

with a profound reverence of the divine priestly wearers. They have the revenue of princes to support their grandeur; and they are most exact in having it collected by litigious mercenaries, even to the tenth of the hive of bees, and of the unlawful and filthy young swine; and yet they act the part of *Phope Ishto*, "Great drones, or drones of God," as soon as they obtain their rich high seat, not speaking the divine speech to the people hardly three times a year. Their food consists of a great variety of the choicest, and most delicious sorts of fish, flesh, and fowl; their drink is of the richest white, yellow, and red grape water, with other costly liquors which your language cannot express. They resort to the most gay assemblies in the world, for the sake of pleasure, leaving the multitude to the divine care, or the speakings of poor religious men who are hired at low wages to do their duty, as they themselves have enough to mind and secure properly temporal concerns. In this manner do these lamps shine, and spend their days and nights, like the great chieftains of the earth; and when they die, their bodies are laid apart from the rest of mankind, in polished and costly tombs adorned with the nice strokes of art, to perpetuate their names—the long train of virtues they so highly possessed—their great learning and eloquence—the simplicity of their lives and manners—their faithful discharge of the various duties of their religious high office—their contempt of the grandeur and vanities of this transient world—their tenderness of heart to the cries of the poor: and their singular modesty and humility, a shining copy of imitation for common priests, and other spiritual chieftains to pursue. These fine monuments are very pleasing to the eye, but honest men say that mercenary writers and artists do not act right to belie the dead.