

ALLMAN'S EDITION.

THE
WONDERFUL HISTORY
OF THE CELEBRATED
FRIAR BACON,

WHO

STUDIES THE MAGIC ART,

AND

SAVES A GENTLEMAN FROM THE DEVIL,

To whom he had sold his Soul and Body:

HE ERECTS A

WONDERFUL BRAZEN HEAD,

Which was to enable him to secure all England from Invasion :

IT SPEAKS,

BUT LOSES ITS VIRTUE BY HIS SERVANT'S FOLLY ;

BY HIS HELP FRANCE IS CONQUERED.

HE MAKES

THREE WICKED THIEVES,

WHO TRIED TO ROB HIM,

Dance a Hornpipe over Hedges into Ditches, against their Wills ;

With many other curious Particulars.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. LEWIS, FINCH-LANE,

FOR T. & J. ALLMAN, 55, GREAT QUEEN-STREET,

LANCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS,

AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

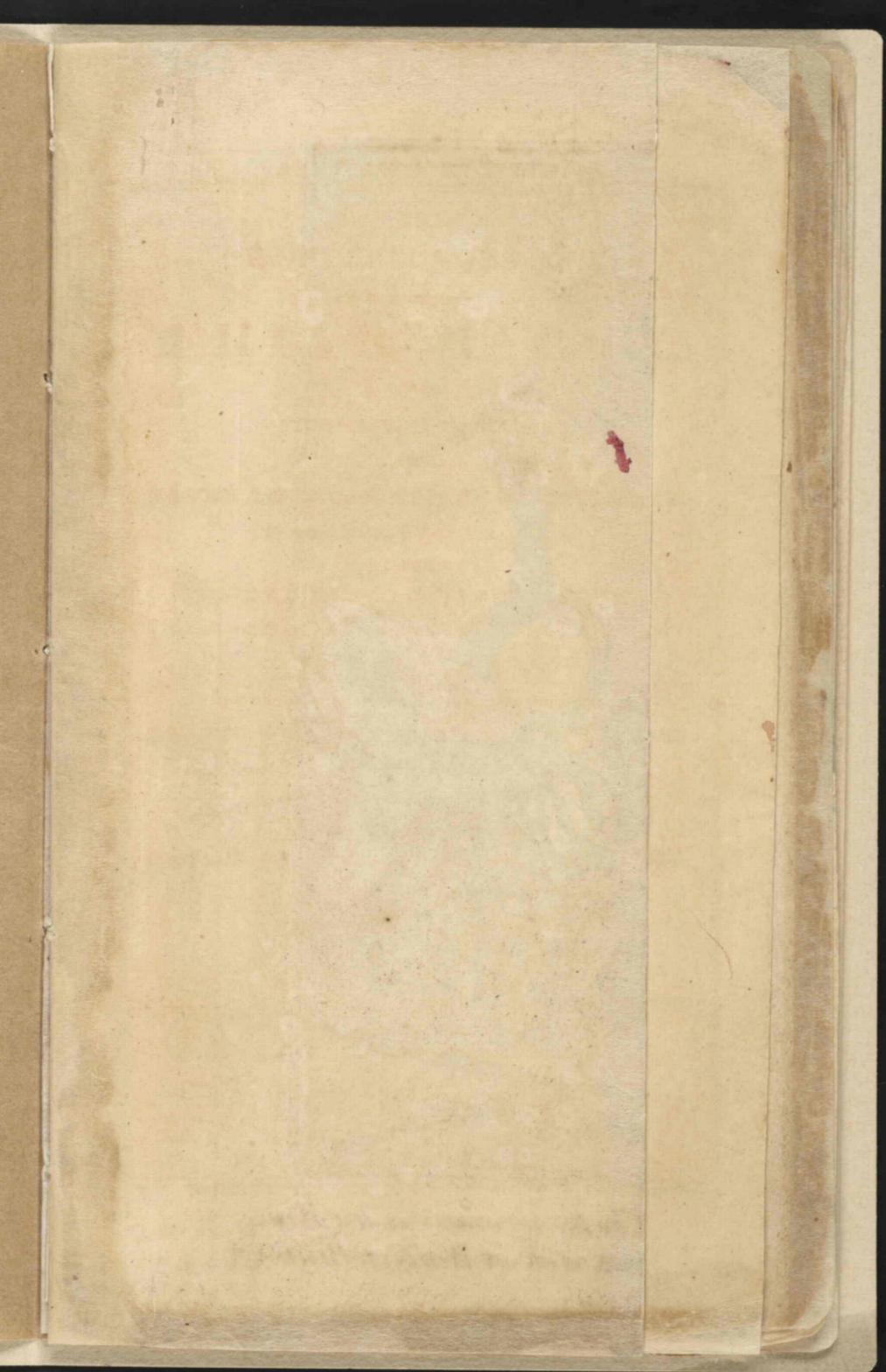
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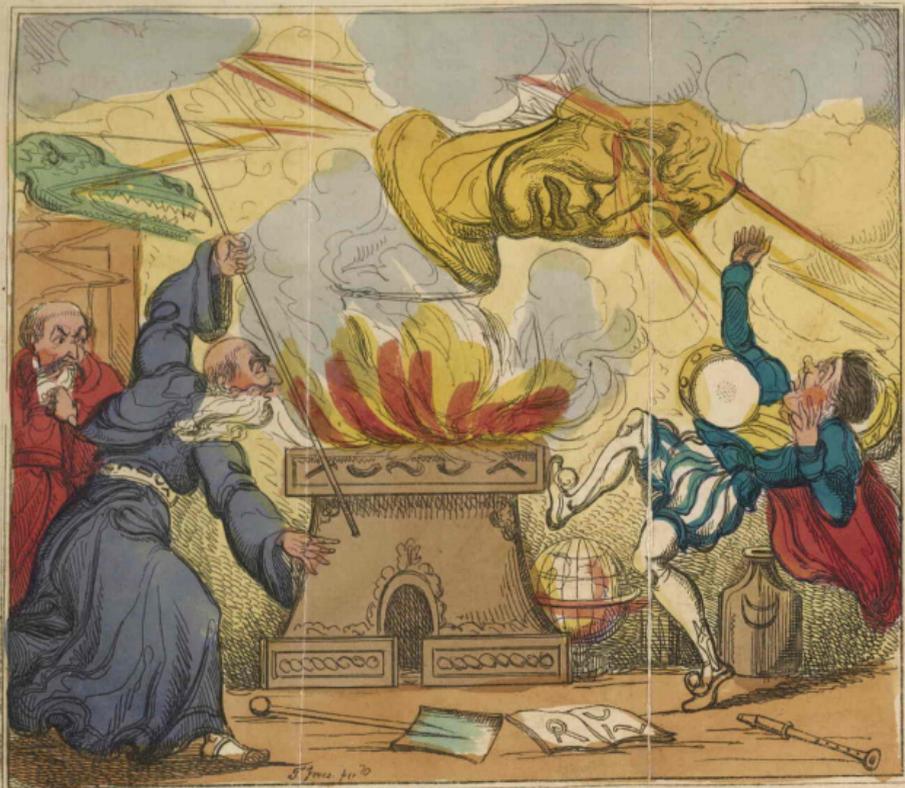
1829.



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The downfall of Friar Bacon's Magical Brazen Head occasioned by the ignorance of his Man Miles but for this circumstance Old England would have been surrounded by Walls of Brass.

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HISTORY

OF

FRIAR BACON.

FRIAR BACON was born, by most men's opinions, in the west part of England, and was son to a wealthy farmer, who put him to school to the parson of the town, not with an intent he should turn friar, (as he did,) but to get so much understanding that he might manage the better that wealth he was to leave him: but young Bacon took his learning so fast, that the priest could not teach him any more, which made him desire his master that he might not lose that little learning which he had gained; his master was very willing so to do, and one day meeting his father, told him that he had received a great blessing of God, in that he had given him so wise and hopeful a child as his son Roger Bacon was, (for so he was named,) and wished him withal to do his duty, and so to bring up his child that he might show his thankfulness to God, which could not be better done than in making him a scholar, for he found, by his sudden taking of his learning, that he was a child likely to prove a very great scholar. Hereat old Bacon was not well pleased, (for he designed to bring him up to the plough and cart, as he himself was brought up,) yet he, for reverence sake to the priest, showed not his anger, but kindly thanked him for his pains and counsel, yet desiring him not to speak any more concerning that matter, for he knew best what pleased him, and that he would do; so they broke off their discourse and parted.

So soon as the old man came home he called to his son for his books, which, when he had got them, he locked up, and gave the boy a cart-whip in the place of them, saying to him, "Boy, I will have you no priest, you shall not be better learned than I; you can tell by the almanack when is the best sowing of wheat, when barley, peas, and beans, and when the best libbing is; when to sell grain and cattle, I will teach thee, for I have all fairs and markets as perfect in my memory as Sir John, our priest, says mass without book; take thee this whip, I'll teach thee the use of it; it will be more profitable to thee than harsh Latin; make no reply, but follow my counsel, or

else, by the mass, thou shalt feel the smart hand of my anger. Young Bacon thought this but hard dealing, yet would he not reply; but within six or eight days he gave his father the slip, and went to a cloister some fifty miles off, where he was entertained, and so continued his learning, and in a short time came to be so famous, that he was sent for to the University of Oxford, where he studied a long time, and grew so excellent in the secrets of art and nature, that not only England but all Christendom admired him.

The king being in Oxfordshire, at a nobleman's house, was very desirous to see this famous friar, for he had heard many times of the wondrous things he had done in his art; therefore he sent for him, desiring him to come to court. Friar Bacon kindly thanked the king by the messenger, and said that he was at the king's service, and would speedily attend him; "but sir," said he to the gentleman, "I pray you make haste, or else I shall be two hours before you at court."—"For all your learning," answered the gentleman, "I can hardly believe this, for scholars, old men, and travellers, lie by authority."—"To strengthen your belief," said Friar Bacon, "I could presently show you the last wench you lay withal, but I will not at this time."—"One is as likely as the other," said the gentleman, "and I would laugh to see either."—"You shall see both within four hours," quoth the Friar, "and therefore make what haste you can."—"I will prevent that by my speed," said the gentleman, and with that he rode his way, but he rode out of his way, as it should seem, for he had but five miles to ride, and yet he was better than three hours in riding them, so that Friar Bacon was with the king before he came.

The king kindly welcomed him, and said, that he for a long time had desired to see him, for he had as yet not heard of his like. Friar Bacon answered him that fame had belied him, and given him that report that his poor studies never deserved, for he believed that art had many sons more excellent than himself: the king commended him for his modesty, and told him that nothing did become a wise man less than boasting; but yet withal, he requested him now to be no niggard of his knowledge, but to show his queen and him some of his skill. "I were worthy of neither art nor knowledge," said Friar Bacon, "should I deny your majesty this request: I pray you seat yourselves, and you shall see presently what my poor skill can perform." The king, queen, and nobles, all sat down, and, having so done, the Friar waved his wand, and presently was heard such excellent music, that they were all amazed, for they all said they never heard the like. "This is," said the Friar, "to delight the sense of hearing; I will delight all your other senses before you depart hence;" so, waving his wand again, there was louder music heard, and presently five dancers entered, the first like a court laundress, the second like a foot-

man, the third like an usurer, the fourth like a prodigal, the fifth like a fool; these did divers excellent changes, so that they gave content to all the beholders, and having done their dance, they all vanished away in the order as they came in; thus feasted he the two senses: then waved he his wand again, and there was another kind of music heard, and whilst it was playing, there was suddenly before them a table richly covered with all sorts of delicacies; then desired he the king and queen to taste of some rare fruits that were on the table, which they and the nobles then presently did, and were very highly pleased with the taste; they being satisfied, all vanished away on a sudden; then he waved his wand again, and suddenly there was such a smell as if all the rich perfumes in the whole world had been there prepared in the best manner that art could set them out; while he feasted thus their smelling, he waved his wand again, and there came Russians, Polanders, Indians, and Americans, all bringing sundry kinds of furs, such as their countries yielded; all which they presented to the king and queen; these furs were so soft to the touch, that they highly pleased all those who handled them; then, after some odd fantastic dance, after their country manner, they vanished away: then Friar Bacon asked the king's majesty if he desired any more of his skill? the king answered, that he was fully satisfied for that time, and that he only now thought of something that he might bestow on him, that might partly satisfy the kindness he had received. Friar Bacon said that he desired nothing so much as his majesty's love, and if that he might assure himself of that, he would think himself happy in it: "For that," said the king, "be thou ever sure of, in token of which receive this jewel," and withal gave him a costly jewel from his neck. The Friar did with great reverence thank his majesty, and said, "As your majesty's vassal, you shall ever find me ready to do you service, which in your time of need will be very beneficial and delightful; but among all these gentlemen, I see not the man that your grace sent for to me; sure he hath lost his way, or else met with some sport that detains him so long; I promised to be here before him, and all this noble assembly can witness I am as good as my word; I hear him coming. With that the gentleman entered, all be-dirted, (for he had rid through ditches, quagmires, slashes, and waters, and was in a most pitiful case,) and seeing the Friar there, looked very angrily, and bid a pox on all his devils, for they led him out of his way, and almost drowned him. "Be not angry, Sir," said Friar Bacon, "here is an old friend of yours that hath more cause, for she hath tarried these three hours for you; with that he pulled up the hangings, and behind them stood the kitchen maid, with a basting ladle in her hand. "Now am I as good as my word with you, for I promised to help you to your sweetheart; how do you like this?"—"So ill," answered the gentleman, "that I will be revenged of you."

"Threaten not," said Friar Bacon, "lest I do thee more shame, and do you take heed how you give scholars the lie again; but because I know not how well you are stored with money at this time, I will bear your wench's charges home;" with that she vanished away: the king, queen, and all the company laughed to see with what shame this gentleman endured the sight of his greasy sweetheart, and the gentleman went away discontented: this done, Friar Bacon took his leave of the king and queen, and received from them divers gifts, as well as thanks, for his art he showed them.

Friar Bacon had only one man to attend him, and he too was none of the wisest, for he kept him in charity more than for any service he had from him. This man of his, (named Miles,) never could endure to fast as other religious persons did, for he always had, in one corner or other, flesh, which he would eat when his master eat bread only, or else did fast and abstain from all things. Friar Bacon seeing this, thought at one time or another to be even with him, which he did one Friday in this manner;—Miles on the Thursday night had provided a great black pudding for his Friday's fast; that pudding he puts in his pocket, thinking to warm it so, for his master had no fire on those days. On the next day who so demure as Miles; he looked as though he would not have eat any thing; when his master offered him some bread, he refused it, saying his sins deserved a greater penance than one day's fast in a whole week; his master commended him for it, and bid him take heed he did not dissemble, for if he did it would at last be known: "then were I worse than a Turk," said Miles, so went forth as if he would have gone to pray privately, but it was for nothing but to prey privily on his black pudding, which he pulled out, and felt o it lustily, but he was deceived, for having put one end in his mouth, he neither could get it out again, nor bite it off, so that he stamped for help; his master hearing him, came, and finding him in that manner, took hold of the other end of the pudding, and led him to the hall, and showed him to all the scholars, saying, "See here, my good friends and fellow-students, what a devout man my servant Miles is, he loved not to break a fast-day, witness this pudding, which his conscience will not let him swallow; I will have him to be an example to you all;" then he tied him to a window by the end of the pudding, where poor Miles stood, like a bear tied by the nose to a stake, and endured many flouts and mocks: at night his master released him from his penance: Miles was very glad, and vowed never to break any more fast-days whilst he lived.

In Oxfordshire there lived a gentleman that had, through his riotous expences, wasted a fair inheritance that was left him by his father, after which he grew so poor, that he had not wherewith to maintain his miserable life: the memory of the former state he had lived in, the present want he now sustained, made

him grow desperate, and regardless both of soul and body ; which gave the devil occasion to work upon his weakness in the following manner.

Being one time alone, full of grief and care, grief for his past follies, and care how to get a good living for the remainder of his days, the devil came unto him, and asked him what he wanted. He came not in a terrible shape, but like an old usurer : this gentleman was amazed at his sudden presence, but he demanding what were his wants, so took courage, and said, " I want all things, I want money to buy me apparel, money to buy me meat, money to redeem my land, and money to pay my debts ; can or will you help me in this misery ?"—" I will," answered the devil, " on some conditions, help you to money to supply all those wants, and that speedily."—" On any conditions," said the gentleman, " help me, and I swear to perform them."—" I take no oaths," answered the devil, " I must have bonds ; if you will do so, meet me by the wood-side to-morrow morning, and there I will have the money ready."—" I will," said the gentleman, for he, poor man, was glad of it on any condition, as he said before. The next day he went into the wood, where the devil had promised to meet him ; but he had not been there long before he beheld the devil coming, and after him two others, like serving-men, with bags of money : this rejoiced the poor gentleman's heart to think that he should once again live like a man. The devil, coming to him, said, " Son, I will perform my promises unto you, if you will put seal to the conditions that I have here already drawn."—" Willingly," said the gentleman, " I will, pray read them." The devil read them to this effect :—That he lent him so much money as he should have need of, to be employed to these uses following ; first, to redeem his mortgaged land ; next, to pay his debts ; lastly, to buy him such necessaries as he wanted ; to be lent on this condition ; that, so soon as he had paid all his debts, he should be at the lender's disposal, and without any delay, freely to yield himself to him, upon the first demand of the aforesaid lender. To this the gentleman sealed, and had the money carried to his chamber ; with which money he in a short time redeemed his land, and bought such things as he needed, and likewise paid his debts, so that there was not a man could ask him for a penny.

Thus lived this gentleman once again in credit, and grew so great a husband that he increased his estate, and was richer than ever his father before him was : but this joy did not continue long, for one day, he being in his study, the devil appeared unto him, and told him, that now his land was redeemed, and his debts paid, therefore his time was come that he must yield himself to his mercy, as he was bound by bond. This troubled the gentleman to hear, but more to think how he must become a slave to a stranger that he did not know, (for he knew not as

yet that he was the devil,) but being urged to answer for himself by the devil, he said, he had not as yet paid all his debts, and therefore he was not liable to the conditions of the bond. At this the devil seemed angry, and with a frightful noise transformed himself to an ugly shape, saying, "Alas, poor wretch, these are poor excuses that thou framest; I know them all to be false, and so will prove them to thy face to-morrow morning; till then I leave thee to despair." So with a great noise he went his way, leaving the gentleman half-dead with fear.

When he was gone, the gentleman reviving, bethought himself what a miserable state he was now in; then wished that he had lived and died poor, then cursed all his ambitious thoughts that had led him first to desire that wealth which he had so vainly lost by his rioting and imprudence, then would he curse his prodigal expences, that were the origin of his misery; thus was he tormented a long time in his mind, at last he fully resolved to end his wretched life by some violent death, and to that end he went forth, thinking to kill himself, which he would have done, had it not been for the Friar, for, as he was falling upon his sword, Friar Bacon came by, and called to him to hold, which he did: Friar Bacon demanded of him the cause why he was so desperate that he would run headlong to hell?—"Oh Sir," said he, "the cause is great, and the relation is so terrible to me, that I would entreat you not to trouble me any more, but leave me to my own will." This answer filled the Friar with amazement and pity, both at once, which made him to urge in this manner; "Sir, should I leave you to this wilful damnation, I were unfit ever after to wear or touch any robe that belongeth to the Holy Order whereof I am a brother; you know, doubtless, that there is power given to the Church to absolve penitent sinners, let not your wilfulness take away from you that benefit which you may receive by it; freely confess yourself, I pray you, to me; doubt not but I shall give your troubled conscience ease."—"Father," said the gentleman, "I know all that you have spoken is truth, and I have many times received comfort from the mother-church, I dare not say ours, for I fear she will never receive me for a child, I have no part in her benediction; yet, since you request so earnestly the cause, I will tell you; hear it and tremble: Know then, that I have given myself to the devil for a little wealth, and he, to-morrow, in this wood, must have me. You have my grief, for I know not how to get comfort."

"This is strange," quoth Friar Bacon, "yet be of good comfort; penitent tears may do much, which I see you do not spare; I will soon visit you at your house, and give you that comfort that will beget you again to goodness. The gentleman at these words was somewhat comforted, and returned home. At night Friar Bacon came to him, and found him full of tears for his heinous offences; for these tears he gave him hope of pardon;

demanding further, what conditions he had made with the devil; the gentleman told him, that he had promised himself to him as soon as he had paid all his debts, which now he had done, for he owed not a penny to any man living. "Well," said Friar Bacon, "continue thy sorrow for thy sins, and to-morrow see him without fear, and be thou content to stand to the next man's judgment that shall come that way, whether thou belong to the devil or no; fear not to do so, and be thou assured that I will be he that shall come by, and will give such judgment on thy side, that thou shalt be free from him." With that Friar Bacon went home, and the gentleman went to his prayers.

In the morning the gentleman, after he had blessed himself, went to the wood, where he found the devil ready for him. So soon as he came near, the devil said, "Now deceiver, are you come? now shalt thou see that I can and will prove that thou hast paid all thy debts, and therefore thy soul belongeth to me."—"Thou art a deceiver," said the gentleman, "and gavest money to cheat me of my soul, for else why wilt thou be thine own judge? let me have some other to judge between us."—"Content," said the devil, "take whom thou wilt."—"Then I will have," said the gentleman, "the next man that cometh this way;" to which the devil agreed. No sooner were these words ended, but Friar Bacon came by, to whom the gentleman spake, and requested that he would be judge in a weighty matter between them two. The Friar said he was content, so both parties were agreed. The devil told Friar Bacon how the case stood between them, in this manner:—

"Know, Friar, that I, seeing this prodigal like to starve for want of food, lent him money, not only to buy him victuals, but also to redeem his lands, and pay his debts, conditionally, that so soon as his debts were paid he should give himself freely to me; this is his bond," showing him the bond, "now my time is expired, for all his debts are paid, which he cannot deny; this case is plain, his silence confirms it," said the devil, "therefore give a just sentence."—"I will," said Friar Bacon, "but first tell me," speaking to the gentleman, "didst thou never yet give the devil any of his money back, nor requite him any ways."—"Never had he any thing of me as yet," said the gentleman. "Then never let him have any thing of thee, and thou art free: deceiver of mankind," said he, speaking to the devil, "it was thy bargain not to meddle with him while he was indebted to me, now how canst thou demand of him any thing when he is indebted for all that he hath to thee? When he pays thee thy money, then take him as thy due, till then thou hast nothing to do with him, and so I charge thee to be gone." At this the devil vanished with great dissatisfaction, but Friar Bacon comforted the gentleman, and sent him home with a quiet conscience; bidding him never pay the devil his money back, as he tendered his own safety, which he promised to observe.

Friar Bacon reading one day of the many conquests of England, bethought himself how he might keep it hereafter from the like conquests, and so make himself famous to all posterity. This, after great study, he found could be no way so well done as one, which was, to make a head of brass, and if he could make this head speak, and hear when it spake, then might he be able to wall England about with brass. To this purpose he got one Friar Bungey to assist him, who was a great scholar and a magician, but not equal to Friar Bacon. These two, with great study and pains, so framed a head of brass, that in the inward parts thereof there were all things as in a natural man's head. This being done they were as far from perfection of the work as they were before, for they knew not how to give these parts that they had made motion, without which it was impossible it should speak. Many books they read, but yet could not find any hope of what they sought; that at last they concluded to raise a spirit, and to know of him that which they could not attain to by their own studies; to do this, they prepared all things ready, and went one evening to a wood hard by, and, after many ceremonies used, they spake the words of conjuration, which the devil strait obeyed, and appeared, asking them what they would have? "Know," said Friar Bacon, "that we have made a head of brass, which we would have to speak; to the furtherance of which we raised thee, and, being raised, we will here keep thee, unless thou tell us the way how to make this head speak." The devil told him, that he had not power of himself. "Beginner of lies," said Friar Bacon, "I know thou doth dissemble, and therefore tell us quickly, or else we will here bind thee to remain during our pleasure." At these threats the devil consented to do it, and told them, that with a continual fume of the hottest simples, it should have motion, and in one month's space, speak; the time of the month or day he knew not. Also he told them, that if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their labour would be lost. They being satisfied, suffered the spirit to depart.

Then went these two learned Friars home again, and prepared the simples ready, and made the fume, and, with continual watching, attended when the brazen head would speak. Thus watched they for three weeks, without any rest, till they were so weary and sleepy that they could not any longer refrain from rest. Then Friar Bacon called to his man Miles, and told him that it was known to him what pains Friar Bungey and himself had taken for three week's space, only to hear the brazen head speak, which, if they did not, then had they lost all their labour, and all England had a great loss thereby; therefore intreated Miles that he would watch while they slept, and call them if the head spoke. "Fear not, good master," said Miles, "I will not sleep, but hearken and attend upon the head, and if it chance to speak I will call you; therefore I pray you both to

take your rests, and let me alone for watching this head." After Friar Bacon had given him a second charge, Friar Bungey and he went to an inner room to sleep, and left Miles alone to watch the brazen head. Miles, to keep himself from sleeping, got a tabor and pipe, and amused himself sometimes with them, and every now and then sung a comical song. At last, after some noise, the head spake these words, **TIME IS**; Miles, hearing it speak no more, thought his master would be angry if he waked him for that, and therefore he let him and Friar Bungey sleep on, and began to mock the head in this manner: "Thou brazen-faced head, has my master took all this pains about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two words? Time is! Had he watched with a lawyer so long as he has watched with thee, he would have given him more and better words than thou hast yet. If thou canst speak no wiser, they shall sleep till doomsday for me:—

Time is, for some to plant,
Time is, for some to sow,
Time is, for some to graft
The horn, as some do know.

Time is, for some to sing,
Time is, for some to pray,
Time is, for some to weep,
That have drank all the day.

Do you tell us, Coppernose, when Time is? I hope we scholars know our Times; when to drink, when to kiss our hostess, when to go on her score, and when to pay it; but that time comes but seldom." After half an hour had passed, the head spake again two words, which were these, **TIME WAS**: Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and would not awake them, but still scoffed at the brazen head, that it learned no better words, and had such a tutor as his master

Time was, when thou a kettle were,
And filled with better matter;
But Friar Bacon did thee spoil,
When he thy sides did batter.

Time was when kings and beggars
Of one poor stuff had being;
Time was, when office kept no knaves,
That Time was well worth seeing.

"Time was,—I know that, Brazen-face, without your telling. I know that Time was, and I know what things there were when Time was, and if you speak no wiser, no master shall be

awaked by me :” thus Miles talked and sung till another half-hour was gone. Then this brazen head spake again these words, **TIME IS PAST**, and then fell down, and presently followed a terrible noise, with strange flashes of fire, so that Miles was half dead with fear. At this noise the two Friars awaked, and wondered to see the whole space full of smoke, but that being vanished, they might perceive the brazen head broke, and lying on the ground. At this sight they grieved, and called Miles to know how this came. Miles half dead with fear said, that it fell down of itself, and that, with the noise and fire that followed, he was almost frightened out of his wits. Friar Bacon asked him if he did not hear it speak? “Yes,” quoth Miles, “it spake, but to no purpose: I will learn a parrot to speak better in the time you have been teaching this brazen head.”—“Out on thee, villain,” said Friar Bacon, “thou hast undone us both; hadst thou but called us when it did speak, all England had been walled about with brass, to its glory, and our eternal fame: what were the words it spake?”—“Very few,” said Miles, “and those were none of the wisest that I have heard neither. First he said, **Time is**.”—“Hadst thou called us then,” said Friar Bacon, “we had been made for ever.”—“Then,” said Miles, half-an-hour after it spoke again, and said, **Time was**.”—“And wouldst thou not call us then?” said Bungey. “Alas,” said Miles, “I thought it would have told me some long tale, and then I purposed to have called you: then, half-an-hour after he cried, **Time is past**, and made such a noise that he hath waked you himself methinks.” At this Friar Bacon was in such a rage, that he would have beaten his man, but he was restrained by Bungey; but, nevertheless, for his punishment, he, by his art, struck him dumb for one month’s space. Thus was this great work of these learned Friars overthrown, to their great griefs, by this simple fellow.

In those times, when Friar Bacon did all his strange tricks, the king of England had a great part of France, which he and his successors held a long time, till civil wars at home in this land made them lose it. It did chance that the king of England (for some cause best known to himself) went into France with a great army, where, after many victories, he did besiege a strong town, and lay before it full three months without doing any great damage, but rather received the hurt himself. This did so vex the king, that he sought to take it any way, either by policy or strength; to this intent he made proclamation that whoever would deliver this town into his hands, he should have for his pains ten thousand crowns well and truly paid. This was proclaimed, but there were none found that would undertake it. At length the news came into England of this great reward that was promised. Friar Bacon, hearing of it, went into France, and being admitted into the king’s presence, he thus spake unto him: “Your Majesty, I am sure, hath not forgotten your poor

subject, Bacon; the love you showed me, when last in your presence, hath made me quit my country and my studies to do your majesty service; I beseech you to command me, so far as my poor art, or life, may do you pleasure." The king thanked him for his love, but told him that he had now more need of arms than art, and wanted brave soldiers more than learned scholars. Friar Bacon answered, "Your Majesty saith well, but let me tell you, that art oftentimes does those things that are impossible to arms, which I will make good in some examples. I will speak only of things performed by art and nature, wherein shall be nothing magical: and first, by the figuration of art, there may be made instruments for propelling vessels without men to row in them, as great ships to brook the sea, only with one man to steer them; and they shall sail more swiftly than if they were full of men; also chariots shall move with an unspeakable force, without any living creature to stir them; likewise, an instrument may be made to fly withal, if one sit in the midst of the instrument, and do turn an engine, by which the wings, being artificially composed, may beat air after the manner of a flying bird. By an instrument of three fingers high, and three fingers broad, a man may rid himself and others from all imprisonment; by art also, an instrument may be made, whereby men may walk in the bottom of the sea, or rivers, without bodily danger; this Alexander the Great used, to the end he might behold the secret of the seas: but physical figurations are far more strange, for by these may be framed perspects and looking-glasses, that one man shall appear to be a whole army, and one sun or moon shall seem divers; also perspects may be so framed that things afar off may seem most nigh unto us: with one of these did Julius Cæsar, from the sea-coasts of France, mark and observe the situation of the castles of England; bodies may also be framed, that the greatest things shall appear to be the least, the highest the lowest, the most secret to be the most manifest, and in such like sort the contrary.

"Again, in such wise may bodies be formed, that venomous and infectious influence may be brought whither he will. In this did Aristotle instruct Alexander, through which instruction the poison of a basilisk, being left upon the wall of a city, the poison was conveyed into the city, to the destruction thereof; also perspects may be made to deceive the sight, as to make a man believe he sees great store of riches, when there is not any: but it appertains to higher powers of figuration, that beams should be brought and assembled by divers flexions and reflections in any distance that we will, to burn any thing that is opposite unto it, as it is witnessed by those perspects or glasses that burn before and behind: these things are worth a kingdom to a wise man. These may suffice, my royal lord, to show what art can do: and these, with many more as strange, I am able to perform.

Then take no thought for winning this town, for by my art you shall, (ere many days be past,) have your desire."

The king all this while heard him with admiration; but hearing him now, that he would undertake to win the town, he burst into these speeches:—"Most learned Bacon, do but what thou hast said, and I will give thee what thou most desireth, either wealth or honour; chuse which thou wilt, and I will be as ready to perform as I have been to promise."

"Your majesty's love is all that I seek," said the Friar, "let me have that I have honour enough; for wealth, I have content; the wise should seek no more. Yet to the purpose; let your pioneers raise up a mount so high or higher than the wall, and then shall you see some probability of that which I have promised."

This mount in two day was raised; then Friar Bacon went with the king to the top of it, and did with a perspect show to him the town as plainly as if he had been in it; at this the king did wonder, but Friar Bacon told him that he would wonder more ere next day noon, against which time he desired to have his whole army in readiness to scale the wall, upon a signal given by him from the mount. This the king promised to do, and returned to his tent full of joy that he should gain this strong town. In the morning Friar Bacon went up to the mount, and set his reflecting mirrors and other instruments up. In the mean time the king ordered his army, and stood in readiness to give the assault when the signal was given, which was the waving of a flag. Ere nine of the clock, Friar Bacon had burnt the state-house in the town, with other houses, only by the mathematical glasses, which made the whole town in an uproar, for none did know how it came. Whilst they were quenching the same, Friar Bacon did wave his flag, upon which signal being given, the king set upon the town, and took it with little or no resistance. Thus, through the art of this learned man, the king got this strong town, which he could not do without his help.

The king of England, after he had taken the town, showed great mercy to the inhabitants, giving some of them their lives freely, and others he set at liberty for their gold. The town he kept as his own, and swore the chief citizens to be his true subjects. Presently after the king of France sent an ambassador to the king of England to treat of a peace between them. This ambassador being come to the king, he feasted him, as it is the manner of princes to do, and with the best sports as he had then, welcomed him. The ambassador, seeing the king of England so free in his love, desired likewise to give him a taste of his good liking, and to that intent sent for one of his followers, (being a German, and named Vandermast,) a conjuror, who, being come, he told the king that since his grace had been so bountiful in his love to him, he would show him, by a servant of

his, such wonderful things as his grace had never seen the like before. The king demanded of him of what nature those things were that he would do. The ambassador answered, that they were things done by the art of magic. The king hearing of this, sent for Friar Bacon, who presently came, and brought Friar Bungey with him.

When the banquet was done, Vandermast did ask the king if he desired to see the spirit of any man deceased, and, if he did, he would raise him in such a manner and fashion as he was when he lived. The king told him, that above all men he desired to see Pompey the Great, who could abide no equal. Vandermast, by his art, raised him, armed in such a manner as when he was slain at the battle of Pharsalia. Friar Bacon presently raised the ghost of Julius Cæsar, who would abide no superior, and had slain this Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia. At the sight of him they were all amazed, but the king, who sent for Friar Bacon, and Vandermast said, there was some man of art in their presence, whom he desired to see. Friar Bacon then showed himself, saying, "It was I, Vandermast, that raised Cæsar, partly to give content to the royal presence, but chiefly to conquer thy Pompey, as he did once before at the great battle of Pharsalia, which he now again shall do. Then presently began a fight between Cæsar and Pompey, which continued a great space, to the content of all, except Vandermast. At last Pompey was overcome and slain by Cæsar, then they both vanished away.

Peace being concluded between the king of England and the king of France, the king of England returned to his own country, where he was received joyfully by his subjects; but in his absence happened a dispute between three brethren, the like had not been heard of: thus it was: A rich gentleman of England died, and left behind him three sons; now, for some reason best known to himself, he appointed none of them to be his heir, but spoke to them after this manner: "You are all my sons, and I love you all as a father should do, all alike, not one better than the other; and because I would always do rightly so near as I can, I leave my lands and goods to him that loves me best." These were the last words he spake concerning worldly affairs.

After he was dead and buried, there arose a great controversy among them, who should inherit their father's goods and lands, every one pleading for himself, that he loved his father best. All the cunning lawyers of the kingdom could say nothing to the purpose concerning this case, so that they were forced to beg of the king a grant for a combat, for they would not share the lands and goods amongst them, but every one desired all, or else nothing. The king, seeing no other way to end this controversy, granted a combat, the two elder being to fight first, and the conqueror to fight with the younger, and the survivor to have the lands and goods.

The day being come that was set for these combatants, they all came armed for the fight. Friar Bacon being present, and seeing three such lusty young men like to perish by their own flesh and blood, grieved very much, and went to the king, desiring his majesty that he would stay the fight, and he would find a means without any bloodshed to end the matter. The king was very glad, and caused the combatants to be brought before him, to whom he said, "Gentlemen, to save the blood of you all, I have found a way, and yet the controversy shall be ended that is now amongst you; are you content to stand to this judgment that I shall appoint?" they answered, they were. Then they were bid to return three days after. In that time Friar Bacon had caused the body of their deceased father to be taken out of the ground, and brought to the court: the body he did cause to be bound to a stake, naked from the middle upwards, and likewise prepared three bows and shafts for the three brethren: all these he kept secretly.

The third day being come, these three brothers came, to whom Friar Bacon, in the presence of the king, gave the three bows and shafts, saying, "Be not offended at what I have done, there is no other way to judge your cause: see, here is the body of your dead father, shoot at him, for he that cometh nearest his heart shall have all the lands and goods."

The two elder prepared themselves, and shot at him, and stuck their arrows in his breast. Then they bid the youngest to shoot, but he refused it, saying, "I will rather lose all than wound that body I so loved when living; had you ever had but half that love in you to him that I have, you would rather have had your own bodies mangled, than to suffer his lifeless corpse to be thus used; nay, you do not only suffer it, but you are the actors of this act of shame;" and, speaking this, he wept.

Friar Bacon, seeing this, did give the judgment on his side, for he loved his father best, and therefore had all his lands and goods. The other two brothers went away with shame for what they had done. This deed of Friar Bacon was highly commended of all men, for he did not only give true judgment, but also saved much blood that would have been shed had they been suffered to fight.

It was reported about the country that the king had given Friar Bacon great store of treasure. The report of this wealth made three thieves plot to rob the house, which they put in practice one evening in this manner: they knocked at the door, and were let in by Miles; no sooner were they in, but they took hold of him and led him into the house, and, finding Friar Bacon there, they told him that they came for some money, which they must and would have before they went away; he told them he was but ill-stored with money at that time; they answered him that they knew he had enough, and therefore it was but folly to delay them, but immediately let them have it by fair means, or

else they would use that extremity with him that he would be loth to suffer. He, seeing them resolute, told them that they should have all he had, and gave them an hundred pounds a man. Herewith they seemed content, and would have gone their way; "Nay," said Friar Bacon, "pray, gentlemen, at my request, tarry awhile, and hear some of my man's music; I hope in courtesy you will not deny me so small a request."—"That we will not," said they all.

Miles thought now to have some sport with them, and therefore played lustily upon his tabor and pipe. As soon as they heard him play, against their wills they fell a dancing, and that after such a laborious manner, that they quickly wearied themselves, (for they had all that while the bags of money in their hands.) Yet had Friar Bacon not revenge enough of them, but bid his man Miles lead them some larger measure, as he thought fitting, which Miles did; he led them out of the house into the fields; they followed him, dancing after a wild manner; then he led them over a small moat of water, but not so good a way as he went, for he went over the bridge, but they, by reason of their dancing, could not keep the bridge, but fell off, dancing through the water; then he led them through a way where a horse might very well have been taken up to his belly; they followed him till they were as dirty as swine wallowing in the mire: sometimes he gave them rest only to laugh at them. Then they were so sleepy when he did not play, that they fell to the ground; then on a sudden would he play again, and make them start up and follow him; thus he kept them the best part of the night. At last, in pity, he left off playing, and let them rest, but he took their money from them.

Friar Bacon, sitting one day in his study, looking over all the dangers that were to happen to him that month, there he found, that in the second week of that month, between sun-rising and setting, there was a great danger to fall on him, which would, without great care of prevention, take away his life. This danger, which he did not foresee, was caused by the German conjuror, Vandermast, for he vowed revenge for the disgrace he had received: To execute the same, he hired a Walloon soldier, and gave him an hundred crowns to do the same, fifty before-hand, and fifty when he had killed him.

Friar Bacon, to save himself from this danger that was like to happen to him, would always, when he read, hold a ball of brass in his hand, and under that ball would he set a bason of brass, that if he chanced to sleep in his reading, the fall of the ball out of his hand into the bason might wake him; being one day in his study in this manner asleep, the Walloon soldier was got unto him, and had drawn his sword, ready to kill him, but as he was ready to strike, down fell the ball out of Friar Bacon's hand, and waked him.

He seeing the soldier stand there with a sword drawn, asked

him who he was, and wherefore he came there in that manner? The soldier boldly answered him thus:—"I am a Walloon, and a soldier, and more than this, a villain. I am come hither, because I was sent; I was sent, because I was hired; I was hired, because I dare do it; the thing I should do is not done; the thing to be done is to kill thee: thus have you heard what I am, and why I came."

Friar Bacon wondered at this man's resolution, and asked him who set him to work to be a murderer? He boldly told him Vandermast, the German conjuror; Friar Bacon then asked him what religion he was of? he answered, of that which many do profess, the chief principles of which are these:—"To go to an alehouse and to a church with the same devotion; to abstain from evil for want of action; and to do good against their wills." "It is a good profession fit for devils," said Friar Bacon, "dost thou believe hell?"—"I believe no such thing," answered the soldier. "Then I will show you the contrary," said Friar Bacon, and presently raised the ghost of Julian the Apostate, who came by with his body burning, and so full of wounds, that it frightened the soldier out of his wits. Then Bacon commanded this spirit to speak, and to show what he was, and wherefore he was thus tormented. He answered them thus, "I some time was a Roman emperor; some count greatness a happiness; I had a happiness beyond my empire, had I kept to that I had been a happy man; I had lost my empire when I lost that; I was a Christian, that was my happiness, but my self-love and pride made me fall from it, for which I am now punished with never-ceasing torments, which I must still endure: the same that I suffer is now preparing for unbelieving wretches like myself." So he vanished away.

Not far from Friar Bacon dwelt an old man that had great store of money, which he lent out to use, and would never do any good with it to the poor, though Friar Bacon had often put him in mind of it, and wished him to do some good whilst he lived. Friar Bacon, seeing this, by his art made an iron pot, which seemed full of gold; this being done, he went to this rich usurer, and told him that he had some gold which he had gathered in the time he had lived; but it being much in quantity, he feared, if it were known, it would be taken from him, because it were unfitting a man of his coat should have so much. Now he desired that he would let him have some hundred pounds, which was not the sixth part of the gold that he should keep for him. The usurer was glad to hear this, and told him he should have it, and he would keep his gold as safe as he himself would. Friar Bacon presently fetched the pot, at the sight of which the usurer laughed, and thought to make all the gold his own, for he had a determination to gull the Friar, but he gulled himself.—"See, here is the gold," said Friar Bacon; "now, let me have of you one hundred pounds, and keep this

gold till I pay it back again."—"Very willingly," said the usurer, and told him one hundred pounds out, which Friar Bacon took, and delivered him the pot, and went his way. This money did Friar Bacon give to divers poor scholars and other people, and bid them pray for the old gold-gatherer's soul's health, (so was the usurer called,) which these poor people did, and would give him thanks and prayers when they met him, which he did wonder at, for he never deserved the prayers of any man. At last this old gold-gatherer went to look in his pot of gold, but instead of gold he found nothing but earth; at which sight he would have died, had not his other gold hindered him, which he was to leave behind him; so gathering up his spirits, he went to Friar Bacon, and told him he was abused and cheated, for which he would have the law of him, unless he made him restitution. Friar Bacon told him he had not cheated him, but been his faithful steward to the poor, which he could not choose but know, either by their prayers, or by their thanks; and as for the law, he feared it not, but bid him do his worst. The man, seeing Friar Bacon's resolution, went his way, and said, that hereafter he would be his own steward.

Miles chanced one day, upon some business, to go about six miles from home, and being with some company, he was belated, and could get but half way home that night. To save his purse, he went to a house that was his master's acquaintance; but when he came, the good man of the house was not at home, and the woman would not let him lodging. Miles being there, was loth to go any farther, and therefore with words he persuaded her to give him lodging that night. She told him she would willingly do it if her husband was at home, but he being out of town, it would discredit her to lodge any man. "You need not mistrust me," said Miles, "for I have no thought to attempt your chastity; lock me in any place where there is a bed, and I will not trouble you till to-morrow." She, thinking her husband would be angry if she should deny any of his friends, consented he should lie there, if he would be locked up. Miles was contented, and presently went to bed, and she locked him into the chamber where he lay.

He had not been long in bed, before he heard the door open; with that he arose, peeping through the chink of the partition, and saw an old man come in. This man set down the basket he had on his arm, and gave the woman of the house three or four sweet kisses, which made Miles's mouth run with water to see it. Then did he undo his basket, and pulled out of it a fat capon, ready roasted, and bread, with a bottle of good old wine; this gave he unto her, saying, "Sweetheart, hearing thy husband was out of town, I thought good to visit thee; I am not come empty-handed, but I have brought something to make merry withal; lay the cloth, sweet honey, and let us first to banquet, and then to bed." She kindly thanked him, and pre-

sently did as he bid her. They were scarce sat at the table, but her husband returning back, knocked at the door. The woman, hearing this, was amazed, and knew not what to do with her old lover, but looking on her apron-strings, (as women use to do,) she strait found a trick to put herself free from this fear. She put her lover under the tub, the bottle of wine she put under the chest, and then she opened the door, and, with a dissembling kiss, welcomed her husband home, asking him the reason why he returned so quickly? He told her he had forgot the money he should have carried with him, but on the morrow betimes he would be gone. Miles saw and heard all this, and having a desire to taste of the capon and wine, called to the good man. He asked his wife who that was. She told him an acquaintance of his, that entreated lodging there that night. He bid her open the door, which she did, and let Miles out. He seeing Miles there, bid him welcome, and bid his wife set some meat on the table. She told him there was not any ready, but prayed him to keep his stomach till to-morrow, and she would provide them a good breakfast. "Since it is so, Miles," said the good man, "we must rest content, and sleep out our hunger."—"Nay, stay," said Miles, "if you can eat, I can find you good meats. I am a scholar, and have some art."—"I would fain see it," said the good old man. "You shall," quoth Miles, "and that presently." With that Miles pulled forth a book out of his bosom, and began his conjuration in this fashion:—

From the fearful lake below,
From whence Spirits come and go,
Straightway come one, and attend
Friar Bacon's man and friend.

But I will have you take no shape
Of a bear, a horse, or ape:
Nor will I have you terrible,
And therefore come invisible.

"Now he is come," quoth Miles, "and therefore tell me what meat you will have, mine host?"—"Any thing, Miles," said the good man, "what you will."—"Why then," said Miles, "what say you to a capon?"—"I love it above all meat," said the good man. "Why then, a capon you shall have, and a good one too. Bemo, my spirit, I have raised thee to do me service; I charge thee to seek and search about the earth, and bring me hither straight the best of capons ready roasted." Then stood he still a little, as though he had attended the coming of his spirit, and, on a sudden said, "It is well done, Bemo; he hath brought me, mine host, a fat capon from the king of Tropolli's own table, and bread with it."—"Aye, but where is it, Miles?" said the host, "I see neither spirit nor capon."—"Look under the tub," quoth Miles, "and you will find it." He presently

did, and brought, to his wife's grief, the capon and bread out. "Stay," quoth Miles, "we do want some drink that's comfortable and good. I think, mine host, a bottle of Malaga would not be amiss; I will have it; Bemo, haste thee to Malaga, and fetch me from the governor a bottle of his best wine."

The woman thought he would have betrayed her and her lover, and therefore wished he had been hanged when he came first into the house. He having stood a little while as aforesaid, "Well done, Bemo; look behind the great chest, mine host." He did so, and brought the bottle of wine. "Now," quoth he, "Miles, sit down, and welcome to thy own cheer. You may see, wife," quoth he, "what a man of art can do; get a fat capon and a bottle of good wine in a quarter of an hour, and for nothing, which is best of all. Come, good wife, sit down and be merry, for all this is paid for, I thank Miles."

When they had eaten and drank well, the good man desired Miles that he would let him see the spirit that had fetched them the good cheer. Miles seemed unwilling, and told him, it was against the laws of art to let an illiterate man see a spirit, but for once he would let him see it, and told him withal, he must open the door, and soundly beat the spirit, or else he would be troubled hereafter with it. And because he should not fear it, he would put him in the shape of some one of his neighbours.

The good man told him not to doubt his valour, he would beat him soundly; and for that purpose he took a good cudgel in his hand, and did stand ready for him. Then Miles went to the bed-side under which the old man lay, and began to conjure with these words:—

Bemo, quickly come, appear,
Like an old man that dwelleth near;
Quickly rise, and in his shape,
From this house make thy escape.

The old man seeing no remedy, but that he must needs come forth, put a good face on it, and rose from under the bed. "Behold my spirit," quoth Miles, "that brought me all that I have had. Now be as good as your word, and swaddle him soundly."—"I protest," said the good man, "your devil is like Goodman Stump, the tooth-drawer, as pome-water is like an apple. Is it possible that your spirit can take other men's shapes? I'll teach this to keep his own shape. With that he beat the old man soundly, so that Miles was fain to take him off, and put the old man out of the door, after some laughing; but the woman could not sleep for grief that her old lover had had such hard usage for her sake.

Vandermast, thinking that Friar Bacon had been dead, came into England, and in Kent met with Friar Bungey. He owing him no good-will for Friar Bacon's sake, took his horse out of the stable, and instead left a spirit like it. Friar Bungey in the

morning mounting his spirit, (which he thought had been his horse,) rode on his journey; but he riding through a water, was left in the middle by this spirit, and being thus wet, he returned to his inn. Bungey now thought he would be even with him. Vandermast loved a wench in the house, and sought to win her with gold, love, or promises. Bungey knowing this, shaped a devil like the wench, which he sent to Vandermast.

Vandermast appointed the spirit, (thinking it had been the wench,) to come to his chamber that night, and was very joyful that he should enjoy her at last; but this joy turned into sorrow, and his hopes into a bad night's lodging; for Friar Bungey had spread such a sheet on the bed, that no sooner was he laid (with the spirit) on it, but he was carried through the air, and let fall into a deep pond, where Vandermast had surely been drowned, if he could not have swam.

Vandermast, desirous now to do Friar Bungey a mischief, did challenge him to the field, not to fight at sword and dagger, but at worse weapons, for it was the art of magic.

There they both spread their circles some hundred feet from one another; and Vandermast, by his charms, raised a fiery dragon, which ran about Friar Bungey's circle, and so scorched him that he was almost ready to melt. Friar Bungey tormented Vandermast in another element; for he raised up the sea-monster that Perseus killed when he did redeem the fair Andromeda. This sea-monster ran about Vandermast, and such floods of water sent out of his wide mouth that Vandermast was almost drowned. Then Friar Bungey raised a spirit like St. George, who fought the dragon and killed it. Vandermast then raised up Perseus, who fought the sea-monster, and killed it. So they were both released from their danger.

Miles, one day, finding his master's study open, stole out of it one of his conjuring books. With this book would Miles needs conjure for some money; for he saw that his master had money enough, and he desired the like, which made him bold to trouble one of his master's devils. In a private place he thought it best to do it, therefore he went up to the top of the house, and there began to read. Long he had not read, but a devil came to him in an ugly shape, and asked what he would have? Miles, being frightened, could not speak, but stood quaking there like an aspen-leaf. The devil, seeing him so, raised a tempest, and hurled fire about, which made Miles leap from off the leads, and with the fall broke his leg.

Friar Bacon, hearing this noise, ran forth, and found his man Miles on the ground, and the devil hurling fire on the house-top. Bacon first laid the devil, then went to his man, and asked him how he got his broken leg? He told him that the devil did it, for he had frightened him, and made him leap from the house-top. "What didst thou there?" said his master. "I went to conjure, sir," said Miles, "for money, but I have got

nothing but a broken leg ; and now I must beg for money to cure that, if you be not the more pitiful to me."

"I have oftentimes given you warning not to meddle with my books," said his master, "and yet will you still be doing it. Take heed, you had best, how you deal with the devil again, for he that had power to break your leg, will break your neck, if you again meddle with him. For this I do forgive you, and your leg-breaking hath paid for your sauciness ; and though I gave you not a broken head, I will give you a plaister," and so sent for the surgeon.

It is spoken of before now, that Friar Bacon had a glass, which was of that excellent nature that any man might behold any thing that he desired to see, within the compass of fifty miles round about him. With this glass he had pleased divers people ; for fathers did often desire to see by it how their children did, and children how their parents did, and one friend how another did, and one enemy sometimes how his enemies did. So that from far they would come to see this wonderful glass.

It happened, one day, that there came to him two young gentlemen that were countrymen, and neighbours' children, to know of him by his glass how their fathers did : he being no niggard of his cunning, let them see his glass, wherein they beheld their wishes, which, through their own follies, they bought at the loss of their lives, as you shall hear.

The fathers of these two gentlemen, in their sons' absence, were become great foes ; the hatred between them was grown to such a height, that, wheresoever they met, they had not only words, but blows.

Just at the time that their sons were looking to see how they were in health, they were met, and had drawn their swords, and were together by the ears.

Their sons, seeing this, and having been always great friends, now beheld each other with angry looks. At last, one of their fathers, as they might perceive in the glass, had a fall, and the other, taking the advantage, stood over him, ready to strike him. The son of him that was down could contain himself no longer, but told the other young man, that his father had received wrong. He answered, "It was fair." At last there grew such foul words between them, and their bloods were so heated that they immediately stabbed one another with their daggers, and they both fell down dead.

Friar Bacon seeing them fall, ran to them, but it was too late ; for they were both breathless before he came. This grieved him exceedingly, and he judged they had received the cause of their deaths by his glass, took the glass in his hand, and uttered words to this effect :—

"Wretched Bacon, wretched in thy knowledge, in thy understanding wretched ; for thy art hath been the ruin of these two young gentlemen. Had I been busied in those holy things which my order ties me to, I had not had time to make this wicked

glass; wicked I well may call it, that is the cause of so vile an act. Would it were sensible, then should it feel my wrath; but being as it is, I will ruin it for ruining of them." And with that he broke his rare and wonderful glass, the like of it the whole world had not. This grief did increase, insomuch that in three days he would not eat any thing, but kept his chamber.

That the world should know how truly he repented of his wicked life, he caused a great fire to be made, and sending for many of his friends, scholars, and others, he spoke to them after this manner:—"My good friends and fellow-students, it is not unknown to you, that through my art I have attained to that credit that few men living ever had. Of the wonders I have done all England can speak, both King and Commons. I have unlocked the secret of art and nature, and let the world see those things that have lain hid since the death of Hermes, that rare and profound philosopher. My studies have found out the secret of the stars; and the books that I have made of them serve for precedents to our greatest doctors.

"I have likewise found out the secret of trees, plants, and stones, with their several uses; yet all this knowledge of them I esteem so lightly, that I wish I were ignorant and knew nothing, for the knowledge of these things serve not to better a man in goodness, but only to make him over-value himself.

"I have found that my knowledge hath been a heavy burthen, and hath kept down my thoughts; but I will remove the cause, which are these books, which I here purpose, before you all, to burn." They all entreated him to spare the books, because in them were those things that after-ages might receive great benefit by. He would not hearken to them, but put them all into the fire, and in that flame burnt the greatest learning in the world.

Then he disposed of all his goods; some part he gave to poor scholars, and some he gave to poor folks, leaving nothing for himself. Then he caused a cell to be made in the church-wall, where he locked himself in, and there remained to his death. His time he spent in prayer, meditation, and such divine exercises, and used all means to persuade men from the study of magic.

Thus lived he two years in this cell, never coming forth; his meat and his drink he received in at a window, and at that window he discoursed with those that came to him. He dug his grave with his own nails, and was laid there when he died. Thus was the life and death of this famous friar, who lived the most part of his life a magician, and died a true penitent sinner and an anchorite.

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