



A N D R O M E D E ,  
T R A G É D I E  
E N C I N Q A C T E S ,

Représentée avec les machines, sur le théâtre  
royal de Bourbon, en 1650.

A1

Twenty Two Select  
**COLLOQUIES**

1564/81 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, RICHARD SARE, CHARLI  
BROME, JOHN NICHOLSON, BENJAMIN TOOK  
and GEORGE STRAHAN. 1711.

College of Fort William  
1803.



---

---

# THE CONTENTS

1.	<b>T</b> HE Shipwreck.	Page 1
2.	The Religious Pilgrimage.	12
3.	Of Rash Vows.	52
4.	The Soldiers Confession.	57
5.	The Inns.	61
6.	The Religious Treat.	70
7.	The Marriage Hater.	120
8.	The Penitent Virgin.	133
9.	The Rich Beggars.	137
10.	The Soldier and Carthusian.	155
11.	The Apotheosis of Capnio: Or, the Franciscan's Vision.	163
12.	The Funeral.	172
13.	The Exorcism: Or, Apparition.	196
14.	The Horse-Courser.	209
15.	The Alchymist.	215
16.	The Abbot, and the Learned Woman.	227
17.	The Beggars Dialogue.	234
18.	Cyclops: Or, the Gospel-Carrier.	240
19.	The False Knight.	249
20.	The Seraphique Funeral.	260
21.	Hell Broke Loose.	281
22.	The Old Man's Dialogue.	289

Addi-

## Additional Colloquies.

- T** H. F. *Impertinents : Or, the Cross-Purposes.* 309
4. *The Modish Traveller.* 313
5. *The Plain-Dealer : Or, All is not Gold that Glitters.* 318
6. *The Fatal Marriage : Or, The Unhappy Bride.* 327
7. *The Golden Ass : Or, The Wealthy Mis.* 347
8. *Xantippe : Or, The Imperious Wife.* 367 203
9. *The Assembly of Women : Or, The Female Parliament.* 391 610.
- 

THE I I F

TO THE

## READER.

**Y**OU 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 in this last Edition added two more to the Number; partly as a Prudential Vindication, and partly as a Christian Revenge.*

R. L'E.

THE





XI EIO

THE

L I F E

O F

ERASMUS.

**E**RASMUS, so deservedly famous for his  
admirable Writings, the vast Extent of  
his Learning, his great Candor and Mo-  
deration, and for being one of the chief Resto-  
rers of the Purity of the Latin Tongue on this

## The Life of ERASMUS.

*ide the Alpes, was Born at Rotterdam on the 28<sup>th</sup> 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 67 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.*

*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,*  
*with*

---

*\* 'Tis not to be denied, but that Erasmus was a Bastard, but his Enemies have publish'd some invidious circumstances about his Birth, that are false; as for Instance, that his Father was Parson of Tergon when he begot him. Pontus Heuterus calls him by the same Error *fil. de prêtre*. Father Theophile Raynaud has this pleasant Passage: If says he, one may be allow'd to droll upon a Man, that roll'd upon all the*

## The Life of ERASMUS.

without one Sister coming between; for which  
 as for the Old People, according to the Supersti-  
 tion 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 go-  
 vern'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 ungrate-  
 ful 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 acquaint-  
 ed 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  
 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 ad-  
 mirable 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 Stu-  
 dies, made a great Progress in the Greek and  
 Latin Languages, as likewise in the Civil Law;

---

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.

\* So says the Life, with Erasmo Autore 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 per-  
 haps he means, that though the Invention was known, it  
 was not commonly used.

## The Life of ERASMUS.

which he had the better Opportunity of doing, because Rome at that time was full of Learned Men, and because, as has been intimate before, his Necessities obliged him to transcribe Books for his Livelibood, 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 melancholly 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 Greek or Latin Turn; (as for Instance, Oecolampadius, 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

## The Life of ERASMUS.

der 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 Teence and Horace by Heart. All this  
 while he was under the watchful Eye of his Mo-  
 ther, who died of the Plague then raging at De-  
 venter, he being then about thirteen Years old;  
 which cruel Contagion daily encreasing, and ha-  
 ving swept away the Family where he boarded,  
 he was oblig'd to return home. His Father Ge-  
 rard was so concerned at her Death, that he  
 grew melancholly upon it, and died soon after;  
 neither of his Parents being much above Forty  
 when they deceas'd. Erasmus had three Guar-  
 dians assign'd him, the chief of whom was Peter  
 Winkel, School-master of Goude; and the For-  
 tune that was left him might have supported him  
 handsomely enough, if the Executors had faith-  
 fully discharged their Trust. By them he was  
 removed to Boileduc, 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 Rom-  
 bold 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 al-

---

\* There is an ill-grounded Tradition in Holland, that Eras-  
 mus 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 repor-  
 ted; but Monsieur Bayle has shown the Vanity of this Story.  
 See d' Erasme.

## The Life of ERASMUS.

ledged the Rawsness 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; nor 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 Argument, 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 Designs by Flattery and soft 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

---

\* 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.

## . The Life of ERASMUS.

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 yourself. 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 understand 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 Age still kept close to him, yet for all this a Monastick Life would not go down with him. At last, by mere Accident, he went to visit a Religious House belonging to the same Order in Etnaus 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 Re-

## The Life of ERASMUS.

*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 induced to pitch upon this 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, obliged 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 finding 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*  
con-



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 Nativity. In one of them addressed to 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, 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 Vertue of our Women, as several Foreigners, and particularly the French Writers, have impudently done. It appears, that Learning flourish'd exceedingly in England when Erasmus was here: Apud Anglos triumphant bonæ

\* Epist. l. 2.

\* Epist. 15. l. 5.

\* Epist. 10. l. 16.

## The Life of ERASMUS.

*literæ, res a studia.* Nay, he does not doubt in <sup>a</sup> another Letter, to put it in the same Scale with Italy it self; <sup>c</sup> 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 <sup>b</sup> he won the Affections of all <sup>\*</sup> 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 baughtry 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 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 removed to Padua, and last of all came to Rome, where his great Merits had

<sup>a</sup> Epist. 12. l. 16.

<sup>b</sup> Epist. 26. l. 6.

<sup>\*</sup> He was particularly acquainted with Sir *Thos. More*, *Cole*, Dean of *Pauls*, *Grocins*, *Linacer*, *Latimer*, &c. and pass'd some Years in Cambridge.

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 VIII<sup>th</sup> 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 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

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<sup>d</sup> 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 Executor, 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.

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

---

\* The Author of *Les delices d'Hollande*, speak<sup>ing</sup> of Rotterdam, says, that Erasmus y nasquit l'an 1467. y mourut a Fribourg en Alsace; which latter is false; for 'tis certain he died in Basil.

## The Life of ERASMUS.

ning, at the same time as he advanced 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 biggest 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 exposed 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 vi- rankfort Fair once a Year, with two or three stupid M<sup>is</sup>-begotten Dissertations, that die of themselves, before they can be said to have ever liv'd. Every thing that comes from him instructs and pleases, and may as easily be known by the slender Strokes, as his Friend Hans Holben's by the Boldness of the Paint, and the Fresh-  
B ness

## The Life of ERASMUS.

ness of the Colours. However, he was  
 to be the Author of several Books he never  
 which has been the Case of a hundred  
 both before and after him; as the Captivity  
 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 a  
 Impostume which was ready to be cut. I will  
 not here pretend to give a Catalogue of all his ge-  
 nuine Pieces, which they shew at Basil, but shall  
 confine my self to his Book of Colloquies; which  
 together with his Moriae Encomium, 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 Cu-  
 stomers, 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  
 to the Drama. Plato took it from the Theatre  
 and, if I may be allow'd the Expression, cons-  
 crated it to the Service of Philosophy: But with  
 all due Respect to Plato's Memory be it said  
 though his Management is extremely fine and  
 artificial, yet his Diction is too poetical, a

The Life of ERASMUS.

Metaphors are too bold and rampant. The  
 Image of Dialogue ought to sit loose and free,  
 Inflations ought to be easy and natural;  
 as Plato's Expression comes nearer to that  
 than Comedy it self. Tully, who  
 treated several Subjects in this way, can-  
 not indeed be charg'd with any such Tumour  
 of Style, 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 man-  
 ner 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 Ecclesia-  
 stical Writers have reported of him be true;  
 that he apostatiz'd from the Christian Religion,  
 he made it some amends however by his admi-  
 rable 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 Phi-  
 losopher, 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 to be consider'd that Erasmus, who transla-  
 ted part of him into Latin, made him his Par-

## The Life of ERASMUS.

ern; and indeed has copy'd his Graces with Success. But 'tis difficult to say which of them is the Original.

3. Both of them had an equal Austerity, sullen, austere, designing Knaves, of weak plexion, 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 Grievance 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 usurp'd the Name of Religion, and Morality was debauch'd by a Set of four Scoundrils, Men of Beard and Grimace, but scandalously lewd 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 Fantastic Singularity of their Habits, the unintelligible Jargon of their Schools, and their Pretensions to a severe and mortified Life. This motley Herd of Jugglers, 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 Friers



ing from the former in Religion, Garb, and  
 other Circumstances, but in the main  
 the same individual Impostors, the same overla-  
 ze Cobweb-spinners, as to their nonsensical  
 theories; the same abandon'd Rakebells, as  
 to Morals; but as for the mysterious  
 Concocting up Wealth, and picking the Peo-  
 ple's pockets, as much superior to their Predeces-  
 sors, 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 en-  
 tirely 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 oblig'd to be always upon their Guard.

4. Before I dismiss this Parallel, it may not  
 be amiss to observe, that Erasmus has so reli-  
 giously imitated Lucian, that perhaps he has  
 carry'd it to Excess, and copy'd his Master given  
 to a Fault, I mean in the frequent use of old  
 Adagies; most of which, though poynant enough  
 in Lucian's Time, have lost all manner of Re-  
 lish with us; and therefore I have wholly om-  
 mitted 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, Plu-  
 arch, and Lucian. 'Tis true indeed, those wor-

---

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

my Gentlemen frequently use them, and  
 no Pedants for doing so: but with the  
 Leave I will make bold to affirm, that  
 they might commendably use, who lived in  
 a spot where these proverbial Expressions  
 could tell the History of them without  
 the aid of a German Commentator, would be  
 no Pedantry for us to follow them in, as we  
 know nothing of the true Occasion, or if we  
 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-  
 ed 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 Allu-  
 sions, 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 Hol-  
 land, 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

but to make a pompous, and impertinent  
show of their own Learning:

We already observed that Erasmus drew  
a swarm of Enemies upon himself by his Writings  
of whom attacked him, because he  
wounded them in their most sensible part, their  
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 for-  
give him for exposing their Luxury and Avarice,  
their pretended Visions and Revelations,  
with the rest of their pious Artifices. The Lu-  
therans 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 Wittemburg. I re-  
member I have some where read, that when  
Erasmus was told that Luther, out of his  
great desire for an Armsful of consecrated Flesh,  
had married, and got the famous Catharine  
Boar with Child; he shou'd in a jesting man-  
ner say, that if according to the popular Tra-  
dition, 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 Reforma-  
tion, 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  
B 4 his

## The Life of ERASMUS.

His Enemies fell upon him with that undented Rancour and Spleen, as the Princes and Scandalous Scaliger the Father. I know I should incur the Displeasure of the above-mentioned \* Grammarian, for giving this Character of him, of whom he has said so many excellent things; but before I have concluded this Paragraph, I hope to convince him that 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 and 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 Sorcerer 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 Scurrility 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*

---

\* See Dr. Bently's Preface, p. 112.

Scaligeriana are the genuine Sayings of  
him, whose Name they bear, this Quar-  
rel counted for otherwise; for Scaliger wrote  
that his Father had written an Ora-  
tion against Erasmus, which the latter could  
prove was of his Father's Writing, quia  
it, because he was of the Military  
; that his Father resented this so  
much, 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 touch'd at the Libels that were writ-  
ten against him, as it appears by the \* Com-  
plaints he makes of the Printers of them. How-  
ever 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 A-  
ristotle'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 Mar-  
riage, 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 arrogant-  
ly damn'd Lucan and Silius in a Breath, who  
was himself one of the most awkward unnatu-  
ral Versifiers of his Age, and pretended to mend

\* Epist. 3. l. 21.

† Lubricitas.

Ovid's Poetry, which he has done to a purpose as Parson Milburn has mended Addison's Translation of Virgil. The same has used Cardan worse than the most culpable Insect in Nature, without any Pardon, in the very same Book, which he owed to him, tho' the Lord knows there such mighty difference between them, a Philosophy; and has found Errors in Cicero 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 his 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, wou'd 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 its Enemies; with a great deal of Rhetorical Fustian to the same purpose. What great Services Scaliger did to the Reform'd Religion, I wou'd desire to be inform'd; 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 as

## The Life of ERASMUS

wards 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 Tumblers: 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.




# 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 slip't through the Hatches, and so vanish'd. Toward Noon, the Tempest encreas'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't the Moon with his Finger; and then down again, that it lookt 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 we have now to do is to call upon God, and fit our selves for Death. *An.* Marry, a good 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 Cloaths 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 ober-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 boysterous 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 Prayers,

Prayers, and Prepare our selves for another World, for our time, says he, is at hand. One of the Passengers askt him how many 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 *Camber* 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-Cressident*, 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, Opu-  
 lent, and most Beautiful Sen; Save us, be Gra-  
 cious 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 *Englisbman* there. *Ther* 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 Marie*: 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 *Cartbians*. 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 Male*, and begging his Bread all the way. *An.* Did no body 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, fave me, for if you should sell your self to your Saint, 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 is a *Hollander*. *Ad.* No, no, he was a *Zea-lander*. *An.* I wonder no body thought of *St. Paul*; for he has been at Sea you know, and suffer'd Shipwreck, and then leapt ashore; and

C

he

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 Wage. One was at his *Hail Queen*; another at his *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 ye 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, though't be by the hair of the Head, and lay him upon a Bank.

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 her self. By this time the Ship struck, and they were fain to bind her *fore and aft* with Cables, 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. *An.* 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 Imploping 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'd, the *Swiss* man 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 worshipp'd 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

her upon a Rib of the Ship, and then lay'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 ashore, 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 withal. *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, squab 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 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 stript 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 *Catbarina 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 *Coat* ; for when that was gone, how should *St. Catbarine* 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 pray ? *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 while adrift, and made some advance, Cheer up, says the *Priest*, (who was a very tall Man for I feel ground. No, no, said I, we are so 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

ould 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 Tithe 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 Food, 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. And truly I my self had rather *Hear* these Stories, than *Feel* them.

---

## The Religious Pilgrimage.

COL. II. *pl. 09.*

*The Vanity of Pretended Religious Pilgrimages. The Virgin-Mother's Epistle to Glaucoplotus, 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 Monumen, 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.

ere, this many a day. *Og.* And God be thanked I have been as well since I saw thee last, as ever I was in my life. *Me.* And may'st 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.* O! 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 beholding to the Greeks, I presume, for that Religion. *Og.* My Wife's Mother, let me tell you, bound her self with a Vow, that if her Daughter should be delivered of a live Male Child, her Son-in-Law should go to *St. James* in Person, 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 Tending 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 store of these Shells upon that Coast. *Me.* A most gracious Saint, in the way both of Midwifery 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. Put the Case, that you should tie up your self by

by a Vow to your Saint, that if you succeed in such or such an Affair, I should Fast twice 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, no 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 been no Action of the Case; but yet the Saint, I must confess, might have stop't his Ears some other time, or brought some sly mischief into my Family; (as People in power, you know, are revengeful.)

*Me.* Prithce 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 Pooling: 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.* Ah, 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, here 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 Preached 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. Ægidius* 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. 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.*

**M**ARY, the Mother of Jesus, to Glau-  
 plutus, Greeting. These are to give you  
 to understand, that we take in good part your stren-  
 uous 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, Blef-  
 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 curst  
 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 Easie Labour; the Old Trot, for Good Lungs, and that I would keep her from Coughs and Catarrhes. He that is Mop'd and Decrepit, would be Young again. The Philosopher prays for the Facultry of starting Difficulties never to be Resolv'd: The Priest for a Plump Benefice; the Bishop for the Préservation 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, Plowmen, 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 Curiasse 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 dispences 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 *Ambibious*, as if they were *Beavers* or *Otters*. *Og.*

Yes,

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 herself; 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 finisht, the Doors and Windows lie all open, and the Wind blows through it; and that's a bleak Wind, you'll say, that comes from the Sea. *Me*. This is somewhat hard methinks; but where does she dwell then? *Og*. In that unfinisht Church I told you of, there's a small boarded Chappel, with a little Door on each

side to receive Visitors. There's scarce any  
 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, *Me-*  
*dedemus*, 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 ne-  
 ver 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, Katherine, &c. Mary*,  
 you know, was never bury'd. *Me.* That was  
 my Mistake; but I pray go on with your Sto-  
 ry. *Og.* For the better Propagation of Religion  
 I shew some things at one Place, and some  
 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 Chappel, 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 bo-  
 dy 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,  
 D and

and I find it my self. *Og.* Nay, there are so  
 so strangely devote to the *Holy Virgin*, at  
 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, to  
 stoop to it, 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 recom-  
 mended 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 di-  
 spute. *Me.* One would hardly have expected  
 it from a Man of your Philosophy. *Og.* Nay,  
 which

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 Cloaths 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 strait, as if he had  
 been rather stitcht up in them, than they cut  
 out for him. In another Plate there was an  
 exact Description of the Chappel, 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.* East-  
 ward from thence, there's another Chappel, full  
 of Wonders, to the degree of Prodigies; thi-  
 ther I went, and another Officer receiv'd 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 for-  
 merly 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 drop

the Man some small Money, and piec'd up the matter as well as we could. Just before this Chappel, 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't they were not. At last, when I had question'd him to every part of this poor Cottage; How do you know, said I, that this is the House