

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 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 Rich Beggars.

COL. IX. / 308

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, PANDOCHEUS, 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 perinde 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 *Wolves* 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 out to Morrow in the Pulpit. Co. We are
L 3 not

not all such Blabs. *Pas.* 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. *Pas.* There's a *Publick Inn* here in the Town. *Co.* What's the Sign? *Pas.* *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. *Pas.* You may e'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 me 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, Murderers, 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, fuerit 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 t'own 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
bar-

barbarous even to *Turks*. Consider 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

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 your self, 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 *russy 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*

Religious 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 ye 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-herds hereabouts, (for there's a

huge Wood hard by here for Acorns) and the

Peo-

People have an Opinion, that St. *Anthony* takes Charge of the *Bees*, 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.* Whoever 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 *Disc* (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 'o 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*, *Erbicks*, 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*, when 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 *furd 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 handsomely. *Co.* What does it signify now that 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 Mans. *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*, *Byss 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 *French-man* 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 dressed 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 Mischiefe; 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 *Fisberman*, a *Shoemaker* from a *Taylor*, an *Apothecary* from a *Vintner*, a *Coachman* from

om 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 *Laitie*; 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 not 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 *Buffe'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

M

cover

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 Woolf'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 glingling Baubles? And yet we find those that

account

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*? *Co.* 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 *Colours* which you have of Habits. *Co.* What can be better than to imitate Nature, unless to out-

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*, *Ger-*
mans, *Greeks*, *Turks*, *Saracens* their several Fa-
 shions 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*
 where he liv'd; *Benedictus* his from that part of
Italy where he liv'd; *Franciscus*, from the *Hus-*
band-men of several Places; and so for the rest.
Pan. So that for ought I find, you are never
 the *bolier* for your *Cowls*, if you be not so for
 your Lives. *Co.* Nay, we have more to an-
 swer 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 Or-
 der 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 no-
 thing when you were marry'd? Bethink your
 self, what you owe to your self, to your Chil-
 dren, your Family, and you will find a hea-
 vier 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 *bot*, 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 Carthusian.

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 ado 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 wou'd think ye had chang'd *Whiskers* with a *Cat*. Your *Face* so cover'd with *Scars* too,

156 *The Soldier and the Carthusian.*

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 *Quarterm*? *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

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 'em a Longing to go out. This is a common Fancy, which I am clear off. 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 Croud; 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 them-

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 *Emaus*, 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: *Chrysostome*, *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 *Poultry*; *Pheasant*, *Capon*; and a Piece of *Stoek-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 our *Meat* be never so plain, or never so little. *So.* In the mean time ye live like *Few*. *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 you 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 Brave, to cut the Throats of*
your

160 *The Soldier and the Carthusian.*

your Fellow-Christians for Wages? And your Business did not lie among Poppies and Busbes 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 bang 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 sinn'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 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. Pri. 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 *fakes*. 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.

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 Reuchlin*, 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 ventur'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

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

C O L. XI. 167.

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 *Carmelite* ; but it was a Conceit indeed fit for a *Camel* : Or if it were a *Man*, by my Consent he should never change his Shooes, his *Linnen*, or his Breeches; and I would have him dieted with

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 my Body within hearing. *Po.* But however for saltnion-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 Shumber. *Po.* My Mind gives me already there will come some good on't. *Br.* And yours is no ill Guess. Methought I was standing by a little Bridge
N that

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 Tears 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 cloth'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 Slattery. But what need had he there of a Lion by his side, as he is commonly painted? His

came down to his Heels, as transparent as Chrystal, 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 *Saphyre*. 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 Comparifon) 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 Respects-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 exprefs 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

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 sacr'd 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 *Catherina Senensis* (for the Purpose) that was *Sainted* by *Pius 2.* 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 Vertue; 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 Vertues. *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 my self, 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 Farewel.

The Funeral.

COL. XII. 513

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**HY, 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. *Pb.* 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 Balearicus*. *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 inakes 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 Sickness, 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 *fix*. *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 *Apostheme* 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 *Houſefull* of the four Orders of begging *Fryers*. *Ma.* What, ſo many *Vultures* to one *Carkasſ*? *Pb.* And now, the *Pariſh-Prieſt* was call'd to give him *Extreme Unction*, and the *Sacrament* of the *Eucharift*. *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 reſuſe to give him, either the *Sacrament* of *Unction*, or the *Eucharift*; or ſo much as the common *Rights* of *Burial*; unleſs he heard his *Confefſion* 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 *Aſs*, 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

Never was any Man so nettled, I'll make a *better Batchelor* than you are, says he, of a *Beanstalk*. 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 *Batchelors*? Ye crept into a *believing World*, a Company of poor, humble Wretches of ye, (tho' some, I must confess, were devout and learned.) Ye nestled 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 mutter'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 *Unction* 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 Principals 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 OEconomy, 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 *Aritbmetick*. *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 *Aritbmetick* ! *Pb.* And then he was a great Master of his Trade ; for he had a way of getting *Monthly Contributions*

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, continu'd 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 *Bills*; 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 *Father's 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? *Pb.* 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*. *Pb.* 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 *Vincenzius*. Half a Share to the *Carthusians*, for the

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 one 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 werẽ 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 Bear'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 *Eques 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*. *Ph.* 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 otherwiise. *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 *Manner* 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

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 Soul 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 against 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 pass'd 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 Buffle 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, ashamed 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*; receiv'd the *Eucharist*; and so return'd 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 Castrutius*.) *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