

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

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

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

Po. *Paul is Paul, and Polyphemus is Polyphemus.*

Ca. But it is *Ægon's* Duty to feed Goats. Po.

But I had rather *eat* them (*malim esse.*) Ca.

Had you rather *BE* a Goat, say ye? That's a

pleasant Wish. Po. But I meant *Esse, pro Edere.*

Ca. Very pretty. Do you give liberally to the

Poor? Po. I have nothing to give. Ca. But if

you'd live soberly and take pains, you might

have something to give. Po. It's a pleasant thing

for a Man to take his Ease. Ca. Do you keep

the *Commandments*? Po. That's a hard Task.

Ca. Do you *repent* your self of your *Sins*? Po.

Christ has made Satisfaction for us. Ca. How

can you say now that you love the Gospel?

Po. I'll tell ye, we had a certain *Franciscan*

that was perpetually thundring out of the Pul-

pit, against *Erasmus's New Testament*: I caught

the Fellow once by himself, took him by the

hair with my left-hand, and with my right I

buffetted him so well favouredly that ye could

see no Eyes he had: and was not this done now

like a Man that loves the Gospel? After this, I

gave him Absolution, and knocking of him o-

ver the Coxcomb three times with this Book, I

made three Bunches upon his Crown, and so ab-

solv'd him in Form. Ca. This was *Evangelically*

done, without Question; and a way of

defending *one Gospel* with *another*. Po. I met

with another of his Fellows that was still ra-

ging too against *Erasmus*, without either End

or Measure. My Gospel-Zeal mov'd me once a-

gain, I brought him on his Knees, to this *Con-*

fession, that *what he said was by the Infligation*

of the Devil: I look'd upon him, like the Pi-

cture of *Mars* in a Battle, with my *Partizan*

over him, to cut off his head if he had not done

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

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

The False Knight.

C O L. XIX.

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

HARPALUS, NESTORIUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

and there's a *Fortune* made by the *Law of Arms*.
Ha. This is the safest Expedient we have had yet. *Ne.* Well, and there's another way now of raising Money. *Ha.* And let's have that too, I prithee. *Ne.* When ye find People that have Money in their Pockets, 'tis but picking a Quarrel with 'em, especially if they be *Church-men*, for they are strangely *bated* now a-days: One broke a Jest upon ye; another fell foul upon your Family; this Man spake, or t'other Man wrote something to your Dishonour; and here's a Ground for the denouncing of a War without Quarter: But then you must breathe nothing but Destruction, Fire and Sword; and that naturally brings the Matter to a Composition. Be sure then that ye do not sink below your Dignity; and you must ask out of Reason, to bring them up to't. If you demand *three thousand Crowns*, the Devil's in 'em if they offer ye less than *two hundred*.
Ha. I, and I can threaten others with the *Law*. *Ne.* That is not so *generous* though; but yet it may help in some Degree. But hark ye, *Harpalus*, we have forgotten the main Point; some young *Wench* or other, with a good Fortune, might be handsomly drawn, methinks, into the Noose of Matrimony; and you carry a *Philtre* about with ye, a *Toung*, *Spruce*, *Drol-ling*, *Grinning Rascal*! Let it be given out, that you're call'd away to some great Office in the *Emperor's Court*; the Girls are mad upon *Coupling with the Nobility*. *Ha.* I know some that have made their Fortunes this way. But what if all this Roguery should come out now; my Creditors fall upon the Back of me; and your imaginary Knight comes to have rotten Eggs
5
thrown

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

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

The

The Seraphick Funeral.

COL. XX.

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

THEOTIMUS, PHILECOUS.

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

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

T

were

were several Holy Men call'd in, to bear witness to his Profession. In this *Habit* dy'd this *Famous Man*; at the very point of time that had been foretold by his Physicians. There came abundance of the *Fraternity*, to assist at his Funeral Solemnity. *Pb.* I would I had been one of the Number my self. *Tb.* It would have gone to the Heart of ye, to see with what Tenderness the *Seraphick Sodality* wash'd the *Body*, fitted the *holy Habit* to him, laid his *Arms* one over another, in the form of a *Cross*, uncover'd, and kiss'd his *naked Feet*; and according to the Precept of the *Gospel*, chear'd up his *Countenance* with a *Ointment*. *Pb.* What a prodigious Humility was this, for the *Seraphick Brethren* to take upon them the *Parish Offices* of *Bearers* and *Washers*. *Tb.* After this, they laid the *Body* upon the *Bier*; and according to the direction of *St. Paul* (*bear ye one anothers Burthen*) *Gal.* 6. The Brethren took their Brother upon their Shoulders, and carry'd him along the Highway to the *Monastery*, where they interr'd him with the usual Songs and Ceremonies. As this Venerable Pomp was passing upon the way, I observ'd a great many People that could not forbear weeping; to see a Man that us'd to go in his *Silk*, and *Scarlet*, wrapp'd now in a *Franciscan's Habit*, girt with a *Rope's end*, and the whole *Body* dispos'd in such a posture, as could not chuse but move Devotion. For his *Head*, as I said, was laid upon his *Shoulder*, his *Arms* a-cross; and every thing else too carry'd a wonderful appearance of Holiness. But then the *March* of the *Seraphick Troop* it self, hanging down their *Heads*, with their *Eyes* fix'd upon the *Earth*, and their mournful *Dinges*: (so

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

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

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

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

Tb.

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

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

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

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

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

Pb.

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

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

by a *Garment without Faith*? *Th.* Nay, not too fast, *Phileas*: It is not said, *Simply without Faith*; but it is sufficient for us to *Believe*, that the things I have now told ye were promis'd by our *Saviour* to the *Patriarch* of the *Order*. *Pb.* But will this *Garment* save a *Turk* too? *Pb.* It would save *Lucifer* himself, if he had the *Patience* to put it on, and could but believe this *Revelation*. *Pb.* Well, thou hast won me for ever. But there's a *Scruple* or two yet, that I would fain have clear'd. *Th.* Say then. *Pb.* I have been told, that *St. Francis's Order* is of *Evangelical Institution*? *Th.* True. *Pb.* Now I had thought, that all *Christians* had profess'd the *Rule of the Gospel*: But if the *Franciscans* be a *Gospel-Order*, it looks as if all *Christians* were bound to be *Franciscans*; and *Christ* with his *Apostles* and the *Virgin Mother* at the *Head* of them. *Th.* It would be so indeed; but that *St. Francis* (ye must know) has added several things to the *Gospel*. *Pb.* What are those? *Th.* An *Asb-colour'd Garment*, a *Hempen Girdle*, *naked Feet*. *Pb.* And by those Marks we may know an *Evangelical Christian* from a *Franciscan*. *Ti.* But they differ too upon the *Point of touching Money*. *Pb.* But I am told, that *St. Francis* forbids the *receiving* of it, not the *touching* of it; but the *Owner*, the *Proctor*, *Creditor*, the *Heir* or a *Proxy* does commonly *receive* it; and though he draws it over in his *Glove*, so that he does not *touch* it, he does yet *receive* it. Now I would fain know whence this *Interpretation* came, that not *receiving* should be expounded to be not *touching*? *Th.* This was the *Interpretation* of *Pope Benedict*. *Pb.* Not as a *Pope*, but only as a *Franciscan*. And again:
The

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

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

such as they themselves have *condemn'd*, without any Danger of being call'd to account for't. *Tb.* There is something, I must confess, in the Story: For I was told once by a *Polander*, (and a Man of Credit too) that he was got drunk, and fast asleep in the *Franciscan's Church*, in the Corner where the Women sit to make their *Confessions*. Upon the singing of their usual *Nocturns* he awak'd, but durst not discover himself: And when the Office was over, the whole *Fraternity* went down into a Place, where there was a large deep *Grave* ready made; and there stood *two young Men* with their Hands ty'd behind them: They had a Sermon there in praise of *Obedience*, and a promise of God's Pardon for all their Sins, and not without some Hope of Mercy from the *Brotherhood*, upon condition that they should *voluntarily* go down into the *Pit*, and lay themselves upon their *Backs* there. So soon as they were down, the Ladders were drawn up, and the Earth presently thrown upon them by the *Brethren*, where they bury'd them alive. *Pb.* But did the *Polander* say nothing all this while? *Tb.* Not one Syllable, for fear he himself should have made the *third*. *Pb.* But can they justify this? *Tb.* Yes, they may, when the Honour of the Order is in Question; for see what came on't. This Man, when he had made his Escape, told what he had seen in all Companies where he came: which brought a great *Odium* upon the *Seraphick Order*: And had it not been better now, that this Man had been bury'd alive? *Pb.* It may be it had. But these Niceties apart, how comes it that when their *Principal* has order'd them to go *bare-foot*, they go now commonly

U

half.

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

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

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

Hell

Hell Broke Loose. 533

COL. XII.

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

CHARON, ALASTOR.

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

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

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

Al. Y^e are all dropping wet, I perceive; but I thought you might have been new come out of a Bath. *Cb.* Neither better nor worse, *Alastor*, than from swimming out of the *Stygian Lake*. *Al.* And where did you leave your Fare? *Cb.* E'en paddling among the *Frogs*.

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

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

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

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

pester'd with *great Lords, Heſtors, and Bullies?*

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

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

to dig for Cole. *Al.* But these Ghosts, methinks, might have been punish'd cheaper. *Cb.* *Rhadamanthus* (the Judge) would have it so. *Al.* And what will you do now for your Wherry and Oars? *Cb.* I'll look to the Helm my self, and if the Ghosts will not row, let 'em e'en stay behind. *Al.* And what shall they do, that ne'er serv'd to the Trade? *Cb.* Serve or not serve, 'tis all a Case to me; for I make *Monarchs* row and *Cardinals* row, as well as *Porters* and *Carmen*. They all take their Turns, without any Privilege or Exception. *Al.* Well! I wish you a Boat to your Mind, and so I'll away to Hell with my good News, and leave ye. But hark ye first. *Cb.* Speak then. *Al.* Make what Haste you can, or you'll be smother'd in the Croud. *Cb.* Nay, you will find at least Two Hundred Thousand upon the Bank already, besides those that are plung'd into the Lake. I'll make all the Dispatch I can, and pray'e let them know I'm coming.

The

The Old Man's Dialogue. 21

C O L. XXII

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

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

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

Charm. But what are ye doing here? *Pd.*

We are sitting. *Eu.* I know you are. But what for, I beseech ye? *Pd.* We wait for the

Antwerp Waggon. *Eu.* You are going to the Fair perhaps? *Pd.* We are so; but rather up-

on Curiosity than Business; tho' some go for one, some for t'other. *Eu.* Well! and I am

going thither my self too: But what do you stay for? *Pd.* Only to bargain for our Passage.

Eu. These *Waggoners* are a dogged sort of People. But what if we should put a *Sbam* upon

'em? *Pd.* With all my Heart, if it might be fairly done. *Eu.* If they will not come to

reasonable Terms, I'm for telling them, that we'll e'en trudge it away a Foot? *Pd.* You

may as well tell 'em that you'll fly thither, as that you'll walk it; and they'll believe it as

soon. *Gl.* Shall I advise you for the best now? *Pd.* Ay, by all means. *Gl.* You may be sure

they are at their *Brandy*; and the longer they fuddle, the more Danger of over-turning. *Pd.*

You must rise betimes to find a *Fore-man* sober. *Gl.* I fancy it would be worth the while

for us take a Waggon by our selves; 'tis but little more Charge, and we shall get the sooner

thither: We shall have the more Room, and the greater Freedom of Conversation. *Pd.* *Gly-*

cion is much in the right on't. For Good Company upon the Way does the Office of a Coach,

and makes the Journey both easy and pleasant, besides the Liberty of Discourse. *Gl.* Come

good People, I have taken the *Waggon*; let's up and be jogging. So. And now I begin to

live methinks, in the Sight of so many of my ancient Friends and Comrades, and after

long a Separation. *Eu.* And I to grow young again.

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

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

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

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

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

the Nights tedious to ye without a Bed-fellow?
Gl. Nothing is hard to a willing Mind. And then
do but consider the Benefits of a single Life:
There are a sort of People in the World, that
will be still making the worst of every thing,
and taking it by the *wrong Handle*. As *Crates*
(or some body else in an Epigram under his
Name) has summ'd up the Evils or *Inconveni-
ences* of Human Life; and the Resolution is
this, that *it is best not to be born*. Now that
Humour of *Metrodorus* pleases me a great deal
better, in his Abstract of the *Blessings* of Life:
'Tis a more comfortable Prospect, and it sweet-
ens the Disgusts and Weaknesses of Flesh and
Blood. For my own part, I have brought my
self to such a Temper of Indifference, as never
to be transported with any violent *Inclinations*
or *Aversions*; and this secures me, whether my
Fortune be good or bad, from either Insolence
in one Case, or Abjection or Despondence in the
other. *Pa.* Make this good, and you are a greater
Philosopher than either *Thales* or *Metrodo-
rus* themselves. *Gl.* So soon as ever I find but
the first Motion of any Disorder in my Mind,
(as these Touches are not to be avoided) whe-
ther it be from the Sense of an Indignity or Af-
front, I cast it immediately out of my Thoughts.
Po. Well, but there are some *Family-Provoca-
tions* and *Offences* for the purpose, that would
anger a Saint. *Gl.* They never stay long enough
with me to make an Impression. If I can quiet
things, I do't; if I cannot, I say thus to my
self: Why should I gall my self to no manner
of purpose? In a word, my Reason does that
for me at first, which after a little while time
it self would do. Briefly, if any thing trou-
bles

bles me, I never carry the Thoughts on't to bed with me. *Eu.* 'Tis no wonder to see so virtuous a Body under the Government of so virtuous a Mind. *Gl.* Come, come, Gentlemen, in the Freedom of Friendship: I have kept this Guard upon my self, not to do any thing that might reflect upon my own Honour, or my Families. There's no Misery like that of a *guilty Conscience*; and I never lay my Head upon my Pillow at Night, till I have by Repentance reconcil'd my self to God, for the Transgressions of the Day past. He that's well with his *Maker*, can never be uneasy within himself; for the Love and Protection of the Almighty supports him against all the Malice of wicked Men. *Eu.* Have you never any anxious Thoughts upon the Apprehension of Death? *Gl.* No more than I have for looking back upon the Day of my Birth. I know I must die, and to live in fear on't may possibly shorten my Life; but it can never lengthen it; so my only Care is to live honestly and comfortably, and leave the rest to Providence. No Man can live *Happily*, that does not live *Well*. *Pa.* But to live so long in the same Place, tho' 'twere in *Rome* it self: I should grow grey, I fancy, with so much of the same thing over again. *Gl.* There's Pleasure no doubt on't in Variety; but then for long Travels, though Experience and Observation may make Men wise, they run the Risk of a thousand Dangers, to balance that Prudence. Now I am for the safer way of compassing the World in a Map; and I can find out more in *printed Travels*, than ever *Ulysses* saw in all his *twenty Years Ramble*. I have my self a *Villa*, some two Miles out of Town;

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