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6<sup>d</sup>

# NOTES

AND

# MEMORANDUMS

Of the Six Days,

Preceeding the Death of a late  
Right Reverend *Archbishop*

*of Sarum, Do<sup>r</sup> Burnet.*

CONTAINING

Many remarkable Passages, with an  
INSCRIPTION design'd for  
his Monument.

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*Non moreris G——te voles, sed vivus ad Astra,  
Ætheriis vectus qualis Enochus equis.*

*Dr. Bentley.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed for M. Smith in Cornhill. 1715.

*6. April.  
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Printed by W. Baskin, at the  
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Printed for M. Smith in Cornhill.



# N O T E S

A N D

## Memorandums, &c.

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*Quicquid erit Vitæ, scribam, Color. Hor.*

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*Thursday, March 10. 1714.*



ROSE at Five: Slip'd on my Morning-Gown: Purified my Outside. Meditated on the *Vanity of Washings*, and the *Superfluity of Habits*. Walk'd about my Room Half an Hour precisely. Exercise useful; throws off corrupt Humours; much need of it. Look out the Window; hemm'd three Times; much easier than before. Three *Ejaculations* for that. Cast my Eyes about. I am positive I see a *Romish Priest*: Omen of an evil Import. O! the

B

*Depths*

*Depths of Satan!* Few know them; I do. Look into the Glass: Choler begins to rise; Face reddens, Eyes sparkle, Hands shake, Body trembles. Sad Meditation! Whence could that *Fellow* come? O *Rome, Rome!* Debaucher of *Morals*, Seducer of *Souls!* painted Whore, filthy Abomination! Great Perturbation of *Mind*: Sigh for Ease in the Spirit. Servant enters: Inquire who that *Fellow* is? Answered, The *Small-Coal-Man*: Unexpected Exultation, Dawnings of Comfort, Gleams of Recovery! Give my Man Six-pence for the Good News: A Guinea saved in a Doctor. Ask again if he is sure it was the *Small-Coal-Man*? Answered, Yes. Am satisfied. Call for my Tea; Drink thirty Dishes: Read over the *Daily Courant*: More Work in the *North*: Dangerous Conjunctions! *Saxony, Sweden*. Poor *Protestants!* Few People understand the Interests of *Princes*: I have been acquainted with all *Europe* for near half a *Century*. Company comes in: Politicks interrupted. They stay 'till night: Talk of *Secret History*; I tell a great many *Stories*: All Friends, every Body pleased. Retire to my Chamber: Read over a small Treatise of my own: Go to Sleep.

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Non si malè nunc, & olim  
Sic erit.

---

*Friday Morning.*

**W**AKED at Three : Great Uneasiness in the *Flesh* : Struggle with my Infirmities. These Things will happen : Better so than worse. Lye upon my left side, get a little Rest ; Dream that I am *dead*, and conversing with the Ghosts of *Emperors, Popes, and Kings*. Wake in a *cold Sweat* at five : Call for a Light ; Look into *Partridge's Almanack* : Some obscure Hints about a *Right Reverend* : Sick at Heart. *March, ay March* : Dismal *Ides of March* ! Abundance of *Cesars* died in that *Month* ; desperate, *Lion-like, killing Month* ; Pray a little : *Faith and Grace*, good Things : *Worldly Possessions* hard to part with. Rise in a *Fright*. Consider of my *Dream* : Prove my self no *Prophet*, and therefore an unfit *Vessel* for *Visions* of *Truth* : More Comfort from the *Proverb* ; *Dream of Death, Fear of Marriage* : New *Fears* ! Perhaps *Son Tom* is married : Better than my dying still. Sure he has more *Grace* ; heartily afraid he has not. Variety of *Doubts, Perplexities, and uncertain Anxieties*. Send for *Tom*. Wish *Radcliffe* was alive : Hang him, he would not come to me. Come to no *Resolution*. *Tom* not to be found : *Asad Child*. Resolved not to be afraid : Repeat

three Verses of the 110th *Psalm*, say, *What is Man?* three times: Call for my Tea: Tea is insipid, nauseous, offends my Stomach: Try to expectorate: Phlegm viscid. Bad Signs. Every thing out of Order: Suppose I should bleed: Signifies nothing; Things *predestinated* must come to pass. Want Diversion: Call for a Pamphlet at Twelve: Read over ten Pages all in my own Commendation: Grow better apace: Order a light Dinner. Drink a Glass of Sack. New Spirits, new Life. *Partridge* a Fool, and no Trust in *Almanacks*, especially the *Oxford March* as good a Month as any in the Year. Go to Dinner, eat moderately: Drink Prosperity to their *High* and *Mightinesses*; to Lord *Thomas*, Lord *John*, Lord *Charles*, and all our Friends. Grow merry; don't despair of *L——th* still: He is older than I am: A good Man, a very good Man; — but we must all die. A sudden Qualm comes upon me: Retire to my Chamber: Consider of the Crime of forecasting our Neighbour's Death. Grow worse, and worse. Think of my own Age: Past *Seventy*: High Time to set my House in *Order*. A Friend from the other End of the Town interrupts me at Eight. Talk of State Affairs two Hours. Revived with some good News at first. Differences among our *Friends*: Nonsense to quarrel. *He* must be the Man. *Tories* may make an Advantage. Tell my Friend a Story that I told to three *Kings* to the same Purpose. *Memorandum*:  
He

He smiled, and said he had never heard it before. Servant brings a Bottle of Wine: Whisper a great *Secret* while he is in the Room: Forgot to apply an old Saying of Queen *Elizabeth's*: Resolved to remember it next Time upon the same Story. Friend takes his Leave, promises to come to morrow. Muse upon my State of *Health*: Go to Bed: Think that *Repentance* is as necessary as *Impeachments*.

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*Aspice venturo latantur ut omnia Saeclo!*

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Saturday, March

**R**ESTED well all Night: Rise at seven: Begin to think of the old Argument about *Bishops* and *Presbyters*: Much the same in the *Greek*: Resolved to spend the Morning in writing to *Zurich*, *Geneva*, and *Holland*. Drink my usual Quantity of *Tea* first: Read the *Flying-Post*: He is an honest Man: Tells Truth; I must try to prefer him: Rewards as necessary for *Friends*, as Punishments for *High-Flyers*. Set down to write: A Letter in *French* to *Van Munden* of *Utrecht*, full of *Politicks*: A new Scheme for the *Barrier*: To *Le Clerc* in *Latin* about my last *Book*, with a Note of Fifty Pound: Tell him what I would have him say of me in his *Journal*; Skill in *Antiquities*, *History*, *Critical Learning*, *Moderation*. Leave my *Piety* to himself.

*Memoran-*



*Memorandum* ; To advise him in my Postscript to brand my Enemies in *Britain* with the Style and Titles of *Nebulones impuri, Ecclesie Pestes, Rituum Fautores nequissimi, in Literis & Historiâ planè Pueri*. After this to sum them up by Name : To end with something like this ; *Vivat diutissimè magnum illud Ecclesie decus, Historia & Antiquitatis Instaurator Felicissimus*. A Letter of Thanks to *Zurich* : Another to my old Friend who has so many *Children* and *Grandchildren* at *Geneva*. Resolved to go abroad to *Day*. Friend comes. *Mahomet* and *Mustapha*. No more of that. Go out to visit my *Brother* across the *Water*. Nothing venture nothing have : My *Cold* may go off. Enter into the following *Dialogue* with my *Brother*.

*Scot.* I am glad to see you well, *Brother* : These glorious Times give us all a new Life ; for my part I fancy my self twenty Years younger than I was ten Months ago.

*Broth.* You may do so ; but I am old, very old : I can't read your last Book, but I thank you for it. — I will ask *Dr. G——n* about it.

*Scot.* I have been at some Pains truly ; But there are some Things I should have left out, had I foreseen how Matters would have happen'd : They were calculated for some Fears that are now blown over.

*Broth.* We can never be too much afraid of the *P——pe* : *The Man of Sin* flourisheth still.

*Scot.*

*Scot.* But now is our Time to lop off his Branches ; we shall see the Completion of some Prophecies in the *Revelations* in our Days, I trust.

*Broth.* I can't, I can't tell : *Interpreters* are doubtful, and I can't read now.

*Scot.* You have done a great deal of Good in your Time : Our Ages require us both to leave off *Pains-taking*. But I can't forbear turning over my beloved Pages still : I own I read *Calvin* in a Morning still, and *Buchanan's Psalms* at Night : They please me, and I love to be pleased.

*Broth.* I have done with Pleasure now : The good Woman is departed, and I must follow.

*Scot.* I have had a Cold these two Days, and am now alarmed with a Difficulty of Breath : I must take my Leave — for fear of the worst. Farewel, Brother ; and if thou seest me no more, remember there was such an one as *Scoto*.

*Broth.* Yes, all the World will remember thee. Fare thee well.

Took Boat at Six : Meditated on my Passage from one Side of the Water to the other : Like passing from this Life into another. Very like it. Cough violently at landing. Walk thro' the *Temple* : Look up at *Tom's Window* : No Light there : He never studies : How then could he write that *Letter* ? *Omnes, omnia bona dicere, & laudare fortunam meam qui Filium haberem tali*  
*Ingenio*

*Ingenio praditum.* I was so when I was young :  
 Happy Days ! They are past. Cough again :  
 Get into the *Coach* : Meditate on the Similitude  
 of *Luther* to a *Postillion* in his *Oil-Coat* lashing  
 thro' a Dirty Road. Some Wit in it. Does not  
 reflect upon the *Reformation*. Am set down at  
 Home out of Breath. Help'd up to my Cham-  
 ber. *Rheum* tickles sadly. *Pectoral Lozenges* Lit-  
 tle Help. Catch'd more Cold upon the Water.  
 Look over *Baxter's Cordial to fainting Sinners* :  
 Revive upon it. Draught of Sack : As good as  
*Baxter*. Sold formerly at the *Apothecary's* only :  
 Now in every Tavern. Strange Abuse of Crea-  
 tures ! Thus an Harlot is first gently used by  
 some Men of *Quality*, who by often tasting re-  
 commends the wicked One : From whence (O  
 fatal Lapse ! ) she falls into the Hands of the  
 Multitude, and becomes the Delight of every  
 vulgar Sinner, and is to be enjoyed at every  
 House of evil Name in the Town. Resolve to  
 think of these Things in *Bed*. Query with my  
 self, why my Head runs so much upon Simili-  
 tudes ? Perhaps it may be giddy. Look over the  
 Prayers for the *Sick* : *Forms*, mere *Forms* ! Effu-  
 sions of the Soul edify much. Go to bed be-  
 times. Think to Morrow is *Sunday*.

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*Ægrotante corpore Animus quæ futura sunt aut prævidet, aut sibi sæpè visus est prævidere. Augustin.*

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*Sunday, March.*

**W**AKE at four: Reflect on the strange Somniations of the Night. Remember the Saying of *Horace, Velut ægri somnia*: What have I to do with Heathen Poets? The Soul must be immortal, but not *Dodwell's Way*. *Asgill* a Fool; no Man can be translated but from one *See* to another: There is some Sense in that verily: Spectres, Pointed Fires, Headless Mortals, Visionary *Elyziums*, Creatures of the Fancy. That Part of the Dream about walking on a great Bridge, and falling from thence into a boundless Ocean, where I sunk down, and saw at the Bottom *Daniel Burgess, William Penn, &c.* carries a fine Allegory. Nothing at all in it however. The Lord has more Work for me to do still. Call for my Man *Jonathan*. Brings a Candle: Fancy *Jonathan* looks like *Death*. Say a Prayer and a half of my own. *Jonathan* and I reason thus about his being *Death*:

*Maft.* Suppose you are *Death*, tell me what you would say to me now, *Jonathan*.

C

*Jonath.*

*Jonath.* I Death ! No, Sir, I can't be *Death*, nay I am no Relation of his ; never saw him in my Life, Sir.

*Mast.* Thou Man of carnal Understanding, and gross Ignorance : Thou, and every *Worm*, (for what is Man but a *Worm* ?) are related to him : Life and Death are akin, as much as Flesh and Corruption : Therefore suppose thy self *Death*, and speak to me in his Name.

*Jonath.* In the Name of *Death* then, what is it you would have, Sir.

*Mast.* You must say, You are come to visit me, and ask me some Questions ; and I will reply to you : This will fortify my Spirits, and make me less afraid of real *Death*, when he approaches.

*Jonath.* I come, Sir, to tell you that you have lived long enough, and enjoyed the good Things of the World : It is not fit you should live to be a Week older ; your Sense and Reason are gone ; you are a *Burthen* to the Earth ; Repent and come away with me.

*Mast.* That is too much : — You should have left out *Burthen* of the *Earth*, and those Things : I see you don't understand my Meaning. No more of this.

*Jonathan* departs. Think of his Stupidity. It could not be out of Design : He thinks his Master mad. Rise at seven. Indisposition encreases. Send for a List of the *Lent-Preachers* : Make  
*Pishes*

*Pishes* at some Names : Will it come to my turn ?  
*St. Andrews* a large Parish : A great many odd  
*Saints Names* about this Town should be a-  
 bolished. The *Almanacks* ought to be *corrected* :  
*Red Letters* Abomination. Resolve to see no  
 Body to Day. Resolve to drink three Quarts  
 of Water-Gruel instead of my *Tea*. Sick, very  
 sick : Call for my Man : Order him to bring  
 the *Folio* in Manuscript, of my *own Life* and  
*Times*. Consider what a great Name I shall  
 leave behind me. Doctor *W—od* stole his  
*Memoirs* from my Conversation. If he has gain-  
 ed a great Reputation, I shall certainly. Bet-  
 ter than *Thuanus*. Man brings the Book. Begin  
 to read : An excellent *Preface* : Very happy at  
*Prefaces*. Courts of *Charles* and *James* : *Jug-*  
*gling, Tricking, Mistresses, Whores Spiritual and Tem-*  
*poral, French Money, more Money ; Slavery, Popery,*  
*Arbitrary Power, Liberty, Plots, Italy, Geneva, Rome,*  
*Titus Oates, Dangerfield ; Money again ; Peace, War,*  
*War, Peace ; more Money*. Lay down the *Book*.  
 Reflect how I came to know all this : My Lord  
*L—ale*, a good deal : *R—l*, a good deal  
 more : The *King* some. Conferences with great  
 Men : Informations : Multitudes of Pamphlets.  
*Cabinetted* twice in one Day : Absconded a Week :  
 Appeared again : Run away : *Hactenus hac* :  
 Call for Dinner : Dine alone. Wish Health to  
 Friend *Benjamin*. Hear a knocking at the Door :  
 Two Letters out of the Country : One from *Ge-*  
*neva*. *Mem.* to answer the Letter this Night.

Ask my Man how I look? Answer'd, Better than when he played the Part of *Death* to me. Sicken immediately after Dinner. Fumes! want of Digestion. Drink a Glass of Wine. Try to go to Sleep in my easy Chair: Nod a little: Wake better. Return to my Book: Read and drink Tea till Night: Much about my self: Vacancies of Places; *Bishopricks, Deanaries, Livings: New Oaths: Clergy obstinate, Sherlock alone: South and Sherlock: Fenwick, Collier: Parliament against us. Tories prevail: Miserable Times: Preach against them. Interrupted: Friend comes in by Jonathan's Mistake: Good News however: All of our Side. Publick Justice: No Security like it. Talk of indifferent Matters. Pity poor L.—d Thomas's Son. It must be dissolved. Afflictions fall to the Righteous: Sons are strange giddy Things: Think of my Tom. Read a Page of my Book to my Friend: He is in Raptures. I am much better: Talk cheerfully; Drink some Sack: Clock strikes Nine: He goes. Walk about a little. Feet weak. Giddiness in the Head. Call for my quilted Cap. Look on the Glass. Cap falls over my Eyes: Sad Token. New Fears. *Mem.* to send for a Physician in the Morning: Humane Means necessary; Man must co-operate. Grow worse: Go to Bed. Forget that it was *Sunday.**

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*Nemo mortalium omnibus Horis sæpit.* Lilly.

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*Munday, March.*

**N**O Folding of the Hands to Sleep, no Slumber all Night : Can't lye in Bed for Fear. Rise at one : *Asthma* a fatal Distemper. Consider much how my Lungs should be distemper'd : Used them with *great Vehemence* in my younger Days. Could not leave it off at last. Think if it could proceed from some other Reason. Hope not. I don't remember : All from the violent *Pulpit-Motions* : Could not possibly help it : The Power of the Spirit certainly straitned the Organs of the Body. Call my Servant in haste : Send for *Opium* and *Balsams* : *Flesh is Grass* : Certainly *Grass*. Life is like many Things ; a *Shadow*, a *Bird*, a *Line* in the *Water*, an old Story : *Fumus, & umbra sumus*, a good *Motto* for a *Chimney*, or a *Black-Gown* : Head swims : Get out *Tories* : I have nothing to say to you. A *Perverse Generation*. Convocation. Dr. S—pe. Let them do what they will. No good. *Chaplains* too. Honest *Ben*. a double Portion for him. Present Settlement. Kissing goes by Favour. *Butter the Rooks Nest*, said Sir *Thomas Wiat* at the Reformation, and then you may do what you please. All Joy to Great *Caesar*, to little *Caesar*. Another good Saying of  
Sir



*Sir Thomas*, It is a *strange Thing* a Man can't re-  
 pent of his Sins, without the Leave of the Pope.  
*Pshaw*, how came the *Pope* into my Head? Give  
 me the *Drops*; I'll try to forget every Thing.  
 Doze 'till four. *Opium* an excellent Medicine.  
 Many Debates in my Mind about a proper  
 Doctor. *Dr. W——d*, he is my Countryman;  
 don't care to trust him: *G——h*, he will laugh  
 at me, and tell Stories: Why can't a Man do  
 without them? Necessary Evils. Resolve to ask  
 Advice of *Jonathan* about it. Give my Mind  
 to Contemplation: *William* the Conqueror:  
*Rufus*: The *Third*, Happy Day! Grand Resto-  
 rative: Pleasant to think of these Things:  
 Cough againtwice. Distempers will not be flat-  
 tered: I wish they would. No Body could do  
 it better. *Jonathan* comes in: Looks with a  
 sad Air. Don't like such Looks at all. Order  
 the Family to come up Stairs at seven: Resol-  
 ved to *preach* before them *extempore*. Not much  
 matter what the *Text* is: Easy to run off from  
 the Subject, and talk of the *Times*. Late Order  
 about *Preaching*: It cannot relate to *Chamber-  
 Practice*. Bid my Man set the great Chair  
 ready. Family comes up. Survey them with  
 Delight: The Damsel *Jane* has a wicked Eye:  
*Robin* seems to meet her Glances: *Unsanctified  
 Vessels*! *Children of Wrath*! *Lust of the Eye.  
 Evil Concupiscence*. No Flock without these  
 Evil Ones. Look again at *Jane*: A Tear of  
 Penitence in her Eye: Sweet Drops! *Grace* tri-  
 umphs,

umphs, Sin lies dead. Wish *Tom* were present : He might be reformed. Consider how many *Sermons* it is probable *Tom* hears in one Year : Afraid not one. Alas the *Temple!* alas the *Temple!* The *Law* eats up Divinity : It corrupts Manners, raises Contentions among the Faithful, feeds upon poor *Vicarages*, and devours *Widows Houses* without making long *Prayers* : Alas the *Temple!* Never liked that Place since it harboured *Sa—ll* : He certainly spread an Infection there. A Swimming of my Head : Seem to hear the Noise of *Tumults, Riots, Seditions* : Fresh Noises of *High-Church, the Doctor* ; What would the Multitude have ? Why are they incensed ? Who of our *Order* has offended ? *Impeach, Silence, Hang, Behead!* That the Name of a Man should turn ones Head to a Giddiness ! Say a short *mental Prayer* : Cool by degrees. *Jane* petitions not to hear the *Sermon*, but make her *Beds*. There is no dealing with youthful Inclinations : They are unsteady in every Path : They leave the direct Way : Walk in By-Places and Corners. Give her Leave to depart. Resolved within my self to deny *Robin* to go, if he should ask. *Robin* asks. Reprove him thus : — I have watched your mutual Temptations, and the Snares you laid for each other ; You *Robin, I say,* and the Damsel *Jane* : Forbear your Iniquity, struggle with Sin ; make not Excuses to follow the *Handmaid* : Thou shalt stay here, and hear, and edify. — Prepare to preach : *Hem* thrice :  
 I Spread

Spread my Hands : Lift up my Eyes : Attempt to raise my self : Sink backwards : Faint suddenly : Don't know what is done for half an Hour : Awakened to Life by cold Water, and many Cries : Rub my Eyes : Ask where I have been ? Servants tell me strange Things. All press for a Doctor : Consent ; send for G—th. Think of a *Chapter* in praise of *Physicians* : No Commentators guess who was the Author. It must be *Apocryphal* : Never was but one *Saint* of the *Faculty* : *Hei mihi ! Religio Medici* : Where shall one find more than the *Title* ? Send for *Mr. Boyle's Receipts* : He was an excellent Man : I knew him. Read in the Book : *For a Cough, Honey and Brimstone*. Can't take it ; —Fling away the Book. G—h comes : Takes up *Mr. Boyle's Receipts* : Begins to fall into a Discourse with me to this Purpose, looking into the *Title-Page* :

*Doct.* Sir, I am sorry to see you so ill ; but *Egad* I think you deserve it, if this Piece of *Quackery* has been your *Regimen* : An idle, trifling Collection of old Womens, Corn-Cutters, and Farriers *Recipes* : Is this a Directory for a Man of your Parts, and Sense ?

*Patient.* Why *Doctor* ; *Mr. Boyle* was a great Man, and kept Company with the best *Physicians* of the Age, and was respected by them.

*Doct.*

*Doct.* So I keep Company with some great *Divines*; but the Devil is in it if any Man will therefore say, that I am a Parson :

*So Diamonds take a Lustre from their Foil,  
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe Charles Boyle.*

Not *Robert*, *Egad!* It is true, he is a good Naturalist : The World are obliged to him ; — but for *Phyſick*, is as great a Duncce as the late *R——ffe*.

*Patient.* But, Doctor, to the Purpose : I will give up *Boyle*, and *R——ffe* too, if you will but ease me.

*Doct.* I can no more promise that, than you can to save me ; I know you hate *Infallability* in all Faculties : But I will try, for it is pity to lose a good *Horse*, tho' a Man has twenty *Sets* : Let us see your Hand ; By *Jove* I don't like it.

*Patient.* Don't shake your Head so, dear *Doctor* : Tell me plainly what Hopes you have of me ; I don't love to be flatter'd, I never flatter'd any Body my self.

*Doct.* No! — That's strange indeed ; flatter no Body, I wonder how you lived so long then. Come, put out your *Tongue*, that must be viewed too.

*Patient.* Why, Doctor, you don't pretend to tell by *ones Tongue* whether one has flatter'd, or no : Come, to oblige you — see it —

D

*Doct.*

*Doct.* A strange *Tongue!* an unflattering *Tongue*, truly : For it tells a sad Truth, I am sure, at present.

*Patient.* Pray what's that.

*Doct.* Only you have got a lurking *Fever* ; and your *Church-Bellows* are so inflamed, that I dare prognosticate, they can't blow much longer.

*Patient.* Ay, *Doct.*, I have used them, I fear, with too much Vehemence : They have been serviceable Lungs for our Cause. But give me a little better Comfort before you leave me.

*Doct.* If *Blood-Letting*, *Coolers*, *Lambatives*, and *Pectorals*, are Comforts, I shall prescribe you enough, never fear : But I have your own Word, not to flatter you.

*Patient.* But do you think I may weather it, or how long is it probable I shall last ?

*Doct.* 'Till you stink, as far as I know : You should have sent for me sooner ; and yet I am not certain, but that you may survive it. I would have you chear up, *Son of Thunder* : A good Spirit is an *half Cure* in many Cases : Beside, I know you *black Gentlemen* have a good trick at deceiving the D—l : It is your Business to do it ; stand upon your guard ; for it is *pro Aris & Focus*, now.

*Patient.* I will, I will ; — But prithee don't be so irreligious, *Doct.* ; I have a great respect for your Constancy in a good Cause, and your Name has done us Service in *Verse* and *Prose*.

*Doct.*

*Doct.* Why, Sir, have you the Vanity to think that *Religion* ever did our *Cause* any Service! If that comes into your Head, and you *squeak at last*, it is time for me to bid you good Night.

*Patient.* I will do any thing you order me; but I must confess, that I begin to think a Man can't die easily without Repentance.

*Doct.* Farewel then; my Time is past; there can be no Hopes if you talk at this Rate: I'll tell the *Kit-Cat-Club* of you, and it shall be known to every Man at C—t that you die like a *Pedant*.  
*Farewel.*

Consider with my self what the World will say if this *Dialogue* is made publick: Yet it is true. Most *Doctors* so: A great Pity in a Man of his Parts. Call for my Servant. Resolve to forget G—h was with me. Order the Man to read a Chapter in the *Revelations*. Nothing about me there: Yet I am sick: I will seek the Lord in Prayer. Praying, a mighty good Thing. No Help in it. *Apothecary* comes: Talk with him about the *Doctor*. Shakes his Head: Talks over Words I don't understand: Resolve to follow his Advice however. Takes his Leave with three Bows. Meditate on the Vanities of Respect, and Art of Compliments. Best Things corrupted, are the worst. Good Manners necessary. Stomach begins to recoil: What shall I do? Much Dubitation. Go to Bed: Order another Chapter to be read by my Bedside.

*Isaiab* talks finely, and rapturously. It is no worth while to live: It is. Recant all Things Suppose the *Metropolitan* should — An excellent Supposition. Grow much worse. Sleep, O Sleep! but it will not come. Toss, and think of Ten thousand Things all Night.

---

*Tuesday.*

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*Dum Testamenta condimus Hæredi lætitiæ paramus.* Grot.

*Abstulit clarum citha Mors Achillem,  
Longa Tithonum minuit Senectus.* Hor.

---

**M**IND disturbed with Fears all Night: Fancy I shall not recover. Who will succeed me? Who is worthy? *Me mortuo maria & terræ commisceantur!* A little prophane: *Tom* might have said it: It had become him. Servant enters. Order him to bring my *Will*: Read, *In the Name of God, I — bequeath my Worldly Goods in Form and Manner following.* It is very moving, melts the very Heart of me: What will become of poor *Tom*? Money will make him mad. Sad Thoughts! That an *Harlot* or a *Sharper* should devour the Fruits of my Spiritual Labours! Think how odd Successions are in some Families; A *Parish Boy* rises into a *Divine*, a *Divine* mounts to a **B——k**; His  
Son

Son a Beau, his Son a Beggar ; *Corruptio optimi fit pessima*. Thus the Lord mortifies the Vanities of Humane Creatures ! The Heathens called this *Fortune*. Great Ignorance ! Look upon the *Will* again ; *Item, I give to the Poor of, &c.* — Great Mind to scratch that Paragraph out. Must give them something too. Charities are abused : Resolve to ask *Tom's* Opinion about it : He studies the *Law*. *Tom* comes to see me. More than I expected : The Powers of *Grace* not quite extinguished ! He looks as if he had been crying : Poor Soul ! What, for me ? Perhaps sitting up and drinking might make his Eyes look red : Begin to fear it was that. Grow positive in the last Opinion. *Tom* asks me how I do. Kind, very kind. Talk with him thus :

*Fath.* You see, *Thomas*, that this frail Body, this Tabernacle of Clay, is hastning to its Dissolution : You will lose me in a short Time ; I am ready to be snatched from your Eyes.

*Tom.* *The Will of the Lord be done.*

*Fath.* That is very pious indeed, *Tommy* ; I see you have not forgot all your *Scripture* : But you owe some dutiful Wishes to me still ; you would not have me die, Son, I am sure.

*Tom.* I am not sure of that : If you *live, Pen and Paper, Print and Publish*, are the Words : If you die five thousand at least : I shall neither turn *Miser* nor *Usurer*.

*Fath.*



*Fath.* Ay, Thou has hit upon two Things, that grieve me much : In the first place, I desire you would never dabble with your *Ink-Pot* any more : Read more, and write less : Don't forget a *Chapter* in *Proverbs* every Day——

*Tom.* Sir, if you please, I'll drink your Health ; I can't hear all this Stuff for nothing : What has the *Scripture* to do with the Law, only to denounce Woes against us, and send us to the D—l?

*Fath.* Fie ! Be not profane with unseasonable Wit : You have, *Tom*, writ well enough for a young Fellow of no *Learning* ; but pray leave it off, I command you to do it.

*Tom.* Sir, you may command, and I may promise : But it would be strange if one who has broke best Part of all the *Commandments* he ever knew, should keep yours : I am no more to be depended upon, than the K. of *France*. Stipulate I may, but stand by it I cannot.

*Fath.* Give him a Glass of *Sack*, *Jonathan* : The Confession is ingenuous, and I hope more from thee now, than I could if you had promised : But look here, *Tom*, I shall leave you, shall leave you just——

*Tom.* I wish you say something, Sir, if you don't die, it may do me Service ; for I can borrow 20 *l.* upon the Reputation of a good Legacy.

*Fath.*

*Fath.* O *Thomas, Thomas!* I see the Iniquities of thy Heart: Thy Wishes are impious — but I will leave you —

*Tom.* Pray, Sir, let me be sure of something; and I know one way that may make my *Legacy* doubled in a short time —

*Fath.* What is that Child? I find you have a thriving Genius, tell me what you mean.

*Tom.* Why, a *certain* Book written by a *certain* grave Man about *certain* Times, which I hope *certainly* to publish, and get a round Sum for the Copy.

*Fath.* *Tom,* I have taken Care of thee: Thou shalt have nothing to do with it: Depart, Sir, I want to meditate alone.

*Tom.* Well, if I never see you any more — Farewel.

Meditate on my Discourse with *Tom.* Despair of him, and my self. It grows upon me. Languor of Spirits. *G—th* comes again: Look indifferently at him: He sings, and repeats Verses: Twirls his Cane: Tells a Story of my *L—d Thomas*: Feels my Pulse: Talk about my Journey's end. I tell him an Account of my Life: Cry profusely at the End of it. The Doctor smiles: An Infidel no doubt. Ask him seriously about my Condition: Very bad: He says I may eat and drink any thing that I can: Nothing can make me better or worse: Miserable Sentence! Desire *G—h* to give my Blessing to a  
young

young N——n of great hopes, and make him a Compliment in my Name. Think what the World will say of it after I am dead : Imagine my self that it looks *heroical*, and with an Air of a great Soul. The World ought to be cheated. Feel many Apprehensions within my self : Resolve to say nothing of them. Put a good Face upon a bad Matter. Fain live to see what this P——t will do : There must be glorious Work : If I should not, the World will lose a good *Speech* : Resolve to give it away, and order it to be printed in my Name : *A Speech designed to have been spoke at the Tryal of ———*. It will do very well. *Doct̄or* asks me what I am musing on ? Tell him. He approves the Project : Repeats ten Lines about Death, stolen from *Heathen Poets*, and *Common-Place Books* :

*To die, is landing on some silent Shore,  
Where Tempests never break, nor Billows roar.*

Ask him about an *Epitaph* ? Replies he can't write *Latin* ; that his last *Dedication* ran sack'd all he had left, but he will try to get a fine one. Thank him : Give him a Ring that a great Man gave me to remember him. He jests upon me, and says I mistime my Present, it should be left to my Executors. Takes his Leave, repeating *Virgil* :

— *Dono Damas mihi quam dedit olim,  
Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.*  
Medi-

Meditate how pleasant Life is to careless Tempers : A great *Duke* died with as little Ceremony, and as good an Air, as he went out of the Room. It is wonderful ! Call my Man : Drink some Cordial : Try to compose my self. Messengers every Minute from great Folks to know how I do : Smile, and send a great many Compliments to them all. Think of what Importance I am to the World : A Kindness ought not to be forgotten : When old Dr. *W—d* was ill, I used to send every Day to know how he did : I succeeded him without my own seeking. Two Footmen from *Foreign Ladies* : It is mighty kind : I can't do them any Service now : Return a thousand Thanks. Call for a Bundle of Papers : Order some of them to be burnt : Puts me in mind of the Usage some of my Writings received from the Publick : Vain Spite ! They will live ; they have a Spirit of Immortality. Spend all the Afternoon in returning Compliments, and giving Orders about my Papers. Grow worse at Night : Fancy *Tea* would do me good : Drink twenty Dishes : All in vain : Sudden Fit of Convulsions. Am put to Bed. My Head feels delirious : Variety of strange Thoughts. Order a Man to sit by me all night. Resolve to minute every thing I can remember of my self 'till I depart this Life.

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Wednesday, March.

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*Tu Pateres, tu Patronus, ne deseras.* Ter.

**M**UCH disturbed all Night with a Cry in my Ears, *The Church, The Church* : The worst of all the *London-Cries*. Wake at six : My Inflammation encreased with *preaching in my Sleep* against the *Whore of Babylon*. Call for the *Cordial* : Small Relief. Vehement Temptations in my Soul to break *Charity* with Doctor S —, and many others. Strive with the Iniquity : Overcome it by degrees. Seem to see a *Spirit* : Frighten'd into a sudden shivering : Bid my Man keep near me always, and not stir out of the Room : Order him to bring a Glass : My Eyes look sunk in my Head : My Nose is sharpened, pinched up at the End : My *Nails* not turned however : Poor Hopes. Repeat *Psalms* out of *Buchanan*. That is not right. *Latin* no fit *Language* to pray in : *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* much better : Say three *Stanzas* softly. Hear G — — b coming up Stairs : Now for my last *Sentence* : How shall I receive it ? What shall I say to him ? Order my Servant to give *Ten Pieces* : That may soften him perhaps. He comes in singing : Looks with a bad Aspect : Recommends an *Undertaker* to me. Sigh often. The Doctor smiles ;  
bows,

bows, and says, *No Good can be done!* Sad Words! Abundance of Servants with Messages to know my Condition: Send word little Hopes: Think with my self about *Church-Prayers*: Ineffectual. Consider of my *Funeral*: Private Interment: No Vanities, and Ceremonies: Privacy makes a Man more enquired after. No *High-Church*, not a Man: Easy to insult a *Dead Lion*. Send for a particular Friend: Comes immediately: Wish him to send *Le Clerc* an account of me: Desire the good Man to do me Justice. In two Languages at least: To hint that the World may expect my famous *Posthumous* Work: Say all the kind Things of it imaginable: Every Body in *Holland* will believe it. Reflect, *That a Prophet is not renown'd in his own Country*. My Enemies numerous: Good Fortune to overcome so many of them. *Bar-le-Duc*: Can't help thinking of *Politicks*. Ought to remember my Sins. *K——t's* Doctrine of Repentance very comfortable to Persons of Distinction: Right or Wrong, a strong *Faith* is all. Let the World alone, and that will let you alone; a plausible Sentence! But how shall a Man restrain the Ardency of the Spirit, or stop the Illusions of Grace? A Thought about *Funeral Sermons* and *Rosemary*. I preached many full of *Panegyrics*: They will rise up against me: *Conscience*, O! *Conscience*: Call for a Glas of Sack:

Make a long Soliloquy in the Postulations with my own Heart: Get the better of all Qualms that rise from past Adventures. Resolv'd to leave my *New Model of Church Government* to be printed after my Death: Many Faults in the present Scheme: Recommend it to *Benjamin's* Perusal: Give him a full Liberty to add and improve, Think what a Noise it will make in the World: The *Works* of a great Man follow him. Consider how to mortify some vain Thoughts rising in my carnal Mind. The Words of *Solomon*: In writing many *Books is much* Folly: Meant only of foolish Books. Pray a little. Resolve to support my Spirits by sending Messages to several Persons of Distinction. *Death* is like a *Thief*: Use him in his own Way: Steal as much from him as I can. He is also like a *Serpent*: There were Ways of old to charm Serpents: A cunning Animal, Arts against Arts, necessary. All Methods of Deceit that are practicable, are good upon just Occasions: None more proper than the present. Order a *Chapter* to be read. Order it to be let alone. Enquire after *Tom*: No Message from him all Day: Wonder at his Want of Filial Piety, his Manners, his *Life*, his *Letter*: Try to get him out of my Head: He grieves me: Hope he may Reform: Years of Discretion must come. Inflammation increases mightily: I can't live 'till  
to

to morrow: Resolv'd to order my Man to take down all I say when I loose my Senses: Bid him get Pen, Ink, and Paper ready. There is a great deal of Discovery in those *Rapsodies*; the Mind acts more freely when the Organs of the Body are affected by Sicknes: *Tom* comes in, and overhears my Orders: Talks with me about Madnes: Very impudent, and ungracious: Order him to read a *Sermon*: Takes out a *Book* and reads a Piece of Nonsense of *S——l's*: Calls him Fool and Blockhead: He pretends to explain his Meaning: Ridiculous, very ridiculous: Desire him to depart: He says he'l drink a Bottle and come again: Glad to get rid of him, with a Blessing unask'd for. Find my Head grows delirious; order *Jonathan* to be in readiness to write: He writes.

O! My Head — Take care of the Bed, it is all in Flame. *Joshua* the 10th, and Verse the 12th. The *White-Horse* in the *Revelations*; I am no Racer, don't love Horse-matches. Give me a Tea-Kettle; more Sugar.— I will make a Speech, a Speech for them, and against them;— I remember more Actions, Sayings, Speeches, Revolutions, Plots, Discoveries, than any Man in *Europe*: Here is a Paper of a hundred Names: Here is a List of Plotters, Seditious, Rioters: Now is our Time or never— what have we to do with  
the



the *French King*; it must be *demolished*, it shall be *demolished*. There is no *Peace* to the Sinner, no *Treaty* with the Devil: Give me leave to state the Matter fairly: Read over that again, ——— That is not at all material: Order that Paper to be burnt by the common Hangman. Why, here is nothing at all ready. What has that Fellow to do here? I am not at all afraid ———. Vanish Spirits. O! *Solomon*: O! *Solomon*! The first and second of *Hester*, I will preach upon that *Text*. *Frogs* came into the *King's Bed-Chamber*. O! The *Plagues of Conscience*! Give me Room—— If my Lungs did not fail me, I would make it appear that all the *Tories* in the Nation are *Dissenters*, *Schismatics*, *Anti-Monarchick*, rebellious Sons of Disorder and Confusion.—— Who is able to expound and explain *Articles*? Who are Judges, if we are not? Let them propose their Opinions. What that noble *Lord* observed is undoubtedly true: —— *More Dragoons* —— What wou'd the Fellow have? —— Did not I swear that I would not wear *Lawn*? Bow! who should I bow to.—— The Pope is the most unreasonable Rascal in the World —— I will not leave *Tom* a single *Farthing*.—— Write, its all Nonsense. Take care of that *Book*.— Get thee behind me *Satan*. What can they mean in the *North*? —— Is there any Probability of his making good his Pretensions?

*Spurious,*

*Spurious*, Proved a hundred Times over. But these confounded *Invectives*: — What shall we do with them? *America, Newfoundland!* Poor Merchants! O! That *Peace*. — Let me alone for Divinity: I will maul them on *Sundays, Saturdays, Lecture-Days, Charity Sermons.* *Abel* is the greatest Scoundrel in the World. Let the *Convocation* alone. — I say he shall have a *Regiment*. Fling them Papers into the Fire: — It is Nonsense to let them be transcribed: Pray Mr. *Ch—ll* take abundance of Care of the Letter and Paper: — Beware of *Abridgments*. A new Edition in *Octavo*. — Come again to morrow. — My *Lord*, I am your Lordships. — Did not I bid you put out that *Fire*? More Water good *Jonathan*. — The Curtains: — O my Head: — The World turns upside downwards. Churches Fall: — *Salisbury Steeple* stands awry. — Take away your leaden Hand. — No more, I see it does stand awry.

An Inscription design'd for his  
Monument.

*Subtùs*

*Cineres jam tandem quod non ipse optavit*

*In P A C E* requiescunt,

*Vir erat ingenio satis callido, & versatili,*

*Nativo solo familiari;*

*In rebus sacris Magnus, Fabulosis Major,*

*In Politicis (si ipsi credas) Maximus!*

*Veritatis cultor adeò fidelis.*

*Ut æque in Vitâ, ac Scriptis elucescat.*

*In Concionando acer erat, vehemens, indefessus,*

*Puriorem Doctrinam habuere multi,*

*Pulmones, & latera robustiora nemo.*

*Adeo Romæ per omnia aversus*

*Ut ad Genevam defleceret.*

*Obiit in Univerſum Dissidentium.*

*Ab Ecc. Angl. luētum.*

*Martiis Calendis*