

# ERASMUS DESIDERIUS

THE COLLOQUIES OF  
ERASMUS, VOLUME I

**Desiderius Erasmus**  
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**Erasmus, Volume I**

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*The Colloquies of Erasmus, Volume I.:*

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# Desiderius Erasmus

## The Colloquies of Erasmus, Volume I

### PREFATORY NOTE

The present English version of Erasmus' *Colloquies* is a reprint of the translation of N. Bailey, the compiler of a well-known Dictionary. In his Preface Bailey says, "I have labour'd to give such a Translation as might in the general, be capable of being compar'd with the Original, endeavouring to avoid running into a paraphrase: but keeping as close to the original as I could, without Latinizing and deviating from the English Idiom, and so depriving the English reader of that pleasure that Erasmus so plentifully entertains his reader with in Latin."

This is a modest and fair account of Bailey's work. The chief peculiarity of his version is its reproduction of the idiomatic and proverbial Latinisms, and generally of the classical phrases and allusions in which Erasmus abounds, in corresponding or analogous English forms. Bailey had acquired, perhaps from his lexicographical studies, a great command of homely and colloquial English; the words and phrases by which he frequently *represents* rather than construes Erasmus' text have perhaps in

many instances not less piquancy than the original. Thus his translation, as a piece of racy English, has a certain independent value of its own, and may be read with interest even by those who are familiar with the original.

In preparing this volume for the press, Bailey's text has been carefully revised, and clerical errors have been corrected, but the liberty has not been taken of altering his language, even to the extent of removing the coarsenesses of expression which disfigure the book and in which he exaggerates the plain speaking of the original. Literary feeling is jealous, no doubt justly, on general grounds, of expurgations.

Further, throughout the greater part of the work, the translation has been closely compared with the Latin original. Occasional inaccuracies on Bailey's part have been pointed out in the Appendix of Notes at the end of the volume. The literal sense of the original, sometimes its language, has in many of these notes been given, with the view of increasing the interest of perusal to the general reader. The remainder of the notes are, like the contents of the volume, of a miscellaneous character: philological, antiquarian, historical. They do not, of course, profess to supply an exhaustive commentary; but are designed to afford elucidations and illustrations of the text that may be intelligible and instructive to the English reader, and possibly to some extent to the scholar.

The Colloquies of Erasmus form a rich quarry of intellectual material, from which each student will extract that which he

regards to be of peculiar value. The linguist, the antiquary, the observer of life and manners, the historian, the moralist, the theologian may all find themselves attracted to these pages. It is hoped that there are many who at the present time will welcome the republication, in English, of a book which not only produced so great a sensation in Europe on its appearance, but may be said to have had something to do with the making of history.

It is unnecessary to do more than refer to the fact that the Editor undertook his task under certain inconveniences, and limitations as to space and time, which have prevented him from satisfying his own idea of what the book should be. He trusts it will not be found wanting in accuracy, however falling short of completeness.

The Latin text used has been that of P. Scriver's edition, printed by the Elzevirs. 1643. A translation of Erasmus' dedication to young Froben has been added; also of several pieces from the *Coronis Apologetica*, not given by Bailey, which contain matters of interest bearing upon the history or contents of the book.

# DEDICATION

*D. ERASMUS* Rot

TO

**JOHN ERASMIUS FROBEN,**

A Boy of Excellent Promise: Greeting.

The Book dedicated to you has surpassed my expectation, my dearest Erasmus: it will be your part to take care that *you* do not disappoint my expectation. Our studious youth are so in love with the book, seize upon it so eagerly, handle it so constantly, that your father has had repeatedly to print it, and I to enrich it with new additions. You might say it too was an [Greek: herasmion], the delight of the Muses, who foster sacred things. It will be the more your endeavour that you also may be what you are called, that is, that you may be, by learning and probity of manners, "most endeared" to all good men. It were deep cause for shame, if, while this book has rendered so many both better



Latin scholars and better men, you should so act that the same use and profit should not return to yourself, which by your means has come to all. And since there are so many young fellows, who thank you for the sake of the Colloquies, would it not be justly thought absurd, if through your fault the fact should seem that you could not thank me on the same account? The little book has increased to the fair size of a volume. You must also endeavour, in proportion as your age increases, to improve in sound learning and integrity of manners. No ordinary hopes are placed upon you: it is indispensable that you should answer to them; it would be glorious for you to surpass them; disappoint them you surely cannot without the greatest disgrace. Nor do I say this, because your course thus far gives me occasion for regret, but by way of spurring the runner, that you may run more nimbly; especially since you have arrived at an age, than which none happier occurs in the course of life for imbibing the seeds of letters and of piety. Act then in such a way, that these Colloquies may be truly called yours.

The Lord Jesus keep the present season of your life pure from all pollutions, and ever lead you on to better things! Farewell.

BASIL, *August 1st.*, 1524.

# AN ADMONITORY NOTE OF ERASMUS ON THE TRICKS AND IMPOSTURES OF A CERTAIN DOMINICAN, WHO HAD PUBLISHED IN FRANCE THE COLLOQUIES OF ERASMUS RIDICULOUSLY INTERPOLATED BY HIMSELF

*A Book of Colloquies had appeared, the material of which was collected partly from domestic talks, partly from my papers; but with a mixture of certain trivialities, not only without sense, but also in bad Latin,—perfect solecisms. This trash was received with wonderful applause; for in these matters too Fortune has her sport. I was compelled therefore to lay hands on these trumperies. At length, having applied somewhat greater care, I added considerable matter, so that the book might be of fair size, and in fact might appear worthy even of the honour of being dedicated to John Erasmus, son of Froben, a boy then six years old, but of extraordinary natural ability. This was done in the year 1522. But the nature of this work is such, that it receives addition*

as often as it is revised. Accordingly I frequently made an addition for the sake of the studious, and of John Froben; but so tempered the subject-matters, that besides the pleasure of reading, and their use in polishing the style, they might also contain that which would conduce to the formation of character. Even while the book I have referred to contained nothing but mere rubbish, it was read with wonderful favour by all. But when it had gained a richer utility, it could not escape [Greek: τὸν sykophantὸν dêgmata]. A certain divine of Louvain, frightfully blear of eye, but still more of mind, saw in it four heretical passages. There was also another incident connected with this work worth relating. It was lately printed at Paris with certain passages corrected, that is to say, corrupted, which appeared to attack monks, vows, pilgrimages, indulgences, and other things of that kind which, if held in great esteem among the people, would be a source of more plentiful profit to gentlemen of that order. But he did this so stupidly, so clumsily, that you would swear he had been some street buffoon: although the author of so silly a piece is said to be a certain divine of the Dominican order, by nation a Saxon. Of what avail is it to add his name and surname, which he himself does not desire to have suppressed? A monster like him knows not what shame is; he would rather look for praise from his villany. This rogue added a new Preface in my name, in which he represented three men sweating at the instruction of one boy: Capito, who taught him Hebrew, Beatus Greek, and me, Latin. He represents me as inferior to each of the others alike in learning and in piety;

*intimating that there is in the Colloquies a sprinkling of certain matters which savour of Luther's dogmas. And here I know that some will chuckle, when they read that Capito is favoured by such a hater of Luther with the designation of an excellent and most accomplished man. These and many things of the like kind he represents me as saying, taking the pattern of his effrontery from a letter of Jerome, who complains that his rivals had circulated a forged letter under his name amongst a synod of bishops in Africa; in which he was made to confess that, deceived by certain Jews, he had falsely translated the Old Testament from the Hebrew. And they would have succeeded in persuading the bishops that the letter was Jerome's, had they been able in any tolerable degree, to imitate Jerome's style. Although Jerome speaks of this deed as one of extreme and incurable roguery, our Phormio takes peculiar delight in this, which is more rascally than any notorious book. But his malicious will was wanting in power to carry out what he had intended. He could not come up to Erasmus' style, unpolished though it be: for he thus closes his flowery preface: Thus age has admonished, piety has bidden me, while life is still spared in my burdensome age, to cleanse my writings, lest those who follow my mournful funeral should transcribe my departed soul!*

*Such being the man's style throughout, he has nevertheless not shrunk from interweaving his flowers with my crowns; either pleasing himself in a most senseless manner, or having a very ill opinion of the judgment of divines. For these things were composed for their benefit, all of whom he supposes to be such*

*blockheads that they will not instantly detect the patch-work he has so awkwardly sewn together. So abjectly does he everywhere flatter France, Paris, the theologians, the Sorbonne, the Colleges, no beggar could be more cringing. Accordingly, if anything uncomplimentary seems to be said against the French, he transfers it to the British; or against Paris, he turns it off to London. He added some odious sayings as if coming from me, with the view of stirring up hatred against me amongst those by whom he is grieved to know me beloved. It is needless to dwell upon the matter. Throughout he curtails, makes additions, alterations after his fashion, like a sow smeared with mud, rolling herself in a strange garden, bespattering, disturbing, rooting up everything. Meanwhile, he does not perceive that the points made by me are quite lost. For example, when to one who says, 'From a Dutchman you are turned into a Gaul,'<sup>1</sup> the answer is made, 'What? was I a Capon then, when I went hence?': he alters 'From a Dutchman you are turned into a Briton. What? was I a Saxon, then, when I went hence?' Again, when the same speaker had said, 'Your garb shows that you are changed from a Batavian into a Gaul,' he puts 'Briton' for 'Gaul'; and when the speaker had replied, 'I had rather that metamorphosis, than into a Hen,' alluding to 'Cock:' he changed 'Hen' into 'Bohemian.' Presently, when there is a joke, 'that he pronounces Latin in French style,' he changes 'French' into 'British,' and yet allows the following to stand, 'Then you will never make good verses, because you have lost your*

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<sup>1</sup> Gallus: meaning also a Cock.

quantities'; and this does not apply to the British. Again, when my text reads, 'What has happened to the Gauls' (cocks) 'that they should wage war with the Eagle?' he thus spoils the joke, 'What has happened to the pards, that they should go to war with the lilies? as if lilies were in the habit of going forth to war. Occasionally he does not perceive that what follows his alterations does not hang together with them. As in the very passage I had written, 'Is Paris free from the plague?' he alters, 'Is London free<sup>2</sup> from the plague?' Again, in another place, where one says, 'Why are we afraid to cut up this capon?' he changes 'capon' into 'hare'; yet makes no alteration in what follows, 'Do you prefer wing or leg?' Forsooth, although he so kindly favours the Dominican interest that he desired to sit among the famous Commissaries: nevertheless he bears with equal mind a cruel attack on Scotus. For he made no change in what one says in my text, 'I would sooner let the whole of Scotus perish than the books of one Cicero.' But as these things are full of folly, so very many of the contents bear an equal malice joined to folly. A speaker in my text rallies his comrade, who, although of abandoned life, nevertheless puts faith in indulgentiary bulls. My Corrector makes the former confess that he, along with his master Luther, was of opinion that the Pope's indulgences were of no value; presently he represents the same speaker as recanting and professing penitence for his error. And these he wants to appear my corrections. O wondrous Atlases of faith! This is just as if one should feign, by means of morsels

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<sup>2</sup> *Immunis* instead of *immune* agreeing with *Londinum*.

*dipped in blood, a wound in the human body, and presently, by removing what he had supplied, should cure the wound. In my text a boy says, 'that the confession which is made to God is the best;' he made a correction, asserting 'that the confession which is made to the priest is the best.'* \_Thus did he take care for imperilled confession. I have referred to this one matter for the sake of example, although he frequently indulges in tricks of this kind. And these answer to the palinode (recantation) which he promises in my name in his forged preface. As if it were any man's business to sing a palinode for another's error; or as if anything that is said in that work of mine under any character whatever, were my own opinion. For it does not at all trouble me, that he represents a man not yet sixty, as burdened with old age. Formerly, it was a capital offence to publish anything under another man's name; now, to scatter rascalities of this kind amongst the public, under the pretended name of the very man who is slandered, is the sport of divines. For he wishes to appear a divine when his matter cries out that he does not grasp a straw of theological science. I have no doubt but that yonder thief imposed with his lies upon his starved printer; for I do not think there is a man so mad as to be willing knowingly to print such ignorant trash. I ceased to wonder at the incorrigible effrontery of the fellow, after I learnt that he was a chick who once upon a time fell out of a nest at Berne, entirely [Greek: hek kakistou korakost kakiston hōon]. This I am astonished at, if the report is true: that there are among the Parisian divines those

who pride themselves on having at length secured a man who by the thunderbolt of his eloquence is to break asunder the whole party of Luther and restore the church to its pristine tranquility. For he wrote also against Luther as I hear. And then the divines complain that they are slandered by me, who aid their studies in so many night-watches; while they themselves willingly embrace monsters of this description, who bring more dishonour to the order of divines and even of monks, than any foe, however foul-mouthed, can do. He who has audacity for such an act as this, will not hesitate to employ fire or poison. And these things are printed at Paris, where it is unlawful to print even the Gospel, unless approved by the opinion of the faculty.

This last work of the Colloquies, with the addition of an appendix, is issued in the month of September, 1524.\_

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*From a letter of Erasmus dated 5th Oct. 1532, we gather some further particulars about the obnoxious person above referred to. His name was Lambert Campester. Subsequently to his exploit at Paris in printing a garbled edition of the Colloquies, he "fled to Leyden; and pretending to be a great friend of Erasmus, found a patron, from whom having soon stolen 300 crowns, fled, was taken in his flight amongst some girls, and would have been nailed to a cross, had not his sacred Dominican cowl saved him. He, I say, many other offences and crimes having been proved against*



*him, is at length in a certain town of Germany, called, I think, Zorst, in the Duchy of Juliers,—his cowl thrown aside, teaching the Gospel, that is, mere sedition. The Duke begged them to turn the fellow out. They answered that they could not do without their preacher. And this sort of plague spreads from day to day."*

# ERASMUS ROTERODAMUS TO THE *DIVINES OF LOUVAIN*,

His dearly beloved brethren in the Lord, greeting.

A matter has been brought to my knowledge, not only by rumour, but by the letters of trustworthy friends, expressly stating in what words, in what place, a calumny was directed against me in our midst, through the agency of a well-known person, who is ever true to himself; whose very character and former doings lead one to assume as ascertained fact what in another would have been but probable. Accordingly, I thought I ought to make no concealment of the matter; especially from you, whose part it was to restrain the unbridled impudence of the fellow, if not for my sake, at all events for that of your Order.

He boasts and vociferates that in the book of Colloquies there are four passages more than heretical: concerning the *Eating of meats* and *Fasting*, concerning *Indulgences*, and concerning *Vows*. Although such be his bold and impudent assertion, whoever reads the book in its entirety will find the facts to be otherwise. If, however, leisure be wanting for the reading of trifles of this description, I will briefly lay the matter open. But before I approach it, I think well to make three prefatory remarks.

First, in this matter contempt of the Emperor's edict<sup>3</sup> cannot be laid to my charge. For I understand it was published May 6th, 1522, whereas this book was printed long before: and that at Basle, where no Imperial edict had up to the time been made known, whether publicly or privately.

Secondly, although in that book I do not teach dogmas of Faith, but formulae for speaking Latin; yet there are matters intermixed by the way, which conduce to good manners. Now if, when a theme has been previously written down in German or French, a master should teach his boys to render the sense in Latin thus: *Utinam nihil edant praeter allia, qui nobis hos dies pisculentos invexerunt*. ("Would they might eat naught but garlic, who imposed these fish-days upon us.") Or this: *Utinam inedia pereant, qui liberos homines adigunt ac jejunandi necessitatem*. ("Would they might starve to death, who force the necessity of fasting on free men.") Or this: *Digni sunt ut fumo pereant qui nobis Dispensationum ad Indulgentiarum fumos tam care vendunt*. ("They deserve to be stifled to death who sell us the smokes (pretences) of dispensations and indulgences at so dear a rate.") Or this: *Utinam vere castrantur, qui nolentes arcent à matrimonio*. ("Would they might indeed be made eunuchs of, who keep people from marrying, against their will")—I ask, whether he should be forced to defend himself, for having taught how to turn a sentence, though of bad meaning, into good Latin words? I think there is no one so unjust, as to deem this just.

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<sup>3</sup> Edict of the Emperor Charles V.: 1523.

Thirdly, I had in the first instance to take care what sort of person it should be to whom I ascribe the speech in the dialogue. For I do not there represent a divine preaching, but good fellows having a gossip together. Now if any one is so unfair as to refuse to concede me the quality of the person represented, he ought, by the same reasoning, to lay it to my charge, that there one Augustine (I think) disparages the Stoics' principle of the *honestum*, and prefers the sect of the Epicureans, who placed the highest good in pleasure. He may also bring it against me, that in that passage a soldier, amongst many things which he speaks about in true soldier-fashion, says that he will look for a priest to confess to, who shall have as little of good as possible about him. The same objector would, I imagine, bring it up against me, were I to ascribe to Arius in a dialogue a discourse at variance with the Church. If such charges against me would be absurd, why in other matters should not regard be had to the quality of the person speaking? Unless perchance, were I to represent a Turk speaking, they should decide to lay at my door whatever he might say.

With this preface, I will make a few general remarks on the passages criticised by the person to whom I refer. In the first passage, a boy of sixteen years says that he confesses only sins that are unquestionably capital, or gravely suspected; while the Lutherans teach, as I understand, that it is not necessary to confess all capital offences. Thus the very facts show, that this boy's speech is in great disagreement with the dogma which

you condemn. Presently, the same boy being asked, whether it be sufficient to confess to Christ himself, answers that it will satisfy his mind, if the fathers of the Church were of the same opinion. From this my critic argues, not with dialectic art, but with rascally cunning, that I suggest that this *Confession* which we now practise was not instituted by Christ, but by the leaders of the Church. Such an inference might appear sound, were not Christ one of the Primates of the Church, since according to Peter's saying He is Chief Shepherd, and according to the word of the Gospel, Good Shepherd. Therefore he who speaks of princes of the Church, does not exclude Christ, but includes Him along with the Apostles, and the successors of the Apostles, in the same manner as he who names the principal members of the body does not exclude the head. But if any one shall deem this reply to savour of artifice: well now, let us grant that the boy was thinking of pure men, heads of the Church: is it then not enough for the boy that he follows in the matter of confession their authority, even although he is not assured whether the Popes could ordain this on their own authority, or handed it down to us from the ordinance of Christ? For he has a mind to obey, in whatever way they have handed it down. I am not even myself fully convinced as yet, that the Church defined the present practice of Confession to be of Christ's ordinance. For there are very many arguments, to me in fact insoluble, which persuade to the contrary. Nevertheless, I entirely submit this feeling of my own to the judgment of the Church. Gladly will I follow it, so soon as

on my watch, for certainty I shall have heard its clear voice. Nay, had Leo's Bull given the fullest expression of this doctrine, and any one should either be ignorant of it, or should have forgotten it, it would meanwhile suffice (I imagine) to obey in this matter the authority of the Church, with a disposition of obedience, should the point be established. Nor in truth can it be rightly inferred, *This Confession is of human ordinance, therefore Christ is not its Author*. The Apostles laid down the discipline of the Church, without doubt from Christ's ordinances: they ordained Baptism, they ordained Bishops, &c., but by the authority of Christ. And yet it cannot be denied, that many particulars of this Confession depend on the appointment of the Pontiffs, viz., that we confess once a year, at Easter, to this or that priest; that any priest absolves us from any trespasses whatever. Hence I judge it to be clear how manifest is the calumny in what relates to *Confession*.

Further, no mention is there made of *fasting*, to which the Gospel and the Apostolic epistles exhort us, but *concerning the choice of foods*, which Christ openly sets at naught in the Gospel, and the Pauline epistles not seldom condemn; especially that which is Jewish and superstitious. Some one will say, this is to accuse the Roman Pontiff who teaches that which the Apostle condemns. What the Gospel teaches, is perfectly plain. The Pontiff himself must declare with what intention he commands what the Gospel does not require. Yet no one there says—what I know not whether Luther teaches—that the constitutions of the

Pontiffs do not render us liable to guilt, unless there has been contempt besides. In fact, he who speaks in that passage grants that the Pope may appoint an observance; he simply enquires, whether this were the intention of the Pope, to bind all equally to abstinence from meats, so that one who should partake would be liable to hell-fire, even although no perverse contempt should be committed. And he who says this in the Colloquies, adds that he hates fishes not otherwise than he does a serpent. Now, there are some so affected that fish is poison to them, just as there are found those who in like manner shrink from wine. If one who is thus affected with regard to fishes, should be forbidden to feed on flesh and milk-food, will he not be hardly treated? Is it possible that any man can desire him to be exposed to the pains of hell, if for the necessity of his body he should live on flesh? If any constitution of Popes and Bishops involves liability to the punishment of hell, the condition of Christians is hard indeed. If some impose the liability, others not; no one will better declare his intention than the Pope himself. And it would conduce to the peace of consciences to have it declared. What if some Pope should decree that priests should go girt; would it be probable that he declared this with the intention that if one because of renal suffering should lay aside the girdle, he should be liable to hell? I think not. St. Gregory laid down, That if any one had had intercourse with his wife by night, he should abstain the next day from entering church: in this case, supposing that a man, concealing the fact of intercourse having taken place, should have

gone to church for no other reason than that he might hear the preaching of the Gospel, would he be liable to hell? I do not think the holiest man could be so harsh. If a man with a sick wife should live on meat, because otherwise she could not be provoked to eat, and her health required food, surely the Pope would not on that account determine him to be liable to hell! This matter is simply made a subject of enquiry in the passage referred to, and no positive statement is made. And certainly before the Imperial Edict, men were at liberty to enquire concerning these matters.

In point of fact, neither in that place nor elsewhere do I absolutely condemn the *Indulgences* of the Popes, although hitherto more than sufficient indulgence has been shown them. It is simply that a speaker ridicules his comrade, who, although in other respects the most frivolous of triflers (for so he is depicted), yet believed that by the protection of a Bull he would get safely to heaven. So far from thinking this to be heretical, I should imagine there was no holier duty than to warn the people not to put their trust in Bulls, unless they study to change their life and correct their evil desires.

But *Vows* are ridiculed in that passage. Yes, they are ridiculed, and those (of whom there is a vast multitude) are admonished, who, leaving wife and children at home, under a vow made in their cups, run off along with a few pot-companions to Rome, Compostella, or Jerusalem. But, as manners now are, I think it a holier work to dissuade men altogether from such Vows than to urge to the making of them.



These, forsooth, are the execrable heresies which yonder Lynceus describes in the Puerile Colloquy. I wonder why he does not also give my Catunculus and the Publian mimes<sup>4</sup> a dusting. Who does not perceive that these attacks proceed from some private grudge? Yet in nothing have I done him an injury, except that I have favoured good literature, which he hates more than sin; and knows not why. Meantime he boasts that he too has a weapon, by which he may take his revenge. If a man at a feast calls him Choroebus or a drunkard, he in his turn will in the pulpit cry heretic, or forger, or schismatic upon him. I believe, if the cook were to set burnt meat on the dinner-table, he would next day bawl out in the course of his sermon that she was suspected of heresy. Nor is he ashamed, nor does he retreat, though so often caught, by the very facts, in manifest falsehood.

In the first place what a foolish, what a mad blather he made against my revised New Testament! Next, what could be more like madness than that remark which he threw out against J. Faber and myself, when the very facts bespoke that he did not understand what agreement there was between me and Faber, or what was the subject of controversy! What more shameless than his fixing a charge of forgery and heresy in the course of a public address on me, because I rendered according to the Greek: *Omnes quidem non resurgemus, sed omnes immutabimur* ("We

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<sup>4</sup> Publius Syrus (B.C. 45), a writer of *mimes*, or familiar prose dramas. A collection of apophthegms from his works is said to have been used as a school-book in Jerome's days.

shall not all rise again, but we shall all be changed.") What more like a raging madman, then his warning the people at Mechlin, in a public address, to beware of the heresy of Luther and Erasmus! Why should I now recall the ravings that he belches out rather than utters in the midst of his high feasting as often as his zeal for the house of the Lord is inflamed from his cups? He lately said in Holland, that I was set down for a forger among the divines of Louvain. (One who was present and heard it wrote to me.) When asked, Why? Because, says he, he so often corrects the New Testament! What a dolt of a tongue! Jerome so often corrected the Psalter: is he therefore a forger? In short if he is a forger, who either rashly or from ignorance translates anything otherwise than it should be, he was a forger, whose translation we use at the present day in the Church. But what good does this sort of behavior do him? All men laugh at him as a Morychus,<sup>5</sup> shun him as a crackbrain,—get out of his way as a peevish fellow you can do nothing with. Nor can they think ill of him, of whom he says such spiteful things. And though he displeases all, himself alone he cannot displease.

This doubtless he holds to be an Imperial edict, that he with raging insolence of tongue should rave at whomsoever he pleases. Thus does this wise and weighty man support the interests of the orthodox faith. This is not a zeal of God, to hurt the harmless; but it is a rage of the devil. The Jewish zeal of Phinehas

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<sup>5</sup> Lit.: One stained or smeared: an epithet of Bacchus (Dionysos) in Sicily, "smeared with wine-lees." ([Greek: moryssô].)

was once extolled, but not that it might pass as a pattern with Christians. And yet Phinehas openly slew impious persons. To your colleague whatever he hates is Lutheran and heretical. In the same way, I suppose, he will call small-beer, flat wine, and tasteless broth, Lutheran. And the Greek tongue, which is his *unique* aversion,—I suppose for this reason, that the Apostles dignified it with so great an honour as to write in no other,—will be called Lutheran. Poetic art, for he hates this too, being fonder of the *potatic*, will be Lutheran.

He complains that his authority is lessened by our means, and that he is made a laughing-stock in my writings. The fact is, he offers himself as an object of ridicule to all men of education and sense; and this without end. I *repel* slander. But if learned and good men think ill of *a man* who directs a slander at one who has not deserved it, which is it fair to consider the accountable person, he who rightly repels what he ought not to acknowledge, or he who injuriously sets it afoot? If a man were to be laughed at for saying that asses in Brabant have wings, would he not himself make the laughing-matter? He cries out that *the whole of Luther is in my books*, that on all sides they swarm with heretical errors. But when those who read my writings find nothing of the kind, even if ignorant of dialectics, they readily infer the true conclusion. He has authority from the Emperor. Let him therefore conduct himself in the spirit of the Emperor, who would rather that wrong-doers should be cured than punished, and certainly does not desire that the harmless should be injured.

He has entrusted this function to a man he did not know; when he shall have ascertained the fellow's character, he will doubtless recall what he has entrusted. It is not the disposition of the mildest of Emperors, nor of the most upright of Popes, that those who spend their night-watches in studying how to adorn and assist the State, should be exposed to the spite of such men; even although there were some human infirmity in the case. So far are they from desiring to estrange good and honest men, and force them to take a different side.

These matters are more your concern than mine. For this man's manners invite much discredit upon your order, while the mass of the people judge of you all by this one sample. Unjustly so, I admit; but so the world wags. And the harshness of your brother estranges no small number from the study of divinity. I know that the man is utterly disliked by you, with the exception of two or three boon companions, and one old hand, who abuses the man's folly in the interests of his own lusts. But all would definitely understand that you disapprove of him, if, since he cannot be restrained, you were to expel him from your table. I well know such a step will be very difficult to take. For men of his stamp are reluctantly torn away from the smell of stated, sumptuous, and free repasts. Nevertheless this concerns the honour of your Order, towards which I have good reason to be well-disposed. Farewell.

Supposed to have been written in 1531.

**ALL THE FAMILIAR  
COLLOQUIES OF *DESIDERIUS*  
*ERASMUS*, OF ROTTERDAM,  
CONCERNING MEN,  
MANNERS, AND THINGS,  
TRANSLATED INTO *ENGLISH***

\* \* \* \* \*

**By N. BAILEY**

\* \* \* \* \*

Unlike in Method, with conceal'd Design,  
Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join;  
And, with a sly insinuating Grace,  
Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face:  
Would raise a Blush, when secret Vice he found;

And tickled, while he gently prob'd the Wound:  
With seeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd;  
But made the desperate Passes, when he smil'd.

*Persius Sat. I. Dryden.*

\* \* \* \* \*

***LONDON***

1725.

# THE PREFACE

*There are two Things I would take some Notice of: The first relates to my Author, and the second to myself, or the Reasons why I have attempted this Translation of him. And in speaking of the first, I presume I shall save myself much of what might be said as to the second. Tho' Erasmus is so well known, especially to those versed in the Latin Tongue, that there seems to be but little Occasion to say any Thing in his Commendation; yet since I have taken upon me to make him an English-man, give me Leave to say, that in my Opinion, he as well deserves this Naturalization, as any modern Foreigner whose Works are in Latin, as well for the Usefulness of the Matter of his Colloquies, as the Pleasantness of Style, and Elegancy of the Latin.*

*They are under an egregious Mistake, who think there is nothing to be found in them, but Things that savour of Puerility, written indeed ingeniously, and in elegant Latin. For this Book contains, besides those, Things of a far greater Concern; and indeed, there is scarce any Thing wanting in them, fit to be taught to a Christian \_Youth design'd for liberal Studies.*

The Principles of Faith are not only plainly and clearly laid down, but establish'd upon their own firm and genuine Basis. The Rules of Piety, Justice, Charity, Purity, Meekness, Brotherly Concord, the Subjection due to Superiors, are so treated of, that, in a Word, scarce any Thing is omitted that belongs to a Man, a

Subject, or a Christian.

Neither are those Things omitted, which respect a Medium of Life, by which every one may chuse out safely what Ratio of Life he has most Mind to, and by which he may be taught, not only Civility and Courtesy, but also may know how to behave himself in the World, so as to gain himself the good Will of many, and, a good Name among all, and may be able to discern the Follies and Childishnesses of Fools, and the Frauds and Villanies of Knaves, so as to guard against 'em all.

And neither are there wanting Sketches, and that ample ones too, of Poetical Story, or Pagan Theology, universal History, sacred and profane, Poetry, Criticism, Logick, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Oeconomics and Politics; to which are added, a good Number of Proverbs and Apothegms used by the most celebrated of the Antients.

But there is one Thing in an especial Manner, that should recommend this Book to all\_ Protestants \_in general, and cause them to recommend it to be read by their Children, that there is no Book fitter for them to read, which does in so delightful and instructing a Manner utterly overthrow almost all the Popish Opinions and Superstitions, and erect in their Stead, a Superstructure of Opinions that are purely Protestant.

And notwithstanding whatsoever\_ Erasmus *hath said in his Apology concerning the Utility of his Colloquies, that he could say with Modesty, according to his wonted Dexterity, to temper, and alleviate the Bitterness of the Wormwood that he gave the Papists*



*to drink in the Colloquies, it is past a Question, that he lays down a great many Things agreeable to the Protestant Hypothesis, so that (if you except Transubstantiation) he reprehends, explodes and derides almost all the Popish \_Opinions, Superstitions and Customs.*

Therefore if this golden Book be read with Attention, I doubt not but it will plainly appear, that the Scripture was in all Things preferr'd by the Author before them all; and that he accounted that alone truly infallible, and of irrefragable Authority, and did not account the Councils, Popes or Bishops so.

And as to the praying to Saints, it was his Opinion, the christian World would be well enough without it, and that he abhor'd that common Custom of asking unworthy Things of them, and flying to them for Refuge more than to the Father and Christ.

That he look'd upon all external Things of very small Account, of whatsoever Species they were: Either the Choice of Meats, Processions, Stations, and innumerable other Ordinances and Ceremonies, and that they were in themselves unprofitable, although he, for the sake of Peace and Order, did conform himself to all harmless Things that publick Authority had appointed. Not judging those Persons, who out of a Scrupulousness of Conscience thought otherwise, but wishing that those in Authority would use their Power with more Mildness.

And that he esteem'd, as Trifles and Frauds, the Community

of good Works, of all Men whatsoever, or in any Society whatsoever; that he abhor'd the Sale of Pardons for Sins, and derided the Treasury of Indulgences, from whence it is a plain Inference, that he believ'd nothing of Purgatory.

And that he more than doubted, whether auricular Confession was instituted by Christ or the Apostles; and he plainly condemns Absolution, and laugh'd at the giving it in an unknown Tongue. From whence we may fairly infer, that he was against having the Liturgy (which ought to be read to Edification) in an unknown Tongue. But he either thought it not safe, or not convenient, or at least not absolutely necessary to speak his Mind plainly as to that Matter.

Likewise, he particularly laugh'd at all the Species of popular and monastical Piety; such as Prayers repeated over and over, without the Mind, but recited by a certain Number with their \_Rosaries, and Ave-Maria's, *by which, God being neglected, they expected to obtain all Things, though none were particularly nam'd: Their tricenary, and anniversary Masses, nay, and all those for the Dead: The dying and being buried in a Franciscan's and Dominican's \_Garment or Cowl, and all the Trumpery belonging to it; and did, in a manner condemn all Sorts of Monastical Life and Order, as practis'd among the Papists.*

He shews it likewise to have been his Opinion, as to the Reliques of \_ Christ, \_and he and she Saints, that he judg'd the Worship of them a vain and foolish Thing, and believ'd no Virtue to be in any of them, nay, that the most, if not all of them, were

false and counterfeit.

And to crown the Whole, he did not spare that beloved Principle and Custom of the Papists, so zealously practis'd by them upon Protestants, viz. the Persecution and Burning of Hereticks.

And now, of how much Use and Advantage such Things, and from such a Person as *\_ Erasmus, may be, and how much they may conduce to the extirpating those Seeds of Popery, that may have been unhappily sown, or may be subtilly instill'd into the Minds of uncautious Persons, under the specious Shew of Sanctity, will, I presume, easily appear. Tho' the Things before-mention'd may be Reason sufficient for the turning these Colloquies of Erasmus into English, that so useful a Treatise may not be a Book seal'd, either to Persons not at all, or not enough acquainted with the Latin tongue, as to read them with Edification; yet I did it from another Motive, i.e. the Benefit of such as having been initiated, desire a more familiar Acquaintance with the Latin Tongue (as to the Speaking Part especially, to which Erasmus's Colloquies are excellently adapted) that by comparing this Version with the Original, they may be thereby assisted, to more perfectly understand, and familiarize themselves with those Beauties of the Latin Language, in which Erasmus \_in these Colloquies abounds.*

And for that End, I have labour'd to give such a Translation of them, as might in the general, be capable of being compar'd with the Original, endeavouring to avoid running into a Paraphrase: But keeping as close to the Original as I could, without Latinizing

and deviating from the\_ English Idiom, and so depriving the English Reader of that Pleasure, that Erasmus so plentifully entertains his Reader with in Latin.

*It is true, Sir Roger l'Estrange and Mr. Tho. Brown, have formerly done some select Colloquies, and Mr. H.M. many years since has translated the whole; but the former being rather Paraphrases than Translations, are not so capable of affording the Assistance before-mention'd; and as to the latter, besides that his Version is grown very scarce, the Style is not only antient, but too flat for so pleasant and facetious an Author as Erasmus is.*

*I do not pretend to have come up in my English, to that Life and Beauty of Erasmus in Latin, which as it is often inimitable in the English Language, so it is also a Task fit to be undertaken by none but an English Erasmus himself, i.e. one that had the same Felicity of Expression that he had; but I hope it will appear that I have kept my Author still in my Eye, tho' I have followed him passibus haud æquis, and could seldom come up to him. I shall not detain you any longer; but subscribe my self, yours to serve you,*

*Jan. 25th, N. BAILEY. 1724-5.*

# THE LIFE OF ERASMUS

*DESIDERIUS Erasmus*, surnamed *Roterodamus*, was born at *Roterdam*, a Town of *Holland*, on the Vigil of *Simon and Jude*, or *October* the 20th or 28th, 1465, according to his Epitaph at *Basil*; or according to the Account of his life, *Erasmio Auctore, circa annum, &c.* about the Year 1467, which agrees with the Inscription of his Statue at *Roterdam*, which being the Place of his Nativity, may be suppos'd to be the most authentick. His Mother's Name was *Margaret*, the Daughter of one *Peter*, a Physician of *Sevenbergen*. His Father's Name was *Gerard*, who carried on a private Correspondence with her, upon Promise of Marriage; and as it should seem from the Life which has *Erasmus's* Name before it, was actually contracted to her, which seems plainly to be insinuated by these Words; *Sunt qui intercessisse verba ferunt*: However, it is not to be denied that *Erasmus* was born out of Wedlock, and on that Account, Father *Theophilus Ragnaud*, has this pleasant Passage concerning him: *If one may be allow'd to droll upon a Man, that droll'd upon all the World, Erasmus, tho' he was not the Son of a King, yet he was the Son of a crown'd Head*, meaning a Priest. But in this he appears to have been mistaken, in that his Father was not in Orders when he begat him. His Father *Gerard* was the Son of one *Elias*, by his Mother *Catherine*, who both liv'd to a very advanc'd Age; *Catherine* living to the Age of 95. *Gerard*

had nine Brethren by the same Father and Mother, without one Sister coming between them; he himself was the youngest of the ten, and liv'd to see two of his Brothers at *Dort* in *Holland*, near 90 Years of Age each. All his Brothers were married but himself; and according to the Superstition of those Times, the old People had a mind to consecrate him to God, being a tenth Child, and his Brothers lik'd the Motion well enough, because by that Means they thought they should have a sure Friend, where they might eat and drink, and be merry upon Occasion. They being all very pressing upon him to turn Ecclesiastick, (which was a Course of Life that he had no Inclination to,) *Gerard* finding himself beset on all Sides, and by their universal Consent excluded from Matrimony, resolving not to be prevail'd upon by any Importunities, as desperate Persons do, fled from them, and left a Letter for his Parents and Brothers upon the Road, acquainting them with the Reason of his Elopement, bidding them an eternal Farewell, telling them he would never see them more. He prosecuted his Journey to *Rome*, leaving *Margaret*, his Spouse that was to be, big with Child of *Erasmus*. *Gerard* being arriv'd at *Rome*, betook himself to get his Living by his Pen, (by transcribing Books) being an excellent Penman; and there being at that Time a great deal of that Sort of Business to do (for as the Life that is said to be *Erasmus Auctore* has it, *tum nondum ars typographorum erat*, i.e. *The Art of Printing was not then found out*; which was a Mistake, for it had been found out twenty-four Years before, in the Year 1442. But perhaps the

Meaning may be, tho' it was found out, it was not then commonly used) he got Money plentifully, and for some Time, as young Fellows us'd to do, liv'd at large; but afterwards apply'd himself in good Earnest to his Studies, made a considerable Progress in the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues, which was very much facilitated by his Employment of transcribing Authors, which could not but strongly impress them on his Memory; and he had also another great Advantage, in that a great many learned Men then flourish'd at *Rome* and he heard particularly one *Guarinus*. But to return to *Erasmus*, his Mother *Margaret* being delivered of him, he was after his Father called *Gerard*, which in the *German* Tongue, signifies *Amiable*; and as it was the Custom among learned Men in those Times, (who affected to give their Names either in *Latin* or *Greek*,) it was turn'd into *Desiderius* (*Didier*) in *Latin*, and into *Erasmus* [Greek: *Herasmios*] in *Greek*, which has the same Signification. He was at first brought up by his Grandmother, till *Gerard's* Parents coming to the Knowledge that he was at *Rome*, wrote to him, sending him Word, that the young Gentlewoman whom he courted for a Wife was dead; which he giving Credit to, in a melancholy Fit, took Orders, being made a Presbyter, and apply'd his Mind seriously to the Study of Religion. But upon his Return into his own Country, he found that they had impos'd upon him. Having taken Orders, it was too late to think of Marriage; he therefore quitted all further Pretensions to her, nor would she after this, be induced to marry. *Gerard* took Care to have his Son *Erasmus* liberally educated, and put him to School

when he was scarce four Years old. (They have in *Holland*, an ill-grounded Tradition; that *Erasmus*, when he was young, was a dull Boy, and slow at Learning; but Monsieur *Bayle* has sufficiently refuted that Error, tho' were it true, it were no more Dishonour to him, than it was to *Thomas Aquinas*, *Suarez*, and others.) He was a Chorister at *Utrecht*, till he was nine Years old, and afterwards was sent to *Daventer*, his Mother also going thither to take Care of him. That School was but barbarous, the most that was minded, was *Matins*, Even-Song, &c. till *Alexander Hegius* of *Westphalia*, and *Zinthius*, began to introduce something of better Literature. (This *Alexander Hegius*, was an intimate Friend to the learned *Rodolphus Agricola*, who was the first that brought the *Greek Tongue* over the Mountains of *Germany*, and was newly returned out of *Italy*, having learned the *Greek Tongue* of him.) *Erasmus* took his first Taste of solid Learning from some of his Playfellows, who being older than himself, were under the Instruction of *Zinthius*: And afterwards he sometimes heard *Hegius*; but that was only upon holy Days, on which he read publicly, and so rose to be in the third Class, and made a very good Proficiency: He is said to have had so happy a Memory, as to be able to repeat all *Terence* and *Horace* by Heart. The Plague at that Time raging violently at *Daventer*, carry'd off his Mother, when *Erasmus* was about thirteen Years of Age; which Contagion increasing more and more every Day, having swept away the whole Family where he boarded, he returned Home. His Father *Gerard* hearing of the Death of his Wife, was so



concern'd at it, that he grew melancholy upon it, fell sick, and died soon after, neither of them being much above forty Years of Age. He assign'd to his Son *Erasmus* three Guardians, whom he esteem'd as trusty Friends, the Principal of whom was *Peter Winkel*, the Schoolmaster of *Goude*. The Substance that he left for his Education, had been sufficient for that Purpose, if his Guardians had discharg'd their Trust faithfully. By them he was remov'd to *Boisleduc*, tho' he was at that Time fit to have gone to the University. But the Trustees were against sending him to the University, because they had design'd him for a Monastick Life. Here he liv'd (or, as he himself says, rather lost three Years) in a *Franciscan* Convent, where one *Rombold* taught Humanity, who was exceedingly taken with the pregnant Parts of the Youth, and began to solicit him to take the Habit upon him, and become one of their Order. *Erasmus* excused himself, alledging the Rawness and Unexperiencedness of his Age. The Plague spreading in these Parts, and after he had struggled a whole Year with an Ague, he went Home to his Guardians, having by this Time furnished himself with an indifferent good Style, by daily reading the best Authors. One of his Guardians was carried off by the Plague; the other two not having manag'd his Fortune with the greatest Care, began to contrive how they might fix him in some Monastery. *Erasmus* still languishing under this Indisposition, tho' he had no Aversion to the Severities of a pious Life, yet he had an Aversion for a Monastery, and therefore desired Time to consider of the Matter. In the mean Time his Guardians employ'd

Persons to solicit him, by fair Speeches, and the Menaces of what he must expect, if he did not comply, to bring him over. In this Interim they found out a Place for him in *Sion*, a College of Canons Regulars near *Delft*, which was the principal House belonging to that Chapter. When the Day came that *Erasmus* was to give his final Answer, he fairly told them, he neither knew what the World was, nor what a Monastery was, nor yet, what himself was, and that he thought it more advisable for him to pass a few Years more at School, till he came to know himself better. *Peter Winkel* perceiving that he was unmoveable in this Resolution, fell into a Rage, telling him, he had taken a great deal of Pains to a fine Purpose indeed, who had by earnest Sollicitations, provided a good Preferment for an obstinate Boy, that did not understand his own Interest: And having given him some hard Words, told him, that from that Time he threw up his Guardianship, and now he might look to himself. *Erasmus* presently reply'd, that he took him at his first Word; that he was now of that Age, that he thought himself capable of taking Care of himself. When his Guardian saw that threatening would not do any Thing with him, he set his Brother Guardian, who was his Tutor, to see what he could do with him: Thus was *Erasmus* surrounded by them and their Agents on all Hands. He had also a Companion that was treacherous to him, and his old Companion his Ague stuck close to him; but all these would not make a monastick Life go down with him; till at last, by meer Accident, he went to pay a Visit at a Monastery of the same Order at *Emaus* or *Steyn* near *Goude*,

where he found one *Cornelius*, who had been his Chamber-fellow at *Daventer*. He had not yet taken the Habit, but had travelled to *Italy*, and came back without making any great Improvements in Learning. This *Cornelius*, with all the Eloquence he was Master of, was continually setting out the Advantages of a religious Life, the Conveniency of noble Libraries, Retirement from the Hurry of the World, and heavenly Company, and the like. Some intic'd him on one Hand, others urg'd him on the other, his Ague stuck close to him, so that at last he was induc'd to pitch upon this Convent. And after his Admission he was fed up with great Promises to engage him to take upon him the holy Cloth. Altho' he was but young, he soon perceived how vastly short all Things there fell of answering his Expectations; however, he set the whole Brotherhood to applying their Minds to Study. Before he professed himself he would have quitted the Monastery; but his own Modesty, the ill Usage he was treated with, and the Necessities of his Circumstances, overcame him, so that he did profess himself. Not long after this, by the means of *Gulielmus Hermannus* of *Buda*, his intimate Associate, he had the Honour to be known to *Henry a Bergis* Bishop of *Cambray*, who was then in Hopes of obtaining a Cardinal's Hat, which he had obtained, had not Money been wanting: In order to solicit this Affair for him, he had Occasion for one that was Master of the *Latin* Tongue; therefore being recommended by the Bishop of *Utrecht*, he was sent for by him; he had also the Recommendation of the *Prior*, and General, and was entertained in the Bishop's

Family, but still wore the Habit of his Order: But the Bishop, disappointed in his Hope of wearing the Cardinal's Hat, *Erasmus* finding his Patron fickle and wavering in his Affections, prevail'd with him to send him to *Paris*, to prosecute his Studies there. He did so, and promised him a yearly Allowance, but it was never paid him, according to the Custom of great Men. He was admitted of *Montague* College there, but by Reason of ill Diet and a damp Chamber, he contracted an Indisposition of Body, upon which he return'd to the Bishop, who entertain'd him again courteously and honourably: Having recover'd his Health, he return'd into *Holland*, with a Design to settle there; but being again invited, he went back to *Paris*. But having no Patron to support him, he rather made a Shift to live (to use his own Expression) than to study there; and undertook the Tuition of an *English* Gentleman's two Sons. And the Plague returning there periodically for many Years, he was obliged every Year to return into his own Country. At length it raging all the Year long, he retir'd to *Louvain*.

After this he visited *England*, going along with a young Gentleman, to whom he was Tutor, who, as he says himself, was rather his Friend than his Patron. In *England* he was received with universal Respect; and, as he tells us himself in his Life, he won the Affections of all good Men in our Island. During his Residence here, he was intimately acquainted with *Sir Thomas More*, *William Warham*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, *John Colet*, Dean of *St. Pauls*, the Founder of *St. Paul's School*,

a Man remarkable for the Regularity of his Life, great Learning and Magnificence; with *Hugh Latimer* Bishop of *Winchester*, *Linacre*, *Grocinus*, and many other honourable and learned Persons, and passed some Years at *Cambridge*, and is said to have taught there; but whether this was after his first or second Time of visiting *England*, I do not determine: However, not meeting with the Preferment he expected, he went away hence to make a Journey to *Italy*, in the Company of the Sons of *Baptista Boetius*, a *Genoese*, Royal Professor of Physick in *England*; which Country, at that Time, could boast of a Set of learned Men, not much inferior to the *Augustan* Age: But as he was going to *France*, it was his ill Fortune, at *Dover*, to be stripp'd of all he had; this he seems to hint at in his *Colloquy*, intitled, the *Religious Pilgrimage*: But yet he was so far from revenging the Injury, by reflecting upon the Nation, that he immediately published a Book in Praise of the King and Country; which Piece of Generosity gained him no small Respect in *England*. And it appears by several of his Epistles, that he honoured *England* next to the Place of his Nativity.

It appears by *Epist. 10. Lib. 16.* that when he was in *England* Learning flourished very much here, in that he writes, *Apud Anglos triumphant bonæ Literæ recta Studia*; and in *Epist. 12. Lib. 16.* he makes no Scruple to equal it to *Italy* itself; and *Epist. 26. Lib. 6.* commends the *English* Nobility for their great Application to all useful Learning, and entertaining themselves at Table with learned Discourses, when the Table-Talk of Churchmen was

nothing but Ribaldry and Profaneness. In *Epist.* 10. *Lib.* 5, which he addresses to *Andrelinus*, he invites him to come into *England*, recommending it as worth his While, were it upon no other Account, than to see the charming Beauties with which this Island abounded; and in a very pleasant Manner describes to him the Complaisance and innocent Freedom of the *English* Ladies, telling him, that when he came into a Gentleman's House he was allowed to salute the Ladies, and also to do the same at taking Leave: And tho' he seems to talk very feelingly on the Subject, yet makes no Reflections upon the Virtue of *English* Women. But to return to him; as to his Voyage to *Italy*, he prosecuted his Journey to *Turin*, and took the Degree of Doctor of Divinity in that University; he dwelt a whole year in *Bologna*, and there obtain'd a Dispensation from Pope *Julian* to put off his Canon's Habit, but upon Condition not to put off the Habit of Priest; and after that went to *Venice*, where was the Printing-House of the famous *Manutius Aldus*, and there he published his Book of *Adagies*, and staying some Time there, wrote several Treatises, and had the Conversation of many eminent and learned Men. From thence he went to *Padua*, where at that Time *Alexander* the Son of *James* King of *Scotland*, and Bishop of St. *Andrews* in *Scotland*, studied, who chose *Erasmus* for his Tutor in Rhetorick, and went to *Seana*, and thence to *Rome*, where his great Merits had made his Presence expected long before. At *Rome* he gained the Friendship and Esteem of the most considerable Persons in the City, was offered the Dignity of a Penitentiary, if he would

have remained there: But he returned back to the Archbishop, and not long after went with him again to *Italy*, and travelling farther into the Country, went to *Cuma*, and visited the Cave of *Sybilla*. After the Death of the Archbishop he began to think of returning to his own Country, and coming over the *Rhetian Alps*, went to *Argentorat*, and thence by the Way of the *Rhine* into *Holland*, having in his Way visited his Friends at *Antwerp* and *Louvain*; but *Henry VIII.* coming to the Crown of England, his Friends here, with many Invitations and great Promises, prevailed upon him to come over to *England* again, where it was his Purpose to have settled for the remaining Part of his Life, had he found Things according to the Expectation they had given him: But how it came about is uncertain, whether *Erasmus* was wanting in making his Court aright to Cardinal *Wolsey*, who at that Time manag'd all Things at his Pleasure; or, whether it were that the Cardinal look'd with a jealous Eye upon him, because of his intimate Friendship with *William Warham*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, who had taken him into his Favour, between whom and *Wolsey* there was continual Clashing, (the Cardinal after he had been made the Pope's Legate, pretending a Power in the Archbishoprick of *Canterbury*.) On this Disappointment he left *England*, and went to *Flanders*; Archbishop *Warham* had indeed shewed his Esteem for him, in giving him the Living of *Aldington*. In short, *Erasmus* takes Notice of the Friendship between himself and *Warham* in the *Colloquy* called, *The Religious Pilgrimage*.

As to his Familiarity with Sir *Thomas More*, there are several Stories related, and especially one concerning the Disputes that had been between them about *Transubstantiation*, or the *real Presence* of Christ in the consecrated Wafer, of which Sir *Thomas* was a strenuous Maintainer, and *Erasmus* an Opponent, of which, when *Erasmus* saw he was too strongly byassed to be convinced by Arguments, he at last made use of the following facetious Retortion on him. It seems in their Disputes concerning the real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament, which were in *Latin*, Sir *Thomas* had frequently used this Expression, and laid the Stress of his Proof upon the Force of Believing, *Crede quod edis et edis*, i.e. Believe you eat [Christ] and you do eat him; therefore *Erasmus* answers him, *Crede quod habes et habes*, Believe that you have [your Horse] and you have him. It seems, at *Erasmus's* going away, Sir *Thomas* had lent him his Horse to carry him to the Sea-side or *Dover*; but he either carried him with him over Sea to *Holland*, or sent him not back to Sir *Thomas*, at least for some Time; upon which Sir *Thomas* writing to *Erasmus* about his Horse, *Erasmus* is said to have written back to him as follows.

Ut mihi scripsisti de corpore Christi,  
Crede quod edis et edis.  
Sic tibi rescribo de tuo Palfrido;  
Crede quod habes et habes.

Being arriv'd at *Flanders* by the Interest of *Sylvagius* Chancellor to *Charles of Austria*, afterwards Emperor of



*Germany*, known by the name of *Charles V*: he was made one of his Counsellors.

In the mean Time *Johannes Frobenius*, a famous Printer, having printed many of his Works at *Basil* in *Switzerland*, and being much taken with the Elegancy of his Printing, and the Neatness of his Edition, he went thither, pretending that he undertook that Journey for the Performance of some Vow he had made; he was kindly entertain'd by him, and publish'd several Books there, and dedicated this his Book of Colloquies to *Frobenius's* Son, and resided till the Mass had been put down there by the Reformers. When he left that Place, he retir'd to *Friburg* in *Alsace*. Before his going to *Friburg*, he visited the low Countries to settle certain Affairs there. And was at *Cologne* at the Time that the Assembly was at *Worms*, which being dissolv'd, he went again to *Basil*, either, as some say, for the Recovery of his Health, or, as others, for the publishing of several Books. He receiv'd the Bounty and Munificence of several Kings, Princes, and Popes, and was honourably entertain'd by many of the chief Cities which he pass'd through. And by his Procurement, a College of three Languages was instituted at *Louvain*, at the Charge of *Hieronimus Buslidi*, Governour of *Aria*, out of certain Monies he at his Death bequeath'd to the use of studious and learned Men. An Account of which coming to the Ears of *Francis* King of *France*, he invited him by Letters to *Paris*, in order, by his Advice to erect the like College there. But certain Affairs happening, his Journey thither was hindred. He went

to *Friburg* in *Alsace*, where he bought him an House, and liv'd seven Years in great Esteem and Reputation, both with the chief Magistrates and Citizens of the Place, and all Persons of any Note in the University. But his Distemper, which was the Gout, coming rudely upon him, he, thinking the Change of Air would afford him Relief, sold his House, and went again to *Basil*, to the House of *Frobenius*; but he had not been there above nine Months before his Gout violently assaulted him, and his strength having gradually decay'd, he was seized with a Dysentery, under which having laboured for a Month, it at last overcame him, and he died at the House of *Jerome Frobenius*, the son of *John* the famous Printer, the 12th of *July* 1536, about Midnight, being about seventy Years of Age: After his last retreat to *Basil*, he went seldom abroad; and for some of the last Months stirred not out of his Chamber. He retained a sound Mind, even to the last Moments of his Life; and, as a certain Author saith, bid Farewell to the World, and passed into the State of another Life, after the Manner of a Protestant, without the Papistical Ceremonies of Rosaries, Crosses, Confession, Absolution, or receiving the transubstantiated Wafer, and in one Word, not desiring to have any of the *Romish* Superstitions administered, but according to the true Tenor of the Gospel, taking Sanctuary in nothing but the Mercies of God in Christ. And finding himself near Death, he gave many Testimonies of Piety and Christian Hope in God's Mercy, and oftentimes cry'd out in the *German* Language, *Liever Godt*, i.e. dear God; often repeating, O Jesus have Mercy on me!

O Lord, deliver me! Lord, put an End to my Misery! Lord, have Mercy upon me.

In his last Will, he made the celebrated Lawyer *Bonifacius Amerbachius* his Executor, bequeathing the greatest Part of his Substance to charitable Uses; as for the Maintenance of such as were poor and disabled through Age or Sickness; for the Marrying of poor young Virgins, to keep them from Temptations to Unchastity; for the maintaining hopeful Students in the University, and such like charitable Uses. In the overseeing of his Will, he join'd with *Amerbachius*, two others, *Jerome Frobenius*, and *Nicholas Episcopi*, who were his intimate Friends, and whom a certain Author says, had then espoused the Reformation began by *Luther* and other Reformers. The city of *Basil* still pays *Erasmus* the Respect which is due to the Memory of so eminent a Person; they not only call'd one of the Colleges there after his Name, but shew the House where he died to Strangers, with as much Veneration as the People of *Roterdam* do the House where he was born.

I shall not here pretend to give a Catalogue of all *Erasmus's* genuine Pieces, which they shew at *Basil*: As to his Colloquies and *Moria Encomium*, they have seen more Editions than any other of his Works; and *Moreri* says, that a Bookseller at *Paris*, who thoroughly understood his Trade, sold twenty four thousand of them at one Impression, by getting it whisper'd to his Customers, that the Book was prohibited, and would suddenly be call'd in.

He was buried at *Basil*, in the Cathedral Church, on the left Side near the Choir, in a Marble Tomb; on the fore Side of which was this Inscription:

**CHRISTO SERVATORIS. DESID. ERASMO  
ROTERODAMO.**

*Viro omnibus modis maximo;*

Cujus incomparabilem in omni disciplinarum genere  
eruditionem, pari conjunctam prudentia,

*Posterì et admirabuntur et prædicabunt*

BONIFACIUS AMERBACHIUS, HIERONYMUS  
FROBENIUS, NICHOLAS EPISCOPIUS Hæredes,

Et nuncupati supremæ suæ voluntatis *vindices Patrono optimo,*

non *Memoriæ*, quam immortalem sibi Editis  
Lucubrationibus comparavit, iis, tantisper dum orbis  
Terrarum stabit, superfuturo, ac eruditis ubique gentium  
colloquuturo: sed *Corporis Mortalis*, quo reconditum sit  
ergo, hoc saxum posuere.

Mortuus est IV. Eidus Julius jam septuagenarius, Anno  
à Christo nato, M.D. XXXVI.

Upon the upper Part of the Tomb is a quadrangular Base,  
upon which stands the Effigies of the Deity of *Terminus*, which  
*Erasmus* chose for the Impress of his Seal, and on the Front of  
that Base is this Inscription.

DES. ERASMUM ROTHERODAMUM *Amici* sub hoc saxo  
condebant, IV, eid. Julius M.D. XXXVI.

In the Year 1549, a wooden Statue, in Honour of so great a Man, was erected in the Market-place at *Roterdam*; and in the Year 1557, a Stone one was erected in the Stead of it; but this having been defaced by the *Spaniards* in the Year 1572, as soon as the Country had recovered its Liberty it was restored again. But in the Year 1622, instead of it, a very compleat one of Brass eight Foot high with the Pedestal, was erected, which is now standing on the Bridge at *Roterdam*, and likely long to remain there, on the Foot of which is the following Inscription.

**DESIDERIO ERASMO MAGNO,**

Scientiarum atque Literature politionis *vindici et instauratori*: Viro sæculi sui *Primario*, civi omnium præstantissimo, ac nominis immortalitatem scriptis æviternis jure *consecuto*, S.P.Q. ROTERODAMUS.

Ne quod tantis apud se suosque posteros *virtutibus* præmium deesset, *Statuam* hanc ex sere publico erigendam curaverunt.

On the right Side are these Verses of *Nicholas Heinsius*.

*Barbariæ talem se debellator Erasmus,  
Maxima laus Batavi nominis, ore tulit.  
Reddidit, en, fatis, Ars obluctata sinistris,  
De tanto spoliū nacta quod urna viro est.  
Ingenii cæleste jubar, majusque caduco  
Tempore qui reddat, solus Erasmus erit.*

On the left Side, and behind, there is an Inscription in the

*Dutch Language*, much to the Purport of the first Inscription. On the House where *Erasmus* was born, formerly was this Inscription.

*Hæc est parva Domus, magnus quâ natus Erasmus.*

The same House being rebuilt and enlarged, has the following Inscription.

*Ædibus his ortus Mundum decoravit Erasmus,  
Artibus ingenuis, Religione, Fide.*

As for his Stature, he was neither very low nor very tall, his Body well set, proportioned and handsome, neither fat nor lean, but of a nice and tender Constitution, and easily put out of Order with the least Deviation from his ordinary Way of Living; he had from his Childhood so great an Aversion to eating of Fish, that he never attempted it without the Danger of his Life, and therefore obtain'd a Dispensation from the Pope from eating Fish in *Lent*, as appears by the Story of *Eras*, (as he stiles himself) in the Colloquy call'd *Ichthyophagia*. He was of a fair and pale Complexion, had a high Forehead, his Hair, in his younger Years, inclining to yellow, his Nose pretty long, a little thick at the End, his Mouth something large, but not ill made, his Eyes grey but lively, his Countenance chearful and pleasant, his Voice small, but musical, his Speech distinct and plain, pleasant and jocose, his Gait handsome and grave; he had a, most happy Memory and acute Wit, he was very constant to his Friend, and

exceeding liberal to those that were under Necessity, especially to studious and hopeful Youths, and to such as were destitute in their Journey: In his Conversation he was very pleasant and affable, free from peevish and morose Humours, but very witty and satyrical. It is related, that when *Erasmus* was told, that *Luther* had married and gotten the famous *Catharine Bora* with Child, he should in a jesting Manner say, that, if according to the popular Tradition, *Antichrist* was to be begotten between a Monk and a Nun, the World was in a fair Way now to have a Litter of Antichrists.

I shall conclude with the Character given of *Erasmus* by Mr. *Thomas Brown*, who comparing him with *Lucian*, says, That whereas *Erasmus* had translated Part of his Dialogues into *Latin*, he had made *Lucian* the Pattern of his Colloquies, and had copied his Graces with that Success, that it is difficult to say which of the two was the Original.

That both of them had an equal Aversion to austere, sullen, designing Knaves, of what Complexion, Magnitude, or Party soever. That both of them were Men of Wit and Satyr, but that *Erasmus*, according to the Genius of his Country, had more of the Humourist in him than *Lucian*, and in all Parts of Learning was infinitely his Superior. That *Lucian* liv'd in an Age, when Fiction and Fable had usurp'd the Name of Religion, and Morality was debauch'd by a Set of sower Scoundrels, Men of Beard and Grimace, but scandalously lewd and ignorant, who yet had the Impudence to preach up Virtue, and stile

themselves Philosophers, perpetually clashing with one another about the Precedence of their several Founders, the Merits of their different Sects, and if it is possible, about Trifles of less Importance; yet all agreeing in a different Way, to dupe and amuse the poor People by the fantastick Singularity of their Habits, the unintelligible Jargon of their Schools, and their Pretensions to a severe and mortified Life. This motly Herd of Jugglers *Lucian* in a great Measure help'd to chase out of the World, by exposing them in their proper Colours.

But in a few Generations after him, a new Generation sprung up in the World, well known by the Name of Monks and Friars, differing from the former in Religion, Garb, and a few other Circumstances, but in the main, the same individual Imposters; the same everlasting Cobweb-Spinners as to their nonsensical Controversies, the same abandon'd Rakehells as to their Morals; but as for the mysterious Arts of heaping up Wealth, and picking the Peoples Pockets, as much superior to their Predecessors the *Pagan* Philosophers, as an overgrown Favourite that cheats a whole Kingdom, is to a common Malefactor.

These were the sanctified Cheats, whose Follies and Vices *Erasmus* has so effectually lash'd, that some Countries have entirely turn'd these Drones out of their Cells, and in other Places where they are still kept, they are grown contemptible to the highest Degree, and oblig'd to be always upon their Guard.



# THE *FAMILIAR COLLOQUIES* OF DESIDERIUS ERASMUS, OF *ROTTERDAM*

\* \* \* \* \*

## The ARGUMENT

This Colloquy teaches Courtesy and Civility in Saluting, who, when, and by what Title we ought to Salute.

*At the First Meeting.*

A Certain Person teaches, and not without Reason, that we should Salute freely. For a courteous and kind Salutation oftentimes engages Friendship, and reconciles Persons at Variance, and does undoubtedly nourish and increase a mutual Benevolence. There are indeed some Persons that are such Churls, and of so clownish a Disposition, that if you salute them, they will scarcely salute you again. But this Vice is in some Persons rather the Effect of their Education, than their natural Disposition.

It is a Piece of Civility to salute those that come in your Way;

either such as come to us, or those that we go to speak with. And in like Manner such as are about any Sort of Work, either at Supper, or that yawn, or hiccup, or sneeze, or cough. But it is the Part of a Man that is civil even to an Extreme, to salute one that belches, or breaks Wind backward. But he is uncivilly civil that salutes one that is making Water, or easing Nature.

God save you Father, God save you little Mother, God save you Brother, God save you my worthy Master, God save you heartily Uncle, God save you sweet Cousin.

It is courteous to make Use of a Title of Relation or Affinity, unless when it carries something of a Reflection along with it, then indeed it is better not to use such Titles, tho' proper; but rather some that are more engaging, as when we call a Mother in Law, Mother; a Son in Law, Son; a Father in Law, Father; a Sister's Husband, Brother; a Brother's Wife, Sister: And the same we should do in Titles, either of Age or Office. For it will be more acceptable to salute an antient Man by the Name of Father, or venerable Sir, than by the Surname of Age; altho' in antient Times they used to make use of [Greek: hô geron], as an honourable Title. God save you Lieutenant, God save you Captain; but not God save you Hosier or Shoe-maker. God save you Youth, or young Man. Old Men salute young Men that are Strangers to them by the Name of Sons, and young Men again salute them by the Name of Fathers or Sirs.

# A MORE AFFECTIONATE SALUTATION BETWEEN LOVERS

God save you my little *Cornelia*, my Life, my Light, my Delight, my Sweet-heart, my Honey, my only Pleasure, my little Heart, my Hope, my Comfort, my Glory.

*Either for the Sake of Honour or otherwise.*

*Sal.* O Master, God bless ye.

*Ans.* Oh! Good Sir, I wish you the same.

*Sal.* God bless you most accomplish'd, and most famous Sir. God bless you again and again thou Glory of Learning. God save you heartily my very good Friend. God save you my *Mæcenas*.

*Ans.* God save you my Singular Patron, God save you most approv'd Sir. God save you, the only Ornament of this Age. God bless you, the Delight of *Germany*.

*Sal.* God bless you all together. God bless you all alike.

*Ans.* God bless you my brave Boys.

*Sal.* God save you merry Companion. God bless you Destroyer of Wine.

*Ans.* God bless you Glutton, and unmerciful Devourer of Cakes.

*Sal.* God bless you heartily President of all Virtue.

*Ans.* God bless you in like Manner, Pattern of universal Honesty.

*Sal.* God save you little old Woman of Fifteen Years of Age.

*Ans.* God save you Girl, eighty Years old.

*Sal.* Much good may it do you with your bald Pate.

*Ans.* And much good may it do you with your slit Nose. As you salute, so you shall be saluted again. If you say that which is ill, you shall hear that which is worse.

*Sal.* God save you again and again.

*Ans.* God save you for ever and ever.

*Sal.* God save you more than a thousand Times.

*Ans.* In truth I had rather be well once for all.

*Sal.* God bless you as much as you can desire.

*Ans.* And you as much as you deserve.

*Sal.* I wish you well.

*Ans.* But what if I won't be so? In truth I had rather be sick, than to enjoy the Health that you want.

God bless your Holiness, Your Greatness, Your Highness, Your Majesty, Your Beatitude, Your High Mightiness, are Salutations rather us'd by the Vulgar, than approv'd by the Learned.

*In the Third Person.*

*Sapidus* wishes Health to his *Erasmus*.

*Sapidus* salutes his *Beatus*, wishing him much Health.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Another Form.*

*Sal.* God bless you *Crito*, I wish you well good Sir.

*Ans.* And I wish you better. Peace be to thee Brother, is indeed a Christian Salutation, borrow'd from the *Jews*: but yet not to be rejected. And of the like Kind is, A happy Life to you.

*Sal.* Hail Master.

*Ans.* In truth I had rather have than crave.

*Sal.* [Greek: Chaire].

*Ans.* Remember you are at *Basil*, and not *Athens*.

*Sal.* How do you then dare to speak *Latin* when you are not at *Rome*?

\* \* \* \* \*

*Forms of well Wishing.*

And to wish well is a Sort of Salutation.

*To a Woman with Child.*

God send you a good Delivery, and that you may make your Husband Father of a fine Child. May the Virgin Mother make you a happy Mother. I wish that this swell'd Belly may assuage happily. Heaven grant that this Burthen you carry, whatsoever it is, may have as easy an out-coming as it had an in-going. God give you a good Time.

*To Guests.*

Happy be this Feast. Much good may it do all the Company. I wish all Happiness to you all. God give you a happy Banquet.

*To one that sneezes.*

May it be lucky and happy to you. God keep you. May it be

for your Health. God bless it to you.

*To one that is about to begin any Business.*

May it prove happy and prosperous for the Publick Good. May that you are going about be an universal Good. God prosper what you are about. God bless your Labours. God bless your Endeavours. I pray that by God's Assistance you may happily finish what you have begun. May Christ in Heaven prosper what is under your Hand. May what you have begun end happily. May what you are set about end happily. You are about a good Work, I wish you a good End of it, and that propitious Heaven may favour your pious Undertakings. Christ give Prosperity to your Enterprise. May what you have undertaken prosper. I heartily beg of Almighty God that this Design may be as successful as it is honourable. May the Affair so happily begun, more happily end. I wish you a good Journey to *Italy*, and a better Return. I wish you a happy Voyage, and a more happy Return. I pray God that, this Journey being happily perform'd, we may in a short Time have the Opportunity of congratulating you upon your happy Return. May it be your good Fortune to make a good Voyage thither and back again. May your Journey be pleasant, but your Return more pleasant. I wish this Journey may succeed according to your Heart's Desire. I wish this Journey may be as pleasant to you, as the want of your good Company in the mean Time will be troublesome to us. May you set Sail with promising Presages. I wish this Journey may succeed according to both our Wishes. I wish this Bargain may be for the Good and Advantage of us both.

I wish this may be a happy Match to us all. The blessed Jesus God keep thee. Kind Heaven return you safe. God keep thee who art one Half of my Life. I wish you a safe Return. I wish that this New-Year may begin happily, go on more happily, and end most happily to you, and that you may have many of them, and every Year happier than other.

*Ans.* And I again wish you many happy Ages, that you mayn't wish well to me *gratis*.

*Sal.* I wish you a glorious Day to Day. May this Sun-rising be a happy one to you.

*Ans.* I wish you the same. May this be a happy and a prosperous Morning to both of us.

*Sal.* Father, I wish you a good Night. I wish you good Repose to Night. May you sleep sweetly. God give you good Rest. May you sleep without dreaming. God send you may either sleep sweetly or dream pleasantly. A good Night to you.

*Ans.* Since you always love to be on the getting Hand, I wish you a thousand Happinesses to one you wish to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Farewell at parting.*

Fare ye all well. Farewell. Take care of your Health. Take a great Care of your Health. I bid you good by, Time calls me away, fare ye well. I wish you as well as may be. Farewell mightily, or if you had rather have it so, lustily. Fare you well as you are worthy.

Fare you as well as you deserve. Farewell for these two Days. If you send me away, farewell till to-morrow. Would you have any Thing with me? Have you any Thing else to say to me?

*Ans.* Nothing but to wish you well.

*Sal.* Take Care to preserve your Health. Take Care of your Health. Look well to your Health. See that at the next Meeting we see you merry and hearty. I charge you make much of your self. See that you have a sound Mind in a healthful Body. Take Care you be universally well both in Body and Mind.

*Ans.* I'll promise you I will do my Endeavour. Fare you well also; and I again wish you prosperous Health.

*Of saluting by another.*

Remember my hearty Love to *Frobenius*. Be sure to remember my Love to little *Erasmus*. Remember me to *Gertrude's* Mother with all imaginable Respect; tell them I wish 'em all well. Remember me to my old Companions. Remember me to my Friends. Give my Love to my Wife. Remember me to your Brother in your Letter. Remember my Love to my Kinsman. Have you any Service to command by me to your Friends?

*Ans.* Tell them I wish them all heartily well.

*Sal.* Have you any Recommendations to send by me to your Friends?

*Ans.* Much Health to them all, but especially to my Father.

*Sal.* Are there any Persons to whom you would command me any Service?

*Ans.* To all that ask how I do. The Health you have brought



from my Friends to me, carry back again with much Interest. Carry my hearty Service to all them that have sent their Service to me. Pray do so much as be my Representative in saluting my Friends. I would have written to my Son in Law, but you will serve me instead of a Letter to him.

*Sal.* Soho, soho, whither are you going so fast?

*Ans.* Strait to *Louvain*.

*Sal.* Stay a little, I have something to send by you.

*Ans.* But it is inconvenient for a Footman to carry a Fardel? What is it?

*Sal.* That you recommend me to *Goclenius*, *Rutgerus*, *John Campensis*, and all the Society of Trilinguists.

*Ans.* If you put nothing into my Snapsack but Healths, I shall carry them with Ease.

*Sal.* And that you may not do that for nothing, I pray that Health may be your Companion both going and coming back.

*How we ought to congratulate one that is return'd from a Journey.*

We are glad you are come well Home. It is a Pleasure that you are come Home safe. It is a Pleasure to us that you are come well Home. We congratulate your happy Return. We give God Thanks that you are come safe Home to us. The more uneasy we were at the Want of you, the more glad we are to see you again. We congratulate you and ourselves too that you are come Home to us alive and well. Your Return is the more pleasant by how much it was less expected.

*Ans.* I am glad too that as I am well myself I find you so. I am very glad to find you in good Health. I should not have thought myself well come Home if I had not found you well; but now I think myself safe, in that I see you safe and in good Health.

\* \* \* \* \*

# A FORM OF ASKING QUESTIONS AT THE FIRST MEETING

## The ARGUMENT

This Colloquy teaches Forms of enquiring at the first meeting. Whence come you? What News bring you? How do you do? &c.

**GEORGE, LIVINUS.**

*George.* Out of what Hen-Coop or Cave came you?

*Liv.* Why do you ask me such a Question?

*Ge.* Because you have been so poorly fed; you are so thin a Body may see thro' you, and as dry as a Kecks. Whence came you from?

*Liv.* From Montacute College.

*Ge.* Then sure you are come loaden with Letters for us.

*Liv.* Not so, but with Lice I am.

*Ge.* Well then you had Company enough.

*Liv.* In truth it is not safe for a Traveller now a Days to go without Company.

*Ge.* I know well enough a Louse is a Scholar's Companion. Well but do you bring any News from *Paris*?

*Liv.* Ay, I do, and that in the first Place that I know you won't

believe. At *Paris* a *Bete* is wise, and an *Oak* preaches.

*Ge.* What's that you tell me?

*Liv.* That which you hear.

*Ge.* What is it I hear?

*Liv.* That which I tell you.

*Ge.* O monstrous! Sure Mushrooms and Stones must be the Hearers where there are such Preachers.

*Liv.* Well, but it is even so as I tell you, nor do I speak only by hear say, but what I know to be true.

*Ge.* Sure Men must needs be very wise there where *Betes* and *Oaks* are so.

*Liv.* You are in the right on't.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Of enquiring concerning Health.*

*Ge.* Are you well?

*Liv.* Look in my Face.

*Ge.* Why do you not rather bid me cast your Water? Do you take me for a Doctor? I don't ask you if you are in Health, for your Face bespeaks you so to be; but I ask you how you like your own Condition?

*Liv.* I am very well in my Body, but sick in my Mind.

*Ge.* He's not well indeed that is sick in that Part.

*Liv.* This is my Case, I'm well in my Body, but sick in my Pocket.

*Ge.* Your Mother will easily cure that Distemper. How have you done for this long Time?

*Liv.* Sometimes better, and sometimes worse, as human Affairs commonly go.

*Ge.* Are you very well in health? Are your Affairs in a good Condition? Are your Circumstances as you would have them? Have you always had your Health well?

*Liv.* Very well, I thank God. By God's Goodness I have always had my Health very well. I have always been very well hitherto. I have been in very good, favourable, secure, happy, prosperous, successful, perfect Health, like a Prince, like a Champion, fit for any Thing.

*Ge.* God send you may always enjoy the same. I am glad to hear it. You give me a Pleasure in saying so. It is very pleasant to me to hear that. I am glad at my Heart to hear this from you. This is no bad News to me. I am exceeding glad to hear you say so. I wish you may be so always. I wish you may enjoy the same Health as long as you live. In congratulating you, I joy myself, Thanks to Heaven for it.

*Li.* Indeed I am very well if you are so.

*Ge.* Well, but have you met with no Trouble all this while?

*Li.* None but the Want of your good Company.

*Ge.* Well, but how do you do though?

*Li.* Well enough, finely, bravely, very well as may be, very well indeed, happily, commodiously, no Way amiss. I enjoy rather what Health I wish, than what I deserved, Princely, Herculean,

Champion-like.

*Ge.* I was expecting when you would say Bull-like too.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Of being Ill.*

*Ge.* Are you in good Health?

*Li.* I wish I were. Not altogether so well as I would be. Indeed I am so, so. Pretty well. I am as well as I can be, since I can't be so well as I would be. As I use to be. So as it pleases God. Truly not very well. Never worse in all my Life. As I am wont to be. I am as they use to be who have to do with the Doctor.

*Ge.* How do you do?

*Li.* Not as I would do.

*Ge.* Why truly not well, ill, very ill, in an unhappy, unprosperous, unfavourable, bad, adverse, unlucky, feeble, dubious, indifferent, State of Health, not at all as I would, a tolerable, such as I would not wish even to my Enemies.

*Ge.* You tell me a melancholy Story. Heavens forbid it. God forbid. No more of that I pray. I wish what you say were not true. But you must be of good Chear, you must pluck up a good Heart. A good Heart is a good Help in bad Circumstances. You must bear up your Mind with the Hope of better Fortune. What Distemper is it? What Sort of Disease is it? What Distemper is it that afflicts you? What Distemper are you troubled with?

*Li.* I can't tell, and in that my Condition is the more dangerous.

*Ge.* That's true, for when the Disease is known, it is half cured.  
Have you had the Advice of any Doctor?

*Li.* Ay, of a great many.

*Ge.* What do they say to your Case?

*Li.* What the Lawyers of *Demiphon* (in the Play) said to him.  
One says one Thing, another he says another, and the third he'll consider of it. But they all agree in this, that I am in a sad Condition.

*Ge.* How long have you been taken with this Illness? How long have you been ill of this Distemper? How long has this Illness seiz'd you?

*Li.* About twenty Days more or less, almost a Month. It's now near three Months. It seems an Age to me since I was first taken ill.

*Ge.* But I think you ought to take care that the Distemper don't grow upon you.

*Li.* It has grown too much upon me already.

*Ge.* Is it a Dropsy?

*Li.* They say it is not.

*Ge.* Is it a Dissentery?

*Li.* I think not.

*Ge.* Is it a Fever?

*Li.* I believe it is a Kind of Fever; but a new one, as ever and anon new ones spring up that were unknown before.

*Ge.* There were more old ones than enough before.

*Li.* Thus it pleases Nature to deal with us, which is a little too

severe.

*Ge.* How often does the Fit come?

*Li.* How often do you say? Every Day, nay every Hour indeed.

*Ge.* O wonderful! It is a sad Affliction. How did you get this Distemper? How do you think you came by it?

*Li.* By Reason of Want.

*Ge.* Why you don't use to be so superstitious as to starve yourself with Fasting.

*Li.* It is not Bigotry but Penury.

*Ge.* What do you mean by Penury?

*Li.* I mean I could get no Victuals, I believe it came by a Cold. I fancy I got the Distemper by eating rotten Eggs. By drinking too much Water in my Wine. This Crudity in my Stomach came by eating green Apples.

*Ge.* But consider whether you han't contracted this Distemper by long and late Studying, by hard Drinking, or immoderate use of Venery? Why don't you send for a Doctor?

*Li.* I am afraid he should do me more Harm than good. I am afraid he should poison me instead of curing me.

*Ge.* You ought to chuse one that you can confide in.

*Li.* If I must dye, I had rather dye once for all, than to be tormented with so many Slops.

*Ge.* Well then, be your own Doctor. If you can't trust to a Doctor, pray God be your Physician. There have been some that have recover'd their Health, by putting on a Dominican or a Franciscan Fryars Cowl.



*Li.* And perhaps it had been the same Thing, if they had put on a Whore-master's Cloak. These things have no Effect upon those that have no Faith in 'em.

*Ge.* Why then, believe that you may recover. Some have been cur'd by making Vows to a Saint.

*Li.* But I have no Dealings with Saints.

*Ge.* Then pray to Christ that you may have Faith, and that he would be pleased to bestow the Blessing of Health upon you.

*Li.* I can't tell whether it would be a Blessing or no.

*Ge.* Why, is it not a Blessing to be freed from a Distemper?

*Li.* Sometimes it is better to dye. I ask nothing of him, but only that he'd give me what would be best for me.

*Ge.* Take something to purge you.

*Li.* I am laxative enough already.

*Ge.* Take something to make you go to Stool. You must take a Purge.

*Li.* I ought to take something that is binding rather, for I am too laxative.

\* \* \* \* \*

# OF ENQUIRING OF A PERSON UPON HIS RETURN

## The ARGUMENT

*Of interrogating a Person returning from a Journey, concerning War, private Affairs, a Disappointment, great Promises, a Wife Lying-in, Dangers, Losses, &c.*

*George.* Have you had a good and prosperous Journey?

*Li.* Pretty good; but that there is such Robbing every where.

*Ge.* This is the Effect of War.

*Li.* It is so, but it is a wicked one.

*Ge.* Did you come on Foot or on Horse-back?

*Li.* Part of the Way a Foot, Part in a Coach, Part on Horse-back, and Part by Sea.

*Ge.* How go Matters in *France*?

*Li.* All's in Confusion, there's nothing but War talk'd of. What Mischiefs they may bring upon their Enemies I know not; but this I'm sure of, the *French* themselves are afflicted with unexpressible Calamities.

*Ge.* Whence come all these tumultuary Wars?

*Li.* Whence should they come but from the Ambition of Monarchs?

*Ge.* But it would be more their Prudence to appease these Storms of human Affairs.

*Li.* Appease 'em! Ay, so they do, as the South Wind does the Sea. They fancy themselves to be Gods, and that the World was made for their Sakes.

*Ge.* Nay, rather a Prince was made for the Good of the Commonwealth, and not the Commonwealth for the Sake of the Prince.

*Li.* Nay, there are Clergymen too, who blow up the Coals, and sound an Alarm to these Tumults.

*Ge.* I'd have them set in the Front of the Battel.

*Li.* Ay, ay, but they take Care to keep out of Harm's Way.

*Ge.* But let us leave these publick Affairs to Providence. How go your own Matters?

*Li.* Very well, happily, indifferently well, tolerably.

*Ge.* How goes it with your own Business? As you would have it?

*Li.* Nay, better than I could have wish'd for, better than I deserve, beyond what I could have hop'd for.

*Ge.* Are all Things according to your Mind? Is all well? Has every Thing succeeded?

*Li.* It can't be worse. It is impossible it should be worse than it is.

*Ge.* What then, han't you got what you sought for? Han't you caught the Game you hunted?

*Li.* Hunt! Ay, I did hunt indeed, but with very ill Success.

*Ge.* But is there no Hope then?

*Li.* Hope enough, but nothing else.

*Ge.* Did the Bishop give you no Hopes?

*Li.* Yes, whole Cart Loads, and whole Ship Loads of Hope; but nothing else.

*Ge.* Has he sent you nothing yet?

*Li.* He promis'd me largely, but he has never sent me a Farthing.

*Ge.* Then you must live in Hopes.

*Li.* Ay, but that won't fill the Belly; they that feed upon Hope may be said to hang, but not to live.

*Ge.* But however then, you were the lighter for travelling, not having your Pockets loaded.

*Li.* I confess that, nay, and safer too; for an empty Pocket is the best Defence in the World against Thieves; but for all that, I had rather have the Burthen and the Danger too.

*Ge.* You was not robb'd of any Thing by the Way, I hope?

*Li.* Robb'd! What can you rob a Man of that has nothing? There was more Reason for other Folks to be afraid of me, than I of them, having never a Penny in my Pocket. I might sing and be starved all the Way I went. Have you anything more to say?

*Ge.* Where are you going now?

*Li.* Strait Home, to see how all do there, whom I han't seen this long Time.

*Ge.* I wish you may find all well at Home.

*Li.* I pray God I may. Has any Thing new happen'd at our

House since I went away?

*Ge.* Nothing but only you'll find your Family bigger than it was; for your *Catulla* has brought you a little *Catulus* since you have been gone. Your Hen has laid you an Egg.

*Li.* That's good News, I like your News, and I'll promise to give you a Gospel for it.

*Ge.* What Gospel? The Gospel according to St. *Matthew*?

*Li.* No, but according to *Homer*. Here take it.

*Ge.* Keep your Gospel to yourself, I have Stones enough at Home.

*Li.* Don't slight my Present, it is the Eagle's Stone; It is good for Women with Child; it is good to bring on their Labour.

*Ge.* Say you so? Then it is a very acceptable Present to me, and I'll endeavour to make you Amends.

*Li.* The Amends is made already by your kind Acceptance.

*Ge.* Nay, nothing in the World could come more seasonably, for my Wife's Belly is up to her Mouth almost.

*Li.* Then I'll make this Bargain with you; that if she has a Boy, you will let me be the Godfather.

*Ge.* Well I'll promise you that, and that you shall name it too.

*Li.* I wish it may be for both our Good.

*Ge.* Nay, for all our Good.

\* \* \* \* \*

***MAURICE, CYPRIAN.***

*Ma.* You are come back fatter than you used to be: You are returned taller.

*Cy.* But in Truth I had rather it had been wiser, or more learned.

*Ma.* You had no Beard when you went away; but you have brought a little one back with you. You are grown somewhat oldish since you went away. What makes you look so pale, so lean, so wrinkled?

*Cy.* As is my Fortune, so is the Habit of my Body.

*Ma.* Has it been but bad then?

*Cy.* She never is otherwise to me, but never worse in my Life than now.

*Ma.* I am sorry for that. I am sorry for your Misfortune. But pray, what is this Mischance?

*Cy.* I have lost all my Money.

*Ma.* What in the Sea?

*Cy.* No, on Shore, before I went abroad.

*Ma.* Where?

*Cy.* Upon the *English* Coast.

*Ma.* It is well you scap'd with your Life; it is better to lose your Money, than that; the loss of ones good Name, is worse than the Loss of Money.

*Cy.* My Life and Reputation are safe; but my Money is lost.

*Ma.* The Loss of Life never can be repair'd; the Loss of Reputation very hardly; but the Loss of Money may easily be made up one Way or another. But how came it about?

Cy. I can't tell, unless it was my Destiny. So it pleas'd God.  
As the Devil would have it.

Ma. Now you see that Learning and Virtue are the safest  
Riches; for as they can't be taken from a Man, so neither are they  
burthensome to him that carries them.

Cy. Indeed you Philosophize very well; but in the mean Time  
I'm in Perplexity.

\* \* \* \* \*

**CLAUDIUS, BALBUS.**

Cl. I am glad to see you well come Home *Balbus*.

Ba. And I to see you alive *Claudius*.

Cl. You are welcome Home into your own Country again.

Ba. You should rather congratulate me as a Fugitive from  
*France*.

Cl. Why so?

Ba. Because they are all up in Arms there.

Cl. But what have Scholars to do with Arms?

Ba. But there they don't spare even Scholars.

Cl. It is well you're got off safe.

Ba. But I did not get off without Danger neither.

Cl. You are come back quite another Man than you went away.

Ba. How so?

Cl. Why, of a *Dutch* Man, you are become a *French* Man.

Ba. Why, was I a Capon when I went away?

*Cl.* Your Dress shows that you're turn'd from a *Dutch* Man into a *French* Man.

*Ba.* I had rather suffer this Metamorphosis, than be turn'd into a Hen. But as a Cowl does not make a Monk, so neither does a Garment a *French* Man.

*Cl.* Have you learn'd to speak *French*?

*Ba.* Indifferently well.

*Cl.* How did you learn it?

*Ba.* Of Teachers that were no dumb ones I assure you.

*Cl.* From whom.

*Ba.* Of little Women, more full of Tongue, than Turtle Doves.

*Cl.* It is easy to learn to speak in such a School. Do you pronounce the *French* well?

*Ba.* Yes, that I do, and I pronounce *Latin* after the *French* Mode.

*Cl.* Then you will never write good Verses.

*Ba.* Why so?

*Cl.* Because you'll make false Quantities.

*Ba.* The Quality is enough for me.

*Cl.* Is *Paris* clear of the Plague?

*Ba.* Not quite, but it is not continual, sometimes it abates, and anon it returns again; sometimes it slackens, and then rages again.

*Cl.* Is not War itself Plague enough?

*Ba.* It is so, unless God thought otherwise.

*Cl.* Sure Bread must be very dear there.

*Ba.* There is a great Scarcity of it. There is a great Want of



every Thing but wicked Soldiers. Good Men are wonderful cheap there.

*Cl.* What is in the Mind of the *French* to go to War with the *Germans*?

*Ba.* They have a Mind to imitate the Beetle, that won't give Place to the Eagle. Every one thinks himself an *Hercules* in War.

*Cl.* I won't detain you any longer, at some other Time we'll divert ourselves more largely, when we can both spare Time. At present I have a little Business that calls me to another Place.

# FAMILY DISCOURSE

## The ARGUMENT

This Colloquy presents us with the Sayings and Jokes of intimate Acquaintance, and the Repartees and Behaviour of familiar Friends one with another. 1. Of walking abroad, and calling Companions. 2. Of seldom visiting, of asking concerning a Wife, Daughter, Sons. 3. Concerning Leisure, the tingling of the Ear, the Description of a homely Maid. Invitation to a Wedding. 4. Of Studying too hard, &c.

### **PETER, MIDAS, *a Boy*, JODOCUS.**

*Peter*, Soho, soho, Boy! does no Body come to the Door?

*Mi*. I think this Fellow will beat the Door down. Sure he must needs be some intimate Acquaintance or other. O old Friend *Peter*, what hast brought?

*Pe*. Myself.

*Mi*. In Truth then you have brought that which is not much worth.

*Pe*. But I'm sure I cost my Father a great deal.

*Mi*. I believe so, more than you can be sold for again.

*Pe*. But is *Jodocus* at Home?

*Mi*. I can't tell, but I'll go see.

*Pe.* Go in first, and ask him if he pleases to be at Home now.

*Mi.* Go yourself, and be your own Errand Boy.

*Pe.* Soho! *Jodocus*, are you at Home?

*Jo.* No, I am not.

*Pe.* Oh! You impudent Fellow I don't I hear you speak?

*Jo.* Nay, you are more impudent, for I took your Maid's Word for it lately, that you were not at Home, and you won't believe me myself.

*Pe.* You're in the Right on't, you've serv'd me in my own Kind.

*Jo.* As I sleep not for every Body, so I am not at Home to every Body, but for Time to come shall always be at Home to you.

*Pe.* Methinks you live the Life of a Snail.

*Jo.* Why so?

*Pe.* Because you keep always at Home and never stir abroad, just like a lame Cobbler always in his Stall. You sit at Home till your Breech grows to your Seat.

*Jo.* At Home I have something to do, but I have no Business abroad, and if I had, the Weather we have had for several Days past, would have kept me from going abroad.

*Pe.* But now it is fair, and would tempt a Body to walk out; see how charming pleasant it is.

*Jo.* If you have a Mind to walk I won't be against it.

*Pe.* In Truth, I think we ought to take the Opportunity of this fine Weather.

*Jo.* But we ought to get a merry Companion or two, to go along with us.

*Pe.* So we will; but tell me who you'd have then.

*Jo.* What if we should get Hugh?

*Pe.* There is no great Difference between *Hugo* and *Nugo*.

*Jo.* Come on then, I like it mighty well.

*Pe.* What if we should call *Alardus*?

*Jo.* He's no dumb Man I'll assure you, what he wants in Hearing he'll make up in Talking.

*Pe.* If you will, we'll get *Nævius* along with us too.

*Jo.* If we have but him, we shall never want merry Stories. I like the Company mainly, the next Thing is to pitch upon a pleasant Place.

*Pe.* I'll show you a Place where you shall neither want the Shade of a Grove, nor the pleasant Verdure of Meadows, nor the purling Streams of Fountains, you'll say it is a Place worthy of the Muses themselves.

*Jo.* You promise nobly.

*Pe.* You are too intent upon your Books; you sit too close to your Books; you make yourself lean with immoderate Study.

*Jo.* I had rather grow lean with Study than with Love.

*Pe.* We don't live to study, but we therefore study that we may live pleasantly.

*Jo.* Indeed I could live and dye in my Study.

*Pe.* I approve well enough of studying hard, but not to study myself to Death.

*Pe.* Has this Walk pleas'd you?

*Jo.* It has been a charming pleasant one.

\* \* \* \* \*

**2. GILES, LEONARD.**

*Gi.* Where is our Leonard a going?

*Le.* I was coming to you.

*Gi.* That you do but seldom.

*Le.* Why so?

*Gi.* Because you han't been to see me this twelve Months.

*Le.* I had rather err on that Hand to be wanted, than to be tiresome.

*Gi.* I am never tired with the Company of a good Friend: Nay, the oftner you come the more welcome you are.

*Le.* But by the Way, how goes Matters at your House.

*Gi.* Why truly not many Things as I would have them.

*Le.* I don't wonder at that, but is your Wife brought to Bed yet?

*Gi.* Ay, a great While ago, and had two at a Birth too.

*Le.* How, two at once!

*Gi.* 'Tis as I tell you, and more than that she's with Child again.

*Le.* That's the Way to increase your Family.

*Gi.* Ay, but I wish Fortune would increase my Money as much as my Wife does my Family.

*Le.* Have you disposed of your Daughter yet?

*Gi.* No, not yet.

*Le.* I would have you consider if it be not hazardous to keep such a great Maid as she at Home, you should look out for a

Husband for her.

*Gi.* There's no Need of that, for she has Sweet-hearts enough already.

*Le.* But why then don't you single out one for her, him that you like the best of them?

*Gi.* They are all so good that I can't tell which to chuse: But my Daughter won't hear of marrying.

*Le.* How say you! If I am not mistaken, she has been marriageable for some Time. She has been fit for a Husband a great While, ripe for Wedlock, ready for a Husband this great While.

*Gi.* Why not, she is above seventeen, she's above two and twenty, she's in her nineteenth Year, she's above eighteen Years old.

*Le.* But why is she averse to Marriage?

*Gi.* She says she has a Mind to be married to Christ.

*Le.* In Truth he has a great many Brides. But is she married to an evil Genius that lives chastly with a Husband?

*Gi.* I don't think so.

*Le.* How came that Whimsey into her Head?

*Gi.* I can't tell, but there's no persuading her out of it by all that can be said to her.

*Le.* You should take Care that there be no Tricksters that inveigle or draw her away.

*Gi.* I know these Kidnappers well enough, and I drive this Kind of Cattel as far from my House as I can.

*Le.* But what do you intend to do then? Do you intend to let her have her Humour?

*Gi.* No, I'll prevent it if possible; I'll try every Method to alter her Mind; but if she persists in it, I'll not force her against her Will, lest I should be found to fight against God, or rather to fight against the Monks.

*Le.* Indeed you speak very religiously; but take Care to try her Constancy throughly, lest she should afterwards repent it, when it is too late.

*Gi.* I'll do my utmost Endeavours.

*Le.* What Employment do your Sons follow?

*Gi.* The eldest has been married this good While, and will be a Father in a little Time; I have sent the youngest away to *Paris*, for he did nothing but play while he was here.

*Le.* Why did you send him thither?

*Gi.* That he might come back a greater Fool than he went.

*Le.* Don't talk so.

*Gi.* The middlemost has lately enter'd into holy Orders.

*Le.* I wish 'em all well.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **3. *MOPSUS, DROMO.***

*Mo.* How is it? What are you doing Dromo?

*Dr.* I'm sitting still.

*Mo.* I see that; but how do Matters go with you?

*Dr.* As they use to do with unfortunate Persons.

*Mo.* God forbid that that should be your Case. But what are you doing?

*Dr.* I am idling, as you see; doing just nothing at all.

*Mo.* It is better to be idle than doing of nothing; it may be I interrupt you, being employ'd in some Matters of Consequence?

*Dr.* No, really, entirely at Leisure; I just began to be tir'd of being alone, and was wishing for a merry Companion.

*Mo.* It may be I hinder, interrupt, disturb you, being about some Business?

*Dr.* No, you divert me, being tired with being idle.

*Mo.* Pray pardon me if I have interrupted you unseasonably.

*Dr.* Nay, you came very seasonably; you are come in the Nick of Time; I was just now wishing for you; I am extreme glad of your Company.

*Mo.* It may be you are about some serious Business, that I would by no means interrupt or hinder?

*Dr.* Nay, rather it is according to the old Proverb, *Talk of the Devil and he'll appear*; for we were just now speaking of you.

*Mo.* In short, I believe you were, for my Ear tingled mightily as I came along.

*Dr.* Which Ear was it?

*Mo.* My left, from which I guess there was no Good said of me.

*Dr.* Nay, I'll assure you there was nothing but Good said.

*Mo.* Then the old Proverb is not true. But what good News



have you?

*Dr.* They say you are become a Huntsman.

*Mo.* Nay, more than that, I have gotten the Game now in my Nets that I have been hunting after.

*Dr.* What Game is it?

*Mo.* A pretty Girl, that I am to marry in a Day or two; and I intreat you to honour me with your good Company at my Wedding.

*Dr.* Pray, who is your Bride?

*Mo.* Alice, the Daughter of *Chremes*.

*Dr.* You are a rare Fellow to chuse a Beauty for one! Can you fancy that Black-a-top, Snub-nos'd, Sparrow-mouth'd, Paunch-belly'd Creature.

*Mo.* Prithee hold thy Tongue, I marry her to please myself, and not you. Pray, is it not enough that I like her? The less she pleases you, the more she'll please me.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### **4. SYRUS, GETA.**

*Sy.* I wish you much Happiness.

*Ge.* And I wish you double what you wish me.

*Sy.* What are you doing?

*Ge.* I am talking.

*Sy.* What! By yourself?

*Ge.* As you see.

Sy. It may be you are talking to yourself, and then you ought to see to it that you talk to an honest Man.

Ge. Nay, I am conversing with a very facetious Companion.

Sy. With whom?

Ge. With *Apuleius*.

Sy. That I think you are always doing, but the Muses love Intermission; you study continually.

Ge. I am never tired with Study.

Sy. It may be so, but yet you ought to set Bounds; though Study ought not to be omitted, yet it ought sometimes to be intermitted; Studies are not to be quite thrown aside, yet they ought for a While to be laid aside; there is nothing pleasant that wants Variety; the seldomer Pleasures are made use of the pleasanter they are. You do nothing else but study. You are always studying. You are continually at your Books. You read incessantly. You study Night and Day. You never are but a studying. You are continually at your Study. You are always intent upon your Books. You know no End of, nor set no Bound to Study. You give yourself no Rest from your Studies. You allow yourself no Intermission in, nor ever give over studying.

Ge. Very well! This is like you. You banter me as you use to do. You make a Game of me. You joke upon me. You satyryze me. You treat me with a Sneer. I see how you jeer me well enough. You only jest with me. I am your Laughing-stock. I am laugh'd at by you. You make yourself merry with me. You make a meer Game and Sport of me. Why don't you put me on Asses

Ears too? My Books, that are all over dusty and mouldy, shew how hard a Studier I am.

Sy. Let me die if I don't speak my Mind. Let me perish if I don't speak as I think. Let me not live if I dissemble. I speak what I think. I speak the Truth. I speak seriously. I speak from my Heart. I speak nothing but what I think.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Why don't you come to see me?*

Ge. What's the Matter you ha'n't come to see me all this While? What's the Matter you visit me so seldom? What has happen'd to you that you never have come at me for so long Time? Why are you so seldom a Visitor? What is the Meaning that you never come near me for so long Time? What has hinder'd you that you have come to see me no oftner? What has prevented you that you have never let me have the Opportunity of seeing you for this long Time?

\* \* \* \* \*

*I could not by Reason of Business.*

Sy. I had not Leisure. I would have come, but I could not for my Business. Business would not permit me hitherto to come to see you. These Floods of Business that I have been plung'd

in would not permit me to pay my Respects to you. I have been so busy I could not come. I have been harass'd with so many vexatious Matters that I could not get an Opportunity. I have been so taken up with a troublesome Business that I could never have so much Command of myself. You must impute it to my Business, and not to me. It was not for Want of Will, but Opportunity. I could not get Time till now. I have had no Time till now. I never have had any Leisure till this Time. I have been so ill I could not come. I could not come, the Weather has been so bad.

*Ge.* Indeed I accept of your Excuse, but upon this Condition, that you don't make use of it often. If Sickness has been the Occasion of your Absence, your Excuse is juster than I wish it had been; I'll excuse you upon this Condition, that you make Amends for your Omission by Kindness, if you make up your past Neglect by your future frequent Visits.

*Sy.* You don't esteem these common Formalities. Our Friendship is more firm than to need to be supported by such vulgar Ceremonies. He visits often enough that loves constantly.

*Ge.* A Mischief take those Incumbrances that have depriv'd us of your Company. I can't tell what to wish for bad enough to those Affairs that have envy'd us the Company of so good a Friend. A Mischief take that Fever that hath tormented us so long with the Want of you. I wish that Fever may perish, so thou thyself wert but safe.

*Of Commanding and Promising.*

**JAMES, SAPIDUS.**

*Ja.* I pray you take a special Care of this Matter. I earnestly intreat you to take Care of this Affair. If you have any Respect for me, pray manage this Affair diligently. Pray be very careful in this Affair. Pray take a great Deal of Care about this Business for my Sake. If you are indeed the Man I always took you to be, let me see in this Concern what Esteem you have for me.

*Sa.* Say no more, I'll dispatch this Affair for you, and that very shortly too. I can't indeed warrant you what the Event shall be, but this I promise you, that neither Fidelity nor Industry shall be wanting in me. I will take more Care of it than if it were mine own Affair; tho' indeed that which is my Friend's I account as my own. I will so manage the Affair, that whatever is wanting, Care and Diligence shall not be wanting. Take you no Care about the Matter, I'll do it for you. Do you be easy, I'll take the Management of it upon myself. I am glad to have an Opportunity put into my Hand of shewing you my Respect. I do not promise you in Words, but I will in Reality perform whatsoever is to be expected from a real Friend, and one that heartily wishes you well. I won't bring you into a Fool's Paradise. I'll do that which shall give you Occasion to say you trusted the Affair to a Friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Success.*

*Sa.* The Matter succeeded better than I could have expected. Fortune has favour'd both our Wishes. If Fortune had been your Wife she could not have been more observant to you. Your Affair went on bravely with Wind and Tide. Fortune has out-done our very Wishes. You must needs be a Favourite of Fortune, to whom all Things fall out just as you would have them. I have obtain'd more than I could presume to wish for. This Journey has been perform'd from Beginning to End with all the fortunate Circumstances imaginable. The whole Affair has fallen out according to our Wish. This Chance fell out happily for us. I think we have been lucky to Admiration, that what has been so imprudently enterpriz'd, has so happily succeeded.

\* \* \* \* \*

*A giving one Thanks.*

*Ja.* Indeed I thank you, and shall thank you heartily as long as I live for that good Service you have done me. I can scarce give you the Thanks you deserve, and shall never be able to make you Amends. I see how much I am oblig'd to you for your Kindness to me. Indeed I don't wonder at it, for it is no new Thing, and in

that I am the more oblig'd to you. My *Sapibus* I do, and it is my Duty to love you heartily for your Kindness to me. In as much as in this Affair you have not acted the Part of a Courtier, I do, and always shall thank you. I respect you, and thank you, that you made my Affair your Care. You have oblig'd me very much by that Kindness of yours. It is a great Obligation upon me that you have manag'd my Concern with Fidelity. Of all your Kindnesses, which are indeed a great many, you have shew'd me none has oblig'd me more than this. I cannot possibly make you a Return according to your Merit Too much Ceremony between you and I is unnecessary, but that which is in my Power I'll do. I'll be thankful as long as I live. I confess myself highly oblig'd to you for your good Service. For this Kindness I owe you more than I am able to pay. By this good Office you have attach'd me to you so firmly, that I can never be able to disengage myself. You have laid me under so many and great Obligations, that I shall never be able to get out of your Debt. No Slave was ever so engag'd in Duty to his Master as you have engag'd me by this Office. You have by this good Turn brought me more into your Debt than ever I shall be able to pay. I am oblig'd to you upon many Accounts, but upon none more than upon this. Thanks are due for common Kindness, but this is beyond the Power of Thanks to retaliate.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Answer.*

*Sa.* Forbear these Compliments, the Friendship between you and I is greater than that we should thank one another for any Service done. I have not bestow'd this Kindness upon you, but only made a Return of it to you. I think the Amends is sufficiently made, if my most sedulous Endeavours are acceptable to you. There is no Reason you should thank me for repaying this small Kindness, for those uncommon Kindnesses I have so often receiv'd from you. Indeed I merit no Praise, but should have been the most ungrateful Man in the World if I had been wanting to my Friend. Whatsoever I have, and whatsoever I can do, you may call as much your own as any Thing that you have the best Title to. I look upon it as a Favour that you take my Service kindly. You pay so great an Acknowledgment to me for so small a Kindness, as tho' I did not owe you much greater. He serves himself that serves his Friend. He that serves a Friend does not give away his Service, but puts it out to Interest. If you approve of my Service, pray make frequent Use of it; then I shall think my Service is acceptable, if as often as you have Occasion for it you would not request but command it.



# OF RASH VOWS

## The ARGUMENT

*This Colloquy treats chiefly of three Things, 1. Of the superstitious Pilgrimages of some Persons to Jerusalem, and other holy Places, under Pretence of Devotion. 2. That Vows are not to be made rashly over a Pot of Ale: but that Time, Expencc and Pains ought to be employ'd otherwise, in such Matters as have a real Tendency to promote trite Piety. 3. Of the Insignificancy and Absurdity of Popish Indulgencies.*

### ARNOLDUS, CORNELIUS.

ARNOLDUS. O! Cornelius, well met heartily, you have been lost this hundred Years.

Co. What my old Companion Arnoldus, the Man I long'd to see most of any Man in the World! God save you.

Ar. We all gave thee over for lost. But prithee where hast been rambling all this While?

Co. In t'other World.

Ar. Why truly a Body would think so by thy slovenly Dress, lean Carcase, and ghastly Phyz.

Co. Well, but I am just come from *Jerusalem*, not from the *Stygian Shades*.

Ar. What Wind blew thee thither?

Co. What Wind blows a great many other Folks thither?

Ar. Why Folly, or else I am mistaken.

Co. However, I am not the only Fool in the World.

Ar. What did you hunt after there?

Co. Why Misery.

Ar. You might have found that nearer Home. But did you meet with any Thing worth seeing there?

Co. Why truly, to speak ingenuously, little or nothing. They shew us some certain Monuments of Antiquity, which I look upon to be most of 'em Counterfeits, and meer Contrivances to bubble the Simple and Credulous. I don't think they know precisely the Place that *Jerusalem* anciently stood in.

Ar. What did you see then?

Co. A great deal of Barbarity every where.

Ar. But I hope you are come back more holy than you went.

Co. No indeed, rather ten Times worse.

Ar. Well, but then you are richer?

Co. Nay, rather poorer than *Job*.

Ar. But don't you repent you have taken so long a Journey to so little Purpose?

Co. No, nor I am not asham'd neither, I have so many Companions of my Folly to keep me in Countenance; and as for Repentance, it's too late now.

Ar. What! do you get no Good then by so dangerous a Voyage?

Co. Yes, a great Deal.

*Ar.* What is it?

*Co.* Why, I shall live more pleasantly for it for Time to come.

*Ar.* What, because you'll have the Pleasure of telling old Stories when the Danger is over?

*Co.* That is something indeed, but that is not all.

*Ar.* Is there any other Advantage in it besides that?

*Co.* Yes, there is.

*Ar.* What is it? Pray tell me.

*Co.* Why, I can divert myself and Company, as oft as I have a Mind to it, in romancing upon my Adventures over a Pot of Ale, or a good Dinner.

*Ar.* Why, truly that is something, as you say.

*Co.* And besides, I shall take as much Pleasure myself when I hear others romancing about Things they never heard nor saw; nay, and that they do with that Assurance, that when they are telling the most ridiculous and impossible Things in Nature, they persuade themselves they are speaking Truth all the While.

*Ar.* This is a wonderful Pleasure. Well then, you have not lost all your Cost and Labour, as the Saying is.

*Co.* Nay, I think this is something better still than what they do, who, for the sake of little Advance-money, list themselves for Soldiers in the Army, which is the Nursery of all Impiety.

*Ar.* But it is an ungentleman-like Thing to take Delight in telling Lies.

*Co.* But it is a little more like a Gentleman than either to delight others, or be delighted in slandering other Persons, or

lavishing away a Man's Time or Substance in Gaming.

*Ar.* Indeed I must be of your Mind in that.

*Co.* But then there is another Advantage.

*Ar.* What is that?

*Co.* If there shall be any Friend that I love very well, who shall happen to be tainted with this Phrensy, I will advise him to stay at Home; as your Mariners that have been cast away, advise them that are going to Sea, to steer clear of the Place where they miscarried.

*Ar.* I wish you had been my Monitor in Time.

*Co.* What Man! Have you been infected with this Disease too?

*Ar.* Yes, I have been at *Rome* and *Compostella*.

*Co.* Good God! how I am pleas'd that you have been as great a Fool as I! What *Pallas* put that into your Head?

*Ar.* No *Pallas*, but *Moria* rather, especially when I left at Home a handsome young Wife, several Children, and a Family, who had nothing in the World to depend upon for a Maintenance but my daily Labour.

*Co.* Sure it must be some important Reason that drew you away from all these engaging Relations. Prithee tell me what it was.

*Ar.* I am asham'd to tell it.

*Co.* You need not be asham'd to tell me, who, you know, have been sick of the same Distemper.

*Ar.* There was a Knot of Neighbours of us drinking together, and when the Wine began to work in our Noddles, one said he

had a Mind to make a Visit to St. *James*, and another to St. *Peter*; presently there was one or two that promis'd to go with them, till at last it was concluded upon to go all together; and I, that I might not seem a disagreeable Companion, rather than break good Company, promised to go too. The next Question was, whether we should go to *Rome* or *Compostella*? Upon the Debate it was determin'd that we should all, God willing, set out the next Day for both Places.

*Co.* A grave Decree, fitter to be writ in Wine than engrav'd in Brass.

*Ar.* Presently a Bumper was put about to our good Journey, which when every Man had taken off in his Turn, the Vote passed into an Act, and became inviolable.

*Co.* A new Religion! But did you all come safe back?

*Ar.* All but three, one dy'd by the Way, and gave us in Charge to give his humble Service to *Peter* and *James*; another dy'd at *Rome*, who bad us remember him to his Wife and Children; and the third we left at *Florence* dangerously ill, and I believe he is in Heaven before now.

*Co.* Was he so good a Man then?

*Ar.* The veriest Droll in Nature.

*Co.* Why do you think he is in Heaven then?

*Ar.* Because he had a whole Satchel full of large Indulgencies.

*Co.* I understand you, but it is a long Way to Heaven, and a very dangerous one too, as I am told, by reason of the little Thieves that infest the middle Region of the Air.

Ar. That's true, but he was well fortify'd with Bulls.

Co. What Language were they written in?

Ar. In *Latin*.

Co. And will they secure him?

Ar. Yes, unless he should happen upon some Spirit that does not understand *Latin*, in that Case he must go back to *Rome*, and get a new Passport.

Co. Do they sell Bulls there to dead Men too?

Ar. Yes.

Co. But by the Way, let me advise you to have a Care what you say, for now there are a great many Spies abroad.

Ar. I don't speak slightingly of Indulgencies themselves, but I laugh at the Folly of my fuddling Companion, who tho' he was the greatest Trifler that ever was born, yet chose rather to venture the whole Stress of his Salvation upon a Skin of Parchment than upon the Amendment of his Life. But when shall we have that merry Bout you spoke of just now?

Co. When Opportunity offers we'll set a Time for a small Collation, and invite some of our Comrades, there we will tell Lies, who can lye fastest, and divert one another with Lies till we have our Bellies full.

Ar. Come on, a Match.

# OF BENEFICE-HUNTERS

## The ARGUMENT

*In this Colloquy those Persons are reprehended that run to and again to Rome hunting after Benefices, and that oftentimes with the Hazard of the Corruption of their Morals, and the Loss of their Money. The Clergy are admonished to divert themselves with reading of good Books, rather than with a Concubine. Jocular Discourse concerning a long Nose.*

### PAMPHAGUS, COCLES.

**PAM.** Either my Sight fails me, or this is my old Pot-Companion *Cocles*.

**Co.** No, no, your Eyes don't deceive you at all, you see a Companion that is yours heartily. Nobody ever thought to have seen you again, you have been gone so many Years, and no Body knew what was become of you. But whence come you from? Prithce tell me.

**Pa.** From the *Antipodes*.

**Co.** Nay, but I believe you are come from the fortunate Islands.

**Pa.** I am glad you know your old Companion, I was afraid I should come home as *Ulysses* did.

**Co.** Why pray? After what Manner did he come Home?

*Pa.* His own Wife did not know him; only his Dog, being grown very old, acknowledg'd his Master, by wagging his Tail.

*Co.* How many Years was he from Home?

*Pa.* Twenty.

*Co.* You have been absent more than twenty Years, and yet I knew your Face again. But who tells that Story of *Ulysses*?

*Pa.* *Homer*.

*Co.* He? They say he's the Father of all fabulous Stories. It may be his Wife had gotten herself a Gallant in the mean time, and therefore did not know her own *Ulysses*.

*Pa.* No, nothing of that, she was one of the chastest Women in the World. But *Pallas* had made *Ulysses* look old, that he might not be known.

*Co.* How came he to be known at last?

*Pa.* By a little Wart that he had upon one of his Toes. His Nurse, who was now a very old Woman, took Notice of that as she was washing his Feet.

*Co.* A curious old Hagg. Well then, do you admire that I know you that have so remarkable a Nose.

*Pa.* I am not at all sorry for this Nose.

*Co.* No, nor have you any Occasion to be sorry for having a Thing that is fit for so many Uses.

*Pa.* For what Uses?

*Co.* First of all, it will serve instead of an Extinguisher, to put out Candles.

*Pa.* Go on.



*Co.* Again, if you want to draw any Thing out of a deep Pit, it will serve instead of an Elephant's Trunk.

*Pa.* O wonderful.

*Co.* If your Hands be employ'd, it will serve instead of a Pin.

*Pa.* Is it good for any Thing else?

*Co.* If you have no Bellows, it will serve to blow the Fire.

*Pa.* This is very pretty; have you any more of it?

*Co.* If the Light offends you when you are writing, it will serve for an Umbrella.

*Pa.* Ha, ha, ha! Have you any Thing more to say?

*Co.* In a Sea-fight it will serve for a Grappling-hook.

*Pa.* What will it serve for in a Land-fight?

*Co.* Instead of a Shield.

*Pa.* And what else?

*Co.* It will serve for a Wedge to cleave Wood withal.

*Pa.* Well said.

*Co.* If you act the Part of a Herald, it will be for a Trumpet; if you sound an Alarm, a Horn; if you dig, a Spade; if you reap, a Sickle; if you go to Sea, an Anchor; in the Kitchen it will serve for a Flesh-hook; and in Fishing a Fish-hook.

*Pa.* I am a happy Fellow indeed, I did not know I carry'd about me a Piece of Houshold Stuff that would serve for so many Uses.

*Co.* But in the mean Time, in what Corner of the Earth have you hid yourself all this While?

*Pa.* In *Rome*.

*Co.* But is it possible that in so publick a Place no Body should

know you were alive?

*Pa.* Good Men are no where in the World so much *incognito* as there, so that in the brightest Day you shall scarce see one in a throng'd Market.

*Co.* Well, but then you're come home loaden with Benefices.

*Pa.* Indeed I hunted after them diligently, but I had no Success; for the Way of Fishing there is according to the Proverb, with a golden Hook.

*Co.* That's a foolish Way of Fishing.

*Pa.* No Matter for that, some Folks find it a very good Way.

*Co.* Are they not the greatest Fools in Nature that change Gold for Lead?

*Pa.* But don't you know that there are Veins of Gold in holy Lead?

*Co.* What then! Are you come back nothing but a *Pamphagus*?

*Pa.* No.

*Co.* What then, pray?

*Pa.* A ravenous Wolf.

*Co.* But they make a better Voyage of it, that return laden with Budgets full of Benefices. Why had you rather have a Benefice than a Wife?

*Pa.* Because I love to live at Ease. I love to live a pleasant Life.

*Co.* But in my Opinion they live the most pleasant Life that have at Home a pretty Girl, that they may embrace as often as they have a Mind to it.

*Pa.* And you may add this to it, sometimes when they have no

Mind to it. I love a continual Pleasure; he that marries a Wife is happy for a Month, but he that gets a fat Benefice lives merrily all his Life.

*Co.* But Solitude is so melancholy a Life, that *Adam*, in *Paradise* could not have liv'd happily unless God had given him an *Eve*.

*Pa.* He'll ne'er need to want an *Eve* that has gotten a good Benefice.

*Co.* But that Pleasure can't really be call'd Pleasure that carries an ill Name and bad Conscience with it.

*Pa.* You say true, and therefore I design to divert the Tediousness of Solitude by a Conversation with Books.

*Co.* They are the pleasantest Companions in the World. But do you intend to return to your Fishing again?

*Pa.* Yes, I would, if I could get a fresh Bait.

*Co.* Would you have a golden one or a silver one?

*Pa.* Either of them.

*Co.* Be of good Cheer, your Father will supply you.

*Pa.* He'll part with nothing; and especially he'll not trust me again, when he comes to understand I have spent what I had to no Purpose.

*Co.* That's the Chance of the Dice.

*Pa.* But he don't like those Dice.

*Co.* If he shall absolutely deny you, I'll shew you where you may have as much as you please.

*Pa.* You tell me good News indeed, come shew it me, my

Heart leaps for Joy.

*Co.* It is here hard by.

*Pa.* Why, have you gotten a Treasure?

*Co.* If I had, I would have it for myself, not for you.

*Pa.* If I could but get together 100 Ducats I should be in Hopes again.

*Co.* I'll shew you where you may have 100,000.

*Pa.* Prithee put me out of my Pain then, and do not teaze me to Death. Tell me where I may have it.

*Co.* From the *Asse Budæi*, there you may find a great many Ten Thousands, whether you'd have it Gold or Silver.

*Pa.* Go and be hang'd with your Banter, I'll pay you what I owe you out of that Bank.

*Co.* Ay, so you shall, but it shall be what I lend you out of it.

*Pa.* I know your waggish Tricks well enough.

*Co.* I'm not to be compar'd to you for that.

*Pa.* Nay, you are the veriest Wag in Nature, you are nothing but Waggers; you make a Jest of a serious Matter. In this Affair it is far easier Matter to teaze me than it is to please me. The Matter is of too great a Consequence to be made a Jest on. If you were in my Case you would not be so gamesome; you make a mere Game of me; you game and banter me. You joke upon me in a Thing that is not a joking Matter.

*Co.* I don't jeer you, I speak what I think. Indeed I do not laugh, I speak my Mind. I speak seriously. I speak from my Heart. I speak sincerely. I speak the Truth.

*Pa.* So may your Cap stand always upon your Head, as you speak sincerely. But do I stand loitering here, and make no haste Home to see how all Things go there?

*Co.* You'll find a great many Things new.

*Pa.* I believe I shall; but I wish I may find all Things as I would have them.

*Co.* We may all wish so if we will, but never any Body found it so yet.

*Pa.* Our Rambles will do us both this Good, that we shall like Home the better for Time to come.

*Co.* I can't tell that, for I have seen some that have play'd the same Game over and over again; if once this Infection seizes a Person he seldom gets rid of it.

# OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE

## The ARGUMENT

The wicked Life of Soldiers is here reprehended, and shewn to be very miserable: That War is Confusion, and a Sink of all manner of Vices, in as much as in it there is no Distinction made betwixt Things sacred and profane. The Hope of Plunder allures many to become Soldiers. The Impieties of a Military Life are here laid open, by this Confession of a Soldier, that Youth may be put out of Conceit of going into the Army.

### HANNO, THRASYMACHUS.

*Hanno.* How comes it about that you that went away a *Mercury*, come back a *Vulcan*?

*Thr.* What do you talk to me of your *Mercuries* and your *Vulcans* for?

*Ha.* Because you seem'd to be ready to fly when you went away, but you're come limping Home.

*Thr.* I'm come back like a Soldier then.

*Ha.* You a Soldier, that would out-run a Stag if an Enemy were at your Heels.

*Thr.* The Hope of Booty made me valiant.

*Ha.* Well, have you brought Home a good Deal of Plunder

then?

*Thr.* Empty Pockets.

*Ha.* Then you were the lighter for travelling.

*Thr.* But I was heavy loaden with Sin.

*Ha.* That's heavy Luggage indeed, if the Prophet says right, who calls Sin Lead.

*Thr.* I have seen and had a Hand in more Villanies this Campaign than in the whole Course of my Life before.

*Ha.* How do you like a Soldier's Life?

*Thr.* There is no Course of Life in the. World more wicked or more wretched.

*Ha.* What then must be in the Minds of those People, that for the Sake of a little Money, and some out of Curiosity, make as much Haste to a Battel as to a Banquet?

*Thr.* In Truth, I can think no other but they are possess'd; for if the Devil were not in them they would never anticipate their Fate.

*Ha.* So one would think, for if you'd put 'em upon any honest Business, they'll scarce stir a Foot in it for any Money. But tell me, how went the Battel? Who got the better on't?

*Thr.* There was such a Hallooing, Hurly-burly, Noise of Guns, Trumpets and Drums, Neighing of Horses, and Shouting of Men, that I was so far from knowing what others were a doing, that I scarcely knew where I was myself.

*Ha.* How comes it about then that others, after a Fight is over, do paint you out every Circumstance so to the Life, and tell you

what such an Officer said, and what t'other did, as tho' they had been nothing but Lookers on all the Time, and had been every where at the same Time?

*Thr.* It is my Opinion that they lye confoundedly. I can tell you what was done in my own Tent, but as to what was done in the Battel, I know nothing at all of that.

*Ha.* Don't you know how you came to be lame neither?

*Thr.* Scarce that upon my Honour, but I suppose my Knee was hurt by a Stone, or a Horse-heel, or so.

*Ha.* Well, but I can tell you.

*Thr.* You tell me? Why, has any Body told you?

*Ha.* No, but I guess.

*Thr.* Tell me then.

*Ha.* When you were running away in a Fright, you fell down and hit it against a Stone.

*Thr.* Let me die if you han't hit the Nail on the Head.

*Ha.* Go, get you Home, and tell your Wife of your Exploits.

*Thr.* She'll read me a Juniper-Lecture for coming Home in such a Pickle.

*Ha.* But what Restitution will you make for what you have stolen?

*Thr.* That's made already.

*Ha.* To whom?

*Thr.* Why, to Whores, Sutlers, and Gamesters.

*Ha.* That's like a Soldier for all the World, it's but just that what's got over the Devil's Back should be spent under his Belly.



*Ha.* But I hope you have kept your Fingers all this While from Sacrilege?

*Thr.* There's nothing sacred in Hostility, there we neither spare private Houses nor Churches.

*Ha.* How will you make Satisfaction?

*Thr.* They say there is no Satisfaction to be made for what is done in War, for all Things are lawful there.

*Ha.* You mean by the Law of Arms, I suppose?

*Thr.* You are right.

*Ha.* But that Law is the highest Injustice. It was not the Love of your Country, but the Love of Booty that made you a Soldier.

*Thr.* I confess so, and I believe very few go into the Army with any better Design.

*Ha.* It is indeed some Excuse to be mad with the greater Part of Mankind.

*Thr.* I have heard a Parson say in his Pulpit that War was lawful.

*Ha.* Pulpits indeed are the Oracles of Truth. But War may be lawful for a Prince, and yet not so for you.

*Thr.* I have heard that every Man must live by his Trade.

*Ha.* A very honourable Trade indeed to burn Houses, rob Churches, ravish Nuns, plunder the Poor, and murder the Innocent!

*Thr.* Butchers are hired to kill Beasts; and why is our Trade found Fault with who are hired to kill Men?

*Ha.* But was you never thoughtful what should become of your

Soul if you happen'd to be kill'd in the Battel?

*Thr.* Not very much; I was very well satisfied in my Mind, having once for all commended myself to St. *Barbara*.

*Ha.* And did she take you under her Protection?

*Thr.* I fancied so, for methought she gave me a little Nod.

*Ha.* What Time was it? In the Morning?

*Thr.* No, no, 'twas after Supper.

*Ha.* And by that Time I suppose the Trees seem'd to walk too?

*Thr.* How this Man guesses every Thing! But St. *Christopher* was the Saint I most depended on, whose Picture I had always in my Eye.

*Ha.* What in your Tent?

*Thr.* We had drawn him with Charcoal upon our Sail-cloth.

*Thr.* Then to be sure that *Christopher* the Collier was a sure Card to trust to? But without jesting, I don't see how you can expect to be forgiven all these Villanies, unless you go to *Rome*.

*Thr.* Yes, I can, I know a shorter Way than that.

*Ha.* What Way is that?

*Thr.* I'll go to the *Dominicans*, and there I can do my Business with the Commissaries for a Trifle.

*Ha.* What, for Sacrilege?

*Thr.* Ay, if I had robb'd Christ himself, and cut off his Head afterwards, they have Pardons would reach it, and Commissions large enough to compound for it.

*Ha.* That is well indeed, if God should ratify your Composition.

*Thr.* Nay, I am rather afraid the Devil should not ratify it; God is of a forgiving Nature.

*Ha.* What Priest will you get you?

*Thr.* One that I know has but little Modesty or Honesty.

*Ha.* Like to like. And when that's over, you'll go strait away to the Communion, like a good Christian, will you not?

*Thr.* Why should I not? For after I have once discharg'd the Jakes of my Sins into his Cowl, and unburden'd myself of my Luggage, let him look to it that absolv'd me.

*Ha.* But how can you be sure that he does absolve you?

*Thr.* I know that well enough.

*Ha.* How do you know it?

*Thr.* Because he lays his Hand upon my Head and mutters over something, I don't know what.

*Ha.* What if he should give you all your Sins again when he lays his Hand upon your Head, and these should be the Words he mutters to himself? *I absolve thee from all thy good Deeds, of which I find few or none in thee; I restore thee to thy wonted Manners, and leave thee just as I found thee.*

*Thr.* Let him look to what he says, it is enough for me that I believe I am absolv'd.

*Ha.* But you run a great Hazard by that Belief, for perhaps that will not be Satisfaction to God, to whom thou art indebted.

*Thr.* Who a Mischief put you in my Way to disturb my Conscience, which was very quiet before?

*Ha.* Nay, I think it is a very happy Encounter to meet a Friend

that gives good Advice.

*Thr.* I can't tell how good it is, but I am sure it is not very pleasant.

# THE COMMANDS OF A MASTER

## The ARGUMENT

This Colloquy treats of the Commands of a Master, and the Business of a Servant, 1. The Master calls up his sleepy Servant, commands him to set the House to rights; the Servant answers again, that he speaks not a Word about Dinner, &c. 2. Of sending him on various Errands. 3. Concerning Riding.

1. *Of calling up the Sleeper.*

**RABANUS, SYRUS.**

**RA.** Soho, soho, Rascal, I am hoarse a bawling to you, and you lye snoring still, you'll sleep for ever I think in my Conscience; either get up presently or I'll rouze you with a good Cudgel. When will you have slept out your Yesterday's Debauch? Are you not asham'd, you sleepy Sot, to lye a-bed till this time of Day? Good Servants rise as soon as it is Day, and take Care to get every Thing in order before their Master rises. How loth this Drone is to leave his warm Nest! he is a whole Hour a scratching, and stretching, and yawning.

**Sy.** It is scarce Day yet.

**Ra.** I believe not to you; it is Midnight yet to your Eyes.

**Sy.** What do you want me to do?

*Ra.* Make the Fire burn, brush my Cap and Cloke, clean my Shoes and Galloshoes, take my Stockings and turn them inside out, and brush them well, first within, and then without, burn a little Perfume to sweeten the Air, light a Candle, give me a clean Shirt, air it well before a clear Fire.

*Sy.* It shall be done Sir.

*Ra.* But make Haste then, all this ought to have been done before now.

*Sy.* I do make Haste Sir.

*Ra.* I see what Haste you make, you are never the forwarder, you go a Snail's Gallop.

*Sy.* Sir, I cannot do two Things at once.

*Ra.* You Scoundrel, do you speak Sentences too? Take away the Chamber-Pot, lay the Bed-Clothes to Rights, draw back the Curtains, sweep the House, sweep the Chamber-floor, fetch me some Water to wash my Hands. What are you a sliving about you Drone? You are a Year a lighting a Candle.

*Sy.* I can't find a Spark of Fire.

*Ra.* Is it so you rak'd it up last Night?

*Sy.* I have no Bellows.

*Ra.* How the Knave thwarts me, as if he that has you can want Bellows.

*Sy.* What an imperious Master have I gotten! Ten of the nimblest Fellows in the World are scarce sufficient to perform his Orders.

*Ra.* What's that you say you slow-Back?

*Sy.* Nothing at all, Sir.

*Ra.* No, Sirrah, did I not hear you mutter?

*Sy.* I was saying my Prayers.

*Ra.* Ay, I believe so, but it was the Lord's-Prayer backwards then. Pray, what was that you were chattering about Imperiousness?

*Sy.* I was wishing you might be an Emperor.

*Ra.* And I wish you may be made a Man of a Stump of a Tree. Wait upon me to Church, and then run Home and make the Bed, and put every Thing in its Place; let the House be set to Rights from Top to Bottom, rub the Chamber-Pot, put these foul Things out of Sight, perhaps I may have some Gentry come to pay me a Visit; if I find any Thing out of Order I'll thresh you soundly.

*Sy.* I know your good Humour well enough in that Matter.

*Ra.* Then it behoves you to look about you, if you are wise.

*Sy.* But all this while here is not one Word about Dinner.

*Ra.* Out you Villain, one may see what your Mind runs on. I don't dine at Home, therefore come to me a little before Ten a-Clock, that you may wait upon me where I am to go to Dinner.

*Sy.* You have taken Care of yourself, but there is not a Bit of Bread for me to put into my Head.

*Ra.* If you have nothing to eat, you have something to hunger after.

*Sy.* But Fasting won't fill the Belly.

*Ra.* There is Bread for you.

*Sy.* There is so, but it is as black as my Hat, and as coarse as

the Bran itself.

*Ra.* You dainty chap'd Fellow, you ought to be fed with Hay, if you had such Commons as you deserve. What, I warrant you, Mr. Ass, you must be fed with Plumb Cakes, must you? If you can't eat dry Bread, take a Leek to eat with it, or an Onion, if you like that better.

\* \* \* \* \*

*2. Of sending about various Businesses.*

*Ra.* You must go to Market.

*Sy.* What, so far?

*Ra.* It is not a Stone's Throw off, but it seems two Miles to such an idle Fellow as you; but however, I'll save you as much Labour as I can, you shall dispatch several Businesses in one Errand; count 'em upon your Fingers, that mayn't forget any of 'em: First of all step to the Salesman, and bring my water'd Camblet Doublet if it be done; then go and enquire for *Cornelius* the Waggoner, he's commonly at the Sign of the *Roe-buck*, he uses that House, ask him if he has any Letters for me, and what Day he sets out on his Journey; then go to the Woollen Draper, and tell him from me, not to be uneasy, that I have not sent him the Money at the Time appointed, for he shall have it in a very little Time.

*Sy.* When? To morrow come never?

*Ra.* Do you grin you Pimp? Yes, before the first of *March*:



And as you come back, turn on the Left-hand, and go to the Bookseller, and enquire of him, if there be any new Books come out of *Germany*, learn what they are, and the Price of them; then desire *Goclenius*, to do me the Honour to come to Supper with me, tell him I must sup by myself if he don't.

Sy. What do you invite Guests too? You han't Victuals enough in the House to give a Mouse a Meal.

Ra. And when you have done all these, go to the Market, and buy a Shoulder of Mutton, and get it nicely roasted: Do you hear this?

Sy. I hear more than I like to hear.

Ra. But take you Care you remember 'em all.

Sy. I shall scarce be able to remember half of 'em.

Ra. What do you stand loytering here, you idle Knave? You might have been back before now.

Sy. What one Person in the World can do all these? Truly I must wait upon him out, and attend upon him home; I'm his Swabber, his Chamberlain, his Footman, his Clerk, his Butler, his Book-keeper, his Brawl, his Errand-boy, and last of all he does not think I have Business enough upon my Hands, unless I am his Cook too.

\* \* \* \* \*

3. *Concerning Riding.*

Ra. Bring me my Boots, I am to ride out.

*Sy.* Here they are, Sir.

*Ra.* You have look'd after them bravely, they are all over mouldy with lying by; I believe they han't been clean'd nor greased this twelve Months Day; they are so dry, they chap again; wipe them with a wet Cloth, and liquor them well before the Fire, and chafe them till they grow soft.

*Sy.* It shall be done, Sir.

*Ra.* Where are my Spurs?

*Sy.* Here they are.

*Ra.* Ay, here they are indeed, but all eaten up with Rust. Where is my Bridle and Saddle?

*Sy.* They are just by.

*Ra.* See that nothing is wanting or broken, or ready to break, that nothing may be a Hinderance to us, when we are upon our Journey. Run to the Sadlers, and get him to mend that Rein: When you come back, look upon the Horses Feet, and Shoes, and see if there be any Nails wanting, or loose. How lean and rough these Horses are! How often do you rub 'em down, or kemb them in a Year?

*Sy.* I'm sure I do it every Day?

*Ra.* That may be seen, I believe they have not had a bit of Victuals for three Days together.

*Sy.* Indeed they have, Sir.

*Ra.* You say so, but the Horses would tell me another Tale, if they could but speak: Though indeed their Leanness speaks loud enough.

*Sy.* Indeed I take all the Care in the World of 'em.

*Ra.* How comes it about then, that they don't look as well as you do?

*Sy.* Because I don't eat Hay.

*Ra.* You have this to do still; make ready my Portmanteau quickly.

*Sy.* It shall be done.

# THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S ADMONITIONS

## The ARGUMENT

The School-master's Instructions teach a Boy Modesty, Civility, and Manners becoming his Age, in what Posture he ought to stand while he talks to his Superiors; concerning Habit, Discourse, and Behaviour at Table and in School.

### *The School-master and Boy.*

*Sch.* You seem not to have been bred at Court, but in a Cow-stall; you behave yourself so clownishly. A Gentleman ought to behave himself like a Gentleman. As often or whenever any one that is your Superior speaks to you, stand strait, pull off your Hat, and look neither doggedly, surlily, saucily, malapertly, nor unsettledly, but with a staid, modest, pleasant Air in your Countenance, and a bashful Look fix'd upon the Person who speaks to you; your Feet set close one by t'other; your Hands without Action: Don't stand titter, totter, first standing upon one Foot, and then upon another, nor playing with your Fingers, biting your Lip, scratching your Head, or picking your Ears: Let your Cloaths be put on tight and neat, that your whole Dress, Air, Motion and Habit, may bespeak a modest and bashful Temper.

*Bo.* What if I shall try, Sir?

*Ma.* Do so.

*Bo.* Is this right?

*Ma.* Not quite.

*Bo.* Must I do so?

*Ma.* That's pretty well.

*Bo.* Must I stand so?

*Ma.* Ay, that's very well, remember that Posture; don't be a Prittle prattle, nor Prate apace, nor be a minding any Thing but what is said to you. If you are to make an Answer, do it in few Words, and to the Purpose, every now and then prefacing with some Title of Respect, and sometimes use a Title of Honour, and now and then make a Bow, especially when you have done speaking: Nor do you go away without asking Leave, or being bid to go: Now come let me see how you can practise this. How long have you been from Home?

*Bo.* Almost six Months.

*Ma.* You should have said, Sir.

*Bo.* Almost six Months, Sir.

*Ma.* Don't you long to see your Mother?

*Bo.* Yes, sometimes.

*Ma.* Have you a Mind to go to see her?

*Bo.* Yes, with your Leave, Sir.

*Ma.* Now you should have made a Bow; that's very well, remember to do so; when you speak, don't speak fast, stammer, or speak in your Throat, but use yourself to pronounce your

Words distinctly and clearly. If you pass by any ancient Person, a Magistrate, a Minister, or Doctor, or any Person of Figure, be sure to pull off your Hat, and make your Reverence: Do the same when you pass by any sacred Place, or the Image of the Cross. When you are at a Feast, behave yourself chearfully, but always so as to remember what becomes your Age: Serve yourself last; and if any nice Bit be offer'd you, refuse it modestly; but if they press it upon you, take it, and thank the Person, and cutting off a Bit of it, offer the rest either to him that gave it you, or to him that sits next to you. If any Body drinks to you merrily, thank him, and drink moderately. If you don't care to drink, however, kiss the Cup. Look pleasantly upon him that speaks to you; and be sure not to speak till you are spoken to. If any Thing that is obscene be said, don't laugh at it, but keep your Countenance, as though you did not understand it; don't reflect on any Body, nor take place of any Body, nor boast of any Thing of your own, nor undervalue any Thing of another Bodies. Be courteous to your Companions that are your Inferiors; traduce no Body; don't be a Blab with your Tongue, and by this Means you'll get a good Character, and gain Friends without Envy. If the Entertainment shall be long, desire to be excus'd, bid much good may it do the Guests, and withdraw from Table: See that you remember these Things.

*Bo.* I'll do my Endeavour, Sir. Is there any Thing else you'd have me do?

*Ma.* Now go to your Books.

*Bo.* Yes, Sir.

# OF VARIOUS PLAYS

## The ARGUMENT

*The Boys sending Cocles their Messenger to their Master, get Leave to go to Play; who shews that moderate Recreations are very necessary both for Mind and Body. The Master admonishes them that they keep together at Play, &c. 1. Of playing at Stool-ball: Of chusing Partners. 2. Of playing at Bowls, the Orders of the Bowling-Green. 3. Of playing at striking a Ball through an Iron Ring. 4. Of Dancing, that they should not dance presently after Dinner: Of playing at Leap-frog: Of Running: Of Swimming.*

**NICHOLAS, JEROME, COCLES, *the* MASTER.**

*Nic.* I have had a great Mind a good While, and this fine Weather is a great Invitation to go to Play.

*Jer.* These indeed invite you, but the Master don't.

*Nic.* We must get some Spokesman that may extort a Holiday from him.

*Jer.* You did very well to say extort, for you may sooner wrest *Hercules's* Club out of his Hands than get a Play-day from him; but Time was when Nobody lov'd Play better than he did.

*Nic.* That is true, but he has forgot a great While ago since he was a Boy himself; he is as ready and free at whipping as any



Body, but as sparing and backward at this as any Body in the World.

*Jer.* We must pick out a Messenger that is not very bashful that won't be presently dashed out of Countenance by his surly Words.

*Nic.* Let who will go for me, I had rather go without Play than ask him for it.

*Jer.* There is Nobody fitter for this Business than *Cocles*.

*Nic.* Nobody in the World, he has a good bold Face of his own, and Tongue enough; and besides, he knows his Humour too.

*Jer.* Go, *Cocles*, you will highly oblige us all.

*Coc.* Well, I'll try; but if I do not succeed, do not lay the Fault on your Spokesman.

*Jer.* You promise well for it, I am out in my Opinion if you don't get Leave. Go on Intreater, and return an Obtainer.

*Coc.* I'll go, may *Mercury* send me good Luck of my Errand. God save you, Sir.

*Ma.* What does this idle Pack want?

*Coc.* Your Servant, Reverend Master.

*Ma.* This is a treacherous Civility! I am well enough already. Tell me what 'tis you came for.

*Coc.* Your whole School beg a Play-day.

*Ma.* You do nothing else but play, even without Leave.

*Coc.* Your Wisdom knows that moderate Play quickens the Wit, as you have taught us out of *Quintilian*.

*Ma.* Very well, how well you can remember what's to your

purpose? They that labour hard, had need of some Relaxation: But you that study idly, and play laboriously, had more need of a Curb, than a Snaffle.

*Coc.* If any Thing has been wanting in Times past, we'll labour to make it up by future Diligence.

*Ma.* O rare Makers up! who will be Sureties for the performing this Promise?

*Coc.* I'll venture my Head upon it.

*Ma.* Nay, rather venture your Tail. I know there is but little Dependance upon your Word; but however, I'll try this Time what Credit may be given to you; if you deceive me now, you shall never obtain any Thing from me again. Let 'em play; but let them keep together in the Field, don't let them go a tippling or worse Exercises, and see they come Home betimes, before Sun set.

*Coc.* We will, Sir, I have gotten Leave, but with much a do.

*Jer.* O brave Lad! we all love you dearly.

*Coc.* But we must be sure not to transgress our Orders, for if we do, it will be all laid upon my Back; I have engaged for ye all, and if ye do, I'll never be your Spokesman again.

*Jer.* We'll take Care: But what Play do you like best?

*Coc.* We'll talk of that when we come into the Fields.

\* \* \* \* \*

I. *Of playing at Ball.*

**NICHOLAS and JEROME.**

*Nic.* No Play is better to exercise all Parts of the Body than Stool-ball; but that's fitter for Winter than Summer.

*Jer.* There is no Time of the Year with us, but what's fit to play in.

*Nic.* We shall sweat less, if we play at Tennis.

*Jer.* Let's let Nets alone to Fishermen; it's prettier to catch it in our Hands.

*Nic.* Well, come on, I don't much Matter; but how much shall we play for?

*Nic.* But I had rather spare my Corps than my Money.

*Jer.* And I value my Corps more than my Money: We must play for something, or we shall never play our best.

*Nic.* You say true.

*Jer.* Which Hand soever shall get the first three Games, shall pay the sixth Part of a Groat to the other; but upon Condition that what's won shall be spent among all the Company alike.

*Nic.* Well, I like the Proposal; come done, let's chuse Hands; but we are all so equally match'd, that it's no great Matter who and who's together.

*Jer.* You play a great Deal better than I.

*Nic.* But for all that, you have the better Luck.

*Jer.* Has Fortune anything to do at this Play?

*Nic.* She has to do everywhere.

*Jer.* Well, come let's toss up. O Boys, very well indeed. I have got the Partners I would have.

*Nic.* And we like our Partners very well.

*Jer.* Come on, now for't, he that will win, must look to his Game. Let every one stand to his Place bravely. Do you stand behind me ready to catch the Ball, if it goes beyond me; do you mind there, and beat it back when it comes from our Adversaries.

*Nic.* I'll warrant ye, I'll hit it if it comes near me.

*Jer.* Go on and prosper, throw up the Ball upon the House. He that throws and do's not speak first shall lose his Cast.

*Nic.* Well, take it then.

*Jer.* Do you toss it; if you throw it beyond the Bounds, or short, or over the House, it shall go for nothing, and we won't be cheated: And truly you throw nastily. As you toss it, I'll give it you again; I'll give you *a Rowland for an Oliver*; but it is better to play fairly and honestly.

*Nic.* It is best at Diversion, to beat by fair Play.

*Jer.* It is so, and in War too; these Arts have each their respective Laws: There are some Arts that are very unfair ones.

*Nic.* I believe so too, and more than seven too. Mark the Bounds with a Shell, or Brick-bat, or with your Hat if you will.

*Jer.* I'd rather do it with yours.

*Nic.* Take the Ball again.

*Jer.* Throw it; score it up.

*Nic.* We have two good wide Goals.

*Jer.* Pretty wide, but they are not out of Reach.

*Nic.* They may be reach'd if no Body hinders it.

*Jer.* O brave, I have gone beyond the first Goal. We are fifteen.

Play stoutly, we had got this too, if you had stood in your Place. Well, now we are equal.

*Nic.* But you shan't be so long. Well, we are thirty; we are forty five.

*Jer.* What, Sesterces?

*Nic.* No.

*Jer.* What then?

*Nic.* Numbers.

*Jer.* What signifies Numbers, if you have nothing to pay?

*Nic.* We have gotten this Game.

*Jer.* You are a little too hasty; *you reckon your Chickens before they are hatch'd.* I have seen those lose the Game that have had so many for Love. War and Play is a meer Lottery. We have got thirty, now we are equal again.

*Nic.* This is the Game Stroke. O brave! we have got the better of you.

*Jer.* Well, but you shan't have it long; did I not say so? We are equally fortunate.

*Nic.* Fortune inclines first to one side, and then to t'other, as if she could not tell which to give the Victory to. Fortune, be but on our Side, and we'll help thee to a Husband. O rare! She has answer'd her Desire, we have got this Game, set it up, that we mayn't forget.

*Jer.* It is almost Night, and we have play'd enough, we had better leave off, too much of one Thing is good for nothing, let us reckon our Winnings.

*Nic.* We have won three Groats, and you have won two; then there is one to be spent. But who must pay for the Balls?

*Jer.* All alike, every one his Part. For there is so little won, we can't take any Thing from that.

\* \* \* \* \*

## 2. BOWL PLAYING.

**ADOLPHUS, BERNARDUS, the Arbitrators.**

*Adol.* You have been often bragging what a mighty Gamester you were at Bowls. Come now, I have a Mind to try what a one you are.

*Ber.* I'll answer you, if you have a Mind to that Sport. Now you'll find according to the Proverb; *You have met with your Match.*

*Adol.* Well, and you shall find I am a Match for you too.

*Ber.* Shall we play single Hands or double Hands?

*Adol.* I had rather play single, that another may not come in with me for a Share of the Victory.

*Ber.* And I had rather have it so too, that the Victory may be entirely my own.

*Adol.* They shall look on, and be Judges.

*Ber.* I take you up; But what shall he that beats get, or he that is beaten lose?

*Adol.* What if he that beats shall have a Piece of his Ear cut off.

*Ber.* Nay, rather let one of his Stones be cut out. It is a mean Thing to play for Money; you are a *Frenchman*, and I a *German*, we'll both play for the Honour of his Country.

*Adol.* If I shall beat you, you shall cry out thrice, let *France* flourish; If I shall be beat (which I hope I shan't) I'll in the same Words celebrate your *Germany*.

*Ber.* Well, a Match. Now for good Luck; since two great Nations are at Stake in this Game, let the Bowls be both alike.

*Adol.* Do you see that Stone that lies by the Port there.

*Ber.* Yes I do.

*Adol.* That shall be the Jack.

*Ber.* Very well, let it be so; but I say let the Bowls be alike.

*Adol.* They are as like as two Peas. Take which you please, it's all one to me.

*Ber.* Bowl away.

*Adol.* Hey-day, you whirl your Bowl as if your Arm was a Sling.

*Ber.* You have bit your Lip, and whirled your Bowl long enough: Come bowl away. A strong Bowl indeed, but I am best.

*Adol.* If it had not been for that mischievous Bit of a Brick-bat there, that lay in my Way, I had beat you off.

*Ber.* Stand fair.

*Adol.* I won't cheat: I intend to beat you, by Art, and not to cheat ye, since we contend for the Prize of Honour: Rub, rub.

*Ber.* A great Cast in Troth.

*Adol.* Nay, don't laugh before you've won. We are equal yet.

*Ber.* This is who shall: He that first hits the Jack is up. I have beat you, sing.

*Adol.* Stay, you should have said how many you'd make up, for my Hand is not come in yet.

*Ber.* Judgment, Gentlemen.

*Arbitr.* 3.

*Adol.* Very well.

*Ber.* Well, what do you say now? Are you beat or no?

*Adol.* You have had better Luck than I, but yet I won't vail to you, as to Strength and Art; I'll stand to what the Company says.

*Arb.* The *German* has beat, and the Victory is the more glorious, that he has beat so good a Gamester.

*Ber.* Now Cock, crow.

*Adol.* I am hoarse.

*Ber.* That's no new Thing to Cocks; but if you can't crow like an old Cock, crow like a Cockeril.

*Adol.* Let *Germany* flourish thrice.

*Ber.* You ought to have said so thrice. I am a-dry; let us drink somewhere, I'll make an end of the Song there.

*Adol.* I won't stand upon that, if the Company likes it.

*Arb.* That will be the best, the Cock will crow clearer when his Throat is gargled.

\* \* \* \* \*



## **GASPAR, ERASMUS.**

Gas.\_ Come, let's begin, *Marcolphus* shall come in, in the Losers Place.

*Er.* But what shall we play for?

*Gas.* He that is beat shall make and repeat *extempore* a Distich, in Praise of him that beat him.

*Er.* With all my Heart.

*Gas.* Shall we toss up who shall go first?

*Er.* Do you go first if you will, I had rather go last.

*Gas.* You have the better of me, because you know the Ground.

*Er.* You're upon your own Ground.

*Gas.* Indeed I am better acquainted with the Ground, than I am with my Books; but that's but a small Commendation.

*Er.* You that are so good a Gamester ought to give me Odds.

*Gas.* Nay, you should rather give me Odds; but there's no great Honour in getting a Victory, when Odds is taken: He only can properly be said to get the Game, that gets it by his own Art; we are as well match'd as can be.

*Er.* Yours is a better Ball than mine.

*Gas.* And yours is beyond me.

*Er.* Play fair, without cheating and cozening.

*Gas.* You shall say you have had to do with a fair Gamester.

*Er.* But I would first know the Orders of the Bowling-alley.

*Gas.* We make 4 up; whoever bowls beyond this Line it goes for nothing; if you can go beyond those other Bounds, do it fairly

and welcome: Whoever hits a Bowl out of his Place loses his Cast.

*Er.* I understand these Things.

*Gas.* I have shut you out.

*Er.* But I'll give you a Remove.

*Gas.* If you do that I'll give you the Game.

*Er.* Will you upon your Word?

*Gas.* Yes, upon my Word: You have no other Way for it but to bank your Bowl so as to make it rebound on mine.

*Er.* I'll try: Well, what say you now Friend? Are not you beaten away? (Have I not struck you away?)

*Gas.* I am, I confess it; I wish you were but as wise as you are lucky; you can scarce do so once in a hundred Times.

*Er.* I'll lay you, if you will, that I do it once in three Times. But come pay me what I have won.

*Gas.* What's that?

*Er.* Why, a Distich.

*Gas.* Well, I'll pay it now.

*Er.* And an extempore one too. Why do you bite your Nails?

*Gas.* I have it.

*Er.* Recite it out.

*Gas.* As loud as you will.

Young Standers-by, dap ye the Conqueror brave, Who  
me has beat, is the more learned Knave.

Han't you a Distich now?

*Er.* I have, and I'll give you as good as you bring.

4. *Leaping.*

**VINCENT, LAURENCE.**

*Vi.* Have you a Mind to jump with me?

*Lau.* That Play is not good presently after Dinner.

*Vi.* Why so?

*Lau.* Because that a Fulness of Belly makes the Body heavy.

*Vi.* Not very much to those that live upon Scholars Commons, for these oftentimes are ready for a Supper before they have done Dinner.

*Lau.* What Sort of leaping is it that you like best?

*Vi.* Let us first begin with that which is the plainest, as that of Grasshoppers; or Leap-frog, if you like that better, both Feet at once, and close to one another; and when we have play'd enough at this, then we'll try other Sorts.

*Lau.* I'll play at any Sort, where there is no Danger of breaking ones Legs; I have no Mind to make Work for the Surgeon.

*Vi.* What if we should play at hopping?

*Lau.* That the Ghosts play, I am not for that.

*Vi.* It's the cleverest Way to leap with a Pole.

*Lau.* Running is a more noble Exercise; for *Æneas* in *Virgil* proposed this Exercise.

*Vi.* Very true, and he also propos'd the righting with Whirly-bats too, and I don't like that Sport.

*Lau.* Mark the Course, let this be the Starting-place, and yonder Oak the Goal.

*Vi.* I wish *Æneas* was here, that he might propose what should be the Conqueror's Prize.

*Lau.* Glory is a Reward sufficient for Victory.

*Vi.* You should rather give a Reward to him that is beat, to comfort him.

*Lau.* Then let the Victor's Reward be to go into the Town crowned with a Bur.

*Vi.* Well, 'tis done, provided you'll go before playing upon a Pipe.

*Lau.* It is very hot.

*Vi.* That is not strange when it is Midsummer.

*Lau.* Swimming is better.

*Vi.* I don't love to live like a Frog, I am a Land Animal, not an amphibious one.

*Lau.* But in old Time this was look'd upon to be one of the most noble Exercises.

*Vi.* Nay, and a very useful one too.

*Lau.* For What?

*Vi.* If Men are forc'd to fly in Battel, they are in the best Condition that can run and swim best.

*Lau.* The Art you speak of is not to be set light by; it is as Praise-worthy sometimes to run away nimbly as it is to fight stoutly.

*Vi.* I can't swim at all, and it is dangerous to converse with an

unaccustomed Element.

*Lau.* You ought to learn then, for no Body was born an Artist.

*Vi.* But I have heard of a great many of these Artists that have swum in, but never swam out again.

*Lau.* First try with Corks.

*Vi.* I can't trust more to a Cork than to my Feet; if you have a Mind to swim, I had rather be a Spectator than an Actor.

# THE CHILD'S PIETY

## The ARGUMENT

This Discourse furnishes a childish Mind with pious Instructions of Religion, in what it consists. What is to be done in the Morning in Bed, at getting up, at Home, at School, before Meat, after Meat, before going to Sleep. Of beginning the Day, of praying, of behaving themselves studiously at School, Thriftiness of Time: Age flies. What is to be done after Supper. How we ought to sleep. Of Behaviour at holy Worship. All Things to be applied to ourselves. The Meditation of a pious Soul at Church. What Preachers are chiefly to be heard. Fasting is prejudicial to Children. Confession is to be made to Christ. The Society of wicked Persons is to be avoided. Of the prudent chusing a Way of Living. Holy Orders and Matrimony are not to be entred into before the Age of Twenty-two. What Poets are fit to be read, and how.

### **ERASMUS, GASPAR.**

*ERASMUS.* Whence came you from? Out of some Alehouse?

*Ga.* No, indeed.

*Er.* What from a Bowling Green?

*Ga.* No, nor from thence neither.

*Er.* What from the Tavern then?

*Ga.* No.

*Er.* Well, since I can't guess, tell me.

*Ga.* From St. *Mary's* Church.

*Er.* What Business had you there?

*Ga.* I saluted some Persons.

*Er.* Who?

*Ga.* Christ, and some of the Saints.

*Er.* You have more Religion than is common to one of your Age.

*Ga.* Religion is becoming to every Age.

*Er.* If I had a Mind to be religious, I'd become a Monk.

*Ga.* And so would I too, if a Monk's Hood carried in it as much Piety as it does Warmth.

*Er.* There is an old Saying, a young Saint and an old Devil.

*Ga.* But I believe that old Saying came from old Satan: I can hardly think an old Man to be truly religious, that has not been so in his young Days. Nothing is learn'd to greater Advantage, than what we learn in our youngest Years.

*Er.* What is that which is call'd Religion?

*Ga.* It is the pure Worship of God, and Observation of his Commandments.

*Er.* What are they?

*Ga.* It is too long to relate all; but I'll tell you in short, it consists in four Things.

*Er.* What are they?

*Ga.* In the first Place, that we have a true and pious

Apprehension of God himself, and the Holy Scriptures; and that we not only stand in Awe of him as a Lord, but that we love him with all our Heart, as a most beneficent Father. 2. That we take the greatest Care to keep ourselves blameless; that is, that we do no Injury to any one. 3. That we exercise Charity, *i.e.* to deserve well of all Persons (as much as in us lyes). 4. That we practise Patience, *i.e.* to bear patiently Injuries that are offered us, when we can't prevent them, not revenging them, nor requiting Evil for Evil.

*Er.* You hold forth finely; but do you practise what you teach?

*Ga.* I endeavour it manfully.

*Er.* How can you do it like a Man, when you are but a Boy?

*Ga.* I meditate according to my Ability, and call myself to an Account every Day; and correct myself for what I have done amiss: That was unhandsomely done this saucily said, this was uncautiously acted; in that it were better to have held my Peace, that was neglected.

*Er.* When do you come to this Reckoning?

*Ga.* Most commonly at Night; or at any Time that I am most at Leisure.

*Er.* But tell me, in what Studies do you spend the Day?

*Ga.* I will hide nothing from so intimate a Companion: In the Morning, as soon as I am awake, (and that is commonly about six a Clock, or sometimes at five) I sign myself with my Finger in the Forehead and Breast with the Sign of the Cross.

*Er.* What then?



*Ga.* I begin the Day in the Name of the Father, Son, and holy Spirit.

*Er.* Indeed that is very piously done.

*Ga.* By and by I put up a short Ejaculation to Christ.

*Er.* What dost thou say to him?

*Ga.* I give him Thanks that he has been pleased to bless me that Night; and I pray him that he would in like Manner prosper me the whole of that Day, so as may be for his Glory, and my Soul's Good; and that he who is the true Light that never sets, the eternal Sun, that enlivens, nourishes and exhilarates all Things, would vouchsafe to enlighten my Soul, that I mayn't fall into Sin; but by his Guidance, may attain everlasting Life.

*Er.* A very good Beginning of the Day indeed.

*Ga.* And then having bid my Parents good Morrow, to whom next to God, I owe the greatest Reverence, when it is Time I go to School; but so that I may pass by some Church, if I can conveniently.

*Er.* What do you do there?

*Ga.* I salute Jesus again in three Words, and all the Saints, either Men or Women; but the Virgin *Mary* by Name, and especially that I account most peculiarly my own.

*Er.* Indeed you seem to have read that Sentence of *Cato*, *Saluta libenter*, to good Purpose; was it not enough to have saluted Christ in the Morning, without saluting him again presently? Are you not afraid lest you should be troublesome by your over Officiousness?

*Ga.* Christ loves to be often called upon.

*Er.* But it seems to be ridiculous to speak to one you don't see.

*Ga.* No more do I see that Part of me that speaks to him.

*Er.* What Part is that?

*Ga.* My Mind.

*Er.* But it seems to be Labour lost, to salute one that does not salute you again.

*Ga.* He frequently salutes again by his secret Inspiration; and he answers sufficiently that gives what is ask'd of him.

*Er.* What is it you ask of him? For I perceive your Salutations are petitionary, like those of Beggars.

*Ga.* Indeed you are very right; for I pray that he, who, when he was a Boy of about twelve Years of Age, sitting in the Temple, taught the Doctors themselves, and to whom the heavenly Father, by a Voice from Heaven, gave Authority to teach Mankind, saying, *This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him*; and who is the eternal Wisdom of the most high Father, would vouchsafe to enlighten my Understanding, to receive wholesome Learning, that I may use it to his Glory.

*Er.* Who are those Saints that you call peculiarly yours?

*Ga.* Of the Apostles, St. *Paul*; of the Martyrs, St. *Cyprian*; of the Doctors, St. *Jerome*; of the Virgins, St. *Agnes*.

*Er.* How came these to be yours, more than the rest. Was it by Choice or by Chance?

*Ga.* They fell to me by Lot.

*Er.* But you only salute them I suppose; do you beg any Thing

of them?

*Ga.* I pray, that by their Suffrages they would recommend me to Christ, and procure that by his Assistance it may in Time come to pass that I be made one of their Company.

*Er.* Indeed what you ask for is no ordinary Thing: But what do you do then?

*Ga.* I go to School, and do what is to be done there with my utmost Endeavour; I so implore Christ's Assistance, as if my Study without it would signify nothing; and I study as if he offered no Help but to him that labours industriously; and I do my utmost not to deserve to be beaten, nor to offend my Master either in Word or Deed, nor any of my Companions.

*Er.* You are a good Boy to mind these Things.

*Ga.* When School is done I make haste Home, and if I can I take a Church in my Way, and in three Words, I salute Jesus again; and I pay my Respects to my Parents; and if I have any Time, I repeat, either by myself, or with one of my School-fellows, what was dictated in School.

*Er.* Indeed you are a very good Husband of Time.

*Ga.* No wonder I am of that, which is the most precious Thing in the World, and when past is irrecoverable.

*Er.* And *Hesiod* teaches, that good Husbandry ought to be in the Middle, it is too soon in the Beginning, and too late in the End.

*Ga.* *Hesiod* spoke right enough concerning Wine, but of Time no good Husbandry is unseasonable. If you let a Hogshead of

Wine alone it won't empty itself; but Time is always a flying, sleeping or waking.

*Er.* I confess so, but what do you do after that?

*Ga.* When my Parents sit down to Dinner I say Grace, and then wait at Table till I am bid to take my own Dinner; and having returned Thanks, if I have any Time left I divert myself with my Companions with some lawful Recreation till the Time comes to go to School again.

*Er.* Do you salute Jesus again?

*Ga.* Yes, if I have an Opportunity; but if it so happen that I have not an Opportunity, or it be not seasonable, as I pass by the Church I salute him mentally; and then I do what is to be done at School with all my Might; and when I go Home again I do what I did before Dinner: After Supper I divert myself with some pleasant Stories; and afterwards bidding my Parents and the Family good Night, I go to Bed betimes, and there kneeling down by the Bedside, as I have said, I say over those Things I have been learning that Day at School; if I have committed any great Fault, I implore Christ's Clemency, that he would pardon me, and I promise Amendment: and if I have committed no Fault, I thank him for his Goodness in preserving me from all Vice, and then I recommend myself to him with all my Soul, that he would preserve me from the Attempts of my evil Genius and filthy Dreams. When this is done, and I am got into Bed, I cross my Forehead and Breast, and compose myself to Rest.

*Er.* In what Posture do you compose yourself?

*Ga.* I don't lye upon my Face or my Back, but first leaning upon my Right-Side, I fold my Arms a-cross, so that they may defend my Breast, as it were with the Figure of a Cross, with my Right-hand upon my Left Shoulder, and my Left upon my Right, and so I sleep sweetly, either till I awake of myself, or am called up.

*Er.* You are a little Saint that can do thus.

*Ga.* You are a little Fool for saying so.

*Er.* I praise your Method, and I would I could practise it.

*Ga.* Give your Mind to it and you will do it, for when once you have accustom'd yourself to it for a few Months, these Things will be pleasant, and become natural.

*Er.* But I want to hear concerning divine Service.

*Ga.* I don't neglect that, especially upon holy Days.

*Er.* How do you manage yourself on holy Days?

*Ga.* In the first place I examine myself if my Mind be Polluted by any Stain of Sin.

*Er.* And if you find it is, what do you do then? Do you refrain from the Altar?

*Ga.* Not by my bodily Presence, but I withdraw myself, as to my Mind, and standing as it were afar off, as tho' not daring to lift up my Eyes to God the Father, whom I have offended, I strike upon my Breast, crying out with the Publican in the Gospel, *Lord, be merciful to me a Sinner.* And then if I know I have offended any Man, I take Care to make him Satisfaction if I can presently; but if I cannot do that, I resolve in my Mind to reconcile my

Neighbour as soon as possible. If any Body has offended me, I forbear Revenge, and endeavour to bring it about, that he that has offended me may be made sensible of his Fault, and be sorry for it; but if there be no Hope of that, I leave all Vengeance to God.

*Er.* That's a hard Task.

*Ga.* Is it hard to forgive a small Offence to your Brother, whose mutual Forgiveness thou wilt stand in frequent need of, when Christ has at once forgiven us all our Offences, and is every Day forgiving us? Nay, this seems to me not to be Liberality to our Neighbour, but putting to Interest to God; just as tho' one Fellow-Servant should agree with another to forgive him three Groats, that his Lord might forgive him ten Talents.

*Er.* You indeed argue very rationally, if what you say be true.

*Ga.* Can you desire any Thing truer than the Gospel?

*Er.* That is unreasonable; but there are some who can't believe themselves to be Christians unless they hear Mass (as they call it) every Day.

*Ga.* Indeed I don't condemn the Practise in those that have Time enough, and spend whole Days in profane Exercises; but I only disapprove of those who superstitiously fancy that that Day must needs be unfortunate to them that they have not begun with the Mass; and presently after divine Service is over they go either to Trading, Gaming, or the Court, where whatsoever succeeds, though done justly or unjustly, they attribute to the Mass.

*Er.* Are there any Persons that are so absurd?

*Ga.* The greatest part of Mankind.

*Er.* But return to divine Service.

*Ga.* If I can, I get to stand so close by the Holy Altar, that I can hear what the Priest reads, especially the Epistle and the Gospel; from these I endeavour to pick something, which I fix in my Mind, and this I ruminate upon for some Time.

*Er.* Don't you pray at all in the mean Time?

*Ga.* I do pray, but rather mentally than vocally. From the Things the Priest reads I take occasion of Prayer.

*Er.* Explain that a little more, I don't well take in what you mean.

*Ga.* I'll tell you; suppose this Epistle was read, *Purge out the old Leaven, that ye may be a new Lump, as ye are unleavened.* On occasion of these Words I thus address myself to Christ, "I wish I were the unleavened Bread, pure from all Leaven of Malice; but do thou, O Lord Jesus, who alone art pure, and free from all Malice, grant that I may every Day more and more purge out the old Leaven." Again, if the Gospel chance to be read concerning the Sower sowing his Seed, I thus pray with my self, "Happy is he that deserves to be that good Ground, and I pray that of barren Ground, he of his great Goodness would make me good Ground, without whose Blessing nothing at all is good." These for Example Sake, for it would be tedious to mention every Thing. But if I happen to meet with a dumb Priest, (such as there are many in *Germany*) or that I can't get near the Altar, I commonly get a little Book that has the Gospel of that Day and Epistle, and this I either say out aloud, or run it over with my Eye.

*Er.* I understand; but with what Contemplations chiefly dost thou pass away the Time?

*Ga.* I give Thanks to Jesus Christ for his unspeakable Love, in condescending to redeem Mankind by his Death; I pray that he would not suffer his most holy Blood to be shed in vain for me, but that with his Body he would always feed my Soul, and that with his Blood he would quicken my Spirit, that growing by little and little in the Increase of Graces, I may be made a fit Member of his mystical Body, which is the Church; nor may ever fall from that holy Covenant that he made with his elect Disciples at the last Supper, when he distributed the Bread, and gave the Cup; and through these, with all who are engrafted into his Society by Baptism. And if I find my Thoughts to wander, I read some Psalms, or some pious Matter, that may keep my Mind from wandring.

*Er.* Have you any particular Psalms for this Purpose?

*Ga.* I have; but I have not so tyed myself up to them, but that I can omit them, if any Meditation comes into my Mind that is more refreshing, than the Recitation of those Psalms.

*Er.* What do you do as to Fasting?

*Ga.* I have nothing to do with Fasting, for so *Jerome* has taught me; that Health is not to be impair'd by fasting, until the Body is arrived at its full Strength. I am not quite 17 Years old; but yet if I find Occasion, I dine and sup sparingly, that I may be more lively for Spiritual Exercises on holy Days.

*Er.* Since I have begun, I will go through with my Enquiries.



How do you find yourself affected towards Sermons?

*Ga.* Very well, I go to them as devoutly as if I was a going to a holy Assembly; and yet I pick and chuse whom to hear, for there are some, one had better not hear than hear; and if such an one happens to preach, or if it happen that no Body preaches, I pass this Time in reading the Scriptures, I read the Gospel or Epistle with *Chrysostom's* or *Jerome's* Interpretation, or any other pious and learned Interpreter that I meet with.

*Er.* But Word of Mouth is more affecting.

*Ga.* I confess it is. I had rather hear if I can but meet with a tolerable Preacher; but I don't seem to be wholly destitute of a Sermon if I hear *Chrysostom* or *Jerome* speaking by their Writings.

*Er.* I am of your Mind; but how do you stand affected as to Confession?

*Ga.* Very well; for I confess daily.

*Er.* Every Day?

*Ga.* Yes.

*Er.* Then you ought to keep a Priest to yourself.

*Ga.* But I confess to him who only truly remits Sins, to whom all the Power is given.

*Er.* To whom?

*Ga.* To Christ.

*Er.* And do you think that's sufficient?

*Ga.* It would be enough for me, if it were enough for the Rulers of the Church, and receiv'd Custom.

*Er.* Who do you call the Rulers of the Church?

*Ga.* The Popes, Bishops and Apostles.

*Er.* And do you put Christ into this Number?

*Ga.* He is without Controversy the chief Head of e'm all.

*Er.* And was he the Author of this Confession in use?

*Ga.* He is indeed the Author of all good; but whether he appointed Confession as it is now us'd in the Church, I leave to be disputed by Divines. The Authority of my Betters is enough for me that am but a Lad and a private Person. This is certainly the principal Confession; nor is it an easy Matter to confess to Christ; no Body confesses to him, but he that is angry with his Sin. If I have committed any great Offence, I lay it open, and bewail it to him, and implore his Mercy; I cry out, weep and lament, nor do I give over before I feel the Love of Sin thoroughly purged from the Bottom of my Heart, and some Tranquility and Chearfulness of Mind follow upon it, which is an Argument of the Sin being pardoned. And when the Time requires to go to the holy Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ; then I make Confession to a Priest too, but in few Words, and nothing but what I am well satisfy'd are Faults, or such that carry in them a very great Suspicion that they are such; neither do I always take it to be a capital or enormous Crime, every Thing that is done contrary to human Constitutions, unless a wicked Contemptuousness shall go along with it: Nay, I scarce believe any Crime to be Capital, that has not Malice join'd with it, that is, a perverse Will.

*Er.* I commend you, that you are so religious, and yet not superstitious: Here I think the old Proverb takes place: *Nec omnia, nec passim, nec quibuslibet*, That a Person should neither speak all, nor every where, nor to all Persons.

*Ga.* I chuse me a Priest, that I can trust with the Secrets of my Heart.

*Er.* That's wisely done: For there are a great many, as is found by Experience, do blab out what in Confessions is discovered to them. And there are some vile impudent Fellows that enquire of the Person confessing, those Things, that it were better if they were conceal'd; and there are some unlearned and foolish Fellows, who for the Sake of filthy Gain, lend their Ear, but apply not their Mind, who can't distinguish between a Fault and a good Deed, nor can neither teach, comfort nor advise. These Things I have heard from many, and in Part have experienced my self.

*Ga.* And I too much; therefore I chuse me one that is learn'd, grave, of approv'd Integrity, and one that keeps his Tongue within his Teeth.

*Er.* Truly you are happy that can make a Judgment of Things so early.

*Ga.* But above all, I take Care of doing any Thing that I can't safely trust a Priest with.

*Er.* That's the best Thing in the World, if you can but do so.

*Ga.* Indeed it is hard to us of ourselves, but by the Help of Christ it is easy; the greatest Matter is, that there be a Will to it. I often renew my Resolution, especially upon Sundays: And

besides that, I endeavour as much as I can to keep out of evil Company, and associate myself with good Company, by whose Conversation I may be better'd.

*Er.* Indeed you manage yourself rightly: For *evil Conversations corrupt good Manners.*

*Ga.* I shun Idleness as the Plague.

*Er.* You are very right, for Idleness is the Root of all Evil; but as the World goes now, he must live by himself that would keep out of bad Company.

*Ga.* What you say is very true, for as the *Greek* wise Men said the bad are the greatest Number. But I chuse the best out of a few, and sometimes a good Companion makes his Companion better. I avoid those Diversions that incite to Naughtiness, and use those that are innocent. I behave myself courteous to all; but familiarly with none but those that are good. If I happen at any Time to fall into bad Company, I either correct them by a soft Admonition, or wink at and bear with them, if I can do them no good; but I be sure to get out of their Company as soon as I can.

*Er.* Had you never an itching Mind to become a Monk?

*Ga.* Never; but I have been often solicited to it by some, that call you into a Monastery, as into a Port from a Shipwreck.

*Er.* Say you so? Were they in Hopes of a Prey?

*Ga.* They set upon both me and my Parents with a great many crafty Persuasions; but I have taken a Resolution not to give my Mind either to Matrimony or Priesthood, nor to be a Monk, nor to any Kind of Life out of which I can't extricate myself, before

I know myself very well.

*Er.* When will that be?

*Ga.* Perhaps never. But before the 28th Year of ones Age, nothing should be resolved on.

*Er.* Why so?

*Ga.* Because I hear every where, so many Priests, Monks and married Men lamenting that they hurried themselves rashly into Servitude.

*Er.* You are very cautious not to be catch'd.

*Ga.* In the mean Time I take a special Care of three Things.

*Er.* What are they?

*Ga.* First of all to make a good Progress in Morality, and if I can't do that, I am resolv'd to maintain an unspotted Innocence and good Name; and last of all I furnish myself with Languages and Sciences that will be of Use in any Kind of Life.

*Er.* But do you neglect the Poets?

*Ga.* Not wholly, but I read generally the chastest of them, and if I meet with any Thing that is not modest, I pass that by, as *Ulysses* passed by the *Sirens*, stopping his Ears.

*Er.* To what Kind of Study do you chiefly addict your self? To Physic, the Common or Civil Law, or to Divinity? For Languages, the Sciences and Philosophy are all conducive to any Profession whatsoever.

*Ga.* I have not yet thoroughly betaken myself to any one particularly, but I take a Taste of all, that I be not wholly ignorant of any; and the rather, that having tasted of all I may the better

chuse that I am fittest for. Medicine is a certain Portion in whatsoever Land a Man is; the Law is the Way to Preferment: But I like Divinity the best, saving that the Manners of some of the Professors of it, and the bitter Contentions that are among them, displease me.

*Er.* He won't be very apt to fall that goes so warily along. Many in these Days are frighted from Divinity, because they are afraid they should not be found in the Catholick Faith, because they see no Principle of Religion, but what is called in Question.

*Ga.* I believe firmly what I read in the holy Scriptures, and the Creed, called the Apostles, and I don't trouble my Head any farther: I leave the rest to be disputed and defined by the Clergy, if they please; and if any Thing is in common Use with Christians that is not repugnant to the holy Scriptures, I observe it for this Reason, that I may not offend other People.

*Er.* What *Thales* taught you that Philosophy?

*Ga.* When I was a Boy and very young, I happen'd to live in the House with that honestest of Men, *John Colet*, do you know him?

*Er.* Know him, ay, as well as I do you.

*Ga.* He instructed me when I was young in these Precepts.

*Er.* You won't envy me, I hope, if I endeavour to imitate you?

*Ga.* Nay, by that Means you will be much dearer to me. For you know, Familiarity and good Will, are closer ty'd by Similitude of Manners.

*Er.* True, but not among Candidates for the same Office, when they are both sick of the same Disease.

*Ga.* No, nor between two Sweet-hearts of the same Mistress, when they are both sick of the same Love.

*Er.* But without jesting, I'll try to imitate that Course of Life.

*Ga.* I wish you as good Success as may be.

*Er.* It may be I shall overtake thee.

*Ga.* I wish you might get before me; but in the mean Time I won't stay for you; but I will every Day endeavour to out-go myself, and do you endeavour to out-go me if you can.

# THE ART OF HUNTING

## The ARGUMENT

This Colloquy presents you with the Art of Hunting; Fishing, of bringing Earth-Worms out of the Ground, of sticking Frogs.

**PAUL, THOMAS, VINCENT, LAWRENCE, BARTHOLUS.**

*Pa.* Every one to his Mind. I love Hunting.

*Th.* And so do I too, but where are the Dogs? The hunting Poles? And the hunting Nets?

*Pa.* Farewell Boars, Bears, Bucks, and Foxes, we'll lay Snares for Rabbits.

*Vi.* But I'll set Gins for Locusts and Crickets.

*La.* But I'll catch Frogs.

*Ba.* I'll hunt Butterflies.

*La.* 'Tis difficult to follow flying Creatures.

*Ba.* It is difficult, but 'tis fine Sport; unless you think it finer Sport to hunt after Earth-Worms, Snails or Cockles, because they have no Wings.

*La.* Indeed I had rather go a Fishing; I have a neat Hook.

*Ba.* But where will you get Baits?



*La.* There are Earth-Worms enough every where to be had.

*Ba.* So there is, if they would but creep out of the Ground to you.

*La.* But I'll make a great many thousand jump out presently.

*Ba.* How? By Witch-Craft?

*La.* You shall see the Art. Fill this Bucket with Water, break these green Peels of Walnuts to Pieces and put into it: Wet the Ground with the Water. Now mind a little, do you see them coming out?

*Ba.* I see a Miracle. I believe the armed Men started out of the Earth after this Manner from the Serpents Teeth that were sown: But a great many Fish are of too fine and delicate a Palate to be catch'd by such a vulgar Bait.

*La.* I know a certain Sort of an Insect that I us'd to catch such with.

*Ba.* See if you can impose upon the Fishes so, I'll make work with the Frogs.

*La.* How, with a Net?

*Ba.* No, with a Bow.

*La.* That's a new Way of Fishing!

*Ba.* But 'tis a pleasant one; you'll say so, when you see it.

*Vi.* What if we two should play at holding up our Fingers?

*Ba.* That's an idle, clownish Play indeed, fitter for them that are sitting in a Chimney Corner, than those that are ranging in the Field.

*Vi.* What if we should play at Cob-Nut?

*Pa.* Let us let Nuts alone for little Chits, we are great Boys.

*Vi.* And yet we are but Boys for all that.

*Pa.* But they that are fit to play at Cob-Nut, are fit to ride upon a Hobby-Horse.

*Vi.* Well then, do you say what we shall play at; and I'll play at what you will.

*Pa.* And I'll be conformable.

# SCHOLASTIC STUDIES

## The ARGUMENT

This Colloquy treats of scholastic Studies, and School Plays, I. The Boys going into the School. The striking of a Clock. A whipping Master. Of saying a Lesson. Fear hurts the Memory. 2. Of Writing, the Paper sinks. Of making a Pen. Of a hard Nip. A soft Nip. Of writing quick, well.

**SYLVIUS, JOHN.**

*Sy.* What makes you run so, *John*?

*Jo.* What makes a Hare run before the Dogs, as they use to say?

*Sy.* What Proverb is this?

*Jo.* Because unless I am there in Time, before the Bill is called over, I am sure to be whipp'd.

*Sy.* You need not be afraid of that, it is but a little past five: Look upon the Clock, the Hand is not come to the half Hour Point yet.

*Jo.* Ay, but I can scarce trust to Clocks, they go wrong sometimes.

*Sy.* But trust me then, I heard the Clock strike.

*Jo.* What did that strike?

*Sy.* Five.

*Jo.* But there is something else that I am more afraid of than that, I must say by Heart a good long Lesson for Yesterday, and I am afraid I can't say it.

*Sy.* I am in the same Case with you; for I myself have hardly got mine as it should be.

*Jo.* And you know the Master's Severity. Every Fault is a Capital one with him: He has no more Mercy of our Breeches, than if they were made of a Bull's Hide.

*Sy.* But he won't be in the School.

*Jo.* Who has he appointed in his Place?

*Sy. Cornelius.*

*Jo.* That squint-ey'd Fellow! Wo to our Back-Sides, he's a greater Whip-Master than *Busby* himself.

*Sy.* You say very true, and for that Reason I have often wish'd he had a Palsy in his Arm.

*Jo.* It is not pious to wish ill to ones Master: it is our Business rather to take Care not to fall under the Tyrant's Hands.

*Sy.* Let us say one to another, one repeating and the other looking in the Book.

*Jo.* That's well thought on.

*Sy.* Come, be of good Heart; for Fear spoils the Memory.

*Jo.* I could easily lay aside Fear, if I were out of Danger; but who can be at Ease in his Mind, that is in so much Danger.

*Sy.* I confess so; but we are not in Danger of our Heads, but of our Tails.

*2. Of Writing.*

**CORNELIUS, ANDREW.**

*Co.* You write finely, but your Paper sinks. Your Paper is damp, and the Ink sinks through it.

*An.* Pray make me a Pen of this.

*Co.* I have not a Pen-knife.

*An.* Here is one for you.

*Co.* Out on't, how blunt it is!

*An.* Take the Hoan.

*Co.* Do you love to write with a hard-nip'd Pen, or a soft?

*An.* Make it fit for your own Hand.

*Co.* I use to write with a soft Nip.

*An.* Pray write me out the Alphabet.

*Co.* Greek or Latin?

*An.* Write me the Latin first; I'll try to imitate it.

*Co.* Give me some Paper then.

*An.* Take some.

*Co.* But my Ink is too thin, by often pouring in of Water.

*An.* But my Cotton is quite dry.

*Co.* Squeeze it, or else piss in it.

*An.* I had rather get some Body to give me some.

*Co.* It is better to have of one's own, than to borrow.

*An.* What's a Scholar without Pen and Ink?

*Co.* The same that a Soldier is without Shield or Sword.

*An.* I wish my Fingers were so nimble, I can't write as fast as another speaks.

*Co.* Let it be your first chief Care to write well, and your next to write quick: No more Haste than good Speed.

*An.* Very well; say to the Master when he dictates, no more Haste than good Speed.

\* \* \* \* \*

\_A Form of giving Thanks.

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