

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

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

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

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

Nor

*Nor am I at all desirous, either to buy any Man's Prayers, or to rob any Man of his Merits; those of Christ I take to be sufficient; and I wish only, that I my self may be the better for the Prayers and Merits of the whole Church, if I live and die but a true Member of it. All my Hope is in these two Assurances: The one is, that my Sins are abolished, and nail'd to the Cross by my blessed Saviour, who is our chief Shepherd; the other is, that which Christ hath signed and sealed with his holy Blood, by which we are made sure of Eternal Salvation, if we place all our Trust in him. Far be it from me to insist upon Merits and Pardons, as if I would provoke my God to enter into Judgment with his Servant, in whose Sight no Flesh living shall be justified. His Mercy is boundless and unspeakable, and thither it is that I must appeal from his Justice. The Parish-Priest, upon these Words, departed; and Cornelius, with great Joy and Chearfulness, (as one transported with the Hope of a better Life) caused some Texts to be read, to confirm him in the Hope of a Resurrection, and set before him the Rewards of Immortality; as that out of the Prophet *Isaiab*, concerning the deferring of the Death of *Hezekias*, together with the Hymn; and then the 1 *Cor.* 15. the Death of *Lazarus* out of *St. John*; but especially the History of *Christ's Passion* out of the Gospels. With what Affection did he take in all these Scriptures! sighing at some Passages; closing his Hands, as in Thankfulness at others: One while rapt and overjoy'd at some Passages, and at others sending up his Soul in short Ejaculations. After Dinner, when he had slept a little, he caused to be read the *Twelfth* of *St. John*,*

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Exorcism: Or, The Apparition.

COL. XIII. 1337

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

THOMAS, ANSELMUS.

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

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

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

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

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

Tb.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

From the *Empyrean Heaven*,
The *Ides* of *September*,
1456. under the *Seal* of
my own *Ring*.

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

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

The

The Horse-Courser.

C O L. XIV.

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

AULUS, PHÆDRUS.

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

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

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

you in the mean time? *A Horse-man answers'd?*

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

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

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

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came

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

The

The Alchymist.

C O L. XV.

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

PHILECOUS, LALUS.

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

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

We'll

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I am

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

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

The Abbot and the Learned Woman.

COL. XVI. 325

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

ANTRONIUS, MAGDALIA.

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

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

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

your *Monks* into any other *Animals*; and that a body should desire you to turn your self into a *Hunting-Nag*, and your whole *Flock* into a *Herd of Swine*, would you do't? *An.* No, not upon any *Terms*. *Ma.* And yet this would secure you from having any of your *Disciples* wiser than your self. *An.* As for my *People*, I should not much stand upon it what sort or *Brutes* they were, provided that I might still be a Man my self. *Ma.* But can you account him for a Man, that neither is wise, nor has any Inclination so to be? *An.* But so long as I have Wit enough for my own *Business*—

Ma. Why so have the *Hogs*. *An.* You talk like a *Philosopher* in a *Petticoat* methinks.

Ma. And you, methinks, like something that's far from it. But what's your Quarrel all this while to the *Furniture of this House*? *An.* A *Spinning-wheel*, or some *Instrument* for good *Husbandry*, were more suitable to your *Sex*.

Ma. It is not the *Duty* then of a *House-keeper* to keep her *Family* in *Order*, and look to the *Education* of her *Children*? *An.* 'Tis so. *Ma.*

And is this *Office* to be discharg'd without *Understanding*? *An.* I suppose not. *Ma.* This *Understanding* do I gather from my *Books*.

An. But yet I have above *threescore Monks* under my *Care*, and not so much as *one Book* in my *Lodgings*. *Ma.* They are well tutor'd the mean while. *An.* Not but that I could endure

Books too, provided they be not *Latin*. *Ma.* And why not *Latin*? *An.* 'Tis not a *Tongue* for a

Woman. *Ma.* Why, what's your *Exception* to't? *An.* 'Tis not a *Language* to keep a *Woman* honest.

Ma. Your *French Romances*. I must confess, are great *Provocatives* to *Modesty*. *An.*

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

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

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

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

An. God forbid it should ever come to that.

Ma. Nay, do you forbid it: For if you go on at the rate you begin, the People will sooner endure *Preaching Geese*, than *Dumb Pastors*. The World is come about ye see, and you must either take off the *Vizour*, or expect that every Man shall put in for his part. *An.* How came I to stumble upon this Woman! If you'll find a time to give me a Visit, you may promise your self a better Entertainment. *Ma.* And what shall that be? *An.* We'll dance, drink, hunt, play, laugh. *Ma.* You have put me upon a laughing Pin already.

The Beggar's Dialogue.

COL. XVII. 362

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

IRIDES, MISOPONUS.

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

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

tell me a little of your Fortune: Have you found ever a Pot of Money? *Mi.* No; but I have

found out a Trade that's somewhat better than yours yet. *Ir.* What Trade could you set up,

that had nothing to begin upon? *Mi.* An Artist will live any where. *Ir.* I understand ye:

Picking of Pockets, I suppose, the Cut-purse's Trade. *Mi.* A little Patience, I pray'e; I am

turn'd *Chymist*. *Ir.* A very apt Scholar, to get that in a *Fortnight*, (for 'tis thereabouts since we

parted) that another Man cannot learn in an Age. *Mi.* But I have found out a nearer way

to't. *Ir.* What may that be? *Mi.* When I had gotten up a Stock of about *four Crowns* by

Begging; by great good Luck I met with an old Companion of mine, of about my Estate;

we drank together, and (as 'tis usual) he up and told me the History of his Adventures, and

of an *Art* he had got; and we came at last to an Agreement, that if I paid the *Reckoning*, he

should teach me his *Art*, which he very honestly perform'd; and that *Art* now is my *Revenue*.

Ir. Might not I learn it too? *Mi.* I'll teach thee it *gratis*, if it were but for old Acquaintance sake.

The World, ye know, is full of People that run a madding after the *Philosopher's Stone*. *Ir.*

I have heard as much, and I believe it. *Mi.* I hunt for all Occasions of insinuating my self

into such Company. I talk big; and where-ever I find an hungry Buzzard, I throw him

out a Bait. *Ir.* And how's that? *Mi.* I give him Caution, of my own Accord, to have a

Care how he trusts Men of that Profession; for they are most, of them Cheats and Impostors,

and very little better than Pick-pockets to those

those

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

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

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

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

Cyclops: Or, The Gospel-Carrier.

C O L. XVIII. *p. 580*

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

POLYPHEMUS, CANNIUS.

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

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

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