

MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE

Or,
A Piece of the World
Characteriz'd.

I. A CHILD

IS a Man in a smal Letter, yet the best Copy of Adam before hee tasted of Eve or the Apple; & hee is happy, whose small practice in the world can onely write his Character. Hee is natures fresh picture newly drawne in Oyle, which time and much handling dimmes and defaces. His soule is yet a white paper unscribed with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurr'd Note-booke. He is purely happy, because he knowes no evill, nor hath made meanes by sinne, to be acquainted with

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miserie. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, & when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his bearer. Nature & his Parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of Sugar, to a draught of Worme-wood. He playes yet, like a young Prentice the first day, and is not come to his taske of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet, is Teares, and they serve him well enough to expresse his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitfull an Organ; & he is best company with it, when hee can but prattle. Wee laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest: and his Drums, Rattles and Hobby-horses, but the Emblems, and mocking of mens businesse. His father hath writ him as his owne little story, wherein hee reads those dayes of his life that hee cannot remember; and sighes to see what innocence he ha's outliv'd. The elder he growes, hee is a staire lower from God; and like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christians example, and the old mans relapse: The one imitates his purenesse, & the other falls into his simplicitie. Could hee put off his body with his little

Coate, he had got eternity without a burthen, and exchang'd but one Heaven for another.

2. A YOUNG RAW PREACHER

IS a Bird not yet fledg'd, that hath hopt out of his nest to bee Chirping on a hedge, and will bee stragling abroad at what perill soever. His backwardnesse in the Vniversitie hath set him thus forward ; for had hee not truanted there, hee had not beene so hastie a Divine. His small standing and time hath made him a proficient onely in boldnesse, out of which & his Table-booke he is furnisht for a Preacher. His collections of Studie are the notes of Sermons, which taken up at St. Maries, hee utters in the Country. And if he write Brachigraphy, his stocke is so much the better. His writing is more then his reading ; for hee reades onely what hee gets without booke. Thus accomplit he comes downe to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the Pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his Colledge more at large. The pace of his Sermon is a fall careere, and he runnes wildly over hill and dale : till the clocke stop him. The labour

of it is chiefly in his lungs. And the onely thing hee ha's made in it himselfe, is the faces. He takes on against the Pope without mercy, and ha's a jest still in lavender for Bellarmine. Yet he preaches heresie, if it comes in his way, though with a minde I must needs say, very Orthodoxe, His action is all passion, and his speech interjections: Hee ha's an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. His stile is compounded of twenty severall mens, onely his body imitates some one extraordinary. He will not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is, that he never looks upon booke, & indeed, hee was never vs'd to it. Hee preaches but once a yeere, though twice a Sunday: for the stuffe is still the same, onely the dressing a little alter'd, He ha's more tricks with a Sermon, then a Tailor with an old cloake to turne it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profession, and would shew reading of his own, his Authors are Postils, and his Schoole-divinity a Catechisme. His fashion & demure Habit gets him in with some Towne-precisian, & makes him a Guest on Friday nights. You shall

know him by his narrow Velvet cape, and Serge facing, and his ruffe, next his hire; the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walke is some zealous tradesman whom he astonisheth with strange points, which they both vnderstand alike. His friends and much painefulnesse may preferre him to thirtie pounds a yeere, and this meanes, to a Chamber-maide: with whom wee leaue him now in the bonds of Wedlocke. Next Sunday you shall haue him againe.

3. A GRAVE DIVINE

IS one that knowes the burden of his calling, & hath studied to make his shoulders sufficient: for which hee hath not beene hasty to launch forth of his port the Vniversitie, but expected the ballast of learning, and the winde of opportunity. Divinity is not the beginning, but the end of his studies, to which hee takes the ordinary stayre, and makes the Arts his way. He counts it not prophanesse to bee polisht with humane reading, or to smooth his way by Aristotle to Schoole-Divinity. He ha's founded both Religions, and anchored in the best, and is a Protestant out of judgement, not faction, not because his Country, but his reason is

on this side. The ministry is his choyce, not refuge, and yet the Pulpit not his itch, but feare. His discourse there is substance, not all Rethorique, & he utters more things then words. His speech is not help'd with inforc'd action, but the matter acts it selfe. Hee shoots all his meditations at one But: and beats upon his Text, not the Cushion, making his hearers, not the Pulpit groane. In citing of Popish errors, he cuts them with Arguments, not cudgels them with barren invectives: and labours more to shew the truth of his cause then the spleene. His Sermon is limited by the method, not the houre-glasse; and his Devotion goes along with him out of the Pulpit. Hee comes not vp thrice a weeke, because he would not bee idle, nor talkes three houres together, because hee would not talke nothing: but his tongue preaches at fit times, and his conuersation is the every dayes exercise. In matters of ceremonie he is not ceremonious, but thinkes hee owes that reverence to the Church to bow his judgement to it, and make more conscience of schisme, then a Surplesse. Hee esteemes the Churches Hierachy as the Churches glory, and how-ever we jarre with Rome, would not have our confusion distinguish vs. In Symoniacall

purchases he thinks his Soule goes in the bargaine, and is loth to come by promotion so deare. Yet his worth at the length advances him, and the price of his owne merit buies him a living. He is no base grater of his Tythes, and will not wrangle for the odde Egge. The Lawier is the onely man he hinders, by whom he is spited for taking up quarrels. He is a maine pillar of our Church, though not yet Deane nor Canon, and his life our Religions best Apologie. His death is the last Sermon, where in the Pulpit of his Bed, he instructs men to die by his example.

4. A MODEST MAN.

IS a far finer man then he knowes of, One that shewes better to all men then himselfe, and so much the better to al men, as lesse to himselfe: for no quality sets a man off like this, and commends him more against his will: And he can put up any injury sooner then this (as he cals it) your Irony. You shall heare him confute his commend-ers, and giving reasons how much they are mistaken, and is angry almost if they doe not beleve him. Nothing threatens him so much as great expectation, which he thinks

more prejudiciall, then your under-opinion, because it is easier to make that false ; then this true. He is one that speaks from a good action, as one that had pilfered, and dare not justifie it, and is more blushinglly reprehended in this, then others in sin. That counts al publike declarings of himselfe, but so many penances before the people, and the more you applaud him, the more you abash him, and he recovers not his face a moneth after. One that is easie to like any thing, of another mans : and thinkes all he knowes not of him better, then that he knowes. He excuses that to you, which another would impute, and if you pardon him, is satisfied. One that stands in no opinion because it is his owne, but suspects it rather, because it is his owne, and is confuted and thanks you. Hee sees nothing more willingly then his errors ; and it is his error sometimes to be too soone perswaded. He is content to be Auditor, where hee only can speake, and content to goe away, and thinke himselfe instructed. No man is so weake that he is ashamed to learne of, and is lesse ashamed to confesse it : and he findes many times even in the dust, what others overlooke, and lose. Every mans presence is a kinde of bridle to him, to stop the roving of his tongue and

passions : and even impudent men looke for this reverence from him, and distaste that in him, which they suffer in themselves, as one in whom vice is ill-favoured, & shewes more securvily then another. A bawdy jest shall shame him more then a bastard another man, & he that got it, shall censure him among the rest. And hee is coward to nothing more then an ill tongue, and whosoever dare lye on him hath power over him, & if you take him by his looke, he is guilty. The maine ambition of his life is not to be discredited : and for other things, his desires are more limited then his fortunes, which he thinkes preferment though never so meane, and that he is to doe something to deserve this : Hee is too tender to venter on great places, and would not hurt a dignity to helpe himselfe. If he doe, it was the violence of his friends constrained him, and how hardly soever hee obtaine it, he was harder perswaded to seeke it.

5. A MEERE DULL PHYSICIAN

HIS practice is some businesse at Bed-sides, & his speculation an Vrinall. He is distinguisht from an Empericke, by a round velvet cap, and Doctors gowne, yet no man

takes degrees more superfluously, for he is a Doctor how soever. Hee is sworne to Galen and Hypocrates, as Vniversity men to their statutes, though they never saw them, and his discourse is all Aphorismes, though his reading be onely Alexis of piemont, or the Regiment of Health. The best Cure hee ha's done, is upon his own purse, which from a leane sickeliness he hath made lusty, and in flesh. His learning consists much in reckoning up the hard names of diseases, and the superscriptions of Gally-Pots in his Apothecaries Shoppe, which was rank't in his Shelves: and the Doctors memory. Hee is indeed onely languag'd in diseases, and speakes Greeke many times when he knows not. If he have beene but a by-stander at some desperate recovery, hee is slandered with it, though he be guiltlesse; and this breeds his reputation, & that his Practice; for his skill is meerly opinion. Of all odors he likes best the smell of Vrine, and holds Vespasians rule, that no gaine is unsavory. If you send this once to him, you must resolve to be sicke howsoever, for he will never leave examining your Water, till he have shakt it into a disease. Then followes a writ to his Drugger in a strange tongue, which hee understands, though he cannot