

" even at least let them govern themselves so that they may
 " be accounted modest; and they shou'd so evidence their
 " Nuptial Honour and Modesty, that in their *Congress* Decen-
 " cy may accompany their Embraces, lest by too much Ardour
 " and Immodesty they be both defective in their Honour, and
 " also less acceptable to their Husbands. A Wife ought at no
 " time to be deficient in her Duty, and altho' her Body can-
 " not be beheld, yet she shou'd preserve a Modesty in all
 " Places, that she may deservedly seem chaste to her Husband,
 " even in the dark: Wherefore very excellently *Commodus Ca-*
 " *sar*, when his Wife endeavour'd to perswade him to use un-
 " usual and disallow'd Pleasures with her, answer'd, *How much*
 " *it is fit to obey other Women in these Things let them look to it, a*
 " *Wife certainly is a Name of Honour, not of Pleasure.* Where-
 " fore *Cato* the Censor ejected *Manilius* out of the Senate, be-
 " cause he kiss'd his Wife in the Presence of his Daughter.

" *Marriage is honourable in all, and the Bed undefil'd, Heb. 13.*
 " and the great Care both of *Husband and Wife* shou'd be to
 " be chaste in Marriage, to abhor all wanton Speeches and unfit In-
 " centives of Lust, and to be sober, seasonable, and regular in the
 " Use of the Marriage-Bed. They shou'd beware lest they make
 that Ordinance which is the Remedy of impure Affections to
 be the Nurse and Exciter of them; they must not think that
 their Relation doth legitimate every Folly which they can per-
 petrate, or that inordinate or immoderate Pleasures can ever
 agree with the Bed undefil'd; a Man may be a wicked Drun-
 kard with his own Drink, and a wretched Beast in his own Mar-
 riage-Bed: I might here bring in Divines of late, Fathers of
 old, yea, Philosophers themselves, agreeing in their Censures
 of these Extravagances, and telling us, That the Pleasures of
 Marriage shou'd be serious, circumspect, and mix'd with Seve-
 rity, and that an intemperate Man in Wedlock differs little
 from an Adulterer. Let all marry'd Persons therefore remem-
 ber that the holy Eye of God is upon them, that their Bodies
 are the Temples of the Holy Ghost, and that they must render
 a strict Account unto the Lord of every secret thing. There
 is need even in a marry'd State to crucify our fleshly Lusts, and
 to deny our natural and lawful Desires, at such Times as *natural*
Modesty or Religion command Abstinence, and so make them
 unlawful; keep therefore an inviolable *Decorum* in your Con-
 verse together, shew Reverence to God, bear Reverence to one
 another, reverence your selves. Be assur'd of this, that true
 Love behaves not it self unseemly, and that Modesty is the best
 Preserver of Nuptial Chastity. But since this Case of *due Be-*
nevolence is so very nice and difficult to state aright, that no
 chaste and conscientious Couple may mistake that part of *Family*
Duty that relates to lawful Procreation, I'll here add to my own
 Opinion the Advice and Rules given by those eminent Casuists

— the Author of *The whole Duty of Man*, — Bishop Taylor,
— and the truly pious and learned Mr. Richard Baxter. —

I'll begin with *The whole Duty of Man*, who tells us, “*The
“ Virtue of Chastity consists in a perfect abstaining from all Kinds
“ of Uncleaness, not only that of Adultery and Fornication, but all
“ other more unnatural sorts of it, committed either upon our selves or
“ with any others. In a word, all Acts of that kind are utterly against
“ Chastity, save only in lawful Marriage, and even there Men are
“ not to think themselves let loose to please their brutish Appetites,
“ but are to keep themselves within such Rules of Moderation as agree
“ to the Ends of Marriage, which being these Two, the begetting
“ of Children, and the avoiding of Fornication, nothing must be
“ done which may hinder the first of these Ends, and the second aim-
“ ing only at the subduing of Lust, the keeping Men from any sinful
“ Effects of it, is very contrary to that End to make Marriage an Oc-
“ casion of heightening and enflaming it. — Bishop Taylor adds,
“ Concerning marry'd Persons, besides the keeping of their mutual
“ Faith and Contract with each other, these Particulars are useful to
“ be observ'd.*

“ 1. *Altho' their mutual Endearments are safe within the Prote-
“ ction of Marriage, yet they that have Wives or Husbands must be as
“ tho' they had them not, that is, they must have an Affection greater
“ to each other than they have to any Person in the World, but not
“ greater than they have to God; but that they be ready to part with
“ all Interest in each others Person rather than sin against God.*

“ 2. *In their Permissions and License they must be sure to observe
“ the Order of Nature, and the Ends of God. He is an ill Husband
“ that uses his Wife as a Man treats a Harlot, having no other End
“ but Pleasure; concerning which our best Rule is, that altho' in this,
“ as in eating and drinking, there is an Appetite to be satisfy'd, which
“ cannot be done without pleasing that Desire, yet since that Desire
“ and Satisfaction was intended by Nature for other Ends, they should
“ never be separate from those Ends, but always be join'd with all or
“ one of these Ends, with a Desire of Children, or to avoid For-
“ nication, or to lighten and ease the Cares and Sadnesses of
“ Household Affairs, or to endear each other, but never with a
“ Purpose either in Act or Desire to separate the Sensuality from these
“ Ends which bellow it. Onan did separate his Act from its proper
“ End, and so order'd his Embraces that his Wife should not conceive,
“ and God punish'd him.*

“ 3. *Marry'd Persons must keep such Modesty and Decency of
“ treating each other, that they never force themselves into high and
“ violent Lusts with Arts and misbecoming Devices, always remem-
“ bring that those Mixtures are most innocent which are most simple
“ and most natural, most orderly and most safe.*

“ 4. *It is a Duty of Matrimonial Chastity to be restrain'd and
“ temperate in the Use of their lawful Pleasures; concerning which,
“ altho' no universal Rule can antecedently be given to all Persons, any*

" more than to all Bodies one Proportion of Meat and Drink, yet marry'd
 " Persons are to estimate the Degree of their License according to the
 " following Proportions. 1. That it be moderate, so as to consist with
 " Health. 2. That it be so order'd as not to be too expensive of Time,
 " that precious Opportunity of working out our Salvation. 3. That
 " when Duty is demanded it be always pay'd (so far as in our Powers
 " and Election) according to the foregoing Measures. 4. That it be
 " with a temperate Affection, without violent transporting Desires, or
 " too sensual Applications; concerning which a Man is to make Judg-
 " ment by Proportion to other Actions, and the Severities of his Reli-
 " gion, and the Sentences of sober and wise Persons, always remem-
 " bring that Marriage is a Provision for Supply of the natural Ne-
 " cessities of the Body, not for the artificial and procur'd Appetites of
 " the Mind. And it is a sad Truth, that many marry'd Persons think-
 " ing that the Flood-gates of Liberty are set wide open without Mea-
 " sures or Restraints, (so they sail in that Channel) have felt the final
 " Rewards of Intemperance and Lust by their unlawful using of lawful
 " Permissions; only let each of them be temperate, and both of them
 " be modest. Socrates was wont to say, That those Women to whom
 " Nature hath not been indulgent in good Features and Colours, should
 " make it up themselves with excellent Manners; and those who were
 " beautiful and comely should be careful that so fair a Body be not pol-
 " luted with unhandsome Usages. To which Plutarch adds, That a
 " Wife, if she be unhandsome, should consider how extreamly ugly she
 " should be if she wanted Modesty; but if she be handsome, let her
 " think how gracious that Beauty would be if she superadds Chastity.

" 5. Marry'd Persons, by Consent, are to abstain from their mutual
 " Entertainments at Solemn Times of Devotion, not as a Duty of it
 " self necessary, but as being the most proper Act of Purity which in
 " their Condition they can present to God, and being a good Advantage
 " for attending their Preparation to the solemn Duty, and their Demean-
 " our in it. It is St. Paul's Counsel, That by Consent for a Time
 " they should abstain, that they may give themselves to Fasting
 " and Prayer. And tho' when Christians did receive the Holy Com-
 " munion every Day it is certain they did not abstain, but had Chil-
 " dren, yet when the Communion was more seldom they did with Reli-
 " gion abstain from the Marriage-Bed during the Time of their solemn
 " preparatory Devotions, as anciently they did from Eating and Drink-
 " ing 'till the Solemnity of the Day was past.

" 6. It were well if marry'd Persons would, in their Penitential
 " Prayers, and in their general Confessions, suspect themselves, and
 " accordingly ask a general Pardon for all their Undecencies and more
 " passionate Applications of themselves in the Offices of Marriage, that
 " what is lawful and honourable in its kind may not be sully'd with im-
 " perfect Circumstances, or, if it be, it may be made clean again by
 " the Interruption and Recallings of such a Repentance of which such
 " uncertain Parts of Action are capable.

And we are told by that learned and great Divine, Mr. Richard Baxter, "The Duty of Husbands and Wives is Cohabitation, (and where Age prohibiteth not) a sober and modest Conjunction for Procreation; avoiding Lasciviousness, Unseasonableness, and whatever tends to corrupt the Mind; and make it vain and filthy, and hinder it from holy Employment. And therefore Lust must not be cherish'd in the marry'd; but the Mind be brought to a moderate, chaste, and sober Frame; and the Remedy must not be turn'd into an Increase of the Disease, but us'd to extinguish it: For if the Mind be left to the Power of Lust, and only Marriage trusted to for the Cure, with many it will be found an insufficient Cure, and Lust will rage still as it did before, and will be so much the more desperate, and your Case the more miserable, as your Sin prevaileth against the Remedy; yet Marriage being appointed for a Remedy against Lust, for the avoiding all unlawful Congress, the Apostle hath plainly describ'd their Duty, in these Words, 1 Cor. 7. 2, 3, 4, 5. Nevertheless, to avoid Fornication, let every Man have his own Wife, and let every Woman have her own Husband. Let the Husband render unto the Wife due Benevolence; and likewise also the Wife unto the Husband. The Wife hath not Power of her own Body, but the Husband; and likewise also the Husband hath not Power of his own Body, but the Wife. Defraud you not one the other, except it be with Consent for a Time, that ye may give yourselves to Fasting and Prayer, and come together again, that Satan tempt you not for your Incontinency—Therefore those Persons live contrary to the Nature of their Relation, who live a great part of their Lives asunder, as many do for Worldly Respects, when they have several Houses, Possessions, or Trades, and the Husband must live at one, and the Wife at another, for their Comodity sake, and only come together once in a Week, or in many Weeks, when this is done without great Necessity, 'tis a constant Violation of their Duties: And so it is for Men to go trade, or live beyond Sea, or in another Land, and leave their Wives behind them; yet tho' they have their Wives Consent: It is an unlawful Course, except in a Case of meer Necessity, or publick Service, or when they are able on good Grounds to say, that the Benefits are like to be greater to Soul and Body, than the Loss; and that they are confirm'd against the Danger of Incontinence: But, (adds Mr. Baxter) I really such an incurable Unsuitableness be between Husband and Wife, as that their Lives must needs be miserable by their Cohabitation, I know not but they may live asunder; so be it tho' (after all other Means us'd in vain) they do it by deliberate free Consent: But the Offices which Husband and Wife are bound to perform for one another, are such as for the most Part suppose the Cohabitation, like the Offices of the Members of the Body for one another; which they cannot perform, if they be dismember'd and divided.

There are Two very necessary Queries yet behind, which the young Couple may be too modest to propose, and therefore since I have promis'd to Athenianize every Project, I'll here answer these nice Questions.

(1.) Which are the fittest Seasons of Enjoyment, and how frequently do they make Returns?

(2.) How far may our Imagination and Desires be unbridl'd upon such Occasions?

As to the former of these, there's no *Universal Rule* can possibly be prescrib'd, for some Constitutions may run a greater Length than others. *Riverius* tells you, *The Night for Health, and the Morn for Pleasure*; but *Nature her self must appoint the Seasons*, where such Satisfaction, if they ben't abus'd, are made lawful by Marriage. *Age and Diet make Nature run either high or low*. But this I propose, That for the Sake of Health, and upon a certain Knowledge of the Vigor or Constitution, there be certain Seasons fix'd for these allowable Freedoms, for unless Nature has sufficient Time to ripen your Vigor and Inclination you must expect the Off-spring to be weak and spiritless, and short liv'd.

As for the latter Difficulty, there's without doubt a very lively Degree of Inclination and Desire allow'd, which must give the very Life and Spirit to the Embrio, as indeed a cold Inclination and Disaffection will give certain Death. The Sacred Writings seem to hint as much as this comes to, *Be thou ravish'd with her Love*. However, after all, the Excess of Inclination and the Agony of Desire may make a Man commit Adultery with his own Wife. And as to the necessary Restraints to be fix'd here take the following Advice.

First, Consider the Temper and Constitution of your Bodies, and in what Instances you are most inclin'd to do your natural Actions in an unlawful manner, and resolve upon such Means as may prevent that.

Again, Consider what Instances of these natural Actions, tho' lawful, yet tempt you to do them, rather for the pleasant Sensation than in Obedience to the Command of God.

The Path of Virtue, if narrow any where, it is in this respect. The right-ordering of the Intention makes the Act acceptable, which otherwise would be sinful; if we eat because God commands us to preserve our Lives by all lawful Means, and that we may keep our Bodies fit to do the Work of God, we eat to please God, and the Act is acceptable; but if we do the same thing with intent only to please our Palates, we serve our selves and sin.

By the Sensation in all natural Acts the Soul is to distinguish concerning the Health of the Body, and of the Fitness of the Means then us'd to preserve it, and where the Body is in Health, and fit Means us'd to preserve that Health, the Use of them will

be pleasant, and cause very delectable Sensations, and the mortifying these Sensations must one way or other prejudice the Health, and consequently cannot be the Intent of the Holy Ghost.

Yet a *Christian*, when Two Things equally healthful are present, will chuse the less pleasant of the Two, to testify the *Pureness of his Intention*; for as I take it, the Intention of pleasing our selves in our Natural Acts, is the proper Object of Mortification.

This *Due Benevolence* is a Matter of very nice Speculation, and the Rule might indeed be strain'd a great deal too high for the Practice; but the World may expect full Satisfaction in all these, and many other Difficulties, in my next *Apollo* which is preparing for the Press.

Thus, Reader, I have said all that's necessary upon the Subject of *Due Benevolence*; and I hope I have fully and modestly stated that *Nice Point*.

*But Experience teacheth best,
All own mutual Love has Charms,
When the Wife and Husband rest
Lock'd in one anothers Arms.*

However, Reader, if I have said enough to set that part of *Family Duty* in a true Light, which concerns *Due Benevolence*, I have oblig'd the young unexperienc'd Couple in a Subject which was never handled before in a distinct Treatise; and therefore I now leave 'em in each others Arms, and I hope in such innocent Embraces as may produce a Son and Heir. I won't say to *SAMPSIL*; but were it my own Case I shou'd heartily wish it.

PROJECT XVI.*

The Marry'd Widower; or Dunton in Mourning for the Death of his living Wife, and New Life of his dead Friend, a Paradox; being Two Condoling Elegies to his dear Friend and School-fellow Mr. Elias Cock, and likewise to himself, upon the Natural and Conjugal Death of Mrs. Mary Cock, and Mrs. Sarah Dunton, the first of which departed this Life October the 27th, 1709. in the Fifty Second Year of her Age, and the last dy'd as a Wife, ever since the much desir'd Death of Mada Jane Nicholas.

BEfore my PROJECTS all are finished,
 Sure all my Friends will die and be interr'd!
 (I mean my Winter Friends, and such I most admir'd.)
 For since SAM. TREACHER soar'd among the Bless'd,
 And Pious LARKIN was by Death possess'd,
 Another Chesham Friend is gone to Rest.
 But shall? Oh shall this— best of Women go,
 And we not sing her Worth, and sigh our Woe?
 The last sad Task that Gratitude can do.
 Shall Fame amidst such Merit silent lie?
 Shall e'er the Springs that water Grief be dry?
 No! No!— DEAR COCK— whene'er we think of thee
 We'll write, or rather weep— an ELEGY.
 Ev'n Dunton mourns if dear Maria go,
 That was the best of Friends, and Women too:
 But who can tell the mutual Sighs and Tears,
 The Manly Groans, and gentle Wifely Fears,
 'Twixt thee and MARY, at that fatal Tide
 Which did the KNOT of Heav'n it self divide?
 Oh! that I were her HUSBAND for an Hour!
 For who can else describe Love's Mighty Pow'r?
 How sweet his Moments flow! how free from Strife,
 When bless'd like thee, ELIAS, in a Wife!
 But yet if dearer still, Friends still must part,
 They go— but leave behind each other's Heart;
 The Wife goes first, and Husband feels the Smart.
 But when, dear Saint, so near to Bliss you be!
 Remember Chesham, and remember me.

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Some think that they in Heav'n their Learning share,
But sure Love and Friendship enter there!

However, Friend, I'll ring *Maria's* Knell;
Death calls for Tears, but Angels scarce can tell
Her Praise sufficient, she deserv'd so well:

But not too much for such a Spouse as you,
Who truly mourn in Heart, and not in Show.

I as your *Brother Widower* too do mourn,
For there's more Ways of losing Wives than one;
For don't that Woman truly LIVE INTERR'D,
(Tis *Paradox*, but what is often heard)

That marrys— but her Husband will not Bed,
For Fear (Forsooth) to lose her M—head.

This is my Case, and I go mourning hence;
For she is *Bury'd* in a Nuptial Sense,
That does deny me *Due Benevolence*.

I therefore as a *Widower* too do mourn;
But 'tis not for a Wife, but for a Son;
For Spouse does LIVE, and yet to me is DEAD,
'Till she return unto her Husband's Bed.

Then *Brother Widower* if my Wife you see,
Condole her *Death* in Tears, and do't from me:

But as my Spouse in all Things else is kind,
And calls me too the best of Human-kind,

If she'll REVIVE by trying for a Son,
I'll put my *Widower's* Mourning off again.

'Till then I'll mourn her *Death* and *Mary's* too;
One's dead to me, the other's so to you.

Spouse complements to live an ANGEL'S LIFE*,
I like it not, I marry'd for a—WIFE,

And therefore's DEAD 'till she as Wife does LIVE.
Let me but have a *Wife*, whate'er she be,

So she be *Woman* 'tis enough for me.

I ask not one in whom all Graces shine,
Her Sex alone endears her to be mine.

If she be young she is not stubborn grown,
And I may form her Manners to my own;

If old, a Wife and Mother both I have,
And either may a Kiss or Blessing crave:

If she be fair she's lovely as the Light,
If ugly, why what's Matter in the Night?

If she be barren, I am free from Care,
If fruitful, Children costly Blessings are;

(But such I want, my Lands have ne'er an Heir.)

If poor, she'll humble and obedient be,
If rich, O! who'd fear Golden Slavery?

* i. e. she both desires and prays that we may live *Angelical* Lives.

Mourning for the Death of his living Wife. 347

If Scold she be she'll teach me Patience,
If Sluttrish, I may Temp'rance learn from thence;
If full of Tongue, I shan't want Company,
If mute, I'll love her for her Rarity;
I'm Lord and Master if she be a Fool,
If wise, I shall be so to let her rule.

Unjust are they who 'gainst the Sex declaim,
When 'tis not they, but we deserve the Blame;
They all are good enough had we the Skill
The Good in them to take and leave the Ill.

That Wives and Husbands Humours seldom meet
'Tis not 'cause they want Goodness, but these Wit:

But your dear Wife (and therefore I condole)
Was *all these Wives*— she was a matchless Soul;
So full of Courage she'd her Husband Bed
(Almost) tho' in the Grave he lay interr'd.

She ne'er wou'd part, she ne'er wou'd lie alone,
She ne'er did ask, but ne'er refus'd a Son;
Witness *ELIAS* and my Name-sake *JOHN*.

She was so full of Kindness that her Life
Might be the Figure of a perfect Wife,
As justly shall my dear *Valeria's* Name*
Be handed with *MARIA's* down to Fame;
For she by Virtue does assert her Blood,
And values less her Birth than being good:
Her only Crime is, *she wou'd lie alone*;
She has no Mind to *Trifle* for a Son†.

This makes me *Mourn*, for Sons perpetuate,
And en't it Pity that a fine Estate

Shou'd go to Strangers Brats— *Heirs prove such Wills a Cheat*.
But you no *Widower* are for want of Heirs,
For in your Bed your Consort freely shares;
She did the noblest modern Instance prove
Of JOY in Wedlock, and of Truth in Love.

Then well may *Dunton Mourn* for such a Friend,
And well may *'LIAS* weep for such a Gem.

She was a Wife, obliging, tender wife,
She was a Friend to comfort and advise;
Such a true Wife, and such a noble Friend,
All *Chesham* does lament, and all commend.

Thus *Dunton Mourns* at this sad Funeral;
A Wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first Woman was before her Fall:

* My present Wife.

† Alluding to that learned Man Erasmus, who (in his Praise of Folly) says that the Act of Copulation, is the most foolish and trifling Thing a wise Man can be guilty of.

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Made for the Man, of whom she was a Part;
 Made to attract his Eyes, and keep his Heart;
 A Second Eve, but by no Crime accus'd;
 As beauteous, not as brittle as the first.
 Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
 And Death had found no Entrance by her Sin.
 So she not only had preserv'd from Ill
 Her Sex and ours, but liv'd their Pattern still.
 All this was MARY, and you well may grieve,
 You'll never meet with such another Wife.
 Love and Obedience to her Lord she bore,
 She much obey'd you, but she lov'd you more.
 Not aw'd to Duty by superior Sway;
But taught by your Indulgence to obey.
 Thus we love God as Author of our Good;
 So Subjects love just Kings, or so they shou'd
 Nor was it with Ingratitude return'd;
In equal Fires the blissful Couple burn'd:
 One Joy possess'd you both, and in one Grief you mourn'd. }
 Your Passion still improv'd; you lov'd so fast
As if you fear'd each Day wou'd be her last,
 Too true a Prophet to foresee the Fate
 That shou'd so soon divide your happy State:
 When you to Heav'n entirely must restore
 That Love, that Heart, where you went Halves before;
Yet as the Soul is all in ev'ry Part,
 So God and you might each have all her Heart.
 So had her Children too; for Charity
 Was not more fruitful, or more kind than she;
 Not Cybele with half so kind an Eye,
 Survey'd her Sons and Daughters of the Sky.
 Proud, shall I say, of her immortal Fruit,
As far as Pride with Heav'nly Minds may suit.
 Her pious Love excell'd to all she bore;
New Objects only multiply'd it more.
 And as the Chosen found the pearly Grain,
 As much as ev'ry Vessel cou'd contain;
 As in the Blissful Vision each shall share
 As much of Glory as his Soul can bear;
 So did she love, and so dispense her Care.
 Her eldest thus, by Consequence, was best,
 As longer cultivated than the rest:
 The Babe had all that Infant Care beguiles,
And early knew his Mother in her Smiles:
 But when dilated Organs let in Day
 To the young Soul, and gave it Room to play,
 At his first Aptness, the Maternal Love
 Those Rudiments of Reason did improve: }

So that her Sons (which I think were but TWO)
Were ever modest, dutiful and true,
And mourn her Death almost as much as you.
That's *LIAS* does, for *JOHN* is gone to Heav'n;
Where Friend you'll one Day find 'em all agen.
Thus all do grieve for *Mary's* Funeral,
And *Dunton* Mourns perhaps the most of all;
For since she dy'd my Thoughts and Spirits sink,
My very Soul for Grief forgets to think.
We well may Mourn— with *Cock* our Pleasures end,
In her we lose a Saint, as well as Friend.

Her very Thoughts, for those we understood,
And private Motions of her Soul were good.
Then whilst I MOURN dear *Sarah's* Marriage-Death,
I'll likewise WEEP for *Cock's* departed Breath,
A marry'd Widower — shou'd for ever grieve.

Dunton, then publish what you MOURN and hear,
And here give Mrs. *Cock's* just Character.

The *Woman's* dead, whom vain 'twere to pretend
For single Virtues only to commend:
Her Modest, Chast, or Affable to call,
For she was more, nay, *She alone was All*.
And if her real Worth you'll try to find,
Say all the Good you can of *Womankind*.
When you want Words (and that I'm sure you must,
If that her Character be true and just)

Then let your *subtle Imagination* try
To form a Notion in the high'st Degree
Of some abstracted Good in'ts Purity,
Conceive 't aright, and then I'm sure 'tis *She*.

The *Wife* is dead, whom Nature never made,
Or Int'rest taught, to love in *Masquerade*.
To feign Obedience that was really none,
Or by dissembling gain Affection.
By which some their fond Husbands Passions move,
And gently cheat, and wheedle into Love.

But as for her, who scorn'd that trifling Way,
'Twas the same Thing to love, and to obey.
She ne'er compell'd her struggling Will to bend
To humour Husband, or to flatter Friend.

For all she did, was done with so much Ease,
Was so sincere, so free from Artifice,
That in her very Nature 'twas to please.
She made her Peace with God* — and was a Wife
That was CONTENT in ev'ry State of Life.

* They are Mrs. *Cock's* own Words on her Death-Bed, "That she had made her Peace with God."

Then *Pious Evans* * well might preach Content
 In ev'ry State, for 'twas what *COCK* had learnt.
 For Three and Twenty Years she was a Spouse,
 She's still CONTENT, and charm'd her very Foes:
 Ev'n in her Sickness, that did end in Death,
 She never drew one discontented Breath.
 We well may Mourn, for she was thus inspir'd
 That now in *Chesham Church-yard* lies interr'd.
 She was—— I never can declare the best;
 She was— *The best of Wives*— and Friends at least:
 For such a Wife does *best of Husbands* mourn,
 (For *COCK* is such, as all his Neighbours own.)
 For such a MAM the *best of Children* sighs;
 Nay, which is more— weeps 'till he drowns his Eyes †;
 For such a Loss all *Chesham* does condole,
 And *Dunton* Mourns in's very Heart and Soul:
 But all my Sighs and Tears are spent in vain,
 For I can't weep her into Life again.
 Then *Sarah* LIVE, you'd breath in Son and Heir,
 After you're DEAD and rotten Sixty Year;

Let me not die— *A Marry'd Widower.*

Dear *COCK* is DEAD, but 'twan't— *A Marriage Death*;
 She's dead indeed, but you in Death can breath:
 Yes, *COCK* has taken her Eternal Leave.

She's gone, she's gone, and a small Grave contains
 Her Breathless Dust, *Maria's* dear Remains.
 Safe on the *Ætherial Shoar* methinks I see her stand,
 And there she waits, and there she waves her Hand;
 She courts you up to Bliss, and wonders at your Stay,
 Kindly dear *COCK* she cries, come quickly, come away.
 There, if your Innocence you still retain,
 Your dear *Maria* you shall clasp again.
 But cou'd the dear *Maria* see you mourn,
 From that bless'd Place she wou'd perhaps return:
 But vain alas are your Complaints, she's gone
 And left you in this Desert World alone;
 For *COCK* depriv'd of her dear Company,
 The World is all a Hermitage to thee.
 Let ev'ry thing a sadder Look put on,
Maria's dead! the lov'd *Maria's* gone!
 And so is *Sarah*, if she get no Son.

* *That truly pious and eminent Dissenting Minister, Mr. Evans of Chesham, preach'd Mrs. Cock's Funeral Sermon upon this Text; For I have learned in whatsoever State I am therewith to be content, Phil. 4. 11.*

† *Mr. Elias Cock Junior is here meant, who has mourn'd for the Death of his tender Mother, at an extraordinary Rate*

PROJECT XVII. *

The Apparition-Evidence: Or, *A miraculous Detection of the unnatural Lewdness of Dr. John Atherton, (formerly Bishop of Waterford in Ireland) by a Spectrum, (the same Prelate whose extraordinary Penitence I recommended in the Eleventh Project of this Book to the four dissenting Parsons accus'd of Adultery,——) attested by Sir George Farwel, Knight, the Reverend Mr. Buckley, and other Persons of Quality, who heard the whole Examination: Intermix'd with a Prophetick Account of the manner of Bishop Atherton's untimely End many Years before he was Executed:—— The whole being an Original Manuscript, (and very great Rarity) never printed before.*

Reader,—since I writ the Remarks on the four dissenting Parsons accus'd of Adultery, and recommended to their Imitation the extraordinary Penitence of Bishop *Atherton*, by a very remarkable Providence, there was sent to me by a Citizen of great Integrity now living in *London* the *Apparition-Evidence*, or a miraculous Detection of the unnatural Lewdness of Bishop *Atherton*; and as 'twas sent to me on purpose to be publish'd in this *Work*, I'll here print it without the Addition or Alteration of one Word; which I the rather do, not only as 'tis a further Confirmation of the Account I gave in my *Eleventh Project* of the extraordinary Penitence of Bishop *Atherton*, but as this *Apparition-Evidence* (or further Detection of Bishop *Atherton's* unnatural Lewdness and great Penitence) seems to be a new Call from Heaven to Mr. *John L*——Mr. *F*——C——Mr. *David*—— and Mr. *D*——L—— to make their Repentance as publick as Bishop *Atherton's*, as related in the following Narrative, entitl'd, *The Apparition-Evidence*, which was this, without the Addition or Alteration of one Word.

The

The Apparition-Evidence.

TH E Providences of God ought to be observ'd and recorded, especially when they be singular, and have extraordinary Circumstances in them. What I now write I heard from Persons of Quality, and great Veracity, who were present at the Examination, and had Relation and Conversation with Two of the Parties concern'd in this History.

Dr. Bernard, Dean of *Ardagh*, that writ the History of Bishop *Atherton's* Repentance, (which in Truth was very great and rare, a wonderful Instance of the mighty Power of Divine Grace) did not in the least touch at the Crime for which he suffer'd. We may guess at the Reasons: *First*, He would not bespatter his Order, it being a very foul Reflection upon the Hierarchy, that one of that eminent Character should be branded for such heinous Crimes, and have his Fingers dip'd in the Blood of his own innocent Bowels. *Secondly*, Better, next to its never having been committed, never to have Sin remembered more. In truth, all Sins should be forgotten and forsaken. But that miraculous Work of God in detecting it, and thereby bringing that proud, incestuous, and bloody Prelate, into a most bitter, evangelical Repentance; and, as a rational Charity must needs oblige us to believe, into the blessed State of Grace, and of Eternal Glory. I say such a miraculous Work of God ought to be had in Everlasting Remembrance. "The Works of the Lord are great, and sought out by all them that have Pleasure therein.

There be Three Scenes of this Tragedy, and we shall pass over to them in their proper Order.

At *Mynhead*, in the County of *Somerset*, in the Year of our Lord 1636. or thereabouts, there liv'd an ancient Gentlewoman, the Widow of one *Mr. Leaky*, of what Quality her Husband was I cannot tell, but his and her only Son was a Merchant in that Town, that drove a considerable Trade betwixt it and *Waterford*, and some other Ports in *Ireland*, and was reputed worth about Eight or Ten Thousand Pound Estate. This Gentleman had but one Child by his Wife, of both which we shall hear more by and by.

Mrs. *Leaky*, the Old Gentlewoman, was of a free, pleasant and cheerful Temper, exceeding good Company, and would render her self by her Carriage and Discourses, by her Expressions and Conversation, exceeding acceptable and delightful to all sorts of Persons, insomuch that they would often say to her and to one another, "That it was a Thousand Pities such an excellent good-natur'd Gentlewoman should die. And in the midst of all their Mirth she would ordinarily tell them, "As

"pleasant

“pleasing as my Company is now to you, you will not care to see and converse with me when I am dead, tho’ I believe you may. However die she doth, and being dead and buryed, some time after, she is seen again, by Night, and at last at Noon-Day, in her own House, in the Town and Fields, at Sea and Shore. I shall give you some eminent Instances; a Dr. of Physick, who liv’d at *Mynhead*, having been in the Country to visit a Patient, as he returned Home towards the Evening, meets in the Field, travelling on Foot to the Town; an ancient Gentlewoman; he accosts her very civilly, falls into Discourse with her, and coming to a Stile, lends her his Hand to help her over; but finds and feels her’s to be prodigiously cold, which makes him eye this Gentlewoman a little more wistly than he had done before; and observes that in speaking, she never moves her Lips, and in seeing never turns her Eye-Lids, nor her Eyes. This and some other Circumstances affright him, and suggests to his fearful Mind that it might be Mrs. *Leaky*, of whom there was a general talk in the Town, that she was dead, and yet walked again, and was seen of many; whereupon when he comes to the next Stile, he passes over, but never turns back to pay her his former Ceremony, and Respect of the Hand; which so incens’d this old Hag, that she grew as froward and fullen as the Doctor, and kept silence, and gave him no more Mouth-speech, since he was become as mute as a Fish towards her, and when they came to the next Stile, she got before him, and sat just in the middle of it, so that when he came to it, his Way was block’d up; hereupon he turns aside, and goes to a Gate, thinking to cross over that into the Highway, but when he came thither, she sits astride over that also; but yet some how or other he got over, and coming to the Towns-end, the Spectrum gives him a kick on the Breech, and bids him be more civil to an ancient Gentlewoman next time: But this was a petty and inconsiderable Prank to what she play’d in her Son’s House, and elsewhere; she wou’d, at Noon Day, appear upon the Key of *Mynhead*, and cry, *A Boat, A Boat, ho! A Boat, a Boat, ho!* If any Boatmen or Seamen were in Sight, and did not come, they were sure to be cast away, and if they did come, ’twas all one, they were cast away: It was equally dangerous to please and displease her. Her Son had several Ships sailing between *Ireland* and *England*; no sooner did they make Land, and come in sight of *England*, but this Ghost wou’d appear in the same Garb and Likeness, as when she was alive, and standing at the main Mast, would blow with a Whistle, and tho’ it were never so great a Calm, yet immediately there wou’d arise a most dreadful Storm, that would break, wrack, and drown Ship

and Goods, only the Seamen would escape with their Lives; the Devil had no Permission from God to take them away; yet at this Rate, by her frequent Apparitions and Disturbances, she had made a poor Merchant of her Son, for his fair Estate was all buried in the Sea, and he that was once worth Thousands, was reduced to a very poor and low Condition in the World; for whether the Ship were his own, or hired, or he had but Goods on Board it, to the Value of Twenty Shillings, this troublesome Ghost would come as before, whistle in a Calm, at the Main-Mast, at Noon Day, when they had descried Land, and then Ship and Goods went all out of Hand to wrack; insomuch that he could at last get no Ships wherein to stow his Goods, nor any Marriner to sail in them, they knowing what an uncomfortable, fatal and losing Voyage they should make of it, did all decline his Service.

In her Son's House she hath her constant Haunts by Day and Night: But whether he did not or would not own if he did see her, he always profess'd he never saw her: Sometimes when in Bed with his Wife, she would cry out, *Husband, look there's your Mother*; and when he wou'd turn to the right Side, then was she gone to the left, and when to the left Side of the Bed, then was she gone to the right; only one Evening, their only Child, a Girl of about five or six Years old, lying in a Truckle-bed under them, crys out, *O help me, Father; help me, Mother, for Grandmother will choke me*; and before they could get to their Child's Assistance, she had murther'd it; they finding the poor Girl dead, her Throat having been pinch'd by two Fingers which stop'd her Breath, and strangled her: This was the forest of all their Afflictions; their Estate is gone, and now their Child is gone also; you may guess at their Grief and great Sorrow.

One Morning after the Child's Funeral, her Husband being Abroad, about Eleven in the Forenoon, Mrs. Leaky the younger goes up into her Chamber to dress her Head, and as she was looking into the Glass, she spies her Mother-in-law, the old Beldam, looking over her Shoulder; this cast her into a great Horror; but recollecting her affrighted Spirits, and recovering the Exercise of her Reason, Faith and Hope, having cast up a short and silent Prayer unto God, she turns about and bespeaks her; "In the Name of God, Mother, why do you trouble me? Peace, says the Spectrum, I will do thee no Hurt. What will you have of me? Says the Daughter: "Why, says the Spectrum, thou must go over to *Ireland*, and visit thy Uncle, the Lord Bishop of *Waterford*, and tell him, that unless he repent of the Sin whereof he knows himself guilty, he shall be hang'd: "Mother, saith she, this is a sleeveless Errand that you
" send

“ send me about ; my Uncle is a great Man, and if I
 “ should deliver him such an idle Message, I shou’d but
 “ render my self ridiculous : Pray, Mother, what was
 “ the Sin hereof he was guilty, and must repent, or he must
 “ be hang’d? Why, saith she, if thou wilt know, it is
 “ Murther; for when he lodg’d at my Brother’s House in
 “ *Barnstable*, he being then married to my Sister, got my
 “ Brother’s Daughter with Child, and I deliver’d her of a
 “ Girl, which as soon as he had baptized, I pinching the
 “ Throat of it, strangled it, and he smoked it over a Pan
 “ of Charcoal, that it might not stink, and we buried it
 “ it in a Chamber of that House. Now tell him, that this
 “ is the Sin, of which if he don’t repent, he shall be hanged.
 “ Oh, but Mother, replies the young Mrs. *Leaky*, there’s no
 “ Body will carry me over, for if any of our Family or
 “ Goods be in a Ship, you appear and raise a Storm, and
 “ they be all cast away. To this the Spectrum retorts,
 “ Thou shalt go, and return home again in Safety, and I
 “ will not trouble thee; and I give thee thirty Days for thy
 “ Voyage, but see that thou deliver the Message to the Bi-
 “ shop that I have told thee. Upon this the Daughter takes
 Heart, and bespeaks her, “ Pray, Mother, where be you
 “ now, in Heaven or in Hell? At which Words the Spe-
 strum looks very stern upon her, but gives her no An-
 swer, and immediately vanishes out of her Sight. A while
 after her Husband returning Home, she relates to him all
 this Dialogue, and the Commission was given her, and de-
 mands his Advice in it, who tells her, he wou’d have her go:
 But this young Gentlewoman before she would pass over
 into *Ireland*, doth first of all consult with some godly Mini-
 sters about it, to whom she discovers all these Passages; and
 they, considering the whole, advise her to go to *Waterford*.
 She crosseth over in the next Vessel, and goeth strait to the
 Bishop’s Palace, where she meets his Lordship in the Hall,
 and delivers him the Message she was enjoyned, who makes
 none other Reply than this, *That if he were born to be hang’d,*
he should not be drown’d. Not being invited to drink or
 stay in the Palace one Night, she taketh the very first Op-
 portunity of a Ship sailing to *Mynhead*, and returns Home
 again in a very few Days to her own House; and being
 known to be come back from *Ireland*, she is apprehended by
 the Warrant of some Justice of the Peace, and brought to
 the Sessions at *Taunton*, and being examined, giveth this Ac-
 count unto the Bench, which I have here written. Sir *George*
Farrel, Kt. living at *Hill Bishops* near *Taunton*, was one of the
 Justices upon the Bench: Mrs. *Bruen*, a Widow, one of his
 Daughters, was also present in Court; and Mr. *Buckley*,
 then a Minister near *Taunton*, afterward when I was of

Kingsbridge, he was Rector of *Tburlstone* in the South Hams of *Devon*; heard the whole Examination: From these two last Persons, *Madam Bruen*, and *Mr. Buckley*, I had this Relation, and this Circumstance more. That the Justices having examined *Mrs. Leaky* upon Oath, sent her Deposition up to *Whitehall* to the Council-Table, *Charles* the First, being then King. But this Deposition being no legal Evidence, no Witness in Law, the Business was let fall, and the Bishop however he might be suspected, was not at all prosecuted for this time.

And now we must shift and change our Scene, and remove from *Mynhead* in *Somersetshire*, to *Barnstaple* in *Devon*.

The Town-Clark of *Barnstaple*, about the Year 1639. was one of those whom the World call'd Puritans; he had an Apprentice of about sixteen Years of Age, a sturdy stugged Boy, stout enough; his Name was *Chamberlin*, he complains often to his Master, that the House was haunted, and that he was frighted with Apparitions. Sometimes he shou'd see a young Gentlewoman about Eighteen or Twenty Years old, all in white, with her Hair dishevell'd, leading a very little Child up and down the Room, which seem'd as if it were new born; otherwhiles she would carry it in her Arms, but very dejectedly and disconsolately, and would look upon him in a very doleful and sorrowful Manner: Ordinarily there would come an old Man in his Gown, and sit upon the Bed by him, staring him in the Face, but speak never a Word: These Apparitions were very troublesome and afflictive to him: His godly Master hath him to several worthy Ministers, who do converse with him, and advise him to speak to it; and one of them to encourage him to do it, watch'd some Nights with him, but upon Sight of the Spectrum, was so affrighted himself, that he could not speak, nor would suffer young *Chamberlin* to speak neither: But one Night as he was sitting up, writing some Instrument (engrossing a Deed) he came to a Place which was interlin'd and blotted, and just then comes into the Room, as he thought, his Master, who sits him down by him, wedging him in, so that he could not in any wise get out, he reads the blurr'd Paragraph over and over, but not being able to make any Sense of it, he takes it up, and bespeaks, as he suppos'd, his Master; " Sir, saith he, would you be pleas'd to read this to me, for I can't tell what Sense to make of it; but there is no Answer given him: He supposing his Master was busie in Meditation, conceived it good Manners not to interrupt him, till having tired himself, to pick out Sense out of this blotted Passage, which he could never do, he takes it up the second time, and bespeaks his supposed Master, " Sir, saith he, wou'd you be pleas'd—— and
with

with that casting his Eye upon him, soon discovers his Mistake, and finds that it was the Spectrum that had so long troubled him; he would now have given his Life for a halfpenny, but plucking up his Spirits, Necessity and Despair making him valiant, he boldly asks him, "Sir, why do you trouble me? To which the Apparition replies, "Don't be afraid, I'll do thee no Harm: Well, what is it that you would have? Why, saith the Spectrum, do thou go into such a Room in the House, and dig there up the Planking, and thou shalt find four Boxes, one upon the other; in the first there is all Sorts of wearing Apparel, of Silks, Satins and Velvet (unless my Memory fails me) for Men and Women; in the second, abundance of good Table and Bed Linnen, very choice and fine, of Holland and Damask; in the third, there was a Sum of Money in Gold and Silver, ready coined: And two silver Pots, one full of Gold; which together with all the rest of those buried Goods, the Apparition very liberally bestows upon him; but the other Pot, he commands him upon Pain of Death, not to look into it, but to take it and carry it into *Wales* to Mrs. *Betty*, his Master's Daughter; and when he landed in *Wales*, at such a Place as the Apparition assign'd him, he would meet him, and deliver him a further Message for her, and he shou'd dispatch all in ten Days time; but he bad him look to it that he did not so much as peep into that silver Pot he was to carry over to her, for it was as much as his Life was worth: Young *Chamberlain* fairly promiseth to perform all that is enjoyn'd him; and at Parting, the old Spectrum tells him, "In the fourth and undermost Box, there be two Cups of precious Stones, enchased in Gold, take them also, for I freely give them to thee, and so good Night. *Chamberlin* is glad to be so fairly rid of this troublesome Company; betakes himself immediately to his Rest, and the next Morning acquaints his Master with his last Night's Adventure; his Master bids him do as he was commanded, and he had promised; accordingly he gets into the Parlour where he was directed, breaks up the Boards of the Planking, and finds all that the Spectrum had discovered to him; he had in Money, near twelve hundred Pound, besides the Goods, Pots and Cups, of which we shall hear more News anon. Never did any Fellows Teeth water more upon a sweer Bit, or his Fingers itch to meddle with prohibited Wares, than *Chamberlin's* Eyes did to be looking into the forbidden silver Pot; but the Fear of the Spectrum's Menaces aw'd him and kept him much against his Will within Bounds, tho' a thousand times a Day he would be peddling about it, to see what was in it: However, at last he takes his Opportunity, with his Pot gets
into

into a Boat, crosseth over the Bar of *Barnstaple*, and the *Severn* into *Wales*, and arrives at the Place appointed for his Interview with the old Apparition, which was about two Miles and an half from the Shore: At the first meeting, the Spectrum is very froward and angry, and tells him very chidingly, "Sirrah, thou hast an earnest longing to be looking into this Pot. Not I, saith *Chamberlin*; Nay, Sirrah, but thou hast, saith the Spectrum, and therefore do not lye unto me, but get thee presently unto thy Master's Daughter, and deliver her this Message which I now tell thee, and give her the Pot: what this Message was, tho' he was earnestly importun'd by *Madam Fortescue*, the Widow of *John Fortescue*, of *Spriddlestone*, in the Parish of *Brixton*, and County of *Devon*, Esq; from whom I had this Relation in the Year, 1663, having been Minister of that Parish, and outed of it by the Act of *Bartholomew* the Year before, to whom *Chamberlin* was Steward for his Mannors in the Town and Parish of *Collimpton*, in the said County of *Devon*, yet would he never discover it, and crav'd that Lady's Excuse, because he had married her Sister, and it would but cast Dung and Reproach upon his Wife's Blood and Family. But to go on with my Story, *Chamberlin* had a very scrupulous Conscience, and moves this Case to the Devil; "But what and if Mrs. *Betty* will not take the Pot? Then, saith he, leave it with her, and tell her from me, that it were better she had taken it, for she shall hear further from me.

Of this Mrs. *Betty*, by the Way; She was the dearest of her Father's Children, who was exceeding fond of her; but she having got a great Belly, without an Husband, in her Father's House, her godly Parents very severely reprov'd her for her grievous Sin against God and her own Soul, and the Scandal to Religion, and Infamy to their Family. She, after she had gotten it away, as you before heard, quits her Father's House, withdraws her self from her Relations, and lives privately there in *Wales*, for about seven Years time, upon a Portion that she had left her either by an Aunt or Grandmother.

Well, *Chamberlin* the next Morning, betwixt five and six, comes to her House, knocks at the Door, and down comes a young Gentlewoman of about 27, with her Breasts naked, Hair dishevel'd, in a very forlorn and disconsolate Condition, and asks him, what his Business is? To whom *Chamberlin* replies, Mrs. *Betty*, "I am commanded to deliver you such a Message from a Spirit that hath appeared to me; and he tells her what was given him in Charge, and delivers her the Pot; she refuseth to take it; he tells her she must; she saith she will not, but he must carry it to him from whom he had it; *Chamberlin* then replies, "Mrs. *Betty* if you
" do

“ do not, it will be so much the worse for you, for I am order'd to leave it with you. With that, fetching a deep Sigh, and smiting her Breast; “ Ah, saith she, it was not for nothing that I have been so troubled all this Night, I was born to be miserable. And so without enquiring for her Parents, or inviting him in to drink; she takes the silver Pot, and gets up into the Chamber: *Chamberlin* having now discharg'd his Trust and Errand, immediately returns to the Sea side, where finding a Boat ready for *Barnstaple*, he enters into it, and before it launched off from Land, Mrs. *Betty* comes down into it also, and sits just against him, but all the time they were passing over, never speaks a Word to him, nor he to her: As soon as they arrive at *Barnstaple*, he goes to a Tavern, and she to her Father's House, whom seeing, and her Mother, she falls down upon her Knees, and craves their Blessing: Great is the Joy in the whole Family at the Presence of this Stranger; but having sat and discoursed with them, about a Quarter of an Hour, she riseth, and takes a Key and Hammer that hung in the Parlour, and goes up Stairs, unlocks a Chamber-door, and then locks it again upon her, where she was heard beating out a Board in the Window, and then nail it fast again. What she took thence is not known, but having dispatch'd her Business, she opens the Door, locks it again, comes down, puts the Key and Hammer in their Places, and having sat and discours'd with her Parents a quarter of an Hour more, she then begs their Blessing, and departs, no Intreaty or Importunity being able to detain her a Night; no, not so much as to drink with them; but over to *Wales* she will go again, where indeed she returns, and lives about some fourteen Months, and then falling sick, she calls her Maid to her, telling her, she would make her her Heir, and leave her 700*l.* after her Death, which was now near at Hand, provided she wou'd solemnly promise and swear to her, that as soon as she was buried, she would take the first Opportunity to go over to *Ireland*, and carry that silver Pot (but she must not look into it) unto her Uncle the Lord Bishop of *Waterford*, with her dying Message to him, that if he did not repent of the Sin he knew himself guilty of, he should be hang'd. The Maid engageth to her Mistress to perform her Will, who a few Hours after dieth.

Mrs. *Betty* being dead, and her last Will being noised Abroad, a Justice of Peace near unto that Place, being inform'd of this unusual Gift and Charge, sends out his Warrant to bring this Maid, and the silver Pot before him; and being examined, she gives this Relation of her Mistress's last Will and Injunction on her, as I have related; the Justice commands the Cover to be taken off the Pot, and
 looking

looking into it, finds the Skeleton and Bones of a little new born Infant: This surprizeth his Worship and all the Spectators; presently News of this is sent up to his Majesty King Charles I. and the Privy-Council, who dispatcheth an Order to the Council at *Dublin*, to seize the Bishop of *Waterford*: This and some other Circumstances jumping in at the same time, caused his Arraignment, Condemnation and Execution. But as he had been a Sinner above many, so was he an extraordinary Penitent. The Relation of his Repentance was writ and printed with his funeral Sermon, which was preach'd by Dr. *Bernard*. But as I said at first, without any, the least Notice taken, or mention made of his Crimes, or of this which I have now from faithful and credible Witnesses inserted into this Paper.

As for the great Treasure which the Devil so freely bestowed on *Chamberlin*: In those unhappy civil Wars, the *Cavaliers*, i. e. the King's Soldiers, in those Parts, plunder'd him of all, excepting five broad Pieces, which he reserv'd; and his two Cups, of which there is this remarkable Story and Providence.

Mr. *Chamberlin* had by his Wife, his Master's Daughter, two Children; with these he and she travel from *Barnstaple* to *Collumpton*. The Children were put in a pair of Panniers, one in each, and the two Cups tied upon the Saddle betwixt them; as they were travelling in a fair Summers Day in July 1650. over *Black Down* in the Way to *Collumpton*, about Noon, the Sun is overcast with a very dark and thick Cloud, and on the sudden, it falls a thundering very grievously and terribly; and a great Thunderclap strikes in between the poor Children; which done, the dark Cloud vanisheth, and the Heavens clear up again as bright as before; only poor Mrs. *Chamberlin*, all in Terror and Horror, supposing her Children to have been destroyed by it, cries out; *Oh, my Children! My Children!* but coming up to them, she and her Husband find them very merry, laughing and playing without any Hurt; then they look for their two Cups of two precious Stones enchafed in Gold, but they find them gone; the same Hand that gave them him ten Years before, did now take them away; no one having been a Jot the better for the Devils Gift. There went a Report Abroad in the Countrey, that the Devil took these Cups out of Mr. *Chamberlin's* Hand, but it was not so, but as I have now recorded and here related unto that worthy Lady *Madam Forrescue*, for whose Mannors, as I said before, he was Steward, and from whose Mouth I had this remarkable Providence; he having acquainted her with all these Passages and Particulars.

Thus, Reader, I have obliged you, with a great (and perhaps matchless) Rority, I mean with the *Apparition Evidence* (for so you see 'tis properly call'd) or *miraculous Detection of the unnatural Lewdness of Bishop Atherton*; and this I have done without any Remarks of my own upon it (save those few words that introduce and conclude it) for you see, Reader, the Narrative is so plain and well attested, it stood in no need of a further Paraphrase, but if any one doubt of the Truth of the Narrative, as I think no Man can in his right Senses (being so well attested by Sir *George Farrel*, the Reverend Mr. *Buckley*, and other Persons of Quality) if any are so CURIOUS to see the Original Manuscript, if they'll repair to my worthy Friend Mr. *Daniel Wigborn* in *Nible-Street*, they may there know by what credible Hand this Narrative (or *Apparition Evidence*) was lent to me, and where the Original Manuscript is now repositid.

And so, Reader, farewell, 'till I meet thee again in a *Second Volume of Duntor's Athenianism*, which if this FIRST meets with a kind Reception, will be about next Midsummer.

F I N I S.

B  L