodly! The Gravity of *Phædrus*! How he stands gaping into the Air? I'll put him out of his Dumps. What's the News with you to Day? *Pb.* And why that Question always? *Aul.* Because that sour Look of yours has more of *Cato* in it than of *Phædrus*. *Pb.* Never wonder at that, Friend, for I am just now come from *Confession*. *Aul.* My Wonder's over then. But tell me now, upon your honest Word, have you confess'd *all your Sins*? *Pb.* All that I thought of, but *one*, upon my Honesty. *Aul.* And what made ye reserve that *one*? *Pb.* Because it is a Sin that I am loth to part with. *Aul.* Some pleasant Sin, I suppose. *Pb.* Nay, I am not sure that it is a *Sin* neither. But if you will, I'll tell you what it is. *Aul.* With all my Heart. *Pb.* Our *Horse-Courfers*, ye know, are devilish Cheats. *Aul.* Yes, yes; I know more of them than I wish I did; for they have fetch'd me over many and many a time. *Pb.* I had an
Occasion

Occasion lately, that put me upon a long Journey, and I was in great Haste; so I went to one of the honestest, as I thought, of the whole Gang; and one for whom I had formerly done some good Offices. I told him, that I was call'd away upon urgent Business, and that I wanted a strong, able Gelding for my Journey; and I desired him, as ever he would do any thing for me, to furnish me with a Horse for my Turn. *Depend upon me,* says he, *and I will use you as if you were my own Brother.*

Aul. Perhaps he would have couzen'd him too.

Pb. He leads me into the Stable, and bids me take my Choice. At last I pitch'd upon one that I lik'd better than the rest. *Well, Sir,* (says he) *I see you understand a Horse; I know not how many People have been at me for this Nag, but I resolv'd to keep him rather for a particular Friend, than to put him off to a Chance-Customer.* All this he swore to, and so we agreed upon the Price; the Money was paid, and up got I into the Saddle. Upon the first setting out, my Steed falls a prancing, and shews all his Tricks. He was fat and fair, and there was no Ground would hold him. But by that time I had been some half an Hour upon the Way, he tir'd with me so downright, that neither Switch nor Spur could get him one Step further. I had heard sufficiently of the Tricks of these Merchants, and how common a thing it was for them to make a Jade look fair to the Eye, and not be worth one Penny yet for Service. So soon as I found that I was caught, *Come,* (said I to my self) *if I live to come back again, I may chance to shew this Fellow yet a Trick for his Trick.* *Aul.* But what became of you

you in the mean time? *A Horse-man answers'd?*
Pb. I consulted with Necessity, and turn'd into the next Village, where I left my Horse privately with an Acquaintance I had there, and hired another in his stead. I pursu'd my Journey, return'd, deliver'd up my hired Horse, and finding my own Jade in as good Case as I left him, I mounted him again, and so back to my Horse-Courser, desiring that he might stand in his Stable till I call'd for him. He ask'd me how he perform'd his Journey? And I swore as solemnly to him as he had done to me, that I never came upon the Back of a better Nag, and so easy too, that methought he carry'd me in the Air; beside, that he was not one bit the leaner for his Journey. The Man was so far persuaded of the Truth of what I said, that he began to think within himself, that this Horse was better than he took him for. Before we parted, he ask'd me, If I would put him off again? Which I refus'd at first; for in Case of any Occasion for such another Journey, I could never expect to get the Fellow of him. Not that I would not sell my very self, or any thing else for *Money*, if I could but have enough for't. *Aul.* This was playing with a Man at his own Weapon. *Pb.* Briefly, he would not let me go, till I had set a Price upon him. I rated him at a great deal more than he cost me, and so I went my way. By and by I gave an Acquaintance of mine some Instructions how to behave himself, and made him a Confident of my Design. Away he goes to the House, calls for the *Horse-Courser*, and tells him he wants a Nag, but it must be a hardy one, for he was upon a long Journey, and earnest Business.

finess. The Ostler shews him the Stables, and still commended the worst, but said nothing at all of the Horse he had sold to me, upon an Opinion, that he was as good as I reported him. I had given my Friend a Description of that Horse, and told him his very *Standing*; and so he enquired, if that Horse (pointing to mine) were to be sold? The *Horse-Courser* went on commending other Nags in the Stable, without any Answer to that Question: But when he found that the Gentleman would have that Horse or none, the *Horse-Courser* fell to reasoning the Matter with himself; *I was clearly mistaken* (says he) *in this Horse, but this Gentleman understands him better than I did.* So that upon the Gentleman's pressing, whether he would sell him or no? Well, says the Man, he may be sold, but 'tis at a swinging Price; and so he made his Demand. *Why this*, says the other, *is no great Price in a Case of Importance*; and so they came at last to an Agreement, the Gentleman giving a *Ducat Earnest* to bind the Bargain. (The *Horse-Courser* set his Price much higher than I had rated him, to make sure of a considerable Profit.) The Purchaser gives the Ostler a Groat, and bids him feed his Horse well till he came back by and by to fetch him. So soon as ever I heard that the Bargain was struck, away go I immediately, booted and spurr'd, to the *Horse-Courser*; and call my self out of Breath for my Horse. Out comes the Master, and asks what I would have? I bad him presently make ready my Horse, for I must be gone immediately upon extraordinary Business. *But* (says he) *you bad me take Care of your Horse for some few Days.*

That's true, said I, but I'm surpriz'd with an Occasion wherein the King is concern'd, and there must be no Delay. *You may take your Choice,* says the other, *out of my Stables, but your own is not to be had.* How so? said I. He tells me, that he is sold. Heaven forbid! said I, pretending to be in a great Passion; for as the Case stands, I would not part with him to any Man for four times his Price: And so fell to wrangling about him, as if he had undone me; and in the Conclusion, he grew a little testy too. *There's no need* (says he) *of ill Language; you set a Price upon your Horse, and I sold him; and if I pay you your Money, you can do nothing to me: We are govern'd here by Law, and you can't compel me to bring your Horse again.* When I had clamour'd a good while, that he should either produce the Horse, or the Man that bought him; the Man at last, in a Rage, throws down the Money. The Horse cost me fifteen Crowns, and I sold him for twenty, he himself valu'd him at two and thirty, and so computed with himself that he had better make that Profit of him than restore him. Away go I, like one in Sorrow, and not at all pacified with the Receipt of the Money; the Man desiring me not to take it ill, and he would make me an Amends some other way. Thus was the *Cheater cheated.* His Horse is an errant Jade. He looks for the Man to fetch the Horse, that gave him the Earnest, but that will never be. *Aul.* But in the *Interim*, did he never expostulate the Matter with you? *Pb.* With what Face or Colour could he do that? I have met him over and over since. He only complain'd, that the Buyer never

came

came to take him away. But I have often reason'd the Matter with him, and told him, 'twas a just Judgment upon him for selling away my Horse. This was a Fraud so well plac'd, in my Opinion, that I could not so much as confess it for a Fault. *Aul.* If it had been my Case, I should have been so far from confessing it as a Sin, that I should have challeng'd a Statue for it. *Pb.* Whether you speak as you think or no, I know not ; but it set me agog however, to be paying more of these Fellows in their own Coin.

The

The Alchymist.

C O L. XV.

A Priest turns Quack, and engages an eminent Gentleman (who was otherwise a prudent Man) in the Project of the Philosopher's Stone. He drills him on, to the Expence of a great deal of Money: And when he has artificially countenanced the Cheat through several Disappointments, the Gentleman parts fairly with him, and gives him a Sum of Money to keep Counsel.

PHILECOUS, LALUS.

Ph. **L**alus should have some pleasant Crotchet in his Head, by his gigling thus to himself. Bless me, how the Man is tickled! and what a Stir he makes with the Sign of the Cross! I'll venture to spoil his Sport. How is it, my best Friend, *Lalus*? Methinks I read Happiness in thy very Countenance. *La.* But I shall be much happier, if I may tell thee what it is that pleases me. *Ph.* Prithce make me happy too then as soon as thou canst. *La.* Dost thou know *Balbinus*? *Ph.* What, the honest learned old Man? *La.* Nay, he is all that; but it is not for any Mortal to be wise

at all Times, and to all Purposes. And this excellent Person, after all his eminent Qualities, has his weak Side as well as his Neighbours: His Beauty is not without a Mole; the Man runs raving mad upon the Art of *Chymistry*. *Pb.* Believe me, that which thou call'st a Mole, is a dangerous Disease. *La.* Whatever it is, he has been of late strangely wrought upon by Flatteries and fair Words, tho' he has been sufficiently bitten formerly by that sort of People. *Pb.* In what manner? *La.* There was a certain Priest that went to him, saluted him with great Respect, and in this Fashion accosted him: *You will wonder, perhaps, most learned Balbinus, at the Confidence of a Stranger, to interrupt your Thoughts in the Middle of your most holy Studies.* *Balbinus,* according to his Custom, nods to him; being, you know, a Man of few Words. *Pb.* An Argument of Prudence. *La.* But the other, as the wiser of the two, proceeds: *You will forgive this my Importunity,* says he, *when I tell you what it was that brought me hither.* Tell me in short then, says *Balbinus.* *I will,* says the other, *be as brief as possible.* *You know, most excellent of Men, that the Fates of Mortals are various; and I cannot say, whether I should reckon my self among the Happy or the Miserable; for looking upon my self one way, I account my self most happy; and if I look another way, I am of all Men the most miserable.* *Balbinus* pressing him to contract his Business. *I shall have done immediately,* says he, *most learned Balbinus; and I may the better shorten my Discourse, because no Man knows more of the Affair I am about to speak of, than your self.* *Pb.* You are drawing of an Orator, rather than of a Chymist. *La.*
We'll

We'll come to the Alchymist by and by. *I have been so happy, you must know, from a very Child; as always to have had a Passion for this Divine Study, I mean the Chymical Study; which is indeed the Marrow of all Philosophy.* At the Name of Chymistry, *Balbinus* a little rais'd himself, that is to say, in Gesture; but then fetching a hearty Sigh, he bade him go on, and so he did. *Miserable Man that I am!* (says he) *for not falling into the right Way.* *Balbinus* demanded of him, what Way he spoke of? *You know,* (says he) *incomparable as you are; (for what is there, my learned Sir, that you do not know?) You know (I say) that there are two Ways in this Art; the one is call'd Longation, and the other Curtation. Now it has been my hard Lot to fall upon Longation. Balbinus asking him about the Difference of the Ways; Impudent that I am,* says he, *to speak all this to a Person that knows all these things, no Man better. And therefore it is, that I have with all Humility address'd to you, that you would take Pity upon me, and vouchsafe to instruct me in the blessed Way of Curtation. The more knowing you are, the less will be your Trouble of communicating your Help to me. And therefore do not conceal so great a Gift of God from your poor Brother, that is ready to die with Grief. Heaven enrich ye with higher Endowments, as you assist me in this.* When *Balbinus* saw no End of this Solemnity of Obtestations, he told him flat and plain, that he understood nothing at all of the Business of *Longation* and *Curtation* from one End to the other; and therefore desir'd him to explain the Meaning of those two Words. *Well, Sir,* says he, *though I know I am now*

Speaking to my Master; since it is your Pleasure to command me, it shall be done. They that have spent their whole Life in this divine Art, turn the Species of things two Ways; the one is shorter, but somewhat more hazardous; the other is longer, but safer. I account my self very unhappy, that have hitherto labour'd in that which does not so well agree with my Genius; and cannot yet find out any Man to teach me the other, which I am so passionately in Love withal. But at length, Providence has put it into my Mind to apply my self to you, as a Person conspicuous both for Piety and Learning. Your Knowledge instructs ye to grant what I desire, and your Piety will dispose you to aid a Christian Brother, whose Life is in your Hand. To make short with you; when this Juggler, with this Simplicity of Discourse, had clear'd himself from all Suspicion of a Design, and gain'd Credit for finding out one Way which was so certain, Balbinus began to have an Itch to be meddling; and at last, when he could hold no longer: Away with your Methods (says he) of Curtation; for so far am I from understanding, that I never so much as heard the Name of it; but tell me ingenuously, do you perfectly understand the Way of Longation; Pby, pby, says he, the Length of it makes it so irksome; but for the Knack of it I have it at my Fingers Ends. Balbinus ask'd him what Time it would take? Too much, says he; little less than a Year; but then 'tis infallible. Never trouble your self for that, says Balbinus; tho' it should take up two Years, if you can depend upon your Art. To shorten the Story: They came to an Agreement, and presently fell to work

privately

privately in the House of *Balbinus*, upon these Conditions, *That the one should do the Work, the other be at the Charge, and the Profit to be equally divided*; tho' the modest Impostor, of his own Accord, gave *Balbinus* the Benefit that came of it. There was interchang'd an Oath of Privacy, after the Manner of those that are initiated into mysterious Secrets. And now the Money is immediately laid down for Pots, Glasses, Coals, and other Provisions for the furnishing of a Laboratory; and there our Chymist has his Wench, his Gamesters, and his Bottles, where he fairly consumes his Allowance. *Ph.* This is one Way however of changing the Species of things. *La.* *Balbinus* pressing him to fall on upon the main Business: Do not you understand (says he) that *what's well begun is half done*? 'Tis a great Work to get a good Preparation of Materials. After a time he set himself upon the building of a Furnace; and here there must be more *Gold* again; which was given only as a Bait for more to come: As one Fish is taken with another, so the Chymist must cast *Gold* in before he gets *Gold* out. In the meanwhile, *Balbinus* keeps close to his Arithmetick; *If four Ounces* (says he) *brings fifteen, what will be the Product of two thousand*? When this Money was gone, and two Months spent, the Philosopher pretended to be wonderfully taken up about the Bellows and the Coals; and when *Balbinus* ask'd him how the Work went forward? He stood directly mute; but upon redoubling the Question, why, says he, as all great Works do, the main Difficulty is the Entrance upon them; and then he picks a Quarrel with the Coal; *Here they have brought Oak*

(says he) *instead of Beech or Hazel.* And there was a hundred Crowns lost, that supply'd him with more Dicing-Money. Upon giving him new Cash, he provided new Coals; and then fell to't again harder than before. As a Soldier that has had a Disaster by Mischance, repairs it by his Virtue. When the Laboratory had been kept warm for some Months, and that they expected the Golden Fruit, and that there was not so much as one Grain of Gold in the Vessels, (for the Chymist had wasted all that too) there was another Obstruction found out: The Glasses they made use of were not of the right Temper; for as every Block will not make a Mercury, so every Glass will not make Gold. The further he was in, the lother he was to give it off. *Pb.* That's the right Humour of Gamesters, as if they had not better lose some than all. *La.* 'Tis just so. The Chymist, he swears that he was never cheated since he was born before, but now he has found out the Mistake, he'll see to the securing of all for the future, and to the making good of this Miscarriage with Interest. The Glasses are chang'd, and the Shop now a third time new furnish'd. The Philosopher told him, that the Oblation of some Crowns to the *Virgin Mother*, might probably draw a Blessing upon the Work; for the Art being sacred, it needed the Favour of the Saints to carry it on with Success. This Advice exceedingly pleas'd *Balbinus*; being a Man of great Piety, and one that never pass'd a Day without performing his Devotions. The Alchymist undertook the religious Office; but went no further than the next Town, where the *Virgin's* Money went away in Tipple. Upon his
Return,

Return, he seem'd to have great Hope that all would be well; for the *Virgin*, he said, was wonderfully delighted with the *Offering*. After a long time spent upon the *Project*, and not one Crumb of Gold appearing, *Balbinus* reasoning the Matter with him, he protested that in all his Days he was never thus disappointed; that for his *Method*, it was impossible that should deceive him, and that he could not so much as imagine what should be the Reason of this Failing. After they had beat their Heads a long time about it, *Balbinus* bethought himself, and ask'd him, if he had never mist *Chapel* some Day or other since this Undertaking? Or miss'd saying the *Horary Prayers*, (as they call them) which might be sufficient, perhaps, to defeat the whole Work. *You have hit the Bird in the Eye*, (says the *Quack*) *Wretch that I am! For I do now call to mind, that I have once or twice forgotten my self; and that lately, rising from Dinner, I went my way without saying the Salutation of the Virgin.* Why then, says *Balbinus*, 'tis no wonder that this great Affair succeeds no better. Whereupon the *Chymist* engages himself to hear *Twelve Services* for the *Two* that he had omitted; and for that *One Salutation*, to become answerable for *Ten*. This lavish *Alchymist* came to want Money again; and when he had no Pretext left him for the asking of more, he bethought himself of this *Project*: He went home like a Man distracted; and crying out with a lamentable Voice, *Ob! Balbinus, I am undone, utterly undone; my Life's at stake.* This amazed *Balbinus*, and made him extremely impatient to know what was the matter? *Ob!* says the *Chymist*, *our Design has*

*taken Air; they have gotten an Inkling of it at Court, and I expect every Hour to be carried away to Prison. This put Balbinus into a Fit too: He turn'd as pale as Ashes, (for you know 'tis Capital with us, for any Man to practise Chymistry without the Prince's Licence.) Not (says he) that I apprehend my being put to Death, for I should be glad it were no worse; but there is a greater Cruelty that I fear, which is, (says he, upon Balbinus's asking him the Question) I shall be carried away into some remote Prison, and be forced there to spend my Life in working for those People I have no Mind to serve. Is there any Death now that a Man would not rather chuse, than such a Life? The Matter was then debated; and Balbinus, that was a Man well skill'd in Rhetorick, cast his Thoughts every way to see if it were possible to avoid this Mischief. Can't ye deny the Crime? (says he.) Not possibly, (says the other) for the thing is known at Court, and they have infallible Proof on't; and there's no defending the Fact, for the Law is point blank against it. When they had turn'd it every way, without finding any Shift that would hold Water, at last, *We apply our selves* (says the Alchymist, that wanted present Money) *to slow Counsels, Balbinus, when the Matter requires an immediate Remedy: It will not be long before I am seiz'd, and carry'd away. And seeing Balbinus at a stand: I am as much at a loss* (says he) *as you; for we have nothing now to Trust to, but to fall like Men of Honour, unless we should make Trial of this one Experiment, which in truth is rather profitable than honest; but Necessity is a hard Chapter: Your Pursuivants,**

I

you

you know, and Messengers (say he) are a sort of People greedy of Money, and so much the easier to be brib'd to Secrecy: 'Tis against the Statute, I must confess; to give Rascals Money to throw away; but yet, as the Case stands, I see no other Retreat. *Balbinus* was of that Opinion too, and laid down thirty Crowns to be offer'd them for a *Gratuity*. *Pb.* This, let me tell you, was a wonderful Liberality in *Balbinus*. *La.* In an honest Cause you should sooner have gotten so many of his Teeth. This Provision did the *Chymist* some Service; for the Danger he was in, was the want of Money for his *Wench*. *Pb.* 'Tis a wonder *Balbinus* should smoke nothing all this while. *La.* He's as quick as any Man in all other Cases, but stark blind in this. The *Furnace* goes up again with new Money, and only the Promise of a Prayer to the *Virgin Mother* in favour of the Project. A whole Year was now run out, and still some Rub or other in the way; so that all the Expence and Labour was lost. In the *Interim* there fell out one most ridiculous Chance. *Pb.* What was that? *La.* The *Chymist* held a private Conversation with a *Courtier's Lady*. The Husband grew jealous, and watch'd him; and in Conclusion having Intelligence that the *Priest* was in his *Bed-Chamber*, he went home unexpected and knock'd at the Door. *Pb.* Why, what would he do to the Man? *La.* Do? Why, perhaps he would do him the favour to cut his Throat, or geld him. The Husband threatned his Wife to force the Door, unless she open'd it. They quak'd within, you may imagine; but considering of some present Resolution, and the Case bearing no better, they pitch'd upon
this:

this: The Man put off his Coat; and not without both Danger and Mischief, crept out at a narrow Window, and so went his way. Such Stories as these, you know, are soon spread; and it quickly came to *Balbinus* himself, the *Chymist* foreseeing as much. *Ph.* There was no escaping for him now. *La.* Yes, he got better off here than out at the Window: And observe his Invention now. *Balbinus* made no Words on't, but it might be read in his very Countenance, that he was no Stranger to the Talk of the Town. The *Chymist* knew *Balbinus* to be a Man at least *Pious*, if not *Superstitious*; and People of that way are easy enough to pardon any thing that submits, let the Crime be never so great. Wherefore when he had done his Endeavour, he fell to talk of the Success of his Business, complaining that it did not prosper as usual, or according to his Wish; adding withal, that he did infinitely admire what should be the Reason of it! Upon this Discourse *Balbinus*, who otherwise seem'd bent upon Silence, was a little mov'd, (as he was easy enough so to be;) It is no hard Matter (says he) to guess why we succeed no better: Our Sins, our Sins lie in the way; for pure Works should only pass through pure Hands. At this Word, the *Projector* threw himself upon his Knees; and beating his Breast, *It is true, Balbinus; 'tis true,* (says he with a dejected Countenance and Tone) *our Sins hinder us; but they are my Sins, not yours; for I am not ashamed to confess my Uncleanness before you, as I would before my Father Confessor: The Frailty of my Flesh overcame me, Satan drew me into the Toil, and (Miserable Creature that I am!) of a Priest*
I am

I am become an Adulterer; and yet the Offering that you presented to the Virgin Mother is not wholly lost neither; for I had perished inevitably if she had not protected me: For the Husband brake open the Door upon me, and the Window was too little to get out at. In the Pinch of this Danger I bethought my self of the Blessed Virgin; I fell upon my Knees, and besought her, that in token of her Acceptance of the Gift, she would now assist me in my Distress. So without any Delay I went to the Window again, my Necessity lying hard upon me, and I found it by Miracle so enlarg'd, that I got through it, and made my Escape. Ph. Did Balbinus believe all this? La. Believe, say you? Why he pardon'd it, and most religiously admonished the Impostor not to be ingrateful to the Blessed Virgin: Nay, there was more Money laid down, upon this Juggler's Promise, that he would not profane the Operation for the time to come with any farther Impurity. Ph. But how did all end at last? La. 'Tis a long History, but I'll dispatch it now in a word. When he had made sport enough with these Inventions, and wheedled Balbinus out of a considerable Sum of Money, there came a Person in the Conclusion, that had known this Knave from a Child; and he easily imagining that he was now upon the same Lock with Balbinus as he had been elsewhere, goes privately to Balbinus, shews him what a Snake he had taken into his Bosom, and advises him to get quit of him as soon as he could, unless he had rather stay the rifling of all his Boxes. Ph. And did not Balbinus presently order the Fellow to be laid by the Heels? La. By the Heels? No, he gave him Money

to bear his Charges away, and conjur'd him by all that was Sacred to make no Words of what had pass'd betwixt them; and truly, in my Opinion it was wisely done, rather to suppress the Story, than to make himself a common Laughing-stock and Table-talk, and to run the Risque of a Confiscation besides; for the *Chymist* had no more Skill than an *Ass*, so that he was in no Danger, and in such a Case the Law would have favour'd him. If he had been charg'd with Theft, his Character would have sav'd him from Hanging, and no body would have been at the Charge of maintaining him in Prison. *Pb.* I should pity *Balbinus*, but that he took Pleasure to be gull'd. *La.* I must now away to the Hall, and keep my other foolish Stories to another time. *Pb.* At your better Leisure I should be glad to hear 'em, and give you one for t'other.

The Abbot and the Learned Woman.

COL. XVI.

An. Abbot gives a Lady a Visit; and finding Latin and Greek Books in her Chamber, gives his Reasons against Womens meddling with Learning. He professes himself to be a greater Lover of Pleasure than Wisdom; and makes the Ignorance of Monks to be the most powerful Reason of their Obedience.

ANTRONIUS, MAGDALIA.

An. THIS House methinks is strangely furnish'd. Ma. Why? Is't not well? An. I don't know what you call Well; but 'tis not so proper, methinks, for a Woman. Ma. And why not, I pray ye? An. Why what should a Woman do with so many Books? Ma. As if you that are an Abbot and a Courtier, and have liv'd so long in the World, had never seen Books in a Lady's Chamber before. An. Yes, French ones I have; but here are Greek and Latin? Ma. Is there no Wisdom then but in French? An. But they are well enough however for Court Ladies, that have nothing else to do to pass away their time withal. Ma.

Ma. So that you would have only your *Court-Ladies* to be Women of *Understanding* and of *Pleasure*? *An.* That's your Mistake now to couple *Understanding* with *Pleasure*; for the *One* is not for a *Woman at all*, and the *Other* is only for a *Woman of Quality*. *Ma.* But is it not every Body's Business to *live well*? *An.* Beyond all Question. *Ma.* How shall any Man live *comfortably*, that does not live *well*? *An.* Nay, rather how shall any Man live *comfortably* that does? *Ma.* That is to say, you are for a Life that's *Easy*, let it be never so *Wicked*. *An.* I am of Opinion, I must confess, that a *pleasant Life* is a *good Life*. *Ma.* But what is it that makes one's Life *pleasant*? Is it *Sense* or *Conscience*? *An.* It is the *Sense* of *Outward Enjoyments*. *Ma.* Spoken like a *learned Abbot*, though but a *dull Philosopher*. But tell me now, what are those *Enjoyments* you speak of? *An.* *Money, Honour, Eating, Drinking, Sleeping,* and the *Liberty of doing what a Man has a Mind to do*. *Ma.* But what if God should give you *Wisdom* over and above all the rest? Would your Life be ever the worse for't? *An.* Let me know first, what it is that you call *Wisdom*. *Ma.* *Wisdom is a Knowledge, that places the Felicity of Reasonable Nature in the Goods of the Mind*; and tells us, that a Man is neither the *happier* nor the *better* for the external Advantages of *Blood, Honour, or Estate*. *An.* If that be it, pray'e make the best of your *Wisdom*. *Ma.* But what if I take more *Delight* in a *good Book*, than you do in a *Fox Chase, a Fudling-Bout, or in the shaking of your Elbow*? Will you not allow me then to have a *pleasant Life* on't? *An.* Every one as they like, but

but it would not be so to me. *Ma.* The Question is not what does, but what ought to please you. *An.* I should be loath, I do assure you, to have my Monks over bookish. *Ma.* And yet my Husband is never better pleas'd than at his Study. Nor do I see any Hurt in't, if your Monks would be so too. *An.* Marry hang 'em up as soon: It teaches 'em to chop Logick, and makes 'em undutiful. You shall have them expostulating presently, appealing to *Peter* and *Paul*, and prating out of the Canons and Decretals. *Ma.* But I hope you would not have them do any thing that clashes with *Peter* and *Paul* though? *An.* Clash or not clash, I do not much trouble my Head about their Doctrine; but I do naturally hate a Fellow that will have the last Word, and reply upon his Superior. And betwixt Friends, I do not much care neither to have any of my People wiser than their Master. *Ma.* 'Tis but your being wise your self, and then there's no fear on't. *An.* Alas! I have no time for't. *Ma.* How so, I beseech you? *An.* I'm so full of Business. *Ma.* Have you no time, do you say, to apply your self to Wisdom? *An.* No, not a single Minute. *Ma.* Pray'e what hinders you, if a body may ask the Question? *An.* Why, you must know we have devilish long Prayers; and by that time I have look'd over my Charge, my Horses, my Dogs, and made my Court, I have not a Moment left me to spare. *Ma.* Is this the mighty Business then that keeps you from looking after Wisdom? *An.* We have got a Habit of it; and Custom, you know, is a great matter. *Ma.* Put the Case now that it were in your Power to transform your self and all

your Monks into any other Animals; and that a body should desire you to turn your self into a Hunting-Nag, and your whole Flock into a Herd of Swine, would you do't? *An.* No, not upon any Terms. *Ma.* And yet this would secure you from having any of your Disciples wiser than your self. *An.* As for my People, I should not much stand upon it what sort of Brutes they were, provided that I might still be a Man my self. *Ma.* But can you account him for a Man, that neither is wise, nor has any Inclination so to be? *An.* But so long as I have Wit enough for my own Business—
Ma. Why so have the Hogs. *An.* You talk like a Philosopher in a Petticoat methinks. *Ma.* And you, methinks, like something that's far from it. But what's your Quarrel all this while to the Furniture of this House? *An.* A Spinning-wheel, or some Instrument for good Huswifery, were more suitable to your Sex. *Ma.* It is not the Duty then of a House-keeper to keep her Family in Order, and look to the Education of her Children? *An.* 'Tis so. *Ma.* And is this Office to be discharg'd without Understanding? *An.* I suppose not. *Ma.* This Understanding do I gather from my Books. *An.* But yet I have above threescore Monks under my Care, and not so much as one Book in my Lodgings. *Ma.* They are well tutor'd the mean while. *An.* Not but that I could endure Books too, provided they be not *Latin*. *Ma.* And why not *Latin*? *An.* 'Tis not a *Tongue* for a *Woman*. *Ma.* Why, what's your Exception to't? *An.* 'Tis not a Language to keep a *Woman* honest. *Ma.* Your *French Romances*, I must confess, are great Provocatives to Modesty. *An.* Well,

Well, but there's something else in't too. *Ma.* Out with it then. *An.* If the Women do not understand *Latin*, they are in less Danger of the Priests. *Ma.* But so long as you take care that the Priests themselves shall not understand *Latin*, where's the Danger? *An.* 'Tis the Opinion of the common People however, because it is so rare a thing for a Woman to understand *Latin*. *Ma.* Why, what do you talk to me of the People, that never did any thing well? Or of Custom, that gives Authority to all Wickedness. We should apply our selves to that which is good, and turn that which was unusual, unpleasant, and perhaps scandalous before, into the contrary. *An.* I hear you. *Ma.* Is it not a laudable Quality for a *German* Lady to speak *French*? *An.* It is so. *Ma.* And to what end? *An.* That she may be Conversation for those that speak *French*. *Ma.* And why may not I as well learn *Latin*, to fit my self for the Company of so many wise and learned Authors, so many faithful Counsellors and Friends? *An.* But 'tis not so well for Women to spend their Brains upon Books, unless they had more to spare. *Ma.* What you have to spare, I know not; but for my small Stock, I had much rather employ it upon honest Studies, than in the mumbling over of so many Prayers, like a Parrot, by Rote; or the emptying of so many Dishes and Beer-Glasses till Morning. *An.* But *much Learning makes a Man mad*. *Ma.* Your Topers, Drolls and Buffoons, are an Entertainment, no doubt, to make a body sober. *An.* They make the time pass merrily away. *Ma.* But why should so pleasant Company, as the Authors I converse with, make me mad then? *An.* 'Tis a

common Saying. *Ma.* But yet the Fact it self tells ye otherwise; and that intemperate Feasting, Drinking, Whoring, and inordinate Watching, is the ready way to *Bedlam*. *An.* For the whole World I would not have a learned Wife. *Ma.* Nor I an unlearned Husband. Knowledge is such a Blessing, that we are both of us the dearer one to another for't. *An.* But then there's so much Trouble in the getting of it; and we must die at last too. *Ma.* Tell me now, by your Favour, if you were to march off to Morrow, whether had you rather die a Fool, or a wise Man? *An.* Ay; if I could be a wise Man without Trouble. *Ma.* Why, there's nothing in this World to be gotten without it; and when we have gotten what we can, (tho' with never so much Difficulty) we must leave it behind us in the Conclusion; Wisdom only and Virtue excepted, which we shall carry the Fruit of into another World. *An.* I have often heard that one wise Woman is two Fools. *Ma.* Some Fools are of that Opinion. The Woman that is truly wise, does not think her self so; but she that is not so, and yet thinks her self so, is twice a Fool. *An.* I know not how it is; but to my Fancy, a Packsaddle does as well upon an Ox, as Learning upon a Woman. *Ma.* And why not as well as a Mitre upon an Ass? But what do you think of the *Virgin Mary*? *An.* As well as is possible. *Ma.* Do you not think that she read Books? *An.* Yes; but not such Books as yours. *Ma.* What did she read then? *An.* The Canonical Hours. *Ma.* To what purpose? *An.* For the Service of the *Benedictines*. *Ma.* Well, and do you not find others that spend their time upon godly Books?
An.

An. Yes; but that way is quite out of Fashion.

Ma. And so are learned Abbots too: For 'tis as hard a matter now a-days to find a Scholar amongst them, as it was formerly to find a Block-head. Nay, Princes themselves in times past were as eminent for their Erudition, as for their Authority. But 'tis not yet so rare a thing neither, as you imagine, to find learned Women; for I could give you out of *Spain, Italy, England, Germany, &c.* so many eminent Instances of our Sex, as if you do not mend your Manners, may come to take Possession of your very Schools, your Pulpits, and your Mitres.

An. God forbid it should ever come to that.

Ma. Nay, do you forbid it: For if you go on at the Rate you begin, the People will sooner endure *Preaching Geese*, than *Dumb Pastors*. The World is come about ye see, and you must either take off the *Vizour*, or expect that every Man shall put in for his part.

An. How came I to stumble upon this Woman! If you'll find a time to give me a Visit, you may promise your self a better Entertainment.

Ma. And what shall that be?

An. We'll dance, drink, hunt, play, laugh.

Ma. You have put me upon a laughing Pin already.

The Beggar's Dialogue.

COL. XVII.

*The Practices, and Cheats, and Impostures
of Crafty Beggars: With the Advan-
tages and Privileges of that Condition
of Life.*

IRIDES, MISOPONUS.

Ir. **W**Hat new thing have we got here? I know the Face, but the Clothes methinks do not suit it. I am much mistaken if this be not *Misoponus*. I'll venture to speak to him as tatter'd as I am. Save thee, *Misoponus*.
Mi. That must be *Irides*. *Ir.* Save thee, *Misoponus*, once again. *Mi.* Hold your Tongue, I say? *Ir.* Why, what's the matter? May not a Man salute ye? *Mi.* Not by that Name. *Ir.* Your Reason for't. You have not chang'd your Name, I hope, with your Clothes? *Mi.* No; but I have taken up my old Name again. *Ir.* What's that? *Mi.* *Apicius*. *Ir.* Never be ashamed of your old Acquaintance; it may be you have mended your Fortune since I saw you, but 'tis not long however since you and I were both of an Order. *Mi.* Do but comply with me in this, and I'll tell thee what thou'lt ask me. I am not ashamed of your Order, but of the Order that I was first of my self.
Ir.

Ir. What Order do ye mean? That of the *Franciscans*? *Mi.* No, by no means, my good Friend; but the Order of the *Spendthrifts*. *Ir.* You have a great many Companions sure of that Order. *Mi.* I had a good Fortune, and laid it on to some Tune as long as it lasted; but when that fail'd, there was no body would know *Apicius*. And then I ran away for shame, and betook my self to your College, which I look'd upon to be much better than digging. *Ir.* 'Twas wisely done. But how comes your Carcass to be in so good Case of late? Your Change of Clothes I do not so much wonder at. *Mi.* How so? *Ir.* Because *Laverna* (the Goddess of *Thieves*) makes many of her Servants rich of a sudden. *Mi.* You do not think I got an Estate by stealing, I hope? *Ir.* Nay, by Rapine perhaps, which is worse. *Mi.* No; neither by Stealing, nor by Rapine. And this I swear by the Goddess you adore; (that's *Penia* or *Poverty*) but I'll first satisfy ye as to my Constitution of Body, that seems to you so wonderful. *Ir.* While you were with us you were perpetually scabby. *Mi.* But I have had the kindest Physician since. *Ir.* Who was that? *Mi.* Even mine own self; and I hope no body loves me better. *Ir.* The first time that ever I took you for a Doctor. *Mi.* Why all that Dress was nothing but a *Cheat*, daub'd on with *Frankincense*, *Sulphur*, *Rosin*, *Bird-lime*, and *Blood-Clouts*; and when I had a mind to't, I could take it off again. *Ir.* Oh! Impostor! And I took thee for the very Picture of *Job* upon the *Dunghill*. *Mi.* This was only a Compliance with my Necessities, though Fortune sometimes may change the very Skin too. *Ir.* But now you speak on't,

tell me a little of your Fortune: Have you found ever a Pot of Money? *Mi.* No; but I have found out a Trade that's somewhat better than yours yet. *Ir.* What Trade could you set up, that had nothing to begin upon? *Mi.* An Artift will live any where. *Ir.* I understand ye: Picking of Pockets, I suppose, the Cut-purse's Trade. *Mi.* A little Patience, I pray'e; I am turn'd Chymist. *Ir.* A very apt Scholar, to get that in a Fortnight, (for 'tis thereabouts since we parted) that another Man cannot learn in an Age. *Mi.* But I have found out a nearer way to't. *Ir.* What may that be? *Mi.* When I had gotten up a Stock of about four Crowns by begging; by great good Luck I met with an old Companion of mine, of about my Estate; we drank together, and (as 'tis usual) he up and told me the History of his Adventures, and of an Art he had got; and we came at last to an Agreement, that *if I paid the Reckoning, he should teach me his Art*, which he very honestly perform'd; and that Art now is my Revenue. *Ir.* Might not I learn it too? *Mi.* I'll teach thee it *gratis*, if it were but for old Acquaintance sake.

The World, ye know, is full of People that run a madding after the Philosopher's Stone. *Ir.* I have heard as much, and I believe it. *Mi.* I hunt for all Occasions of insinuating my self into such Company. I talk big; and wherever I find an hungry Buzzard, I throw him out a Bait. *Ir.* And how's that? *Mi.* I give him Caution, of my own Accord, to have a Care how he trusts Men of that Profession; for they are most of them Cheats and Impostors, and very little better than Pick-pockets to those

those that do not understand them. *Ir.* This Prologue, methinks, should never do your Business. *Mi.* Nay, I tell him plainly, that I would not be trusted my self neither, any further than a Man would trust his own Eyes and Fingers. *Ir.* 'Tis a strange Confidence you have in your Art. *Mi.* Nay, I will have him to look on while the *Metamorphosis* is a working, and to be attentive to't; and then, to take away all doubt, I bid him do the whole Work himself, while I'm at a Distance, and not so much as a little Finger in't. When the Matter is *dissolv'd*, I bid him purge it himself, or set some *Goldsmith* to do it; I tell him the Quantity it will afford, and then let him put it to as many Tests as he pleases. He shall find the *precise Weight*, the *Gold* or the *Silver pure*; (for *Gold* or *Silver* 'tis the same thing to me, only the latter Experiment is the less dangerous.) *Ir.* But is there no Couzenage in all this? *Mi.* An absolute Cheat from one end to the other. *Ir.* I cannot find where it lies. *Mi.* I'll shew ye then: First we agree upon the *Price*; but I touch no Money, till I have given Proof of the thing it self. I deliver him a certain *Powder* as if that did the whole Business; I never part with the Receipt of it, but at an excessive Rate; and then I make him swear most horridly too, that for six Months he shall not impart the Secret to any thing that lives. *Ir.* But where's the *Cheat* yet? *Mi.* The whole Mystery lies in a *Coal* that I have fitted and hollow'd for the purpose; and into that do I put as much *Silver* as I say shall come out again. After the Infusion of the *Powder*, I set the Pot in such a manner, that it shall be in effect

effect cover'd with Coals, as well as Coals under and about it, which I tell them is a Method of Art: Among the Coals that lie a-top, I put in one or more that has the Gold or the Silver in't. When that comes to be dissolv'd, it runs in to the rest, whether it be Tin or Copper; and upon the Separation, 'tis found and taken out. *Ir.* A ready way. But how will you deceive him that does the whole Business himself? *Mi.* When all things are done according to my Prescription, before we begin the Operation, I come and look about to see that every thing be right, and then I find a Coal or two wanting upon the Top; and under pretence of fetching it from the Coal-heap, I privately convey one of my own, or else I have it ready laid there before-hand, which I can take and no body the wiser. *Ir.* But what will you do when the Trial is made of this without ye? *Mi.* I'm out of Danger, when I have the Money in my Pocket; or I can pretend that the Pot was crack'd, the Coals naught, they did not know how to temper the Fire; and then it is one Mystery in our Profession, never to stay long in a Place. *Ir.* But will the Profit of this give a Man a Livelihood? *Mi.* Yes, and a very brave one; and if you are wise, you'll leave your wretched Trade of *Begging*, and turn *Quack* too. *Ir.* Now should I rather hope to bring you back again to us. *Mi.* What, to take up a Trade again, that I was weary of before? And to quit a good one, that I have found profitable? *Ir.* But this Profession of ours is made pleasant by Custom. How many are there that fall off from *St. Francis* and *St. Benedict*? But ours is an Order of *Mendicants*,
that

that never any Man forsook that was acquainted with it. Alas! you were but a few Months with us, and not come yet to taste the Comforts of this kind of Life. *Mi.* But I tasted enough on't though to know the Misery of it. *Ir.* How comes it then that our People never leave us? *Mi.* Because they are naturally wretched. *Ir.* And yet for all this Wretchedness, I had rather be a *Beggar* than a *Prince*; and there are many Princes, I doubt not, that envy the Freedom of us *Beggars*. Whether it be *War* or *Peace*, we are still *safe*: We are neither *prest* for *Soldiers*, nor *taxt*, nor put upon *Parish-Duties*. The *Inquisition* never concerns it self with us. There's no Scrutiny into our Manners; and if we do any thing that's unlawful, *who'll sue a Beggar?* If we assault any Man, 'tis a Shame to contend with a *Beggar*. Whereas neither in *Peace* nor in *War* are Kings at ease; and the greater they are, the more have they to fear. Men pay a Reverence to *Beggars*, as if they were consecrated to *God*, and make a Conscience of it not to abuse us. *Mi.* But then how nasty are ye in your Rags and Kennels? *Ir.* Those things are without us, and signify nothing at all to true Happiness; and for our Rags, 'tis to them we owe our Felicity. *Mi.* If that be your Happiness, I'm afraid ye will not enjoy it long. *Ir.* Why so? *Mi.* Because they say we shall have a Law for every City to maintain its own Poor; and for the forcing of those to work that are able to do it, without wandering up and down as they did formerly. *Ir.* How comes that? *Mi.* Because they find great *Rogueries* committed under Pretence of *Begging*, and great *Inconve-*

niences to the Publick from your Order. Ir. Oh! they have been talking of this along time; and when the Devil's blind, it may be, they'll bring it to pass. Mi. Too soon perchance for your Quiet.

Cyclops: Or, The Gospel-Carrier.

COL. XVIII.

An Invective against Hypocrites, and such as have the Gospel continually in their Hands or Discourses, and do not practise in their Lives.

POLYPHEMUS, CANNIUS.

Ca. WHY how now, *Polyphemus*, what are you hunting for? *Po.* Do you call him a *Huntsman*, that has neither *Dogs* nor *Lance*? *Ca.* Upon the Chase perhaps of some *Lady* of the *Wood* here. *Po.* Shrewdly guess'd, believe me; and here's the *Device* I have to catch her. *Ca.* What's the *Meaning* of this? *Polyphemus* with a *Book* in his *Hand*! *A Hog in Armour*! They agree as well as *Puffs* and my *Lady*. [Γαλή κροκαλόν,] a *Cat* in a *lac'd Petticoat*!] *Po.* Nay, I assure ye, here's *Vermilion* and *Azure* upon my *Book*, as well as

as (*Crocus*) or *Saffron*. *Ca.* I do not speak of *Crocus* (which is *Saffron*) but you mistake *Crocoton* (which is a *Greek* word) for *Crocus*. Is it a Military Book that same? For by the *Bosses* and *Plates* upon't, it seems to be arm'd. *Po.* Look into't. *Ca.* I see what 'tis; and 'tis very fine, but not so fine as it might be tho'. *Po.* Why, what wants it? *Ca.* You should do well to put your Arms upon't. *Po.* What Arms? *Ca.* An Asses head looking out of a Hog's head. What's the Subject of it, the Art of Drinking? *Po.* You'll speak Blasphemy before you're aware. *Ca.* Why so? Is there any thing in't that's Sacred? *Po.* If the Holy Gospel be not sacred, I pray'e what is? *Ca.* The Lord deliver us! what has *Polyphemus* to do with the Gospel? *Po.* And pray'e let me ask you, what a Christian has to do with Christ? *Ca.* Truly methinks a Halbert would become you a great deal better: For if any Man that did not know ye, should meet you at Sea, he would certainly take ye for a Pirate; or in a Wood, for a Highway-man. *Po.* But the Gospel teaches us not to judge of Men by outward Appearances. For tho' 'tis true, that many a Knave's-head lies under a Cowl, yet it falls out sometime, that a Modish Wig, a Pair of *Spanish* Whiskers, a Stern Brow, a Buff-coat, and a Feather in the Cap, accompany an Evangelical Mind. *Ca.* And why not; as well as a Sheep sometimes in the Skin of a Wolf? And if we believe Emblems, many an As lurks under the Coat of a Lion. *Po.* Nay I know a Man my self that looks as innocent as a Sheep, and yet's a Fox in his Heart. I could wish he had as candid Friends as he has black Eyes; and that he had as well the Value of

Gold, as he has the Colour of it. *Ca.* If he that wears a Woollen Hat, must consequently wear a Sheep's Head; what a Burthen do you march under, that carry an *Estrich* in your Cap, over and above? But he is more monstrous yet, that's a Bird in his Head, and an Ass in his Breast. *Po.* That's too sharp. *Ca.* But it were well if you were as much the better for your Book, as that's the Gayer for you: And that in exchange for Colours, it might furnish you with Good Manners. *Po.* I'll make it my Care. *Ca.* After the old way. *Po.* But Bitterness aside, Is it a Crime, do you think, for a Man to carry the Gospel about with him? *Ca.* Not in the least (*minimè Gentium.*) *Po.* Will you say that I am the least in the World, that am by an Asses head taller than your self. *Ca.* That's a little too much, even tho' the Ass should prick up his Ears. *Po.* By an Ox-head I dare say. *Ca.* That Comparison does well enough: But I said *minimè* the *Adverb*, not *minime* the *Vocative Case* of the *Adjective*. *Po.* Pray'e what's the Difference betwixt an Egg, and an Egg? *Ca.* And what's the Difference (say you) betwixt the Middle-finger and the Little-finger? *Po.* The Middle is the longer. *Ca.* Most acute. And what's the Difference betwixt the Ears of an Ass, and those of a Wolf? *Po.* A Wolf's Ears are shorter. *Ca.* Why, there's the Point. *Po.* But I am us'd to measure long and short, by the Span, and by the Yard, not by the Ears. *Ca.* Well said. He that carried Christ was called *Christopher*; so that instead of *Polyphemus*, I shall call you the Gospel-Bearer. *Po.* Do not you account it a Holy thing then to carry the Gospel?

Gospel? *Ca.* No, not at all; unless you'll allow me that Asses are the greatest Saints. *Po.* What do you mean by that? *Ca.* Because one Ass will carry at least Three thousand such Books: And I am persuaded if you were but well hamper'd; that you would be able to carry as many your self. *Po.* In that sense I think there's no Absurdity to say an Ass may be Holy. *Ca.* And I shall never envy you That Holiness. If ye have a mind to't, I'll give ye some of the Relicks to kiss, of the very Ass that our Saviour rode upon. *Po.* You cannot oblige me more; for that Ass could not but be consecrated by the very Contact. *Ca.* But there was Contact too in those that smote our Saviour. *Po.* But tell me seriously, is it not a pious thing for a Man to carry the *New Testament* about him? *Ca.* If it be done out of Affection, and without Hypocrisy, it is piously done. *Po.* Tell the Monks of your Hypocrisy; what has a Soldier to do with it? *Ca.* But tell me First, what is the meaning of Hypocrisy? *Po.* *When a man seems to be one thing, and is really another.* *Ca.* But what signifies the carrying of the *Gospel* about you? Does it not intimate a holy Life; *Po.* I suppose it does. *Ca.* Now where a Man's Life is not suitable to his Books, is not that Hypocrisy? *Po.* It may be so. But what is that you will allow to be carrying the *Gospel* as we ought? *Ca.* Some carry it about in their Hands, as the *Franciscans* do the Rule of *St. Francis*; and at that rate, a Porter, an Ass, or a *Gelding* may carry it as well as a Christian. There are others that carry it in their Mouths; and only talk of *Christ* and the *Gospel*; and those are *Pharisees*. And there are others that carry it in their Hearts:

But

But those are the true *Gospel-bearers*, that have it in all Three; their Hands, their Mouths, and their Hearts. *Po.* But where are those? *Ca.* What do you think of those that minister in the Churches; that both carry the Book, read it to the People, and meditate upon it? *Po.* As if any Man could carry the *Gospel* in his Heart, and not be a holy Man. *Ca.* Let us have no *Sophistry*. No Man carries the *Gospel* in his Heart, that does not love it with all his Soul; and no Man loves it as he ought to do, that does not conform to it in his Life. *Po.* These are Subtilties out of my reach. *Ca.* I'll be plainer then: For a Man to carry a Flagon of Wine upon his shoulders, it's a Burden. *Po.* No doubt of it. *Ca.* What if a Man swills a soup of Wine in his Mouth, and throws it out again? *Po.* He's never the better for't: Tho' that's none of my way. *Ca.* But to come to your way then: What if he gulps it down? *Po.* There's nothing more divine. *Ca.* It warms his Body, brings his Blood into his Cheeks, and gives him a merry Countenance. *Po.* Most certain. *Ca.* And so it is with the *Gospel*. He that takes it affectionately into his Soul, finds himself presently a New Man after it. *Po.* And you think perhaps that I do not lead my Life according to my Book. *Ca.* That's a Question only to be resolv'd by your self. *Po.* I understand none but Military Divisions. *Ca.* Suppose any Man should give you the Lie to your Face, or call you Buffle-head; what would you do? *Po.* What wou'd I do? Why I'd give him a Box o'th' Ear. *Ca.* And what if he should give you another. *Po.* Why then I'd cut his Throat for't. *Ca.* And yet your

Book teaches you another Lesson, and bids you return Good for Evil; and that if any body strikes you on the right Cheek, you should offer him the left also. *Po.* I have read some such thing, but I had forgot it. *Ca.* I suppose you pray often. *Po.* That's too Pharisaical. *Ca.* Long Prayers are Pharisaical indeed, if they be accompanied with Ostentation. Now your Book tells you that you should pray always, but with Intention. *Po.* Well, but for all this I do pray sometimes. *Ca.* At what times! *Po.* Sometimes when I think on't: It may be once or twice a Week. *Ca.* And what's your Prayer? *Po.* The *Lord's Prayer*. *Ca.* How often? *Po.* Only once: For the Gospel forbids Repetitions. *Ca.* Can you go through the *Lord's Prayer* without thinking of any thing else? *Po.* I never try'd that: Is it not enough that I pronounce it? *Ca.* I cannot tell that God takes notice of any thing in Prayer, but the Voice of the Heart: Do ye fast often? *Po.* No, never. *Ca.* And yet your Book recommends Fasting and Prayer. *Po.* And I should approve on't too, but my Stomach will not bear it. *Ca.* But *St. Paul* tells us that he's no Servant of *Jesus Christ*, that serves his Belly. Do you eat Flesh every Day? *Po.* Yes, when I have it. *Ca.* And yet you have a robust Constitution that would live upon Hay with a Horse, or the Barks of Trees. *Po.* But the Gospel says that *those things that go into a Man, do not defile him*. *Ca.* Neither do they, if they be taken moderately, and without giving Scandal. But *St. Paul* that was a Disciple of our Saviours, would rather starve than offend a weak Brother; and he exhorts us to follow his Example of becoming all things to all Men.

Po. Paul is Paul, and Polyphemus is Polyphemus.
Ca. But it is *Ægon's* Duty to feed Goats. *Po.*
 But I had rather eat them (*malim esse.*) *Ca.*
 Had you rather be a Goat, say ye? That's a
 pleasant Wish. *Po.* But I meant *esse, pro edere.*
Ca. Very pretty. Do you give liberally to the
 Poor? *Po.* I have nothing to give. *Ca.* But if
 you'd live soberly and take Pains, you might
 have something to give. *Po.* It's a pleasant thing
 for a Man to take his Ease. *Ca.* Do you keep
 the Commandments? *Po.* That's a hard Task.
Ca. Do you repent your self of your Sins? *Po.*
 Christ has made Satisfaction for us. *Ca.* How
 can you say now that you love the Gospel?
Po. I'll tell ye, we had a certain Franciscan
 that was perpetually thundring out of the Pul-
 pit, against *Erasmus's New Testament*, I caught
 the Fellow once by himself, took him by the
 Hair with my left Hand, and with my right I
 buffeted him so well favouredly that ye could
 see no Eyes he had, and was not this done now
 like a Man that loves the Gospel? After this, I
 gave him Absolution, and knocking of him o-
 ver the Coxcomb three times with this Book, I
 made three Bunches upon his Crown, and so ab-
 solv'd him in Form. *Ca.* This was Evangeli-
 cally done, without Question; and a way of
 defending one Gospel with another. *Po.* I met
 with another of his Fellows that was still ra-
 ging too against *Erasmus*, without either End
 or Measure. My Gospel-Zeal mov'd me once a-
 gain, I brought him on his Knees, to this Con-
 fession, that *what he said was by the Instigation*
of the Devil: I look'd upon him, like the Pi-
 cture of *Mars* in a Battel, with my Partizan
 over him, to cut off his Head if he had not done
 it

it in point; and this was acted in the Presence of a great many Witnesses. *Ca.* I wonder the Man was not frightened out of his Wits. But to proceed: Do ye keep your Body chaste? *Po.* When I come to be old, it may be I shall. But shall I tell ye the Truth, *Cannius*? *Ca.* I'm no Priest: And if you have a mind to confess your self, you may seek some body else. *Po.* I use to confess to God, but for once I'll do it to you. I am as yet (no perfect but) a very ordinary Christian. We have four Gospels, and we Military Gospellers, propound chiefly to our selves these four things. *First*, To take care for our *Bellies*. *Secondly*, That nothing be wanting below. *Thirdly*, To put Money in our Pockets; and *Lastly*, To do what we list. When we have gain'd these four Points, we drink and sing as if the Town were our own: And this is to us the Reign of Christ, and the Life of the Gospel. *Ca.* This is the Life of an Epicure, not of a Christian. *Po.* I cannot much deny it; but the Lord is Almighty ye know, and can make us other Men in an Instant if he pleases. *Ca.* Yes, and he may make us Swine too; with more Likelihood perhaps than good Men. *Po.* I would there were no worse things in the World than *Hogs, Oxen, Asses* and *Camels*. You shall find a great many People that are fiercer than Lions, more ravenous than Wolves, more lustful than Sparrows, that will bite worse than Dogs, and sting worse than Vipers. *Ca.* But it is time for you now to turn from a brute Animal to a *Man*. *Po.* Ye say well; for I find in the Prophecies of these times, that the World's near an end. *Ca.* There's so much the more Reason to repent betimes. *Po.* I hope Christ will give

me his helping Hand. *Ca.* But it is your Part to make your self fit Matter to work upon. But how does it appear that the World is so near an end? *Po.* Because People, they say, are now doing just as they did *in the Days before the Flood; they are Eating and Drinking, Marrying and giving in Marriage; they Whore, they Buy, they Sell, they take to Use, they put to Use, they Build; Kings make War; Priests study to encrease their Revenues; Schoolmen make Syllogisms; Monks run up and down the World, the Rabble Tumult; Erasmus writes Colloquies: In fine, all's naught; Hunger and Thirst, Robberies, Hostilities, Plagues, Seditions, and a Scarcity of all Things that are good.* And does not all this argue now that the World is near an End? *Ca.* Now of all this Mass of Mischief, which is your greatest Trouble? *Po.* Guess. *Ca.* That the Spiders perhaps make Cobwebs in your empty Bags. *Po.* The very Point, or let me perish! I have been drinking hard to-day, but some other Time when I'm sober, we'll have another Touch at the Gospel. *Ca.* And when shall I see ye sober? *Po.* When I am so. *Ca.* And when will ye be so? *Po.* When you see me so: In the *Interim*, my dear *Cannikin*, be Happy. *Ca.* In requital, may'ft thou long be what thou'rt call'd. *Po.* And that I may not be outdone in Courtesy; may the *Can* never fail *Cannius*, whence he has borrow'd his Name.

The False Knight.

COL. XIX.

*The Insolences of Men in Power ; and the
Impostures that are put upon the World
by Ignorance and Impudence, instead of
Wisdom and Honour.*

HARPALUS, NESTORIUS.

Ha. IF you could help me out now, I am not
a Man to forget a Courtesy. *Ne.* It shall
be your own Fault, if I do not make ye what
you would be. *Ha.* But it is not in our
Power to be born noble. *Ne.* What you want
in Blood, you must supply with Virtue ; and
lay the Foundation of your own Nobility. *Ha.*
That's such a devilish way about. *Ne.* Away,
away, you may have it at Court for a Trifle.
Ha. But the People are so apt to laugh at a
Man that buys his Honour. *Ne.* Well ! And
if it be so ridiculous, why would you so fain
be a Knight ? *Ha.* Oh ! I could shew ye
twenty Reasons for that ; if you could but put
me in a way to make my self Honourable in
the Opinion of the World. *Ne.* What would
the *Name* signify without the *Thing* ? *Ha.* But
still if a Man has not the *Thing* it self, 'tis
something however to have the Reputation of
it. But give me your Advice at a venture ;

and when ye know my Reasons, you'll say it was worth my while. *Ne.* Why then I'll tell ye: You must, first, remove your self to some Place where you are not known. *Ha.* Right. *Ne.* And then get your self into the Company of Men of Quality. *Ha.* I understand ye. *Ne.* People will be apt to judge of you by the Company ye keep. *Ha.* They will so. *Ne.* But then you must be sure to have nothing about ye that's Vulgar. *Pa.* As how? *Ne.* I speak of your Cloaths: If they were Silk 'twere better; but if ye cannot go to the Price of Silk, I would rather have them Canvass than Cloath. *Pa.* You're in the Right. *Ne.* And rather than wear any things that's whole, you shall cut your very Hat too, your Doublet, Breeches, Shoes; nay, rather than fail, if it could be handsomely done, your very Fingers Ends. If you meet with any Traveller that comes from *Vienna*, ask him what he thinks of the Peace with *France*? How your Cousin of *Furstenberg* has his Health there? And you must enquire after all the jolly Officers of your old Acquaintance. *Pa.* It shall be done. *Ne.* And you must be sure to have a *seal'd Ring* upon your Finger. *Pa.* Good; if my Purse would reach to't. *Ne.* You may have a Brass Ring gilt, with a Doublet, for a small matter. But then you must charge a Scutcheon with your Coat of Arms. *Pa.* And what Bearing? *Ne.* Two Milking Pails and a Pot of Ale. *Pa.* Come, leave your Fooling. *Ne.* Were ye ever in a Battle? *Pa.* Alas! I never saw a naked Sword in my whole Life. *Ne.* Did you ever cut off the Head of a Goose or a Capon? *Pa.* Many a time, and with the Resolution of a
Man

Man of Honour too. *Ne.* Why what do ye think then of *three Goose-caps Or,* and a *Whin-yard Argent?* *Ha.* And what would you have the Field? *Ne.* What should it be but Gules, in token of the Bloodshed? *Ha.* 'Tis not amiss; for the Blood of a Goose is as red as that of a Man. But go forward. *Ne.* Where-ever ye pass, let your Coat be hung up over the Gate of the Inn. *Ha.* And how the Helmet? *Ne.* That's well thought of: A Mouth gaping from Ear to Ear. *Ha.* Your Reason for that? *Ne.* First, to give you Air; and then 'tis more suitable to your Dress. But what Crest? *Ha.* What say you to that? A Dog's Head with a Pair of banging Ears. *Ha.* That's common. *Ne.* Why then let him have two Horns, and that's extraordinary. *Ha.* That will do well: But what Supporters? *Ne.* Why, for Stags, Talbots, Dragons, Gryffins, they are all taken up already by Kings and Princes: What do ye think of two Harpies? *Ha.* Nothing can mend it. *Ne.* But now for your Title; you must have a Care that you do not call your self *Harpalus Comensis,* but *Harpalus a Como;* not *Norfolk Booby,* (for the Purpose) but *Booby of Norfolk;* the one's noble, the other pedantick. *Ha.* 'Tis so. *Ne.* Is there any thing now that you can call your self the Lord of? *Ha.* No, not so much as a Pig-sty. *Ne.* Were ye born in any eminent City? *Ha.* To make ye my Confessor, I was born in a pitiful obscure *Village.* There must be no Lying in the Case, when a Man asks Counsel. *Ne.* Come, all's well enough. But is there ever a famous Mountain near ye? *Ha.* Yes, there is. *Ne.* And is there ever a Rock near that? *Ha.* A very steep one. *Ne.*

Why then you shall be *Harpalus of the Golden Rock*. *Ha*. But most great Men, I observe, have their peculiar Motto. As *Maximilian, Keep within Compass*; Philip, *He that will*; Charles, *Further yet*, &c. *Ne*. Why then yours shall be, *Turn every Stone*. *Ha*. Nothing more pertinent. *Ne*. Now to confirm the World in their Esteem of you, you must have counterfeit Letters from such and such illustrious Persons; and there you must be treated in a Style of Honour, and with Business of Estates, Castles, huge Revenues, Commands, Rich Matches, &c. These Letters you must either leave behind ye, or drop them somewhere by Chance, that they may be found, and taken notice of. *Ha*. I can do that as easily as drink; for I'll imitate any Man's Hand alive so exactly, that he shall not know it from his own. *Ne*. Or you may leave them in your Pockets, when you send your Breeches to the Tailors, and when he finds them, you may be sure 'twill be no Secret. But then you must be extremely troubled, that you should be so careless. *Ha*. Let me alone for ordering my Countenance without a Vizer. *Ne*. The great Skill is, to have the Matter publish'd so, that no body smell it out. *Ha*. For that matter, I'll warrant ye. *Ne*. You must then furnish your self with Companions, (or 'twill do as well if they be Servants) that shall stand Cap in hand to ye, and make Legs to your Worship at every Turn: And never be discourag'd at the Charge, for you'll find young Fellows enough that will bear this Part in the Comedy, if it were but for the Humour-sake, and for God-a-mercy. And then you must know, that there are a
great

great many scribbling Blades here, that are strangely infected with the *Itch*, (I had like to have said the *Scab*) of *Writing*; and a Company of hungry *Printers*, that will venture upon any thing for Money. You must engage these People to make honourable Mention of your *Quality* and *Fortune* in you own Country, in their *Pamphlets*; and your *Name* to be still set in *CAPITALS*. This is a Course that will give ye Honour, even if the Scene were laid in *Japan*; and *one Book* spreads more than a *hundred talkative Tongues*. *Ha*. I am not against this way, but there must be *Servants yet maintain'd*. *Ne*. *Servants* must be had, but there's no need of *your feeding 'em*. They have *Fingers*; and when they are sent up and down something or other will be found. There are divers Opportunities, ye know, in such Cases. *Ha*. A Word to the Wise; I understand ye. *Ne*. And then there are other Inventions. *Ha*. Pray'e let's hear 'em. *Ne*. If you do not understand *Cards* and *Dice*, *Whoring*, *Drinking*, and *Squandring*, the Art of *Borrowing* and *Bubbling*, and the *French Pox* to boot, there's no body will take ye for a *Person of Condition*. *Ha*. These are Exercises I have been train'd up to: But where's the *Money* that must carry me through? *Ne*. Hold a little, I was just coming to that Point. Have ye any *Estate*? *Ha*. Truly a very small one. *Ne*. Well, but when ye are once settled in the Reputation of a great Man, you can never fail of finding Fools to trust ye: Some will be afraid, and others will be atham'd to deny you; and there are Tricks for a Man to delude his Creditors. *Ha*. I know something of that too; but they are apt to be troublesome

troublesome yet, when they find that there comes nothing but Words. *Ne.* Nay, on the contrary no Man has his Creditors more at Command, than he that owes Money to a great many. *Ha.* How so? *Ne.* Your Creditor pays ye that Observance, as if he himself were the Person obliged; for fear you should take any thing ill, and couzen him of his Money. No Man has his Servants in such awe, as a Debtor has his Creditors; and if you pay 'em never so little, 'tis as kindly taken as if you gave it. *Ha.* I have found it so. *Ne.* But then you must have a Care how you engage your self to *Little People*: For they care not what Tragedies they raise, for peddling Sums; whereas Men of competent Fortunes are more tractable: They are either restrain'd by Good Nature, led on by Hope, or kept in Order by Fear, for they know the Danger of meddling with Men of Power; or, in Conclusion, when you are no longer able to stand the shock, 'tis but changing of your Quarter, and still upon earnest Business removing from one Place to another: And where's the Shame of all this? For a Knight to be in the same Estate with his *Imperial Majesty*. If you find your self prest by a Fellow of mean Condition, you are to bless your self at his Confidence; and yet 'tis good to be paying of something; but neither the whole Sum, nor to all your Creditors. But whatever ye do, set a good Face on't, as if ye had Money in your Pocket still, though the Devil a Cross. *Ha.* But what shall a Man brag of that has nothing? *Ne.* If you have laid up any thing for a Friend, let it pass for your own. But it must be taken Notice of only as by Chance. And
in

in this Case 'tis good to borrow Money, and shew it, though ye pay it again the next Hour. You may put Counters in your Pocket, and 'tis but taking a right Crown or two out, and making the rest Chink: You may imagine — *Ha.* I understand ye. But yet at last I must necessarily sink under my Debt. *Ne.* But Knights, ye know, will handle us as they please. *Ha.* 'Tis very true, and there's no Remedy. *Ne.* I would advise you to have diligent Servants about ye; or no matter if it were some of your poor Kindred: such as must be kept however. They'll stumble now and then upon some Merchant upon the way; or find something perhaps in the Inn, in the House or in the Boat, that wants a Keeper. Do ye conceive me? Let 'em consider, that Men have not Fingers for nothing. *Ha.* If this could be done with Safety. *Ne.* You must be sure to keep them in handsome Liveries, and be still sending of 'em with *counterfeit Letters* to *this Prince*, or *that Count*. Who shall dare to suspect them, if any thing be missing; or if they should suspect them, who shall dare to own it, for fear of the Knight their Master? If they chance to take a Booty by force, 'tis as good as a Prize in War; for this Exercise is but a Prelude to War it self. *Ha.* A blessed Counsellor! *Ne.* Now this *Statute of Knighthood* must be ever observ'd, that it is lawful for a Knight upon the Road to ease a common Traveller of his Money. For what can be more dishonourable, than for a pitiful Fellow of Commerce to have Money at Will, and a Knight want it to supply him with Necessaries for Whores and Dice? Be seen as much as possible in the Company of
Great

Great Men, though you pin your self upon them. You must put on a Brazen Face, and especially to your Host; and let nothing put ye out of Countenance. And therefore you should do well to pass your time in some Publick Place, as at the Baths, or Waters, and in the most frequented Inns. *Ha.* I was thinking of that. *Ne.* In such Places you will meet with many fair Opportunities. *Ha.* As how I beseech you? *Ne.* You'll find now and then a Purse drop't, or the Key left in the Door, or so; you comprehend me. *Ha.* But——*Ne.* What are ye afraid of? A Person that lives and talks at your Rate? *The Knight of the Golden Rock,* who shall presume to suspect him, or however to open his Mouth against him at the worst? They'll rather cast it upon some body that went away the Day before. You'll find the Family in Disorder about it; but do you behave your self as a Person wholly unconcern'd. If this Accident befalls a Man that has either Modesty or Brains, he'll even pass it over without making any Words on't; and not cast away his Credit after his Money, for looking no better to'r. *Ha.* 'Tis very well said; for I suppose you know *the Count of the White Vulture*? *Ne.* Yes, yes, why not? *Ha.* I have heard of a certain *Spaniard,* a handsome gentile Fellow that lodg'd at his House; he carry'd away a matter of threescore Pounds Sterling, and the *Count* had such a Reverence for his Person, that he did not so much as open his Mouth for the matter. *Ne.* So that there's a Precedent. You may send out a Servant now and then for a Soldier, as ye see Occasion; and he falls in upon the Rifling of a Church or a Monastery,
and

and there's a Fortune made by the Law of Arms. *Ha.* This is the safest Expedient we have had yet. *Ne.* Well, and there's another way now of raising Money. *Ha.* And let's have that too, I prithee. *Ne.* When ye find People that have Money in their Pockets, 'tis but picking a Quarrel with 'em, especially if they be Church-men, for they are strangely hated now a-days: One broke a Jest upon ye; another fell foul upon your Family; this Man spake, or t'other Man wrote something to your Dishonour; and here's a Ground for the denouncing of a War without Quarter: But then you must breathe nothing but Destruction, Fire and Sword; and that naturally brings the Matter to a Composition. Be sure then that ye do not sink below your Dignity; and you must ask out of Reason to bring them up to't. If you demand three thousand Crowns, the Devil's in 'em if they offer ye less than two hundred. *Ha.* I, and I can threaten others with the Law. *Ne.* That is not so generous though; but yet it may help in some Degree. But hark ye, *Harpalus*, we have forgotten the main Point; some young Wench or other, with a good Fortune, might be handsomly drawn, methinks, into the Noose of Matrimony; and you carry a *Philtre* about with ye, a *Young, Spruce, Drol-ling Grinning Rascal!* Let it be given out, that you're call'd away to some great Office in the *Emperor's Court; the Girls are mad upon Coupling with the Nobility.* *Ha.* I know some that have made their Fortunes this way. But what if all this Roguery should come out now; my Creditors fall upon the Back of me; and your imaginary Knight comes to have rotten Eggs
thrown

thrown at him? For a Man had better be taken robbing of a Church, than in the Course of such a Cheat. *Ne.* In this Case, you must put on the Brazen Face I told ye of; and I'll tell ye this for your Comfort, that *Impudence* never past so current for *Wisdom*, since the Creation of the World, as it does at this Day. You must betake your self to your Invention, and tell your Tale as well as ye can; ye shall find some Fools or other that will favour it: Nay, and some that out of pure Candor and Civility, tho' they understand the Abuse, will yet make the best on't: But for your last Refuge, shew a fair Pair of Heels for't; thrust your self into a *Battle* or a *Tumult*; for as *the Sea covers all Mischiefs, so War covers all Sins.* And the Truth of it is, he that has not been train'd up in this School, is not fit to be a Commander. Here's your Sanctuary when all fails; and yet let me advise ye to turn every Stone before ye come to't. Many a Man is undone by *Security*. Wherefore have a Care of *little damned Towns*, that a Man cannot *let a Fart* in, but the People presently take the *Alarm*. In *great and populous Cities* a body is more at Liberty, unless it be in such a Place as *Marseilles*. Make it your Business to know what the People say of ye. If ye hear that they come to talk at this Rate: *What does this Man here so long? Why does not he go home again, and look after his Castles with a Pox? What does he talk to us of his Pedigree? I wonder how the Devil he lives?* These are *Bugg-Words*; and if you find this Humour once to grow upon the People, up with your Baggage, and be jogging before it be too late: But you must make your *Retreat* like a *Lion*, not like

like a Hare. You are call'd away by the Emperor, to take Possession of a great Charge, and it will not be long perhaps before they see you again at the Head of an Army. Those that have any thing to lose, will be quiet enough when ye're gone: But of all People, have a care of your peevish, malicious Poets; they throw their Venom upon their Paper, and what they write is as publick as the Air. *Ha.* Let me die if I am not strangely pleas'd with thy Counsel; and you shall never repent ye either of your Scholar, or of your Obligation. The first good Horse that I take up upon my *Patent of Knighthood* shall be yours. *Ne.* Be as good as your Word now: But what is the Reason that you should so strangely dote upon a false Opinion of Nobility? *Ha.* Only because they are in a manner Lawless, and do what they please; and is not this a considerable Inducement? *Ne.* When all comes to all, you owe a Death to Nature, tho' you liv'd a *Carthusian*; and he that dies of the *Stone*, the *Gout*, or the *Palsy*, had better have been broken upon the *Wheel*. 'Tis an *Article of a Soldier's Faith*, that after Death there remains Nothing of a Man but his Carcass. *Ha.* And that's my Opinion.

The

The Seraphick Funeral.

COL. XX.

A bitter Discourse upon the Habit, Life, Opinions, and Practices of the Franciscans: Their Institution, and the Blasphemous Fundamentals of their Order.

THEOTIMUS, PHILECOUS.

Pb. **W**HY, where have you been, *Theotimus*, that ye look so wonderfully Grave and Devout? *Tb.* How so? *Pb.* You look so severe, methinks, with your Eyes upon the Ground, your Head upon your Left Shoulder, and your Beads in your Hand. *Tb.* My Friend, if you have a Mind to know any thing that does not belong to ye; I have been at a Shew. *Pb.* *Jacob Hall* perhaps, or the *Jugler*, or some such Business, it may be. *Tb.* 'Tis somewhat thereabouts. *Pb.* You're the first Man sure that ever brought such an Humour back from a Publick Spectacle. *Tb.* But this was such a Spectacle, let me tell ye, that if you your self had been a Spectator, you would have been more out of order perchance than I am. *Pb.* But why so extremely religious, I prithee, on a sudden? *Tb.* I have been at the Funeral of a Seraphim. *Pb.* Nay, pray tell me, do the Angels die? *Tb.* No, but Angels Fellows do. But to put ye out of your Pain, you know
Eusebius,

Eusebius, I suppose; a famous, and a learned Man. *Pb.* What do you mean? *Eusebius*, the *Pelusian*; he that was first degraded from his *Authority*, to the state of a *private Man*, and of a *private Man* made an *Exile*, and of an *Exile*, within a little of a *Beggar*? (I had like to have said worse.) *Tb.* That's the Man. *Pb.* But what's come to him? *Tb.* He's this Day *Bury'd*, and I am just now come from his *Funeral*. *Pb.* It must needs be a doleful business sure, to put you into this dismal mood. *Tb.* I shall never be able to tell ye the *Story without weeping*. *Pb.* Nor I to hear it without laughing. But let's have it however. *Tb.* You know that *Eusebius* hath been a long time *infirm*. *Pb.* Yes, yes, he has not been a *Man* this many a Year. *Tb.* In these Slow and Consumptive Diseases, 'tis a common thing for a Physician to foretel a Man how long he shall live, to a precise day. *Pb.* It is so. *Tb.* They told their Patient that all that the Art of Man could do, towards his Preservation, had been done already; and that God might preserve him by a *Miracle*; but that he was absolutely past all Relief of Physick; and according to human conjecture, he had not above *three days to live*. *Pb.* And what follow'd? *Tb.* The *Wasted Body of the Excellent Eusebius*, was presently dress'd up in a *Franciscan's Habit*, his *Head Shaven*, his *Asb colour'd Cowl*, and *Gown*, his *Knotted Hempen Girdle*, and his *Franciscan Shoes*; all put on. *Pb.* As departing this Life. *Tb.* Even so: and with a *Dying Voice*, declaring, that if it should please God to restore him to the Health that his Physicians despair'd of, he would serve under Christ, according to the *Rule of St. Francis*, and there

were several Holy Men cali'd in, to bear witness to his Profession. In this *Habit* dy'd this *Famous Man*; at the very point of time that had been foretold by his Physicians. There came abundance of the *Fraternity*, to assist at his Funeral Solemnity. *Pb.* I would I had been one of the Number my self. *Tb.* It would have gone to the Heart of ye, to see with what *Tenderness* the *Seraphick Sodality* wash'd the *Body*, fitted the *holy Habit* to him, laid his *Arms* one over another, in the form of a *Cross*, *uncover'd*, and *kiss'd* his *naked Feet*; and according to the Precept of the Gospel, chear'd up his *Countenance* with *Ointment*; *Pb.* What a prodigious *Humility* was this, for the *Seraphick Brethren* to take upon them the *Parish-Offices* of *Bearers* and *Washers*. *Tb.* After this, they laid the *Body* upon the *Bier*; and according to the direction of *St. Paul* (*bear ye one anothers Burthens*) Gal. vi. The Brethren took their Brother upon their *Shoulders*, and carry'd him along the *Highway* to the *Monastery*, where they interr'd him with the usual *Songs* and *Ceremonies*. As this *Venerable Pomp* was passing upon the way, I observ'd a great many *People* that could not forbear weeping; to see a *Man* that us'd to go in his *Silk*, and *Scarlet*, wrapp'd now in a *Franciscan's Habit*, girt with a *Rope's end*, and the whole *Body* dispos'd in such a posture, as could not chuse but move *Devotion*. For his *Head*, as I said, was laid upon his *Shoulder*, his *Arms a-cross*; and every thing else too carry'd a wonderful appearance of *Holiness*. But then the *March* of the *Seraphick Troop* it self, hanging down their *Heads*, with their *Eyes* fix'd upon the *Earth*, and their mournful *Dirges*: (so
mournful,

mournful, that in *Hell it self* there can be nothing beyond it:) All this, I say, drew Sighs; and Tears in abundance from the Beholders. *Pb.* But had he the *five Wounds* too of *St. Francis*? *Th.* I dare not affirm that for a Certain; but I saw some *Blewish Scars* on his *Hands*, and *Feet*; and he had a *hole* in his *left side* of his *Gown*; but I durst not look too narrowly, for many People have been undone, they say, by being too curious in these matters. *Pb.* But did ye not take notice of some that laugh'd too? *Th.* Yes, I did observe it; but they were *Hereticks*, I suppose; there are e'en too many of them in the World. *Pb.* To deal honestly with thee, in my Conscience, if I had been there my self, I should have laugh'd too for Company. *Th.* I pray God thou hast not a *spice* of the same Leaven. *Pb.* There's no danger of that, good *Theotimus*! For I have had a Veneration for *St. Francis*, even from a Child: He was one that was much more acceptable both to God and Man, for the strict Mortification of his Affections, than for any worldly Learning, or Wisdom; and those are his True Disciples, that so *live in the Flesh*, as if they were *dead* to it, and *liv'd* only in *Christ*: But for the *Habit* it self, I value it not; and I would fain know what is a *dead Man* the Better for a *Garment*? *Pb.* It is the Lord's Precept, ye know, *not to give holy things to Dogs, or to cast Pearls before Swine*: And besides, if ye ask Questions to make your self merry with them, I'll tell ye nothing at all. But if ye have an honest desire to be inform'd, I am content to tell ye as much as I know. *Pb.* My Business is to learn, and you shall find me a diligent, a docile, and a

thankful Disciple. *Tb.* You know, first, that some People are so possess'd with Pride and Vanity that their Ambition accompanies them to the very Grave; and they are not content, unless they be *Bury'd* with as much *Pomp* as they *Liv'd*. It is not that the *Dead* feel any thing; but yet by the force of *Imagination* they take some *Pleasure* in their *Lives* to think of the *Solemnity*, and *Magnificence* of their *Funerals*. Now ye will not deny it, I suppose, to be some degree of *Piety* to renounce this weakness. *Pb.* I'll confess it, if there be no other way to avoid the *Vanity* of this *Expence*. But I should think it much more *Human*, and *Modest*, even for a *Prince* to recommend his *Body* to a *coarse* *Winding sheet*, and to be laid in the *common-Burying place* by the *Ordinary Bearers*. For to be carry'd to the *Grave*, as *Eusebius* was, is rather the *Change* of a *Vanity*, than the *Avoidance* of it. *Tb.* It is the *Intention* that *God* accepts, and it is *God alone* that can judge of the *Heart*. But this that I have told ye is a small *Matter*, there are greater things behind. *Pb.* What are they? *Tb.* They profess themselves of the *Order of St. Francis*, upon the *Point of Death*. *Pb.* And he is to be their *Protector* in the *Elysian Fields*. *Tb.* No, but in *this World*, if they happen to *recover*: And it pleases *God* many times, that when the *Physicians* have given a *Man* for *lost*, so soon as ever he has put on *this holy Robe* he *recovers*. *Tb.* And so he would have done, whether he had put it on or no. *Tb.* We should walk with *Simplicity* in the *Faith*, but if there were not somewhat *Extraordinary* in the *Case*, why should so many *Eminent* and *Learned Men*, especially among the *Italians*, make such a
business

business to be *bury'd in this holy habit*? But these you'll say are Strangers to ye. What do ye think then of the famous *Rodolphus Agricola*; (one that I'm sure you have an Esteem for) and then of *Christopher Longolius*, who were *both* bury'd so? *Pb.* I give no heed to what Men do when they are under the Amusements of *Death*. Pray'e tell me now, what does it signify to a Man, the *professing* or the *cloathing* of him, when he comes to be assaulted with the *Terrors*, and *Distractions* of his *approaching Fate*? *Vows* should be made in *sound sense*, and *sobriety*; they are frivolous else; there should be *mature Deliberation*, without either *Force*, *Fear*, or *Guile*: Nay they are *Void*, even without all this, before the Year of *Probation* be out: at which time, and not before, they are commanded to wear the *Coat* and *Hood*; (for so say the *Seraphicks*) so that if they recover, they are at liberty in two respects. For neither does That Vow bind, that is made by a Man under an *Astonishment*, betwixt the *Hope* of *Life* and the *Fear* of *Death*, nor does the *Profession* oblige any Man, before the *wearing of the Hood*. *Tb.* Whether it be an *Obligation*, or not, 'tis enough, that they think it one; and God Almighty accepts of the *Good will*; and this is the Reason that the *Good Works* of *Monks* (*cæteris Paribus*,) are more acceptable to God, than those of *Other People*; because they spring from that *Root*. *Pb.* We shall not make it a question in This place, the *Merit* of a Man's *Dedicating* himself wholly to God, when he is no longer in his own *Power*. Every Christian, as I take it, delivers himself up wholly to God in his *Baptism*; when he *Renounces* the *Devil* and *all his Works*, the

Pomps and Vanities of the wicked World, and all the Sinful Lusts of the Flesh, and lists himself a Soldier to fight under Christ's Banner, to his Lives End. And St. Paul speaking of those that die with Christ, that they may live no longer to *Themselves*, but to *Him* that is *Dead for them*, does not mean this of *Monks* only, but of *all Christians*. *Th.* You have minded me seasonably of our *Baptism*, but in times past, if they were but *Sprinkled* at the *last Gasp*, there was hope yet promis'd them of *Salvation*. *Pb.* 'Tis no great matter what the *Bishops* promise, but it is a matter of great uncertainty, what *God* will vouchsafe to do: For if there went no more to *Salvation*, than the *Sprinkling* of a little *Water*, what a *Gap* were there open'd to all sorts of *Carnal Appetites*, and *License*? When *Men* had spent their lives, and their strength in *Wickedness*, till they could sin no longer, two or three drops of *Water* would set all *Right* again. Now if the *same Rule* holds in *your Profession*, and *This Baptism*, it would make well for the *Security* of the *Wicked*, if they might live to *Satan* and die to *Christ*. *Th.* Nay if a *Man* may speak what he hears, of the *Seraphick Mystery*, the *professing* of a *Franciscan* is more *efficacious* than his *Baptism*. *Pb.* What is't ye say? *Th.* Only our *Sins* are wash'd away in *Baptism*; but the *Soul*, tho' it be *purg'd*, is left *naked*: But he that is invested with *This Profession*, is presently endow'd with the *Merits* and *Sanctimony* of the *whole Order*, as being *grafted* into the *Body* of the most *holy Sodality*. *Pb.* And what do ye think of him that is by *Baptism* *ingrafted* into the *Body* of *Christ*? Is he never the better; neither for the *Head*, nor for the *Body*?

Th.

Tb. He's nothing at all the better for this *Seraphick Body*; unless he intitle himself to it by some *special Bounty*, or *Favour*. *Pb.* From what *Angel*, I beseech ye, had they this *Revelation*? *Tb.* From what *Angel*, do ye say; Why *St. Francis* had This, and a great deal more, *face to face*, from *Christ himself*. *Pb.* Now as thou hast any kindness for me in the World, tell me, for the Love of God, what were those Discourses? *Tb.* Alas! Those *holy* and *profound Secrets* are not for *profane Ears*. *Pb.* Why *profane*, I prethee? For I have ever been a Friend to this *Seraphick Order*, as much as to any other. *Tb.* But for all That, you give 'em shrewd Wipes sometimes. *Pb.* That's a sign of *Love*, *Theotimus*; the *great Enemies* of the Order are the *Professors* of it *themselves*, that by *ill Lives* bring a *Scandal* upon the *Habit*. And that Man does not love it, that is not offended with the *Corrupters* of it. *Tb.* But I am afraid *St. Francis* will take it ill, if I should blab any of his *Secrets*. *Pb.* And why should ye fear that from so innocent a Person? *Tb.* Well, well! But what if I should lose my *Eyes*, or run *mad* upon't? As I am told *many have done*, only for *denying the Print of the five Wounds*. *Pb.* Why then the *Saints* are *worse natur'd in Heaven*, than they were upon *Earth*. We are told that *St. Francis* was of so *meek* a Disposition, that when the Boys in the Streets would be playing the Rogues with his *Cowl*, as it hung down at his Back, and throwing *Milk*, *Cheese*, *Dirt*, *Stones* at it, the Saint walk'd on *cheerful* and *pleasant* without any Concern at all. And shall we believe him *now* then to be *choleric* and *revengeful*? One of his *Companions* once call'd

him *Thief, Sacrilegious, a Murtherer, an incestuous Sot*, and all the Villains in the World. His Reply was only, that he gave him thanks, and confess'd himself guilty. But one of the Company wondring at such an Acknowledgment; I had done worse than all this, says *St. Francis*, if God's Grace had not restrained me. How comes *St. Francis* now then to be *Vindictive*? *Tb.* So it is, for tho' the *Saints* will bear any thing upon *Earth*, they'll take no *Affronts* in *Heaven*. Was ever any Man gentler than *Cornelius*, milder than *Anthony*, or more patient than *John the Baptist*, when they liv'd upon *Earth*? But now they are in *Heaven*, if we do not worship them as we ought, what *Diseases* do they send among us? *Pb.* For my own part, I am of Opinion, that they rather cure our *Diseases* than cause them. But however, assure your self that what ye say to me is spoken to a Man that's neither *prophane*, nor a *Blab*. *Tb.* Go to then. I will tell ye in Confidence, what I have heard as to this Matter: Be it spoken without Offence to *St. Francis*, or the *Society*. *St. Paul*, ye know, was endu'd with a *profound* and *hidden Wisdom*, which he never *publish'd*; but only *wisper'd* it in *private* to those *Christians* that were *perfected*. So have these *Seraphicks* certain *Mysteries* also that they do not make *common*; but only communicate them in *private* to *rich Widows*, and other *choice* and *godly People*, that are *well-willers* to the *Society*. *Pb.* How do I long for the opening of this holy *Revelation*! *Tb.* It was at first foretold by the *Lord* to the *Seraphick Patriarch*, that the more the *Society* increased, the more *Provision* he would make for them. *Pb.* So that at
first

first dash here's that Complaint answer'd, that their growing so numerous is a Grievance of the People. *Th.* And then he revealed this farther too; That upon his *Anniversary Festival*, all the *Souls* of that *Fraternity*, and not only those that were of the *Cloathing*, but the *Souls* of their *Friends* also should be delivered from the *Fire of Purgatory*. *Pb.* But was *Christ* so familiar with *St. Francis*? *Th.* He was as free with him as one *Friend* or *Companion* is with another. As *God the Father* in former times communed with *Moses*. *Moses* received the *Law* first, from *God himself*, and then deliver'd it to the *People*. *Our Saviour* published the *Gospel*, and *St. Francis* had two *Copies* of his *peculiar Law* under the *Hands* of an *Angel*; which he deliver'd to that *Seraphick Fraternity*. *Pb.* Now do I look for a *third Revelation*. *Th.* That famous *Patriarch*, fearing now, that when the *good Seed* was sown, the *Enemy* should come, while *Men* slept, and sowing *Tares* among the *Wheat*, they should both be pluck'd up together. *St. Francis* was eas'd of this *Scruple*, by a *Promise* from the *Lord*, that he would take *Care* that this *Tribe* of *Half-shod* and *Rope-girt* *People* should never fail, so long as the *World* endur'd. *Pb.* Why, what a merciful *Providence* was this now? For *God* would have had no *Church* else. But proceed. *Th.* It was reveal'd in the *fourth place*; that no leud *Liver* could long preserve in that *Order*. *Pb.* But is it not taken for a *Defection* from the *Order*, if a *Man* live wickedly? *Th.* No; no more than it is for renouncing of *Christ*; tho' in some *Respect*, it may be so taken, when a *Man* denies in his *Actions*, what he professes in his *Words*. But whosoever casts off this holy
Habit,

Habit, that Man is irrecoverably lost to the *Society*. *Pb.* What shall we say then of so many Convents that hoard up Money, drink, play, whore, keep their Concubines publick, and more than I'll speak of? *Tb.* Those People neither wear *St. Francis's Gown*, nor his *Girdle*. And when they come to knock at the Door, the Answer will be, *I know ye not; for ye have not on the Wedding-Garment.* *Pb.* Is there any more? *Tb.* Why, ye have heard nothing yet. The *Fifth Revelation* was this: That the Enemies of this *Seraphick Order* (as they have been too many, the more's the Pity) should never arrive at half the Age that God had otherwise appointed them, without making away themselves; but that they should all die miserable before their Times. *Pb.* Oh? We have seen many Instances of this, as in the *Cardinal Mathæus*, who had a very *ill Opinion* of this *Society*, and spake as *hardly* of them; he was taken away, as I remember, before he was *Fifty Years of Age*. *Tb.* 'Tis very true; but then he was an Enemy to the *Cberubick Order*, as well as to the *Seraphick*: For he was the Cause, they say, of burning the *four Dominicans* at *Bern*, when the matter might otherwise have been compounded with the *Pope* for a Sum of Money. *Pb.* But these *Dominicans*, they say, had set up most horrible Opinions, which they labour'd to support by *false Visions* and *Miracles*; as that the *Blessed Virgin* was tainted with *Original Sin*; nay, that *St. Francis's Prints* of the *Five Wounds* were *counterfeited*: They gave out, that *St. Catharine's* were more *authentick*. But the *perfectest* of all they promised to a *Laick Profelyte* they had got, whom they made use of

of for this Action; abusing the *Lord's Body* in the *Government* of this *Impostor*, even with *Clubs* and with *Poison*. And they say further, that this was not the *Contrivance* of one *Monastery* alone, but of the *Principals* of the *Whole Order*. *Tb.* Let it be which way it will, that *divine Caution* holds good however, *Touch not mine Anointed*. *Pb.* Is there any thing more to come? *Tb.* Yes, you shall have the *Sixth Apocalyps*; wherein the *Lord* bound himself by an *Oath* to *St. Francis*, that all the *Favourers* of this *Seraphick Order*, let them live never so *wickedly*, should find *Mercy* in the *Conclusion*, and *end their Days in Peace*. *Pb.* Why what if they should be taken away in the *Act of Adultery*? *Tb.* That which the *Lord* hath promised, he will certainly make good. *Pb.* But what must a *Man* do to entitle himself to a *Right* of being call'd their *Friend*? *Tb.* What? Do ye question that? He that *presents* them, he that *cloathes* them, he that makes the *Pot boyl*, that *Man* gives *Evidences* of his *Love*. *Pb.* But does not he love, that *teaches* or *admonishes* them? *Tb.* That's *Water into the Sea*; they have a great deal of this at home; and it is their *Profession* to bestow it upon *others*, not to *receive* it from them. *Pb.* Our *Saviour* promised more, I perceive, to *St. Francis's Disciples*, than ever he did to his *own*. He takes that as done unto himself, which for his *Sake* one *Christian* does for another; but I don't find where he promises *Eternal Salvation* to *Unrepenting Sinners*. *Tb.* That's no wonder, my *Friend*; for the *Transcendent Power* of the *Gospel* is reserv'd to *this Order*. But ye shall now hear the *Seventh* and *Last Revelation*.
Pb.

Pb. Let's have it then. *Tb.* Our Saviour sware further to *St. Francis*, that *no Man should ever make an ill End, that dy'd in a Franciscan's Habit.* *Pb.* But what is it that you call an *ill End*? *Tb.* When the *Soul* goes directly out of the *Body* into *Hell*; from whence there is no *Redemption.* *Pb.* So that the *Habit* does not free a *Man* from *Purgatory*? *Tb.* No, not unless he dies upon *St. Francis's Day.* But is it not a great matter, do ye think, to be secur'd from *Hell*? *Pb.* The greatest of all, no doubt. But what becomes of those that are put into the *Habit* when they are *dead already*? for they cannot be said to *die* in't. *Tb.* If they *desire* it in their *Life-time*, the *Will* is taken for the *Deed.* *Pb.* But I remember once in *Antwerp*, I was in the Chamber with some Relations of a *Woman* that was just giving up the *Ghost.* There was a *Franciscan* by, (a very Reverend Man) who observing the *Woman* to yawn, and just upon her last *Stretch*, he put one of her *Arms* into his *Sleeve*, and so recover'd that *Arm*, and part of the *Shoulder.* There was a *Dispute* rais'd upon't, whether the *whole Body* should be *safe* for't, or only *that Part* which he had *touch'd.* *Tb.* There is no doubt but the *whole Woman* was secur'd; as the *Water* upon the *Forehead* of a *Child* makes the *whole Child* a *Christian.* *Pb.* 'Tis a strange thing, the dread that the *Devils* have of *this Habit.* *Tb.* Oh! they dread it more than the *Sign* of the *Cross.* When the *Body* of *Eusebius* was carried to the *Grave*, there were *Swarms* of *Black Devils* in the *Air*, as thick as *Flies*, that would be *buzzing* about the *Body*, and *striking* at it, but yet durst not *touch* it: I saw this my self, and so did

did many others. *Pb.* But methinks his *Face*, his *Hands*, and his *Feet* should have been in *Danger*, because (ye know) they were *naked*. *Tb.* A *Snake* will not come near the *Shadow* of an *Ash*, let it be spread never so far; nor the *Devil* within *Smell* of that *holy Garment*, 'Tis a kind of *Poison* to them. *Pb.* But do not these *Bodies* putrify? For if they do, the *Worms* have more *Courage* than the *Devils*. *Tb.* What you say is not improbable. *Pb.* How happy is the very *Louse* that takes up his *Abode* in that *Holy Garment*! But while the *Robe* is going to the *Grave*, what is it that protects the *Soul*? *Tb.* The *Soul* carries away with it the *Influence* of the *Garment*, which preserves it to such a degree, that many *People* will not allow any of that *Order* to go so much as into *Purgatory*. *Pb.* If this be true, I would not give this part of the *Revelation* for the *Apocalypse* of *St. John*: For here's an easy and a ready way cut out, without *Labour*, *Trouble*, or *Repentance*; to live merrily in this *World*, and secure our selves of *Heaven hereafter*. *Tb.* And so it is. *Pb.* So that my *Wonder* is over at the great *Esteem* that is paid by the *World* to this *Seraphick Order*. But I am in great *Admiration*, on the other side, that any *Man* should dare to open his *Mouth* against them. *Tb.* You may observe where ever ye see them, that they are *Men* given over to a reprobate *Sense*, and blinded in their *Wickedness*. *Pb.* I shall be wiser for the future than I have been, and take *Care* to die in a *Franciscan Habit*. But there are some in this *Age*, that will have *Mankind* to be justified only by *Faith*, without the help of *Good Works*; but what a *Privilege* is it to be sav'd
by

by a *Garment without Faith*? *Tb.* Nay, not too fast, *Philecous*: It is not said, *Simply without Faith*; but it is sufficient for us to *Believe*, that the things I have now told ye were promis'd by our *Saviour* to the *Patriarch* of the *Order*.

Pb. But will this *Garment* save a *Turk* too? *Tb.* It would save *Lucifer himself*, if he had the *Patience* to *put it on*, and could but believe this *Revelation*.

Pb. Well, thou hast won me for ever. But there's a *Scruple* or two yet; that I would fain have clear'd. *Tb.* say then.

Pb. I have been told, that *St. Francis's Order* is of *Evangelical Institution*? *Tb.* True. *Pb.*

Now I had thought, that all *Christians* had profess'd the *Rule of the Gospel*: But if the *Franciscans* be a *Gospel-Order*, it looks as if all *Christians* were bound to be *Franciscans*; and *Christ* with his *Apostles* and the *Virgin Mother* at the *Head* of them. *Tb.* It would be so indeed;

but that *St. Francis* (ye must know) has *added several things* to the *Gospel*. *Pb.* What are those?

Tb. An *Asb-colour'd Garment*, a *Hempen Girdle*, *naked Feet*. *Pb.* And by those *Marks* we may know an *Evangelical Christian* from a *Franciscan*.

Tb. But they differ too upon the *Point of touching Money*. *Pb.* But I am told, that *St. Francis* forbids the *receiving* of it, not the *touching* of it; and the *Owner*, the *Proctor*, *Creditor*, the *Heir* or a *Proxy* does commonly *receive* it; and though he draws it over in his *Glove*;

so that he does not *touch* it, he does yet *receive* it. Now I would fain know whence this *Interpretation* came, that not *receiving* should be expounded to be *not touching*? *Tb.* This was the *Interpretation* of *Pope Benedict*.

Pb. Not as a *Pope*, but only as a *Franciscan*. And again:
The

The *strictest* of the Order, do they not take Money in a Clout, when it is given them, in all their *Pilgrimages*? *Tb.* In a case of *Necessity* they do. *Pb.* But a Man should rather die, than violate so *super-Evangelical* a Rule. And then do they not receive Money every where by their *Officers*? *Tb.* Yes, that they do, *Thousands* and *Thousands* many times; and why not? *Pb.* But the *Rule* says, that they must not receive Money, either by *themselves*, or by *others*. *Tb.* Well, but they don't touch it. *Pb.* Ridiculous. If the *Pouch* it self be *impious*, they touch it by *others*. *Tb.* But that's the Act and Deed of their *Proctors*, not their own. *Pb.* Is it not so? Let him try it that has a Mind to't. *Tb.* Do we ever read, that *Christ* touch'd Money? *Pb.* Suppose it. It is yet probable, that when he was a Youth, he might buy Oil and Vinegar, and Sallads for his Father: But *Peter* and *Paul*, beyond all Controversy, touch'd Money. The Virtue consists in the *Contempt* of Money, and not in the *not touching* of it. There is much more danger, I'll assure ye, in touching of Wine, than of Money. And why are ye not as scrupulous in *this Case* as in the *other*? *Tb.* Because *St. Francis* did not forbid it. *Pb.* They can frankly enough offer their *Hands*, (which they keep fair and soft with *Care* and *Idleness*) to a pretty *Wench*; but if there be any touching of Money in the Case, bless me! how they start, and cross themselves, as if they had seen the *Devil*? And is not this an *Evangelical Nicety*? I cannot believe that *St. Francis* (though never so illiterate) could be so silly, as absolutely to interdict all touching of Money whatsoever: Or if that were his Opinion, to how great

great a Danger did he expose all his Followers; in commanding them to go *bare-foot*? For Money might lie upon the *Ground*, and they tread upon it at *unawares*. *Tb.* But they do not *touch* it with their *Fingers*. *Pb.* As if the Sense of *Touching* were not common to the whole *Body*. *Tb.* But in case any such thing should fall out, they dare not *officiate* after it, till they have been at *Confession*. *Pb.* 'Tis conscientiously done. *Tb.* But *Cavilling* apart, I'll tell ye plainly how it is: Money ever was and ever will be an *Occasion* to the World of *great Evils*. *Pb.* 'Tis confest; but then it is an *Enablement* of as much *Good* to *some*, as *Ill* to *others*. The *inordinate Love* of Money I find to be condemn'd, but not the Money *it self*. *Tb.* You say well. But to keep us the further from an avaricious Desire of Money, we are forbidden the very *touching of it*; as the Gospel forbids *Swearing* at all, to keep us from *Perjury*. *Pb.* Are we forbidden the *Sight* of Money? *Tb.* No, we are not; for it is easier to govern our *Hands* than our *Eyes*. *Pb.* And yet *Death it self* enter'd into the World at those *Windows*. *Tb.* And therefore your *true Franciscan* draws his *Cowl* over his *Eye-Brows*, and walks with his *Eyes cover'd*, and so intent upon the *Ground*; that he *sees nothing* but his *Way*: As we do our *Waggon-Horses*, that have a *Leather* on each side of their *Heads*, to keep them from seeing any thing but what's at their *Feet*. *Pb.* But tell me now; are they *forbidden* by their *Order*; to receive any *Indulgencies* from the *Pope*? *Tb.* They are so. *Pb.* And yet I am inform'd that no Men living have more; infomuch that they are allow'd either to *poison* or to *bury alive* such

such as they themselves have *condemn'd*, without any Danger of being call'd to account for't.

Tb. There is something, I must confess, in the Story: For I was told once by a *Polander*; (and a Man of Credit too) that he was got drunk, and fast asleep in the *Franciscan's Church*, in the Corner where the Women sit to make their *Confessions*. Upon the singing of their usual *Nocturns* he awak'd, but durst not discover himself: And when the *Office* was over, the whole *Fraternity* went down into a Place; where there was a large deep *Grave* ready made; and there stood *two young Men* with their Hands ty'd behind them: They had a Sermon there in praise of *Obedience*, and a promise of God's Pardon for all their Sins, and not without some Hope of Mercy from the *Brotherhood*; upon condition that they should *voluntarily* go down into the *Pit*, and lay themselves upon their *Backs* there. So soon as they were down, the Ladders were drawn up, and the Earth presently thrown upon them by the *Brethren*, where they bury'd them alive.

Pb. But did the *Polander* say nothing all this while?

Tb. Not one Syllable, for fear he himself should have made the *Third*.

Pb. But can they justify this?

Tb. Yes, they may, when the *Honour* of the *Order* is in Question; for see what came on't. This Man, when he had made his Escape, told what he had seen in all Companies where he came: which brought a great *Odium* upon the *Seraphick Order*: And had it not been better now, that this Man had been bury'd alive?

Pb. It may be it had. But these Niceties apart, how comes it that when their *Principal* has order'd them to go *bare-foot*, they go now commonly

half-shod? *Tb.* This Injunction was moderate for two Reasons: The One, for fear they should tread upon Money at unawares; the Other, for fear they should catch cold, or take any harm by *Thorns, Snakes, sharp Stones,* and the like; for these People are said to beat it upon the Hoof all the World over. But however, for the Dignity of the *Injunction*, the Rule is sav'd by a *Synecdoche*; for ye may see part of the *Foot naked* through the *Shoe*, which by *that Figure* stands for the *whole*. *Pb.* They value themselves much upon their Profession of *Evangelical Perfection*; which (they say) consists in *Gospel-Precepts*; but about those *Precepts* the Learned themselves are in a manner at *Daggers drawing*. Now among those *Gospel-Precepts*, which do you reckon to be the most perfect? *Tb.* The *Fifth* of *St. Matthew*, where ye have this Passage: *Love your Enemies, do good to them that hate, and pray for them that persecute and revile ye, that ye may be the Children of your Father which is in Heaven, who maketh his Sun to shine upon the Good and upon the Evil, and sendeth Rain upon the Just and upon the Unjust. Therefore be ye perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect.* *Pb.* That's well said. But then our *Heavenly Father* is rich, and munificent to all People, asking nothing of any Man. *Tb.* And these our *Earthly Fathers* are bountiful too, but it is of *Spiritual Things*, as of *Prayers* and *Good Works*; of which they have enough for themselves, and to spare. *Pb.* I would we had more Examples among them of that *Evangelical Charity*, that returns *Blessings* for *Cursings*, and *Good* for *Evil*. What is the Meaning of that celebrated

celebrated Saying of *Pope Alexander*, *There's less Danger in affronting the most powerful Prince or Emperor, than a single Franciscan or Dominican.* *Tb.* It is lawful to vindicate the Honour of the Order; and what's done to the least of them, is done to the whole Order. *Ph.* And why not t'other way rather? The Good that is done to *One* extends to *all*: And why shall not an *Injury* to one *Christian* as well engage all *Christendoms* in a *Revenge*? Why did not *St. Paul*, when he was beaten and stoned, call for Succour against the Enemies of his *Apostolical Character*? Now if, according to the Saying of our *Saviour*, it be better to give than to receive, certainly he that *lives and teaches well*, and gives out of his own to those that want, is much perfecter; than he that is only upon the receiving Hand; or else *St. Paul's Boasts of preaching the Gospel gratis is vain and idle.* It seems to me, to be the best Proof of an *Evangelical Disposition*, for a Man not to be mov'd with malicious *Reproaches*, and to preserve a *Christian Charity* even for those that least deserve it. What does it signify for a Man to relinquish something of his own, and then to live better upon another body's; if when he has laid down his *Avarice*, he still retains to himself a Desire of *Revenge*? The World is full every where of this *half-shod sort of People with their Hempen Girdles*; but there's not one of a thousand of them that lives according to the *Precepts* of our *Saviour*, and the *Practice* of his *Apostles.* *Tb.* I am no Stranger to the Tales that pass in the World for current among the Wicked, concerning that sort of People; but for my own part, where-ever I see the Sa-

cred. Habit, I reckon my self in the presence of the *Angels of God*; and *That* to be the *happiest House*, where the *Threshold* is most *worn* by the *Feet* of these Men. *Pb.* And I am of Opinion too, that *Women* are in no place so *fruitful*, as where these *holy Men* have most to do. *St. Francis* forgive me, *Theotimus*, for my great mistakes, but really I took their *Garment* to be no more than my own; not one jot the better, than the *Habit* of a *Skipper*; or a *Shoemaker*; setting aside the *Holiness* of the *Person* that wears it: As the *Touch* of our *Saviour's Garment*, we see cur'd the *Woman* of her *Bloody-Issue*; and then I could not satisfy my self, supposing such *Virtue* in a *Garment*, whether I was to thank the *Weaver*, or the *Taylor* for it. *Th.* Beyond doubt, he that gives the *Form*, gives the *Virtue*. *Pb.* Well, so it is; I'll make my *Life* easier hereafter; than it has been; and never trouble my self any more with the *Fear* of *Hell*, the wearisome *Tediousness* of *Confession*, or the *Torment* of *Repentance*.

Hell

Hell Broke Loose.

C O L. XXI.

The Divisions of Christian Princes are the Scandal of their Profession. The Furies strike the Fire, and the Monks blow the Coal.

CHARON, ALASTOR.

WHY so brisk, *Alastor*, and whither so fast, I prithee? *Al.* Why now I have met with you, *Charon*, I'm at my Journey's end. *Cb.* Well! And what News d'ye bring! *Al.* That which you and your Mistress *Proserpina* will be glad to hear. *Cb.* Be quick then, and out with it. *Al.* In short the *Furies* have bestirr'd themselves, and gain'd their Point. That is to say; what with *Seditions, Wars, Robberies*, and all manner of *Plagues*, there's not one spot left upon the Face of the Earth, that does not look like *Hell above-ground*. They have spent their Snakes and their Poison, till they are fain to hunt for more. Their Skulls are as bald as so many Eggs: Not a hair upon their Heads; nor one drop of Venom more in their Bodies. Wherefore be ready with your Boat, and your Oars, for you'll have more work e'er long than you can turn your Hand to. *Cb.* I could have told you as much as this comes to my
 U 3 self.

self. *Al.* Well, and how came you by't? *Cb.* I had it from *Fame*, some two days ago now.

Al. Nay *Fame's* a nimble Gossip. But what make you here without your *Boat*? *Cb.* Why I can neither will nor chuse: For mine is so rotten a leaky old Piece, that 'tis impossible, if *Fame* speak Truth, it should ever hold out for such a Job: And I am now looking out for a tighter Vessel. But true or false, I must get me another Bark however, for I have suffer'd a Wreck already.

Al. Y'are all dropping wet, I perceive; but I thought you might have been new come out of a Bath. *Cb.* Neither better nor worse, *Alastor*, than from swimming out of the *Stygian Lake*.

Al. And where did you leave your Fare? *Cb.* E'en paddling among the *Frogs*.

Al. But what says *Fame*, upon the whole matter? *Cb.* She speaks of three Great Potentates, that are mortally bent upon the Ruine of one another, insomuch, that they have possess'd every Part of Christendom, with this Fury of *Rage* and *Ambition*. These three are sufficient to engage all the lesser Princes and States in their Quarrel; and so wilful, that they'll rather perish than yield. The *Dane*, the *Pole*, the *Scot*, nay, and the *Turk himself*, are dipp'd in the Broil, and the Design. The Contagion is got into *Spain*, *Britany*, *Italy*, and *France*: Nay, besides these Feuds of Hostility, and Arms, there's a worse matter yet behind: That is to say; there is a Malignity that takes its Rise from a Diversity of Opinions; which has debauched Men's Minds, and Manners, to so unnatural, and insociable a Degree, that it has left neither *Faith*, nor Friendship in the World. It has broken all Confidence betwixt Brother
and

and Brother; Husband and Wife: And it is to be hop'd that this Distraction will one day produce a glorious Confusion, to the very Desolation of Mankind: For these Controversies of the *Tongue* and of the *Pen*, will come at last to be tried by the *Sword's Point*. *Al.* And *Fame* has said no more in all this, than what these very Ears and Eyes have heard and seen. For I have been a constant Companion, and Assistant to these *Furies*; and can speak upon Knowledge, that they have approv'd themselves worthy of their Name and Office. *Ch.* Right, but Men's Minds are variable, and what if some Devil should start up now to negotiate a Peace? There goes a Rumour, I can assure ye, of a certain scribbling Fellow, (one *Erasmus* they say) that has enter'd upon that Province. *Al.* Ay, ay: But he talks to the deaf. There's no body heeds him, now-a-days. He writ a kind of a *Hue and Cry* after Peace, that he phansy'd to be either *sled* or *banish'd*: And after that an *Epitaph* upon *Peace defunct*, and all to no purpose. But then we have those on the other hand, that advance our *Cause* as heartily as the very *Furies themselves*. *Ch.* And what are they, I prithee? *Al.* You may observe, up and down, in the Courts of Princes, certain Animals; some of them trick'd up with Feathers: Others in *White, Russet, Ash-colour'd Frocks, Gowns, Habits*: Or call 'em what you will. These are the Instruments, you must know, that are still irritating *Kings* to the Thirst of *War* and *Blood*, under the splendid Notion of *Empire* and *Glory*: And with the same Art and Industry, they inflame the Spirits of the *Nobility* likewise, and of the *Common People*. Their *Sermons* are only *Harangues*,

in Honour of the Out-rages of *Fire* and *Sword*, under the Character of a *Just*, a *Religious*, or a *Holy War*. And which is yet more wonderful; they make it to be *God's Cause*, on *both Sides*. *God fights for us*, is the Cry of the *French Pulpits*: *And (what have they to fear, that have the Lord of Hosts for their Protector?) Acquit your selves like Men*, say the *English*, and the *Spaniard*, and the *Victory* is certain: For (*this is God's Cause, not Cæsar's.*) As for those that fall in the *Battle*, their *Souls* mount as directly to *Heaven*, as if they had *Wings* to carry 'em thither. (*Arms and all.*) *Cb.* But do their *Disciples* believe all this? *Al.* You cannot imagine the *Power* of a *Well-dissembled Religion*; where there's *Youth*, *Ignorance*, *Ambition*, and a *natural Animosity*, to work upon. 'Tis an easy matter to *impose*, where there is a previous *Propension* to be *deceiv'd*! Oh, that it did but lie in my *Power* to do these *People* a good *Office*! *Al.* Give them a magnificent *Treat* then; there's nothing they'll take better. *Cb.* It must be of *Mallows*, *Lupines*, and *Leeks*, then, for we have nothing else you know. *Al.* Pray let it be *Partridge*, *Capons*, *Pheasant*, they'll never think they are welcome else. *Cb.* But to the *Point*, what should set these *People* so much a-gog upon *Sedition* and *Brails*? What can they get by't? *Al.* Do not you know then, that they get more by the *Dead*, than by the *Living*? Why, there are *Testaments*, *Funerals*, *Bulls*, and twenty other pretty *Perquisites* that are worth the looking after: Besides that a *Camp life* agrees much better with their *Humour*, than to lie *droning* in their *Cells*. *War* breeds *Bishops*, and a very *Block-head*, in a *Time of Peace*, comes
many

many times to make an excellent Military Prelate. *Cb.* Well! they understand their business. *Al.* Stay: But to the matter of a Boat; what necessity of having another? *Cb.* Nay, 'tis but *Swimming* once again, instead of *Rowing*. *Al.* Well, but now I think on't; how came the Boat to sink? *Cb.* Under the Weight of the Passengers. *Al.* I thought you had carry'd *Shadows* only, not *Bodies*. What may be the Weight, I prithee, of a Cargo of *Ghosts*? *Cb.* Why, let 'em be as light as *Water-Spiders*, there may be enow of them to do a bodies work. But then my *Vessel* is a kind of a *Phantom* too. *Al.* I have seen the time, when you had as many *Ghosts* as you could stow a-board; and Three or Four thousand more hanging at the Stern, and your Bark methought never so much as felt on't. *Cb.* That is all according as the *Ghosts* are: For your *Hetical, Phtbifical* Souls, that go off in a Consumption, weigh little or nothing. But those that are torn out of Bodies, in a Habit of foul Humours; as in *Aplexies, Quinsies, Fevers*, and the like; but most of all, in the Chance of *War*: These, I must tell ye, carry a great deal of corpulent, and gross Matter, along with them. *Al.* As for the *Spaniards*, and the *French*, methinks they should not be very *Heavy*. *Cb.* No, not comparatively with others: And yet I do not find them altogether so light as Feathers neither. But for the *Britains*, and the *Germans*, that are rank Feeders, I had only ten of 'em a-board once; and if I had not lighten'd my Boat of part of my Lading, we had all gone to the Bottom. *Al.* You were hard put to't I find. *Cb.* Ay; but what do ye think, when we are pester'd

pester'd with great Lords, Hectors, and Bullies?

Al. You were speaking of a Just War, e'en now. You have nothing to do, I presume, with those that fall in such a War: These go to rights, all to Heaven, they say. *Cb.* Whether they go, I know not; but this I am sure of: Let the War be what it will, it sends us such Sholes of Criples, that a body would think there were not one Soul more left above ground; and they come over-charg'd not only with Gut and Surfeits, but with Patents, Pardons, Commissions, and I know not how much Lumber besides. *Al.* Do they not come *Naked* to the Ferry then? *Cb.* Yes, yes; but at their first coming they are strangely haunted with the Dreams of all these things. *Al.* Are Dreams so heavy then? *Cb.* Heavy, d'ye say? Why they have drown'd my Boat already: And then there's the Weight of so many Half-pence, over and above. *Al.* That's somewhat I must confess, if they be Brass. *Cb.* Well, well! It behoves me at a venture to get a stout Vessel. *Al.* Without many Words; upon the main, thou't a happy Man. *Cb.* Wherein, as thou lov'st me? *Al.* Thou't get thee an Alderman's Estate, in the turning of a Hand. *Cb.* There must be a World of Fares, at a Half-penny a Ghost, for a Man to thrive upon't. *Al.* You'll have enough I warrant ye to do your business. *Cb.* Ay, ay, 'twould mount to somewhat indeed, if they'd bring their Wealth along with them. But they come to me, weeping and wailing, for the Kingdoms, the Dignities, the Abbies, and the Treasures that they left behind 'em; pay their bare Passage, and that's all. So that what I have been these Three thousand

Years

Years a scraping together, must go all away at a swoop, upon one Boat. *Al.* He that would get Money, must venture Money. *Cb.* Ay; but the People in the World have better Trading they say: Where a Man in three Years time shall make himself a Fortune. *Al.* Yes, yes, and squander't away again, perhaps in half the time. Your Gain 'tis true, is less, but then 'tis steady and surer. *Cb.* Not so steady neither, perchance. For what if some Providence should dispose the Hearts of Princes to a General Peace: My Work's at an end. *Al.* My Life for yours, there's no fear of that, for one half-score Year. The *Pope* is labouring it, I know: But he has as good *keep his Breath to cool his Porridge*. Not but that there is notable Muttering and Grumbling every where? 'Tis an unreasonable thing they cry, that Christendom should be torn in pieces thus, to gratify a particular Picque, or the Ambition of two or three swaggering Pretenders. People, in fine, are grown sick of these *Hurly-burlies*: But when Men are bewitch'd once, there's no place left for better Counsels. Now to the business of the Boat. We have Workmen among ourselves, without need to look any farther. As *Vulcan*, for the purpose. *Cb.* Right: If it were for an Iron, or a Brazen Vessel. *Al.* Or 'twill cost but a small matter, to send for a Carpenter. *Cb.* Well! And where shall we have Materials? *Al.* Why, certainly, - you have Timber enough. *Cb.* The Woods that were in *Elyzium*, are all destroy'd: Not so much as a Stick left. *Al.* How so, I beseech ye! *Co.* With burning *Hereticks Ghosts*. And now, for want of other Fewel, we are fain
to

to dig for Cole. *Al.* But these Ghosts, methinks, might have been punish'd cheaper. *Cb.* *Rhadamanthus* (the Judge) would have it so. *Al.* And what will you do now for your Wherry and Oars? *Cb.* I'll look to the Helm my self, and if the Ghosts will not row, let 'em e'en stay behind. *Al.* And what shall they do, that never serv'd to the Trade? *Cb.* Serve or not serve, 'tis all a Case to me; for I make Monarchs row and Cardinals row, as well as Porters and Carmen. They all take their Turns, without any Privilege or Exception. *Al.* Well! I wish you a Boat to your Mind, and so I'll away to Hell with my good News, and leave ye. But hark ye first. *Cb.* Speak then. *Al.* Make what Haste you can, or you'll be smother'd in the Croud. *Cb.* Nay, you will find at least Two Hundred Thousand upon the Bank already, besides those that are plung'd into the Lake. I'll make all the Dispatch I can, and pray'e let them know I'm coming.

The Old Man's Dialogue.

C O L. XXII.

A short View of Human Life, in a Colloqny betwixt Four Old Men of several Humours. The first a Man of Sobriety and Government; the second a Debauchee; the third a Rambling Bigot; the fourth a Man truly Religious.

EUSEBIUS, PAMPYRUS, POLYGAMUS, GLYCION;
HUGONITIO, HENRICUS, Waggoners.

Eu. **W**Hat new Faces have we here? Stay a little. Either my Memory and my Spectacles abuse me, or that must be *Pampyrus*, t'other *Polygamus*, and the third *Glycion*, my old Acquaintances and Companions. They are certainly the very same. *Pa.* Friend, what dost thou stand staring at with thy Glafs Eyes, as if thou would'st bewitch People: Pray come nearer a little, *Po.* In good time, honest *Eusebius*; how glad am I to see thee! *Cl.* All Health and Happiness to the best of Men. *Eu.* One Blessing upon you all together, my dear Friends. What Providence, or at least what providential Chance has brought us together now! 'Tis forty Year, I believe, since we four saw one another. Why 'tis as if some *Mercurial* Rod had brought us into a Circle with a Charm

Charm. But what are ye doing here? *Pa.* We are sitting. *Eu.* I know you are. But what for, I beseech ye? *Po.* We wait for the *Antwerp Waggon.* *Eu.* You are going to the *Fair* perhaps? *Po.* We are so; but rather upon Curiosity than Business; tho' some go for one, some for t'other. *Eu.* Well! and I am going thither my self too: But what do you stay for? *Po.* Only to bargain for our Passage. *Eu.* These *Waggoners* are a dogged sort of People. But what if we should put a *Sham* upon 'em? *Po.* With all my Heart, if it might be fairly done. *Eu.* If they will not come to reasonable Terms, I'm for telling them; that we'll e'en trugde it away a Foot? *Po.* You may as well tell 'em that you'll fly thither, as that you'll walk it, and they'll believe it as soon. *Gl.* Shall I advise you for the best now? *Po.* Ay, by all means. *Gl.* You may be sure they are at their *Brandy*; and the longer they fuddle, the more Danger of over-turning. *Po.* You must rise betimes to find a *Fore-man* sober. *Gl.* I fancy it would be worth the while for us to take a *Waggon* by our selves; 'tis but little more Charge, and we shall get the sooner thither: We shall have the more Room, and the greater Freedom of Conversation. *Po.* *Gly-cion* is much in the right on't. For Good Company upon the Way does the Office of a Coach, and makes the Journey both easy and pleasant, besides the Liberty of Discourse. *Gl.* Come good People, I have taken the *Waggon*; let's up, and be jogging. So. And now I begin to live methinks, in the Sight of so many of my ancient Friends and Comrades, and after so long a Separation. *Eu.* And I to grow young again.

again. *Po.* How long may't be, since we Four were in Pension together at *Paris*? *Eu.* I take it to be a matter of *Two and Forty Years*. *Pa.* And were not we Four much of an Age then? *Eu.* Very near the matter. *Pa.* And what a Difference does there seem to be at present! Here's *Glycion* has nothing of an Old Man about him; and for *Polygamus* there, a Body would take him for his *Grand-father*. *Eu.* The thing is manifestly true. But what should be the Reason on't; *Pa.* Why either the one stopt in his Course, or the other made *more Haste than good speed*. *Eu.* No, no; Men may slacken their Pace, but time rolls on without respect. *Po.* Come, *Glycion*, deal frankly with us, and say, How many *Years* hast thou upon thy *Back*? *Gl.* More than *Ducats* in my *Pocket*. *Pa.* But the *Number*, I prithee. *Gl.* Just *Sixty Six*. *Eu.* Why thou'lt never be old. *Po.* Well; but by what secret Arts hast thou preserv'd thy self in Health and Youth so long, without either Grey Hairs or Wrinkles? There's Fire and Spirit in your Eyes, your Teeth are white and even, a fresh Colour, and a smooth plump Habit of Body. *Gl.* Upon Condition that you tell me how you came to be *Old* so soon, I'll tell you how I kept my self *Young* so long. *Po.* I'll do't with all my Heart; and therefore begin the History at your leaving of *Paris*.

GLYCION. I went directly into my own Country; and by that time I had been there about a Year, I began to bethink my self what Course of Life to chuse, as a matter of great Importance towards my future Peace: And so I cast my Thoughts upon several Examples

good and bad; some that succeeded, others that miscarry'd. *Po.* This was a Point of Prudence more than I expected; for you had none of these sober Considerations about ye, when I knew you at *Paris*. *Gl.* That was before I had *sow'd my wild Oats*, as we say. But you must know, my good Friend, that I did not do all this neither, purely by my own *Mother-Wit*. *Po.* I was indeed a little surpriz'd at it. *Gl.* The Course I took was, in short this: The first thing I did was to find out a Person of the most general Reputation for Gravity, Wisdom, and long Experience in the whole Neighbourhood; and one that in my own Opinion was the happiest of Men. *Eu.* Very discreetly done. *Gl.* This Man I made my Friend and my Counsellor, and by his Advice I marry'd a Wife. *Po.* With a fair Portion, I hope. *Gl.* So, so: But in a competent Proportion to my own Fortune, and just enough to do my Business. *Po.* What was your Age then? *Gl.* Towards *Two and Twenty*. *Po.* A happy Creature! *Gl.* You must not take this yet to be wholly the Work of Fortune. *Po.* How so? *Gl.* I'll shew ye now. 'Tis the Practice of the World to *love* before they *judge*, but I *judge* before I *lov'd*: Not but that I took this Woman more for Posterity sake, than for any Carnal Satisfaction. And never a happier Couple under the Sun, for the eight Years that we lived together; but then I lost her. *Po.* Had you no Children by her? *Gl.* Yes, *Four*, that, God be prais'd for't, are yet alive; two Boys and two Girls. *Po.* And what's your Condition at present? Private or Publick? *Gl.* Why I have a Publick Commission. It might have been better, but there's Credit enough in't to secure

me from Contempt, and then 'tis free from vexatious Attendances; which is as much as I ask, so long as I have sufficient for my self, and somewhat upon Occasion to spare for my Friend, which is the very height of my Ambition. And then I have taken Care to give more Reputation to my Office than I have receiv'd from it. I hope I have done well in't. *Po.* Without all Controversy. *Gl.* At this rate of Government my Life has been long and easy to me, and I am grown old in the Arms and good Esteem of all my Companions and Friends. *Eu.* But there's a hard Saying, methinks, though very much to the Purpose: *He that has no Enemies has no Friends. Envy never fails to tread upon the Heel of Happiness.* *Gl.* Right if it be a splendid, pompous Felicity; but in a State of Mediocrity, a Man's quiet and safe. I have made it my perpetual Care and Study never to raise any Advantage to my self from the Miseries or Misfortunes of other People. I have kept as much as possible from the Cumber of Business, especially from invidious Employments, that could not be discharg'd without making many Enemies: Nay as near as I can, I would not disoblige one Man to help another. In case of any Misunderstanding, I do what I can, either to excuse and soften it, or to let it fall without taking notice of it; or else with good Offices to set all Right again. I never lov'd Squabbling and Contention; but where there's no avoiding it, I chuse rather to lose my Money than my Friend. Upon the whole I am for *Mitio's* Character in the Comedy. I affront no Man; I carry a chearful Countenance to all, I salute or resalute with Heart and good-will; I cross

no Man's Inclination; I censure no Man's Purposes or Doings; I am not so self-conceited, as to despise other People; and it never moves me, when I see Men over value themselves. That which I would have kept secret, I tell to no Mortal. I never was curious in the Privacies of other Men; and if any thing of that Nature came to my Knowledge, I never blab'd it. 'Tis my constant Practice either to say nothing at all of the Absent, or to speak of them with Kindness and Respect: For half the Quarrels in the World take their Rise from the Intemperance of the Tongue. I have made it my Rule never to provoke Differences, or to heed them; but on the contrary, so much as is in me lay, either to moderate or to extinguish them. By these Means I have kept clear of Envy, and secur'd my self of the Affection and Esteem of my Country-Men. *Pa.* Did not you find a *single Life* irksome to you? *Gl.* The sharpest Affliction that ever besel me, was the Death of my Wife; I could not but passionately wish that we might have grown old together, and have continued happy in the Enjoyment of the common Blessing of our Children; but since Providence had otherwise determin'd, Duty and Religion told me, that God's way was best for both; and that it would be both foolish and wicked to torment my self in vain, without any Advantage either to the Dead or to the Living. *Po.* You were so happy in one Wife, methinks, it should have tempted you to venture upon another. *Gl.* I had some Thoughts that way: But as I married one for the hopes of Children; so for these Childrens sakes I resolv'd never to marry again. *Po.* But were not
the

the Nights tedious to ye without a Bed-fellow?

Gl. *Nothing is hard to a willing Mind.* And then do but consider the Benefits of a single Life: There are a sort of People in the World, that will be still making the worst of every thing, and taking it by the *wrong Handle.* As *Crates* (or some body else in an *Epigram* under his Name) has summ'd up the Evils or *Inconveniences* of Human Life; and the Resolution is this, that *it is the best not to be born.* Now that Humour of *Metrodorus* pleases me a great deal better, in his Abstract of the *Blessings* of Life:

'Tis a more comfortable Prospect, and it sweetens the Disgusts and Weaknesses of Flesh and Blood. For my own part, I have brought my self to such a Temper of Indifference, as never to be transported with any violent *Inclinations* or *Aversions*; and this secures me, whether my Fortune be good or bad, from either Insolence in one Case, or Abjection or Despondence in the other.

Pa. Make this good, and you are a greater Philosopher than either *Thales* or *Metrodorus* themselves. *Gl.* So soon as ever I find but the first Motion of any Disorder in my Mind; (as these Touches are not to be avoided) whether it be from the Sense of an Indignity or Affront, I cast it immediately out of my Thoughts.

Po. Well, but there are some *Family-Provocations* and *Offences*; for the purpose, that would anger a Saint. *Gl.* They never stay long enough

with me to make an Impression. If I can quiet things, I do't; if I cannot, I say thus to my self: Why should I gall my self to no manner of purpose? In a word, my Reason does that for me at first, which after a little while Time it self would do: Briefly, if any thing troubles

blefs me, I never carry the Thoughts on't to Bed with me. *Eu.* 'Tis no wonder to fee fo vigorous a Body under the Government of fo virtuous a Mind. *Gl.* Come, come, Gentlemen, in the Freedom of Friendfhip: I have kept this Guard upon my felf, not to do any thing that might reflect upon my Honour, or my Familie's. There's no Mifery like that of a *guilty Confcience*; and I never lay my Head upon my Pillow at Night, till I have by Repentance reconcil'd my felf to God, for the Transgreffions of the Day paff. He that's well with his *Maker*, can never be uneasy within himfelf; for the Love and Protection of the Almighty fupports him againft all the Malice of wicked Men. *Eu.* Have you never any anxious Thoughts upon the Apprehenfion of Death? *Gl.* No more than I have for looking back upon the Day of my Birth. I know I muft die, and to live in fear on't may poffibly fhorten my Life, but it can never lengthen it; fo my only Care is to live honeftly and comfortably, and leave the reft to Providence. No Man can live *Happily*, that does not live well. *Pa.* But to live fo long in the fame Place, tho' 'twere in *Rome* it felf: I fhould grow grey, I fanfy, with fo much of the fame thing over again. *Gl.* There's Pleafure no doubt on't in Variety; but then for long Travels, though Experience and Obfervation may make Men Wife, they run the Risk of a thoufand Dangers, to balance that Prudence. Now I am for the fafer way of compaffing the World in a Map; and I can find out more in *printed Travels*, than ever *Ulyffes* faw in all his *twenty Years Ramble*. I have my felf a *Villa*, fome two Miles out of Town; when

when I'm there, I'm a *Country-man*; and when I come back again, I am welcom'd, as if I had been upon the discovery of the *North-West Passage*, *Eu.* You keep your Body in order, I presume with *Physick*. *Gl.* No, no, I have nothing to do with the *Doctors*, I was never let *Blood* in my Life yet: and never meddled with either *Pill* or *Potion*. When I feel my self any way indisposed, change of *Air*, or a spare Diet sets me right again. *Eu.* Don't you study sometimes? *Gl.* Oh by all means, 'tis the most agreeable Entertainment of my Life. But not so, as to *make a Toil of a pleasure*. And I do it not for Ostentation, but for the Love and Delight of it, or for the informing of my Life and Manners. After Dinner I have a Collation of edifying Discourse or Stories, or else some Body to read to me; and I never plod at my Book above an hour at a Time. When that's over, I take my Lute perhaps and a walk in my Chamber, either groping it or singing to't; or ruminating it may be, upon what I have heard or read. If I have a good Companion with me, I give him part on't: and after a while, to my Book again. *Eu.* But tell me now, upon the word of an honest Man; do you find none of those Infirmities about ye, that are so common to *Old Age*? *Gl.* Why truly, my *Sleeps* are not so sound, neither is my *Memory* so firm as it has been. I have now acquitted my self of my Promise, to a Syllable; and told you the whole Secret that has kept me young so long. And pray'e let *Polygamus* deal as faithfully with us in the Relation of what has made him old, so much sooner. *Po.* You are so much my Friends, that you shall have it without any Disguise or Reserve. *Eu.* Pray'e let it be so then, and it shall never go farther.

POLYGAMUS. I need not tell you, how much I indulg'd my Appetite, when I was at *Paris*.
Eu. We remember it very well: but hop'd, that upon quitting the place, you had left your *hot Blood*, and your loose Manners behind ye. *Po.* I had variety of Mistresses there; and one of them that was *Bagg'd*, I took home with me. *Eu.* What to your Father's House? *Po.* Directly thither: But she pass'd for the Wife of a certain Friend of mine, that in a short time was to follow her. *Gl.* And did your Father swallow this? *Po.* Yes at first, but in a matter of four Days he smelt out the Cheat: and then there was heavy work made on't. In this *interim* however I spent my Time, and my Money in *Taverns*, *Treating-Houses*, *Gaming Ordinaries*, and other extravagant Diversions of the like kind. In short; my Father's Rage was so implacable, *He'd have no such cackling Gossips, be said, under his Roof: He'd not own such a rebellious Wretch any longer for his Son, &c.* that in conclusion, I was e'en fain to march off with my Pullet, and to nestle in another place: Where she brought me a brood by the way. *Pa.* But where had you Money all this while? *Po.* Why my Mother help'd me now and then by stealth: besides considerable Sums that I borrow'd. *Eu.* And were there any such Fools as would give you Credit? *Po.* Why, there are those that will trust a Spend-thrift sooner than an honest Man. *Pa.* Well! and what next? *Po.* When my Friends saw my Father at last, upon the very point of dis-inheriting me, they brought him to this Composition, that I should renounce the *French Woman*, and marry one of our own Country. *Eu.* Was she not your Wife? *Po.* There had past some words in the *Future*

ture Tense (as *I will marry ye*, for the purpose) but then, to say the Truth, there follow'd *Carnal Copulation*, in the *Present Tense*, or so. *Eu.*

And how could you dissolve that Contract then?

Po. Why, it came out afterwards, that my *French Woman* had a *French Husband*, only she was gone away from him. *Eu.* So that you have

a Wife, it seems. *Po.* Yes, yes, I am now marry'd to my *eighth Wife*. *Eu.* The *eighth*, do ye

say? Why then he that gave you the Name of *Polygamus*, was a Prophet. But they were all barren perhaps. *Po.* No, no, I have a *Litter* at

home, by every one of them. *Eu.* So many *Hens* with Eggs, in the stead of them, would be a happy Change. But you have enough of *Wiving*

sure by this time. *Po.* So much, that if my eighth Wife should die to day, I'd take a ninth to morrow. Nay, 'tis hard, in my Opinion, that a *Man*

may not be allow'd as many *Wives*, as a *Cock* has *Hens*. *Eu.* 'Tis no wonder, at your rate of

Whoring and *Drinking*, to see you brought to a *Skeleton*, and an old Man before your time. But who maintains your Family all this while? *Po.*

Why, betwixt a small Estate that my Father left me and my own hard Labour, I make a shift to keep Life and Soul together. *Eu.* You

have given over your Study then. *Po.* I have e'en brought a *Noble to Nine-pence*: and all I have to trust to, is to *make the best of a bad Game*.

Eu. I wonder how thou hast been able to bear so many Mournings, and the loss of so many Wives. *Po.* I never liv'd a Widower above ten days, and the next Wife still blotted

out the Memory of the last. I have given you here a very honest, and a true Abstract of my Life. I wish *Pampirus* here would but tell his

Story as frankly as I have done mine. He bears his Age well enough, I perceive, and yet I take him to be two or three Years my *Senior*. *Pa.* I shall make no difficulty of that, if you can have *Patience* for so wild and phantastical a *Romance*. *Eu.* Never talk of *Patience* to hear what we have a *Mind* to hear.

PAMPIRUS. I was no sooner return'd from *Paris*, but the good old Man my Father press'd me earnestly to enter into some Course of Life, that might probably advance my Fortune; and upon a full Consideration of the matter, it was concluded, I should betake my self to the business of a *Merchant*. *Po.* I cannot but wonder, why that choice rather than any other. *Pa.* Why, I was naturally curious to know new things; to see several Countries, and famous Cities; to learn Languages, and to inform my self in the Customs and Manners of Men. Now, thought I, this is no way better to be compassed, than by Negotiation and Commerce: beside a general understanding of things, that goes along with it. *Po.* Well! *But Gold itself may be bought too dear.* *Pa.* It may be so; but to be short, my Father put a good Sum of Money into my Hand to begin the World withal: Wish'd me good Luck with it, and gave me his Blessing. At the same time, he laid out for a rich Wife for me, and pitch'd upon so virtuous and so amiable a Creature; that she would have been a Fortune in her very Smock to any honest Man. *Eu.* Well! but was it a Match at last? *Pa.* No, for before ever I could get back again, *Use and Principal* was all lost. *Eu.* Wreck'd, I suppose. *Pa.* Yes, yes, wreck'd. We struck upon the *what d'ye call the Rock?* *Eu.* The *Malea* perchance? for that's a desperate

desperate Passage. *Pa.* No, no; this is forty times worse. But it is somewhat like it however. *Eu.* Do you remember the Name of the Sea? *Pa.* No, but it is a Place infamous for a thousand Miscarriages. Pray, by your leave: Is there a dangerous Rock they call *ALEA*? I don't know your *Greek* name for't. *Eu.* Mad Fool that thou wer't! *Pa.* So, and what was my Father I prithe; to trust a young Fop with such a gob of Money? But it was in fine, the Rock *ALEA Anglice, the Devil's Bones*, that I was split upon. *Gl.* And what did you do next? *Pa.* Why, I began providently to consider of a convenient Beam and Halter to hang myself. *Gl.* Was your Father so implacable then? For such a loss might be made up again: and the first Fault must be very foul, not to be pardonable. *Pa.* Why you have Reason, perhaps. But in the mean while, the poor Man lost his pretty Mistress; for so soon as ever her Relations came to understand what they were to trust to, they resolv'd to have nothing more to do with me. Now I was in Love, you must know, over Head and Ears. *Gl.* In troth, I pity thee with all my heart. But what did you purpose to your self after this? *Pa.* Only to do as other People do in desperate Cases. My Father had cast me off; my Fortune was irrecoverably lost, and consequently my Wife: and the best Treatment I could get in the World, was to be pointed at, for a *Debauchee, squandering Sot*. Without more Words, it was e'en come to Cross or Pile, whether I should take up in a Cloyster or hang my self. *Eu.* You were cruelly put to't. But I presume you had the Wit to pitch upon the easier Death of the two. *Pa.* Or rather the more
painful;

painful; so sick was I, even of Life it self. *Gl.* And yet many People cast themselves into *Monasteries*, as the most comfortable State of living. *Pa.* Well! the first thing I did, was to put a little Money in my Pocket, and fly my Country. *Gl.* Whither went ye? *Pa.* Into *Ireland*, and there was I made a Regular of that Order, that wears *Linen above*, and *Woollen* to the *Skinward*. *Gl.* Did you spend your Winter there? *Pa.* No, no, two Months only, and then for *Scotland*. *Gl.* How came it you staid no longer? Did you take Check at any thing? *Pa.* The Discipline was not severe enough methought, for a wretch that hanging it self would have been too good for. *Eu.* And how went Matters with you in *Scotland*? *Pa.* I e'en changed my *Linen Habit* for a *Leathern* one, among the *Carthusians*. *Eu.* These are the Men that are in strictness of Profession, dead to the World. *Pa.* So methought, by their singing. *Gl.* Are the dead so merry then? But how many Months were you there? *Pa.* Betwixt five and six. *Gl.* A strange Constancy, to hold so long in a mind! *Eu.* You took no offence at any thing amongst the *Carthusians*, did ye? *Pa.* I could not like to lazy, a froward sort of Life. And then, what with Fumes and Solitude, I fancy'd several of 'em to be *hot-headed*: and for my part; having but little Sense already, I durst not stay, for fear of losing the rest. *Po.* Whither did you take your next flight? *Pa.* Into *France*: among those that give to understand by the *Colour* of their Habits, that they are *Mourners in this World*. I speak of the *Benedictines*: and of those particularly, that wear a kind of *Netted Hair-cloth* for their upper Garment. *Gl.* A terrible Mortification of the Flesh, I must confess. *Pa.*
I was

I was among them, *eleven Months*. *Eu.* And how came you to leave 'em at last? *Pa.* Why, I found they laid more stress upon *Ceremonies*, than *true Piety*. And then I was told that the *Bernardines* were a much more conscientious Order, and under a severe Discipline: Those I mean that are habited in *White* instead of *Black*. I went and liv'd a matter of *ten Months* among these too.

Eu. And what disgusted you here now? *Pa.* I dislik'd nothing at all: for I found them very good Company. But I had an old saying in my Head: That *such a thing must either be done, or it must not be done*: So that I was e'en resolv'd, either to be a *Monk in Perfection*, or *no Monk at all*. I was told after this, that the holiest Men upon the Face of the Earth, were those of the Order of *St. Bridget*. And these were the People that I thought to live and die withall. *Eu.* And how many Months were you with them, I beseech ye?

Pa. Neither *Months* nor *Weeks*; but in Truth *almost two Days*. *Gl.* You were mightily fond sure of this kind of Life to stay so long in't.

Po. They take no Body in, you must know, but those that are presently *profest*, and I was not so mad yet, as to put my Neck into such a Noose, that it could never be got out again. And then the singing of the *Nuns*, put me out of my Wits almost, with reminding me of my last Mistress. *Gl.*

Well! And what after this? *Pa.* My Heart was wholly set upon Religion, but yet upon this Ramble from one thing to another, I could not meet with any thing to my Mind. But walking up and down afterwards, I fell into a Troop of *Cross-bearers*. Some carry'd *white Crosses*; others *red, green, party-colour'd*, some *single*, some *double*, some *quadruple*; and some again, several

Sorts

Sorts and Forms of Crosses. I had a Reverence for the Christianity of the Memorial, but I was confounded, which *Form*, or *Colour*, to make choice of, before another. So that for fear of the worst, I carry'd some of every sort. But upon the whole matter I found there was a great difference betwixt the Figure of a Cross upon a Garment, and a Cross in the Heart. When I had hunted myself weary, and never the nearer my Journey's end; it came into my Head that a Pilgrimage to the holy Land, would do my Work. For let a Man go to *Jerusalem* a very Devil, he comes back a Saint. *Po.* And thither you went then. *Pa.* Yes, *Po.* Upon whose charge I prithee? *Pa.* That should have been your first Question. But you know the old Proverb, *A Man of Art will live any where.* *Gl.* And, what's your *Art*, I beseech you? *Pa.* *Palmistry.* *Gl.* Where did you serve your time to't? *Pa.* What's that to the business? *Gl.* Under what *Master*? *Pa.* The great Master of *all Sciences*; the Belly. In short I set up for a Fortune-teller: And there wou'd I lay about me, upon the Topick of things past, present, and to come. *Gl.* Upon good grounds, I hope. *Pa.* The Devil a bit that I knew of the matter: But I set a good Face on't, and ran no *Risque* neither: For I was paid still before-hand. *Po.* That ever so senseless an Imposture should find a Man Bread! *Pa.* And yet so it is, that I maintain'd my self, and a brace of *Lacquies*, very decently upon the Credit of it. Why how should *Knaves* live without a World of *Fools* of both *Sexes* to work upon? So soon as I got to *Jerusalem*, I put my self into the Train of a rich Noble-man, of about *Seventy Years of Age*, that could never have dy'd in Peace, he said, if he had not bless'd his Eyes with the sight of that Holy

Holy Place. *Eu.* He had no Wife, I hope, to leave behind him? *Pa.* Yes, and six Children into the Bargain. *Eu.* A most pious, religious old Man! But you came back, I suppose, a Man of another World. *Pa.* No, but to deal plainly with you, somewhat worse than I went. *Eu.* So that your Zeal for Religion was cool'd, I perceive. *Pa.* Nay, on the contrary, hotter than ever it was; and therefore I return'd into *Italy*, and apply'd my self to a *Military Life*. *Eu.* You sought for Religion in the *Camp*, it seems; the most unlikely Place under the Heavens to find it in. *Pa.* Ay, but it was a holy War. *Eu.* Against the *Türks*, perchance. *Pa.* Nay, a *Holier War* than that, or the Doctors were *beside the Cushion*. *Eu.* How so? *Pa.* It was the War betwixt *Julius the Second*, and the *French*. And then I had a Fancy to a Soldiers Life, for the Knowledge it gives a Man of the World. *Eu.* It brings a Man to the Knowledge of many things, that he had better be ignorant of. *Pa.* I found it so afterwards; and yet I suffer'd more Hardship in the *Field*, than in the *Cloyster*. *Eu.* Well, and where were you next now? *Pa.* Why, I was thinking with my self, whether I should go back again to the Business of a *Merchant*, that I had laid aside; or press forward in the Pursuit of Religion, that fled before me. While my Thoughts were in this Balance, it came into my Mind, that I might do both under one. *Eu.* What! And set up for a *Merchant* and a *Monk* both together? *Pa.* Well! and why not? What are your *Mendicants* but a kind of *Religious Traders*? They fly over Sea and Land; they see, they hear every thing that passes: They enter into all Privacies; and the Doors of
Kings,

*Kings, Noblemen, and Commoners, are all open to them. Eu. Ay, but they do not deal for gain. Pa. Yes, and with better Success many times than we do. Eu. Which of these Orders did you make choice of? Pa. I try'd 'em all. Eu. And did none of them please you? Pa. I lik'd them all well enough, if I might but presently have enter'd upon Practice and Commerce. But when I found that I was to be slav'd a long time to my Offices in the Choir, before I could be qualified for the Trust; I began then to cast about, how I might get to be made an *Abbot*: But, said I to my self, *Kissing goes by Favour*, and 'twill be a tedious Work; and so I quitted that Thought too. After some *eight Years* trifled away, in shifting from one thing to another, thus comes the News of my Father's Death: So home I went, took my Mother's Advice, marry'd a Wife, and so to my first Course of *Traffick* again. Gl. Well! And how did you behave your self in your several Shapes? For every *new Habit* made you look like a *new Creature*. Pa. Why 'twas all no more to me, than the *same Players* acting *several Parts* in the *same Comedy*. Eu. But be so honest now as to tell me only which is the Condition, in this variety of Adventures that is most to your liking? Pa. *So many Men so many Minds*. But to be free with you, that of a Merchant is most agreeable to my Inclination. Eu. But yet there are great Hazards and Inconveniencies that attend it. Pa. There are so; and it is the same Case in any other State of Life. But since this is my Lot, I'll make the best on't. *Eusebius* his Turn is yet to come; and I hope he will not think much of obliging his Friends, in requital with
some*

some Part of his History. *Eu.* Nay, if you please, the whole Course of it is at your Service. *Gl.* We shall most gladly hear it.

EUSEBIUS. When I left *Paris*, it took me a Year's time at home to consider, what Course of Life to settle in; and not without a strict Examination of my self, to what Study or Profession I stood most inclin'd. I was offer'd a good handsome *Prebendary*, as they call it, and I accepted it. *Gl.* That sort of Life has no great Reputation among the People. *Eu.* But, as the World went, it was to me very welcome. It was no small Providence to have so many Advantages fall into a Man's Mouth upon the sudden, as if they had been dropt from Heaven; as Dignity, handsome Houses well furnish'd, a competent Revenue, a worthy and learned Society, and a Church at Hand to serve God in when he pleases. *Pa.* I was scandaliz'd at the *Luxury* of the Place, the Infamy of their *Concubines*, and the strange Aversion those People had for Letters. *Eu.* 'Tis nothing to me what others do, but what I do my self; and if I cannot mend the Bad, I chuse the best Company however that I can get. *Po.* And is this the Condition that you have spent your whole time in? *Eu.* All but some four Years, a long while ago, at *Padua*. *Po.* And what did you there? *Eu.* I study'd *Physick* a Year and a half, and *Divinity* the rest. *Po.* Why so? *Eu.* For the Sake both of my Soul and Body, and that in both Cases I might be helpful to my Friends. I preach'd upon Occasion too, *according no my Talent*. Under these Circumstances I have led a Life easy and quiet enough; so well satisfied with one Benefice, that I did not so much as wish for any thing beyond it,
and

and if another were offer'd me I should refuse it. *Pa.* I wonder what's become of the rest of our old Acquaintance and *Fellow-Pensioners.* *Eu.* I could say somewhat of them too, but we are just at the *Towns End* here; and if you please we may be together in the same Inn, and talk o'the rest at leisure.

[*Hugh* a Waggoner] How now *Blinks!* where did you take up this Rubbish? [*Harry* a Waggoner] And whither are you going with that *Harlotry* there? *Hugh.* You would do well to tumble the old Fornicators into a *Nettle-Bush* to bring 'em to an Itch again. *Harry.* And your Cattle want Cooling. What do ye think of a fair Toss into that Pool there, to lay their Concupiscence? *Hugh.* I'm not us'd to those Gambols. *Harry.* But 'tis not so long, Sirrah, since I saw you throw *half a Dozen Carthusians* in the Dirt tho'; and you like a *Schellam* stood grinning and making sport at it when you had done, to see them rise *Black Carthusians* instead of *White ones.* *Hugh.* And they were well enough serv'd too; for they lay snorting all the way like a dead weight upon the Waggon. *Harry.* Well, and my People have been so good Company, that my Horses went the better for their Carriage; I would never desire a better Fare. *Hugh.* And yet these are a sort of Men that you do not naturally care for. *Harry.* They are the best old Men that ever I met withal. *Hugh.* How do you know that? *Harry.* Because they made me drink lustily upon the way. *Hugh.* An excellent Recommendation to a *Dutch Foreman.*

The Impertinents : Or, The Cross-Purposes.

C O L. I.

Two odd-ill-contriv'd Fellows meet one another in the Street, and to talking they fall; one has his Head full of a Marriage, and the other's Thoughts run upon a Storm: In short, they discourse with great Concern on both sides, and make nothing on't, only they fulfil the English Proverb between them, I talk of Chalk and you of Cheese.

These Six Colloquies done by Mr. Brown.

The Translator of the following Colloquies, tho' he keeps his Author still in sight, yet does not pretend to have made a literal Translation of him; and where Erasmus alludes to old Adagies, (as frequently he does) or where the Jest turns upon a turn in the Latin Tongue, which would be entirely lost in an English Version, he has made bold to substitute something of his own in the room of it, in order to make it more agreeable to the Palate of the English Reader, for whose Diversion it was design'd.

ANNIUS, LUCIUS.

Ann. **W**HY, I hear you were drunk as Lords all of you at Neighbour what d'ye call him's Wedding Yesterday. *Luc.* The Duce
 Y take

take me if ever I knew such confounded Weather at Sea, tho' I have us'd it from my Cradle. *Ann.* So I find you had a world of brave Folks to see the Ceremony. *Luc.* 'Fore *George* (you make me swear now) I never ran such a risque of drowning in my Life before. *Ann.* Ay, ay, see what 'tis to be rich; at my Wedding, tho' I sent again and again to all my Neighbours, yet only some half a dozen wou'd come near me, and those but sorry Wretches the Lord knows. *Luc.* Mind me, I say, we were no sooner got off of the *Land's end*, but it blow'd as if it wou'd blow the *Devil's Head* off. *Ann.* God so! that was wonderful pretty, and were there then so many fine Lords and Ladies to throw the Stocking? *Luc.* Comes me immediately a sudden Gust of Wind, and whips off the Sail while you could drink a Can of Flip, and tears it into a thousand Flitters, I warrant ye. *Ann.* You need not describe the Bride to me. Why, Lord, I knew the pretty Baggage when she was no taller than—*Luc.* Souse comes another Wave, and runs away with the Rudder. *Ann.* Nay, all the World are of your Opinion, she's an Angel incarnate, that's certain, and the Bridegroom, let me tell you, is a handsome young Fellow of his Inches. *Luc.* Well! and don't you think we were in a blessed taking then? *Ann.* Right I'faith; not one Woman in a thousand, as you observe, brings such a Fortune to her Husband. *Luc.* So we man'd out the Long-boat, and were forc'd to row for't. *Ann.* The Devil she did! Why, that was a Portion for a Princess. *Luc.* To see now what damn'd Luck attended us! We popt out of one Danger into the Chaps of another. *Ann.* Nay, they may e'en thank themselves for't. What the plague made them

them marry so tender a Creature to such a boisterous young Whoreson? *Luc.* A French Privateer made all the Sale she could after us. *Ann.* Good again, let me die else. Young Girls long to be trying Experiments, and a willing Mind you know is all in all. *Luc.* So now we had two Enemies at a time to deal with, a raging Sea and these French Rascals. *Ann.* Good Heavens, so many rich Presents made her! Had she been a poor Body, I dare pawn my Life for't, her Friends would not have given her the worth of a silver Bodkin. *Luc.* What, wou'd you have had us struck Sail to them? That had been a good Jest I vow. No, I gad they were mistaken in their Men, I'll tell you but so much. *Ann.* Nay, if what you say be true, the Bridegroom had best speak no more on't, but put his Horns in his Pocket. *Luc.* Every Man of us took his *Cogue* or two of *Nants*, and prepared for the Fight. *Ann.* To see how we may be deceiv'd now! That such a demure Sparrow-mouth'd Devil should take up a Stone in her Ear so soon. *Luc.* Had you seen this Engagement, take my word for't you'd have said I laid about me like a *Hero*. *Ann.* So then as far as I can judge of the Matter, the young Fellow has brought his Hogs to a fair Market. *Luc.* Without asking more Questions, we fairly boarded the *Monsieur*. *Ann.* But is it not an odd Business that they should invite you, who are a perfect Stranger to them, and forget me, one of the nearest Relations the Bride has in the World? *Luc.* Right or wrong we flung our *Frenchmen* into the Sea. *Ann.* Troth, Neighbour, you say right, a Man in Adversity is abandon'd by all the World. *Luc.* After this we honestly divided the Booty between us. *Ann.* Come, you need not provoke

me to't, I know how to be angry upon occasion; the next time I see the Bride, odzooks I'll rattle both her Ears for't. *Luc.* On the sudden the Sea grew so calm, you'd have taken it for a Bowling Green. *Ann.* For if she has Money, I have a stomachful Spirit, let me tell you, and a Fig for her Kindness. *Luc.* In fine we brought a Brace of Vessels into Harbour instead of one. *Ann.* And let her Husband take it as he pleases, what a plague care I? *Luc.* Oh! you ask where I am a-going? Why, to St. *Nicolas's* Church yonder, to thank the honest Saint for keeping me out of the Suds. *Ann.* No, pray excuse me, dear Sir, I can't go with you to the Tavern now; I expect a Set of jovial Fellows to drink a Bowl of Punch with me at home; but any other time you may command me. Adieu.

The

The Modish Traveller.

COL. II.

The Calamitous Effects of War. The Ambition of Princes the Cause of most Disturbances in the World. Church-men who ought to preach up Peace, promote these Disorders. The latter part of this Colloquy is wholly the Translator's, who took the hint from a late Learned Voyage to Paris, by one of the Royal Society.

GEORGE, MARTIN.

Geo. **W**ELL, and what sort of a Voyage had you of it, old Friend? Mar. Good enough, but that the Roads were so plaguily pester'd with *High-way-men*. Geo. You must expect that after a *War*, 'tis impossible to help it; but dear Companion of mine, how stand Affairs in *France*? Mar. In none of the most settled Condition; there are great Preparations on foot for another *War*; now what *Mischief* the *French* may be able to do their *Neighbours* I don't know; but this I am sure of, that they are plagued at home with all the *Calamities* that a Nation can well suffer. Geo. From whence do these *Commotions* and *Wars* arise, I wonder. Mar. From whence, do you ask? Why, from

the *Ambition of Monarchs*. Geo. Now, on the other hand, I shou'd have thought it had been the *Duty of Supreme Magistrates*, by their Prudence and Authority to *compose* these *calamitous Disorders*, wherein so many thousands of innocent People must suffer. Mar. So one wou'd have thought, as you say; but under the Rose your *Princes* extinguish these *Flames*, just for all the World as Oil puts out Fire. They flatter themselves that they are *Gods*, and that the *World* was made *purely* for their sake. Geo. That's merry enough; Now, I was ever such a dull Blockhead as to believe that a *Prince was made for the People, and not the People for a Prince*. Mar. What vexes me most, is that the *Church-men* lend a *helping* hand to these *Disorders*, and blow the *Trumpet* to *sanctify* the *cutting* of *Throats*. Geo. By my consent they should be set in the *Front* of the Army, there to receive the *Reward* of their great *Pains-taking*. Mar. Why, so say I, and so says all the World. But a Pox on't, your *Priests* will never come within harms way; they *love* their *Carcasses* too well for *that*; tho' they may advise us *Lay-fools* to venture the *knocking* of our *Brains* out; yet for their own parts they'll not hazard a *little Finger*, even in a *Quarrel* of their own making. Geo. Well! But you are come home a compleat *Monsieur*, I hope: Your outside seems to promise it; for upon my word, Friend *Martin*, you are a most furious Beau. Mar. Oh, I speak *la Langue Francoise* to a Miracle. I faith I am so charm'd with it, that I have almost forgot my own. Lord! The *English* is so dull and phlegmatick, in comparison of that; how much more emphatical is *Vierrerie* than a *Glafs bouse*, *Promenade* than a *Walk*, *Rouillon*,
than

than a *Wheel-barrow*? Well, of all *Fiacres* in the World, your *London Fiacre* is certainly the *most miserable Voiture* upon Earth. *Geo.* But how came you a God's Name to learn the Language so soon?

Mar. Oh of those everlasting *Babillardes* the *French Women*, who I must tell you *en passant* are grown *much more corpulent and fat than before the War*, which upon mature Thoughts I ascribe to their *immoderate drinking of Ratafia*. *Geo.*

What sort of Liquor is that prithee, for I never heard of it before? *Mar.* 'Tis a Cherry-brandy made of Brandy and Apricock-stones. *Geo.* Now for *Paris*, dear Rogue, how go Squares there? I know so great a Virtuoso as you are, must make a thousand curious Observations. *Mar.* Most of the *Citizens Houses* have *Port-cochez* to drive in a Coach, and *Remises* to set them up. *Geo.* Oh admirable! but pray proceed. *Mar.* Their Buildings are some of *hewn Stone entire*, and some of *Brick with Free-stone*, and in many Houses they have ten *Menages*, I warrant ye. Their *Cellar-windows* are grated with *strong Bars of Iron*, but I was extremely scandalized at the *Vinegretté*. *Geo.* You talk *Arabick*, I think; but pray explain your self. *Mar.* 'Tis a wretched business, and a very *Fest* in so magnificent a City, drawn along by two Boys, and pushed behind by a Maid. But then to make amends, the Coachmen in *Paris* drive with an air of haste. *Geo.* Prettily express'd I faith. Let me die if could not stay a whole day to hear thee. *Mar.* Tho' I want a Relish for *Painting and Building*, I much admired I cou'd never meet with a *Statue in Paris*, but what was cloathed with a *Toga pura*, and no Representation of a *Bullated one*. *Geo.* 'Twas a thousand pities I profess. *Mar.* I saw several *Tableaux* at a Gentleman's House,

and among the rest *one painted in Dishabillé, with a foppish Night-gown, and an old Quouifure.* I likewise saw a *Roman Glass, whose very bottom, do ye mind me, was very smooth, and very little umbilicate;* but what pleased me most, was a *young Kitling in an Air pump, which surviv'd 500 Pumps.* Geo. What a Blessing is it to be a Philosopher? But is this all you took notice of? Mar. No, no, I should tire you but to recite one half of what I observed. *When a thing is lost, they don't put it in the publick Prints, as we do; but fix a printed Paper on the Wall. Their Streets are lighted even in the Moon-shine Nights. They have Clap-bills too, and set up by Authority. There are a world of Boats upon the River, but when a Thaw comes they are in danger of being split. They sell Books by Auction, but have no Bureaus of Ivory. The Pox is the great Business of the Town. The poor People carry little Tin-kettles in the Streets with Small-coal lighted. Their Roots differ much from ours; they have no round Turnips, but long ones. Lettice is the great and universal Sallet;* but it vexed me to the heart that I cou'd not stay long enough to see *whether there is more Dust in Paris than in London.* In short their *Fiacres* are easier than ours; their *Promenades* delicious, their *Postchaizes* very convenient, their *Pavillions* are surprizing, the *Decorations* of their *Treillages* admirable, their *Couches* finely laid out, and their *Champignons* and *Moriglios* beyond compare. Geo. Your Servant, Sir, I swear I could almost hang my self that I was never bred at *Gresham.* Well; I believe not one Man in a thousand has so nice a *Palate.* Mar. Fie, you make me blush now; *my Observations incline rather to Nature than Dominion.* And your Friend
Martin

Martin here, whatever you think of him, finds himself better disposed, and more apt to learn the Physiognomy of a hundred Weeds, than of five or six Princes. So much for this Affair, but pray tell me what remarkable Passages have happen'd here in my Absence. Geo. Nothing of Note, Sir, but only this, *Tua catulla peperit tibi catulum absenti, tua Gallina peperit tibi ovum.* In plain English, Friend Martin, your Maid was fairly brought to Bed here in *Westminster*, while you were fairly brought to Bed of your *fine Voyage to Paris.* Mar. *Voilà que c'est être malheureux.* Oh this confounded *Cockatrice!* Well, I will just step to the *Custom-house* to secure my *invaluable Cargo of humble Bees, Tadpoles, Millers-thumbs, Sticklebacks, Land-snails, Day butterflies, Grasshoppers, Cockle-shells, &c.* And then I will trounce the *Gipsy* for daring to *Fornicate* in my absence. Geo. Have a care what you do, Friend Martin; *Increase and Multiply* was the first Commandment. You were once of opinion to my knowledge, that *Propagation* was intirely necessary that *Mankind* might be like the *Stars in the Firmament, or the Shells and Sand upon the Sea-shore;* and why you that are a *Virtuoso*, should quarrel with your Maid for learning a little natural Philosophy, I can't see. But I find you are in haste, and so farewell.

The

The Plain Dealer: Or, All is not Gold that Glifters.

C O L. III.

That the Generality of Mankind regard only Names and Outsides, but never consider the intrinsick Nature of Things.

RICH, PRETTYMAN.

Ri. **G**OOD morrow, *Prettyman.* *Pr.* The same to you, Friend *Rich.* You'll laugh at me I know for what I am going to say; but since we are met, I cannot help wishing that *both* of us were what our *Names* seem to imply, I mean that you were a *wealthy*, and I a *handsom* Fellow. *Ri.* Why, is it not *enough* that our *Names* tell the World we are *so*? *Pr.* *Enough*? For my part I wou'd not give a Farthing for a *name* if I want the *thing.* *Ri.* The generality of the *world* let me tell you are of *another* Opinion. *Pr.* I don't know what you mean by the *world*; but I can hardly believe any thing that wears the shape of a *Man* thinks so. *Ri.* You may imagine perhaps that *Camels* and *Asses* walk the Streets in a human Figure, but I once more tell you, that *Men*, and *Men* of Wit and Parts are of this mind. *Pr.* By your leave I wou'd sooner believe the former, I mean that *Camels* and *Asses* are *Men* in Masquerade, than that

that any thing that calls himfelf a *rational* Creature fhould be fuch an *abandon'd* *Sot* as to prefer a *name* to the *reality*. *Ri.* In fome forts of cafes I own to you that People wou'd rather have the thing than the name; but the quite *contrary* happens in others. *Pr.* I don't apprehend what you drive at. *Ri.* Why, we carry an instance of it about our felves. For Example, your name is *Prettyman*, and not to flatter you, you deferve it; but if you were to part either with one or the other, whether wou'd you rather chufe to have an ugly *Phyz*, or inftead of *Prettyman* to be called *Jowler*? *Pr.* Your Servant, Sir, I wou'd rather be called *Scare-devil*, or *Raw-head*, or in fine what you please, than to be the Knight of the ill-favoured Countenance. Whether I have a good one or no, is not the queftion in debate. *Ri.* And likewise for my felf here, if I were a Man of *Subftance* in the World, I wou'd rather alter my name *Rich* into that of *Poor*, than part with one *farthing* of my money. *Pr.* I muft needs own that what you fay is true, and 'twill be the fame cafe as I take it with thofe that enjoy their Health, or any other convenience belonging to the Body. *Ri.* In all probability 'twill be fo. *Pr.* But then how many thoufands do we fee in the World, who had rather have the *name* of learned and pious Men, than take pains to be *really* fo? *Ri.* I know but *too many* of this humour. *Pr.* Well then, and are you not convinced that Mankind has a *greater* regard to the *name* than to the *thing*? *Ri.* Troth I can't deny it. *Pr.* Now if any *profound* Logician wou'd give us an *accurate* definition of a *King*, a *Bifhop*, a *Magiftrate*, and a *Philofopher*, perhaps we fhould even here find fome, that wou'd rather chufe
the

the *name* than the *thing*. *Ri.* 'T'wou'd be so I fear me, if he and only he is a *King* who governs according to *Law* and *Equity*, and considers the *publick* advantage more than his *own*: If a *Bishop* is one who makes it his *sole* business to look after his *Flock*, and not raise a *Family*: If a *Magistrate* is one that heartily and sincerely pursues the Interest of the *Common-wealth*: And lastly, if a *Philosopher* is one that despises the Gifts of *Fortune*, and only drives at the tranquillity and instruction of his *Soul*. *Pr.* Now you are convinced, I hope that a Man might assign but too many instances of this nature, if he were so minded. *Ri.* I freely own it. *Pr.* Well, but you won't deny these to be *Men*, will you? *Ri.* If I should, I might call my own Title to the name in question. *Pr.* But if Man is a thinking reasoning Creature, is it not monstrously *fottish* that in the case of *bodily* advantages (for I cannot call them *goods*) and in the gifts of *fortune* which are but *temporary*, a Man shou'd rather desire to have the *thing* than the name; and that in the *true endowments* of the *mind*, he shou'd on the other hand pay a *greater* regard to the *name* than the *thing*? *Pr.* In truth, if a Man *rightly* considers it, nothing can be more *ridiculous*. *Ri.* Why 'tis the very same case in things of a different nature. *Pr.* As how I pray? *Ri.* What has been said of the names of things that are to be *desired*, the same judgment is to be made of the terms of those things we ought to *avoid*. *Pr.* 'Tis so no doubt on't. *Ri.* As for example, a Man ought rather to dread the being a *Tyrant*, than to have the *name*: And if a *bad Bishop*, as the *Gospel* informs us is a *Thief* and a *Robber*, we ought not so much to hate the *name* as the *thing*
it

it ſelf. *Pr.* I am wholly of your opinion. *Ri.* Now make the ſame judgment of the reſt. *Pr.* Oh I underſtand you well enough. *Ri.* Is not the name of a *Fool* held in deteſtation by all the World. *Pr.* Ay, certainly nothing more. *Ri.* And wou'd you ſcruple to call that Man a *Fool*, whom you ſhould ſee making Ducks and Drakes with his Money, or preferring bits of *Glaſs* to the richeſt *Diamonds*, or more fond of his *Dogs* and *Horſes* than of his *Wife* and *Children*? *Pr.* No I'faith, I ſhou'd ſoon dub him a *Jack Adams*. *Ri.* And do you think thoſe *Fellows* are a jot better that run through thick and thin, that are perpetually harras'd and fatigu'd, that lye whole *Nights* up to the chin in *water*, that venture the *pinking* of their Carcaſſes, and the *damning* of their Souls, for that moſt *valuable* conſideration a *Groat* a day, which is not honeſtly paid them neither; or thoſe *right worſhipful Wretches* that ſit up Night and Day to heap up a little *paltry pelf*, but grudge the leaſt Minute to *inrich* and *improve* the faculties of the *Mind*; or laſtly thoſe *fine Gentlemen* that never think their Houſes and Clothes *fine* enough, while their *better* part lies *neglected* and *naked*; that take all imaginable care to keep their *Bodies* in *health*, while their *Soul* labours under a thouſand dangerous *Diſtempers*, and they never value it: In ſhort, thoſe that purchaſe *everlaſting* Torments for the enjoyment of a few fooliſh *transitory* Pleaſures, that even *ſting* us in the enjoyment? *Pr.* A Man's own Reason will make him acknowledge this in ſpite of his teeth. *Ri.* However, tho' all places are ſo croud'd and cramm'd with *Fools*, yet I believe there's not one among ſo many Millions that wou'd patiently ſit down with the
name,

name tho' he really deserves it. *Pr.* Faith you are much in the right. *Ri.* To come to another Point. You are sensible how odious and abominable the names of *Liar* and *Thief* are in all Nations of the World. *Pr.* I own it, and reason good they should be so. *Ri.* No question on't; but tho' to *lie* with another Man's *Wife*, and to *violate* his Bed, is really baser, and more disingenuous than *Theft* it self, yet you have shoals of Men in the World, that value themselves upon the name of a *Cuckold-maker*, and think it an *honourable* Title, who wou'd most infallibly cut your Throat, shou'd you call them *Thief*. *Pr.* 'Tis so with most Men, I own it. *Ri.* Thus you have others who *whore* and get *drunk* in the Face of the Sun, and yet abominate the name of *Spend-thrifts*, or *Sots*. *Pr.* The reason is, because they think the thing *creditable*, tho' they cannot *endure* the name that belongs to the thing. *Ri.* There is scarce any word in the World that more shocks our Ears and Nature, than that of a *Liar*. *Pr.* Poogh! I have known hundreds in my time that have fairly tilted, and ripp'd up one another's Guts upon such a *Provocation*. *Ri.* 'Twere to be wished that they had an equal aversion to the *thing*. But did it never so fall out with you in the course of your business, that a Man *promised* to pay you a certain Sum of Money at a time *appointed*, and yet *broke* his word with you? *Pr.* But too often, tho' he wished himself a thousand times at the *Devil*, if he kept not his *Promise*. *Ri.* But perhaps these were *poor Dogs*, and not able to pay you? *Pr.* No, hang them they were *able* enough, but they thought it more convenient to *keep* their Money to *themselves*. *Ri.* Why prithee now is not this down-right

bare faced impudent *Lying*? *Pr.* As certain as the Sun at mid-day. *Ri.* But suppose a *Tradesman* should greet his *Debtor* in this blunt manner; *My Lord, or Sir John, why do you tell me these Lies?* *Pr.* The noble *Peer* wou'd indite him for a *Scandalum Magnatum*, and the *Knight* 'tis ten to one wou'd whip him through the *Lungs*. *Ri.* Well now, and are not your *Lawyers*, your *Sollicitors*, your *Physicians*, &c. guilty of this *Crime*, when they promise to do their business by such a time, and yet disappoint you, tho' your All lies at *stake*? *Pr.* Who questions it? You might add your *Courtiers* too, who promise to befriend a Man, but forget him so soon as he has turned his back. *Ri.* 'Pshaw, I might take in three parts of the *Globe*, were I minded to number the *Beasts*. But not one of them I suppose would be content to be call'd *Liar*. *Pr.* Tho' they deserv'd the Imputation never so much. I close with you. *Ri.* In like manner no body but startles at the name of *Thief*, when not one in a hundred has an *aversion* for the *thing*. *Pr.* Explain your self a little more upon this Point. *Ri.* What difference is there between a Fellow that breaks open your House, that rifles your Chests, and one that will forswear a *Pledge*? *Pr.* None at all, but that the latter is the greater Villain of the two, because he injures the Man that trusted him. *Ri.* But how few are they that will honestly restore a thing committed to their Charge? or if they do, keep one half to themselves, before they'll deliver it. *Pr.* Nay, I cou'd name you several Lord Mayors, and Aldermen, and the Devil and all of Quality that have done the same; but *Tace* you know is Latin for a *Candle*. *Ri.* Yet none of these worthy Gentlemen
wou'd

wou'd endure to be call'd Mr. *Thief*, tho' many an *honest* of the Profession has swing'd for't at *Tyburn*. *Pr.* Why 'faith I'm of your Opinion. *Ri.* Now, do but consider after what a fine rate your *Guardians* generally manage the Estates of *Minors*, what horrid tricking there is about *Wills* and *Legacies*, and how much of the *Orphan's* Money sticks to the Fingers of those that tell it. *Pr.* Right, tho' sometimes nothing but the *whole* will content these *Harpies*. *Ri.* Thus 'tis plain that they *love* the Theft, but *abominate* the name. *Pr.* 'Tis even so as you say. *Ri.* As for the *Tellers* of the *Exchequer*, the *Receivers* of *Taxes*, the *Overseers* of the *Mint*, and those honest *Patriots* that sometimes *raise*, and then again *lower* the Price of *Guineas*, to the incredible loss of *particular Men*, not being *acquainted* with the *Mysteries* of their Art, or not *daring* to expose them, I have nothing to say to them. But a Man may be *allow'd* to talk of what he daily *feels* and *sees*. To proceed then: What think you of one that *borrow*s of every body, and runs in their *Debt* with an Intention never to pay them, unless the Law forces him to it; what difference is there between such a Spark and a *Thief*? *Pr.* The World perhaps will say he has more *Caution*, tho' not a jot more *Honesty* than the other. *Ri.* Yet tho' the *whole* Kingdom is *over-run* with these *Vermin*, not *one* of the Tribe will bear the name *you wot of*. *Pr.* Heaven only knows their Intentions, for which reason the *Courtesy* of the World calls them *Bankrupts*, and not *Thieves*. *Ri.* What signifies it a Farthing how the *World* *miscalls* them, so long as they are registred for *Thieves* in the Annals of *Heaven*? Every Man 'tis true best knows his own Intentions; but
when

when I see a Fellow up to the Ears in *Debt*, yet Whoring or Sotting away his *Money* when he receives it; when after he has broke in one Town; I find him leave his Creditors in the Lurch, and scampering to another, and only looking out for a new set of *Fools* to trust him; when I say I find him playing these *Tricks*, not only once or twice but half a score times, I cannot for my Blood forbear to tell him his own. Does not he sufficiently declare the Intentions of his Heart, with a murrain to him? *Pr.* Ay, enough in all Conscience. And yet these *treble-pil'd Rogues* shall pretend to varnish over their Actions very finely. *Ri.* As how I pray? *Pr.* They'll tell you, that to owe much, and especially to a world of People, is to live like a King or a Nobleman; and, generally speaking, these Raskals affect the name of *Quality* to set them off. *Ri.* What can the meaning of that be? *Pr.* You can't imagine what Privileges belong to a Man of *Quality*. He can do that with a good Grace, which wou'd look ill in any one else. *Ri.* Well, but what Right, what *Law* have they to countenance this? *Pr.* What *Law* say you? The same by which your Gentlemen that have Estates by the *Sea-shore* pretend a Right to *Wrecks*; tho' the Owner of the Goods is alive: The same by which your Lords of *Mannors* claim a Title to whatever is found about a *Robber* or *Highway-man*; to the apparent injury of the true *Proprietors*. *Ri.* A Convention of Thieves might make as honest Laws as these. *Pr.* True, and so they wou'd if they had but the Power in their hands; and they'd have excuse enough for what they do, if they cou'd but declare War, before they went a-thieving. *Ri.* But how comes your Man of *Quality* a-God's name

to have more *Right* to do this than your common ordinary *Scoundrel*? *Pr.* They are in *Prescription* of the thing, and that's sufficient. *Ri.* And how came they by their *Titles*? *Pr.* Some have them by *Inheritance*, others purchase them by their *Money*, and some again by their *laudable Qualities*. *Ri.* What may those be? *Pr.* I'll sum them up in short to you. If a Man never did one *virtuous* thing in his Life; if he goes *richly* apparel'd, if he wears a *Ring* upon his Finger, if he *whores* incessantly, and *games* everlastingly; if he can play at *Ombre* and *Piquet*, and *troll* down a Gallon or two of *Wine* before he *reels* to bed; if he *sleeps* all day and *drinks* all night; if he speaks of no *ordinary* things, but *Castles*, and *Garrisons*, *Half-moons*, and *Ravelins*, *Stockadoe's* and *Demiculverins*; such a Man is as complete *Quality* as any in *Guillim* or *Dugdale*. *Ri.* And are these the blessed *Ingredients* out of which *Quality* is compounded? For my part I'll put it into my *Litany* to be *delivered* from it. *Pr.* You are in the right, and yet I cou'd name a certain *Island* in the World to you, where you may see hundreds and hundreds of such *accomplished* Gentlemen; but enough of them for this time. *Farewel.*

The

The Fatal Marriage : Or, The Unhappy Bride.

COL. IV.

A pretty Young Lady forc'd to marry a diseased Rake-hell of Quality. The Cruelty of Parents to sacrifice their Children to the Vanity of a Title.

PETER, GABRIEL.

Pe. **W**Hence comes our Friend Gabriel I wonder, with so grave, so mortified a Phyz? from *Burgess's* Meeting, or a *Reprobation-Lecture* at *Pinner's-hall*? *Ga.* No, you are mistaken, from a *Wedding*. *Pe.* The duce you did! I never saw a Look in my Life that had less of the Air of a *Wedding* in it. Those that have been at so jolly a Ceremony ought to look the *chearfuller* for it at least a *Twelve-month* after. Why Man *such* a sight, that put so many merry Ideas into a body's head, is enough to make one as old as *Parr* frisk and caper, and grow young again. Then prithee what sort of a *Wedding* is it thou talk'st of? Not that of *Death* and the *Cobler* I hope, or of *Bully-Bloody-bones* and *Mother Damnable*. *Ga.* Jestings apart, I come from the *Wedding* of a young *Gentleman* to one of the most charming delicious *Creatures* in the World; A Curse on my Memory, she

sets me on *Fire* as oft as I think of her; in the very *Bloom* of her Age, just turn'd of *sixteen*; and for her *Beauty, Fortune* and good *Conditions*, not to be parallel'd in the whole Country: In short, she was fit to have made a Spouse for *Jupiter* himself. *Pe.* What, for such an old antiquated *Fumbler* as he! *Ga.* Why, prithee your *great* Folks never grow *Old*. *Pe.* Well then, whence comes this Sadness, this Cloud upon your Forehead? Now I think on't, I fancy you *envy* the Bridegroom for *robbing* you of so delicious, so charming a *Morsel*. *Ga.* No such matter, I'll assure you. *Pe.* Perhaps you fell to *Loggerheads* over your Wine, as the *Lapithæ* did of old, and that makes you so melancholly. *Gr.* You are wide of the matter, take my word for't. *Pe.* I'll guess the contrary then; perhaps the Spark was a *Niggard* of his Liquor, and to be sober at a Wedding, you know, is a *Sin* ne'er to be forgiven. *Ga.* So far from that, that the Buts bled as heartily, as if it had been a Coronation. *Pe.* Well, now I have hit it; you wanted *Musick* to chear your Hearts. *Ga.* Oh! *wider* from the Point than ever; we had Fiddles, and Flutes, and Harps, and Kettle-drums; in fine, all the *Instruments* you can think of from a *Bag-pipe* up to an *Organ*; nay, that most Celestial Consort of a Pair of Tongs and a Key was not wanting. *Pe.* Well, you had your Belly-full of Dancing then I hope. *Ga.* Not so much *Dancing* as you imagine, but *Limping* enough in all Conscience. *Pe.* What Persons of *Quality* had you to *grace* the Nuptials? *Ga.* Not one, but a certain active *Lady* whose Business and good Qualities you may find upon all the Pissing-Posts in Town, and who

I keeps

keeps her Head-Quarters in *Covent-Garden*. *Pe.* A *Covent-Garden Lady*, say you? Pray what may her Name be? *Ga.* In troth none of the best: The World calls her *MY LADY POX*; but as the Draper said by his Cloth, what she wants in length, she makes out in breadth; for they say she's related to most of the noble Families in *Christendom*. *Pe.* But why (dear Friend of mine) should the bare Mention of this set thee a weeping? *Ga.* Ah *Peter, Peter*, the *Tragical* Story I am going to tell thee of, is enough to make a *Brickbat* weep and cry, and run like a Church Spout. *Pe.* Yes, so I suppose, if a *Brickbat* had but a Tongue, and a Pair of Eyes and Ears. But prithee keep me upon the *Rack* no longer; out with thy ill News, let it be what it will: You see I have guessed and guessed, and always fell wide of the *Mark*. *Ga.* You know Squire *Freeman* of the *Grange*, don't you? *Pe.* Know him! I have drank a thousand Bottles with him in my time; the worthiest, frankest, honestest *Gentleman* that ever breathed. *Ga.* Well, and don't you know his Daughter *Katy* too? *Pe.* Now you have named her, you have named the *Top Beauty* of the Age. *Ga.* 'Tis as you say; and do you know whom she is marry'd to? *Pe.* Ten to one, but after you have told me, I shall. *Ga.* I'll tell you then: She's marry'd to that Mirror of Knighthood, Sir *Bully Bounce*. *Pe.* What that swaggering, blustering, huffing *Spark*, that Compound of *Cowardice* and *Vanity*, that everlasting *Coxcomb*, who kills whole Armies in a Breath, and murders more than *Drawcanfir* in the *Play*. *Ga.* The very same individual *Monster*, upon my Word. *Pe.* Why you know he's

famous all the World over for *two* extraordinary Gifts: *Imprimis*, for his most incomparable Talent of *Lying*, at which he'll out-do twenty four *Plot-Evidences*, supported with the same Number of *Travelling Priests*; and *2dly*, for a certain noble *French Qualification* he carries about him, I mean the *French Disease*; which tho' it came from the *Indies* but t'other Day, and is the younger Brother of the *Weekly Bills*, yet in the short time it has set up for it self, has done more Execution, and run a greater Compass of Ground, than all the other Diseases put together, though they started so many hundred Years before it. *Ga.* 'Tis a haughty proud *Distemper* that's certain, and will turn its Back neither to *Gout*, nor *Stone*, nor *Plague*, nor *Fever*, nor yet to its Son-in-Law *Consumption*, whose Name it frequently assumes; give it but a clear Stage, and it demands no Favour. *Pe.* So the Sons of *Galen* talk indeed. *Ga.* Why should I spend more time in describing this pretty young Creature, since I find you know her? Tho' I must tell you, Friend, that the Richness of her Dress added no little Lustre to her natural Beauty. I tell thee what, *Peter*, had'st thou seen her in the Room, thou'dst have sworn she was a *Goddes*; her Habit, her Mien, her Shape, and, in short, all her Motions were agreeably bewitching. Soon after, that blessed Wight the *Bridegroom* popt upon us God-wot, with his Nose dismantled, and drawing one Leg after another, but with as ill a Grace as an old founder'd Country Dancing Master. He wore a *Welch Gantlet* upon both hands, I mean the *Itch*, with which his Fingers were crusted over as with a natural Armour. His Eyes were dull and heavy;

heavy; his *Breath* strong enough to murder at twelvescore; his *Head* bound up in an Infinity of Caps; and his *Nose* (beg your Pardon, Sir,) run as *plentifully* as a *Horse's* that has got the *Glanders*. In fine, this *living Mummy* was wrapt up in *Flannel* from Top to Toe, for fear of falling asunder; otherwise I dare engage that a *Puff* of *Wind* not strong enough to ruffle a *Custard* would have shaken his *Tabernacle* to Pieces. *Pe.* Mercy on us! and what in the Name of *Lucifer* was the Reason that her Parents married her to this *walking Hospital*? *Ga.* I don't know, but that three Parts in four of the *Globe* seem now a-days to be *stark mad*, and out of their Wits. *Pe.* Perhaps the Fellow's plaguy rich, and Riches, you know, like Charity, cover a Multitude of *Faults*: *Ga.* Rich! 'tis then in Shop-keeper's Books; for he's *deeper* in them, than a dozen *Lords* I could name to you at the other End of the Town. In short, he owes more than his Head's worth. *Pe.* If this young *Damofel* now had poison'd her pious *Grand-father*, and broke the Heart of her venerable *Grand-mother*, what *greater* Punishment could they have inflicted on her? *Ga.* Nay, had she *piſt* upon the Tomb of her Ancestors, she had more than atton'd for the *Crime*, had she been only forc'd to give him one single *Kiss*. *Pe.* Faith I'm of your Opinion. *Ga.* In my Mind now they have been infinitely more *cruel* to her, than if they had expos'd her stark naked to *Bears*, or *Lions*, or *Crocodiles*; those generous *Beasts* would either have spar'd a Creature of such incomparable *Beauty*, or else soon made a *Breakfast* of her, and put her out of her *Misery*. *Pe.* Right. This brutal, this barbarous *Usage* seems

only fit for such a Monster as *Mezentius* to have put in Execution; who, as *Virgil* tells us,

*Joyn'd the unbappy Living to the Dead,
And set them Breast to Breast, and Head to Head.*

Tho' by the by, I very much question whether *Mezentius*, as inhuman as they represent him, would have been such a downright *Devil*, as to tack so lovely a young *Virgin* to a nasty *Carcass*; and what *Carcass* is there that one would not much rather desire to be join'd to, than this confounded *Knight* with a Pox to him; since the very Air he breaths is rank Poison, since his very *Words* are pestilential, and to be touch'd by him is worse than *Death* it self. *Ga.* Now prithee, honest *Peter*, do but think with your self what a mighty *Pleasure* there must needs be in their *Kissing* and *Panting* and *Murmuring* and *Sighing*, and all the other *Mysteries* of the nuptial Bed. *Pe.* I have heard the *Parsons* frequently talk of *uncanonical* Marriages; now this I think is an *uncanonical* Marriage with a Witness; 'tis as *unsuitable*, as if one should set the finest *Diamond* in the World in *Lead*. You may talk of your *Heroes*, and your *Killers* of *Giants*, but for my part I think this *young Lady* gives a greater proof of her *Boldness* to venture her self between a Pair of *Sheets* with so hideous a *Bed-Fellow*. Young *Maidens* of her Age use to be scared out of their Wits at the sight, nay at the bare mention of a *Ghost* or *Hobgoblin*, and can she endure to be murder'd all Night in the Embraces of so dreadful a *Spettre*? *Ga.* The poor *Creature* has something to excuse her, as the *Authority* of her Father, the *Importunity* of her Relations, and the *Simplicity* of her Age; but

but her Parents, I'm sure, have not a Word to say for themselves. What Chimney-sweeper, or Broom-man in *Kentstreet*, would marry his Daughter, tho' she were never so homely, to a Fellow that had a *Plague sore* running upon him? *Pe.* Not one in my Conscience, that had but a Grain of common Sense. For my part, had I a Daughter both *lame* and *blind*, and ugly enough to be roasted for a Witch in *Scotland*, and to compleat her Charms, with not one *Farting* of a *Portion* to help her off, I would sooner swop her to a *Tobacco-plantation*, than make her say *for better for worse* with such a *choice* Son-in-Law. *Ga.* The *Leprosy* is a very bad Companion, but this cursed *Distemper* is a thousand times more loathsome and destructive even than that: It *steals* upon a Man without giving him fair *worning*, it *goes off*, and *rallies* again with a vengeance, and frequently sends many a young Fellow to the *Devil* before he knows where he is; whereas the *Leprosy* is so complaisant and civil, as to let a Man *jog on* to a good comfortable *old Age*. *Pe.* Perhaps then the Girl's Father and Mother knew nothing that the Bridegroom lay under this *pinching Dispensation*, as the *Quaker* call'd it. *Ga.* No, no, they knew it as well as his *Nurse* or *Chirurgion*. *Pe.* If they were resolv'd to *use* her so ill, why a God's Name did they not tie her Neck and Heels in a Sack, and so fling her into the *Thames*? *Ga.* It had been a much more *merciful* way of dispatching her than *this*. *Pe.* What was it then that *recommended* him to their Choice? Is he famous for any *good Qualities*? *Ga.* Yes, *several* I can tell you; he *Games* incomparably, *Drinks* like a *Camp-chaplain*, and *Whores* like a *Lay-elder*; then for

Bantering

Bantering and *Lying*, nothing in the Universe comes near him. He has a *long Score*, I dare engage, in every Tavern from *White-Chapel* to *White-hall*; he *palms* a Dye to admiration, and would cheat his own Brother. In short, he is the most *finished Rake-bell* now living: And whereas the *Universities* pretend but to *seven* liberal Sciences, Sir *Bully Bounce* has at least a *dozen*, of which he is a *compleat* Master, and may serve to be *Regius Professor* of any of them. *Pe.* Well, but after all, this Sir *Bully* what d'ye call him, must have *something* or other certainly to *recommend* him to her Parents. *Ga.* Why, you have already nam'd it, Man; did you not call him Sir *Bully*? 'Twas nothing but the *glorious* Title of *Knight* that bewitched them. *Pe.* A precious *Knight* indeed! You may call him the *Knight* of the burning Pestle. But I suppose he has a *vast* Estate, and that makes amends for all. *Ga.* Some half a score Years ago he had an *indifferent* Estate, but living very *fast*, as they say, has brought his *Noble* to *Nine-pence*; for he has whored and drunk away all his *Acres*, and has nothing left but a little *Manor-house*, moated round for fear of an *Invasion*, from whence he uses to make a *Descent* now and then into the *Neighbouring* Country, to the great Terror and Desolation of the Farmers Yards thereabouts; but so wretchedly furnished, that a *Pigsty* would be thought a *Palace* to it. And yet this egregious *Coxcomb* talks of nothing but of *Bounce Castle* near the River *Bounce* in *Bounce Hundred*, and of his *Manor-houses* and *Summer-seats*, of *Heriots* and *Deodands*, of *Court-Leets* and the *Affizes*, of *Tenants* and *Vassals*, with a heap of such magnificent well-sounding Words; and

and then he never comes into any Company, but he perpetually prates of his *Coat of Arms*.
Pe. Prithee what *Coat of Arms* does the Brute give? Six *Turpentine Pills* gilt, I warrant ye; and his Supporters are two *Quack Doctors*, with those terrible Engines, *two Syringes mounted*.
Ga. That's merry enough. No, he gives Three *Hogs*, Or, in a *Field Gules*.
Pe. A very proper Emblem, I faith, for such a Beast; but by the *Field* one wou'd take him to be a very bloody Person.
Ga. Rather if you judge him by the *Wine* he drinks; for he makes no more of a Gallon of *Claret*, than a School-boy would do of sucking an Egg.
Pe. Then the three *golden Hogs* show, that he squanders all the Money he can lay his Fingers on in *swilling and sotting*.
Ga. You are much in the right on't.
Pe. But to dismiss this Point of *Heraldry*, pray what *Jointure* will this mighty *Blusterer* settle upon his Spouse?
Ga. Ne'er trouble your Head about that, he'll give her a most magnificent one, you need not Question.
Pe. How can that be, since you tell me he has spent all, and burnt out his *Candle* to the last *Inch*?
Ga. Don't interrupt me then: He'll jointure her in a most—pray mind me, Sir—in a most substantial, full-grown thorough-paced—*POX*, so *firmly* settled, that neither *she* nor the *Heirs* of her Body shall be able to cut off th' *Entail*, tho' they got an *Act of Parliament* for't.
Pe. Let me die if I wou'd not sooner marry my Daughter to a *Small-coal Man*, or a *Hog-driver*, than to such a rotten piece of Quality.
Ga. And for my part I would much rather bestow mine upon a *Red-headed Welch Curate* with *four Marks* a Year, and the Perquisites of a *Bear* and a *Fiddle*. How I pity the un-
 fortunate

fortunate Creature! There had been some *Comfort* still, had she married a *Man*; but alas! she is thrown away upon the *Leavings*, the *Dross*, the *Refuse*, the what shall I call it—the *Skeleton* of a *Man*? Now, *Peter*, put your *Hand* to your *Heart*, and tell me fairly, had you seen this lamentable *Sight*, could you have forbore weeping? *Pe.* Why do ye ask me such a *Question*, when you see the very *Recital* of this *Story* has drawn *Tears* from me? Good *Heavens!* that *Parents* should be so barbarous and unnatural, so void of common *Humanity* and *Affection* as to *sacrifice* an *only* *Daughter*, and one so beautiful and amiable, so innocent and sweet-condition'd to the *loathsome* *Embraces* of a filthy *Monster*, and all for the sake of a lying *Coat of Arms*, and to make the poor thing a *Lady*. *Ga.* Your *Complaint* is not without *Reason*; for certainly 'tis the greatest *Barbarity* that can be committed; and yet your *People* of *Condition* (as they call themselves) make but a *Jest* of it; though one would think that it *highly* concerned those *Gentlemen*, that are born to the highest *Posts* of the *Government*, and are one *Day* to make *Senators* and *Ministers* of *State*, to take some *Care* of their *Health*; for let them say what they will to the contrary, the *Body* has a great *Influence* upon the *Operations* of the *Soul*. Now this execrable *Disease* undermines the whole *Fabric*, and at long run does not leave a *Man* so much *Brain* as would fill a *Nut-shell*. And thus it comes about that we see some *noble Persons* sitting at the *Helm*, whose *Intellectuals*, as well as their *Carcasses*, are in a *woful* *Pickle*. *Pe.* In my *Opinion* your great *Men*, whether *Princes*, or those of a *subordinate* *Rank*, ought not only to have their
their

their *Understandings* clear and strong, and a *healthful* Constitution of Body, but if it were possible should excel other Men in the *Beauty* and *Gracefulness* of their Persons, as much as they do in *Quality*; for tho' *Justice* and *Wisdom* are the principal Ingredients in the Composition of a *Prince*, and chiefly recommend him to the *Love* of his People; yet there's something too to be said for his *Shape* and *Outside*. If he proves a *morose* and *rigid* Governour, the *Deformity* of his Body helps to make him still more *odious* to his Subjects; and if he is merciful and affable, his Vertues derive some Agreeableness from the *Beauty* of the Place where they inhabit. *Ga.* I make no question on't. *Pe.* Don't we use to lament the *Misfortune* of those poor Women, whose Husbands soon after they are marry'd to them, fall into *Consumptions*, or are troubled with *Apoplectic* Fits? *Ga.* Yes, and not without good Reason. *Pe.* Then tell me, what a *Madness* or *Stupidity* is it for a Man to *bestow* his Daughter voluntarily, and of his *own Free-will*, to a Fellow that is ten times *worse* than the most *consumptive* Wretch alive? *Ga.* No doubt on't, 'tis the highest degree of *Madness* that can be. If a *Nobleman* has a Mind to have a fine Pack of *Hounds*, do ye think he'd bring a mangy scoundril *Cur* to a well-bred *Bitch*? *Pe.* No; he would sooner send from one end of his Country to the other, that he might not be plagu'd with a Litter of *Mungrils*. *Ga.* And if *my Lord* should take a fancy to have a *noble Stud* of *Horses*, can you imagine he'd suffer a heavy, diseased, rascally *Dray-horse* to cover his fine *Barbary Mare*? *Pe.* So far from that, that he'd hang up half a score *Grooms*, rather than he'd endure to have a *diseased* Horse come
within

within his Stable, for fear of giving the *Infection* to the rest. *Ga.* And yet this discreet and noble *Peer* does not care a Farthing *who* marries his *Daughter* and begets her *Children*, tho' they are not only to succeed him in his *Estate*, but may arrive at one time or other to have the *chief* management of *State-Affairs*. *Pe.* Even that moving Clod of Earth a *Country Farmer* wont let every pitiful *Bull* that comes next to hand gallant his *Cow*, nor every sorry *Tit* debauch his *Mare*, nor every lean-gutted *Boar* make love to his *Sow*; tho' the highest Preferment an *Ox* can arrive to in this World is to *drudge* at a Plough, and a *Horse's* fortune is to *draw* a Coach or Cart, and a *Hog's* destiny concludes in furnishing Belly-timber for the *Kitchen*, Chines and Spare-ribs against *Christmas*, and Gammons to keep *Easter* in Countenance. *Ga.* to see now how *perversly* Mankind judges of things! If a poor ordinary *Fellow* should in his *Liquor* happen to force a *Kiss* from a Nobleman's *Daughter*, they'd persecute him so *furiouly* that the poor *Offender* must be forced, in his own defence, to *fly* his Country. *Pe.* No question but that wou'd be the end on't. *Ga.* And yet these wise and honourable Persons *freely*, and of their own accord, without the least *Necessity* or *Compulsion*, make no scruple to *condemn* a *Daughter* for term of *life* to the Bed of a leud profligate *Rakehell*, so he be but a *Rakehell* of *Quality*; in which respect they don't only trespass against the *real* interest of their own *Family*, but likewise against that of the *Publick*. *Pe.* If a *Fellow* that halts a little, or (to put the Case as bad as can be) *stalks* it along upon a *wooden Leg*, like the *Crane* of limping Memory in the *Park*, shou'd have the *Impudence* to court a young *Girl*,

Girl, how would the *Women* mock and jeer at him, tho' he is an able and sound Man in the Critical Part? At the same time, tho' a Man has been *flux'd* never so often, it is no impediment to his Marriage. *Ga.* If a *Coachman* or *Groom* chance to run away with a *Gentleman's Daughter*, there is presently such a *Rout* and *Hubbub* all the Country over, as if the *French* were landing. Lord! cries one, what pity 'tis that so young a Creature should be ruin'd; and Lord! cries another, what *Death* is bad enough for the *Raskal*, that seduc'd her? Altho' this *Raskal*, bating the meanness of his outside, is as *vigorous* as the best Lord of them all, with the help of his *Jellies*; and his Wife is like to find him a *comfortable* Performer; whereas this poor young *Lady*, we have been talking of, must do *Penance* all her Life with a *walking Carcass*. Thus too, if an *Heiress* happens to bestow her self upon a *Parson*, how many *Jests* and *Proverbs* does the Neighbourhood *pelt* her with? *When Death puts an end to the Parson's Life, what becomes of the Parson's Wife?* However she enjoys her self well enough while her Husband lives, which is some *satisfaction*. But the *Heroine* of our *Tragedy* cannot expect one easy moment with her Knight in his Life-time, and when dead, the infection he *bequeaths* to her, will haunt her worse than a *Ghost*. *Pe.* 'Tis even so. Your *Pirates* that surprize *Women* by stealth, and *Soldiers* that take them as *Plunder* in War, never treat them half so *cruelly* as this poor *Girl* has been treated by her Parents, and yet the *Magistrate* never calls them to an account for it. *Ga.* How should a *Physician* cure a *Mad-man*, if he himself has a spice of the same *Distemper*? *Pe.* But 'tis the greatest wonder in the *World* to me, that

Princes who are so nearly and visibly interested in the *Welfare* of their People, shou'd make no *wholesome* Laws for their *Health*, which is the greatest *Blessing* they can enjoy on this side Heaven. The *Disease* we have been discoursing of all this while, has *travelled* as it were with a *Pass* through the better part of the Globe, and yet these worthy *Vicegerents* of Heaven sleep as *heartily* in their *Thrones*, as if it were not worth their while to take notice of it. *Ga.* Hark ye, Friend *Peter*, have a care what you say of *Princes*: When you talk upon so nice a Subject, keep your *Tongue* in a sheath, or it may cut your *Throat*. Lend me your Ear, to wisper a word or two to you—*Pe.* I am *heartily* sorry for't, but I am afraid 'twill be so as you say to the end of the Chapter. *Ga.* But to pursue our Point. How many Ills do you think are occasioned by *nasty* Wines of the *Vintner's* dashing and brewing? *Pe.* Why? If you'll take the Doctor's word for't, one *half* of the *Diseases* that carry off so many thousands every week. *Ga.* And do the *Magistrates* take no Notice of this neither? *Pe.* Poor Men! they are *wholly* taken up in gathering the *King's* Customs and Excise. There they are as *watchful* as Dragons, but mind *nothing* else. *Ga.* If a Woman knows a Man is infected, and for all that will *marry* him, she must take what he is pleased to give her for her *pains*, but can *blame* no body else. Although if it were my fortune to sit at the *helm*, I should take Care to banish them both from *civil* Society. But if it was a Woman's *hard* fate to *marry* a Fellow that pretended to be well and *healthful*, but was over-run with this *Disease*, were I Judge of the *Prerogative-Court*, I should make no scruple, to *dissolve* the

Knot,

Knot, tho' they had been solemnly *married* in all the Churches in *London*. *Pe.* By what *pretence* I wonder? For when Marriage is once *legally* contracted, no human Power you know can *disannul* it. *Ga.* And do you call that a *legal* Marriage which is built upon such horrid Villainy and Treachery? The *Civilians* will tell you that a *Contract* is not valid, when a *Slave* palms himself upon a young Girl for a *Freeman*, and under that sham marries her. Now the abovemention'd *Knight*, to whom our poor *Lady* is sacrific'd, is a *Slave*, a most abandon'd *Slave* to that imperious *Distemper* the *Pox*; and his *Slavery* is so much the more *insupportable*, in respect he must wear her *Livery* all the days of his Life, without any prospect of a *Redemption*. *Pe.* I protest you have *stagger'd* me. There is some *colour* in what you say, but proceed. *Ga.* In the next place, Marriage can only be *celebrated* between two Persons that are living; but in this case the Woman marries one, who in the *literal* Sense of *Love* is perfectly dead. *Pe.* Ha! you have Arguments at will I see; however I suppose you wou'd give your leave that the *Diseas'd* should marry the *Diseas'd*, according to the righteous Proverb of *Covent-Garden*, *Clap that Clap can*. *Ga.* Why, truly if I were Judge of the *Court*, or some such great Person, perhaps for the publick benefit I might suffer them to marry; but so soon as the *Ceremony* was over, I wou'd take care to put out one Fire with another, and that a *Fagot* shou'd finish what the other *Disease* had begun. *Pe.* Ay, but this wou'd be to act like a *Tyrant*, and not like a *Prince*. *Ga.* Why wou'd you call that *Physician* a *Tyrant* that lops off a Finger or two, or it may be burns part of the Body, to save the whole? For my

part I don't think it *Cruelty*, but the highest Act of *Pity* that can be exerted, and it were to be *wished* that this *Course* had been taken when this *Distemper* first appeared in the World; for then the *publick* Welfare of Mankind had been consulted at the Expence of a *few* Sufferers. Nay, the *French* History presents us with an Instance of this Nature. *Pe.* But after all it wou'd be the gentler way to geld, or part them asunder. *Ga.* And what wou'd you have done to the *Women*, pray? *Pe.* You know *Italy*, affords a certain Invention, call'd a *Padlock*. *Ga.* That is something indeed, for by this means we shou'd be sure to have no *Branches* from so blessed a *Stock*; come, I will own your Method to be the *gentler* of the two, provided you'll in Compliment own that mine is the *safer*. Even those that are *castrated* have an itching desire upon them, neither is this Infection propagated by *one* way only, but a *thousand*; a bare *kiss* or *touch* may do it, nay, it may be got by *discoursing* or *drinking* with the Party *infected*. Besides, we find that an unaccountable *Spirit* of doing Mischief is *peculiar* to this Disease; for those that have it take a *delight* to propagate the *Contagion*, tho' it does them no good. Now, if you talk of parting them asunder, they may *scamper* to other Places, and play the *Devil* where they are not known; but I hope you'll grant me there can be no danger from the *Dead*. *Pe.* 'Tis certain yours is the *safer* way of proceeding; but still I much question whether it can be reconciled to that *Gentleness* prescrib'd us by the *Gospel*. *Ga.* Pray tell me then whether there's more danger from common *Thieves*, or such People we have been talking of. *Pe.* I must needs confess that *Money* is not to be put in the
same

same Balance with *Health*. *Ga.* And yet we *Christians*, forsooth truss up a score of *House-breakers* and *Felons* every *Sessions*; neither does the World, as censorious as it is, call this *Cruelty*, but *Justice* and *Mercy* to the Nation in general. *Pe.* Well, but in that case the Party that did the *Injury*, is fairly hanged out of the way. *Ga.* And are the others then such mighty *Benefactors* to the *Publick*? Let us for once suppose that some may get this *Distemper* by no *Fault* of their own, tho' under *Favour* I believe that not one in ten thousand, but purchased it at the Price of his own *Wickedness*; yet the *Lawyers* will tell you that 'tis lawful to dispatch the *Innocent*, if the common Safety of the *Republick* requires it. For this Reason the *Grecians* after the Destruction of *Troy* put *Astyanax*, *Hector's* Son to the Sword, lest he might live to begin the War afresh. Nay, some *Casuits* will not stick to tell you, that after you have cut a *Tyrant's* Throat, 'tis no Sin to kill his innocent *Children*. To carry on this point yet farther, we fine People, that call our selves *Christians*, are perpetually at War with one another, tho' we know before-hand that the greatest share of the *Calamities*, occasioned by *War*, must light upon those poor Men that least deserve them. The same thing happens in your *Reprisals*, or *Letters of Mart*, as they call them. The Party that did the *Wrong*, is as safe as a *Knave* in the *Admiralty*, or *Excise-Office*; but the poor *Merchant*, who is so far from being *Criminal*, that perhaps he never heard a Syllable of the Matter in his Life, is fairly plunder'd and stripp'd of all. Now if we have recourse to such bitter Remedies in things, that are not of the last Consequence, I desire to be inform'd what Course ought to be taken in an *Affair* which so highly concerns us? *Pe.* Nay, I must

knock under the Table. Your Arguments are too mighty for me to cope with. *Ga.* Take this with you too. So soon as the *Plague* breaks out in *Italy*, great care is taken to shut up the infected House, and the Nurses that look after the Sick are forbidden to appear a broad. Some Sots call this barbarous Usage; whereas 'tis the greatest *Humanity* that can be shewn; for by this prudent Care the *Pestilence* sweeps off some half a dozen Folks and then you hear no more of it; now, can any thing shew more *Humanity*, than to save the Lives of many thousands at so cheap a rate. Others will rail at the *Italians* as a brutal inhospitable People, because when there's but a bare *Report* of a *Plague*, they won't suffer a *Stranger* to come within their *Cities* in the Evening, but force him to lie all Night in the open Fields. Now for my Part I look upon it to be an Act of Piety, to procure a publick Advantage at so easy a Price, as the incommoding of a few Persons. Some *Coxcombs* in the World take themselves to be very stout and complaisant, because they dare make a Visit to a Man who is sick of the *Plague*, tho' they have no manner of Business with him; so when they come home, they very fairly give the *Infection* to their Wives and Children, and in short, to the whole Family. Nothing can be more stupid than this *Fool-hardiness*, more unreasonable than this *Complaisance*. To bring the dearest Persons one has in the World in danger of their Lives merely for the sake of a foolish Compliment or so; yet, after all, there's less to be apprehended from the *Plague* than from the *Neapolitan* Disease: The former seldom meddles with the *Old*, and sometimes passes by its next *Neighbours*; at least, this may be said for it, that it either quickly dispatches a Man out of his Pain, or restores

stores him to his *Health* much sounder than he was before; whereas the latter is nothing but a perpetual *Death*, or, to speak more properly, a perpetual *burying*. They are cover'd from Head to Foot with *Plaisters* and *Cataplasms*, with *Salves* and *Unguents*, and a thousand other *Medicaments* too nauseous to be mention'd out of an *Hospital*. *Pe.* What you say is so true, that with reverence to our *Betters*, be it spoken, the same Care at least ought to be taken to prevent so *fatal* an Evil, as they take to prevent the spreading of the *Leprosy*; or if this should be thought too much, no Man ought to let another shave him, but to be his own *Tonsor*, and to trim himself by his own *Looking-Glass*. *Ga.* But what will you say now if both *Tonsor* and *Gentlemen* agree to shut their *Mouths*? *Pe.* 'Tis to no purpose; the *Infection* may come out at their *Nostrils*. *Ga.* Well, but there's a *Remedy* to be had for that inconvenience. *Pe.* I long to be informed. *Ga.* They may borrow a *Device* from your *Alchymists*, and wear a *Mask* which shall afford them *Light* thro' two little *Glass-Windows* for the *Eyes*, and a breathing place for their *Mouth* and *Nostrils*, through a *Horn* which reaches from their *Jaw-bones* down to their *Back*. *Pe.* Why that contrivance wou'd do, as you say, if there was no danger in the touch of their *Fingers*, *Linen*, *Comb*, and *Scissars*. *Ga.* I find then the best way will be to let one's *Beard* grow down to his *knees*. *Pe.* That's my opinion, and then let us have an *Act* of *Parliament* that the same Man shall not be *Barber* and *Chirurgeon* too. *Ga.* But that will be the ready way to starve the *Barbers*. *Pe.* No matter; let them drink less *Wine*, and lessen their *Family-Charges*, or else (for I have *Compassion* for the poor *Dogs*) ask *more for shaving*. *Ga.* So

be it with all my heart. *Pe.* Then let a Law be enacted, that every Man be obliged to *drink* out of his own *Glass*. *Ga.* That Law I dare swear will never go down in *Old England*. *Pe.* In the next place, let there be a Penalty impos'd for Two to *lye* in the same Bed, except they are Man and Wife. *Ga.* Agreed. *Pe.* Then as for your *Inns*, let no Strangers sleep in the same *Sheets* that any one has lain in before. *Ga.* What will you do then with *Wales* and *Cumberland*, and that most *delicious* Country beyond the *Tweed*, where they wash their *Linen* but twice a-year? *Pe.* Let them employ more *Laundresses*. And then let the Custom of saluting one another with a *Kiss* be totally abolished, its *Antiquity* and *Universality*, and all other pretences notwithstanding. *Ga.* How shall a Man behave himself in private Conversation? *Pe.* Let him have a Care of coming too near the Person he talks to, and let him that listens shut his Lips. *Ga.* Why? you undo all the *Coffee-houses* and *Chocolate-houses* at one clap; besides, a *Cart-load* of Parchment wou'd not be sufficient to contain all these *Punctilio's*. *Pe.* But all this while you forget the poor *Creature* that occasion'd this Discourse. What *Advice* wou'd you give her now? *Ga.* To think of her *Misfortune* as little as she can, and make the best of a bad Market; to clap her hand before her Mouth whenever her Husband offers to kiss her: and lastly, when she goes to Bed to him, to put on a *Head-piece*, and a compleat suit of Armour. *Pe.* And whither do you intend to steer your Course when you leave me? *Ga.* Strait to my *Closet*. *Pe.* What mighty Work is carrying on there, I beseech ye? *Ga.* They spoke to me to write an *Epithalamium*; but I design to disappoint them, and write an *Epitaph* upon this occasion.

The

The Golden Afs: Or, The Wealthy Miser.

COL. V.

A pleasant Description of a rich Usurer's way of Living, who from a sordid Condition arriv'd to prodigious Wealth. That such Estates generally come to a prodigal Son who squanders away all that Money in Whoring and Drinking, which his penurious Father scrap'd together by Injustice and Oppression.

JAMES, GILBERT.

Ja. **M**ercy on us! what an *alteration* is here? Why where hast thou been, old Friend of mine, all this while, that thou art *return'd* so meager and Chap-fallen, as if thou had'st found out the *Mystery* of living like *Grashoppers* upon dew? There are twenty *Skeletons* yonder at *Chirurgion's Hall* that look *Fifty per Cent.* better than thou dost. Thy *Rump-bone* has grated its way through thy *Breeches*, and, as the *Fellow* in *Bartholomew-Fair* said, looks like the *Ace of Spades*. I dare engage, that were a Man to shake thee, thy *Bones* wou'd rattle in that wither'd *Hide* like *three blew Beans in a blew Bladder*. *Gi.* Those worthy *Gentlemen the Poets* tell us, that in the *Regions below* the

Ghosts are glad to feed upon *Leeks* and *Mallows*, but I have been ten Months in a *confounded* Place where even these *Dainties* were not to be had. *Ja.* In what part of the World, I wonder? Perhaps thou hast been *starv'd* and *bastinado'd* into this fine Shape at *Algiers*, or got it by tugging and sweating in a *Gally*. *Gi.* No, you are mistaken. I have been all this while in his most *Christian* Majesty's most *Pagan* Territories; and if you'll have me particular to the Place, at *Bourdeaux*. *Ja.* But how I wonder came it about that you ran the risk of *starving* in a City so *rich*, and *provided* with every thing? *Gi.* 'Tis even so as I tell you. *Ja.* Prithee what might be the occasion of it? Was the *Ready* all gone, and your Pockets quite *founder'd*? *Mi.* No I faith I can't pretend that I wanted either *Money* or *Friends*. *Ja.* For my part I am not able to *unriddle* this *Mystry*, but explain it if you please. *Ga.* You must know that some *Business* in the way of *Trade* led me to this *City*, since the Conclusion of the late *Peace*, and I both lodg'd and dieted with a famous Merchant *Monsieur le Maigre*. *Ja.* That rich old Fellow that has purchased so many *Lordships*, and had the *fleecing* of so many young *Spendthrifts* in his time? *Gi.* The *same*; but the most penurious, sordid *Hunks* that ever cheated the *Gallows*. *Ja.* 'Tis a *Prodigy* to me, that Men of *Bulk* and *Substance*, who are above the Apprehensions of *Poverty*, should deny themselves the *Pleasures*, but much more the *Conveniences* of Life. *Gi.* I don't wonder at it; for 'tis by this sordid way of Living, that from little or nothing to begin the World with, they *scrape* so much *Wealth* together. *Ja.* But why then should you choose to pass so many Months with him of all the Men in the World, when you *knew* his
Character

Character before hand? *Gi.* There was an *Account* of a long standing to be made up between us; and besides I had a great Fancy, how it came into my Head I don't know, to see the Management of his Family. *Ja.* Pray communicate your Observations to a Friend then, for you have set my Curiosity on *Tip-toe* to know how it fared with you. *Gi.* With all my Heart, for 'tis no little *Pleasure* to run over the *Hardships* one has sustain'd. *Ja.* I am confident the *Relation* will be very diverting to me. *Gi.* To crown my *Miseries*, Providence so order'd it, that the Wind sat full North for three whole Months; only this I must tell you, tho' I am not Philosopher enough to assign the Reason for't, that it never held in that Quarter above eight Days together. *Ja.* Why then did you tell me it kept there three whole Months? *Gi.* Upon the eighth Day, as if by Agreement, it shifted its Station, where it continu'd for some seven or eight Hours, and then veer'd to the old Point again. *Ja.* So slender, and I was going to say so *transparent*, a Body as yours wanted a good lusty Fire to keep it from starving. *Gi.* A plague on't, there was no want of Fire, if we had had but *Wood* enough; but our most *worthy* Landlord, old *Scrape-all*, to save all the Expences possible in Firing, order'd his Servants to steal old Roots and Stumps of Trees, which none else thought worth the while to grub up but himself, and had them brought home privately in the Night. Of these precious Stumps, not a quarter dried enough, our Fire was made; which, to do it Justice, smoaked plentifully, but never flamed out: So that tho' it did not *warm* us, we could not say there was no Fire, and that was all our *Landlord* aim'd at. One of these Fires would last us a

whole Day, so obstinately did these perverse knot-ty Logs hold it out. Ja. Why this was a cursed Place for a Man to pass his Winter in. Gi. 'Twas so, and yet 'twas a thousand times worse to stay a Summer there. Ja. How could that be, I wonder? Gi. Because the House was so damnably plagu'd with Fleas, and Bugs, and Gnats, that there was no resting for them in the Day-time, nor no sleeping in the Night. Ja. What a wretched Wealth was here? Gi. Few Men, I must own, were wealthier than our Master in this sort of Cattle. Ja. Surely you had no Women in the Family, or else they were heathenish, lazy Sluts. Gi. The Females were mew'd up in an Apartment by themselves, and seldom came among the Men; so they did none of those Services which properly belong to that Sex in other Families. Ja. But how could the Master of the House endure all this Filth and Nastiness? Gi. Pshaw! he was us'd to it from his Cradle, and minded nothing in the World but scraping of Riches. He lov'd to be any where but at home, and traded in every thing you can think of; for Bourdeaux you know is a Town of great Commerce and Business. The famous Painter, whose Name is now out of my Head, thought the Day lost wherein he did not employ his Pencil; and our Landlord look'd upon himself as undone, if one single Day pass'd over his Head without some Profit or Advantage; and if such a Disaster happen'd to him, he did not fail to make it out one way or other at home. Ja. Why, what was his Method? Gi. He had a Cistern of Water in his Court-yard, as most of the People of that City have, out of which he drew so many Buckets of cold Adam, and flung them into his Hogsheads; this was a most certain Profit to him. Ja. I suppose

pose the Wine was somewhat of the *strongest* then, and wanted this *Humiliation*. *Gi.* Far from that, it was as dead as a Door-nail, for he never bought any Wine but what was decay'd to his Hand, to have it at an easier Rate; and that he might not lose a drop of his *Gut-griping* Stuff, he would jumble and tumble ye the *Grounds* of at least ten Years standing, and set them a *fermenting* together, that it might pass for *New Wine* upon the *Lee*; for, as I told you before, he would not have lost the least *pint-full* of *Grounds* to save his Grand-father's Soul. *Ja.* If the Doctor's Word may be taken, this sort of Wine never fails to reward a Man with the *Stone* at long run. *Gi.* They are certainly in the right on't; and in the most healthful Years two or three at least of the Family had their Heels tript up with this *Distemper*. But what was this to *Monsieur le Maigre*? He never troubled his Head about the Business, nor car'd a Farthing how many *Burials* went out of his House, not he I promise you. *Ja.* 'Tis strange, but what was the Reason? *Gi.* He made a penny even of the Dead, and the Grave paid a Tribute to him. There was no Gain so contemptible and base but what he would catch at as greedily as a Gudgeon at a Fly. *Ja.* Under favour this was downright *Theft* though. *Gi.* Your Merchants call it turning an *honest penny*, or christen it by the Name of good *Husbandry*. *Ja.* Well, but what sort of Liquor did the old *Huncks* drink all this while? *Gi.* The very same *Nectar* almost that I told you of. *Ja.* And did he find no Harm, no Inconvenience by it? *Gi.* You know the old Proverb, *No Carrion will kill a Crow*. Besides, he had a Body as hard as a Flint, and could have made a hearty Meal upon *Hay*, or chopt *Straw*.

Straw. Had he been in *Nebuchadnezzar's* Case, it had been no *Punishment* to have sent him to *Grass*. The *Prodigal Son* in the *Gospel*, when he rob'd the poor Swine, and fed upon *Husks*, was a perfect *Epicure* to him. He had accustom'd himself to this *delicious* Fare from his *Infancy*. But to return to our Subject: He look'd upon this *Dashing* and *Brewing* of his Wine to be a most certain Profit to him. *Ja.* How so, I beseech you? *Gi.* You'll soon find it out by the Help of a very little *Arithmetick*. If you reckon his Wife, his Sons, his Daughter, his Son-in-Law, his Men-servants and his Maid-servants, he had about *thirty-three* Mouths to provide for in the Family. Now the more he corrected his Wine with Water, the less of it was drunk, and the longer it was a drawing off. So then if you compute a large Bucket of Water thrown in every Day of the Week, it will amount to no *despicable* Sum, let me tell you, at the *Year's* End. *Ja.* Oh! *sordid* Raskal! I never heard of such a *Monster* before. *Gi.* This was not all, he made the same Advantage by his Bread. *Ja.* More mysterious still; and how could that be? *Gi.* He would never buy you any Wheat but what was *musty*, and such as the meanest Porter in the City would scorn to buy for his own *eating*. Now in the first place here was a present *gain*, because he bought it so much *cheaper*; and then he had a never-failing Trick to cure the *Mustiness*. *Ja.* I long to hear what it was. *Gi.* There is a sort of *Chalk*, if you have observ'd it, not altogether unlike to Corn, which you may see Horses are delighted with, when they gnaw it out of the Walls, and drink more freely than usual of the *Pond water*, where this *Chalk* is to be found. He mixed one third part

at least of this *Earth* with his *Bread*. *Ja.* And do you call this curing it? *Gi.* I know by experience, that it made the *Mustiness* of the Corn to be not altogether so perceivable. Now tell me, was not this a considerable Profit? Besides, he had another Stratagem in reserve, for he baked his own Bread at home, which in the very midst of *Summer* he never did oftner than twice a Month. *Ja.* Why surely it must be as hard as Marble. *Gi.* And harder if 'tis possible; but we had a Remedy at hand for that too. *Ja.* Perhaps worse than the Disease; but what was it? *Gi.* With much tugging and sweating we cut this delicious Bread into fine thin Slices, and soaked them in the Wine. *Ja.* The Devil a *Barrel the better Herring*; but how did the Servants bear this abominable Usage? *Gi.* First let me tell you how the *Top-folks* of the Family were served, and then you may easily conjecture how the Servants fared. *Ja.* I am in pain till you acquaint me. *Gi.* It was as bad as *Treason* to mention that *Apocryphal Word*, *Breakfast* in the Family; and as for *Dinner*, it was generally deferr'd till One of the Clock in the Afternoon. *Ja.* Why so? *Gi.* We were oblig'd you may think, in good Manners to stay till the *Master* of the Family came home, and we seldom supp'd before Ten. *Ja.* Well but old Friend of mine, how cou'd your Stomach brook to be *post-poned* so? I have known the time when it was not endued with this admirable Gift of Christian Patience. *Gi.* You shall hear, I called every other Moment upon our Landlord's Son-in-law, who lay upon the same Floor with my self; *Ho! Monsieur*, said I, *do ye make no Dining here at Bourdeaux? For the Lord's sake*, Sir, said he, *stay a little, my Father will be here in a minute.* Finding not the least mo-

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tion towards *Dinner*, and my Guts very mutinous; heark you Friend, cry'd I, will you starve us here? The courteous *Gentleman* begg'd my pardon once more, and desir'd an Hour longer, or some such trifle. Being unable any longer to bear the cursed Clamour which my Bowels made, I bawl'd out again as loud as my *Lungs* would give me leave; *the Devil's in this Family, I think, what must we be all famish'd?* When the *Monsieur* found that he had no more Excuses to make, he went down to the Servants and order'd them to lay the Cloth; all this while no Master of the House came, and *Dinner* seem'd to be as far off as ever; so the Son-in-law wearied with the *Complaints* I perpetually rattled in his Ears, went to the Apartment where his Wife, and Mother, and Children were, and desired them to give Orders for *Dinner*. *Ja*. Well, now I expect to hear how your Entertainment was served in. *Gi*. Pray be'nt so hasty. At last a lame ill-favour'd Fellow, such as they paint *Vulcan*, layd the Napkins upon the Table, for that it seems was his Province. This was the first step made towards *Dinner*; and about an hour after, two glass Bottles fill'd with *Water* were brought into the Room, but not till I had made my self as hoarse as a *More-field Organ* with calling to them. *Ja*. Here's another step I see towards *Dinner*. *Gi*. Don't be so hasty I tell you. At a considerable distance of time, but not without a world of knocking, and bawling, and quarrelling, a Bottle of the abovemention'd *Wine*, but as thick as Dish-water, was set upon the Side-board. *Ja*. That's well, however. *Gi*. But not a jot of *Bread* came along with it, tho' there was no great danger we shou'd touch it; for one of Col. *Walker's* Starvelings in *London-derry* wou'd have refused

fused such Stuff. We baul'd and roar'd again, till we had almost split our Wind-pipes: and at last the *Bread* appeared, but so rocky and hard, that I wou'd defie the strongest Bear in *Muscovy* to break it asunder with his *Jaws*. *Ja*. Well, but now there was no *danger* of starving, which is a *Blessing* you know? *Gi*. Late in the afternoon our worshipful *Landlord* came home, and generally with this unlucky pretence that his *Belly ached*. *Ja*. Why, what a *Plague* was that to you, or any one else? *Gi*. Only *this much* that then we went fasting to Bed; for who cou'd have the ill *Manners* to think of *eating*, when the Master of the House was out of order. *Ja*. But was he really sick? *Gi*. So very sick, that he wou'd have devour'd ye a *Rump* of Beef and a couple of *Capons* if you wou'd have treated him. *Ja*. Well, now Sir, if you please to let me know your *Bill of Fare*. *Gi*. In the first place, there was served in a little *Plateful* of *Grey-pease*, which the Women there *cry* about the Streets, and sell to *ordinary* People; and this *Regale* was for the old *Gentleman's* own eating. He pretended that this was his *Remedy* against all *Diseases*. *Ja*. How many were there of you that sat down to *Table*? *Gi*. Sometimes eight or nine, among whom was *Monsieur Baudin*, a learned *Gentleman*, to whose *Character* I suppose you are no *stranger*, and our *Landlord's* eldest *Son*. *Ja*. And what had they set before them to eat? *Gi*. What? why, the same that *Melchisedeck* offer'd to *Abraham*, after he had conquer'd the *five Kings*. And was not that *enough* in conscience for any reasonable Man? *Ja*. But had you no *Meat* at all. *Gi*. Yes, but very little, God knows. I remember that once nine of us sat down to *Dinner*, but may I pass *another Winter* there,

there, if we had any thing else but seven small *Lettice-Leaves*, swimming most daintily in *Vinegar*, but not a jot of *Oil* to bear them company. *Ja.* Well, but did old *Pinch-gut* devour all his *Grey-pease* by himself? *Gi.* You must know, he bought but a *Farthings*' worth of them; however, he did not absolutely forbid those that sat next him to taste them; but it looked somewhat *Clownish*, or worse to rob a sick Man of his *Vit-u-als*. *Ja.* But were not your *Lettice-leaves* split with great dexterity to make the greater shew. *Gi.* Why, truly no, that I must needs say; and when those that sat at the upper end of the *Table* had eaten these *Leaves*, the rest of the *Guests* sopp'd their *Bread* in the *Vinegar*, and eat it in their own *Defence*. *Ja.* And what I pray came after these *seven Lettice-Leaves*? *Gi.* A very merry Question I faith. *What came after*? Why, what but the constant *Epilogue* of all *Dinners*, the *Cheese*. *Ja.* Pardon my Curiosity, but was this your *daily Fare*? *Gi.* Generally speaking it was, but *now* and *then*, when the old *Gentleman* had the good Luck to *over-reach* any one in the way of *Trade*, he would be a little more open-hearted. *Ja.* I long to know how he *entertain'd* you *then*. *Gi.* Upon such an occasion he wou'd so far play the prodigal, as to lay ye out a whole *Penny*, with which he wou'd order *three* fresh *Bunches* of *Grapes* to be bought. On such an *extra-vagant* gaudy Day as this, the *Family* was like to run out of their *Wits*. *Ja.* And had but too much *Reason* for't, by what I perceive. *Gi.* We were regal'd in this manner never but when *Grapes* were dog-cheap. *Ja.* So then I find he never treated you but in the *Autumn*. *Gi.* Yes, hang him, he did. You have *Fisbermen* there that take ye a world of *Cockles*, and chiefly out
of

of the *Common Shores*, which they cry about the Streets. In this precious *Commodity* he wou'd sometimes out of his great *Generosity* lay out an *Half-penny*. You'd have sworn then that we had a *Wedding-Feast* in the Family. There was a *Fire* made in the Kitchen, tho' not very great; for these *Cockles* you must understand are boil'd in a *minute*. This rare Dish came always after the *Cheese*, and serv'd instead of a *Desert*. *Ja*. A most extraordinary *Desert* upon my Word. Well, but had you never any *Flesh* or *Fish* to keep your Stomachs in play? *Gi*. At last the old *Gentleman*, wearied and overcome with the *Reproaches* I made him, began to be somewhat more splendid in his eating: Now when he design'd to play the *Epicure* in good earnest, the Bill of Fare was as follows. *Ja*. I shall imagine my self now at *Lockets*, or the *Blew Posts* in the *Hay-Market*. *Gi*. *Imprimis*, We had a Dish of *Soop* season'd with the following *Spices*. They took you a large Kettle of *Water* and set it over the *Fire*; into it they flung several *pieces* of skimm'd Milk *Cheese*, but as hard as *Iron*. In short, there was no hewing of it without a good *Hatchet*. At last these venerable Fragments of *Cheese* wou'd begin to grow a little *better natur'd*, by *Virtue* of the *Fire* beneath; and then they discoloured the above-mention'd *Water* so prettily, that a Man could not positively say 'twas mere *Element*. Now, Sir, this *Soop* was brought in as a *Preparative* for the *Stomach*. *Ja*. *Soop* do ye call it? 'twas only fit for the *Hogs*. *Gi*. When this was taken away, we had in the next place a small *diminutive* Dish of *Tripe*, that was boil'd at least *fifteen* days before. *Ja*. Surely then it stunk most *egregiously*. *Gi*. It did so; but we had a trick to help that. *Ja*. Prithee

what was it? *Gi.* I am afraid you'll use it your self, if I tell you. *Ja.* Ay marry, Sir, there's great danger of that. *Gi.* they wou'd put ye an *Egg* or two into warm *Water* and beat them well together; then they daubed the *Tripe* over with this *Liquor*. By this means your *Eyes* were cheated, but it was impossible to cheat your *Nose*, for the *stink*, I warrant ye, wou'd force its way through a *Stone-Wall*. If it happen'd to be a *Fish-day*, we had sometimes three *Whittings*, and those the *smallest* the Market afforded, tho' there were seven or eight of us at *Table*. *Ja.* But you had something else, I suppose? *Gi.* Nothing but that confounded *Cheese* I told you of, as *hard* as an *Usurers Conscience*. An *Ostrich*, that makes nothing to breakfast upon *Iron*, cou'd never *digest* it. *Ja.* Well, *Monsieur le Maigre* is the oddest *Epicure* I ever heard of; but prithee answer me one civil *Question*: How a *God's Name* cou'd such slender *Provision* be enough for so many *Guests* of you, especially since you had no *Breakfast* to blunt the *edge* of your *Stomachs*. *Gi.* Nay, Sir, I shall increase your wonder when I tell you that the *remainders* of our *Dinner* fed the *Mother-in-law*, and the *Daughter-in-law*, the *youngest Son*, a *Servant-maid*, and a *Litter* of *Children*. *Ja.* You have indeed; 'tis now a greater *Riddle* to me than before. *Gi.* 'Tis impossible for me to explain this difficulty to you, until I first represent to you in what *Order* we sat at *Table*. *Ja.* Let me beg that *Favour* of you then. *Gi.* Our *Landlord* sat at the upper end, and my *Worship* on the right *Hand* of him; his *Son-in-law* *Monsieur Peu* directly over against our *Landlord*; *Monsieur Baudin* sat next to *Monsieur Peu*, and one *Constantine* a *Grecian* next to him: But I forgot to

tell

tell you, that our *Landlord's* eldest *Son*, the *Heir* apparent of the *Family*, sat on his *Father's* left hand. If any *Stranger* came to dine with us, he was *placed* according to his *Quality*. As for the *Soop*, there was no great danger of its being *eaten* up; but you must know that in the *Plates* of those worthy *Gentlemen*, who had the honour of being chiefly in our *Landlord's* good *Graces*, a few little *Bits* of the damn'd *Cheese* above-mentioned floated up and down, and looked like the *Maldivy* Islands in a *Map* of the *East-Indies*. This execrable *Hog-wash* was encompassed with some four or five *Bottles*; that held *Wine* and *Water*, which form'd a fort of a *Barricado*, so that no *Body* cou'd reach his *Spoon* to it, except the *Three* before whom the *Dish* stood, unless he had a mind to be very *impudent* indeed, and *scale* the *Walls* of the *Garrison*: However this *Dish* did not stay there long, but was soon taken away that something might be left for the *Family*. *Ja*. How did the rest employ themselves all this while, I pray? *Gi*. Why, they *regaled* themselves after the old delicious manner; they soaked their *Bread*, which as I told you before, was half *Wheat* and half *Chalk*, in that sour thick nasty *Wine*, and so fed upon't. *Ja*. Your *Dinner* certainly used to be over in a *minute*. *Gi*. You are mistaken, it held above an *hour*. *Ja*. I can't imagine how that cou'd be. *Gi*. After the *Servants* had taken away the *Soop*, which you may remember was none of the most tempting fare, the *Cheese* was set upon the *Table*, which run no great risque of being much demolished, for it defyed the *sharpest* *Knife* that ever appeared at the *keenest* *Ordinary*. Every *Man's* *Portion* of *Bread* and *Wine* stood before him still, and over these *Dainties*

we were at leisure to *chat*, and tell *Stories*, and *divert* our selves; in the mean time the *Women* dined. *Ja.* But how did the *Servants* fare after all? *Gi.* They had nothing in *common* with us, but dined and suppd at their own *Hours*: But this I must tell you, that take the whole day, they did not spend above half an hour at their *Victuals*. *Ja.* I desire once more to know how they were served. *Gi.* You need not give me that trouble, but may easily guess. *Ja.* Your *Germans* now think an *Hour* too little to *Breakfast* in; they take the same time generally at their *Beaver*; an hour and half at least goes at *Dinner*, and at least *two hours* at *Supper*: Then unless their *Bellies* are well fill'd with the best *Wine*, and *Flesh* and *Fish* of all Sorts, they immediately discard their *Masters*, and run to the *Army*. *Gi.* Every Nation has its peculiar *Genius* and way of *Living*. The *Italians* bestow but very little upon their *Bellies*; they wou'd rather you shou'd give them a piece of *Money* than the best *Entertainment*; and this *Frugality* or *Temperance* they rather owe to *Nature* than *Custom*. *Ja.* Well, now I don't wonder that you are come home so lean, but rather how you cou'd make a shift to keep *Body* and *Soul* together, *so long*, since to my *knowledge* you were so used to *Capons*, and *Partridges*, and *Pigeons*, and *Pheasants*, with a long *Et Cætera*, too tedious to be mentioned. *Gi.* Why Troth, I had very fairly trooped off, if I had not bethought my self of due *Remedies*. *Ja.* The *World* went very ill with you for certain, when you were forced to *Bettress* it with these *Remedies* as you call them. *Gi.* I brought matters about so, that I had the fourth part of a boiled *Pullet* allow'd me every *Meal*, to keep
up

up my languishing Spirits, *Ja.* Ay marry, now you begin to live. *Gi.* Not altogether so well as you imagine. *Old Gripe* bought the *Pullets* himself; but they were the least he cou'd lay his Hands on, to save Expences. I dare engage that six of them wou'd not serve a *Polander* of a tolerable Stomach to make his *Breakfast* on; and when he had bought them he wou'd not give them the least corn, because forsooth he wou'd not put himself to extraordinary Charges. Thus a *Wing* or a *Leg* of the poor *Fowl*, that was half starved before they put it into the Pot, fell to my share, and the *Liver* always went to *Monfieur Peu's* little Son. As for the *Broth* they made of it, the Women perpetually lapp'd it up, and every other minute wou'd put you fresh Water into the Pot, to make this *precious* Pottage hold out the longer. Now when it was perfectly boil'd to *Rags*, and as dry as a *Chip*, a Leg of it or so came to your humble Servant. The *Broth* was nothing in the world but *Water bewitched*, if it deserved so good a Name. *Ja.* And yet People tell me that you have all sorts of *Fowl* there in great *Plenty* and *Perfection*, and exceeding *cheap*. *Gi.* 'Tis even so, but *Money* is harder to come by. *Ja.* You have done *Penance* enough one wou'd think, tho' you had knocked the old *Gentleman* at the *Vatican* in the Head, or untruss'd a Point upon *S. Peter's Tomb*. *Gi.* But hear the rest of the *Farce* out. You know there are five days in every Week, on which it is lawful to eat *Flesh*. *Ja.* Well, and what of that? *Gi.* So our *Landlord* made two *Pullets* last the whole Week; for on *Thursday* he wou'd pretend that he forgot to go to *Market*, lest he should be obliged to spend a whole Pullet on that day, or lest any

of it should be left to the Servants. *Ja.* By what I perceive, your *Landlord* was ten times a greater *Miser* than *Euclio* in *Plautus*. But on *Fish-days* what course did ye take, I wonder, to keep your self alive? *Gi.* I employ'd a certain Friend of mine to buy me three *Eggs* every morning with my own Money; two for *Dinner*, and one for *Supper*. But here the *Women* play'd the *Devil* with me; for instead of new laid *Eggs*, (and I'm sure I paid as if they had been such) they wou'd give me rotten ones, such as were only fit to be levell'd at a *Pillory*: So that I thought my self very *kindly* and *courteously* dealt with indeed; if one of my three *Eggs* proved eatable. I likewise bought me some *Flasks* of good *Wine* for my own drinking; but those everlasting *Harpies* the *Women* broke up my *Cellar-door*, and in a few days did not leave me a *drop*; neither was our most incomparable *Landlord* much *displeas'd* at the Matter. *Ja.* But did none of the Family take *pity* of your sad Condition? *Gi.* Take *pity*, say you? No, they call'd me *Glutton* and *Cormorant*, and ravenous *Monster*, that wou'd certainly bring a *Famine* into their Country. Upon this Head that accomplished Gentleman, *Monsieur Peu* wou'd frequently give me good Advice; he soberly and gravely counselled me to consider the Place where I lived, and to have some regard to my *Health* in so ticklish a *Climate*, giving me the Names of several of my *Country-Men*, who had either died *Martyrs* to their own *Gluttony*, or contracted very dangerous *Distempers* by it. When notwithstanding these *wholsom* Admonitions, which he daily *pour'd* into my Ears, he found me an *incorrigible* *Reprobate* to my *Guts*, and ever now and then propping my
lean,

lean, sickly, feeble *Carcass* with some foolish Trifles that were to be had at the *Confectioners*, made of the Kernels of *Pine-apples*, *Melons*, and such worthy *Stuff*; when I say he found me so *intirely* abandon'd to the Interest of my *Belly*, and so prodigally pampering my self, he got a certain *Physician*, with whom he knew I was acquainted, and to persuade me to a more temperate course of Life, and be less indulgent to my self in *Diet*. The *Doct̄or* to give him his due, performed his part notably, and inculcated these pious Precepts to me every morning. I soon perceiv'd, that he was set on to do it, and suited my *Answers* accordingly. At last finding him perpetually to harp upon this String, so that his Company grew *nauseous* and *troublesome*; *Worthy Doct̄or*, said I to him, *Pray answer me one civil Question, do you speak this in jest or in earnest? Oh in earnest*, replied he; well then, continued I, *what wou'd you have me do? Why, to leave off Suppers for good and all*, said he, and to mix at least one half *Water* with your *Wine*. I cou'd not forbear laughing at this extraordinary *Advice*; so said I to him, *Doct̄or, if 'tis your Will and Pleasure to see me decently laid in a Church-yard, you take an infallible Course to bring it about; for I'm sure it wou'd be present death to me, in the present Circumstances of this poor dispirited Body, to leave off Suppers; and I am so confident of this Truth, that I am loth to make the Experiment. What do you think wou'd become of me, if after such scurvy Dinners as we have here, I should go supperless to Bed? And then to bid me mingle Water with such weak insipid Wine; pray consider, is it not infinitely better to drink clear Water as it comes from the Fountain, than to debauch it with such wretched*

four stuff. I don't question but that Monsieur Peu (a Plague take him for't) order'd you to give me this ghostly Advice; for indeed 'tis fitter for one of Glanvill's, or Mr. Aubry's Spectres, than for Flesh and Blood to follow. At this the Doctor smiled in spite of his affected Gravity, and was pleased to allow me better Terms than before. Worthy Sir, cried he, I did not say this to you with an Intention that you should totally leave off Suppers; you may eat an Egg and drink a glass of Wine, for this is my own manner of living. I have an Egg boiled me for my Supper, one half of the Yolk I eat my self, and I give my Son the other Half; then I drink half a glass of Wine, and by Virtue of this Refreshment, I make a shift to study till late in the Night. Ja. But did not this Physician put the Doctor upon you, as the saying is? Do you think this Account he gave of himself was true. Gi. Ay, most certainly. As I was once coming home from Church, a Gentleman that bore me Company, pointed to a certain House, told me the Doctor lived there. Upon this I had a curiosity to visit his Quarters; so I knocked at the Door, and in I came. I remember it was a Sunday of all the Days in the Year, and I surprized the Doctor with his Son, and a Servant at Dinner. The Bill of Fare was a couple of Eggs, and the Devil a jot of any thing else. Ja. Why, surely these People were scarce able to crawl. They wou'd have made most excellent Ghosts for a Play, I warrant you. Gi. Far from that, they were both plump and in good liking, their Eyes brisk and lively, and their Cheeks fresh-coloured and ruddy. Ja. 'Tis wonderful strange, I can scarce bring my self to believe it. Gi. Nothing is truer I can assure you. The Doctor is

not the *only* Person that lives thus, but several *others*, Men of *Bulk* and *Substance* in the World. Take my word for't, much *eating* and much *drinking* is a matter of *Custom* rather than *Nature*. If a Man uses himself to *spare* Diet, he may e'en carry it as far as he pleases, and be the Reverse of *Milo*, who, as History tells us, came from eating a *Calf*, to devour a whole *Ox* at a sitting. *Ja.* Good Heavens! if it 'tis *possible* for Man to *preserve* his Health with so *little* Nourishment, I can't but think what a *prodigious* Expence the *English*, the *Germans*, the *Danes* and *Polanders* squander away upon their Bellies. *Gi.* No doubt on't but they might save half in half in their *Kitchens*, which now they *foolishly* consume, to the apparent Prejudice of their *Healths* as well as *Understandings*. *Ja.* But why then, noble Sir, could not you *content* your self with this *Philosophical* Fare? *Gi.* I had *accustomed* my self all along to several Dishes, and it was too late to alter my way of living then. Tho' to tell you the truth, I was rather scandaliz'd at the *Quality*, than the *Quantity* of their Victuals. Two *Eggs* would have serv'd me very well for *Supper*, if they had been fresh laid; and half a Pint of *Wine* wou'd have been enough in all Conscience, if it had not been as thick as Mustard, and as sour as Vinegar. To conclude, one quarter of the *Bread* would have been as much as I could compass, if they had not given me *Chalk* instead of *Bread*. *Ja.* Lord that your Landlord *Monsieur le Maigre* should be such a *for-did* Wretch amidst so prodigious a Wealth! *Gi.* I speak within compass, when I tell you that he was worth fourscore thousand *Ducats* the least Penny, and never a Year pass'd over his Head that he did not get a thousand Pounds clear

in the way of *Merchandize*. I speak the *least* *Ja*. And did those *hopeful* young Sparks, to whom he design'd all these Riches, use the same *Parfimony*. *Gi*. They did, but it was only at *home*. When they were got abroad, they eat and drank, and whored and gam'd most plentifully; and while their *penurious* old *Dad* thought it much to *spend* one single *Six-pence* at his House, to *treat* the best Relations and Friends he had in the whole World, these prodigal *Rakebells* would make you nothing to lose fourscore broad Pieces in a Night at *Play*. *Ja*. This is the usual Fate of your *great* Estates that are gotten with *gripping* and *Oppression*. *What is got over the Devil's Back, we say, is spent under his Belly*. But if I may be so bold as to ask you one Question, now you have escaped this *enchanted* Country, where are you steering your Course? *Gi*. Why, to a parcel of *jolly* Companions at the *Rummer* in *Queen-street*, to see if I can make my self amends there for all the Hardships I have suffer'd abroad.

Xantippe :

Xantippe : Or, The Imperious Wife.

COL. VI.

The Duty of Wives. Husbands, tho' never so untowardly and vicious, not to be treated with Contempt or ill Language. A scolding Wife generally makes her Husband a greater Sot, instead of amending him. Some Instances of virtuous Ladies, that have reclaim'd their Husbands from an ill Course of Life by Gentleness and good Usage.

EULALIA, XANTIPPE.

Eu. MY dear Xantippe, a good Morning to you. *Xan.* The same to you, *Eulalia.* You look prettier than you used to do methinks. *Eu.* What do you begin to jeer me already? *Xan.* Not I upon my Word, I *abhor* it. But so you seem to me, I'll assure you. *Eu.* Perhaps then my *new Clothes* may set me off to *Advantage*. *Xan.* You guess right, 'tis one of the prettiest *Suits* I ever beheld; and then the *Trimming* too is so agreeable. Well, you have the best *Fancy* with you of any Woman in the World. 'Tis *English Cloth*, I suppose? *Eu.* The *Wool* indeed is *English*, but it was dy'd at *Venice*. *Xan.* Bless me! it feels as soft as *Silk*, and the Colour is the most bewitching that can be; but who gave you
this

this fine Present, I wonder? *Eu.* From whom should a virtuous *Wife* receive any Presents, but from her *Husband*? *Xan.* Well! you are a happy Woman, that you are, to have that *precious Jewel*, a *good Husband*; for my part I wish I had *married* a Mushroom, a Bean-stalk, the Head of an old Base Viol, or any thing, when the *Parson* join'd me to this *Sot*, this incorrigible *Beast*. *Eu.* What, is your House *untiled* already, and is it come to a Rupture between you? *Xan.* And so it is like to *bold* to the *End* of the *Chapter* for me. Do but see what a *pitiſul Manteau* I am forced to wear; and yet he is *glad* to see me go so like a *Dowdy*. May I never stir, if I am not *ashamed* to go to *Church* or a *Gossipping*, to see how much *finer* my Neighbours are *dressed* than me, whose *Husbands*, tho' I say it, have not a *quarter* of the Estate that mine has. *Eu.* The true Ornament of a Matron, as our *Doctor* will inform you, does not consist in *gaudy Clothes*, and a rich *Out-side*, in *Jewels* and *Necklaces*, but in *Meekness* and *Chastity*, and in the *Endowments* of the Mind. Harlots are *trick'd up* on purpose to draw in *Customers*, but an *honest* Woman is set out to all the *Advantage* she can desire, if she's but so happy as to please her *Husband*. *Xan.* In the mean time this most *worthy* Tool of mine, who *grudges* every Farthing that is laid out upon his *Wife*, takes all the Pains in the World to squander away the *Fortune* I brought him, which, by the by, was not *contemptible*. *Eu.* As how, I pray? *Xan.* Why as the *Maggot* bites, sometimes upon his *Whores*, sometimes at *Gaming*, or at the *Tavern*. *Eu.* Oh fie! you should never say this of your *Husband*. *Xan.* But I'll justify it to be *true*; and then when the *Brute* comes home at *Midnight* with his

his Cargo of Claret in his Guts, and stinking of Tobacco worse than a *Polecat*, he does nothing but snore all the *Night* long; and 'tis a Mercy if he leaves nothing but his *Wine* between the Sheets, for sometimes 'tis worse with him. *Eu.* Peace, I'll hear no more of this; you forget that you really *lessen* your self when you *lessen* your Husband. *Xan.* Let me die if I would not rather take up my Quarters in a *Pig-sty* with a cleanly *Hog*, than lie with such a Mixture of Nastiness and Brutality. *Eu.* And when you find him in such a *Pickle*, don't you scold at him to some purpose? *Xan.* Yes indeed, I use him as he deserves. I suppose he's satisfied that I have *Lungs* upon occasion. *Eu.* Well, and how does he *relish* this *Treatment*? *Xan.* At first he bounced and swagger'd most heroically, thinking to fright me with his *big Words*, and all that. *Eu.* And did it never come to *downright Blows* between you? *Xan.* Once, and but once, the *Quarrel* rose so *high*, that we were within an Ace of *Fifty-Cuffs*. *Eu.* What's this I hear? *Xan.* My Spark had a *Crab-tree Cudgel* in his Hand, which he *lifted* up, Swearing and Cursing like a *Foot-Soldier* at an unbelieving *Country Inn-keeper*, and threatning to make a severe Example of me. *Eu.* And were you not afraid that he'd be as *good* as his *Word*? *Xan.* To prevent that, I snatch'd up a three-leg'd *Stool*, and told him that I'd *comb* his *Head* with it, if he offer'd to *touch* me with his little Finger. *Eu.* A merry sort of a *Buckler* upon my Word. *Xan.* Had he not sound'd a *Retreat*, he had found to his Cost, I believe, that he had no *Guild* to deal with. *Eu.* Oh my dear *Xantippe*, you do ill in this, I must tell you. *Xan.* Pray in what respect? For if he does not use me as his *Wife*, I don't know why I should use

use him as my *Husband*. *Eu.* The *New Testament* will tell you other things: *St. Paul* says, that *Wives* ought to be *subject to their Husbands with all Reverence*; and *St. Peter* proposes the Example of *Sarah* to us, who call'd her *Husband Abraham Lord*. *Xan.* This I know full well; but the *Apostle* you first mention'd likewise teaches, that *Men* should love their *Wives* as *Christ* lov'd his *Spouse the Church*: Let him put his own Duty in Practice, and I'll not forget mine I promise you. *Eu.* Well, but when things are come to such a *Dilemma*, that either the *Wife* or *Husband* must knock under the *Table*, I think it but *reasonable* that the *Woman* should submit to the *Man*. *Xan.* Why must I look upon him to be my *Husband*, who uses me worse than a *Kitchen-wench*? *Eu.* But tell me, *Xantippe*, did he never threaten to beat you after this? *Xan.* No, no, he grew *wiser* and *repented* of his *Valour*, otherwise he had caught a *Tartar*, I can tell him but that. *Eu.* So then I hope you've left off *scolding* at him. *Xan.* No, never while I have this *Tongue* in my *Head*. *Eu.* But how does your *Husband* bear it all this while? *Xan.* Why sometimes he pretends to be *fast asleep*, sometimes he does nothing in the world but *laugh*, and sometimes he takes his confounded *Fiddle*, with no more than three *Strings* to't, and *scrapes* ye upon the batter'd old *Instrument* with as much *Might* and *Pains* as if he were a *threshing*, and all this on *purpose* to *stop* my *Pipe*. *Eu.* And did not that *vex* the very *Heart* of you? *Xan.* So much, that I could almost have *torn* him to pieces for down-right *Madness*. *Eu.* Well, my dear *Xantippe*, will you give me leave to talk a little *freely* to you? *Xan.* With all my *Heart*, say what you please. *Eu.* Nay, you shall do as *much* with me; and
this

this I think is *no more* than what our long *Acquaintance* will warrant; for you and I have *known* one another from our *Cradles*. *Xan.* You say *true*, and there's none of my *Play-fellows* I love *better* than your self. *Eu.* Let your *Husband* prove what he will, yet I'd have you still carry it in your *Mind*, that it is not in your *Power* to *change* him for another. Heretofore indeed, when things came to an open *Rupture*, and no *Reconciliation* could be hop'd for, a *Divorce* might set both Parties at *ease*, which is not to be *done* at this time of day; for now you must bear with him *for better for worse* to the *last* Breath in your *Body*: Try what *Tricks* you please, he will still be your *Husband*, and you his *Wife*. *Xan.* How I could *rail* at those that *rob'd* us of this *Privilege*! *Eu.* Have a care what you say; no *worse* a Man than he that *instituted* our Religion thought fit to lay this *Curb* upon us. *Xan.* I can't believe it. *Eu.* But 'tis as I tell you: So then your *Husband* and you have *nothing* left to do, but to *suit* your *Tempers* and *Dispositions* to one another, and to bear the *Yoke* of *Matrimony* as *contentedly* as you can. *Xan.* But do you think 'tis possible for me to work a *Miracle*, and to alter the *Nature* of this insufferable *Brute*? *Eu.* You must give me leave to tell you however, that it does not a *little* depend upon a *Wife* what sort of a *Man* her *Husband* will make. *Xan.* And do your *Husband* and you live in *perfect* Amity? *Eu.* Yes, Heaven be praised, all is easy and quiet with us *now*. *Xan.* Then I find there has been some *bickering* formerly between you. *Eu.* Nothing that could properly be call'd a *Tempest*; only as no *Condition* of *Life* is *perfect* on this side Heaven, a few small *Clouds* began to appear, which might have occasion'd very ill *Weather*,

if Care had not been taken to *prevent* it by a wise *Conduct*. Every one has his *peculiar* Humours and Fancies; and if we will *honestly* speak the Truth, every one has his Faults more or less, which in the *matrimonial* State especially we ought to *connive* at, and not to *hate*. *Xan.* Indeed I must *own* this to be *true*. *Eu.* Now it frequently happens that that *good* Understanding and Friendship, which ought to be *preserved* between a Man and his Wife, is *fatally* interrupted, before they have any *tolerable* Knowledge of one another. And this is the *first* thing that ought to be *provided* against; for when once the Spirit of *Division* has disunited them, 'tis a *difficult* matter to make a Reconciliation; especially if ever it went so *high* as to come to *personal* Reflections. We see that Pieces of Wood which are *glew'd* together, if they are *rudely* us'd at *first*, are *easily* broke asunder; but if you give them *time* to *settle*, and the *Glew* is *thoroughly* dry'd, there's no *danger* of their *breaking*. For this Reason all the *Care* in the World ought to be taken, that in the *Infancy* of Marriage a good correspondence be settled between both Parties, and take *deep* rooting. This is principally effected by a mutual *Complaisance*, and *easiness* of Disposition; for Love that has nothing but *Beauty* to keep it in good *Health*, is *short-liv'd* and apt to have *Ague-fits*. *Xan.* Pray then oblige me so far as to tell me by what *Arts* you made your Husband *tractable*? *Eu.* With all my Heart, that you may *copy* after them. *Xan.* So I will, if they are but *practicable*. *Eu.* Oh the *easiest* in Nature, if you'll give your *Mind* to't; and this I must tell you for your *Comfort*, that 'tis not too *late* to put them in Execution. Your *Spouse* is in the *Flower* of his Youth, and so are you, and, as I take it, it

is not a full *Twelvemonth* since you were married. *Xan.* You are in the right; 'tis thereabouts. *Eu.* I will tell you then, but upon condition that you'll *keep* it to your self. *Xan.* Never question that, I can be *silent* as well as another upon occasion. *Eu.* My first and chief Care was to *please* my good Man in every respect, that nothing might give him *offence* and *disgust*. I diligently *observed* his Inclination and Temper, and what were his *easiest* Moments, what things *pleased*, and on the other Hand what distasted him; and this with as much *Application*, as your People that tame *Elephants*, *Lions*, and such sort of *Creatures*, that cannot be mastered by *downright* Strength. *Xan.* And such an Animal for all the world have I at home. *Eu.* Your Keepers of *Elephants* take care to wear nothing that is *white* about them, as those that pretend to manage *Bulls* forbear the use of *Red Cloth*, because they find by *experience* that these *Colours* are *disagreeable* to both these *Creatures*. Thus we see that the beating of a *Drum* will set a *Tyger* stark raging *mad*, so that he will *tear* his own *Flesh*; and thus your *Jockies* have particular *Sounds*, and *Whistles*, and *Strokes* to *flatter* their *Horses* when they are ill-condition'd. How much more does it concern us then to use all *imaginable* means to *fix* our selves in our *Husbands good Graces*, with whom, whether we will or no, we must *live* all our *Lives* at *Bed* and at *Board*, till *Death* comes to our *Relief*? *Xan.* Well, go on with what you have begun: *Eu.* When, after a *diligent* Examination, I had found out his *Humour*, I *accommodated* mine to his, and took Care that *nothing* should *offend* him. *Xan.* As how, I wonder? *Eu.* In every thing relating to the *Family*, which you know is the *peculiar* Province of the *Women*, I shew'd my *ut-*

most Dexterity and Management; for I not only provided that nothing should be omitted and *left undone*, but likewise that every thing should be *suitable* to his Temper, even in *Trifles*, and matters of the least Consequence. As for Instance; If my Husband *fancy'd* such a *Dish* of Meat, and would have it *dressed* after such a manner; if he would have so many *Blankets* on the Bed, or such *Furniture* in such a Room, 'twas all done to his *Fancy*. *Xan.* But how could you humour a Man that is never at *home*, but perpetually sopping at the *Tavern*, and *drunk*? *Eu.* Hold, I am coming to that *Point*. If at any Time I saw my Husband *out of Sorts* and melancholly, and not *caring* much to be talk'd to, I would not for the world *laugh*, or put on a gay Humour, as some *Women* use to do upon the like Occasion, but I myself put on a *grave, demure* Countenance as well as he; for as a *Looking-glass*, if it is a true one, faithfully *represents* the Face of him that looks in it, so a *Wife* ought to *fashion* her self to the *Affection* of her *Husband*, not to be *cheerful* when he is *sad*, nor *sad* when he is *cheerful*. Now whenever I found him very *shagreen* indeed, I either endeavour'd to sooth him with fair Words, or else *beld* my Tongue, and *waited* till this ill Humour had spent it self, and then I took my Opportunity to clear all Mistakes, and to admonish him. The same Method I *constantly* observed, when he came home somewhat fuddled, or so; at such a time I gave him all the indulgent tender *Language* I cou'd think of, and by this means got him to *Bed*. *Xan.* A blessed Life this, that we poor *Wives* are forced to lead, if we must humour our Husbands in every thing that comes into their *Noddles* when *drunk* or *angry*. *Eu.* You don't consider that this Duty is *reciprocal*, and that
our

our Husbands are obliged to bear the same from us. However there is a critical time when a *Wife* may take upon her to *advise* her Husband in Matters of some *Importance*; for I think it much *better* to wink at small Faults. *Xan.* And how is she to know the *proper* time? *Eu.* Why, when his Mind is serene, and nothing disturbs him, when he is *cool* and *sober*, then you may *admonish*, or rather intreat him, and this always in private, as to any thing wherein his *Estate*, or his *Health*, or *Reputation* are concerned. And this very *Advice* is to be seasoned with some Pleasantries, that it may look as if it were not design'd, but accidental. Sometimes by way of *Preface*, I agree with him before-hand that he shan't be angry, if being a *foolish* Woman, I take upon me to *interpose* my own *Counsel* in any thing wherein his *Honour*, or *Health*, or *Preservation* are concern'd. After I have said as *much* as I think *proper* at that time, I turn the Discourse to some more entertaining and agreeable Subject; for under the *Rose* be it spoken, this is the *Fault* of us *Women*, that when once we have begun to *tune* our *Pipes*, we don't know *when* to *give over*. *Xan.* Why so they say indeed. *Eu.* This I always religiously observed as a *Rule*, never to *chide* my Husband before *Company*, nor to prattle abroad of *Miscarriages* at *home*. What passes between two People is much easier made up, than when once it has taken *Air*; now if ever Matters come to such a pass, that the Husband is *incurable*, and no longer to be born with, I think it much the *prudenter* Course for the *Wife* to carry her *Complaints* to the Parents, or Relations of her *Husband*, than to *her own* Friends, and besides to manage her Complaints with such Discretion, that the World may see she *only* hates the *Vices*, and not the *Person* of her

Husband. Neither wou'd I have her *blab* out all she knows, that even here her Husband may be *obliged* in spite of his Teeth to *own* and admire her *Civility* to him. *Xan.* A Woman must be a *Philosopher* with a witness, to be able to practise so much *Self-denial* upon her self. *Eu.* I am of *another* opinion, for by this Department and Conduct we *prevail* upon our *Husbands* to return the *Kindness* again. *Xan.* Well, but there are *Brutes* in the World whom all the good usage imaginable will never amend. *Eu.* I can hardly believe it; but put the case there are, this we ought to take for granted, that let our *Husbands* prove what they will, we must bear their *Humours* when once we have chose them, and then I'll *appeal* to you whether 'tis not infinitely *better* to soften him by a *courteous* Temper, or at worst to *bear* with all his *Failings*, than by our perpetual scolding and railing at him to exasperate and make him ten times *worse*. I cou'd, if I were so minded, instance in some *Husbands*, who by the like *Sweetnesses* have alter'd their *Spouses* much for the *better*; then how much a greater *Obligation* lies upon us to use our *Husbands* in this manner? *Xan.* If you can *instance* in such a Man, I must tell you he *differs* more from my *virtuous* Husband than *Black* from *White*. *Eu.* I have the Honour to be *acquainted* with a *Gentleman* of a very good Family, well read, and learned, and a Person of great Address and Dexterity. He married a *young* Lady of about *seventeen* years of Age, who had been educated all along in the Country in her *Father's* House; for you know Men of *Quality* love to reside in the Country for the conveniences of *Hunting* and *Hawking*. He was resolv'd to have a *raw unexperienc'd* Maid, that he might have *satisfaction* of *moulain*g her to his own *Fancy*.

cy. So he began to give her some insight into *Books*, and to teach her *Musick*, and to use her by degrees to *repeat* the Heads of the *Parson's* Sermon, together with several other things, which he thought wou'd be of some *use* and *advantage* to her. Now this being wholly *new* to the *Girl*, who, as I told you before, had been bred up at *home* with all the *Tenderness* and *Delicacy* that you can imagine, amidst the *Flatteries* and *Submissions* of the *Servants*, she soon grew *weary* of this *Life*. She absolutely *refus'd* to learn any more; and when her *Husband* pressed her about it, she wou'd cry and roar as if she were going to be sacrificed. Sometimes she wou'd throw her self flat upon the *Ground*, and beat her *Head* against the *Floor*, and wish that *Death* wou'd come to end her *Affliction*; for alas, *Life* was a mere *burden* to her. Her *Husband* finding that there was no end of this, conceal'd his *Resentments*, and invited her to go along with him into the *Country* to divert themselves there at his *Fathers-in-law's* House. The young *Lady* liked this *Motion* well *enough*; so when they came to their *Journey's* end, the *Gentleman* leaves his *Wife* with her *Mother* and *Sister*, and goes a *hunting* with his *Father-in-law*. When he had him alone in the *Fields*, he took his *opportunity* to tell him, that whereas he was in good hopes to have found an *agreeable* Companion in his *Daughter*, on the contrary she was *always* sobbing, and crying, and fretting her self without *Reason*, and that this *unaccountable* Habit had taken such *deep* rooting in her, that he *feared* she was *incurable*; however he *conjured* him to lend him his *helping* hand, to see if they cou'd between them bring her to a better *Temper*. His *Father-in-law* answered, that he had put his *Daughter* for good

and all into his power, and if she did not *behave* her self as she ought, he was at liberty to use his own *Authority*, and to cudgel her into *due* Submission. *I know my own Power well enough*, replies the other, *but I had much rather my Wife shou'd be reason'd into her Duty by you, than to come to these Extremities.* At last the old Gentleman promised to use all his skill to reduce her; so after a day or two, he takes a proper time and place to discourse in private with his *Daughter*; and looking somewhat austerely upon her, he began to remind her, how indifferent she was as to her *Beauty*, how disagreeable as to her *Disposition*, so that he had often feared that he should never be able to get a *Husband* for her. But after a long enquiry, and much diligence, said he, *I had the good luck to find out one for you that the best Lady in the Land wou'd have been glad of; and yet you, continued he, like an insensible stupid Creature as you are, neither considering what I your Father have done for you, nor reflecting that your Husband, unless he was the best natured Man in the World, wou'd scorn to take you for his Maid, perpetually dispute his Orders, and rebel against him.* To make short of my Story, the old Gentleman seem'd to be in such a *Passion* by his Discourse, that she expected every minute when he wou'd make her feel the weight of his *Hands*; for you must know he is so adroit and cunning a Blade, that he wou'd act ye any part as well as the best *Comedian* of them all. The young Lady partly wrought upon by her fear, and partly convinced by the truth of what was told her, threw her self at her Father's Feet, humbly beseeching him to forget *past* Faults, and promising that she wou'd not be wanting in her *Duty* for the time to come. Her Father freely forgave her, adding, that she

ſhe ſhou'd find him the moſt *indulgent* Father upon Earth, provided ſhe kept her word. *Xan.* Well, but how ended this Affair? *Eu.* When this *Dialogue* was over, the young Lady returned *directly* to her *Chamber*, where finding her *Husband* all *alone*, ſhe fell down upon her *Marrow-bones*, and addreſſed her ſelf to him in the following manner. *Sir*, ſaid ſhe, *till this very moment I neither knew you nor my ſelf, but you ſhall find me another ſort of a Wife for the future, only I conjure you to grant me an Act of Oblivion for what is paſt.* She had no ſooner made an end but her *Husband* took her up in his Arms, and kiſſed her, promiſing to do every thing ſhe cou'd deſire of him, if ſhe wou'd but continue in that *Reſolution*, *Xan.* And did ſhe continue in it I wonder. *Eu.* Even to the day of her *Death*. Nothing was ſo mean and humble, but ſhe readily went about it, if her *Husband* wou'd have it ſo. In ſhort they were the happieſt and moſt loving Couple in the *whole* Country, and the young Lady for *ſeveral* years afterwards wou'd bleſs her Stars, that it was her good *Fortune* to light upon ſuch an *Husband*; for *if I had not fallen into his Hands, I had been, ſhe ſaid, the moſt unhappy Woman upon the face of the Earth.* *Xan.* Such *Husbands* are as ſcarce now-a-days as *white Crows*. *Greſham-College*, and the *Oxford* *Elaboratory* have nothing to match it. *Eu.* If I have not treſpaſ'd too much upon your *Patience* already, I will tell you a ſhort Story of a *certain* Gentleman in this City, that was lately *reclaimed* by the good *uſage* of his Wife. *Xan.* I have nothing upon my hands at preſent, and beſides your *Converſation* is ſo diverting, that methinks I cou'd always liſten to you. *Eu.* This Gentleman I am going to tell you of was deſcended from an *honourable* Family, and he like the reſt

of his own Estate and Quality, took a *mighty* delight in *hunting*. One day in his Country Rambles, he *accidentally* met with a pretty young *Damsel*, Daughter to a poor old *Woman* that lived in a *Hut* facing the *Common*. He fell *desperately* in Love with this Creature, as *old Men* you know like *Tinder* take *Fire* in an instant, and when they *love*, love to some *purpose*. For the sake of this young *Girl* he frequently *lay* from home, and *Hunting* was still made the *Pretence* for it. His Lady, a *Woman* of *admirable* Conduct and Goodness, suspecting there was more than *ordinary* in the Matter, was resolved at any rate to find out the *bottom* of it, and in her *search*, by what *Accident* I have now forgot, came to the above-mention'd *Cottage*, where she soon learnt all the Particulars, as what he *drank*, how his *Victuals* were dressed, where he lay, and so forth. This *House* was the most wretched *dog-hole* you cou'd any where see, with not a jot of *Furniture* to *help* it off. Away goes this Lady *home*, and returns immediately, bringing a *handsome* Bed, and other *Conveniences*, and a Set of *Plate* to use upon occasion. She likewise gave the poor People some *Money* at parting, and advised them by all means that the next time the *Gentleman* came that way, they should *treat* him with more *respect*, not letting them know that she was his *Wife*, but pretending to be his *Sister*. Some few days after this her *Husband* coming thither, found the *Furniture* much alter'd for the *better*, and his *Entertainment* more splendid than it used to be. Upon this he *inquired* of them how this *sudden* change of the Scene happen'd, and they *bonestly* told him that a *Woman* of *Quality*, as she appeared to be by her *dress*, brought all those *fine things* thither, and gave it them in charge

charge to *treat* him with more *Respect* for the future. It immediately came into his *Head* that this was his *Wife's doing*; so when he came home, he ask'd her whether she had been at *such a place*, and mentioned it. She told him *she had*; then he desired to *know* for what *reason* she had sent all that *rich Furniture* thither? *My Dear*, says she, *I found that your Lodging and Fare there was none of the best, and as I knew you were used to be better treated at home, I thought it my Duty, that since you took a fancy to the place, to make your Reception more agreeable to you.* *Xan.* The Lady was to *blame* in my opinion. Had I been in *her place*, instead of *Bedding* and all that, I had sent him a *bundle of Nettles and Thistles* to have cooled his *Concupiscence* for him. *Eu.* Well, but hear the *Conclusion* of my Story. The Gentleman was so surprized at this *unusual* strain of *good Nature* and *Virtue* in his Lady, that he *never* after *violated* her Bed, or *rambled* abroad, but solaced himself with her at home. Now I am upon this Discourse, I suppose you know Mr. *Gilbert the Dutch Merchant.* *Xan.* I know him very well. *Eu.* I need not tell you then that he is in the *prime* of his Age, and that he *married* a Gentlewoman well stricken in *years.* *Xan.* I suppose then he was in Love with her *Bags*, and not with her Person. *Eu.* That may be as you say; but to proceed. This *Spark* soon grew weary of his *Spouse*, and intrigued with a *Mistress* in a corner, with whom he *spent* most of his time. He seldom *din'd* or *sup'd* at home. Now, pray tell me what you wou'd have *done* in such a Case. *Xan.* Why, I wou'd have torn his *Strumpet's* Head-clothes off where-ever I had met her; and as for my *good Man*, I wou'd have sprinkled him from top to toe with *Essence of Chamber-pot*, and

in that *dainty pickle* he shou'd have visited his *Baggage*, if it was so *rampant* with him. *Eu.* Well, but how much more prudently did this Gentlewoman carry her self? She invited this *Rival* of hers to her own House, and received her with all the *Civility* imaginable. Thus without going to any of your *Raskally Astrologers* for a *Charm*, she kept her Husband at home; but whenever the *Maggot* took him to sup with her abroad, she wou'd send you a good *Dish* or two of Meat to her *Lodgings*, and desire them to pass their time with one another as *merrily* as they cou'd. *Xan.* For my part I shou'd sooner chuse to be in my *Grave*, than to be a *Baw'd* to my own Husband. *Eu.* But pray consider the Matter soberly and coolly. Was not this infinitely better than if by her Churlishness, and ill Temper, she had totally *alienated* her Husband's Affections from her, and *spent* her whole *life* in quarrelling and bauling? *Xan.* I must *confess* that of the *two Evils* 'tis the *least*, but I cou'd never have *submitted* to it. *Eu.* I will trouble you but with one other Story, and then I'll have done. This *Neighbour* of ours that lives next door to us, is a *right honest Man*, but somewhat hasty and *choleric*. One day it fell out that he beat his Wife, a Woman of *extraordinary* Prudence. Upon this she immediately *withdrew* into her Apartment, and *there* crying and sobbing, *endeavoured* to give vent to her *Resentments*. Soon after upon one occasion or other her *Husband* came into the Room, where he found her drown'd in *Tears*. *Hey day!* says he, *what means this putting finger in Eye, and whimpering like a Child thus?* To which she calmly answer'd, *Why, is it not better to lament my misfortune here, than to baul out and make a noise in the Street, as other Women do?*

do? Her Husband was so intirely overcome and disarm'd of his Passion by this *conjugal* Answer, that he gave her his *Hand*, and solemnly promised that he wou'd never strike her as long as he *lived*, and he was as *good* as his *word* I must tell you. *Xan.* Well, but Heaven be praised I have brought off my Husband from using me so by a *different* Conduct. *Eu.* Right, but then there are perpetual Wars between you. *Xan.* Why, what wou'd you have a Woman do? *Eu.* In the first place, If your Husband offers you any Affront or Injury, take no notice of it, but endeavour to *soften* him to you by all *Offices* of Gentleness, Meekness, and good Nature. By this *means* you will either wholly reclaim him at long run, or at *least* you'll find him much more tractable and easie than at present you find him. *Xan.* Ay, but he's such an incorrigible Brute, that all the *good usage* will not make him one *Farthing* the better. *Eu.* You must *pardon* me, if I am not of your *mind*. There is no *Beast* so savage and unmanageable but he may be *tam'd* by good Treatment. Why then shou'd you despair to *effect* it in a Man? Let me *conjure* you by our long Acquaintance to try this *experiment* but for two or three Months, and I'll give you leave to blame me as long as you please, if you find that this Advice is of no benefit to you. To deal *plainly* with you, there are certain Vices, at which you must *connive*, otherwise your *Repose* will be but of short continuance; but above all things you ought to take *special* care never to begin any Quarrel, or to trump up any angry Stories with your Husband in *Bed*. Every thing there ought to be *cheerful* and *pleasant*, and indeed when *that place* which is *consecrated* to the cementing of *Love*, to the allaying of *Marriage-storms*, and to the wiping out of old

Miscar-

Miscarriages, come to be *unhallow'd* by Sourness, and *profaned* by ill Language, I think 'tis *high* time to write *Lord have mercy* upon the Doors; for if the *Fountain Head* be poisoned, what help can be expected from the *Streams*? I know some Women of such insatiable Tongues, and so *intemperately* given to *Scolding*, that they cannot forbear to let their Clacks run *even* while the *Rites* of Love are *performing*, and by the Uneasiness of their Temper render *Fruition* it self disagreeable, which uses to be the *never-failing* Reconciler of Husband and Wife. By this means they make that *Cordial*, which ought to *cure* all the *Heart-burnings* of Matrimony, to be of *little* or *no* Effect. *Xan.* This has been my *own* Case a hundred times. *Eu.* Yet you cannot but be sensible, that tho' it is the Wife's *Interest* so to manage her *Game*, as *never* to displease her Husband, if she can help it, upon any occasion whatsoever, yet she *ought* to take *particular* care to *oblige* him in the above-mention'd *critical Minute*, as much as lies in her Power. *Xan.* I own she ought to do it to a Man; but alas! my *Lot* is fallen upon a downright impenitent *Brute*. *Eu.* Come, come, leave off your *Railing*. If our Husbands prove *bad*, it generally *happens* so thro' our *own ill Conduct*. But to return to our Argument. Those *Gentlemen* that are conversant in the *ancient Fables* of the Poets, will tell you, that *Venus*, one of the *Goddesses* that *presided* over Matrimony, had a *Girdle* or *Cestus*, made for her by *Vulcan's* Skill, in which were all the *bewitching* Ingredients and Charms of *Love*, and that she constantly *put* this *on*, whenever she went to *Bed* to her Husband. *Xan.* What makes you tell such an *old fashion'd* Fable as this? *Eu.* Right, but pray will you hear the *Moral* of it? *Xan.* I listen

listen to you. *Eu.* It teaches us this useful Lesson, that a Wife should make it her *chief* Business, in the *Payment* of the Nuptial *Tribute*, to be as agreeable and engaging as she can; for, let your grave Persons say what they will, the *Affair* we have been talking of is not only the chief *Preservative* to keep *Love* alive when he begins to languish, but likewise is the most *effectual* *Peacemaker*. *Xan.* Well, but where can we furnish our selves with so necessary an Utensil as this *Cestus* was? *Eu.* There's no need of *Witchcrafts* and *Spells* to procure one. The most powerful *Spell* in the World is *Virtue*, join'd with a *Sweetness of Disposition*. *Xan.* I can never bring my self to *humour* so incurable a *Sot* as my Husband is. *Eu.* However, 'tis your *Interest*, you must own, that he were another sort of a *Creature*. Suppose now you had *Circe's* magical Secret, and could turn your Husband from a *Man* into a *Bear* or a *Hog*, would you do it? *Xan.* Faith I *can't* tell whether I should or no. *Eu.* *Can't* you tell, say you? Pray let me *ask* you then *one* Question more: Wou'd you rather have your Husband a *Hog* than a *Man*? *Xan.* No truly; I am for a *Man* still. *Eu.* To proceed: Suppose you had one of *Circe's* Charms, by which you could make him a sober *Man* of a *Drunkard*, a frugal *Man* of a *Spendthrift*, an industrious *Man* of a *Loiterer*, would not you put your *Charm* in Execution? *Xan.* Without doubt; but where should I meet with such a *Charm* as you talk of. *Eu.* You carry it about you, if you would but make a right Use of it. Whether you are *willing* or no, he must be your *Husband* to the end of the *Chapter*; and the *better* *Man* you make him, the *more* you consult your own *particular* Advantage. But the *Mischief* on't is, that you only keep
 your

your Eyes fixt upon his *Faults*, and those create your *Aversion* to him; whereas you ought to look upon his *good Qualities only*, and to take him, as the saying is, *by the right Handle*. You ought to have considered all his *Defects* long ago, before you married him; and indeed a *discreet Woman* should not *choose* her Husband only by her *Eyes*, but take the Advice of her *Ears*. All you can do now is to use *Anodynes*, and not to apply *Corrosives*. *Xan.* But what Woman, pray now, ever consulted her *Ears* in the choice of a *Husband*? *Eu.* She may be properly said to *choose* her Husband by her *Eyes*, who minds nothing but his *Person* and bare *Out-side*; as she may be said to *choose* him by her *Ears*, who *carefully* observes what *Reputation* he has in the *World*, and what *People* say of him. *Xan.* This is *good Advice*, but it comes somewhat of the *latest*. *Eu.* But give me leave to tell you, 'tis not *too late* to endeavour the *Cure* of your Husband. It will be no *small step* towards the *effecting* of this; if you could have any *Children* by him. *Xan.* Oh I have had *one* long ago. *Eu.* What do you mean? How *long ago*? *Xan.* Why about *seven Months* ago. *Eu.* What's this I hear? You put me in *mind* of the *Woman* that *marry'd*, *conceiv'd*, and was deliver'd in the space of three *Months*. *Xan.* I see no *Reason* for that. *Eu.* But so do I, if we *reckon* from the *Day* of *Marriage*. *Xan.* Ay, but I had some private *Discourse* with my good *Man* before the *Priest* join'd our *Hands*. *Eu.* Why, will barely *discoursing* beget *Children*? *Xan.* By chance he got me into a *Room* by *my self*, and began to *play* and *toy* with me, *tickling* me about the *Arm-pits*, and *small* of the *Back* to make me *laugh*; I not able to bear being *tickl'd* any longer, threw my self *flat* upon the *Bed*;

Bed; and he flinging himself upon me, *kiss'd* me and *bugg'd* me. I was in such a *Confusion*, that I don't know what *de did* to me *besides*; but this I am certain of, that within a few Days my *Belly* began to *swell*. *Eu*. And are not you a *fine* Woman now to *rail* at this *Husband*, who if he can *get* Children when he's only in *jest*, what will he do, think ye, when he *falls* to't in *earnest*? *Xan*. I *suspect* that now I am with *Child* by him again. *Eu*. Mercy on us! why here's a good fruitful *Soil*, and a lusty *Ploughman* to till it. *Xan*. Nay, to do the Devil justice, he's more a *Man* for *this Sport* than I could wish he was. *Eu*. Speak softly. Not *one Woman* in a thousand has this *Complaint* to make. But I suppose you were *contracted* to one another before this happen'd. *Xan*. You are in the right on't. *Eu*. It makes the *Sin* so much less. But was it a *Boy* or a *Girl*? *Xan*. A *Boy*. *Eu*. So much the *better* for you. This *Pledge* of your *first Affections* will, I make no question on't, *set* you both at *rights*, if you, my dear Friend, will but lend your *helping Hand* a little to so *good* a Work. By the by, let me ask you what sort of a *Character* do your *Husband's Companions* give him? And how is he *respected* by them? *Xan*. They all of them *agree*, that he's as *easy* a Man in Conversation, as *generous*, and as *ready* to do any *good Offices*, as ever liv'd. *Eu*. *Better and better* still. This gives me great hopes to believe, that we shall *manage* him to your *Heart's Content*. *Xan*. Here's the *Misfortune*, that I am the *only Person* in the World he shews himself *ill-natur'd* to. *Eu*. Do but put the *Rules* I gave you in *Practice*, and I here freely give you *leave* to say all the *malicious* things you can of me, if you don't find him much *alter'd* for the *better*. Besides, I would have you

consider

consider that he's but a young Fellow yet; for, as I take it, he is not above *twenty four* Years old, and does not *know yet* what it is to be the *Master of a Family*. As for a *Divorce*, I would advise you never to think of it. *Xan.* I have had it *frequently* in my Thoughts. *Eu.* But when it comes next into your *Head*, pray do your self the *Favour* to reflect what a foolish insignificant *Figure* a Woman makes when she is parted from her *Husband*. The principal *Recommendation* of a *Matron* is, that she is *dutiful* and obedient to her *Spouse*. This *Language Nature* dictates to us; this we are taught in the *Bible*; this the universal *Agreement* of all *Ages* and *Nations* tells us; that a *Woman* should be subject to her *Husband*. Therefore seriously think of this Matter, and put the *Case* exactly as it *stands*. He is your *lawful* Husband, and so long as he lives, 'tis impossible for you to have another. Then let the *Infant*, who belongs in *common* to you both, be put in the *Balance*. Now pray tell me *how* you would dispose of him? If you carry him away with you, you defraud your Husband of what is his *own*; and if you leave him with him, you *deprive* your self of that which ought to be as dear to you as your *Life*. In the last place I desire to be *informed*, whether any of your *Relations* wish you *ill*? *Xan.* I have to my *Sorrow* a Step-mother, and a Mother-in-law as *like* her as may be. *Eu.* And are you not beloved by them? *Xan.* So far from that, that they'd *rejoice* with all their Hearts to see me in my *Grave*. *Eu.* Why then I would *entreat* you to think of them likewise. What a more acceptable piece of *Service* can you *possibly* do them, than to let them see you *separated* from your Husband, and become a *Widow* of your own *making*? What did

did I say a *Widow*? Nay, to live ten times more miserably than a *Widow*; for one in that *condition* you know is at *liberty* to marry whom she pleases. *Xan.* I must own indeed that I approve of your *Advice*, but I can never endure to be a perpetual *Slave*. *Eu.* If that is all, pray do but consider what *Pains* you took before you cou'd make that *Parrot* there *talk* and *prattle* to you.

Xan. A great deal, I confess. *Eu.* And can you then think it much to bestow a little *Labour* and *Time* to mould your *Husband* to your own *liking*, with whom you must live the remainder of your *Days*? What a *World* of *Trouble* do your *Grooms* undergo to *back* a *Horse*, and make him *tractable*; and can a prudent *Woman* grudge a little *Application* and *Diligence* to see if she can reduce her *Husband* to a more agreeable *Temper*.

Xan. Why, what would you have me do? *Eu.* I have already told you. Take care that every thing *at home* be cleanly and decent, so that nothing may disgust him there, and oblige him to ramble *abroad*. Behave your self easy and free to him; but at the same time never forget that *Respect* which a *Wife* *indispensably* owes to her *Husband*. Let *Melancholy* be banish'd out of your *Doors*, and likewise an impertinent ill-affected *Gayety*; neither be foolishly *morose*, nor unseasonably frolicksome. Let your *Table* be well furnish'd and handsome. You know your *Husband's* *Palate* without *Question*; therefore always *provide* him what he has most a *Fancy* to. This is not all; I would have you show your self affable and courteous to all his *Acquaintance*, and frequently invite them to dine with you. When you sit down to *Table*, let nothing but *Cheerfulness* and *Mirth* appear; and if at any *time* your *Husband* comes home a little in his *Liquor*,

and falls a playing on his *Violin*, do you bear your part in the *Consort*, and sing to it. By this means you'll in a little time accustom your *Husband* to keep at home, and lessen his *Expences*; for 'tis *natural* to believe that at last he'll thus reason with himself: *Why, what a foolish Coxcomb am I to sot at the Tavern, and keep Company with a nasty Harlot abroad, to the apparent Prejudice of my Reputation and Estate, when I have a Wife at home who is infinitely more obliging and beautiful, and makes so much of me?*

Xan. But do you believe I shall succeed if I try?

Eu. Look stedfastly upon me. I engage that you will. In the mean time I will take a proper occasion to discourse matters with your Husband, and put him in mind of his own *Duty*. *Xan.* I like your Design well enough, but you must take care that he shan't know a *Syllable* of what has pass'd between us: If ever this *Dialogue* should reach his *Ears*, he would throw the *House out at the Windows*. *Eu.* Never fear it. I will so order the Conversation, by winding and turning him, that he himself shall tell me what Quarrels have happen'd betwixt you. Upon this let me alone to address my self to him in the most engaging manner I am Mistress of; and I hope to send him home to you in a much better Temper than I found him. I will likewise take occasion to tell a *Lie* or two in your *Favour*, and let him know how lovingly and respectfully I have heard you talk of him. *Xan.* Well, *Heaven* prosper both our *Undertakings*. *Eu.* I don't at all question it, provided you are not wanting to your self.

The Assembly of Women: Or, The Female Parliament.

C O L. VII.

A Parcel of merry Ladies meet together, and consult of the most effectual Methods how to regulate all Matters relating to the Female Sex; the Rules and Orders that are to be observed in the summoning and holding of their Parliaments, and what Abuses chiefly deserve to be reform'd.

CORNELIA, MARGARET, PEROTTE, JULIA,
CATHARINE.

Cor. **I**N the Name of Multiplication and Increase Amen. 'Tis no *small* Satisfaction to me, Ladies, to see so large and numerous an Assembly of you here; and I heartily wish that Heaven will inspire every individual Woman in this Convention, with such *Dispositions* as will make us act for the common *Advantage* and *Reputation* of our whole Sex. You cannot but be sensible, Ladies, what a terrible Prejudice our Affairs have receiv'd in this respect, that while the Men have had their *Parliaments* and daily *Meetings* all along, to debate and consider of *Ways* and *Means*, how best to promote and carry on their own *Interest*; we forsooth must be sitting hum drum by the *Fire-side*, employ'd in the noble and

ancient Exercise of Spinning, and as a modern *Poet* expresses it, *spending our Nature on our Thumb*. 'Tis no wonder therefore if our Affairs lie at *sixes and sevens*, if we have not the least *Footsteps* of *Government*, or *good Order* left among us; and to say all in a word, if the World ranks us in the same *Predicament* with *Beasts*, and will not allow us the Title of rational Creatures. Unless we resolve to take other Methods for the future, the most *ignorant* of us, may without the Spirit of *Prophecy* pretend to foretel what will become of us in a short time. For my part, I am afraid to utter it, or be the Harbinger of ill News. However, tho' we take no *care* at all of our *Dignity*, yet give me leave to tell you, we ought to have some regard to our Safety. The wisest *Monarch* in the World, by the same token that he owed no *little* part of his *Wisdom* to his frequent conversing with us *Women*, has left it in Writing, that *in the Multitude of Counsellors is much Safety*. Your *Bishops* have their *Synods*, your *Cathedrals* their *Chapters*, your *Soldiers* their *Councils of War*; nay, those *unharmonious Raskals*, those *Retainers to Hopkins and Sternhold*, the *Parish-Clerks* have their *Hall* to meet in. In short, your *Butchers* your *Physicians*, your *Brewers*, your *Vintners*, and (with *Reverence* be it spoken) your very *Shop-lifters*, and *Pick-Pockets*, have their several *Assemblies* or *Clubs* to settle the Affairs of their several *Fraternities* in. If this is not sufficient, your *Birds* and *Beasts* have their particular *Places* and *Seasons of Meeting*; but *Woman*, that strange prodigious Creature *Woman*, is the only Animal in the World which is against *meeting of Members*. *Mar.* I am afraid you are out, *Madam*, for malicious People say that we are

oftner for it than we should. Cor. Who is ^{it} that interrupts the Court there. Give me leave, Ladies and Gentlewomen, to conclude my Speech, and then you shall all talk in your turn. Neither is this Meeting of ours a new un-*presidented* thing, without *Warrant* or *Authority*; for if my *Chronology* does not fail me, that most accomplished and excellent Emperor *Heliogabalus* of blessed Memory. ——— Pe. How most accomplish'd and excellent I beseech you, when History tells us that the Mob knocked his *Brains* out, that he was *dragg'd* up and down the *Streets*, and at last *thrown* into the common *Jakes*. Cor. What! interrupted again? But *Neighbour*, if such an Argument will hold *Water*, it will follow, that half the Saints in the *Kalendar* were but *so, so*, because they came to the *Gallows*; and that *Oliver Cromwell* was a *virtuous* Person, because he died in his *Bed*. The worst thing that was ever objected to *Heliogabalus* by his greatest Enemies, was his *slinging* down the idolatrous *Fire*, which was kept by the *Vestal Virgins*, for which *old Fox* wou'd have registred him among his Protestant *Martyrs*, and his * *hanging* up the Pictures of *Moses* and *Christ* in his private *Chapel*, which I hope will not rise up in *Judgment* against him in this *Christian* Assembly. Let me inform you *en passant*, Ladies, that those Villains the *Heathens*, as my Authors tell me, (and I thought it wou'd not be amiss to communicate such a nice Observation to this House) used to call our Sa-

* Lampridius ascribes this to Alexander Severus. But Erasmus I suppose made his learned Lady here commit this Mistake designedly, and I have carried on the Humour a little farther.

viour *Cbrestus*, and not *Christus*, by way of Contempt and Derision; which is the Opinion of *Agathocles*, *Dionysius*, who for his great Skill in the Oriental Languages was Sir-named *Halicarnasseus*, *Laurentius Valla*, *Fabius Maximus*, *Anacharsis*, and several other *Divines* of the *Reformed Persuasion*. But to return to the *Argument in hand*; (for a Woman ought to make the *most* of her *Argument in Hand*;) this most discreet and profound Governour *Heliogabulus* issued out a *Proclamation*, or *Edict* to this Effect, that as the *Emperors* used to convene the *Senators* in the *Senate-House*, and there to debate of all *Emergencies* relating to the *State*, so his Mother *Augusta* shou'd summon the *Women* from all parts of the *City*, to assemble in a Place by themselves, there to regulate those *Affairs* wherein the *Female Sex* was any ways concern'd. And this *Convention* the Men, either out of *Drollery*, or for *distinction*, call'd the *Senatulus*, or *little Senate*. This noble *President*, which by the *fatal Negligence* of our *Ancestors* has been intermitted for so many *hundred Years*, the *present* Situation of our *Affairs* obliges us to revive; and to let none in this *Company* have any *Scruple* upon their *Gizzard*, because the *Apostle* forbids *Women* to talk in that *Assembly*, which he calls the *Church*; for it is evident that *St. Paul* there speaks of *Assemblies of Men*, whereas ours is an *Assembly of Women*. Otherwise if poor *Women* must always be *silent*, for what end and purpose did *Providence* bestow upon us this *voluble Member*, call'd a *Tongue*, in which *Talent* we don't come short of the *Men*? and why did it give us a *Pipe*, no less intelligible and loud than theirs? Now my *Hand* is in, I cannot help saying that ours is all

Harmony

Harmony and Musick, whereas they either grunt like Hogs, or bray like Asses. But to proceed, we ought in the *first* place to manage all our *Debates* with that *Gravity* and *Circumspection*, that the Men may not have the least pretence to make them the Subject of their *Coffe-house-raillery*, to which ill-natured Mirth you know they are but too much inclined of themselves; although I think I may safely say, that if one wou'd seriously examine their Councils and Synods, their *Assemblies* and *Parliaments*, we should find more frivolous and impertinent Controversies in them, than a Congregation of Fish-women at *Billingsgate* wou'd be guilty of. For Example, we still see that *Monarchs* for so many Ages have busied themselves in nothing but dull *cutting* of Throats, for which important Services the World styles them *Heroes* and *Deliverers*. We find that the *Clergy* and the *Laity* are still at perpetual Dagers-drawing with one another, that there are as many *Opinions*, as there are *Noses* in the World; and in all the whole course of their Proceedings, they show ten times more *Inconstancy*, than we Women ever discovered. This *City* everlastingly quarrels with that *City*, and one Neighbour treads upon this next Neighbour's *Corns*. If the Supreme Administration were intrusted in our Hands, with all due Submission be it spoken, I believe the World wou'd be manag'd at a much better rate than now it is. Perhaps it may not become our *Female Modesty* to charge these Noble *Peers* and *Judges*, these *Knights* and *Burgeses* with *Folly*; but I suppose I may be safely allowed to recite what *Solomon* has asserted in the thirteenth Chapter of the *Proverbs* *There is always Strife among the Proud; but they*

that do every thing with Counsel, are govern'd by Wisdom. But not to detain you with too tedious a Preamble, to the end that all things here may be carried on decently, and without Confusion, it will be necessary in the first place to determine, who shall be qualified to sit as members in this House; for as too much Company will make it look more like the Mob, or a Riot, than a grave Assembly; so if we take in too few, the World will charge us with setting up a Tyrannical Government. For my part, I move this Honourable House, that no Virgin be capable of sitting among us, and my Reason is, because many things may happen to be debated here, which it is not proper for them to bear.

Ju. Well! But how shall we be able to know who are Virgins, and who are not. I suppose you will not allow all to be such, who take the Name upon them.

Cor. No, but my Meaning is, that none but married Women be permitted to vote among us.

Ju. Why, I could name to you several married Women, who, thanks to those impotent Fumblers their Husbands, are as good Virgins now, as when they first came into the World. There's my Lady—

Cor. Hold. But in respect to the Holy State of Matrimony, let us charitably suppose all married Wives to be Women.

Ju. Under Favour, if we exclude none but Virgins, we shall still be over-run with Multitudes. The Maidens, let me tell you, are scarce one to a hundred.

Cor. Well then, we'll exclude those likewise that have been married more than thrice.

Ju. For what Reason, I beseech you?

Cor. Because they ought to have their Quietus est, as being superannuated, and so forth. I think too we ought to pass the same Sentence upon such as are a-

bove

bove *Seventy*. But I conceive it ought to be resolved, *Nemine contradicente*, that no Woman shall *presume* to make too *free* with her Husband, or to lay open *all* his Faults. It may be allowed her to hint her ill Usage in *general* Terms; but then it must be done with *Discretion*, *Brevity*, and good *Manners*; and she shall by no means be allow'd to *indulge* her Itch of *Pratling*. *Ca.* But pray, Madam, why should not we be allow'd to talk *freely* of the *Men*, since they make no *Scruple* of saying what they *please* of their *Wives*. You know the Proverb, *What is Sauce for a Goose, is Sauce for a Gander*. My Lord and Husband, I *thank* him for't, whenever he has a mind to *divert* his leud Companions at the *Tavern*, acquaints them with all the *Secrets* of the Family, tells 'em every *Word* I said to him, and how *often* he mounts the *Guard* a-nights, as he calls it; tho' he's most *plaguily* given to *lying* when he's upon the *last* Strain. *Cor.* If we must speak the Truth, our Reputation wholly depends upon that of the Men; so if we expose them as *weak* and *scandalous*, we must of course be *so* our selves. 'Tis true, we have too many *just Complaints* to make against them; however when all Things are *fairly* consider'd, I am of the Opinion that our Condition is much *preferable* to theirs. They cross the *Line*, and double the *Cape*, and, in short, scamper from *Pole* to *Pole* to maintain their Families; then in Time of *War*, they *lye* upon the bare Ground, *march* through thick and thin, stand *Buff* to all sorts of Weather, eat, and drink, and sleep in *Armour* heavy enough to load a *Camel*, and *venture* their Lives all Hours of the Day, while we sit *snug* at home, and enjoy our selves *comfortably*.

tably. If they happen to be caught napping or so, the Law shews 'em no favour, while a poor Woman is often excused upon the frailty of her Sex. After all, I'll venture to say, that generally speaking, it lies in a Woman's Power to make her Husband what sort of a Man she pleases. But 'tis high Time now *Ladies* to adjust all differences about *Precedence* and taking of *Places*, lest that should happen to us which frequently falls out at your *Treaties* of Peace, where the *Ambassadors* and *Plenipotentiaries* of Kings and Popes *squabble* away three months at least in *Punctilio's* and *Ceremony*, before they can sit down to *Business*. Therefore it is my Opinion, that the *Peereffes* only sit in the first Bench, and they shall take their *Places* according to the *Antiquity* of their Families, or their *Age*, but I think the *latter* will be *best*. The next Bench shall be of the *Commons*, and those shall sit in the foremost *Places* that have had most Children; between those that have had the same number of Children, *Age* shall decide the difference. Lastly, *Those* that were never *brought* to *Bed* shall sit in the *third* Row. As for by-blows, vulgarly call'd *Bastards* they shall take Place according to their *Quality*, but shall sit at the lowest end of the Row, which belongs to them. *Ca.* Where do you intend to place the *Widows*. *Cor.* Well remembered. They shall have a Place assign'd them in the middle of the *Mothers*, if they have *Children* living, or ever had any. The *Barren* must e'en be content to sit at the *fag-end* of this Company. *Ju.* Well! but what Place do you design for the *Wives* of *Priests* and *Monks*? *Cor.* We will consider of that Matter at our next Meeting. *Ju.* What will you say to those industrious *Gentlewomen*,
that

that get their Living by the *sweat* of their Brows? *Cor.* Oh *mention* them not. We'll never suffer our Assembly to be *prophan'd* with the Company of such *abandon'd* Wretches. *Ju.* I hope tho' you'll allow *better* Quarter to *Misses* of Quality? *Cor.* We will *think* of them some other time. Before we proceed any farther, we ought first to agree how we shall give our Votes, whether by lifting up our *Hands*, or by *word* of Mouth, or by the *No's* removing from their Seats, or by *Balloting*, and so forth. *Ca.* I fear me there may be some *trick* in *Balloting*, and then our Petticoats draggle upon the ground so, that if we must *remove* from our places, we shall raise such a *dust* I warrant you, that no body will be able to endure the Room. Therefore I think it will be the *best* way for every *Member* of this *Honourable* House to deliver her Vote *Vivâ Voce*. *Cor.* There will be some *difficulty*, let me tell you, in gathering the *Votes*; besides I am afraid that according to the old Jest our *Parliamentum* well be a *Lar amentium*. *Ca.* We'll have so many *Notaries* to take the Votes, that it shall be impossible to make any *Blunders*. *Cor.* That course will indeed prevent *Mistakes* in *numbering*; but how will you provide against *squabbling*? *Ca.* Let it be *enacted* that no body shall *speak* but in her *turn*, or when she's *asked*. She that does *otherwise* shall be *expell'd* the House: And if any one shall be found telling *Tales* out of *School*, that is to say, *prattling* of any thing which is transacted within these *Walls*, she shall incur the Penalty of a three day's Silence. *Cor.* Thus Ladies we have adjusted all *Punctilio's* relating to this *Affair*. Let us *next* consider what things we shall *debate* about. Every *Member* here, I presume,
will

will agree with me, that we ought in the *first* Place to have a due Regard to our *Honour*, and *Honour* all the World knows is chiefly supported by what we call *Habit* or *Dress*. In which respect we have been so shamefully *neglective* and *deficient* for some Years last past, that 'tis almost impossible by the *Outside* to know a *Duchess* from a *Kitchen-wench*, a *marry'd* Woman or a *Widow* from a *Virgin*, and a *Matron* from a common *Whore*. All the *ancient* Bounds of *Modesty* have been so impudently transgress'd, that every one wears what Apparel seems *best* in her own *Eyes*. At *Church* and at *Play-house*, in *City* and *Country* you may see a *thousand* Women of *indifferent*, if not *sordid* Extraction, swaggering it abroad in *Silks* and *Velvets*, in *Damask* and *Brocard*, in *Gold* and *Silver*, in *Ermines* and *Sable Tippetts*, while their *Husbands* perhaps are *stitching* Grubstreet Pamphlets, *copying* Noverint Universi's, or *cobling* of Shoes at home. Their Fingers are loaded with *Diamonds* and *Rubies*, for *Turkey* Stones are now a days despised even by *Chimney-sweepers* Wives. Not to tire my *Lungs* with speaking of their *Pearl* or *Amber Necklaces*, the *Gold Watch* dangling by their Sides, their massy fringed *Petticoats*, the flaunting *Steenkirk* about their Necks, their *lac'd* Shoes, and *gigantick* *Commodes*. It was thought *enough* for your *ordinary* Women in the *last* Age, that they were *allow'd* the mighty Privilege to wear a *silk* Girdle, and to set off the Borders of their *Woollen* Petticoats with an *Edging* of *Silk*. But now, and I can hardly forbear weeping at the Thoughts of it, this *worshipful* Custom is quite out of Doors; upon which two great Inconveniencies have arisen; for the Wives, by indulging this *prodigal* Humour, have made their Husbands as *poor* as
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So many *Church-mice*, and that laudable *Distinction*, which is the very Soul and Life of *Quality*, is totally abolish'd. If your *Tallow-chandlers*, *Vintners*, and other *Tradesmens Wives* flaunt it in a *Chariot* and Four, what shall your *Marchionesses* or *Countesses* do, I wonder? And if a *Country Squire's* Spouse will have a *Train* after her Breech full fifteen *Ells* long, pray what Shift must a *Princess* make to distinguish her self? What makes this ten times *worse* than otherwise it would be, we are never *constant* to one Dress, but are as fickle and uncertain as *Weather-cocks*, or the *Men* that preach under them. Formerly our *Head-Tire* was stretch'd out upon *Wires*, and mounted like a *Barber's Pole*; Women of *Condition* thinking to distinguish themselves from the *ordinary* Sort by this Dress. Nay, to make the Difference still more visible, they wore Caps of *Ermin* powder'd; but they were mistaken in their *Politicks*, for the *Cits* soon got them. Then they *trumpt* up another Mode, and *black Quiffs* came into Play: But the Ladies within *Ludgate* not only *ap'd* them in this Fashion, but *added* thereto a *gold Embroidery* and *Jewels*. Formerly the *Court Dames* took a great deal of *Pains* in *combing* up their *Hair* from their Foreheads and *Temples* to make a *Tower*; but they were soon weary of that, for it was not *long* before this *Fashion* too was got into *Cheapside*. After this they let their *Hair* fall *loose* about their Forehead, but the *City Gossips* soon follow'd them in that. Heretofore only Women of the *greatest* Figure had their *Pages* and *Gentlemen-Ushers*, and out of these last they chose a pretty smock-fac'd young Fellow to take them by the *Hand* when they arose from their *Chairs*, or to *support* their left Arm when they *walk'd*; neither was every

one

one capable of this Honour, but one that was a Gentleman's Son, and well descended. But now, the more is the *shame*, Women of *inferior* Rank not only take this upon them, but suffer *any* body to do this Office, as likewise to carry their Train. These are not all the *Innovations* that have been made; for whereas in the *primitive* times none but Persons of high Extraction saluted one another with a Kiss; now every greasy *Raskal* of a Shop-keeper, tho' he *stinks* worse than a fat *Tallow-Chandler* does in the *Dog-days*, if he's got ten Miles out of Town, *burlesqu'd* in a Silver-hilted Sword and a long Perriwig, will pretend to salute the *best* Lady in the Land. Even in their *Marriages*, where one wou'd think they should take more *Care*, no respect is had to *Honour* or *Quality*; Noblemens *Daughters* marry to Trademans *Sons*, and the *squab Issue* of a Shop-keeper, if she has but store of *Money*, is thought a *Morsel* tempting enough for a Duke's eldest Son to *leap* at. By this means the *next* Age will be plagu'd with such a Generation of *Mungrils*, that they must be forc'd to knock the *Heralds* o' the Head, lest they should reproach them with their Ancestors. To proceed with other *Grievances*, there is never a *Dowdy* about the Town, I warrant you, tho' begotten upon a *Bulk*, and born in a *Garret*, that, if her *Pocket* would give her leave, would scruple to *trick* and *spruce* her vile *Phyz* with the richest *Paint* that your Persons of the *biggest* Quality use; when *ordinary* Women ought to *thank* God, if the *Government* where they live will allow them to revive the decay'd *Red* and *White* in their Cheeks with *Raddle* and *Chalk*, or some such cheap Restorers. But as for the Countess of *Kent's* *Cosmetick* Water, your fine *Spanish* Washes, and
Italian

Italian Paints, they ought to be us'd by none but by Ladies of the first Rank. To come now to the *Boxes*, the *Park*, and publick Entertainments: Good Lord! what a horrid Disorder and Confusion is there to be seen? You shall frequently see an *Alderman's* Wife refuse to give Place to a *Baronet's* Lady. Thus 'tis plain, that the present Posture of our Affairs advises us to think of putting a Stop to these growing Disorders; and what may encourage us to proceed, these things naturally belong to us, and therefore will be transacted with the greatest Ease. Not but that we have some Affairs to settle with the *Men* too, who exclude us from all Offices of the *State*; and while they treat us no better than *Cooks* and *Landresses*, monopolize all Employments, and live at *Discretion*. For my part I give them leave to fill up all robust Employments, and to manage *military* Concerns: But I appeal to the whole World, whether it is not a most *insufferable* thing, that the *Wife's* Coat of Arms should be always painted on the left Side of the *Escutcheon*, altho' her Family is thrice as *honourable* as that of her *Husband*? Then I think there's all the Reason in the World that the *Mother's* Consent should be ask'd in the putting out of the *Children*. Perhaps too we may manage our *Cards* with that Address, as to be admitted to a share in all peaceable Places of Trust; I mean those that may be manag'd at home, that require no Attendance in foreign Countries, or one of the *Military* Character to discharge them. These are some of the *chief* Heads, which I suppose deserve to be taken into *Consideration*. Let every *Member* of this honourable *Assembly* think of them *seriously*, and prepare them against our *next* Session; and if any thing

else worthy of your Notice occurs to you, I hope you will communicate it to Morrow; for in my Opinion it will be necessary that we meet every Day till we have *adjusted* all Affairs. We ought to have four *Notaries* chosen, out of four *Presbyterian* Parson's Wives, to take down in *Short-hand* all our Speeches; and four *Chair-women* of our four *Committes*, who shall give People leave to *speak* their Minds, or enjoin them Silence, according as they see convenient: And let this Meeting of ours be a Sample of the following ones, and give the World a *Taste* what may be expected hereafter from us.

F I N I S.







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