

# 3

## The Seventeenth Century: The Age of Revolution (1603-1688)

### 3.1 LEARNING OUTCOMES

After reading this chapter, you will be able to:

- Analyze the causes for the Civil War in which Parliamentarians opposed the Royalists.
- Describe the reasons for the Restoration of monarchy in England in 1661.
- Analyze the religious conflicts that led to the Glorious Revolution of 1688.
- Describe the growth of knowledge and reason as sources of individual authority and individual rights.
- Compare Metaphysical poetry with Elizabethan poetry.
- Describe distinguishing features of Classical, Metaphysical, and Cavalier poetry.
- Describe the influence of courtiers and intellectuals on seventeenth-century drama.
- Compare Milton's epic *Paradise Lost* with Spenser's epic *The Faerie Queene*.

### 3.2 INTRODUCTION

Upon Elizabeth I's death, James IV of Scotland (1566-1624) became James I of England. Even though James I espoused the divine right of kings, his power was limited by Parliament, a powerful and persistent representative institution. Even under Henry VIII and Elizabeth I, Parliament was called to vote on the most arbitrary laws, including tax laws. The House of Commons, also, had and retained the power of the purse, even when the sovereign packed Commons with favorites. Consequently, Commons exercised a challenge to the sovereign's freedom of action. The Parliament kept their power in England: the sovereign could not make laws without votes of the House of Lords and Commons. To some extent, the Gunpowder

Plot of 1605 demonstrated the importance and power of Parliament. The plot was to assassinate James I, who was brought up as a Protestant, by blowing up the House of Lords during the State Opening of Parliament.

English sovereigns were also limited by their lack of a standing army. After the union of the Scottish and English crowns with James I, England had no boundaries to defend; it had no garrisons, no garrison cities, no fortresses—except on the coast—and no standing army. Instead, England had a navy, which does not lend itself well to despotism, as it cannot be sent over land. Without an army or money, it was difficult for the sovereign to be a despot. Parliament bowed to Elizabeth I and her ministers because, as a Protestant and patriot, she stood for the wishes of her country. When James I became king, things changed. Parliament was ready for changes, a fact of which James I seemed unaware. He was a theologian who wrote on monarchy by divine right. He defied Parliament and the wishes of the aristocracy. And his son Charles I (b. 1600) persisted with this defiance. Charles I tried to rule without Parliament, but money matters made him finally call Parliament. They came together with a list of grievances, and the conflict eventually blew up into a Civil War, the opponents of which were those who espoused Parliament, the Parliamentarians, and those who supported Charles I, the Royalists.

The Parliamentarians opposed Charles I's economic and political decrees; he had issued arbitrary decrees, billeted soldiers in civilian land, levied taxes without Parliamentary consent—infringements of the rights and liberties that Charles I had guaranteed by signing the constitutional document The Petition of Right (1628). Charles I also tried to make England an all-Anglican Church, a move that England would not accept. Protestant Dissenters, particularly Calvinists and Puritans, were outraged; they considered the Anglican Church too close to Roman Catholicism so wanted to purify it. Some even wanted to do away with church hierarchy, including bishops, and have Protestantism like that in Scotland. James I had distrusted the church; he taught his son Charles I to distrust it as well. Although Charles I was, in many ways, a fine person, he was also a most inept king. He fused his opponents into a strong party. The Civil War (1642-1641) was fought; intrigue and attempts for peace were unsuccessful. Oliver Cromwell (b. 1599), the leader of Parliament, became the leader of the country under the Commonwealth. And Charles I was tried for treason and beheaded (1649).



**Image 3.1 | The Execution of Charles I**

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Cromwell was a complex man: crafty, ruthless, and cruel; generous and noble. He was a Puritan of liberal policies. He often emerged from a bout of prayer convinced of God's will and his own. He made many mistakes and often hated what he did, including placing England under martial law. He raged against his generals who carried this law to extremes. He wanted a Parliament, but he couldn't get it to accede to his wishes, so he dismissed it. In 1658, he died during thunder and rain: a good end for such a stormy character. Death came to his assistance, as he feared that he had done England wrong. His son Richard was incapable of ruling the country, so Cromwell's generals suggested bringing back the monarchy.

By crowning Charles II (1630-1685)—the son of Charles I—England accepted a Restoration of the monarchy, but not an absolute monarchy. Charles II was the smartest and laziest of kings. He secretly wanted to be more absolute than Parliament desired, so he endorsed the reestablishment of Roman Catholicism in England and made a secret treaty with France, the Treaty of Dover (1670), through which he received a pension from Louis XIV. Consequently, when Charles II came into conflict with Parliament, he ruled without it and was able to do so because of that pension. During his reign, two catastrophes struck London, catastrophes inherent to its increasing population: the Great Plague of London (1665) and the Great Fire of London (1666). The bubonic plague killed around 100,000 people. And the Great Fire destroyed what remained of Medieval London, the narrow alleys and thatched roofed buildings within the Roman City Wall. Over the course of four days, around 70,000 homes were destroyed, many of which were demolished to serve as firebreaks. From the remains of these catastrophes, a new city was built, under the supervision of Robert Hooke (1635-1703). The architect Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723) rebuilt fifty-two churches in the City of London, a merchant area almost entirely destroyed by fire. His great St Paul's Cathedral stands today. He also founded the Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge, heralding the new scientific spirit.

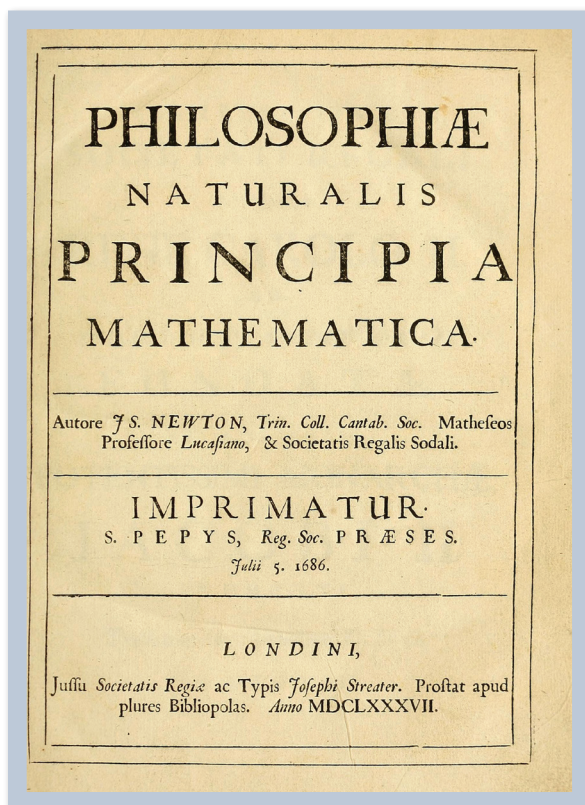
Charles II's brother James II (1633-1701) came to power in 1685 and was deposed in the Glorious Revolution of 1688 due in particular to religious conflict. Two years after the Restoration, Parliament asserted the dominance of the Anglican Church by passing the Act of Uniformity requiring The Book of Common Prayer and ordained episcopal clergy for worship to be legal. In 1673, Parliament passed the Test Act requiring all holders of civil and military office to take the oath of Supremacy and to declare against transubstantiation (the communion bread and wine becoming the actual body and blood of Jesus Christ), a declaration that required confirmation in the taking of communion according to Anglican rites. James II was a devout Roman Catholic. He had two daughters: Mary (1662-1694), who married William, the Prince of Orange (1650-1702); and Anne (1665-1714), who married Prince George of Denmark (1653-1708).

James II's first wife, the commoner Anne Hyde, died in 1671. James II came into power with the assumption that his successor would be Mary, who was Protestant. After his wife's death, however, James II married the Roman Catholic Mary of

Modena, an Italian princess. Fear and resentment grew against James II. A revolt under Charles II's illegitimate son, James Scott, 1<sup>st</sup> Duke of Monmouth (1649-1685) was put down cruelly. James II refused to abide by the Test Act, appointing Roman Catholics to military command without requiring them first to take the Supremacy oath. When Parliament criticized this behavior, James II dismissed Parliament, ordering it never to meet again during his reign. In 1688, James II's wife gave birth to James Francis Edward (d. 1766), who would likely entail a Roman Catholic succession. A conspiracy arose that led to Mary's husband, William of Orange's, being invited to invade England and overthrow Charles II. After losing support of his army and nobility, Charles II fled to France.

One year previously, Sir Isaac Newton's (1632-1727) *Philosophia Naturalis Principia Mathematica* marked an intellectual revolution sparked by the Reformation and the Protestant affirmation of individual conscience over authority. This authority of the individual was further promoted by the disappearance of the old guild system—the guild being an association of merchants that straitjacketed industry—that led to economic individualism, with the individual demanding to be left alone in working out their economic salvation. This economic individualism, combined with the growing religious individualism, promoted the authority

of the individual against the paternalism of state, a sign of which proved the Glorious Revolution. Thomas Hobbes's (1588-1679) *Leviathan* (1651) delineated the principles of authority in state through the individual's ceding power to sovereign authority in order to obtain protection and peace; in effect, it delineated not the divine right of kings but a social contract. Reason, rather than revelation or paternalistic authority, became the standard of knowledge and guiding principles. Francis Bacon (1561-1621) exhorted building knowledge through sense perception and from experience derived from the application of those senses, exhorted a knowledge built on concrete particulars and facts. Now, knowledge was power. Newton's *Principia* demonstrated this power in its laws, of motion, universal gravitation, and



**Image 3.2 | Title Page of *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, first edition (1687)**

**Author |** Isaac Newton

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planetary motion; laws that prepared for individuals acquiring greater power (through understanding) over their environment and themselves.

Newton epitomized the spirit of the age. And much of its negotiations—even vacillations—between central authority and individual rights and powers played out in the age’s poetry and drama. This age was rich in various schools of poetry. Traditional poets emulated the elaborate style of Spenser. John Milton was influenced by Spenser’s moral approach to writing and poetry and by his patriotic feeling. And Milton would produce the next great English epic, *Paradise Lost*. Other poets, like Ben Jonson, reacted against Spenser’s style. Jonson took as his guide Greek and Roman poetry, characterized by its directness, precision, balance, and restraint. He inspired a group of poets known as the “Sons of Ben,” including Robert Herrick; these poets were also called Cavalier Poets. And still other poets wrote in a metaphysical strain, using irregular meter, unusual verse forms, and writing in intense, dramatic, and complex verse. Metaphysical poets, like George Herbert and Andrew Marvell, wrote with wit and irony, using unusual metaphors. Tension fueled the new metaphysical poetry, particularly John Donne’s (1572-1631) with its search for an absolute that resolves the disparate many, a search expressed through paradoxes, conceits, and antitheses displaying individual reason and intellect.

Late Jacobean and Caroline drama, facing a decline in popularity due to censorship and Puritan restrictions, appealed to the more private inclinations and desires of courtiers and intellectuals in plays with increasingly violent, risqué, and cynical themes, the latter epitomized in Ben Jonson’s comedies, including *The Alchemist* and *Volpone* (1606). Courtly bent also gave rise to heroic drama with its epic subject matter of national import, and its verse form of the heroic couplet, that is, closed couplets in iambic pentameter. John Dryden (1631-1700) not only coined the term but also epitomized it in such plays as *All for Love, or the World Well Lost* (1677). And court masques, opulent spectacles, directly appealed to individuals’ senses, even as they ordered them through art itself, as did Jonson’s *The Vision of Delight* (1617) and *The Gypsies Metamorphosed* (1621).

The most important publication of the age pointed to the reconciliation of individual conscience with ultimate authority. The authorized King James Bible (1611), including the Old Testament, New Testament, and Apocrypha, enriched the English language and thought in a way that still resonates. John Milton would defend free thought and free expression—even to the point of requiring the execution of divinely-appointed kings—in his prose tracts and treatises. And when the Restoration destroyed his vision of liberty and made him an exile, Milton appealed to the Spirit that inspired biblical prophets to illuminate his own darkness so that he himself might justify the ways of God to men in his great epic *Paradise Lost* (1667, 1674).

### 3.3 RECOMMENDED READING

Susan Amussen, *An Ordered Society: Gender and Class in Early Modern England*, 1988.

Cedric C. Brown, *John Milton: A Literary Life*, 1995.

Elizabeth Eisenstein, *The Printing Press as an Agent of Change*, 2 vols, 1979.

Rupert Hall, *The Scientific Revolution, 1500-1800*, 1954.

Christopher Hill, *The Century of Revolution*, 1961.

Mary Prior, ed., *Women in English Society, 1500-1800*, 1985.

Keith Wrightson, *English Society 1580-1680*, 1982.

## 3.4 JOHN DONNE

(1572-1631)

John Donne was born into a family of devout Roman Catholics at a time when Roman Catholics were greatly persecuted in England. His mother, Elizabeth, came from a family related to Thomas More. One of Donne's uncles, who was a Jesuit, was imprisoned, sentenced to death, and exiled for heading a clandestine mission in England. Donne's brother Henry was arrested for harboring a priest; Henry died of the plague in Newgate Prison. In effect, Donne was a member of a minority group. His family was wealthy enough to afford Donne the Grand Tour, but he was hindered by his religious faith.

He was sent to Oxford at the age of eleven not because he was a child prodigy but because graduates at sixteen were supposed to pledge allegiance to the English monarch rather than the Pope. He matriculated at Hart Hall, Oxford but was unable to earn a law degree because he was Roman Catholic. He also probably studied at Cambridge then traveled abroad. Upon returning to London, Donne studied law, the classics, divinity, and languages. He also lived somewhat as a libertine, a young man around town, frequenting plays and admiring women. And he wrote verses, sonnets, Ovidian elegies to love, satires that challenged literary tradition and religious authority, and essays dealing with paradoxes and problems.

As a writer, Donne was both unique and original. He was a seeker, always accepting and rejecting ideas. He took a skeptical approach to reality, using awkward meter and a jumble of allusions and objects in his poems. Instead of perpetuating what he felt was the trite blandness of the typical Elizabethan metaphor in which a lady was described as a "fair flower," her lips like rubies and her hair like gold, Donne used striking images and the metaphysical conceit, that is, a less ornamental



**Image 3.3 | John Donne**

**Artist** | Unknown

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but still often extravagant metaphor which points out an unusual parallel between what are usually highly dissimilar elements. He forces his readers to accept his conceits by surprising them with their aptness or causing them to see new details in an accepted analogy. Donne's poems include a series of heterogeneous objects yoked masterfully, even violently, together. For he had an intellectual avidity, a hunger for the Absolute that would resolve all (often conflicting) particulars. For a time, love seemed to be that Absolute, that would make his "circle just" ("A Valediction Forbidding Mourning," 35).

In 1597, Donne was appointed secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton (1540-1617), the keeper of the seal; he also served as a member of parliament. His career looked promising; he was a world traveler, and a soldier who fought with Sir Walter Raleigh in the expeditions to Cadiz and the Azores. He fell in love with Anne More, the seventeen-year-old niece of Lord Egerton, and they secretly married. Their marriage was illegal, though, and Anne's father, Sir George More, had Donne imprisoned. The marriage was later sanctioned, but Donne's position in Egerton's service was lost and his career in pieces.

Donne (re)pieced together a career by writing anti-Catholic treatises, all the while hoping for political preferment. He was befriended by Sir Robert Drury, whom he accompanied to the Continent and who allowed Donne's family a home on the Drury estate. He was offered a job as a benefice for the church, which he



**Image 3.4 | John Donne in his Shroud**

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refused. Realizing that his only path to advancement lay in the Church of England, Donne converted to Anglicanism. Anne Donne died in 1617; Donne was ordained as a priest and became Dean of Saint Paul's Cathedral in 1621. He was a powerful preacher at a time when sermons were given extraordinary attention. Besides sermons, Donne wrote translations, elegies, satires, and holy sonnets devoted to God, the great Absolute that translates "all our scattered leaves" into an open book, made perfect before God (Meditation 17).

Suffering from the fever that ultimately killed him, Donne preached his own funeral sermon. He also had his portrait taken, dressed in a shroud: he made a masterpiece of death.

### 3.4.1 "The Good-Morrow"

(1633)

I WONDER by my troth, what thou and I  
 Did, till we loved? were we not wean'd till then?  
 But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly?  
 Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?  
 'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be;  
 If ever any beauty I did see,  
 Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,  
 Which watch not one another out of fear;  
 For love all love of other sights controls,  
 And makes one little room an everywhere.  
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone;  
 Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown;  
 Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,  
 And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;  
 Where can we find two better hemispheres  
 Without sharp north, without declining west?  
 Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally;  
 If our two loves be one, or thou and I  
 Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.

### 3.4.2 "The Sun Rising"

(1633)

BUSY old fool, unruly Sun,  
 Why dost thou thus,  
 Through windows, and through curtains, call on us?  
 Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?  
 Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide  
 Late school-boys and sour prentices,  
 Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride,  
 Call country ants to harvest offices;  
 Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,  
 Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.



Thy beams so reverend, and strong  
 Why shouldst thou think?  
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,  
 But that I would not lose her sight so long.  
 If her eyes have not blinded thine,  
 Look, and to-morrow late tell me,  
 Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine  
 Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.  
 Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,  
 And thou shalt hear, "All here in one bed lay."

She's all states, and all princes I;  
 Nothing else is;  
 Princes do but play us; compared to this,  
 All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy.  
 Thou, Sun, art half as happy as we,  
 In that the world's contracted thus;  
 Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be  
 To warm the world, that's done in warming us.  
 Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;  
 This bed thy center is, these walls thy sphere.

### 3.4.3 "The Indifferent"

(1633)

I CAN love both fair and brown;  
 Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays;  
 Her who loves liveness best, and her who masks and plays;  
 Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town;  
 Her who believes, and her who tries;  
 Her who still weeps with spongy eyes,  
 And her who is dry cork, and never cries.  
 I can love her, and her, and you, and you;  
 I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?  
 Will it not serve your turn to do as did your mothers?  
 Or have you all old vices spent, and now would find out others?  
 Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?  
 O we are not, be not you so;  
 Let me—and do you—twenty know;  
 Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.

Must I, who came to travel thorough you,  
Grow your fix'd subject, because you are true?

Venus heard me sigh this song;  
And by love's sweetest part, variety, she swore,  
She heard not this till now; and that it should be so no more.  
She went, examined, and return'd ere long,  
And said, "Alas! some two or three  
Poor heretics in love there be,  
Which think to stablish dangerous constancy.  
But I have told them, 'Since you will be true,  
You shall be true to them who're false to you.'"

### 3.4.4 "Break of Day"

(1633)

'TIS true, 'tis day; what though it be?  
O, wilt thou therefore rise from me?  
Why should we rise because 'tis light?  
Did we lie down because 'twas night?  
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,  
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;  
If it could speak as well as spy,  
This were the worst that it could say,  
That being well I fain would stay,  
And that I loved my heart and honour so  
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?  
O! that's the worst disease of love,  
The poor, the foul, the false, love can  
Admit, but not the busied man.  
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do  
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

### 3.4.5 "Love's Alchemy"

(1633)

Some that have deeper digg'd love's mine than I,  
Say, where his centric happiness doth lie.

I have loved, and got, and told,  
 But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,  
 I should not find that hidden mystery.  
 O! 'tis imposture all;  
 And as no chemic yet th' elixir got,  
 But glorifies his pregnant pot,  
 If by the way to him befall  
 Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,  
 So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,  
 But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,  
 Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay?  
 Ends love in this, that my man  
 Can be as happy as I can, if he can  
 Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play?  
 That loving wretch that swears,  
 'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,  
 Which he in her angelic finds,  
 Would swear as justly, that he hears,  
 In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.  
 Hope not for mind in women; at their best,  
 Sweetness and wit they are, but mummy, possess'd.

### 3.4.6 "The Flea"

(1633)

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,  
 How little that which thou deniest me is;  
 It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,  
 And in this flea our two bloods mingled be.  
 Thou know'st that this cannot be said  
 A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead;  
 Yet this enjoys before it woo,  
 And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two;  
 And this, alas! is more than we would do.

O stay, three lives in one flea spare,  
 Where we almost, yea, more than married are.  
 This flea is you and I, and this  
 Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is.  
 Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,  
 And cloister'd in these living walls of jet.

Though use make you apt to kill me,  
 Let not to that self-murder added be,  
 And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since  
 Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?  
 Wherein could this flea guilty be,  
 Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee?  
 Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou  
 Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now.  
 'Tis true; then learn how false fears be;  
 Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,  
 Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

### 3.4.7 "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning"

(1633)

As virtuous men pass mildly away,  
 And whisper to their souls to go,  
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say,  
 "Now his breath goes," and some say, "No."

So let us melt, and make no noise,  
 No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;  
 'Twere profanation of our joys  
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears;  
 Men reckon what it did, and meant;  
 But trepidation of the spheres,  
 Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love  
 —Whose soul is sense—cannot admit  
 Of absence, 'cause it doth remove  
 The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so much refined,  
 That ourselves know not what it is,  
 Inter-assurèd of the mind,  
 Care less, eyes, lips and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,  
 Though I must go, endure not yet  
 A breach, but an expansion,  
 Like gold to aery thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so  
 As stiff twin compasses are two;  
 Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show  
 To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,  
 Yet, when the other far doth roam,  
 It leans, and hearkens after it,  
 And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,  
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run;  
 Thy firmness makes my circle just  
 And makes me end where I begun.

### 3.4.8 "Holy Sonnet 3"

(1635)

O! might those sighs and tears return again  
 Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,  
 That I might in this holy discontent  
 Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain.  
 In mine Idolatry what showers of rain  
 Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?  
 That sufferance was my sin, I now repent;  
 'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.  
 Th' hydroptic drunkard, and night-scouting thief,  
 The itchy lecher, and self-tickling proud  
 Have the remembrance of past joys, for relief  
 Of coming ills. To poor me is allow'd  
 No ease; for long, yet vehement grief hath been  
 Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

**3.4.9 "Holy Sonnet 4"**

(1635)

O, my black soul, now thou art summoned  
 By sickness, Death's herald and champion;  
 Thou'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done  
 Treason, and durst not turn to whence he's fled;  
 Or like a thief, which till death's doom be read,  
 Wisheth himself deliver'd from prison,  
 But damn'd and haled to execution,  
 Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.  
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;  
 But who shall give thee that grace to begin?  
 O, make thyself with holy mourning black,  
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;  
 Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,  
 That being red, it dyes red souls to white.

**3.4.10 "Holy Sonnet 5"**

(1635)

I am a little world made cunningly  
 Of elements, and an angelic sprite;  
 But black sin hath betray'd to endless night  
 My world's both parts, and, O, both parts must die.  
 You which beyond that heaven which was most high  
 Have found new spheres, and of new land can write,  
 Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might  
 Drown my world with my weeping earnestly,  
 Or wash it if it must be drown'd no more.  
 But O, it must be burnt; alas! the fire  
 Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,  
 And made it fouler; let their flames retire,  
 And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal  
 Of Thee and Thy house, which doth in eating heal.

**3.4.11 "Holy Sonnet 10"**

(1633)

Death be not proud, though some have callèd thee  
 Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so,  
 For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,

Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill me.  
 From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,  
 Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,  
 And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,  
 Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.  
 Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,  
 And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,  
 And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,  
 And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then;  
 One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,  
 And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt die.

### **3.4.12 from *Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions: Meditation 17***

(1624)

Nunc Lento Sonitu Dicunt, Morieris

*(Now this bell, tolling softly for another, says to me, Thou must die.)*

Perchance, he for whom this bell tolls may be so ill, as that he knows not it tolls for him; and perchance I may think myself so much better than I am, as that they who are about me, and see my state, may have caused it to toll for me, and I know not that. The church is catholic, universal, so are all her actions; all that she does belongs to all. When she baptizes a child, that action concerns me; for that child is thereby connected to that body which is my head too, and ingrafted into that body whereof I am a member. And when she buries a man, that action concerns me: all mankind is of one author, and is one volume; when one man dies, one chapter is not torn out of the book, but translated into a better language; and every chapter must be so translated; God employs several translators; some pieces are translated by age, some by sickness, some by war, some by justice; but God's hand is in every translation, and his hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again for that library where every book shall lie open to one another. As therefore the bell that rings to a sermon calls not upon the preacher only, but upon the congregation to come, so this bell calls us all; but how much more me, who am brought so near the door by this sickness.

There was a contention as far as a suit (in which both piety and dignity, religion and estimation, were mingled), which of the religious orders should ring to prayers first in the morning; and it was determined, that they should ring first that rose earliest. If we understand aright the dignity of this bell that tolls for our evening prayer, we would be glad to make it ours by rising early, in that application, that it might be ours as well as his, whose indeed it is.

The bell doth toll for him that thinks it doth; and though it intermit again, yet from that minute that this occasion wrought upon him, he is united to God. Who casts not up his eye to the sun when it rises? but who takes off his eye from a comet when that

breaks out? Who bends not his ear to any bell which upon any occasion rings? but who can remove it from that bell which is passing a piece of himself out of this world?

No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friend's or of thine own were: any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

Neither can we call this a begging of misery, or a borrowing of misery, as though we were not miserable enough of ourselves, but must fetch in more from the next house, in taking upon us the misery of our neighbours. Truly it were an excusable covetousness if we did, for affliction is a treasure, and scarce any man hath enough of it. No man hath affliction enough that is not matured and ripened by it, and made fit for God by that affliction. If a man carry treasure in bullion, or in a wedge of gold, and have none coined into current money, his treasure will not defray him as he travels. Tribulation is treasure in the nature of it, but it is not current money in the use of it, except we get nearer and nearer our home, heaven, by it. Another man may be sick too, and sick to death, and this affliction may lie in his bowels, as gold in a mine, and be of no use to him; but this bell, that tells me of his affliction, digs out and applies that gold to me: if by this consideration of another's danger I take mine own into contemplation, and so secure myself, by making my recourse to my God, who is our only security.

### 3.4.13 Reading and Review Questions

1. How, if at all, can readers reconcile Donne's love poems with his religious poems? Do his love poems contain religious, or spiritual, elements?
2. How, if at all, do Donne's poems reconcile a cynical realization of the many, or life's heterogeneity, with his thirst for the Absolute, or the one. Do his poems offer partial solutions to his dilemma?
3. Why do you think Donne uses words like *all*, *infinity*, *everywhere*; or claims that his love is *like America*? What's their effect, and why?
4. How do Donne's poems compare with Elizabethan love poetry? Consider the decorum and conventions of Elizabethan poetry that praises and pines for distant and idealized ladies in gentle and courtly language. How does Donne's poetic style compare with the Elizabethans'?
5. How, if at all, does Holy Sonnet 10 relate to Meditation 17? What attitude towards God and man do these works suggest?



### 3.5 AEMILIA LANYER

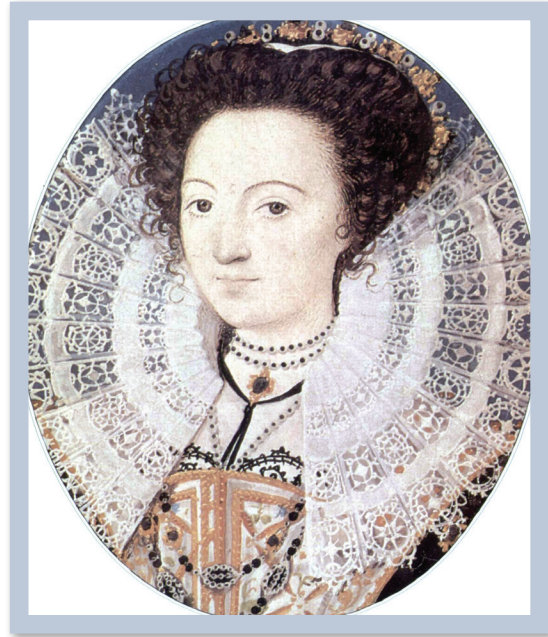
(1569-1645)

Little is known about Aemilia Lanyer's childhood and early youth. She writes of having lived for a while in the household of Susan Bertie, Countess of Kent (b. 1554). As with most women of that time, Lanyer's career was expected to be marriage. And she was married to Alfonso Lanyer, a musician and soldier, but only after having had an affair with Henry Cary, 1<sup>st</sup> Baron Hunsdon (1526-1596), a member of Elizabeth I's court and patron of the arts. An ensuing pregnancy determined her future in her marriage to Alfonso Lanyer.

Virginia Woolf (1882-1941) would note that in a patriarchal society, all women but particularly those not of the aristocracy were destined to silence and obscurity. That did not prove to be entirely the case with Aemilia Lanyer because in 1611 she published a small volume of religious poetry entitled the *Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum*. It was successful enough to have had two editions, or impressions, printed. Of the few copies to survive, one was presented to Prince Henry, the other, to the Archbishop of Dublin, representatives of the two pillars of paternal authority in the seventeenth century, the Monarchy and the Church.

Lanyer, like most women up through the early twentieth century, gained fame as a relative being when A. L. Rowse (1903-1997) on dubious grounds claimed her as the "dark lady" of Shakespeare's sonnets, a claim he made in a modern edition of her own *Salve*. While her work is now gaining attention for its own sake, she nevertheless finds a place in a male-dominated canon that defines her genre and voice. Her work may converse with those of John Donne, Ben Jonson, and Andrew Marvell, but unlike the work of these male contemporaries, Lanyer's poetry also converses with women writers, some of whom were also her contemporaries: Christine de Pizan (1364-1430), Mary Sidney Herbert (1561-1621), and Rachel Speght (b. 1597).

Lanyer's *Salve* fits with religious poetry, a genre deemed acceptable for women, but it takes a different focus and attitude than conventional religious poetry. She defends Eve; she animates the tears of the Daughters of Jerusalem; she gives authentic voice to the Virgin Mary's sorrow. And she exculpates women from



**Image 3.5 | Aemilia Lanyer**

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Christ's crucifixion. This focus may align with her intended audience, delineated in the verses dedicated to all virtuous ladies and gentlewomen, including Princess Elizabeth, Lady Arabella Stuart (1575-1615), and the Countesses of Cumberland (1560-1616) and of Kent (1582-1651). Lanyer exhorts her audience to speak well of all women and not to fall into the institutionalized—cultural and religious—misogyny of the age. This dedication and its implicit plea for patronage seems to be the first such written by a woman—the very word “patronage,” suggests male claims. And in her poetry, Lanyer works within the gendered hierarchical frame of her era but reverses values when she upholds not only herself but also Eve, Pilate's wife, and other Biblical figures as true Christians and conveyers of Christ's message.

In her own life, Lanyer strove for her rights independent of men. She inherited from her husband a hay and straw weighing patent. She passed this grant on to her two brothers-in-law, Innocent and Clement, in return for a grant of half the profits. When they did not honor their agreement, Lanyer sued them and won a partial settlement in 1634. For two years, Lanyer ran a school in a wealthy London suburb whose pupils were intended to come from diverse backgrounds. In her later years, she seems to have lived near the family of her son Henry and to have obtained the official status of pensioner, that is, someone with a steady income, or pension. She died in 1645 and was buried at Clerkenwell.

### 3.5.1 *Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum*

(1611)

#### **To the Queenes most Excellent Majestie.**

Renowned Empresse, and great Britaines Queene,  
 Most gracious Mother of succeeding Kings;  
 Vouchsafe to view that which is seldome seene,  
 A Womans writing of diuine things:  
     Reade it faire Queene, though it defectiue be,  
     Your Excellence can grace both It and Mee.

For you haue rifled Nature of her store,  
 And all the Goddesses haue dispossessed  
 Of those rich gifts which they enioy'd before,  
 But now great Queene, in you they all doe rest.  
     If now they striued for the golden Ball,  
     Paris would giue it you before them all.

From Iuno you haue State and Dignities,  
 From warlike Pallas, Wisdome, Fortitude;  
 And from faire Venus all her excellencies,

With their best parts your Highnesse is indu'd:  
 How much are we to honor those that springs  
 From such rare beauty, in the blood of Kings?

The Muses doe attend vpon your Throne,  
 With all the Artists at your becke and call;  
 The Syluane Gods, and Satyres euery one,  
 Before your faire triumphant Chariot fall:  
 And shining Cynthia with her nymphs attend  
 To honour you, whose Honour hath no end.

From your bright speare of greatnes where you sit,  
 Reflecting light to all those glorious stars  
 That wait vpon your Throane; To virtue yet  
 Vouchsafe that splendor which my meannesse bars:  
 Be like faire Phoebe, who doth loue to grace  
 The darkest night with her most beauteous face.

Apollo's beames doe comfort euery creature,  
 And shines vpon the meanest things that be;  
 Since in Estate and Virtue none is greater,  
 I humbly wish that yours may light on me:  
 That so these rude vnpollisht lines of mine,  
 Graced by you, may seeme the more diuine.

Looke in this Mirroure of a worthy Mind,  
 Where some of your faire Virtues will appeare:  
 Though all it is impossible to find,  
 Vnlesse my Glasse were chrystall, or more cleare:  
 Which is dym steele, yet full of spotlesse truth,  
 And for one looke from your faire eyes it su'th.

Here may your sacred Maistie behold  
 That mightie Monarch both of heau'n and earth,  
 He that all Nations of the world controld,  
 Yet tooke our flesh in base and meanest berth:  
 Whose daies were spent in pouerty and sorrow,  
 And yet all Kings their wealth of him do borrow.

For he is Crowne and Crowner of all Kings,  
 The hopeful hauen of the meaner sort,  
 It is he that all our ioyfull tidings brings  
 Of happie raigne within his royall Court:

It is he that in extremity can giue  
Comfort to them that haue no time to liue.

And since my wealth within his Region stands,  
And that his Crosse my chiefest comfort is,  
Yea in his kingdome onely rests my lands,  
Of honour there I hope I shall not misse:  
Though I on earth doe liue vnfortunate,  
Yet there I may attaine a better state.

In the meane time, accept most gracious Queene  
This holy worke, Virtue presents to you,  
In poore apparell, shaming to be seene,  
Or once t'appeare in your iudiciall view:  
But that faire Virtue, though in meane attire,  
All Princes of the world doe most desire.

And sith all royall virtues are in you,  
The Naturall, the Morall, and Diuine,  
I hope how plaine soeuer, beeing true,  
You will accept euen of the meanest line  
Faire Virtue yeelds; by whose rare gifts you are  
So highly grac'd, t'exceed the fairest faire.

Behold, great Queene, faire Eues Apologie,  
Which I haue writ in honour of your sexe,  
And doe referre vnto your Maiestie,  
To iudge if it agree not with the Text:  
And if it doe, why are poore Women blam'd,  
Or by more faultie Men so much defam'd?

And this great Lady I haue here attired,  
In all her richest ornaments of Honour,  
That you faire Queene, of all the world admired,  
May take the more delight to looke vpon her:  
For she must entertaine you to this Feast,  
To which your Highnesse is the welcom'st guest.

For here I haue prepar'd my Paschal Lambe,  
The figure of that liuing Sacrifice;  
Who dying, all th'Infernall powres oercame,  
That we with him t'Eternitie might rise:  
This pretious Passeouer feed vpon, O Queene,

Let your faire Virtues in my Glasse be seene.  
The Lady ELIZABETHS Grace.

And she that is the patterne of all Beautie,  
The very modell of your Maiestie,  
Whose rarest parts enforceth Loue and Duty,  
The perfect patterne of all Pietie:  
O let my Booke by her faire eies be blest,  
In whose pure thoughts all Innocency rests.

Then shall I think my Glasse a glorious Skie,  
When two such glittering Suns at once appeare;  
The one repleat with Sou'raigne Maiestie,  
Both shining brighter than the clearest cleare:  
And both reflecting comfort to my spirits,  
To find their grace so much about my merits

Whose vntun'd voyce the dolefull notes doth sing  
Of sad Affliction in an humble straine;  
Much like vnto a Bird that wants a wing,  
And cannot flie, but warbles forth her paine:  
Or he that barred from the Suns bright light,  
Wanting daies comfort, doth comend the night.

So I that liue clos'd vp in Sorrowes Cell,  
Since great Elizaes fauour blest my youth;  
And in the confines of all cares doe dwell,  
Whose griued eyes no pleasure euer view'th:  
But in Christ's suffrings, such sweet taste they haue,  
As makes me praise pale Sorrow and the Graue.

And this great Ladie whom I loue and honour,  
And from my very tender yeeres haue knowne,  
This holy habite still to take vpon her,  
Still to remaine the same, and still her owne:  
And what our fortunes doe enforce vs to,  
She of Deuotion and meere Zeale doth do.

Which makes me thinke our heauy burden light,  
When such a one as she will help to beare it:  
Treading the paths that make our way go right,  
What garment is so faire but she may weare it;  
Especially for her that entertaines  
A Glorious Queene, in whome all woorth remains.

Whose powre may raise my sad dejected Muse,  
From this lowe Mansion of a troubled mind;  
Whose princely fauour may such grace infuse,  
That I may spread Her Virtues in like kind:  
    But in the triall of my slender skill,  
    I wanted knowledge to performe my will.

For euen as they that doe behold the Starres,  
Not with the eie of Learning, but of Sight,  
To find their motions, want of knowledge barres  
Although they see them in their brightest light:  
    So, though I see the glory of her State,  
    Its she that must instruct and eleuate.

My weake distempred braine and feeble spirits,  
Which all vnleaned haue aduentur'd, this  
To write of Christ, and of his sacred merits,  
Desiring that this Booke Her hands may kisse:  
    And though I be vnworthy of that grace,  
    Yet let her blessed thoghts this book imbrace.

And pardon me (faire Queene) though I presume,  
To doe that which so many better can;  
Not that I Learning to my selfe assume,  
Or that I would compare with any man:  
    But as they are Scholers, and by Art do write,  
    So Nature yeelds my Soule a sad delight.

And since all Arts at first from Nature came,  
That goodly Creature, Mother of Perfection,  
Whom Ioues almighty hand at first did frame,  
Taking both her and hers in his protection:  
    Why should not She now grace my barren Muse,  
    And in a Woman all defects excuse.

So peerelesse Princesse humbly I desire,  
That your great wisdom would vouchsafe t'omit  
All faults; and pardon if my spirits retire,  
Leauing to ayme at what they cannot hit:  
    To write your worth, which no pen can expresse,  
    Were but t'eclipse your Fame, and make it lesse.

**To the Lady ELIZABETHS Grace.**

Most gracious Ladie, faire ELIZABETH ,  
 Whose Name and Virtues puts vs still in mind,  
 Of her, of whom we are depriu'd by death;  
 The Phoenix of her age, whose worth did bind  
 All worthy minds so long as they haue breath,  
     In linkes of Admiration, loue and zeale,  
     To that deare Mother of our Common-weale.

Euen you faire Princesse next our famous Queene,  
 I doe inuite vnto this wholesome feast,  
 Whose goodly wisdom, though your yeares be greene,  
 By such good workes may daily be increast,  
 Though your faire eyes farre better Bookes haue seene;  
     Yet being the first fruits of a womans wit,  
     Vouchsafe you[r] fauour in accepting it.

**To all vertuous Ladies in generall.**

Each blessed Lady that in Virtue spends  
 Your pretious time to beautifie your soules;  
 Come wait on her whom winged Fame attends  
 And in hir hand the Booke where she inroules  
 Those high deserts that Maiestie commends:  
     Let this faire Queene not vnattended bee,  
     When in my Glasse she daines her selfe to see.

Put on your wedding garments euery one,  
 The Bridegroome stayes to entertaine you all;  
 Let Virtue be your guide, for she alone  
 Can leade you right that you can neuer fall;  
 And make no stay for feare he should be gone:  
     But fill your Lamps with oyle of burning zeale,  
     That to your Faith he may his Truth reueale.

Let all your roabes be purple scarlet white,  
 Those perfit colours purest Virtue wore,  
 Come dekt with Lillies that did so delight  
 To be preferr'd in Beauty, farre before  
 Wise Salomon in all his glory dight:  
     Whose royall roabes did no such pleasure yield,  
     As did the beauteous Lilly of the field.

Adorne your temples with faire Daphnes crowne,  
 The neuer changing Laurel, alwaies greene;  
 Let constant hope all worldly pleasures drowne,  
 In wise Mineruaes paths be alwaies seene;  
 Or with bright Cynthia, thogh faire Venus frown:  
     With Esop crosse the posts of euery doore,  
     Where Sinne would riot, making Virtue poore.

And let the Muses your companions be,  
 Those sacred sisters that on Pallas wait;  
 Whose Virtues with the purest minds agree,  
 Whose godly labours doe auoyd the baite  
 Of worldly pleasures, liuing alwaies free  
     From sword, from violence, and from ill report,  
     To those nine Worthies all faire mindes resort.

Annoynt your haire with Aarons pretious oyle,  
 And bring your palmes of vict'ry in your hands,  
 To ouercome all thoughts that would defile  
 The earthly circuit of your soules faire lands;  
 Let no dimme shadowes your cleare eyes beguile:  
     Sweet odours, mirrhe, gum, aloes, frankincense,  
     Present that King who di'd for your offence.

Behold, bright Titans shining chariot staies,  
 All deckt with flowers of the freshest hew,  
 Attended on by Age, Houres, Nights, and Daies,  
 Which alters not your beauty, but giues you  
 Much more, and crownes you with eternall praise:  
     This golden chariot wherein you must ride,  
     Let simple Doues, and subtile serpents guide.

Come swifter than the motion of the Sunne,  
 To be transfigur'd with our louing Lord,  
 Lest Glory end what Grace in you begun,  
 Of heau'nly riches make your greatest hoord,  
 In Christ all honour, wealth, and beautie's wonne:  
     By whose perfections you appeare more faire  
     Than Phœbus, if he seau'n times brighter were.

Gods holy Angels will direct your Doues,  
 And bring your Serpents to the fields of rest,  
 Where he doth stay that purchast all your loues



In bloody torments, when he di'd opprest,  
 There shall you find him in those pleasant groues  
     Of sweet Elizium, by the Well of Life,  
     Whose cristal springs do purge from worldly strife

Thus may you flie from dull and sensuall earth,  
 Whereof at first your bodies formed were,  
 That new regen'rate in a second berth,  
 Your blessed soules may liue without all feare,  
 Beeing immortall, subiect to no death:  
     But in the eie of heauen so highly placed,  
     That others by your virtues may be graced.

Where worthy Ladies I will leaue you all,  
 Desiring you to grace this little Booke;  
 Yet some of you me thinkes I heare to call  
 Me by my name, and bid me better looke,  
 Lest vnawares I in an error fall:  
     In generall tearmes, to place you with the rest,  
     Whom Fame commends to be the very best.

Tis true, I must confesse (O noble Fame)  
 There are a number honoured by thee,  
 Of which, some few thou didst recite by name,  
 And willd my Muse they should remembred bee;  
 Wishing some would their glorious Trophies frame:  
     Which if I should presume to vndertake,  
     My tired Hand for very feare would quake.

Onely by name I will bid some of those,  
 That in true Honors seate haue long bin placed,  
 Yea euen such as thou hast chiefly chose,  
 By whom my Muse may be the better graced;  
 Therefore, vnwilling longer time to lose,  
     I will inuite some Ladies that I know,  
     But chiefly those as thou hast graced so.

### **To the Ladie Lucie, Countesse of Bedford.**

Me thinkes I see faire Virtue readie stand,  
 T'vnlocke the closet of your louely breast,  
 Holding the key of Knowledge in her hand,  
 Key of that Cabbine where your selfe doth rest,  
 To let him in, by whom her youth was blest:

The true-loue of your soule, your hearts delight,  
Fairer than all the world in your cleare sight.

He that descended from celestiall glory,  
To taste of our infirmities and sorrowes,  
Whose heauenly wisdom read the earthly storie  
Of fraile Humanity, which his godhead borrows[;]  
Loe here he coms all stuck with pale deaths arrows:  
In whose most pretious wounds your soule may reade  
Saluation, while he (dying Lord) doth bleed.

You whose cleare Iudgement farre exceeds my skil,  
Vouchsafe to entertaine this dying louer,  
The Ocean of true grace, whose streames doe fill  
All those with Ioy, that can his loue recouer;  
About this blessed Arke bright Angels houer:  
Where your faire soule may sure and safely rest,  
When he is sweetly seated in your brest.

There may your thoughts as seruaunts to your heart,  
Giue true attendance on this louely guest,  
While he doth to that blessed bowre impart  
Flowres of fresh comforts, decke that bed of rest,  
With such rich beauties as may make it blest:  
And you in whom all raritie is found,  
May be with his eternall glory crownd.

### **To the Ladie ANNE, Countesse of Dorset.**

To you I dedicate this worke of Grace,  
This frame of Glory which I haue erected,  
For your faire mind I hold the fittest place,  
Where vertue should be settled & protected;  
If highest thoughts true honor do imbrace,  
And holy Wisdom is of them respected:  
Then in this Mirrour let your faire eyes looke,  
To view your virtues in this blessed Booke.

Blest by our Sauiors merits, not my skil,  
Which I acknowledge to be very small;  
Yet if the least part of his blessed Will  
I haue perform'd, I count I haue done all:  
One sparke of grace sufficient is to fill  
Our Lampes with oyle, ready when he doth call

To enter with the Bridegroom to the feast,  
Where he that is the greatest may be least.

Greatnesse is no sure frame to build vpon,  
No worldly treasure can assure that place;  
God makes both euen, the Cottage with the Throne,  
All worldly honours there are counted base,  
Those he holds deare, and reckneth as his owne,  
Whose virtuous deeds by his [especiall] grace  
    Haue gain'd his loue, his kingdome, and his crowne,  
    Whom in the booke of Life he hath set downe.

Titles of honour which the world bestowes,  
To none but to the virtous belong;  
As beauteous bowres where true worth should repose,  
And where his dwellings should be built most strong:  
But when they are bestow'd vpon her foes,  
Poore virtues friends indure the greatest wrong:  
    For they must suffer all indignity,  
    Vntill in heau'n they better graced be.

What difference was there when the world began,  
Was it not Virtue that distinguisht all?  
All sprang but from one woman and one man,  
Then how doth Gentry come to rise and fall?  
Or who is he that very rightly can  
Distinguish of his birth, or tell at all,  
    In what meane state his Ancestors haue bin,  
    Before some one of worth did honour win?

Whose successors, although they beare his name,  
Possessing not the riches of his minde,  
How doe we know they spring out of the same  
True stocke of honour, beeing not of that kind?  
It is faire virtue gets immortall fame,  
Tis that doth all loue and duty bind:  
    If he that much enjoyes, doth little good,  
    We may suppose he comes not of that blood.

Nor is he fit for honour, or command,  
If base affections ouer-rules his mind;  
Or that selfe-will doth carry such a hand,  
As worldly pleasures haue the powre to blind

So as he cannot see, nor vnderstand  
 How to discharge that place to him assign'd:  
 Gods Stewards must for all the poore prouide,  
 If in Gods house they purpose to abide.

### **To the Ladie Margaret Countesse Dowager of Cumberland.**

Right honourable and excellent Lady I may say with Saint Peter, Siluer nor gold haue I none, but such as I haue, that giue I you: for hauing neither rich pearles of India, no fine gold of Arabia, nor diamonds of inestimable value; neither those rich treasures, Arramaticall Gums, incense, and sweet odours, which were presented by those Kingly Philosophers to the babe Iesus, I present vnto you euen our Lord Iesus himselfe, whose infinit value is not to be comprehended within the weake imagination or wit of man: and as Saint Peter gaue health to the body, so I deliuer you the health of the soule; which is this most pretious pearle of all perfection, this rich diamond of deuotion, this perfect gold growing in the veines of that excellent earth of the most blessed Paradice, wherein our second Adam had his restlesse habitation. The sweet incense, balsums, odours, and gummes that flowes from that beautifull tree of Life, sprung from the roote of Iessie, which is so super-excellent, that it giueth grace to the meanest & most vnworthy hand that will vndertake to write thereof; neither can it receiue any blemish thereby: for as a right diamond can loose no whit of his beautie by the blacke foyle vnderneath it, neither by beeing placed in the darke, but retaines his naturall beauty and brightnesse shining in greater perfection than before, so this most pretious diamond, for beauty and riches exceeding all the most pretious diamonds and rich jewels of the world, can receiue no blemish, nor impeachment, by my vnworhty hand writing; but wil with the Sunne retaine his owne brightnesse and most glorious lustre, though neuer so many blind eyes looke vpon him. Therefore good Madame, to the most perfect eyes of your vnderstanding, I deliuer the inestimable treasure of all elected soules, to bee perused at conuenient times; as also, the mirrour of your most worthy minde, which may remaine in the world many yeares longer than your Honour, or my selfe can liue, to be a light vnto those that come after, desiring to tread in the narrow path of virtue, that leads the way to heauen. In which way, I pray God send your Honour long to continue, that your light may so shine before men, that they may glorifie your father which is in Heauen: and that I and many others may follow you in the same tracke. So wishing you in this world all increase of health and honour, and in the world to come life euerlasting, I rest.

### ***Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum.***

Sith Cynthia is ascended to that rest  
 Of endlesse joy and true Eternitie,  
 That glorious place that cannot be exprest  
 By any wight clad in mortalitie,

In her almightie love so highly blest,  
 And crown'd with everlasting Sovraintie;  
 Where Saints and Angells do attend her Throne,  
 And she gives glorie vnto God alone.

To thee great Countesse now I will applie  
 My Pen, to write thy never dying fame;  
 That when to Heav'n thy blessed Soul shall flie,  
 These lines on earth record thy reverend name:  
 And to this taske I meane my Muse to tie,  
 Though wanting skill I shall but purchase blame:  
 Pardon (deere Ladie) want of womens wit  
 To pen thy praise, when few can equall it.

And pardon (Madame) though I do not write  
 those praisefull lines of that delightfull place,  
 As you commaunded me in that faire night,  
 When shining Phœbe gave so great a grace,  
 Presenting Paradice to your sweet sight,  
 Vnfoldng all the beauty of her face  
 With pleasant groues, hills, walks and stately trees,  
 Which pleasure with retired minds agrees,

Whose Eagles eyes behold the glorious Sunne  
 Of th'all-creating Providence, reflecting  
 His blessed beames on all by him, begunne;  
 Increasing, strengthning, guiding and directing  
 All worldly creatures their due course to runne,  
 Vnto His powrefull pleasure all subjecting:  
 And thou (deere Ladie) by his speciall grace,  
 In these his creatures dost behold his face.

Whose all-reviving beautie, yeelds such joyes  
 To thy sad Soule, plunged in waves of woe,  
 That worldly pleasures seemes to thee as toyes,  
 Onely thou seek'st Eternitie to know,  
 Respecting not the infinite annoyes  
 That Satan to thy well-staid mind can show;  
 Ne can he quench in thee, the Spirit of Grace,  
 Nor draw thee from beholding Heavens bright face.

Thy Mind so perfect by thy Maker fram'd,  
 No vaine delights can harbour in thy heart,

With his sweet loue, thou art so much inflam'd,  
 As of the world thou seem'st to have no part;  
 So, love him still, thou need'st not be asham'd,  
 Tis He that made thee, what thou wert, and art:  
     Tis He that dries all teares from Orphans eies,  
     And heares from heav'n the wofull widdows cries.

Tis He that doth behold thy inward cares,  
 And will regard the sorrowes of thy Soule;  
 Tis He that guides thy feet from Sathans snares,  
 And in his Wisedome, doth thy waies controule:  
 He through afflictions, still thy Minde prepares,  
 And all thy glorious Trialls will enroule:  
     That when darke daies of terror shall appeare,  
     Thou as the Sunne shalt shine; or much more cleare.

The Heav'ns shall perish as a garment olde,  
 Or as a vesture by the maker chang'd,  
 And shall depart, as when a skrowle is rolde;  
 Yet thou from him shalt neuer be estrang'd,  
 When He shall come in glory, that was solde  
 For all our sinnes; we happily are chang'd,  
     Who for our faults put on his righteousnesse,  
     Although full oft his Lawes we doe transgresse.

Long mai'st thou joy in this almightie love,  
 Long may thy Soule be pleasing in his sight,  
 Long mai'st thou have true comforts from above,  
 Long mai'st thou set on him thy whole delight,  
 And patiently endure when he doth proue,  
 Knowing that He will surely do thee right:  
     Thy patience, faith, long suffring, and thy love,  
     He will reward with comforts from above.

With Majestie and Honour is He clad,  
 And deck'd with lights as with a garment faire;  
 He joyes the Meeke, and makes the Mightie sad,  
 Pulls downe the Prowd, and doth the Humble reare:  
 Who sees this Bridegroom, never can be sad;  
 None lives that can his wondrous workes declare:  
     Yea, looke how farre the East is from the West,  
     So farre he sets our sinnes that have transgrest.

He rides vpon the wings of all the windes,  
And spreads the heav'ns with his all powrefull hand;  
Oh! who can loose when the Almighty bindes?  
Or in his angry presence dares to stand?  
He searcheth out the secrets of all mindes;  
All those that feare him shall possesse the Land:  
    He is exceeding glorious to behold,  
    Auntient of Times; so faire and yet so old.

He of the watry Cloudes his Chariot frames,  
And makes his blessed Angels powrefull Spirits,  
His Ministers are fearefull fiery flames,  
Rewarding all according to their merits;  
The Righteous for an heritage he claimes,  
And registers the wrongs of humble spirits:  
    Hills melt like wax, in presence of the Lord,  
    So do all sinners, in his sight abhorr'd.

He in the waters laies his chamber beames,  
And cloudes of darkenesse compasse him about,  
Consuming fire shall goe before in streames,  
And burne vp all his en'mies round about:  
Yet on these Iudgements [w]orldlings never dreames,  
Nor of these daungers never stand in doubt:  
    While he shall rest within his holy Hill,  
    That lives and dies according to his Will.

But woe to them that double-hearted bee,  
Who with their tongues the righteous Soules doe slay;  
Bending their bowes to shoot at all they see,  
With vpright hearts their Maker to obay;  
And secretly doe let their arrowes flee,  
To wound true hearted people any way:  
    The Lord wil roote them out that speake prowd things,  
    Deceitfull tongues are but false Slanders wings.

Froward are the vngodly from their berth,  
No sooner borne, but they doe goe astray;  
The Lord will roote them out from off the earth,  
And give them to their en'mies for a pray,  
As venemous as Serpents is their breath,  
With poysned lies to hurt in what they may

The Innocent: who as a Dove shall flie  
Vnto the Lord, that he his cause may trie.

The righteous Lord doth righteousnesse allow,  
His countenance will behold the thing that's just;  
Vnto the Meane he makes the Mightie bow,  
And raiseth vp the Poore out of the dust:  
Yet makes no count to vs, nor when, nor how,  
But powres his grace on all, that puts their trust  
In him: that never will their hopes betray,  
Nor lets them perish that for mercie pray.

He shall within his Tabernacle dwell,  
Whose life is vncorrupt before the Lord,  
Who no vntrueths of Innocents doth tell,  
Nor wrongs his neighbour, nor in deed, nor word,  
Nor in his malice seems to swell,  
Nor whets his tongue more sharper than a sword,  
To wound the reputation of the Iust;  
Nor seekes to lay their glorie in the Dust.

That great Iehova King of heav'n and earth,  
Will raine downe fire and brimstone from above,  
Vpon the wicked monsters in their berth  
That storme and rage at those whom he doth love:  
Snares, stormes, and tempests he will raine, and death,  
Because he will himselfe almightie prove:  
And this shall be their portion they shall drinke,  
That thinkes the Lord is blind when he doth winke.

Pardon (good Madame) though I have digrest  
From what I doe intend to write of thee,  
To set his glorie forth whom thou lov'st best,  
Whose wondrous works no mortall eie can see;  
His speciall care on those whom he hath blest  
From wicked worldlings, how he sets them free:  
And how such people he doth overthrow  
In all their waies, that they his powre may know.

The meditation of this Monarchs love,  
Drawes thee from caring what this world can yield;  
Of joyes and griefes both equall thou dost prove,  
They have no force, to force thee from the field:



Thy constant faith like to the Turtle Dove  
 Continues combat, and will never yield  
     To base affliction; or proud pomps desire,  
     That sets the weakest mindes so much on fire.

Thou from the Court to the Countrie art retir'd,  
 Leaving the world, before the world leaves thee:  
 That great Enchantresse of weak mindes admir'd,  
 Whose all-bewitching charmes so pleasing be  
 To worldly wantons; and too much desir'd  
 Of those that care not for Eternitie:  
     But yeeld themselves as preys to Lust and Sinne,  
     Loosing their hopes of Heav'n Hell paines to winne.

But thou, the wonder of our wanton age  
 Leav'st all delights to serve a heav'nly King:  
 Who is more wise? or who can be more sage,  
 Than she that doth Affection subject bring;  
 Not forcing for the world, or Satans rage,  
 But shrowding vnder the Almightyes wing;  
     Spending her yeares, moneths, daies, minutes, howres,  
     In doing service to the heav'nly powres.

Thou faire example, live without compare,  
 With Honours triumphs seated in thy breast;  
 Pale Envy never can thy name empaire,  
 When in thy heart thou harbour'st such a guest:  
 Malice must live for ever in dispaire;  
 There's no revenge where Virtue still doth rest:  
     All hearts must needs do homage vnto thee,  
     In whom all eies such rare perfection see.

That outward Beautie which the world commends,  
 Is not the subject I will write vpon,  
 Whose date expir'd, that tyrant Time soone ends,  
 Those gawdie colours soone are spent and gone:  
 But those faire Virtues which on thee attends  
 Are alwaies fresh, they never are but one:  
     They make thy Beautie fairer to behold,  
     Than was that Queene for whom proud Troy was sold.

As for those matchlesse colours Red and White,  
 Or perfit features in a fading face,

Or due proportion pleasing to the sight;  
 All these doe draw but dangers and disgrace:  
 A mind enrich'd with Virtue, shines more bright,  
 Addes everlasting Beauty, gives true grace,  
     Frames an immortall Goddess on the earth,  
     Who though she dies, yet Fame gives her new berth.

That pride of Nature which adorne the faire,  
 Like blasing Comets to allure all eies,  
 Is but the thred, that weaves their web of Care,  
 Who glories most, where most their danger lies;  
 For greatest perills do attend the faire,  
 When men do seeke, attempt, plot and devise,  
     How they may overthrow the chastest Dame,  
     Whose Beautie is the White whereat they aime.

Tw'as Beautie bred in Troy the ten yeares strife,  
 And carried Hellen from her lawfull Lord;  
 Tw'as Beautie made chaste Lucrece loose her life,  
 For which proud Tarquins fact was so abhorr'd:  
 Beautie the cause Antonius wrong'd his wife,  
 Which could not be decided but by sword:  
     Great Cleopatraes Beautie and defects  
     Did worke Octaviaes wrongs, and his neglects.

What fruit did yeeld that faire forbidden tree,  
 But blood, dishonour, infamie, and shame?  
 Pore blinded Queene, could'st thou no better see,  
 But entertaine disgrace, instead of fame?  
 Doe these designes with Maiestie agree?  
 To staine thy blood, and blot thy royall name.  
     That heart that gave consent vnto this ill,  
     Did give consent that thou thy selfe should'st kill.

Faire Rosamund, the wonder of her time,  
 Had bin much fairer, had shee not bin faire;  
 Beautie betraid her thoughts, aloft to clime,  
 To build strong castles in vncertaine aire,  
 Where th'infection of a wanton crime  
 Did worke her falle, first poyson, then despaire,  
     With double death did kill her periur'd soule,  
     When heauenly Iustice did her sinne controule.

Holy Matilda in a haplesse houre  
 Was borne to sorrow and to discontent,  
 Beauty the cause that turn'd her Sweet to Sowre,  
 While Chastity sought Folly to preuent.  
 Lustfull King Iohn refus'd, did vse his powre,  
 By Fire and Sword, to compasse his content:  
 But Friends disgrace, nor Fathers banishment,  
 Nor Death it selfe, could purchase her consent.

Here Beauty in the height of all perfection,  
 Crown'd this faire Creatures euerlasting fame,  
 Whose noble minde did scorne the base subiection  
 Of Feares, or Fauours, to impaire her Name:  
 By heauenly grace, she had such true direction,  
 To die with Honour, not to liue in Shame;  
 And drinke that poyson with a cheerefull heart,  
 That could all Heavenly grace to her impart.

This Grace great Lady, doth possesse thy Soule,  
 And makes thee pleasing in thy Makers sight;  
 This Grace doth all imperfect Thoughts controule,  
 Directing thee to serue thy God aright;  
 Still reckoning him, the Husband of thy Soule,  
 Which is most pretious in his glorious sight:  
 Because the Worlds delights shee doth denie  
 For him, who for her sake vouchsaf'd to die.

And dying made her Dowager of all;  
 Nay more, Co-heire of that eternall blisse  
 That Angels lost, and We by Adams fall;  
 Meere Cast-awaies, rais'd by a Iudas kisse,  
 Christs bloody sweat, the Vinegar and Gall,  
 The Speare, Sponge, Nailes, his buffeting with Fists,  
 His bitter Passion, Agony, and Death,  
 Did gaine vs Heauen when He did loose his breath.

These high deserts inuites my lowely Muse  
 To write of Him, and pardon craue of thee,  
 For Time so spent, I need make no excuse,  
 Knowing it doth with thy faire Minde agree  
 So well, as thou no Labour wilt refuse,  
 That to thy holy Loue may pleasing be:

His Death and Passion I desire to write,  
And thee to read, the blessed Soules delight.

But my deare Muse, now whither wouldst thou flie,  
Aboue the pitch of thy appointed straine?  
With Icarus, thou seekest now to trie,  
Not waxen wings, but thy poore barren Braine,  
Which farre too weake, these siely lines descrie;  
Yet cannot this thy forward Mind restraine,  
But thy poore Infant Verse must soare aloft,  
Not fearing threatning dangers, happening oft.

Thinke when the eye of Wisdom shall discover  
Thy weakling Muse to flie, that scarce could creepe,  
And in the Ayre aboue the Clowdes to hover,  
When better 'twere mued vp, and fast asleepe;  
They'l thinke with Phaeton, thou canst ne'er recover,  
But helplesse with that poore yong Lad to weepe:  
The little World of thy weake Wit on fire,  
Where thou wilt perish in thine owne desire.

But yet the Weaker thou dost seeme to be  
In Sexe, or Sence, the more his Glory shines,  
That doth infuze such powrefull Grace in thee,  
To shew thy Love in these few humble Lines;  
The Widowes Myte, with this may well agree,  
Her litle All more worth than golden mynes,  
Beeing more deerer to our loving Lord,  
Than all the wealth that Kingdoms could afford.

Therefore I humbly for his Grace will pray,  
That he will give me Power and Strength to Write,  
That what I haue begun, so end I may,  
As his great Glory may appeare more bright;  
Yea in these Lines I may no further stray,  
Than his most holy Spirit shall giue me Light:  
That blindest Weakenesse be not over-bold,  
The manner of his Passion to vnfold.

In other Phrases than may well agree  
With his pure Doctrine, and most holy Writ,  
That Heavens cleare eye, and all the World may see,  
I seeke his Glory, rather than to get

The Vulgars breath, the seed of Vanitie,  
Nor Fames lowd Trumpet care I to admit;  
But rather strive in plainest Words to showe,  
The Matter which I seeke to vndergoe.

A Matter farre beyond my barren skill,  
To shew with any Life this map of Death,  
This Storie, that whole Worlds with Bookes would fill,  
In these few Lines, will put me out of breath,  
To run so swiftly vp this mightie Hill,  
I may behold it with the eye of Faith;  
But to present this pure vnspotted Lambe,  
I must confesse, I farre vnworthy am.

Yet if he pleaseth t'illuminate my Spirit,  
And giue me Wisdom from his holy Hill,  
That I may Write part of his glorious Merit,  
If he vouchsafe to guide my Hand and Quill,  
To shew his Death, by which we doe inherit  
Those endlesse Ioyes that all our hearts do fill;  
Then will I tell of that sad blacke fac'd Night,  
Whose mourning Mantle covered Heavenly Light.

That very Night our Saviour was betrayd,  
Oh night! exceeding all the nights of sorrow,  
When our most blessed Lord, although dismayd,  
Yet would not he one Minutes respite borrow,  
But to Mount Oliues went, though sore afraid,  
To welcome Night, and entertaine the Morrow;  
And as he oft vnto that place did goe,  
So did he now, to meet his long nurst woe.

He told his deere Disciples, that they all  
Should be offended by him that selfe night;  
His Griefe was great, and theirs could not be small,  
To part from him who was their sole Delight;  
Saint Peter thought his Faith could neuer fall,  
No mote could happen in so clear a sight:  
Which made him say, Though all men were offended,  
Yet would he never, though his life were ended.

But his deare Lord made answer, That before  
The Cocke did crowe, he should deny him thrice;

This could not choose but grieue him very sore,  
 That his hot Loue should prooue more cold than Ice,  
 Denying him he did so much adore;  
 No imperfection in himselfe he spies,  
     But saith againe, with him hee'l surely die,  
     Rather than his deare Master once denie.

And all the rest (did likewise say the same)  
 Of his Disciples, at that instant time;  
 But yet poore Peter, he was most too blame,  
 That thought aboute them all; by Faith to clime;  
 His forward speech inflicted sinne and shame,  
 When Wisdoms eye did looke and checke his crime:  
     Who did foresee, and told him it before,  
     Yet would he needs auerre it more and more.

Now went our Lord vnto that holy place,  
 Sweet Gethsemaine hallowed by his presence,  
 That blessed Garden, which did now embrace  
 His holy corps, yet could make no defence  
 Against those Vipers, objects of disgrace,  
 Which sought that pure eternall Loue to quench:  
     Here his Disciples willed he to stay,  
     Whilst he went further, where he meant to pray.

None were admitted with their Lord to goe,  
 But Peter, and the sonnes of Zebed'us,  
 To them good Iesus opened all his woe,  
 He gaue them leaue his sorrows to discusse,  
 His deepest griefes, he did not scorne to showe  
 These three deere friends, so much he did intrust:  
     Being sorrowfull, and ouercharg'd with griefe,  
 He told them, yet look'd for no reliefe.

Sweet Lord, how couldst thou thus to flesh and blood  
 Communicate thy griefe? tell of thy woes?  
 Thou knew'st they had no powre to doe thee good,  
 But were the cause thou must endure these blowes,  
 Beeing the Scorpions bred in Adams mud,  
 Whose poys'ned sinnes did worke among thy foes,  
     To re-ore-charge thy ouer-burd'ned soule,  
     Although the sorrowes now they doe condole.

Yet didst thou tell them of thy troubled state,  
 Of thy Soules heuinesse vnto the death,  
 So full of Loue, so free wert thou from hate,  
 To bid them stay, whose sinnes did stop thy breath.  
 When thou wert entring at so strait a gate,  
 Yea entring euen into the doore of Death,  
     Thou bidst them tarry there, and watch with thee,  
 Who from thy pretious blood-shed were not free.

Bidding them tarry, thou didst further goe,  
 To meet affliction in such gracefull sort,  
 As might mooue pitie both in friend and foe,  
 Thy sorrowes such, as none could them comport,  
 Such great Indurements who did euer know,  
 When to th'Almighty thou didst make resort?  
     And falling on thy face didst humbly pray,  
 If 'twere his Will that Cup might passe away.

Saying, Nor my will but thy will Lord be done.  
 When as thou prayedst an Angel did appeare  
 From Heauen, to comfort thee Gods onely Sonne,  
 That thou thy Suffrings might'st the better beare,  
 Beeing in an agony, thy glasse neere run.  
 Thou prayedst more earnestly, in so great feare,  
     That pretious sweat came trickling to the ground,  
     Like drops of blood thy sences to confound.

Loe here his Will, not thy will, Lord, was done,  
 And thou content to vndergoe all paines;  
 Sweet Lambe of God, his deare beloved Sonne,  
 By this great purchase, what to thee remaines?  
 Of Heaven and Earth thou hast a Kingdom wonne,  
 Thy Glory beeing equall with thy Gaines,  
     In ratifying Gods promise on th'earth,  
     Made many hundred yeares before thy berth.

But now returning to thy sleeping Friends,  
 That could not watch one houre for love of thee,  
 Even those three Friends, which on thy Grace depends,  
 Yet shut, those Eies that should their Maker see;  
 What colour, what excuse, or what amends  
 From thy Displeasure now can set them free?

Yet thy pure Pietie bids them Watch and Pray,  
Lest in Temptation they be led away.

Although the Spirit was willing to obay,  
Yet what great weaknesse in the Flesh was found!  
They slept in Ease, whilst thou in Paine didst pray;  
Loe, they in Sleepe, and thou in Sorow drown'd:  
Yet Gods right Hand was vnto thee a stay,  
When horror, grieffe, and sorow did abound:  
His Angel did appeare from Heaven to thee,  
To yeeld thee comfort in Extremitie.

But what could comfort them thy troubled Minde,  
When Heaven and Earth were both against thee bent?  
And thou no hope, no ease, no rest could'st finde,  
But must restore that Life, which was but lent;  
Was ever Creature in the World so kinde,  
But he that from Eternitie was sent?  
To satisfie for many Worlds of Sinne,  
Whose matchlesse Torments did but then begin.

If one Mans sinne doth challenge Death and Hell,  
With all the Torments that belong thereto:  
If for one sinne such Plagues on David fell,  
As grieved him, and did his Seed vndoe:  
If Salomon, for that he did not well,  
Falling from Grace, did loose his Kingdome too:  
Ten Tribes beeing taken from his wilfull Sonne,  
And Sinne the Cause that they were all vndone.

What could thy Innocency now expect,  
When all the Sinnes that ever were committed,  
Were laid to thee, whom no man could detect?  
Yet farre thou wert of Man from beeing pittied,  
The Iudge so iust could yeeld thee no respect,  
Nor would one jot of penance be remitted;  
But greater horror to thy Soule must rise,  
Than Heart can thinke, or any Wit devise.

Now draws the houre of thy affliction neere,  
And vgly Death presents himselfe before thee;  
Thou now must leaue those Friends thou held'st so deere,  
Yea those Disciples, who did most adore thee;



Yet in thy countenance doth no Wrath appeare,  
 Although betrayd to those that did abhorre thee:  
 Thou did'st vouchsafe to visit them againe,  
 Who had no apprehension of thy paine.

Their eyes were heavie, and their hearts asleepe,  
 Nor knew they well what answere then to make thee;  
 Yet thou as Watchman, had'st a care to keepe  
 Those few from sinne, that shortly would forsake thee;  
 But now thou bidst them henceforth Rest and Sleepe,  
 Thy houre is come, and they at hand to take thee:  
 The Sonne of God to Sinners made a pray,  
 Oh hatefull houre! oh blest! oh cursed day!

Loe here thy great Humility was found,  
 Beeing King of Heauen, and Monarch of the Earth,  
 Yet well content to haue thy Glory drownd,  
 By beeing counted of so meane a berth;  
 Grace, Loue, and Mercy did so much abound,  
 Thou entertaindst the Crosse, euen to the death:  
 And nam'dst thy selfe, the sonne of Man to be,  
 To purge our pride by thy Humilitie.

But now thy friends whom thou didst call to goe,  
 Heauy Spectators of thy haplesse case,  
 See thy Betraye, whom too well they knowe,  
 One of the twelue, now object of disgrace,  
 A trothlesse traytor, and a mortall foe,  
 With fained kindnesse seekes thee to imbrace;  
 And giues a kisse, whereby he may deceiue thee,  
 That in the hands of Sinners he might leaue thee.

Now muster forth with Swords, with Staues, with Bils,  
 High Priests and Scribes, and Elders of the Land,  
 Seeking by force to haue their wicked Wils,  
 Which thou didst neuer purpose to withstand;  
 Now thou mak'st haste vnto the worst of Ils,  
 And who they seeke, thou gently doest demand;  
 This didst thou Lord, t'amaze these Fooles the more,  
 T'inquire of that, thou knew'st so well before.

When loe these Monsters did not shame to tell,  
 His name, they sought, and found, yet could not know

Iesus of Nazareth, at whose feet they fell,  
 When Heauenly Wisdome did descend so lowe  
 To speake to them: they knew they did not well,  
 Their great amazement made them backward goe:  
     Nay, though he said vnto them, I am he,  
     They could not know him, whom their eyes did see.

How blinde were they could not discern the Light!  
 How dull! if not to vnderstand the truth,  
 How weake! if meekenesse overcame their might;  
 How stony hearted, if not mov'd to ruth:  
 How void of Pitie, and how full of Spight,  
 Gainst him that was the Lord of Light and Truth:  
     Here insolent Boldnesse checkt by Love and Grace,  
     Retires, and falls before our Makers face.

For when he spake to this accursed crew,  
 And mildly made them know that it was he:  
 Presents himselfe, that they might take a view;  
 And what they doubted they might cleerely see;  
 Nay more, to re-assure that it was true,  
 He said: I say vnto you, I am hee.  
     If him they sought, he's willing to obey,  
     Oney desires the rest might goe their way.

Thus with a heart prepared to endure  
 The greatest wrongs Impietie could devise,  
 He was content to stoope vnto their Lure,  
 Although his Greatnesse might doe otherwise:  
 Here Grace was seised on with hands impure,  
 And Virtue now must be suppress by Vice,  
     Pure Innocencie made a prey to Sinne,  
     Thus did his Torments and our Ioyes beginne.

Here faire Obedience shined in his breast,  
 And did suppress all feare of future paine;  
 Love was his Leader vnto this vnrest,  
 Whil'st Righteousnesse doth carry vp his Traine;  
 Mercy made way to make vs highly blest,  
 When Patience beat downe Sorrow, Feare and Paine:  
     Iustice sate looking with an angry brow,  
     On blessed misery appeering now.

More glorious than all the Conquerors  
 That euer liu'd within this Earthly round,  
 More powrefull than all Kings, or Gouvernours  
 That euer yet within this World were found;  
 More valiant than the greatest Souldiers  
 That euer fought, to haue their glory crown'd:  
     For which of them, that euer yet tooke breath,  
     Sought t'indure the doome of Heauen and Earth?

But our sweet Sauoir whom these Iewes did name;  
 Yet could their learned Ignorance apprehend  
 No light of grace, to free themselues from blame:  
 Zeale, Lawes, Religion, now they doe pretend  
 Against the truth, vntruths they seeke to frame:  
 Now al their powres, their wits, their strengths, they bend  
     Against one siely, weake, vnarmed man,  
     Who no resistance makes, though much he can,

To free himselfe from these vnlearned men,  
 Who call'd him Sauoir in his blessed name;  
 Yet farre from knowing him their Sauoir then,  
 That came to saue both them and theirs from blame;  
 Though they retire and fall, they come agen  
 To make a surer purchase of their shame:  
     With lights and torches now they find the way,  
     To take the Shepheard whilst the sheep doe stray.

Why should vnlawfull actions vse the Light?  
 Inniquitie in Darknesse seekes to dwell:  
 Sinne rides his circuit in the dead of Night,  
 Teaching all soules the ready waies to hell;  
 Sathan comes arm'd with all the powres of Spight,  
 Heartens his Champions, makes them rude and fell;  
     Like rau'ning wolues, to shed his guiltlesse blood,  
 Who thought no harme, but di'd to doe them good.

Here Falshood beares the shew of formall Right,  
 Base Treacherie hath gote a guard of men;  
 Tyranny attends, with all his strength and might,  
 To leade this siely Lamb to Lyons denne;  
 Yet he vnmoou'd in this most wretched plight,  
 Goes on to meete them, knowes the houre, and when:

The powre of darkenesse must expresse Gods ire,  
Therefore to saue these few was his desire.

These few that wait on Pouerty and Shame,  
And offer to be sharers in his Ils;  
These few that will be spreaders of his Fame,  
He will not leaue to Tyrants wicked wils;  
But still desires to free them from all blame,  
Yet Feare goes forward, Anger Patience kills:  
A Saint is mooued to reuenge a wrong,  
And Mildnesse doth what doth to Wrath belong.

For Peter grieu'd at what might then befall,  
Yet knew not what to doe, nor what to thinke,  
Thought something must be done; now, if at all,  
To free his Master, that he might not drinke  
This poys'ned draught, farre bitterer than gall,  
For now he sees him at the very brinke  
Of griesly Death, who gins to shew his face,  
Clad in all colours of a deepe disgrace.

And now those hands, that neuer vs'd to fight,  
Or drawe a weapon in his owne defence,  
Too forward is, to doe his Master right,  
Since of his wrongs, hee feeles to true a sence:  
But ah poore Peter now thou wantest might,  
And hee's resolu'd, with them he will goe hence:  
To draw thy sword in such a helplesse cause,  
Offends thy Lord, and is against the Lawes.

So much he hates Revenge, so farre from Hate,  
That he vouchsafes to heale, whom thou dost wound;  
His paths are Peace, with none he holdes Debate,  
His Patience stands vpon so sure a ground,  
To counsell thee, although it comes too late:  
Nay, to his foes, his mercies so abound,  
That he in pittie doth thy will restraine,  
And heales the hurt, and takes away the paine.

For willingly he will endure this wrong,  
Although his pray'rs might have obtain'd such grace,  
As to dissolve their plots though ne'er so strong,  
And bring these wicked Actors in worse case

Than Ægypt's King on whom Gods plagues did throng,  
 But that foregoing Scriptures must take place:  
 If God by prayers had an army sent  
 Of powrefull Angels, who could them prevent?

Yet mighty IESVS meekely ask'd, Why they  
 With Swords and Staves doe come as to a Thiefe?  
 Hee teaching in the Temple day by day  
 None did offend, or give him cause of grieffe.  
 Now all are forward, glad is he that may  
 Give most offence, and yeeld him least reliefe:  
 His hatefull foes are ready now to take him,  
 And all his deere Disciples do forsake him.

Those deare Disciples that he most did love,  
 And were attendant at his becke and call,  
 When triall of affliction came to prove,  
 They first left him, who now must leave them all:  
 For they were earth, and he came from above,  
 Which made them apt to flie, and fit to fall:  
 Though they protest they never will forsake him,  
 They do like men, when dangers overtake them.

And he alone is bound to loose vs all,  
 Whom with vnhalloved hands they led along,  
 To wicked Caiphaz in the Iudgement Hall,  
 Who studies onely hope to doe him wrong;  
 High Priests and Elders, People great and small,  
 With all reprochfull words about him throng:  
 False Witnesses are now call'd in apace,  
 Whose trothlesse tongues must make pale death imbrace

The beauty of the World, Heavens chiefest Glory;  
 The mirrour of Martyrs, Crowne of holy Saints;  
 Loue of th'Almighty, blessed Angels story;  
 Water of Life, which none that drinks it, faints;  
 Guide of the Iust, where all our Light we borrow;  
 Mercy of Mercies; Hearer of Complaints;  
 Triumpher ouer Death; Ransomer of Sinne;  
 Falsly accused: now his paines begin.

Their tongues doe serue him as a Passing bell,  
 For what they say is certainly beleued;

So sound a tale vnto the Iudge they tell,  
That he of Life must shortly be bereaued;  
Their share of Heauen, they doe not care to sell,  
So his afflicted Heart be throughly grieued:  
They tell his Words, though farre from his intent,  
And what his Speeches were, not what he meant.

That he Gods holy Temple could destroy,  
And in three daies could build it vp againe;  
This seem'd to them a vaine and idle toy,  
It would not sinke into their sinful braine:  
Christs blessed body, al true Christians joy,  
Should die, and in three dayes reuiue againe:  
This did the Lord of Heauen and earth endure,  
Vniustly to be charg'd by tongues impure.

And now they all doe giue attentiu eare,  
To heare the answeare, which he will not make;  
The people wonder how he can forbear,  
And these great wrongs so patiently can take;  
But yet he answers not, nor doth he care,  
Much more he will endure for our sake:  
Nor can their wisdoms any way discover,  
Who he should be that proou'd so true a Louer.

To entertaine the sharpest pangs of death,  
And fight a combate in the depth of hell,  
For wretched Worldlings made of dust and earth,  
Whose hard'ned hearts, with pride and mallice swell;  
In midst of bloody sweat, and dying breath,  
He had compassion on these tyrants fell:  
And purchast them a place in Heau'n for euer,  
When they his Soule and Body sought to seuer.

Sinnes vgly mists, so blinded had their eyes,  
That at Noone dayes they could discerne no Light:  
These were those fooles, that thought themselues so wise.  
The Iewish wolues, that did our Sauour bite;  
For now they vse all meanes they can deuise,  
To beate downe truth, and goe against all right:  
Yea now they take Gods holy name in vaine,  
To know the truth, which truth they doe prophane.

The chiefest Hel-hounds of this hatefull crew,  
 Rose vp to aske what answere he could make,  
 Against those false accusers in his view;  
 That by his speech, they might aduantage take:  
 He held his peace, yet knew they said not true,  
 No answere would his holy wisdome make,  
     Till he was charged in his glorious name,  
     Whose pleasure 'twas he should endure this shame.

Then with so mild a Maiestie he spake,  
 As they might easily know from whence he came,  
 His harmlesse tongue doth no exceptions take,  
 Nor Priests, nor People, meanes he now to blame;  
 But answers Folly, for true Wisdomes sake,  
 Beeing charged deeply by his powrefull name,  
     To tell if Christ the Sonne of God he be,  
     Who for our sinnes must die, to set vs free.

To thee O Caiphas doth he answere giue,  
 That thou hast said, what thou desir'st to know,  
 And yet thy malice will not let him liue,  
 So much thou art vnto thy selfe a foe;  
 He speaketh truth, but thou wilt not beleuee,  
 Nor canst thou apprehend it to be so:  
     Though he expresse his Glory vnto thee,  
     Thy Owly eies are blind, and cannot see.

Thou rend'st thy cloathes in stead of thy false heart,  
 And on the guiltlesse lai'st thy guilty crime;  
 For thou blasphem'st, and he must feele the smart:  
 To sentence death, thou think'st it now high time;  
 No witnesse now thou need'st, for this fowle part,  
 Thou to the height of wickednesse canst clime:  
     And giue occasion to the ruder sort,  
     To make afflictions, sorrows, follies sport.

Now when the dawne of day gins to appeare,  
 And all your wicked counsels haue an end,  
 To end his Life, that holds you all so deere,  
 For to that purpose did your studies bend;  
 Proud Pontius Pilate must the matter heare,  
 To your vntroths his eares he now must lend:

Sweet Iesus bound, to him you led away,  
Of his most pretious blood to make your pray.

Which, when that wicked Caytife did perceiue,  
By whose lewd meanes he came to this distresse;  
He brought the price of blood he did receiue,  
Thinking thereby to make his fault seeme lesse,  
And with these Priests and Elders did it leaue,  
Confest his fault, wherein he did transgresse:  
But when he saw Repentance vnrespected,  
He hang'd himselfe; of God and Man reiected.

By this Example, what can be expected  
From wicked Man, which on the Earth doth liue?  
But faithlesse dealing, feare of God neglected;  
Who for their priuate gaine cares not to sell  
The Innocent Blood of Gods most deere elected,  
As did that caytife wretch, now damn'd in Hell:  
If in Christs Schoole, he tooke so great a fall,  
What will they doe, that come there not at all.

Now Pontius Pilate is to judge the Cause  
Of faultlesse Iesus, who before him stands;  
Who neither hath offended Prince, nor Lawes,  
Although he now be brought in woefull bands:  
O noble Gouvernour, make thou yet a pause,  
Doe not in innocent blood imbrue thy hands;  
But heare the words of thy most worthy wife,  
Who sends to thee, to beg her Sauours life.

Let barb'rous crueltie farre depart from thee,  
And in true Iustice take afflictions part;  
Open thine eies, that thou the truth mai'st see,  
Doe not the thing that goes against thy heart;  
Condemne not him that must thy Sauour be;  
But view his holy Life, his good desert:  
Let not vs Women glory in Mens fall,  
Who had power giuen to ouer-rule vs all.

Till now your indiscretion sets vs free,  
And makes our former fault much lesse appeare;  
Our Mother Eue, who tasted of the Tree,  
Giuing to Adam what she held most deare,



Was simply good, and had no powre to see,  
 The after-comming harme did not appeare:  
     The subtile Serpent that our Sex betraide,  
     Before our fall so sure a plot had laide.

That vndiscerning Ignorance perceau'd  
 No guile, or craft that was by him intended;  
 For, had she knowne of what we were bereau'd,  
 To his request she had not condescended.  
 But she (poore soule) by cunning was deceau'd,  
 No hurt therein her harmlesse Heart intended:  
     For she alleadg'd Gods word, which he denies  
     That they should die, but euen as Gods, be wise.

But surely Adam cannot be excus'd,  
 Her fault, though great, yet he was most too blame;  
 What Weaknesse offred Strength might haue refus'd,  
 Being Lord of all the greater was his shame:  
 Although the Serpents craft had her abus'd,  
 Gods holy word ought all his actions frame:  
     For he was Lord and King of al the earth,  
     Before poore Eue had either life or breath.

Who being fram'd by Gods eternall hand,  
 The perfect'st man that euer breath'd on earth,  
 And from Gods mouth receiu'd that strait command,  
 The breach whereof he knew was present death:  
 Yea hauing powre to rule both Sea and Land,  
 Yet with one Apple wonne to loose that breath,  
     Which God hath breathed in his beauteous face,  
     Bringing vs all in danger and disgrace.

And then to lay the fault on Patience backe,  
 That we (poore women) must endure it all;  
 We know right well he did discretion lacke,  
 Beeing not perswaded thereunto at all;  
 If Eue did erre, it was for knowledge sake,  
 The fruit beeing faire perswaded him to fall:  
     No subtile Serpents falshood did betray him,  
     If he would eate it, who had powre to stay him?

Not Eue, whose fault was onely too much loue,  
 Which made her giue this present to her Deare,

That which shee tasted, he likewise might proue,  
 Whereby his knowledge might become more cleare;  
 He neuer sought her weakenesse to reprove,  
 With those sharpe words wich he of God did heare:  
     Yet Men will boast of Knowledge, which he tooke  
     From Eues faire hand, as from a learned Booke.

If any Euill did in her remaine,  
 Beeing made of him, he was the ground of all;  
 If one of many Worlds could lay a staine  
 Vpon our Sexe, and worke so great a fall  
 To wretched Man, by Satans subtill traine;  
 What will so fowle a fault amongst you all?  
     Her weakenesse did the Serpents word obay,  
     But you in malice Gods deare Sonne betray.

Whom, if vniustly you condemne to die,  
 Her sinne was small, to what you doe commit;  
 All mortall sinnes that doe for vengeance crie,  
 Are not to be compared vnto it:  
 If many worlds would altogether trie,  
 By all their sinnes the wrath of God to get;  
     This sinne of yours, surmounts them all as farre  
     As doth the Sunne, another little starre.

Then let us haue our Libertie againe,  
 And challenge to your selues no Sou'raintie;  
 You came not in the world without our paine,  
 Make that a barre against your crueltie;  
 Your fault beeing greater, why should you disdain  
 Our beeing your equals, free from tyranny?  
     If one weake woman simply did offend,  
     This sinne of yours hath no excuse, nor end.

To which (poore soules) we neuer gaue consent,  
 Witnesse thy wife (O Pilate) speakes for all;  
 Who did but dreame, and yet a message sent,  
 That thou should'st haue nothing to doe at all  
 With that iust man, which, if thy heart relent,  
 Why wilt thou be a reprobate with Saul?  
     To seeke the death of him that is so good,  
     For thy soules health to shed his dearest blood.

Yea, so thou mai'st these sinful people please,  
 Thou art content against all truth and right,  
 To seale this act, that may procure thine ease  
 With blood, and wrong, with tyrannie, and might;  
 The multitude thou seekest to appease,  
 By base deiection of this heavenly Light:  
     Demanding which of these that thou shouldst loose,  
     Whether the Thiefe, or Christ King of the Jewes.

Base Barrabas the Thiefe they all desire  
 And thou more base than he, perform'st their will;  
 Yet when thy thoughts backe to themselues retire,  
 Thou art vnwilling to commit this ill:  
 Oh that thou couldst vnto such grace aspire,  
 That thy polluted lips might neuer kill  
     That Honour, which right Iudgement euer graceth,  
     To purchase shame, which all true worth defaceth.

Art thou a Iudge, and askest, What to doe  
 With One, in whom no fault there can be found?  
 The death of Christ wilt thou consent vnto  
 Finding no cause, no reason, nor no ground?  
 Shall he be scour'd and crucified too?  
 And must his miseries by thy meanes abound?  
     Yet not asham'd to aske what he hath done,  
     When thine owne conscience seeks this sin to shunne.

Three times thou askest, What euill hath he done?  
 And saist, thou find'st in him no cause of death,  
 Yet wilt thou chasten Gods beloued Sonne.  
 Although to thee no word of ill he saith:  
 For wrath must end, what Malice hath begunne,  
 And thou must yeeld to stop his guiltlesse breath:  
     This rude tumultous rout doth presse so sore,  
     That thou condemnest him thou should'st adore.

Yet Pilate, this can yeeld thee no content,  
 To exercise thine owne authoritie,  
 But vnto Herod he must needs be sent,  
 To reconcile thy selfe by tyrannie,  
 Was this the greatest good in Iustice meant  
 When thou perceiu'st no fault in him to be?

If thou must make thy peace by Virtues fall,  
Much better 'twere not to be friends at all.

Yet neither thy sterne browe, nor his great place,  
Can draw an answer from the Holy One:  
His false accusers, nor his great disgrace,  
Nor Herods scoffes, to him they are all one:  
He neither cares, nor feares his owne ill case,  
Though being despis'd and mockt of euery one:  
King Herods gladnesse giues him little ease,  
Neither his anger seekes he to appease.

Yet this is strange, that base Impietie  
Should yeeld those robes of honour which were due;  
Pure white, to shew his great Integritie,  
His Innocency, that all the world might view,  
Perfections height in lowest penurie,  
Such glorious pouerty as they neuer knew:  
Purple and Scarlet well might him beseeme,  
Whose pretious blood must all the world redeeme.

And that Imperiall Crowne of Thornes he wore,  
Was much more pretious than the Diademe  
Of any king that euer liu'd before,  
Or since his time, their honour's but a dreame,  
To his eternall glorie, being so poore,  
To make a purchase of that heauenly Realme,  
Where God with all his Angells liues in peace,  
No griefes, nor sorrowes, but all joyes increase.

Those royall robes, which they in scorne did giue,  
To make him odious to the common sort,  
Yeeld light of grace to those whose soules shall liue  
Within the harbour of this heauenly port;  
Much doe they joy, and much more do they grieue,  
His death, their life, should make his foes such sport:  
With sharpest thornes to pricke his blessed face,  
Our joyfull sorrow, and his greater grace.

Three feares at once possessed Pilates heart;  
The first, Christs Innocencie, which so plaine appears:  
The next, that he which now must feele this smart,  
If Gods deare Sonne, for any thing he heares:

But that which proou'd the deepest wounding dart,  
 Is peoples threatnings, which he so much feares:  
     That he to Cæsar could not be a friend,  
     Vnlesse he sent sweet I E S V S to his end.

Now Pilate thou art proou'd a painted wall,  
 A golden Sepucher with rotten bones;  
 From right to wrong, from equitie to fall:  
 If none vpbraid thee, yet the very stones  
 Will rise against thee, and in question call  
 His blood, his teares, his sighes, his bitter groanes:  
     All these will witnesse at the latter day,  
     When water cannot wash thy sinne away.

Canst thou be innocent, that gainst all right,  
 Wilt yeeld to what thy conscience doth withstand?  
 Beeing a man of knowledge, powre, and might,  
 To let the wicked carrie such a hand,  
 Before thy face to blindfold Heau'ns bright light,  
 And thou to yeeld to what they did demand?  
     Washing thy hands, thy conscience cannot cleare,  
     But to all worlds this staine must needs appeare.

For loe, the Guiltie doth accuse the Iust,  
 And faultie Iudge condemnes the Innocent;  
 And wilfull Iewes to exercise their lust,  
 With whips and taunts against their Lord are bent;  
 He basely vs'd, blasphemed, scorn'd and curst,  
 Our heauenly King to death for vs they sent:  
     Reproches, slanders, spittings in his face,  
     Spight doing all her worst in his disgrace.

And now this long expected houre drawes neere,  
 When blessed Saints with Angels doe condole;  
 His holy march, soft pace, and heauy cheere,  
 In humble sort yeeld his glorious soule,  
 By his deserts the fowlest sinnes to cleare;  
 And in th'eternall booke of heauen to enroule  
     A satisfaction till the generall doome,  
     Of all sinnes past, and all that are to come.

They that had seene this pitifull Procession,  
 From Pilates Palace to Mount Caluarie,

Might thinke he answer'd for some great transgression,  
 Beeing in odious sort condemn'd to die;  
 He plainely shewed that his owne profession  
 Was virtue, patience, grace, loue, piety;  
 And how by suffering he could conquer more  
 Than all the Kings that euer liu'd before.

First went the Crier with open mouth proclayming  
 The heauy sentence of Iniquitie,  
 The Hangman next, by his base office clayming  
 His right in Hell, where sinners neuer die,  
 Carrying the nayles, the people still blaspheming  
 Their maker, vsing all impiety;  
 The Thieues attending him on either side,  
 The Serjeants watching while the women cri'd.

Thrice happy women that obtaind such grace  
 From him whose worth the world could not containe;  
 Immediately to turne about his face,  
 As not remembring his great grieffe and paine,  
 To comfort you, whose teares powr'd forth apace  
 On Flora's bankes, like shewers of April raine:  
 Your cries inforced mercie, grace, and loue  
 From him, whom greatest Princes could not moou

To speake on[e] word, nor once to lift his eyes  
 Vnto proud Pilate, no nor Herod, king,  
 By all the Questions that they could devise,  
 Could make him answer to no manner of thing;  
 Yet these poore women, by their piteous cries  
 Did mooue their Lord, their Louer, and their King,  
 To take compassion, turne about, and speake  
 To them whose hearts were ready now to breake.

Most blessed Daughters of Ierusalem,  
 Who found such fauor in your Sauioours sight,  
 To turne his face when you did pitie him;  
 Your tearefull eyes beheld his eyes more bright;  
 Your Faith and Loue vnto such grace did clime,  
 To haue reflection from this Heau'nly light:  
 Your Eagles eies did gaze against this Sunne,  
 Your hearts did thinke, he dead, the world were done.

When spitefull men with torments did oppresse  
 Th'afflicted body of this innocent Doue,  
 Poore women seeing how much they did transgresse,  
 By teares, by sighs, by cries, intreate, nay proue,  
 What may be done among the thickest presse,  
 They labour still these tyrants hearts to moue:  
 In pitie and compassion to forbear

Their whipping, spurning, tearing of his haire,  
 But all in vaine, their malice hath no end,  
 Their hearts more hard than flint, or marble stone;  
 Now to his grieffe, his greatnesse they attend,  
 When he (God knowes) had rather be alone;  
 They are his guard, yet seeke all meanes t'offend;  
 Well may he grieue, well may he sigh and groane;  
 Vnder the burden of a heauy crosse  
 He faintly goes to make their gaine his losse.

His wofull Mother waiting on her Sonne,  
 All comfortlesse in depth of sorrow drown'd;  
 Her griefes extreame, although but new begunne,  
 To see his bleeding Body oft she swounded:  
 How could she choose but thinke her selfe vndone,  
 He dying, with whose glory she was crowned?  
 None euer lost so great a losse as shee,  
 Being Sonne, and Father of Eternitie.

Her teares did wash away his pretious blood,  
 That sinners might not tread in vnder feet  
 To worship him, and that it did her good  
 Vpon her knees, although in open street,  
 Knowing he was the Iessie floure and bud,  
 That must be gath'ed when it smell'd most sweet:  
 Her Sonne, her Husband, Father, Saviour, King,  
 Whose death killd Death, and tooke away his sting.

Most blessed Virgin, in whose faultlesse fruit,  
 All Nations of the earth must needes reioyce,  
 No Creature hauing sence though ne'r so brute,  
 But ioyes and trembles when they heare his voyce;  
 His wisdom strikes the wisest persons mute,  
 Faire chosen vessell, happy in his choyce:

Deere mother of our Lord, whose reuerend name,  
All people Blessed call, and spread thy fame.

For the Almighty magnified thee,  
And looked downe vpon thy meane estate;  
Thy lowly mind, and vnstain'd Chastitie,  
Did pleade for Loue at great Iehouaes gate,  
Who sending swift-wing'd Gabriel vnto thee,  
His holy will and pleasure to relate;  
To thee most beauteous Queene of Woman-kind,  
The Angell did vnfold his Makers mind.

He thus beganne, Haile Mary full of grace,  
Thou freely art beloued of the Lord,  
He is with thee, behold thy happy case;  
What endlesse comfort did these words afford  
To thee that saw'st an Angell in the place  
Proclaime thy Virtues worth, and to record  
Thee blessed among women: that thy praise  
Should last so many worlds beyond thy daies.

Loe, this high message to thy troubled spirit,  
He doth deliuer in the plainest sence;  
Sayes, Thou shouldst beare a Sonne that shal inherit  
His Father Davids throne, free from offence,  
Call's him that Holy thing, by whose pure merit  
We must be sau'd, tels what he is, of whence;  
His worth, his greatnesse, what his name must be,  
Who should be call'd the Sonne of the most High.

He cheeres thy troubled soule, bids thee not feare;  
When thy pure thoughts could hardly apprehend  
This salutation, when he did appeare;  
Nor couldst thou judge, whereto those words did tend;  
His pure aspect did mooue thy modest cheere  
To muse, yet joy that God vouchsaf'd to send  
His glorious Angel; who did thee assure  
To beare a child, although a Virgin pure.

Nay more, thy Sonne should Rule and Raigne for euer;  
Yea, of his Kingdom there should be no end;  
Ouer the house of Iacob, Heauens great Giuer  
Would giue him powre, and to that end did send



His faithfull seruant Gabriel to deliuer  
 To thy chast cares no word that might offend:  
     But that this blessed Infant borne of thee,  
     Thy Sonne, The onely Sonne of God should be.

When on the knees of thy submissiue heart  
 Thou humbly didst demand, How that should be?  
 Thy virgin thoughts did thinke, none could impart  
 This great good hap, and blessing vnto thee;  
 Farre from the desire of any man thou art,  
 Knowing not one, thou art from all men free:  
     When he, to answeere this thy chaste desire,  
     Giues thee more cause to wonder and admire.

That thou a blessed Virgin shouldst remaine,  
 Yea that the holy Ghost should come on thee  
 A maiden Mother, subiect to no paine,  
 For highest powre should ouershadow thee:  
 Could thy faire eyes from teares of joy refraine,  
 When God look'd downe vpon thy poore degree?  
     Making thee Seruant, Mother, Wife, and Nurse  
     To Heauens bright King, that freed vs from the curse.

Thus being crown'd with glory from aboue,  
 Grace and Perfection, resting in thy breast,  
 Thy humble answer doth approoue thy Loue,  
 And all these sayings in thy heart doe rest:  
 Thy Child a Lambe, and thou a Turtle doue,  
 Aboue all other women highly blest;  
     To find such fauour in his glorious sight,  
     In whom thy heart and soule doe most delight.

What wonder in the world more strange could seeme,  
 Than that a Virgin could conceiue and beare  
 Within her wombe a Sonne, That should redeeme  
 All Nations on the earth, and should repaire  
 Our old decaies: who in such high esteeme,  
 Should prize all mortals, liuing in his feare;  
     As not to shun Death, Pouertie, and Shame,  
     To saue their soules, and spread his glorious Name.

And partly to fulfil his Fathers pleasure,  
 Whose powrefull hand allowes it not so strange,

If he vouchsafe the riches of his treasure,  
 Pure Righteousnesse to take such il exchange;  
 On all Iniquitie to make a seisure,  
 Giuing his snow-white Weed for ours in change;  
     Our mortall garments in a scarlet Die,  
     Too base a roabe for Immortalitie.

Most happy news, that euer yet was brought,  
 When Pouerty and Riches met together,  
 The wealth of Heauen, in our fraile clothing wrought  
 Saluation by his happy comming hither:  
 Mighty Messias, who so deere bought  
 Vs Slaues to sinne, farre lighter than a feather:  
     Toss'd to and fro with euery wicked wind,  
     The world, the flesh, or Deuill giues to blind.

Who on his shoulders our blacke sinnes doth beare  
 To that most blessed, yet accursed Crosse;  
 Where fastning them, he rids vs of our feare,  
 Yea for our gaine he is content with losse,  
 Our ragged clothing scornes he not to weare,  
 Though foule, rent, torne, disgracefull rough and grosse,  
     Spunne by that monster Sinne, and weav'd by Shame,  
     Which grace it selfe, disgrac'd with impure blame.

How can'st thou choose (faire Virgin) then but mourne,  
 When this sweet of-spring of thy body dies,  
 When thy faire eies beholds his bodie torne,  
 The peoples fury, heares the womens cries;  
 His holy name prophan'd, He made a scorne,  
 Abusde with all their hatefull slaunderous lies:  
     Bleeding and fainting in such wondrous sort,  
     As scarce his feeble limbes can him support.

Now Simon of Cyrene passeth them by,  
 Whom they compell sweet I E S V S Crosse to beare  
 To Golgotha, there doe they meane to trie  
 All cruell meanes to worke in him dispaire:  
 That odious place, where dead mens skulls did lie,  
 There must our Lord for present death prepare:  
     His sacred blood must grace that loathsome field,  
     To purge more filth, than that foule place could yield.

For now arriu'd vnto this hatefull place,  
 In which his Crosse erected needes must bee,  
 False hearts, and willing hands come on apace,  
 All prest to ill, and all desire to see:  
 Gracelesse themselues, still seeking to disgrace;  
 Bidding him, If the Sonne of God he bee,  
 To saue himselfe, if he could others saue,  
 With all th'opprobrious words that might depraue.

His harmlesse hands vnto the Crosse they nailde,  
 And feet that neuer trode in sinners trace,  
 Betweene two thieues, vnpitied, vnbewailde,  
 Saue of some few possessors of his grace,  
 With sharpest pangs and terrors thus appailde,  
 Sterne Death makes way, that Life might giue him place:  
 His eyes with teares, his body full of wounds,  
 Death last of paines his sorrows all confounds.

His joynts dis-joynted, and his legges hang downe,  
 His alablaster breast, his bloody side,  
 His members torne, and on his head a Crowne  
 Of sharpest Thorns, to satisfie for pride:  
 Anguish and Paine doe all his Sences drowne,  
 While they his holy garments do diuide:  
 His bowels drie, his heart full fraught with grieffe,  
 Crying to him that yeelds him no reliefe.

This with the eie of Faith thou maist behold,  
 Deere Spouse of Christ, and more than I can write;  
 And here both Griefe and Ioy thou maist vnfold,  
 To view thy Loue in this most heauy plight,  
 Bowing his head, his bloodlesse body cold;  
 Those eies waxe dimme that gaue vs all our light,  
 His count'nance pale, yet still continues sweet,  
 His blessed blood watring his pierced feet.

O glorious miracle without compare!  
 Last, but not least which was by him effected;  
 Vniting death, life, misery, joy and care,  
 By his sharpe passion in his deere elected:  
 Who doth the Badges of like Liueries weare,  
 Shall find how deere they are of him respected.

No joy, griefe, paine, life, death, was like to his,  
Whose infinite dolours wrought eternall blisse.

What creature on the earth did then remaine,  
On whom the horror of this shamefull deed  
Did not inflict some violent touch, or straine,  
To see the Lord of all the world to bleed?  
His dying breath did rend huge rockes in twaine,  
The heauens betooke them to their mourning weed:  
The Sunne grew darke, and scorn'd to giue them light,  
Who durst eclipse a glory farre more bright.

The Moone and Starres did hide themselues for shame,  
The earth did [t]remble in her loyall feare,  
The Temple vaile did rent to spread his fame,  
The Monuments did open euery where;  
Dead Saints did rise forth of their graues, and came  
To diuers people that remained there  
Within that holy City; whose offence,  
Did put their Maker to this large expence.

Things reasonable, and reasonlesse possest  
The terrible impression of this fact;  
For his oppression made them all opprest,  
When with his blood he seal'd so faire an act,  
In restlesse miserie to procure our rest;  
His glorious deedes that dreadfull prison sackt:  
When Death, Hell, Diuells, vsing all their powre,  
Were ouercome in that most blessed houre.

Being dead, he killed Death, and did suruiue  
That proud insulting Tyrant: in whose place  
He sends bright Immortalitie to reuiue  
Those whom his yron armes did long embrace;  
Who from their loathsome graues brings them aliue  
In glory to behold their Sauours face:  
Who tooke the keys of all Deaths powre away,  
Opening to those that would his name obey.

O wonder, more than man can comprehend,  
Our Ioy and Griefe both at one instant fram'd,  
Compounded: Contrarieties contend  
Each to exceed, yet neither to be blam'd.

Our Griefe to see our Sauious wretched end,  
 Our Ioy to know both Death and Hell he tam'd:  
     That we may say, O Death, where is thy sting?  
     Hell, yeeld thy victory to thy conq'ring King.

Can stony hearts refraine from shedding teares,  
 To view the life and death of this sweet Saint?  
 His austere course in yong and tender yeares,  
 When great indurements could not make him faint:  
 His wants, his paines, his torments, and his feares,  
 All which he vndertooke without constraint,  
     To shew that infinite Goodnesse must restore,  
     What infinite Iustice looked for, and more.

Yet, had he beene but of a meane degree,  
 His sufferings had beene small to what they were;  
 Meane minds will shew of what meane mouldes they bee;  
 Small griefes seeme great, yet Vse doth make them beare:  
 B[u]t ah! tis hard to stirre a sturdy tree;  
 Great dangers hardly puts great minds in feare:  
     They will conceale their griefes which mightie grow  
     In their stout hearts vntill they ouerflow.

If then an earthly Prince may ill endure  
 The least of those afflictions which he bare,  
 How could this all-commaunding King procure  
 Such grieuous torments with his mind to square,  
 Legions of Angells being at his Lure?  
 He might haue liu'd in pleasure without care:  
     None can conceiue the bitter paines he felt,  
     When God and man must suffer without guilt.

Take all the Suffrings Thoughts can thinke vpon,  
 In eu'ry man that this huge world hath bred;  
 Let all those Paines and Suffrings meet in one,  
 Yet are they not a Mite to that he did  
 Endure for vs: Oh let vs thinke thereon,  
 That God should haue his pretious blood so shed:  
     His Greatnesse clothed in our fraile attire,  
     And pay so deare a ransome for the hire.

Loe, here was glorie, miserie, life and death,  
 An vnion of contraries did accord;

Gladnesse and sadnesse here had one berth,  
 This wonder wrought the Passion of our Lord,  
 He suffring for all the sinnes of all th'earth,  
 No satisfaction could the world afford:

But this rich Iewell, which from God was sent,  
 To call all those that would in time repent.

Which I present (deare Lady) to your view,  
 Vpon the Crosse depriu'd of life or breath,  
 To judge if euer Louer were so true,  
 To yeeld himselfe vnto such shamefull death:  
 Now blessed Ioseph doth both beg and sue,  
 To haue his body who possest his faith,  
 And thinkes, if he this small request obtaines,  
 He wins more wealth than in the world remaines.

Thus honourable Ioseph is possest,  
 Of what his heart and soule so much desired,  
 And now he goes to giue that body rest,  
 That all his life, with griefes and paines was tired;  
 He finds a Tombe, a Tombe most rarely blest,  
 In which was neuer creature yet interred;  
 There this most pretious body he incloses,  
 Inbalmd and deckt with Lillies and with Roses.

Loe here the Beautie of Heau'n and Earth is laid,  
 The purest coulours vnderneath the Sunne,  
 But in this place he cannot long be staid,  
 Glory must end what horror hath begun;  
 For he the furie of the Heauens obay'd,  
 And now he must possesse what he hath wonne:  
 The Maries doe with pretious balmes attend,  
 But beeing come, they find it to no end.

For he is rize from Death t'Eternall Life,  
 And now those pretious oyntments he desires  
 Are brought vnto him, by his faithfull Wife  
 The holy Church; who in those rich attires,  
 Of Patience, Loue, Long suffring, Voide of strife,  
 Humbly presents those oyntments he requires:  
 The oyles of Mercie, Charitie, and Faith,  
 Shee onely giues that which no other hath.

These pretious balmes doe heale his grieuous wounds,  
And water of Compunction washeth cleane  
The soares of sinnes, which in our Soules abounds;  
So faire, no skarre is euer seene;  
Yet all the glory vnto Christ redounds,  
His pretious blood is that which must redeeme;  
    Those well may make vs louely in his sight,  
    But cannot saue without his powrefull might.

This is that Bridegroome that appeares so faire,  
So sweet, so louely in his Spouses sight,  
That vnto Snowe we may his face compare,  
His cheekes like skarlet, and his eyes so bright  
As purest Doues that in the riuers are,  
Washed with milke, to giue the more delight;  
    His head is likened to the finest gold,  
    His curled lockes so beauteous to behold;

Blacke as a Raven in her blackest hew;  
His lips like skarlet threeds, yet much more sweet  
Than is the sweetest hony dropping dew,  
Or hony combes, where all the Bees do meet;  
Yea, he is constant, and his words are true,  
His cheekes are beds of spices, flowers sweet;  
    His lips like Lillies, dropping downe pure mirthe,  
    Whose loue, before all worlds we doe preferre.

Ah! giue me leaue (good Lady) now to leaue  
This taske of Beauty which I tooke in hand,  
I cannot wade so deepe, I may deceaue  
My selfe, before I can attaine the land;  
Therefore (good Madame) in your heart I leaue  
His perfect picture, where it still shall stand,  
    Deepely engraued in that holy shrine,  
    Enuironed with Loue and Thoughts diuine.

There may you see him as a God in glory,  
And as a man in miserable case;  
There may you reade his true and perfect storie,  
His bleeding body there you may embrace,  
And kisse his dying cheekes with teares of sorrow,  
With ioyfull grieffe, you may intreat for grace;

And all your prayers, and your almes-deeds  
May bring to stop his cruell wounds that bleeds.

Oft times hath he made triall of your loue,  
And in your Faith hath tooke no small delight,  
By Crosses and Afflictions he doth proue,  
Yet still your heart remaineth firme and right;  
Your loue so strong, as nothing can remoue,  
Your thoughts beeing placed on him both day and night,  
Your constant soule doth lodge bewene her brests,  
This Sweet of sweets, in which all glory rests.

Sometime h'appeares to thee in Shepherds weed,  
And so presents himselfe before thine eyes,  
A good old man, that goes his flocke to feed;  
Thy colour changes, and thy heart doth rise;  
Thou call'st, he comes, thou find'st tis he indeed,  
Thy Soule conceaues that he is truely wise:  
Nay more, desires that he may be the Booke,  
Whereon thine eyes continually may looke.

Sometime imprison'd, naked, poore, and bare,  
Full of diseases, impotent, and lame,  
Blind, deafe, and dumbe, he comes vnto his faire,  
To see if yet shee will remaine the same;  
Nay sicke and wounded, now thou do'st prepare  
To cherish him in thy deare Louers name:  
Yea thou bestow'st all paines, all cost, all care,  
That may relieue him, and his health repaire.

These workes of mercy are so sweet, so deare  
To him that is the Lord of Life and Loue,  
That all thy prayers he vouchsafes to heare,  
And sends his holy Spirit from aboue;  
Thy eyes are op'ned, and thou seest so cleare,  
No worldly thing can thy faire mind remoue;  
Thy faith, thy prayers, and his speciall grace  
Doth open Heau'n, where thou behold'st his face.

These are those Keyes Saint Peter did possesse,  
Which with a Spirituall powre are giu'n to thee,  
To heale the soules of those that doe transgresse,  
By thy faire virtues; which, if once they see,



Vnto the like they doe their minds addresse,  
 Such as thou art, such they desire to be:  
 If they be blind, thou giu'st to them their sight;  
 If deafe or lame, they heare, and goe vpright.

Yea, if possesst with any euill spirits,  
 Such powre thy faire examples haue obtain'd  
 To cast them out, applying Christs pure merits,  
 By which they are bound, and of all hurt restrain'd:  
 If strangely taken, wanting sence or wits,  
 Thy faith appli'd vnto their soules so pain'd,  
 Healeth all griefes, and makes them grow so strong,  
 As no defects can hang vpon them long.

Thou beeing thus rich, no riches do'st respect,  
 Nor do'st thou care for any outward showe;  
 The proud that faire Virtues rules neglect,  
 Desiring place, thou fittest them belowe:  
 All wealth and honour thou do'st quite reiect,  
 If thou perceiu'st that once it prooues a foe  
 To virtue, learning, and the powres diuine,  
 Thou mai'st conuert, but neuer wilt incline

To fowle disorder, or licentiousnesse,  
 But in thy modest vaile do'st sweetly couer  
 The staines of other sinnes, to make themselues,  
 That by this meanes thou mai'st in time recouer  
 Those weake lost sheepe that did so long transgresse,  
 Presenting them vnto thy deerest Louer;  
 That when he brings them back vnto his fold,  
 In their conuersation then he may behold

Thy beauty shining brighter than the Sunne,  
 Thine honour more than euer Monarke gaind,  
 Thy wealth exceeding his that Kingdomes wonne,  
 Thy Loue vnto his Spouse, thy Faith vnfaind,  
 Thy Constancy in what thou hast begun,  
 Till thou his heauenly Kingdom haue obtaind;  
 Respecting worldly wealth to be but drosse,  
 Which, if abuz'd, doth prooue the owners losse.

Great Cleopatra's loue to Anthony,  
 Can no way be compared vnto thine;

Shee left her Loue in his extremitie,  
 When greatest need should cause her to combine  
 Her force with his, to get the Victory:  
 Her Loue was earthly, and thy Loue Diuine;  
     Her Loue was onely to support her pride,  
     Humilitie thy Loue and Thee doth guide.

That glorious part of Death, which last she plai'd,  
 T'appease the ghost of her deceased Loue,  
 Had neuer needed, if shee could haue stai'd  
 When his extreames made triall, and did proue  
 Her leaden loue vnconstant, and afraid:  
 Their wicked warres the wrath of God might moue  
     To take reuenge for chast Octavia's wrongs,  
     Because shee enjoyes what vnto her belongs.

No Cleopatra, though thou wert as faire  
 As any Creature in Antonius eyes;  
 Yea though thou wert as rich, as wise, as rare,  
 As any Pen could write, or Wit devise;  
 Yet with this Lady canst thou not compare,  
 Whose inward virtues all thy worth denies:  
     Yet thou a blacke Egyptian do'st appeare;  
     Thou false, shee true; and to her Loue more deere.

Shee sacrificeth to her deerest Loue,  
 With flowres of Faith, and garlands of Good deeds;  
 Shee flies not from him when afflictions proue,  
 Shee beares his crosse, and stops his wounds that bleeds;  
 Shee loues and liues chaste as the Turtle doue,  
 Shee attends vpon him, and his flocke shee feeds;  
     Yea for one touch of death which thou did'st trie,  
     A thousand deaths shee euery day doth die.

Her virtuo[u]s life exceeds thy worthy death,  
 Yea, she hath richer ornaments of state,  
 Shining more glorious than in dying breath  
 Thou didst; when either pride, or cruell fate,  
 Did worke thee to preuent a double death;  
 To stay the malice, scorne and cruell hate  
     Of Rome; that joy'd to see thy pride pull'd downe,  
     Whose Beauty wrought the hazard of her Crowne.

Good Madame, though your modestie be such,  
Not to acknowledge what we know and find;  
And that you think these prayes ouermuch,  
Which doe expresse the beautie of your mind;  
Yet pardon me although I giue a touch  
Vnto their eyes, that else would be so blind,  
As not to see thy store, and their owne wants,  
From whose faire seeds of Virtue spring these plants.

And knowe, when first into this world I came,  
This charge was giu'n me by th'Eternall powres,  
Th'eueralting Trophie of thy fame,  
To build and decke it with the sweetest flowres  
That virtue yeelds; Then Madame, doe not blame  
Me, when I shew the World but what is yours,  
Ad decke you with that crowne which is your due,  
That of Heau'ns beauty Earth may take a view.

Though famous women elder times haue knowne,  
Whose glorious actions did appeare so bright,  
That powrefull men by them were ouerthrowne,  
And all their armies ouercome in fight;  
The Scythian women by their powre alone,  
Put king Darius vnto shamefull flight:  
All Asia yeelded to their conq'ring hand,  
Great Alexander could not their powre withstand.

Whose worth, though writ in lines of blood and fire,  
Is not to be compared vnto thine;  
Their powre was small to ouercome Desire,  
Or to direct their wayes by Virtues line:  
Were they aliue, they would thy Life admire,  
And vnto thee their honours would resigne:  
For thou a greater conquest do'st obtaine,  
Than they who haue so many thousands slaine.

Wise Deborah that judged Israel,  
Nor valiant Iudeth cannot equall thee,  
Vnto the first, God did his will reueale,  
And gaue her powre to set his people free;  
Yea Iudeth had the powre likewise to queale  
Proud Holifernes, that the just might see

What small defence vaine pride and greatnesse hath  
Against the weapons of Gods word and faith.

But thou farre greater warre do'st still maintaine,  
Against that many headed monster Sinne,  
Whose mortall sting hath many thousand slaine,  
And euery day fresh combates doe begin;  
Yet cannot all his venome lay one staine  
Vpon thy Soule, thou do'st the conquest winne,  
Though all the world he daily doth deuoure,  
Yet ouer thee he neuer could get powre.

For that one worthy deed by Deb'rah done,  
Thou hast performed many in thy time;  
For that one Conquest that faire Iudeth wonne,  
By which she did the steps of honour clime,  
Thou hast the Conquest of all Conquests wonne,  
When to thy Conscience Hell can lay no crime:  
For that one head that Iudeth bare away,  
Thou tak'st from Sinne a hundred heads a day.

Though virtuous Hester fasted three dayes space,  
And spent her time in prayers all that while,  
That by Gods powre shee might obtaine such grace,  
That shee and hers might not become a spoyle  
To wicked Hamon, in whose crabbed face  
Was seene the map of malice, enuie, guile;  
Her glorious garments though shee put apart,  
So to present a pure and single heart

To God, in Sack-cloth, ashes, and with teares;  
Yet must faire Hester needs giue place to thee,  
Who hath continu'd dayes, weekes, months, and yeares,  
In Gods true seruice, yet thy heart beeing free  
From doubt of death, or any other feares:  
Fasting from sinne, thou pray'st thine eyes may see  
Him that hath possession of thine heart,  
From whose sweet loue thy Soule can neuer part.

His loue, not Feare, makes thee to fast and pray,  
No kinsmans counsell needs thee to aduise;  
The sack-cloth thou do'st weare both night and day  
Is worldly troubles, which thy rest denies;

The ashes are the Vanities that play  
 Ouer thy head, and steale before thine eyes;  
 Which thou shak'st off when mourning time is past,  
 That royall roabes thou may'st put on at last.

Ioachims wife, that faire and constant Dame,  
 Who rather chose a cruel death to die,  
 Than yeeld to those two Elders voide of shame,  
 When both at once her chastitie did trie,  
 Whose Innocencie bare away the blame,  
 Vntill th'Almighty Lord had heard her crie;  
 And rais'd the spirit of a Child to speake,  
 Making the powrefull judged of the weake.

Although her virtue doe deserue to be  
 Writ by that hand that neuer purchas'd blame;  
 In holy Writ, where all the world may see  
 Her perfit life, and euer honoured name:  
 Yet was she not to be compar'd to thee,  
 Whose many virtues doe increase thy fame:  
 For shee oppos'd against old doting Lust,  
 Who with life danger she did feare to trust.

But your chaste breast guarded with strength of mind,  
 Hates the imbracements of vnchaste desires;  
 You louing God, liue in your selfe confind  
 From vnpure Loue, your purest thoughts retires,  
 Your perfit sight could neuer be so blind,  
 To entertaine the old or yong desires  
 Of idle louers; which the world presents,  
 Whose base abuses worthy minds preuents.

Euen as the constant Lawrell, alwayes greene,  
 No parching heate of Summer can deface,  
 Nor pinching Winter euer yet was seene,  
 Whose nipping frosts could wither, or disgrace:  
 So you (deere Ladie) still remaine as Queene,  
 Subduing all affections that are base,  
 Vnalterable by the change of times,  
 Not following, but lamenting others crimes,

No feare of death, or dread of open shame,  
 Hinders your perfect heart to giue consent;

Nor loathsome age, whom Time could neuer tame  
 From ill designes, whereto their youth was bent;  
 But loue of God, care to preserue your fame,  
 And spend that pretious time that God hath sent,  
     In all good exercises of the minde,  
     Whereto your noble nature is inclin'd.

That Ethiopian Queene did gaine great fame,  
 Who from the Southerne world, did come to see  
 Great Salomon; the glory of whose name  
 Had spread it selfe ore all the earth, to be  
 So great, that all the Princes thither came,  
 To be spectators of his royaltie:  
     And this faire Queene of Sheba came from farre,  
     To reuerence this new appearing starre.

From th'vtmost part of all the Earth shee came,  
 To heare the Wisdom of this worthy King;  
 To trie if Wonder did agree with Fame,  
 And many faire rich presents did she bring:  
 Yea many strange hard questions did shee frame,  
 All which were answer'd by this famous King:  
     Nothing was hid that in her heart did rest,  
     And all to prooue this King so highly blest.

Here Maiestie with Maiestie did meete;  
 Wisdome to Wisdome yeelded true content,  
 One Beauty did another Beauty greet,  
 Bounty to Bountie neuer could repent;  
 Here all distaste is troden vnder feet,  
 No losse of time, where time was so well spent  
     In virtuous exercises of the minde,  
     In which this Queene did much contentment finde.

Spirits affect where they doe sympathize,  
 Wisdome desires Wisdome to embrace,  
 Virtue couets her like, and doth deuize  
 How she her friends may entertaine with grace;  
 Beauty sometime is pleas'd to feed her eyes,  
 With viewing Beautie in anothers face:  
     Both good and bad in this point doe agree,  
     That each desireth with his like to be.

And this Desire did worke a strange effect,  
 To draw a Queene forth of her natiue Land,  
 Not yeelding to the nicenesse and respect  
 Of woman-kind; shee past both sea and land,  
 All feare of dangers shee did quite neglect,  
 Onely to see, to heare, and vnderstand  
 That beauty, wisdom, maiestie, and glorie,  
 That in her heart imprest his perfect storie.

Yet this faire map of maiestie and might,  
 Was but a figure of thy deerest Loue,  
 Borne t'expresse that true and heauenly light,  
 That doth all other joyes imperfect proue;  
 If this faire Earthly starre did shine so bright,  
 What doth that glorious Sonne that is aboute?  
 Who weares th'imperiall crowne of heauen and earth,  
 And made all Christians blessed in his berth.

If that small sparke could yeeld so great a fire,  
 As to inflame the hearts of many Kings  
 To come to see, to heare, and to admire  
 His wisdom, tending but to worldly things;  
 Then much more reason haue we to desire  
 That heau'nly wisdom, which saluation brings;  
 The Sonne of righteousness, that giues true joyes,  
 When all they sought for, were but Earthly toys.

No trauels ought th'affected soule to shunne,  
 That this faire heauenly Light desires to see:  
 This King of kings to whom we all should runne,  
 To view his Glory and his Majestie;  
 He without whom we had all beene vndone,  
 He that from Sinne and Death hath set vs free,  
 And ouercome Satan, the world, and sinne,  
 That by his merits we those joyes might winne.

Prepar'd by him, whose euerlasting throne  
 Is plac'd in heauen, about the starrie skies,  
 Where he that sate, was like the Iasper stone,  
 Who rightly knowes him shall be truly wise,  
 A Rainebow round about his glorious throne;  
 Nay more, those winged beasts so full of eies,

That neuer cease to glorifie his Name,  
Who was, and will be, and is now the same.

This is that great almightie Lord that made  
Both heauen and earth, and liues for euermore;  
By him the worlds foundation first was laid:  
He fram'd the things that neuer were before:  
The Sea within his bounds by him is staid,  
He judgeth all alike, both rich and poore:  
All might, all majestie, all loue, all lawe  
Remaines in him that keepes all worlds in awe.

From his eternall throne the lightning came,  
Thundrings and Voyces did from thence proceede;  
And all the creatures glorifi'd his name,  
In heauen, in earth, and seas, they all agreed,  
When loe that spotlesse Lambe so voyd of blame,  
That for vs di'd, whose sinnes did make him bleed:  
That true Physition that so many heales,  
Opened the Booke, and did vndoe the Seales.

He onely worthy to vndoe the Booke  
Of our charg'd soules, full of iniquitie,  
Where with the eyes of mercy he doth looke  
Vpon our weaknesse and infirmitie;  
This is that corner stone that was forsooke,  
Who leaues it, trusts but to vncertaintie:  
This is Gods Sonne, in whom he is well pleased,  
His deere beloued, that his wrath appeased.

He that had powre to open all the Seales,  
And summon vp our sinnes of blood and wrong,  
He vnto whom the righteous soules appeales,  
That haue bin martyrd, and doe thinke it long,  
To whom in mercie he his will reueales,  
That they should rest a little in their wrong,  
Vntill their fellow seruants should be killed,  
Euen as they were, and that they were fulfilled.

Pure thoughted Lady, blessed be thy choyce  
Of this Almighty, euerlasting King;  
In thee his Saints and Angels doe reioyce,  
And to their Heau'nly Lord doe daily sing



Thy perfect praises in their lowdest voyce;  
 And all their harpes and golden vials bring  
     Full of sweet odours, euen thy holy prayers  
     Vnto that spotlesse Lambe, that all repaires.

Of whom that Heathen queene obtain'd such grace,  
 By honouring but the shadow of his Loue,  
 That great Iudiciall day to haue a place,  
 Condemning those that doe vnfaithfull proue;  
 Among the haplesse, happie is her case,  
 That her deere Sauour spake for her behoue;  
     And that her memorable Act should be  
     Writ by the hand of true Eternitie.

Yet this rare Phœnix of that worne-out age,  
 This great maiesticke Queene comes short of thee,  
 Who to an earthly Prince did then ingage  
 Her hearts desires, her loue, her libertie,  
 Acting her glorious part vpon a Stage  
 Of weaknesse, frailtie, and infirmity:  
     Giuing all honour to a Creature, due  
     To her Creator, whom shee neuer knew.

But loe, a greater thou hast sought and found  
 Than Salomon in all his royaltie:  
 And vnto him thy faith most firmly bound  
 To serue and honour him continually;  
 That glorious God, whose terror doth confound  
 All sinfull workers of iniquitie:  
     Him hast thou truely serued all thy life,  
     And for his loue, liu'd with the world at strife.

To this great Lord, thou onely art affected,  
 Yet came he not in pompe or royaltie,  
 But in an humble habit, base, deiected;  
 A King, a God, clad in mortalitie,  
 He hath thy loue, thou art by him directed,  
 His perfect path was faire humilitie:  
     Who being Monarke of heau'n, earth, and seas,  
     Indur'd all wrongs, yet no man did displease.

Then how much more art thou to be commended,  
 That seek'st thy loue in lowly shepherds weed?

A seeming Trades-mans sonne, of none attended,  
 Saue of a few in pouertie and need;  
 Poore Fishermen that on his loue attended,  
 His loue that makes so many thousands bleed:  
     Thus did he come, to trie our faiths the more,  
     Possessing worlds, yet seeming extreame poore.

The Pilgrimes trauels, and the Shepherds cares,  
 He tooke vpon him to enlarge our soules,  
 What pride hath lost, humilitie repaires,  
 For by his glorious death he vs in roules  
 In deepe Characters, writ with blood and teares,  
 Vpon those blessed Euerlasting scroules;  
     His hands, his feete, his body, and his face,  
     Whence freely flow'd the riuers of his grace.

Sweet holy riuers, pure celestiall springs,  
 Proceeding from the fountaine of our life;  
 Swift sugred currents that saluation brings,  
 Cleare christall streames, purging all sinne and strife,  
 Faire floods, where souls do bathe their snow-white wings,  
 Before they flie to true eter[nall] life:  
     Sweet Nectar and Ambrosia, food of Saints,  
     Which, whoso tasteth, neuer after faints.

This hony dropping dew of holy loue,  
 Sweet milke, wherewith we weaklings are restored,  
 Who drinks thereof, a world can neuer moue,  
 All earthly pleasures are of them abhorred;  
 This loue made Martyrs many deaths to proue,  
 To taste his sweetnesse, whom they so adored:  
     Sweetnesse that makes our flesh a burthen to vs,  
     Knowing it serues but onely to vndoe vs.

His sweetnesse sweet'ned all the sowre of death,  
 To faithfull Stephen his appointed Saint;  
 Who by the riuier stones did loose his breath,  
 When paines nor terrors could not make him faint:  
 So was this blessed Martyr turn'd to earth,  
 To glorifie his soule by deaths attaint:  
     This holy Saint was humbled and cast downe,  
     To winne in heauen an euerlasting crowne.

Whose face repleat with Maiestie and Sweetnesse,  
 Did as an Angel vnto them appeare,  
 That sate in Counsell hearing his discreetnesse,  
 Seeing no change, or any signe of [feare;]  
 But with a constant browe did there confesse  
 Christs high deserts, which were to him so deare:  
 Yea when these Tyrants stormes did most oppresse,  
 Christ did appeare to make his griefe the lesse.

For beeing filled with the holy Ghost,  
 Vp vnto Heau'n he look'd with stedfast eies,  
 Where God appeared with his heauenly hoste  
 In glory to this Saint before he dies;  
 Although he could no Earthly pleasures boast,  
 At Gods right hand sweet I E S V S he espies;  
 Bids them behold Heauens open, he doth see  
 The Sonne of Man at Gods right hand to be.

Whose sweetnesse sweet'ned that short sowre of Life,  
 Making all bitternesse delight his taste,  
 Yeelding sweet quietnesse in bitter strife,  
 And most contentment when he di'd disgrac'd;  
 Heaping vp joyes where sorrows were most rife;  
 Such sweetnesse could not choose but be imbrac'd:  
 The food of Soules, the Spirits onely treasure,  
 The Paradise of our celestiall pleasure.

This lambe of God, who di'd, and was aliue,  
 Presenting vs the bread of life Eternall,  
 His bruised body powrefull to reuiue  
 Our sinking soules, out of the pit infernall;  
 For by this blessed food he did contriue  
 A worke of grace, by this his gift externall,  
 With heau'nly Manna, food of his elected,  
 To feed their soules, of whom he is respected.

This wheate of Heauen the blessed Angells bread,  
 Wherewith he feedes his deere adopted Heires;  
 Sweet foode of life that doth reuiue the dead,  
 And from the liuing takes away all cares;  
 To taste this sweet Saint Laurence did not dread,  
 The broyling gridyorne cool'd with holy teares:

Yeelding his naked body to the fire,  
To taste this sweetnesse, such was his desire.

Nay, what great sweetnesse did th'Apostles taste,  
Condemn'd by Counsell, when they did returne;  
Rejoycing that for him they di'd disgrac'd,  
Whose sweetnes made their hearts and soules so burne  
With holy zeale and loue most pure and chaste;  
For him they sought from whome they might not turne:  
Whose loue made Andrew goe most joyfully,  
Vnto the Crosse, on which he meant to die.

The Princes of th'Apostles were so filled  
With the delicious sweetnes of his grace,  
That willingly they yeelded to be killed,  
Receiuing deaths that were most vile and base,  
For his names sake; that all might be fulfilled.  
They with great joy all torments did imbrace:  
The vgli'st face that Death could euer yeeld,  
Could neuer feare these Champions from the field.

They still continued in their glorious fight,  
Against the enemies of flesh and blood;  
And in Gods law did set their whole delight,  
Suppressing euill, and erecting good:  
Not sparing Kings in what they did not right;  
Their noble Actes they seal'd with deerest blood:  
One chose the Gallowes, that vnseemely death,  
The other by the Sword did loose his breath.

His Head did pay the dearest rate of sin,  
Yeelding it joyfully vnto the Sword,  
To be cut off as he had neuer bin,  
For speaking truth according to Gods word,  
Telling king Herod of incestuous sin,  
That hatefull crime of God and man abhorr'd:  
His brothers wife, that prowde licentious Dame,  
Cut off his Head to take away his shame.

Loe Madame, heere you take a view of those,  
Whose worthy steps you doe desire to tread,  
Deckt in those colours which our Sauour chose;  
The purest colours both of White and Red,

Their freshest beauties would I faine disclose,  
 By which our Sauour most was honoured:  
 But my weake Muse desireth now to rest,  
 Folding vp all their Beauties in your breast.

Whose excellence hath rais'd my sprites to write,  
 Of what my thoughts could hardly apprehend;  
 Your rarest Virtues did my soule delight,  
 Great Ladie of my heart: I must commend  
 You that appeare so faire in all mens sight:  
 On your Deserts my Muses doe attend;  
 You are the Articke Starre that guides my hand,  
 All what I am, I rest at your command.

F I N I S.

### **The Description of Cooke-ham.**

Farewell (sweet Cooke-ham) where I first obtain'd  
 Grace from that Grace where perfit Grace remain'd;  
 And where the Muses gaue their full consent,  
 I should haue powre the virtuous to content:  
 Where princely Palate will'd me to indite,  
 The sacred Storie of the Soules delight.  
 Farewell (sweet Place) where Virtue then did rest,  
 And all delights did harbour in her breast:  
 Neuer shall my sad eies againe behold  
 Those pleasures which my thoughts did then vnfold:  
 Yet you (great Lady) Mistris of that Place,  
 From whose desires did spring this worke of Grace;  
 Vouchsafe to thinke vpon those pleasures past,  
 As fleeting worldly Ioyes that could not last:  
 Or, as dimme shadowes of celestiall pleasures,  
 Which are desir'd aboue all earthly treasures.  
 Oh how (me thought) against you thither came,  
 Each part did seeme some new delight to frame!  
 The House receiu'd all ornaments to grace it,  
 And would indure no foulennesse to deface it.  
 The Walkes put on their summer Liueries,  
 And all things else did hold like similies:  
 The Trees with leaues, with fruits, with flowers clad,  
 Embrac'd each other, seeming to be glad,  
 Turning themselues to beauteous Canopies,  
 To shade the bright Sunne from your brighter eies:

The cristall Streames with siluer spangles graced,  
While by the glorious Sunne they were embraced:  
The little Birds in chirping notes did sing,  
To entetaine both You and that sweet Spring.  
And Philomela with her sundry layes,  
Both You and that delightfull Place did praise.  
Oh how me thought each plant, each floure, each tree  
Set forth their beauties then to welcome thee!  
The very Hills right humbly did descend,  
When you to tread vpon them did intend.  
And as you set your feete, they still did rise,  
Glad that they could receiue so rich a prise.  
The gentle Windes did take delight to bee  
Among those woods that were so grac'd by thee.  
And in sad murmure vtterd pleasing sound,  
That Pleasure in that place might more abound:  
The swelling Bankes deliuer'd all their pride,  
When such a Phoenix once they had espide.  
Each Arbor, Banke, each Seate, each stately Tree,  
Thought themselues honor'd i[n] supporting thee,  
The pretty Birds would oft come to attend thee,  
Yet flie away for feare they should offend thee:  
The little creatures in the Burrough by  
Would come abroad to sport them in your eye;  
Yet fearefull of the Bowe in your faire Hand,  
Would runne away when you did make a stand.  
Now let me come vnto that stately Tree,  
Wherein such goodly Prospects you did see;  
That Oake that did in height his fellowes passe,  
As much as lofty trees, low growing grasse:  
Much like a comely Cedar streight and tall,  
Whose beauteous stature farre exceeded all:  
How often did you visite this faire tree,  
Which seeming joyfull in receiuing thee,  
Would like a Palme tree spread his armes abroad,  
Desirous that you there should make abode:  
Whose faire greene leaues much like a comely vaile,  
Defended Phebus when he would assaile:  
Whose pleasing boughes did yeeld a coole fresh ayre,  
Ioying his happinesse when you were there.  
Where beeing seated, you might plainely see,  
Hills, vales, and woods, as if on bended knee  
They had appeard, your honour to salute,

Or to preferre some strange vnlook'd for sute:  
All interlac'd with brookes and christall springs,  
A Prospect fit to please the eyes of Kings:  
And thirteene shires appear'd all in your sight,  
Europe could not affoord much more delight.  
What was there then but gaue you all content,  
While you the time in meditation spent,  
Of their Creators powre, which there you saw,  
In all his Creatures held a perfit Law;  
And in their beauties did you plaine descrie,  
His beauty, wisdom, grace, loue, maiestie.  
In these sweet woods how often did you walke,  
With Christ and his Apostles there to talke;  
Placing his holy Writ in some faire tree,  
To meditate what you therein did see:  
With Moyses you did mount his holy Hill,  
To knowe his pleasure, and performe his Will.  
With louely Daudid you did often sing,  
His holy Hymnes to Heauens Eternall King.  
And in sweet musicke did your soule delight,  
To sound his prayes, morning, noone, and night.  
With blessed Ioseph you did often feed  
Your pined brethren, when they stood in need.  
And that sweet Lady sprung from Cliffords race,  
Of noble Bedfords blood, faire streame of Grace;  
To honourable Dorset now espows'd,  
In whose faire breast true virtue then was hous'd:  
Oh what delight did my weake spirits find  
In those pure parts of her well framed mind:  
And yet it grieues me that I cannot be  
Neere vnto her, whose virtues did agree  
With those faire ornaments of outward beauty,  
Which did enforce from all both loue and dutie.  
Vnconstant Fortune, thou art most too blame,  
Who casts vs downe into so lowe a frame:  
Where our great friends we cannot dayly see,  
So great a diffrence is there in degree.  
Many are placed in those Orbes of state,  
Partners in honour, so ordain'd by Fate;  
Neerer in show, yet farther off in loue,  
In which, the lowest alwayes are about.  
But whither am I carried in conceit?  
My Wit too weake to conster of the great.

Why not? although we are but borne of earth,  
We may behold the Heauens, despising death;  
And louing heauen that is so farre aboue,  
May in the end vouchsafe vs entire loue.  
Therefore sweet Memorie, doe thou retaine  
Those pleasures past, which will not turne againe:  
Remember beauteous Dorsets former sports,  
So farre from beeing toucht by ill reports;  
Wherein my selfe did alwaies beare a part,  
While reuerend Loue presented my true heart:  
Those recreations let me beare in mind,  
Which her sweet youth and noble thoughts did finde:  
Whereof depriu'd, I euermore must grieue,  
Hating blind Fortune, carelesse to releiue.  
And you sweet Cooke-ham, whom these Ladies leaue,  
I now must tell the grieue you did conceaue  
At their departure; when they went away,  
How euery thing retaind a sad dismay:  
Nay long before, when one an inkeling came,  
Me thought each thing did vnto sorrow frame:  
The trees that were so glorious in our view,  
Forsooke both flowres and fruit, when once they knew  
Of your depart, their very leaues did wither,  
Changing their colours as they grewe together.  
But when they saw this had no powre to stay you,  
They often wept, though speechlesse, could not pray you;  
Letting their teares in your faire bosoms fall,  
As if they said, Why will ye leaue vs all?  
This being vaine, they cast their leaues away,  
Hoping that pitie would haue made you stay:  
Their frozen tops, like Ages hoarie haire,  
Shows their disasters, languishing in feares:  
A swarthy riueled ryne all ouer spread,  
Their dying bodies halfe aliue, halfe dead.  
But your occasions call'd you so away,  
That nothing there had power to make you stay:  
Yet did I see a noble gratefull minde,  
Requiting each according to their kind;  
Forgetting not to turne and take your leaue  
Of these sad creatures, powresse to receiue  
Your fauour, when with grieue you did depart,  
Placing their former pleasures in your heart;  
Giuing great charge to noble Memory,



There to preserue their loue continually:  
But specially the loue of that faire tree,  
That first and last you did vouchsafe to see:  
In which it pleas'd you oft to take the ayre,  
With noble Dorset, then a virgin faire:  
Where many a learned Booke was read and skand  
To this faire tree, taking me by the hand,  
You did repeat the pleasures which had past,  
Seeming to grieue they could no longer last.  
And with a chaste, yet louing kisse tooke leaue,  
Of which sweet kisse I did it soone bereaue:  
Scorning a sencelesse creature should possesse  
So rare a fauour, so great happinesse.  
No other kisse it could receiue from me,  
For feare to giue backe what it tooke of thee:  
So I ingratefull Creature did deceiue it,  
Of that which you vouchsaft in loue to leaue it.  
And though it oft had giu'n me much content,  
Yet this great wrong I neuer could repent:  
But of the happiest made it most forlorne,  
To shew that nothing's free from Fortune's scorne,  
While all the rest with this most beauteous tree,  
Made their sad consort Sorrowes harmony.  
The Floures that o[n] the banks and walkes did grow,  
Crept in the ground, the Grasse did weepe for woe.  
The Windes and Waters seem'd to chide together,  
Because you went away they knew not whither:  
And those sweet Brookes that ranne so faire and cleare,  
With griefe and trouble wrinckled did appeare.  
Those pretty Birds that wonted were to sing,  
Now neither sing, nor chirp, nor vse their wing;  
But with their tender feet on some bare spray,  
Warble forth sorrow, and their owne dismay.  
Faire Philomela leaues her mournefull Ditty,  
Drownd in dead sleepe, yet can procure no pittie:  
Each arbour, banke, each seate, each stately tree,  
Lookes bare and desolate now for want of thee;  
Turning greene tresses into frostie gray,  
While in cold griefe they wither all away.  
The Sunne grew weake, his beames no comfort gaue,  
While all greene things did make the earth their graue:  
Each brier, each bramble, when you went away,  
Caught fast your clothes, thinking to make you stay:

Delightfull Eccho wanted to reply  
 To our last words, did now for sorrow die:  
 The house cast off each garment that might grace it,  
 Putting on Dust and Cobwebs to deface it.  
 All desolation then there did appeare,  
 When you were going whom they held so deare.  
 This last farewell to Cooke-ham here I giue,  
 When I am dead thy name in this may liue,  
 Wherein I haue perform'd her noble hest,  
 Whose virtues lodge in my vnworthy breast,  
 And euer shall, so long as life remaines,  
 Tying my heart to her by those rich chaines.

FINIS.

### To the doubtfull Reader.

Gentle Reader, if thou desire to be resolved, why I giue this Title, *Salve Deus Rex Iudæorum*, know for certaine, that it was deliuered vnto me in sleepe many yeares before I had any intent to write in this maner, and was quite out of my memory, vntill I had written the Passion of Christ, when immediately it came into my remembrance, what I had dreamed long before; and thinking it a significant token, that I was appointed to performe this worke, I gaue the very same words I receiued in sleepe as the fittest Title I could deuise for this Booke.

### 3.5.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. How, if at all, does Lanyer authoritatively lay claim to the role of poet? How, if at all, does she negotiate this claim within the parameters that then defined women, that is, as wives and mothers? How does her negotiation compare with Elizabeth I's or the Countess of Pembroke's?
2. In "The Description of Cookeham," what alternative to Paradise does Lanyer present, and why?
3. How, why, and to what effect, if any, does Lanyer claim women as agents of (Christian) redemption?
4. How, if at all, does *Salve* comment on her own age, particularly the corruption of the court of James I?
5. What comments, if any, does *Salve* make on the institution of marriage and female desire, and why?

## 3.6 BEN JONSON

(1572-1637)

Ben Jonson was born probably around London, though some scholars believe he was born in Westminster. He was probably born in 1572, though that has been disputed, as well. Jonson himself specifies the day of his birth as the eleventh of June. He was a posthumous child, his father, a minister, having died a month before Jonson's birth. His mother remarried a bricklayer, a trade to which Jonson was apprenticed but which he came to loathe. He was educated at the Royal College of St. Peter in Westminster where he studied grammar, rhetoric, Hebrew, and the Classics, including drama. He may have studied at Cambridge; he certainly participated in the English campaigns in the



**Image 3.6 | Ben Jonson**

**Artist |** Abraham van Blijenberch

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Netherlands. His proudest achievement during this campaign was his killing an enemy in single combat, and claiming the spoils of his defeated opponent.

He returned to London, and in 1594 married Anne Lewis. And he committed himself to a career in the theater, acting probably at Philip Henslowe's (1550-1616) Rose Theatre and later for Henry Herbert, 2<sup>nd</sup> Earl of Pembroke's (1538-1601) Men. He ultimately turned his talents to writing. Theaters were coming under Puritan attack, seen as places of corruption, scandal, and disease. Indeed, in 1597, Jonson was arrested and accused of performing in a seditious and scandalous play, *The Isle of Dogs*, but he was released within months. But Jonson's work did much to elevate the prestige of theaters and of playwrights. And he actively saw to the publication of his plays in individual and collected form, thereby claiming their importance and his own as a writer. Jonson's writing is noted for its adherence to classical models, its scholarship, wit, and style. The play he placed at the head of his collected *Works* was *Every Man in His Humour*, performed in 1598 by the Lord Chamberlain's Men, a company that included Shakespeare.

That same year, Jonson was arrested and tried for manslaughter. He pled guilty for having argued with and then having killed the actor Gabriel Spenser (1578-1598) in a duel. Jonson was branded with a hot iron and his goods were confiscated. He continued to write for the theater, though, including for Shakespeare's Globe. He also wrote poetry, odes, and satires. For his art and livelihood, Jonson actively sought and won support from patrons that included Sir Robert Thownshend (1512-

1556), a wealthy Parliamentarian, and Esme Stuart, 7<sup>th</sup> Seigneur d’Aubigny (1542-1583), who was a cousin of James I. With Inigo Jones (1573-1652), James I’s architect, Jonson wrote several elaborate court masques. He eventually was awarded pensions from William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1580-1630), and James I.

Jonson became a leader of the men of letters of his day. Such cavalier poets (Royalist poets) as Robert Herrick and Richard Lovelace (1617-1657) described themselves as the “Sons of Ben” and followed Jonson in adhering to classical forms, rules, and unities. Jonson was granted honorary degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge. He also helped prepare for publication the collected works of Shakespeare, the *First Folio*, in which appears Jonson’s poem “To the Memory of My Beloved, The Author, Master William Shakespeare, And What He Hath Left Us.” His work influenced not only his own time but also the future, particularly the Neoclassical Age. His classically-inspired art improves on nature that “first beget the imperfect” by proceeding “she to the perfect” (*The Alchemist*, II.iii.158, 159).



**Image 3.7 | Abel Druggier, from Ben Jonson’s *The Alchemist***

**Artist |** J. Thornthwaite

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### 3.6.1 *The Alchemist*

(1610)

#### LETTERS

TO THE LADY MOST DESERVING HER NAME AND BLOOD:  
LADY MARY WROTH.

Madam,

In the age of sacrifices, the truth of religion was not in the greatness and fat of the offerings, but in the devotion and zeal of the sacrificers: else what could a handle of gums have done in the sight of a hecatomb? or how might I appear at this altar, except with those affections that no less love the light and witness, than they have the conscience of your virtue? If what I offer bear an acceptable odour, and hold the first strength, it is your value of it, which remembers where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwise, as the times are, there comes rarely forth that thing so full of authority or example, but by assiduity and custom grows less, and loses. This, yet, safe in your judgment (which is a Sidney’s) is forbidden to speak

more, lest it talk or look like one of the ambitious faces of the time, who, the more they paint, are the less themselves.

Your ladyship's true honourer,  
BEN JONSON.

#### TO THE READER.

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that takest up, and but a pretender, beware of what hands thou receivest thy commodity; for thou wert never more fair in the way to be cozened, than in this age, in poetry, especially in plays: wherein, now the concupiscence of dances and of antics so reigneth, as to run away from nature, and be afraid of her, is the only point of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose, and place, do I name art? When the professors are grown so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their own naturals, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the terms, when they understand not the things, think to get off wittily with their ignorance. Nay, they are esteemed the more learned, and sufficient for this, by the many, through their excellent vice of judgment. For they commend writers, as they do fencers or wrestlers; who if they come in robustuously, and put for it with a great deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows: when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. I deny not, but that these men, who always seek to do more than enough, may some time happen on some thing that is good, and great; but very seldom; and when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. It sticks out, perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it: as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness, than a faint shadow. I speak not this, out of a hope to do good to any man against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worse would find more suffrages: because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those, that, to gain the opinion of copy, utter all they can, however unfitly; and those that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful, to think rude things greater than polished; or scattered more numerous than composed.

#### **DRAMATIS PERSONAE**

SUBTLE, the Alchemist.

FACE, the Housekeeper.

DOL COMMON, their Colleague.

DAPPER, a Lawyer's Clerk.

DRUGGER, a Tobacco Man.

LOVEWIT, Master of the House.

SIR EPICURE MAMMON, a Knight.

PERTINAX SURLY, a Gamester.

TRIBULATION WHOLESOME, a Pastor of Amsterdam.

ANANIAS, a Deacon there.

KASTRIL, the angry Boy.

DAME PLIANT, his Sister, a Widow.

Neighbours.

Officers, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, — LONDON.

### ARGUMENT

The sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,  
 His house in town, and left one servant there;  
 Ease him corrupted, and gave means to know

A Cheater, and his punk; who now brought low,  
 Leaving their narrow practice, were become  
 Cozeners at large; and only wanting some  
 House to set up, with him they here contract,  
 Each for a share, and all begin to act.  
 Much company they draw, and much abuse,  
 In casting figures, telling fortunes, news,  
 Selling of flies, flat bawdry with the stone,  
 Till it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

### PROLOGUE

Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours,  
 We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,  
 Judging spectators; and desire, in place,  
 To the author justice, to ourselves but grace.  
 Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,  
 No country's mirth is better than our own:  
 No clime breeds better matter for your whore,  
 Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,  
 Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;  
 And which have still been subject for the rage  
 Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen  
 Did never aim to grieve, but better men;  
 Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure  
 The vices that she breeds, above their cure.  
 But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,  
 And in their working gain and profit meet,  
 He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,

But will with such fair correctives be pleased:  
 For here he doth not fear who can apply.  
 If there be any that will sit so nigh  
 Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,  
 They shall find things, they'd think or wish were done;  
 They are so natural follies, but so shewn,  
 As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

## **ACT 1.**

### **SCENE 1.1.**

A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER FACE, IN A CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM, WITH HIS SWORD DRAWN, AND  
 SUBTLE WITH A VIAL, QUARRELLING, AND FOLLOWED BY DOL COMMON.

FACE.

Believe 't, I will.

SUB.

Thy worst. I fart at thee.

DOL.

Have you your wits? why, gentlemen! for love —

FACE.

Sirrah, I'll strip you —

SUB.

What to do? lick figs Out at my —

FACE.

Rogue, rogue! — out of all your sleights.

DOL.

Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen?

SUB.

O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks With good strong water, an you come.

DOL.

Will you have The neighbours hear you? will you betray all? Hark! I hear somebody.

FACE.

Sirrah —

SUB.

I shall mar All that the tailor has made, if you approach.

FACE.

You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave, Dare you do this?

SUB.

Yes, faith; yes, faith.

FACE.

Why, who Am I, my mungrel? who am I?

SUB.

I'll tell you, since you know not yourself.

FACE.

Speak lower, rogue.

SUB.

Yes, you were once (time's not long past) the good, Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept Your master's worship's house here in the Friars, For the vacations —

FACE.

Will you be so loud?

SUB.

Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

FACE.

By your means, doctor dog!

SUB.

Within man's memory, All this I speak of.

FACE.

Why, I pray you, have I Been countenanced by you, or you by me? Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.



SUB.

I do not hear well.

FACE.

Not of this, I think it. But I shall put you in mind, sir; — at Pie-corner, Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls, Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn-nose, And your complexion of the Roman wash, Stuck full of black and melancholic worms, Like powder corns shot at the artillery-yard.

SUB.

I wish you could advance your voice a little.

FACE.

When you went pinn'd up in the several rags You had raked and pick'd from dunghills, before day; Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes; A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloke, That scarce would cover your no buttocks —

SUB.

So, sir!

FACE.

When all your alchemy, and your algebra, Your minerals, vegetals, and animals, Your conjuring, cozening, and your dozen of trades, Could not relieve your corps with so much linen Would make you tinder, but to see a fire; I gave you countenance, credit for your coals, Your stills, your glasses, your materials; Built you a furnace, drew you customers, Advanced all your black arts; lent you, beside, A house to practise in —

SUB.

Your master's house!

FACE.

Where you have studied the more thriving skill Of bawdry since.

SUB.

Yes, in your master's house. You and the rats here kept possession. Make it not strange. I know you were one could keep The buttery-hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings, Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitae men, The which, together with your Christmas vails At post-and-pair, your letting out of counters, Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks, And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs, Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.

FACE.

You might talk softer, rascal.

SUB.

No, you scarab, I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you  
How to beware to tempt  
a Fury again, That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

FACE.

The place has made you valiant.

SUB.

No, your clothes. — Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung, So poor, so wretched,  
when no living thing Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse? Rais'd thee  
from brooms, and dust, and watering-pots, Sublimed thee, and exalted thee, and  
fix'd thee In the third region, call'd our state of grace? Wrought thee to spirit, to  
quintessence, with pains Would twice have won me the philosopher's work? Put  
thee in words and fashion, made thee fit For more than ordinary fellowships? Giv'n  
thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions, Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-  
pit, cards, Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else? Made thee a second in mine own  
great art? And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel, Do you fly out in the projection?  
Would you be gone now?

DOL.

Gentlemen, what mean you? Will you mar all?

SUB.

Slave, thou hadst had no name —

DOL.

Will you undo yourselves with civil war?

SUB.

Never been known, past equi clibanum, The heat of horse-dung, under ground,  
in cellars, Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's; been lost To all mankind, but  
laundresses and tapsters, Had not I been.

DOL.

Do you know who hears you, sovereign?

FACE.

Sirrah —

DOL.

Nay, general, I thought you were civil.

FACE.

I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

SUB.

And hang thyself, I care not.

FACE.

Hang thee, collier, And all thy pots, and pans, in picture, I will, Since thou hast moved me —

DOL.

O, this will o'erthrow all.

FACE.

Write thee up bawd in Paul's, have all thy tricks Of cozening with a hollow cole, dust, scrapings, Searching for things lost, with a sieve and sheers, Erecting figures in your rows of houses, And taking in of shadows with a glass, Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee, Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.

DOL.

Are you sound? Have you your senses, masters?

FACE.

I will have A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures, Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to printers.

SUB.

Away, you trencher-rascal!

FACE.

Out, you dog-leech! The vomit of all prisons —

DOL.

Will you be Your own destructions, gentlemen?

FACE.

Still spew'd out For lying too heavy on the basket.

SUB.

Cheater!

FACE.

Bawd!

SUB.

Cow-herd!

FACE.

Conjurer!

SUB.

Cut-purse!

FACE.

Witch!

DOL.

O me! We are ruin'd, lost! have you no more regard To your reputations? where's your judgment? 'sight, Have yet some care of me, of your republic —

FACE.

Away, this brach! I'll bring thee, rogue, within The statute of sorcery, tricesimo tertio Of Harry the Eighth: ay, and perhaps thy neck Within a noose, for laundring gold and barbing it.

DOL [SNATCHES FACE'S SWORD].

You'll bring your head within a cockscomb, will you? And you, sir, with your menstrue — [DASHES SUBTLE'S VIAL OUT OF HIS HAND.] Gather it up. — 'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards, Leave off your barking, and grow one again, Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats. I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal, For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt of you both. Have you together cozen'd all this while, And all the world, and shall it now be said, You've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves? [TO FACE.] You will accuse him! you will "bring him in Within the statute!" Who shall take your word? A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain, Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust So much as for a feather: [TO SUBTLE.] and you, too, Will give the cause, forsooth! you will insult, And claim a primacy in the divisions! You must be chief! as if you only had The powder to project with, and the work Were not begun out of equality? The venture tripartite? all things in common? Without priority? 'Sdeath! you perpetual curs, Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly, And heartily, and lovingly, as you should, And lose not the beginning of a term, Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too, And take my part, and quit you.

FACE.

'Tis his fault; He ever murmurs, and objects his pains, And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

SUB.

Why, so it does.

DOL.

How does it? do not we Sustain our parts?

SUB.

Yes, but they are not equal.

DOL.

Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope Ours may, to-morrow match it.

SUB.

Ay, they MAY.

DOL.

May, murmuring mastiff! ay, and do. Death on me! Help me to throttle him.

[SEIZES SUB. BY THE THROAT.]

SUB.

Dorothy! mistress Dorothy! 'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?

DOL.

Because o' your fermentation and cibation?

SUB.

Not I, by heaven —

DOL.

Your Sol and Luna [TO FACE.] — help me.

SUB.

Would I were hang'd then? I'll conform myself.

DOL.

Will you, sir? do so then, and quickly: swear.

SUB.

What should I swear?

DOL.

To leave your faction, sir, And labour kindly in the common work.

SUB.

Let me not breathe if I meant aught beside. I only used those speeches as a spur  
To him.

DOL.

I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we?

FACE.

'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shark best.

SUB.

Agreed.

DOL.

Yes, and work close and friendly.

SUB.

'Slight, the knot Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me.

[THEY SHAKE HANDS.]

DOL.

Why, so, my good baboons! Shall we go make A sort of sober, scurvy, precise  
neighbours, That scarce have smiled twice since the king came in, A feast of laughter  
at our follies? Rascals, Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride, Or you  
t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in, For which you should pay ear-rent? No,  
agree. And may don Provost ride a feasting long, In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd  
scarfs, My noble sovereign, and worthy general, Ere we contribute a new crewel  
garter To his most worsted worship.

SUB.

Royal Dol! Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself.

FACE.

For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph, And not be styled Dol Common,  
but Dol Proper, Dol Singular: the longest cut at night, Shall draw thee for his Doll  
Particular.

[BELL RINGS WITHOUT.]

SUB.

Who's that? one rings. To the window, Dol: [EXIT DOL.] — pray heaven, The master do not trouble us this quarter.

FACE.

O, fear not him. While there dies one a week O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward London. Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now; I had a letter from him. If he do, He'll send such word, for airing of the house, As you shall have sufficient time to quit it: Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

[RE-ENTER DOL.]

SUB.

Who is it, Dol?

DOL.

A fine young quodling.

FACE.

O, My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night, In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have (I told you of him) a familiar, To rifle with at horses, and win cups.

DOL.

O, let him in.

SUB.

Stay. Who shall do't?

FACE.

Get you Your robes on: I will meet him as going out.

DOL.

And what shall I do?

FACE.

Not be seen; away! [EXIT DOL.] Seem you very reserv'd.

SUB.

Enough.

[EXIT.]

FACE [ALOUD AND RETIRING].

God be wi' you, sir, I pray you let him know that I was here: His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid, but —

DAP [WITHIN].

Captain, I am here.

FACE.

Who's that? — He's come, I think, doctor.

[ENTER DAPPER.]

Good faith, sir, I was going away.

DAP.

In truth I am very sorry, captain.

FACE.

But I thought Sure I should meet you.

DAP.

Ay, I am very glad. I had a scurvy writ or two to make, And I had lent my watch last night to one That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was robb'd Of my past-time. [RE-ENTER SUBTLE IN HIS VELVET CAP AND GOWN.] Is this the cunning-man?

FACE.

This is his worship.

DAP.

Is he a doctor?

FACE.

Yes.

DAP.

And have you broke with him, captain?

FACE.

Ay.

DAP.

And how?



FACE.

Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so dainty I know not what to say.

DAP.

Not so, good captain.

FACE.

Would I were fairly rid of it, believe me.

DAP.

Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should you wish so? I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

FACE.

I cannot think you will, sir. But the law Is such a thing — and then he says, Read's matter Falling so lately.

DAP.

Read! he was an ass, And dealt, sir, with a fool.

FACE.

It was a clerk, sir.

DAP.

A clerk!

FACE.

Nay, hear me, sir. You know the law Better, I think —

DAP.

I should, sir, and the danger: You know, I shewed the statute to you.

FACE.

You did so.

DAP.

And will I tell then! By this hand of flesh, Would it might never write good court-hand more, If I discover. What do you think of me, That I am a chiaus?

FACE.

What's that?

DAP.

The Turk was here. As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?

FACE.

I'll tell the doctor so.

DAP.

Do, good sweet captain.

FACE.

Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's prevail; This is the gentleman, and he is no chiaus.

SUB.

Captain, I have return'd you all my answer. I would do much, sir, for your love — But this I neither may, nor can.

FACE.

Tut, do not say so. You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor, One that will thank you richly; and he is no chiaus: Let that, sir, move you.

SUB.

Pray you, forbear —

FACE.

He has Four angels here.

SUB.

You do me wrong, good sir.

FACE.

Doctor, wherein? to tempt you with these spirits?

SUB.

To tempt my art and love, sir, to my peril. Fore heaven, I scarce can think you are my friend, That so would draw me to apparent danger.

FACE.

I draw you! a horse draw you, and a halter, You, and your flies together —

DAP.

Nay, good captain.

FACE.

That know no difference of men.

SUB.

Good words, sir.

FACE.

Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs-meat. 'Slight, I bring you No cheating Clim o' the  
Cloughs or Claribels, That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush; And spit out  
secrets like hot custard —

DAP.

Captain!

FACE.

Nor any melancholic under-scribe, Shall tell the vicar; but a special gentle, That is  
the heir to forty marks a year, Consorts with the small poets of the time, Is the sole  
hope of his old grandmother; That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands, Is a  
fine clerk, and has his cyphering perfect. Will take his oath o' the Greek Testament,  
If need be, in his pocket; and can court His mistress out of Ovid.

DAP.

Nay, dear captain —

FACE.

Did you not tell me so?

DAP.

Yes; but I'd have you Use master doctor with some more respect.

FACE.

Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet head! — But for your sake, I'd choak,  
ere I would change An article of breath with such a puckfist: Come, let's be gone.

[GOING.]

SUB.

Pray you let me speak with you.

DAP.

His worship calls you, captain.

FACE.

I am sorry I e'er embark'd myself in such a business.

DAP.

Nay, good sir; he did call you.

FACE.

Will he take then?

SUB.

First, hear me —

FACE.

Not a syllable, 'less you take.

SUB.

Pray you, sir —

FACE.

Upon no terms but an assumpsit.

SUB.

Your humour must be law. [HE TAKES THE FOUR ANGELS.]

FACE.

Why now, sir, talk. Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak. So may this gentleman too.

SUB.

Why, sir — [OFFERING TO WHISPER FACE.]

FACE.

No whispering.

SUB.

Fore heaven, you do not apprehend the loss You do yourself in this.

FACE.

Wherein? for what?

SUB.

Marry, to be so importunate for one, That, when he has it, will undo you all: He'll win up all the money in the town.

FACE.

How!

SUB.

Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester, As they do crackers in a puppet-play. If I do give him a familiar, Give you him all you play for; never set him: For he will have it.

FACE.

You are mistaken, doctor. Why he does ask one but for cups and horses, A rifling fly; none of your great familiars.

DAP.

Yes, captain, I would have it for all games.

SUB.

I told you so.

FACE [TAKING DAP. ASIDE].

'Slight, that is a new business! I understood you, a tame bird, to fly Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights, When you had left the office, for a nag Of forty or fifty shillings.

DAP.

Ay, 'tis true, sir; But I do think now I shall leave the law, And therefore —

FACE.

Why, this changes quite the case. Do you think that I dare move him?

DAP.

If you please, sir; All's one to him, I see.

FACE.

What! for that money? I cannot with my conscience; nor should you Make the request, methinks.

DAP.

No, sir, I mean To add consideration.

FACE.

Why then, sir, I'll try. — [GOES TO SUBTLE.] Say that it were for all games, doctor.

SUB.

I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him At any ordinary, but on the score, That is  
a gaming mouth, conceive me.

FACE.

Indeed!

SUB.

He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm, If it be set him.

FACE.

Speak you this from art?

SUB.

Ay, sir, and reason too, the ground of art. He is of the only best complexion, The  
queen of Fairy loves.

FACE.

What! is he?

SUB.

Peace. He'll overhear you. Sir, should she but see him —

FACE.

What?

SUB.

Do not you tell him.

FACE.

Will he win at cards too?

SUB.

The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac, You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous  
luck As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put Six of your gallants to a cloke, indeed.

FACE.

A strange success, that some man shall be born to.

SUB.

He hears you, man —

DAP.

Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.

FACE.

Faith, I have confidence in his good nature: You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.

SUB.

Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.

FACE.

Troth, do it, doctor; think him trusty, and make him. He may make us both happy in an hour; Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.

DAP.

Believe it, and I will, sir.

FACE.

And you shall, sir. [TAKES HIM ASIDE.] You have heard all?

DAP.

No, what was't? Nothing, I, sir.

FACE.

Nothing!

DAP.

A little, sir.

FACE.

Well, a rare star Reign'd at your birth.

DAP.

At mine, sir! No.

FACE.

The doctor Swears that you are —

SUB.

Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.

FACE.

Allied to the queen of Fairy.

DAP.

Who! that I am? Believe it, no such matter —

FACE.

Yes, and that You were born with a cawl on your head.

DAP.

Who says so?

FACE.

Come, You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.

DAP.

I'fac, I do not; you are mistaken.

FACE.

How! Swear by your fac, and in a thing so known Unto the doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you In the other matter? can we ever think, When you have won five or six thousand pound, You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?

DAP.

By Jove, sir, I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half. I'fac's no oath.

SUB.

No, no, he did but jest.

FACE.

Go to. Go thank the doctor: he's your friend, To take it so.

DAP.

I thank his worship.

FACE.

So! Another angel.

DAP.

Must I?

FACE.

Must you! 'sight, What else is thanks? will you be trivial? — Doctor, [DAPPER GIVES HIM THE MONEY.] When must he come for his familiar?



DAP.

Shall I not have it with me?

SUB.

O, good sir! There must a world of ceremonies pass; You must be bath'd and fumigated first: Besides the queen of Fairy does not rise Till it be noon.

FACE.

Not, if she danced, to-night.

SUB.

And she must bless it.

FACE.

Did you never see Her royal grace yet?

DAP.

Whom?

FACE.

Your aunt of Fairy?

SUB.

Not since she kist him in the cradle, captain; I can resolve you that.

FACE.

Well, see her grace, Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know. It will be somewhat hard to compass; but However, see her. You are made, believe it, If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman, And very rich; and if she take a fancy, She will do strange things. See her, at any hand. 'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has: It is the doctor's fear.

DAP.

How will't be done, then?

FACE.

Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you But say to me, captain, I'll see her grace.

DAP.

"Captain, I'll see her grace."

FACE.

Enough.

[KNOCKING WITHIN.]

SUB.

Who's there? Anon. [ASIDE TO FACE.] — Conduct him forth by the back way. — Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself; Till when you must be fasting; only take Three drops of vinegar in at your nose, Two at your mouth, and one at either ear; Then bathe your fingers' ends and wash your eyes, To sharpen your five senses, and cry "hum" Thrice, and then "buz" as often; and then come.

[EXIT.]

FACE.

Can you remember this?

DAP.

I warrant you.

FACE.

Well then, away. It is but your bestowing Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants, And put on a clean shirt: you do not know What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.

[EXEUNT FACE AND DAPPER.]

SUB [WITHIN].

Come in! Good wives, I pray you forbear me now; Troth I can do you no good till afternoon — [RE-ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY DRUGGER.] What is your name, say you? Abel Drugger?

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

A seller of tobacco?

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

Umph! Free of the grocers?

DRUG.

Ay, an't please you.

SUB.

Well — Your business, Abel?

DRUG.

This, an't please your worship; I am a young beginner, and am building Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just At corner of a street: — Here is the plot on't — And I would know by art, sir, of your worship, Which way I should make my door, by necromancy, And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes, And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir: And I was wish'd to your worship by a gentleman, One captain Face, that says you know men's planets, And their good angels, and their bad.

SUB.

I do, If I do see them —

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

What! my honest Abel? Though art well met here.

DRUG.

Troth, sir, I was speaking, Just as your worship came here, of your worship: I pray you speak for me to master doctor.

FACE.

He shall do any thing. — Doctor, do you hear? This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow; He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil, Nor washes it in muscadel and grains, Nor buries it in gravel, under ground, Wrapp'd up in greasy leather, or piss'd clouts: But keeps it in fine lily pots, that, open'd, Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans. He has his maple block, his silver tongs, Winchester pipes, and fire of Juniper: A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

SUB.

He is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.

FACE.

Already, sir, have you found it? Lo thee, Abel!

SUB.

And in right way toward riches —

FACE.

Sir!

SUB.

This summer He will be of the clothing of his company, And next spring call'd to the scarlet; spend what he can.

FACE.

What, and so little beard?

SUB.

Sir, you must think, He may have a receipt to make hair come: But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't; His fortune looks for him another way.

FACE.

'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon? I am amused at that!

SUB.

By a rule, captain, In metoposcopy, which I do work by; A certain star in the forehead, which you see not. Your chestnut or your olive-colour'd face Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise. I knew't by certain spots, too, in his teeth, And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

FACE.

Which finger's that?

SUB.

His little finger. Look. You were born upon a Wednesday?

DRUG.

Yes, indeed, sir.

SUB.

The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus; The fore-finger, to Jove; the midst, to Saturn; The ring, to Sol; the least, to Mercury, Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope, His house of life being Libra; which fore-shew'd, He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.

FACE.

Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest Nab?

SUB.

There is a ship now, coming from Ormus, That shall yield him such a commodity  
Of drugs [POINTING TO THE PLAN.] — This is the west, and this the south?

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

And those are your two sides?

DRUG.

Ay, sir.

SUB.

Make me your door, then, south; your broad side, west: And on the east side of  
your shop, aloft, Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat; Upon the north part,  
Rael, Velel, Thiel. They are the names of those mercurial spirits, That do fright  
flies from boxes.

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

And Beneath your threshold, bury me a load-stone To draw in gallants that wear  
spurs: the rest, They'll seem to follow.

FACE.

That's a secret, Nab!

SUB.

And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice And a court-fucus to call city-dames: You  
shall deal much with minerals.

DRUG.

Sir, I have. At home, already —

SUB.

Ay, I know you have arsenic, Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, alkali, Cinoper: I know all.  
— This fellow, captain, Will come, in time, to be a great distiller, And give a say — I  
will not say directly, But very fair — at the philosopher's stone.

FACE.

Why, how now, Abel! is this true?

DRUG [ASIDE TO FACE].

Good captain, What must I give?

FACE.

Nay, I'll not counsel thee. Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what thou canst,) Thou'rt like to come to.

DRUG.

I would gi' him a crown.

FACE.

A crown! and toward such a fortune? heart, Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?

DRUG.

Yes, I have a portague, I have kept this half-year.

FACE.

Out on thee, Nab! 'Slight, there was such an offer — Shalt keep't no longer, I'll give't him for thee. Doctor, Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears He will appear more grateful, as your skill Does raise him in the world.

DRUG.

I would entreat Another favour of his worship.

FACE.

What is't, Nab?

DRUG.

But to look over, sir, my almanack, And cross out my ill-days, that I may neither Bargain, nor trust upon them.

FACE.

That he shall, Nab: Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.

SUB.

And a direction for his shelves.

FACE.

Now, Nab, Art thou well pleased, Nab?

DRUG.

'Thank, sir, both your worships.

FACE.

Away. [EXIT DRUGGER.] Why, now, you smoaky persecutor of nature! Now do you see, that something's to be done, Beside your beech-coal, and your corsive waters, Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites? You must have stuff brought home to you, to work on: And yet you think, I am at no expense In searching out these veins, then following them, Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelligence Costs me more money, than my share oft comes to, In these rare works.

SUB.

You are pleasant, sir. [RE-ENTER DOL.] — How now! What says my dainty Dolkin?

DOL.

Yonder fish-wife Will not away. And there's your giantess, The bawd of Lambeth.

SUB.

Heart, I cannot speak with them.

DOL.

Not afore night, I have told them in a voice, Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars. But I have spied sir Epicure Mammon —

SUB.

Where?

DOL.

Coming along, at far end of the lane, Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue To one that's with him.

SUB.

Face, go you and shift. [EXIT FACE.] Dol, you must presently make ready, too.

DOL.

Why, what's the matter?

SUB.

O, I did look for him With the sun's rising: 'marvel he could sleep, This is the day I am to perfect for him The magisterium, our great work, the stone; And yield it, made, into his hands: of which He has, this month, talked as he were possess'd. And now he's dealing pieces on't away. — Methinks I see him entering ordinaries, Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses, Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for lepers, And offering citizens' wives pomander-bracelets, As his preservative, made of the elixir; Searching the spittal, to make old bawds young; And the highways, for beggars, to make rich. I see no end of his labours. He will make

Nature asham'd of her long sleep: when art, Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she, In her best love to mankind, ever could: If his dream lasts, he'll turn the age to gold.

[EXEUNT.]

**ACT 2.**

**SCENE 2.1.**

AN OUTER ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER SIR EPICURE MAMMON AND SURLY.

MAM.

Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore In Novo Orbe; here's the rich Peru: And there within, sir, are the golden mines, Great Solomon's Ophir! he was sailing to't, Three years, but we have reached it in ten months. This is the day, wherein, to all my friends, I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH; THIS DAY YOU SHALL BE SPECTATISSIMI. You shall no more deal with the hollow dye, Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping The livery-punk for the young heir, that must Seal, at all hours, in his shirt: no more, If he deny, have him beaten to't, as he is That brings him the commodity. No more Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloke, To be display'd at madam Augusta's, make The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets: Or go a feasting after drum and ensign. No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys, And have your punks, and punketees, my Surly. And unto thee I speak it first, BE RICH. Where is my Subtle, there? Within, ho!

FACE [WITHIN].

Sir, he'll come to you by and by.

MAM.

That is his fire-drake, His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals, Till he firke nature up, in her own centre. You are not faithful, sir. This night, I'll change All that is metal, in my house, to gold: And, early in the morning, will I send To all the plumbers and the pewterers, And by their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury For all the copper.

SUR.

What, and turn that too?



MAM.

Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall, And make them perfect Indies!  
you admire now?

SUR.

No, faith.

MAM.

But when you see th' effects of the Great Medicine, Of which one part projected on  
a hundred Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon, Shall turn it to as many of the sun;  
Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum: You will believe me.

SUR.

Yes, when I see't, I will. But if my eyes do cozen me so, and I Giving them no  
occasion, sure I'll have A whore, shall piss them out next day.

MAM.

Ha! why? Do you think I fable with you? I assure you, He that has once the flower  
of the sun, The perfect ruby, which we call elixir, Not only can do that, but, by  
its virtue, Can confer honour, love, respect, long life; Give safety, valour, yea,  
and victory, To whom he will. In eight and twenty days, I'll make an old man of  
fourscore, a child.

SUR.

No doubt; he's that already.

MAM.

Nay, I mean, Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle, To the fifth age; make him  
get sons and daughters, Young giants; as our philosophers have done, The ancient  
patriarchs, afore the flood, But taking, once a week, on a knife's point, The quantity  
of a grain of mustard of it; Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

SUR.

The decay'd vestals of Pict-hatch would thank you, That keep the fire alive, there.

MAM.

'Tis the secret Of nature naturis'd 'gainst all infections, Cures all diseases coming  
of all causes; A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve; And, of what age soever,  
in a month: Past all the doses of your drugging doctors. I'll undertake, withal, to  
fright the plague Out of the kingdom in three months.

SUR.

And I'll Be bound, the players shall sing your praises, then, Without their poets.

MAM.

Sir, I'll do't. Mean time, I'll give away so much unto my man, Shall serve the whole city, with preservative Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate —

SUR.

As he that built the Water-work, does with water?

MAM.

You are incredulous.

SUR.

Faith I have a humour, I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone Cannot transmute me.

MAM.

Pertinax, [my] Surly, Will you believe antiquity? records? I'll shew you a book where Moses and his sister, And Solomon have written of the art; Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam —

SUR.

How!

MAM.

Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch.

SUR.

Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?

MAM.

He did; Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

SUR.

What paper?

MAM.

On cedar board.

SUR.

O that, indeed, they say, Will last 'gainst worms.

MAM.

'Tis like your Irish wood, 'Gainst cob-webs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece, too, Which was no other than a book of alchemy, Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat

ram-vellum. Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub, And, all that fable of Medea's charms, The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace, Still breathing fire; our argent-vive, the dragon: The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate, That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting; And they are gathered into Jason's helm, The alembic, and then sow'd in Mars his field, And thence sublimed so often, till they're fixed. Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story, Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes, Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more, All abstract riddles of our stone. [ENTER FACE, AS A SERVANT.] — How now! Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?

FACE.

The evening will set red upon you, sir; You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment Has done his office; three hours hence prepare you To see projection.

MAM.

Pertinax, my Surly. Again I say to thee, aloud, Be rich. This day, thou shalt have ingots; and to-morrow, Give lords th' affront. — Is it, my Zephyrus, right? Blushes the bolt's-head?

FACE.

Like a wench with child, sir, That were but now discover'd to her master.

MAM.

Excellent witty Lungs! — my only care Where to get stuff enough now, to project on; This town will not half serve me.

FACE.

No, sir! buy The covering off o' churches.

MAM.

That's true.

FACE.

Yes. Let them stand bare, as do their auditory; Or cap them, new, with shingles.

MAM.

No, good thatch: Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs. — Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace; I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe, Lost in the embers; and repair this brain, Hurt with the fume o' the metals.

FACE.

I have blown, sir, Hard for your worship; thrown by many a coal, When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put in, just, To keep your heat still even; these blear'd eyes

Have wak'd to read your several colours, sir, Of the pale citron, the green lion, the  
crow, The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

MAM.

And, lastly, Thou hast descry'd the flower, the sanguis agni?

FACE.

Yes, sir.

MAM.

Where's master?

FACE.

At his prayers, sir, he; Good man, he's doing his devotions For the success.

MAM.

Lungs, I will set a period To all thy labours; thou shalt be the master Of my seraglio.

FACE.

Good, sir.

MAM.

But do you hear? I'll geld you, Lungs.

FACE.

Yes, sir.

MAM.

For I do mean To have a list of wives and concubines, Equal with Solomon, who  
had the stone Alike with me; and I will make me a back With the elixir, that shall  
be as tough As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night. — Thou'rt sure thou saw'st it  
blood?

FACE.

Both blood and spirit, sir.

MAM.

I will have all my beds blown up, not stuff; Down is too hard: and then, mine oval  
room Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took From Elephantis, and dull Aretine  
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse And  
multiply the figures, as I walk Naked between my succubae. My mists I'll have of  
perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room, To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits To  
fall into; from whence we will come forth, And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.

— Is it arrived at ruby? — Where I spy A wealthy citizen, or [a] rich lawyer, Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.

FACE.

And I shall carry it?

MAM.

No. I'll have no bawds, But fathers and mothers: they will do it best, Best of all others. And my flatterers Shall be the pure and gravest of divines, That I can get for money. My mere fools, Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets The same that writ so subtly of the fart, Whom I will entertain still for that subject. The few that would give out themselves to be Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, bely Ladies who are known most innocent for them; Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of: And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails A-piece, made in a plume to gather wind. We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine. My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells, Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies. The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels, Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl, Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy: And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber, Headed with diamond and carbuncle. My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons, Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have The beards of barbels served, instead of sallads; Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off, Drest with an exquisite, and poignant sauce; For which, I'll say unto my cook, "There's gold, Go forth, and be a knight."

FACE.

Sir, I'll go look A little, how it heightens.

[EXIT.]

MAM.

Do. — My shirts I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment, It shall be such as might provoke the Persian, Were he to teach the world riot anew. My gloves of fishes' and birds' skins, perfumed With gums of paradise, and eastern air —

SUR.

And do you think to have the stone with this?

MAM.

No, I do think t' have all this with the stone.

SUR.

Why, I have heard he must be homo frugi, A pious, holy, and religious man, One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

MAM.

That makes it, sir; he is so: but I buy it; My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch, A notable, superstitious, good soul, Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald, With prayer and fasting for it: and, sir, let him Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes. Not a profane word afore him: 'tis poison. — [ENTER SUBTLE.] Good morrow, father.

SUB.

Gentle son, good morrow, And to your friend there. What is he, is with you?

MAM.

An heretic, that I did bring along, In hope, sir, to convert him.

SUB.

Son, I doubt You are covetous, that thus you meet your time In the just point: prevent your day at morning. This argues something, worthy of a fear Of importune and carnal appetite. Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave you, With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry To see my labours, now even at perfection, Got by long watching and large patience, Not prosper where my love and zeal hath placed them. Which (heaven I call to witness, with your self, To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends, Have look'd no way, but unto public good, To pious uses, and dear charity Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein If you, my son, should now prevaricate, And, to your own particular lusts employ So great and catholic a bliss, be sure A curse will follow, yea, and overtake Your subtle and most secret ways.

MAM.

I know, sir; You shall not need to fear me; I but come, To have you confute this gentleman.

SUR.

Who is, Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief Toward your stone; would not be gull'd.

SUB.

Well, son, All that I can convince him in, is this, The WORK IS DONE, bright sol is in his robe. We have a medicine of the triple soul, The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven, And make us worthy of it! — Ulen Spiegel!

FACE [WITHIN].

Anon, sir.

SUB.

Look well to the register. And let your heat still lessen by degrees, To the aludels.

FACE [WITHIN].

Yes, sir.

SUB.

Did you look On the bolt's-head yet?

FACE [WITHIN].

Which? on D, sir?

SUB.

Ay; What's the complexion?

FACE [WITHIN].

Whitish.

SUB.

Infuse vinegar, To draw his volatile substance and his tincture: And let the water in glass E be filter'd, And put into the gripe's egg. Lute him well; And leave him closed in balneo.

FACE [WITHIN].

I will, sir.

SUR.

What a brave language here is! next to canting.

SUB.

I have another work, you never saw, son, That three days since past the philosopher's wheel, In the lent heat of Athanor; and's become Sulphur of Nature.

MAM.

But 'tis for me?

SUB.

What need you? You have enough in that is perfect.

MAM.

O but —

SUB.

Why, this is covetise!

MAM.

No, I assure you, I shall employ it all in pious uses, Founding of colleges and grammar schools, Marrying young virgins, building hospitals, And now and then a church.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

SUB.

How now!

FACE.

Sir, please you, Shall I not change the filter?

SUB.

Marry, yes; And bring me the complexion of glass B.

[EXIT FACE.]

MAM.

Have you another?

SUB.

Yes, son; were I assured — Your piety were firm, we would not want The means to glorify it: but I hope the best. — I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow, And give him imbibition.

MAM.

Of white oil?

SUB.

No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm too, I thank my Maker, in S. Mary's bath, And shews lac virginis. Blessed be heaven! I sent you of his faeces there calcined: Out of that calx, I have won the salt of mercury.

MAM.

By pouring on your rectified water?



SUB.

Yes, and reverberating in Athanor. [RE-ENTER FACE.] How now! what colour says it?

FACE.

The ground black, sir.

MAM.

That's your crow's head?

SUR.

Your cock's-comb's, is it not?

SUB.

No, 'tis not perfect. Would it were the crow! That work wants something.

SUR [ASIDE].

O, I looked for this. The hay's a pitching.

SUB.

Are you sure you loosed them In their own menstree?

FACE.

Yes, sir, and then married them, And put them in a bolt's-head nipp'd to digestion,  
According as you bade me, when I set The liquor of Mars to circulation In the same heat.

SUB.

The process then was right.

FACE.

Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake, And what was saved was put into the pellican,  
And sign'd with Hermes' seal.

SUB.

I think 'twas so. We should have a new amalgama.

SUR [ASIDE].

O, this ferret Is rank as any pole-cat.

SUB.

But I care not: Let him e'en die; we have enough beside, In embrion. H has his white shirt on?

FACE.

Yes, sir, He's ripe for inceration, he stands warm, In his ash-fire. I would not you should let Any die now, if I might counsel, sir, For luck's sake to the rest: it is not good.

MAM.

He says right.

SUR [ASIDE].

Ay, are you bolted?

FACE.

Nay, I know't, sir, I have seen the ill fortune. What is some three ounces Of fresh materials?

MAM.

Is't no more?

FACE.

No more, sir. Of gold, t'amalgame with some six of mercury.

MAM.

Away, here's money. What will serve?

FACE.

Ask him, sir.

MAM.

How much?

SUB.

Give him nine pound: — you may give him ten.

SUR.

Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd, do.

MAM.

There 'tis. [GIVES FACE THE MONEY.]

SUB.

This needs not; but that you will have it so, To see conclusions of all: for two Of our inferior works are at fixation, A third is in ascension. Go your ways. Have you set the oil of luna in kemia?

FACE.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

And the philosopher's vinegar?

FACE.

Ay.

[EXIT.]

SUR.

We shall have a sallad!

MAM.

When do you make projection?

SUB.

Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine, By hanging him in balneo vaporoso, And giving him solution; then congeal him; And then dissolve him; then again congeal him; For look, how oft I iterate the work, So many times I add unto his virtue. As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred, After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand; His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred: After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces Of any imperfect metal, into pure Silver or gold, in all examinations, As good as any of the natural mine. Get you your stuff here against afternoon, Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

MAM.

Not those of iron?

SUB.

Yes, you may bring them too: We'll change all metals.

SUR.

I believe you in that.

MAM.

Then I may send my spits?

SUB.

Yes, and your racks.

SUR.

And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks? Shall he not?

SUB.

If he please.

SUR.

— To be an ass.

SUB.

How, sir!

MAM.

This gentleman you must bear withal: I told you he had no faith.

SUR.

And little hope, sir; But much less charity, should I gull myself.

SUB.

Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in our art, Seems so impossible?

SUR.

But your whole work, no more. That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir, As they do eggs in Egypt!

SUB.

Sir, do you Believe that eggs are hatch'd so?

SUR.

If I should?

SUB.

Why, I think that the greater miracle. No egg but differs from a chicken more Than metals in themselves.

SUR.

That cannot be. The egg's ordain'd by nature to that end, And is a chicken in potentia.

SUB.

The same we say of lead and other metals, Which would be gold, if they had time.

MAM.

And that Our art doth further.

SUB.

Ay, for 'twere absurd To think that nature in the earth bred gold Perfect in the instant: something went before. There must be remote matter.

SUR.

Ay, what is that?

SUB.

Marry, we say —

MAM.

Ay, now it heats: stand, father, Pound him to dust.

SUB.

It is, of the one part, A humid exhalation, which we call Material liquida, or the unctuous water; On the other part, a certain crass and vicious Portion of earth; both which, congregate, Do make the elementary matter of gold; Which is not yet propria materia, But common to all metals and all stones; For, where it is forsaken of that moisture, And hath more driness, it becomes a stone: Where it retains more of the humid fatness, It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver, Who are the parents of all other metals. Nor can this remote matter suddenly Progress so from extreme unto extreme, As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means. Nature doth first beget the imperfect, then Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy And oily water, mercury is engender'd; Sulphur of the fat and earthy part; the one, Which is the last, supplying the place of male, The other of the female, in all metals. Some do believe hermaphrodeity, That both do act and suffer. But these two Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive. And even in gold they are; for we do find Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in them; And can produce the species of each metal More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth. Beside, who doth not see in daily practice Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps, Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures; Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly placed? And these are living creatures, far more perfect And excellent than metals.

MAM.

Well said, father! Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument, He'll bray you in a mortar.

SUR.

Pray you, sir, stay. Rather than I'll be brayed, sir, I'll believe That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game, Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a man With charming.

SUB.

Sir?

SUR.

What else are all your terms, Whereon no one of your writers 'grees with other?  
Of your elixir, your lac virginis, Your stone, your med'cine, and your chrysosperm,  
Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury, Your oil of height, your tree of life, your  
blood, Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia, Your toad, your crow, your  
dragon, and your panther; Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop, Your  
lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit, And then your red man, and your white  
woman, With all your broths, your menstrues, and materials, Of piss and egg-  
shells, women's terms, man's blood, Hair o' the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds,  
and clay, Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass, And worlds of other strange  
ingredients, Would burst a man to name?

SUB.

And all these named, Intending but one thing; which art our writers Used to  
obscure their art.

MAM.

Sir, so I told him — Because the simple idiot should not learn it, And make it vulgar.

SUB.

Was not all the knowledge Of the Aegyptians writ in mystic symbols? Speak not the  
scriptures oft in parables? Are not the choicest fables of the poets, That were the  
fountains and first springs of wisdom, Wrapp'd in perplexed allegories?

MAM.

I urg'd that, And clear'd to him, that Sisyphus was damn'd To roll the ceaseless  
stone, only because He would have made Ours common.

DOL [APPEARS AT THE DOOR]. — Who is this?

SUB.

'Sprecious! — What do you mean? go in, good lady, Let me entreat you. [DOL  
RETIRES.] — Where's this varlet?

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Sir.

SUB.

You very knave! do you use me thus?

FACE.

Wherein, sir?

SUB.

Go in and see, you traitor. Go!

[EXIT FACE.]

MAM.

Who is it, sir?

SUB.

Nothing, sir; nothing.

MAM.

What's the matter, good sir? I have not seen you thus distemper'd: who is't?

SUB.

All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries; But ours the most ignorant. — [RE-ENTER FACE.] What now?

FACE.

'Twas not my fault, sir; she would speak with you.

SUB.

Would she, sir! Follow me.

[EXIT.]

MAM [STOPPING HIM].

Stay, Lungs.

FACE.

I dare not, sir.

MAM.

Stay, man; what is she?

FACE.

A lord's sister, sir.

MAM.

How! pray thee, stay.

FACE.

She's mad, sir, and sent hither — He'll be mad too. —

MAM.

I warrant thee. — Why sent hither?

FACE.

Sir, to be cured.

SUB [WITHIN].

Why, rascal!

FACE.

Lo you! — Here, sir!

[EXIT.]

MAM.

'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece.

SUR.

Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I will be burnt else.

MAM.

O, by this light, no: do not wrong him. He's Too scrupulous that way: it is his vice. No, he's a rare physician, do him right, An excellent Paracelsian, and has done Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all With spirits, he; he will not hear a word Of Galen; or his tedious recipes. — [RE-ENTER FACE.] How now, Lungs!

FACE.

Softly, sir; speak softly. I meant To have told your worship all. This must not hear.

MAM.

No, he will not be "gull'd;" let him alone.

FACE.

You are very right, sir, she is a most rare scholar, And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works. If you but name a word touching the Hebrew, She falls into her fit, and will discourse So learnedly of genealogies, As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.



MAM.

How might one do t' have conference with her, Lungs?

FACE.

O divers have run mad upon the conference: I do not know, sir. I am sent in haste,  
To fetch a vial.

SUR.

Be not gull'd, sir Mammon.

MAM.

Wherein? pray ye, be patient.

SUR.

Yes, as you are, And trust confederate knaves and bawds and whores.

MAM.

You are too foul, believe it. — Come here, Ulen, One word.

FACE.

I dare not, in good faith. [GOING.]

MAM.

Stay, knave.

FACE.

He is extreme angry that you saw her, sir.

MAM.

Drink that. [GIVES HIM MONEY.] What is she when she's out of her fit?

FACE.

O, the most affablest creature, sir! so merry! So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like  
quicksilver, Over the helm; and circulate like oil, A very vegetal: discourse of state,  
Of mathematics, bawdry, any thing —

MAM.

Is she no way accessible? no means, No trick to give a man a taste of her — wit —  
Or so?

SUB [WITHIN].

Ulen!

FACE.

I'll come to you again, sir.

[EXIT.]

MAM.

Surly, I did not think one of your breeding Would traduce personages of worth.

SUR.

Sir Epicure, Your friend to use; yet still loth to be gull'd: I do not like your philosophical bawds. Their stone is letchery enough to pay for, Without this bait.

MAM.

'Heart, you abuse yourself. I know the lady, and her friends, and means, The original of this disaster. Her brother Has told me all.

SUR.

And yet you never saw her Till now!

MAM.

O yes, but I forgot. I have, believe it, One of the treacherousest memories, I do think, Of all mankind.

SUR.

What call you her brother?

MAM.

My lord — He will not have his name known, now I think on't.

SUR.

A very treacherous memory!

MAM.

On my faith —

SUR.

Tut, if you have it not about you, pass it, Till we meet next.

MAM.

Nay, by this hand, 'tis true. He's one I honour, and my noble friend; And I respect his house.

SUR.

Heart! can it be, That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need, A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus, With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard means To gull himself? An this be your elixir, Your lapis mineralis, and your lunary, Give me your honest trick yet at primero, Or glee; and take your lutum sapientis, Your menstruum simplex! I'll have gold before you, And with less danger of the quicksilver, Or the hot sulphur.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Here's one from Captain Face, sir, [TO SURLY.] Desires you meet him in the Temple-church, Some half-hour hence, and upon earnest business. Sir, [WHISPERS MAMMON.] if you please to quit us, now; and come Again within two hours, you shall have My master busy examining o' the works; And I will steal you in, unto the party, That you may see her converse. — Sir, shall I say, You'll meet the captain's worship?

SUR.

Sir, I will. — [WALKS ASIDE.] But, by attorney, and to a second purpose. Now, I am sure it is a bawdy-house; I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me: The naming this commander doth confirm it. Don Face! why, he's the most authentic dealer In these commodities, the superintendant To all the quainter traffickers in town! He is the visitor, and does appoint, Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what price; Which gown, and in what smock; what fall; what tire. Him will I prove, by a third person, to find The subtleties of this dark labyrinth: Which if I do discover, dear sir Mammon, You'll give your poor friend leave, though no philosopher, To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.

FACE.

Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.

SUR.

I will not, sir. Sir Epicure, I shall leave you.

[EXIT.]

MAM.

I follow you, straight.

FACE.

But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion. This gentleman has a parlous head.

MAM.

But wilt thou Ulen, Be constant to thy promise?

FACE.

As my life, sir.

MAM.

And wilt thou insinuate what I am, and praise me, And say, I am a noble fellow?

FACE.

O, what else, sir? And that you'll make her royal with the stone, An empress; and yourself, King of Bantam.

MAM.

Wilt thou do this?

FACE.

Will I, sir!

MAM.

Lungs, my Lungs! I love thee.

FACE.

Send your stuff, sir, that my master May busy himself about projection.

MAM.

Thou hast witch'd me, rogue: take, go. [GIVES HIM MONEY.]

FACE.

Your jack, and all, sir.

MAM.

Thou art a villain — I will send my jack, And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear. Away, thou dost not care for me.

FACE.

Not I, sir!

MAM.

Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel, Set thee on a bench, and have thee twirl a chain With the best lord's vermin of 'em all.

FACE.

Away, sir.

MAM.

A count, nay, a count palatine —

FACE.

Good, sir, go.

MAM.

Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster.

[EXIT.]

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE AND DOL.]

SUB.

Has he bit? has he bit?

FACE.

And swallowed, too, my Subtle. I have given him line, and now he plays, i'faith.

SUB.

And shall we twitch him?

FACE.

Thorough both the gills. A wench is a rare bait, with which a man No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.

SUB.

Dol, my Lord What'ts'hums sister, you must now Bear yourself statelich.

DOL.

O let me alone. I'll not forget my race, I warrant you. I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud; Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady, And be as rude as her woman.

FACE.

Well said, sanguine!

SUB.

But will he send his andirons?

FACE.

His jack too, And's iron shoeing-horn; I have spoke to him. Well, I must not lose my wary gamester yonder.

SUB.

O monsieur Caution, that WILL NOT BE GULL'D?

FACE.

Ay, If I can strike a fine hook into him, now! The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle. Well, pray for me. I'll about it. [KNOCKING WITHOUT.]

SUB.

What, more gudgeons! Dol, scout, scout! [DOL GOES TO THE WINDOW.] Stay, Face, you must go to the door, 'Pray God it be my anabaptist — Who is't, Dol?

DOL.

I know him not: he looks like a gold-endman.

SUB.

Ods so! 'tis he, he said he would send what call you him? The sanctified elder, that should deal For Mammon's jack and andirons. Let him in. Stay, help me off, first, with my gown. [EXIT FACE WITH THE GOWN.] Away, Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. [EXIT DOL.] Now, In a new tune, new gesture, but old language. — This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me About the stone too, for the holy brethren Of Amsterdam, the exiled saints, that hope To raise their discipline by it. I must use him In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire me. — [ENTER ANANIAS.] [ALOUD.] Where is my drudge?

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Sir!

SUB.

Take away the recipient, And rectify your menstrue from the phlegma. Then pour it on the Sol, in the cucurbite, And let them macerate together.

FACE.

Yes, sir. And save the ground?

SUB.

No: terra damnata Must not have entrance in the work. — Who are you?

ANA.

A faithful brother, if it please you.

SUB.

What's that? A Lullianist? a Ripley? Filius artis? Can you sublime and dulcify? calcine? Know you the sapor pontic? sapor stiptic? Or what is homogene, or heterogene?

ANA.

I understand no heathen language, truly.

SUB.

Heathen! you Knipper-doling? is Ars sacra, Or chrysopoeia, or spagyrica, Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge, A heathen language?

ANA.

Heathen Greek, I take it.

SUB.

How! heathen Greek?

ANA.

All's heathen but the Hebrew.

SUB.

Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth and speak to him, Like a philosopher: answer in the language. Name the vexations, and the martyrisations Of metals in the work.

FACE.

Sir, putrefaction, Solution, ablution, sublimation, Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and Fixation.

SUB.

This is heathen Greek to you, now! — And when comes vivification?

FACE.

After mortification.

SUB.

What's cohobation?

FACE.

'Tis the pouring on Your aqua regis, and then drawing him off, To the trine circle of the seven spheres.

SUB.

What's the proper passion of metals?

FACE.

Malleation.

SUB.

What's your ultimum supplicium auri?

FACE.

Antimonium.

SUB.

This is heathen Greek to you! — And what's your mercury?

FACE.

A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.

SUB.

How know you him?

FACE.

By his viscosity, His oleosity, and his suscitability.

SUB.

How do you sublime him?

FACE.

With the calce of egg-shells, White marble, talc.

SUB.

Your magisterium now, What's that?

FACE.

Shifting, sir, your elements, Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, Hot into dry.

SUB.

This is heathen Greek to you still! Your lapis philosophicus?

FACE.

'Tis a stone, And not a stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body: Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolved; If you coagulate, it is coagulated; If you make it to fly, it flieth.



SUB.

Enough. [EXIT FACE.] This is heathen Greek to you! What are you, sir?

ANA.

Please you, a servant of the exiled brethren, That deal with widows' and with orphans' goods, And make a just account unto the saints: A deacon.

SUB.

O, you are sent from master Wholesome, Your teacher?

ANA.

From Tribulation Wholesome, Our very zealous pastor.

SUB.

Good! I have Some orphans' goods to come here.

ANA.

Of what kind, sir?

SUB.

Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchen-ware, Metals, that we must use our medicine on: Wherein the brethren may have a pennyworth For ready money.

ANA.

Were the orphans' parents Sincere professors?

SUB.

Why do you ask?

ANA.

Because We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth, Their utmost value.

SUB.

'Slid, you'd cozen else, And if their parents were not of the faithful! — I will not trust you, now I think on it, 'Till I have talked with your pastor. Have you brought money To buy more coals?

ANA.

No, surely.

SUB.

No! how so?

ANA.

The brethren bid me say unto you, sir, Surely, they will not venture any more, Till they may see projection.

SUB.

How!

ANA.

You have had, For the instruments, as bricks, and lome, and glasses, Already thirty pound; and for materials, They say, some ninety more: and they have heard since, That one at Heidelberg, made it of an egg, And a small paper of pin-dust.

SUB.

What's your name?

ANA.

My name is Ananias.

SUB.

Out, the varlet That cozen'd the apostles! Hence, away! Flee, mischief! had your holy consistory No name to send me, of another sound, Than wicked Ananias? send your elders Hither to make atonement for you quickly, And give me satisfaction; or out goes The fire; and down th' alembics, and the furnace, Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch! Both sericon and bufo shall be lost, Tell them. All hope of rooting out the bishops, Or the antichristian hierarchy, shall perish, If they stay threescore minutes: the aqueity, Terreity, and sulphureity Shall run together again, and all be annull'd, Thou wicked Ananias! [EXIT ANANIAS.] This will fetch 'em, And make them haste towards their gulling more. A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright Those that are froward, to an appetite.

[RE-ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM, FOLLOWED BY DRUGGER.]

FACE.

He is busy with his spirits, but we'll upon him.

SUB.

How now! what mates, what Baiards have we here?

FACE.

I told you, he would be furious. — Sir, here's Nab, Has brought you another piece of gold to look on: — We must appease him. Give it me, — and prays you, You would devise — what is it, Nab?

DRUG.

A sign, sir.

FACE.

Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, doctor.

SUB.

I was devising now.

FACE.

'Slight, do not say so, He will repent he gave you any more — What say you to his constellation, doctor, The Balance?

SUB.

No, that way is stale, and common. A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull, Or the bull's-head: in Aries, the ram, A poor device! No, I will have his name Form'd in some mystic character; whose radii, Striking the senses of the passers by, Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections, That may result upon the party owns it: As thus —

FACE.

Nab!

SUB.

He shall have "a bell," that's "Abel;" And by it standing one whose name is "Dee," In a "rug" gown, there's "D," and "Rug," that's "drug:" And right anent him a dog snarling "er;" There's "Drugger," Abel Drugger. That's his sign. And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic!

FACE.

Abel, thou art made.

DRUG.

Sir, I do thank his worship.

FACE.

Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab. He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.

DRUG.

Yes, sir; I have another thing I would impart —

FACE.

Out with it, Nab.

DRUG.

Sir, there is lodged, hard by me, A rich young widow —

FACE.

Good! a bona roba?

DRUG.

But nineteen, at the most.

FACE.

Very good, Abel.

DRUG.

Marry, she's not in fashion yet; she wears A hood, but it stands a cop.

FACE.

No matter, Abel.

DRUG.

And I do now and then give her a fucus —

FACE.

What! dost thou deal, Nab?

SUB.

I did tell you, captain.

DRUG.

And physic too, sometime, sir; for which she trusts me With all her mind. She's  
come up here of purpose To learn the fashion.

FACE.

Good (his match too!) — On, Nab.

DRUG.

And she does strangely long to know her fortune.

FACE.

Ods lid, Nab, send her to the doctor, hither.

DRUG.

Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship already; But she's afraid it will be blown abroad, And hurt her marriage.

FACE.

Hurt it! 'tis the way To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more Follow'd and sought: Nab, thou shalt tell her this. She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your widows Are ne'er of any price till they be famous; Their honour is their multitude of suitors. Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What! Thou dost not know.

DRUG.

No, sir, she'll never marry Under a knight: her brother has made a vow.

FACE.

What! and dost thou despair, my little Nab, Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee, And seeing so many of the city dubb'd? One glass o' thy water, with a madam I know, Will have it done, Nab: what's her brother, a knight?

DRUG.

No, sir, a gentleman newly warm in his land, sir, Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that does govern His sister here; and is a man himself Of some three thousand a year, and is come up To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits, And will go down again, and die in the country.

FACE.

How! to quarrel?

DRUG.

Yes, sir, to carry quarrels, As gallants do; to manage them by line.

FACE.

'Slid, Nab, the doctor is the only man In Christendom for him. He has made a table, With mathematical demonstrations, Touching the art of quarrels: he will give him An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring them both, Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her The doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to: 'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit Upon the premises.

SUB.

O, good captain!

FACE.

He shall; He is the honestest fellow, doctor. — Stay not, No offers; bring the damask, and the parties.

DRUG.

I'll try my power, sir.

FACE.

And thy will too, Nab.

SUB.

'Tis good tobacco, this! What is't an ounce?

FACE.

He'll send you a pound, doctor.

SUB.

O no.

FACE.

He will do't. It is the goodest soul! — Abel, about it. Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone. [EXIT ABEL.] A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese, And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed, Why he came now: he dealt with me in private, To get a med'cine for them.

SUB.

And shall, sir. This works.

FACE.

A wife, a wife for one on us, my dear Subtle! We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have The more in goods, the other has in tail.

SUB.

Rather the less: for she may be so light She may want grains.

FACE.

Ay, or be such a burden, A man would scarce endure her for the whole.

SUB.

Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.

FACE.

Content: but Dol must have no breath on't.

SUB.

Mum. Away you, to your Surly yonder, catch him.

FACE.

'Pray God I have not staid too long.

SUB.

I fear it.

[EXEUNT.]

### **ACT 3.**

#### **SCENE 3.1.**

THE LANE BEFORE LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER TRIBULATION WHOLESOME AND ANANIAS.

TRI.

These chastisements are common to the saints, And such rebukes, we of the separation Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

ANA.

In pure zeal, I do not like the man; he is a heathen, And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

TRI.

I think him a profane person indeed.

ANA.

He bears The visible mark of the beast in his forehead. And for his stone, it is a work of darkness, And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.

TRI.

Good brother, we must bend unto all means, That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

ANA.

Which his cannot: the sanctified cause Should have a sanctified course.

TRI.

Not always necessary: The children of perdition are oft-times Made instruments even of the greatest works: Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature, The place he lives in, still about the fire, And fume of metals, that intoxicate The brain of man, and make him prone to passion. Where have you greater atheists than your

cooks? Or more profane, or choleric, than your glass-men? More antichristian than your bell-founders? What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you, Sathan, our common enemy, but his being Perpetually about the fire, and boiling Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say, Unto the motives, and the stirrers up Of humours in the blood. It may be so, When as the work is done, the stone is made, This heat of his may turn into a zeal, And stand up for the beauteous discipline, Against the menstruous cloth and rag of Rome. We must await his calling, and the coming Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing What need we have to hasten on the work, For the restoring of the silenced saints, Which ne'er will be, but by the philosopher's stone. And so a learned elder, one of Scotland, Assured me; aurum potabile being The only med'cine, for the civil magistrate, T' incline him to a feeling of the cause; And must be daily used in the disease.

ANA.

I have not edified more, truly, by man; Not since the beautiful light first shone on me: And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

TRI.

Let us call on him then.

ANA.

The motion's good, And of the spirit; I will knock first. [KNOCKS.] Peace be within!

[THE DOOR IS OPENED, AND THEY ENTER.]

### SCENE 3.2.

A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER SUBTLE, FOLLOWED BY TRIBULATION AND ANANIAS.

SUB.

O, are you come? 'twas time. Your threescore minutes Were at last thread, you see: and down had gone Furnus acediae, turris circulatorius: Lembec, bolt's-head, retort and pelican Had all been cinders. — Wicked Ananias! Art thou return'd? nay then, it goes down yet.

TRI.

Sir, be appeased; he is come to humble Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience, If too much zeal hath carried him aside From the due path.



SUB.

Why, this doth qualify!

TRI.

The brethren had no purpose, verily, To give you the least grievance; but are ready  
To lend their willing hands to any project The spirit and you direct.

SUB.

This qualifies more!

TRI.

And for the orphans' goods, let them be valued, Or what is needful else to the holy  
work, It shall be numbered; here, by me, the saints, Throw down their purse before  
you.

SUB.

This qualifies most! Why, thus it should be, now you understand. Have I discours'd  
so unto you of our stone, And of the good that it shall bring your cause? Shew'd you  
(beside the main of hiring forces Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,  
From the Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet) That even the med'cinal use shall  
make you a faction, And party in the realm? As, put the case, That some great man  
in state, he have the gout, Why, you but send three drops of your elixir, You help  
him straight: there you have made a friend. Another has the palsy or the dropsy,  
He takes of your incombustible stuff, He's young again: there you have made a  
friend, A lady that is past the feat of body, Though not of mind, and hath her face  
decay'd Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore, With the oil of talc: there you  
have made a friend; And all her friends. A lord that is a leper, A knight that has the  
bone-ache, or a squire That hath both these, you make them smooth and sound,  
With a bare fricace of your med'cine: still You increase your friends.

TRI.

Ay, it is very pregnant.

SUB.

And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter To plate at Christmas. —

ANA.

Christ-tide, I pray you.

SUB.

Yet, Ananias!

ANA.

I have done.

SUB.

Or changing His parcel gilt to massy gold. You cannot But raise you friends. Withal,  
to be of power To pay an army in the field, to buy The king of France out of his  
realms, or Spain Out of his Indies. What can you not do Against lords spiritual or  
temporal, That shall oppone you?

TRI.

Verily, 'tis true. We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.

SUB.

You may be any thing, and leave off to make Long-winded exercises; or suck up  
Your "ha!" and "hum!" in a tune. I not deny, But such as are not graced in a state,  
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion, And get a tune to call the flock together:  
For, to say sooth, a tune does much with women, And other phlegmatic people; it  
is your bell.

ANA.

Bells are profane; a tune may be religious.

SUB.

No warning with you! then farewell my patience. 'Slight, it shall down: I will not  
be thus tortured.

TRI.

I pray you, sir.

SUB.

All shall perish. I have spoken it.

TRI.

Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the man He stands corrected: neither did his  
zeal, But as your self, allow a tune somewhere. Which now, being tow'rd the stone,  
we shall not need.

SUB.

No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows To give you legacies; or make zealous  
wives To rob their husbands for the common cause: Nor take the start of bonds  
broke but one day, And say, they were forfeited by providence. Nor shall you need  
o'er night to eat huge meals, To celebrate your next day's fast the better; The whilst  
the brethren and the sisters humbled, Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast

Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones; As whether a Christian may hawk  
or hunt, Or whether matrons of the holy assembly May lay their hair out, or wear  
doublets, Or have that idol starch about their linen.

ANA.

It is indeed an idol.

TRI.

Mind him not, sir. I do command thee, spirit of zeal, but trouble, To peace within  
him! Pray you, sir, go on.

SUB.

Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the prelates, And shorten so your ears against  
the hearing Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity Rail against plays, to  
please the alderman Whose daily custard you devour; nor lie With zealous rage till  
you are hoarse. Not one Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves By names of  
Tribulation, Persecution, Restraint, Long-patience, and such-like, affected By the  
whole family or wood of you, Only for glory, and to catch the ear Of the disciple.

TRI.

Truly, sir, they are Ways that the godly brethren have invented, For propagation  
of the glorious cause, As very notable means, and whereby also Themselves grow  
soon, and profitably, famous.

SUB.

O, but the stone, all's idle to it! nothing! The art of angels' nature's miracle, The  
divine secret that doth fly in clouds From east to west: and whose tradition Is not  
from men, but spirits.

ANA.

I hate traditions; I do not trust them —

TRI.

Peace!

ANA.

They are popish all. I will not peace: I will not —

TRI.

Ananias!

ANA.

Please the profane, to grieve the godly; I may not.

SUB.

Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.

TRI.

It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir; But truly, else, a very faithful brother, A botcher, and a man, by revelation, That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

SUB.

Has he a competent sum there in the bag To buy the goods within? I am made guardian, And must, for charity, and conscience sake, Now see the most be made for my poor orphan; Though I desire the brethren too good gainers: There they are within. When you have view'd and bought 'em, And ta'en the inventory of what they are, They are ready for projection; there's no more To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver As there is tin there, so much gold as brass, I'll give't you in by weight.

TRI.

But how long time, Sir, must the saints expect yet?

SUB.

Let me see, How's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence, He will be silver potato; then three days Before he citronise: Some fifteen days, The magisterium will be perfected.

ANA.

About the second day of the third week, In the ninth month?

SUB.

Yes, my good Ananias.

TRI.

What will the orphan's goods arise to, think you?

SUB.

Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd three cars, Unladed now: you'll make six millions of them. — But I must have more coals laid in.

TRI.

How?

SUB.

Another load, And then we have finish'd. We must now increase Our fire to ignis ardens; we are past Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris, And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints Do need a present

sum, I have a trick To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly, And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars As any are in Holland.

TRI.

Can you so?

SUB.

Ay, and shall 'bide the third examination.

ANA.

It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

SUB.

But you must carry it secret.

TRI.

Ay; but stay, This act of coining, is it lawful?

ANA.

Lawful! We know no magistrate; or, if we did, This is foreign coin.

SUB.

It is no coining, sir. It is but casting.

TRI.

Ha! you distinguish well: Casting of money may be lawful.

ANA.

'Tis, sir.

TRI.

Truly, I take it so.

SUB.

There is no scruple, Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias: This case of conscience he is studied in.

TRI.

I'll make a question of it to the brethren.

ANA.

The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not. Where shall it be done?

[KNOCKING WITHOUT.]

SUB.

For that we'll talk anon. There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you, And view the parcels. That's the inventory. I'll come to you straight. [EXEUNT TRIB. AND ANA.] Who is it? — Face! appear. [ENTER FACE IN HIS UNIFORM.] How now! good prize?

FACE.

Good pox! yond' costive cheater Never came on.

SUB.

How then?

FACE.

I have walk'd the round Till now, and no such thing.

SUB.

And have you quit him?

FACE.

Quit him! an hell would quit him too, he were happy. 'Slight! would you have me stalk like a mill-jade, All day, for one that will not yield us grains? I know him of old.

SUB.

O, but to have gull'd him, Had been a mastery.

FACE.

Let him go, black boy! And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee. A noble count, a don of Spain, my dear Delicious compeer, and my party-bawd, Who is come hither private for his conscience, And brought munition with him, six great slops, Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks, Furnished with pistols, and pieces of eight, Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath, (That is the colour,) and to make his battery Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port, Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she? She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen, The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit, For she must milk his epididimis. Where is the doxy?

SUB.

I'll send her to thee: And but despatch my brace of little John Leydens, And come again my self.

FACE.

Are they within then?

SUB.

Numbering the sum.

FACE.

How much?

SUB.

A hundred marks, boy.

[EXIT.]

FACE.

Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds of Mammon! Three of my clerk! A portague of my grocer! This of the brethren! beside reversions, And states to come in the widow, and my count! My share to-day will not be bought for forty —

[ENTER DOL.]

DOL.

What?

FACE.

Pounds, dainty Dorothy! art thou so near?

DOL.

Yes; say, lord general, how fares our camp?

FACE.

As with the few that had entrench'd themselves Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol, And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew fat With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in Daily by their small parties. This dear hour, A doughty don is taken with my Dol; And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt, My Dousabel; he shall be brought here fetter'd With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and thrown In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon; Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum; Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be tame As the poor black-birds were in the great frost, Or bees are with a bason; and so hive him In the swan-skin coverlid, and cambric sheets, Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-gift.

DOL.

What is he, general?

FACE.

An adalantado, A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?

DOL.

No.

FACE.

Nor my Drugger?

DOL.

Neither.

FACE.

A pox on 'em, They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards Would not be seen upon these festival days. — [RE-ENTER SUBTLE.] How now! have you done?

SUB.

Done. They are gone: the sum Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew Another chapman now would buy 'em outright.

FACE.

'Slid, Nab shall do't against he have the widow, To furnish household.

SUB.

Excellent, well thought on: Pray God he come!

FACE.

I pray he keep away Till our new business be o'erpast.

SUB.

But, Face, How cam'st thou by this secret don?

FACE.

A spirit Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here, As I was conjuring yonder in my circle For Surly; I have my flies abroad. Your bath Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol, You must go tune your virginal, no losing O' the least time: and, do you hear? good action. Firk, like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop, close; And tickle him with thy mother tongue. His great Verdugoship has not a jot of language; So much the easier to be cozen'd, my Dolly. He will come here in a hired coach, obscure,



And our own coachman, whom I have sent as guide, No creature else. [KNOCKING WITHOUT.] Who's that?

[EXIT DOL.]

SUB.

It is not he?

FACE.

O no, not yet this hour.

[RE-ENTER DOL.]

SUB.

Who is't?

DOL.

Dapper, Your clerk.

FACE.

God's will then, queen of Fairy, On with your tire; [EXIT DOL.] and, doctor, with your robes. Let's dispatch him for God's sake.

SUB.

'Twill be long.

FACE.

I warrant you, take but the cues I give you, It shall be brief enough. [GOES TO THE WINDOW.] 'Slight, here are more! Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir, That fain would quarrel.

SUB.

And the widow?

FACE.

No, Not that I see. Away! [EXIT SUB.] [ENTER DAPPER.] O sir, you are welcome. The doctor is within a moving for you; I have had the most ado to win him to it! — He swears you'll be the darling of the dice: He never heard her highness dote till now. Your aunt has given you the most gracious words That can be thought on.

DAP.

Shall I see her grace?

FACE.

See her, and kiss her too. — [ENTER ABEL, FOLLOWED BY KASTRIL.] What, honest Nab! Hast brought the damask?

NAB. No, sir; here's tobacco.

FACE.

'Tis well done, Nab; thou'lt bring the damask too?

DRUG.

Yes: here's the gentleman, captain, master Kastril, I have brought to see the doctor.

FACE.

Where's the widow?

DRUG.

Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says, shall come.

FACE.

O, is it so? good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?

KAS.

Ay, and the best of the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else, By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the doctor? My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one That can do things: has he any skill?

FACE.

Wherein, sir?

KAS.

To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly, Upon fit terms.

FACE.

It seems, sir, you are but young About the town, that can make that a question.

KAS.

Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech Of the angry boys, and seen them take tobacco; And in his shop; and I can take it too. And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down And practise in the country.

FACE.

Sir, for the duello, The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you, To the least shadow of a hair; and shew you An instrument he has of his own making, Wherewith no

sooner shall you make report Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't Most instantly, and tell in what degree Of safety it lies in, or mortality. And how it may be borne, whether in a right line, Or a half circle; or may else be cast Into an angle blunt, if not acute: And this he will demonstrate. And then, rules To give and take the lie by.

KAS.

How! to take it?

FACE.

Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle; But never in diameter. The whole town Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily At the eating academies.

KAS.

But does he teach Living by the wits too?

FACE.

Anything whatever. You cannot think that subtlety, but he reads it. He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp, Just of your standing, 'fore I met with him; It is not two months since. I'll tell you his method: First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

KAS.

No, I'll not come there: you shall pardon me.

FACE.

For why, sir?

KAS.

There's gaming there, and tricks.

FACE.

Why, would you be A gallant, and not game?

KAS.

Ay, 'twill spend a man.

FACE.

Spend you! it will repair you when you are spent: How do they live by their wits there, that have vented Six times your fortunes?

KAS.

What, three thousand a-year!

FACE.

Ay, forty thousand.

KAS.

Are there such?

FACE.

Ay, sir, And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman Is born to nothing, — [POINTS TO DAPPER.] forty marks a year, Which I count nothing: — he is to be initiated, And have a fly of the doctor. He will win you, By irresistible luck, within this fortnight, Enough to buy a barony. They will set him Upmost, at the groom porter's, all the Christmas: And for the whole year through, at every place, Where there is play, present him with the chair; The best attendance, the best drink; sometimes Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing; The purest linen, and the sharpest knife, The partridge next his trencher: and somewhere The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty. You shall have your ordinaries bid for him, As play-houses for a poet; and the master Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects, Which must be butter'd shrimps: and those that drink To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being The goodly president mouth of all the board.

KAS.

Do you not gull one?

FACE.

'Ods my life! do you think it? You shall have a cast commander, (can but get In credit with a glover, or a spurrier, For some two pair of either's ware aforehand,) Will, by most swift posts, dealing [but] with him, Arrive at competent means to keep himself, His punk and naked boy, in excellent fashion, And be admired for't.

KAS.

Will the doctor teach this?

FACE.

He will do more, sir: when your land is gone, As men of spirit hate to keep earth long, In a vacation, when small money is stirring, And ordinaries suspended till the term, He'll shew a perspective, where on one side You shall behold the faces and the persons Of all sufficient young heirs in town, Whose bonds are current for commodity; On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and others, That without help of any second broker, Who would expect a share, will trust such parcels: In the third square, the very street and sign Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait To be deliver'd, be it pepper, soap, Hops, or tobacco, oatmeal, woad, or cheeses. All which you may so handle, to enjoy To your own use, and never stand obliged.

KAS.

I'faith! is he such a fellow?

FACE.

Why, Nab here knows him. And then for making matches for rich widows, Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man! He's sent to, far and near, all over England, To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.

KAS.

God's will, my suster shall see him.

FACE.

I'll tell you, sir, What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing: — By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy, And that same melancholy breeds worms; but pass it: — He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern But once in's life!

DRUG.

Truth, and no more I was not.

FACE.

And then he was so sick —

DRUG.

Could he tell you that too?

FACE.

How should I know it?

DRUG.

In troth we had been a shooting, And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper, That lay so heavy o' my stomach —

FACE.

And he has no head To bear any wine; for what with the noise of the fiders, And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants —

DRUG.

My head did so ach —

FACE.

And he was fain to be brought home, The doctor told me: and then a good old woman —

DRUG.

Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-lane, — did cure me, With sodden ale, and pellitory  
of the wall; Cost me but two-pence. I had another sickness Was worse than that.

FACE.

Ay, that was with the grief Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteen-pence, For the  
water-work.

DRUG.

In truth, and it was like T' have cost me almost my life.

FACE.

Thy hair went off?

DRUG.

Yes, sir; 'twas done for spight.

FACE.

Nay, so says the doctor.

KAS.

Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster; I'll see this learned boy before I go; And  
so shall she.

FACE.

Sir, he is busy now: But if you have a sister to fetch hither, Perhaps your own pains  
may command her sooner; And he by that time will be free.

KAS.

I go.

[EXIT.]

FACE.

Drugger, she's thine: the damask! — [EXIT ABEL.] Subtle and I Must wrestle for  
her. [ASIDE.] — Come on, master Dapper, You see how I turn clients here away, To  
give your cause dispatch; have you perform'd The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

DAP.

Yes, of the vinegar, And the clean shirt.

FACE.

'Tis well: that shirt may do you More worship than you think. Your aunt's a-fire,

But that she will not shew it, t' have a sight of you. Have you provided for her grace's servants?

DAP.

Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.

FACE.

Good!

DAP.

And an old Harry's sovereign.

FACE.

Very good!

DAP.

And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth groat, Just twenty nobles.

FACE.

O, you are too just. I would you had had the other noble in Maries.

DAP.

I have some Philip and Maries.

FACE.

Ay, those same Are best of all: where are they? Hark, the doctor.

[ENTER SUBTLE, DISGUISED LIKE A PRIEST OF FAIRY, WITH A STRIPE OF CLOTH.]

SUB [IN A FEIGNED VOICE].

Is yet her grace's cousin come?

FACE.

He is come.

SUB.

And is he fasting?

FACE.

Yes.

SUB.

And hath cried hum?

FACE.

Thrice, you must answer.

DAP.

Thrice.

SUB.

And as oft buz?

FACE.

If you have, say.

DAP.

I have.

SUB.

Then, to her cuz, Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses, As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses, By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune; Which that he straight put on, she doth importune. And though to fortune near be her petticoat, Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note: And therefore, ev'n of that a piece she hath sent Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent; And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it, With as much love as then her grace did tear it, About his eyes, [THEY BLIND HIM WITH THE RAG,] to shew he is fortunate. And, trusting unto her to make his state, He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him; Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.

FACE.

She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing, But what he will part withal as willingly, Upon her grace's word — throw away your purse — As she would ask it; — handkerchiefs and all — [HE THROWS AWAY, AS THEY BID HIM.] She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey. — If you have a ring about you, cast it off, Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal Directly with her highness: if they find That you conceal a mite, you are undone.

DAP.

Truly, there's all.

FACE.

All what?



DAP.

My money; truly.

FACE.

Keep nothing that is transitory about you. [ASIDE TO SUBTLE.] Bid Dol play music. — [DOL PLAYS ON THE CITTERN WITHIN.] Look, the elves are come. To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

[THEY PINCH HIM.]

DAP.

O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.

FACE.

Ti, ti. They knew't, they say.

SUB.

Ti, ti, ti, ti. He has more yet.

FACE.

Ti, ti-ti-ti. [ASIDE TO SUB.] In the other pocket.

SUB.

Titi, titi, titi, titi. They must pinch him or he will never confess, they say.

[THEY PINCH HIM AGAIN.]

DAP.

O, O!

FACE.

Nay, pray you, hold: he is her grace's nephew, Ti, ti, ti? What care you? good faith, you shall care. — Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Shew You are innocent.

DAP.

By this good light, I have nothing.

SUB.

Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate she says: Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the LIGHT when he is blinded.

DAP.

By this good DARK, I have nothing but a half-crown Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me; And a leaden heart I wore since she forsook me.

FACE.

I thought 'twas something. And would you incur Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come, I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns. [TAKES IT OFF.] You may wear your leaden heart still. — [ENTER DOL HASTILY.] How now!

SUB.

What news, Dol?

DOL.

Yonder's your knight, sir Mammon.

FACE.

'Ods lid, we never thought of him till now! Where is he?

DOL.

Here hard by: he is at the door.

SUB.

And you are not ready now! Dol, get his suit. [EXIT DOL.] He must not be sent back.

FACE.

O, by no means. What shall we do with this same puffin here, Now he's on the spit?

SUB.

Why, lay him back awhile, With some device. [RE-ENTER DOL, WITH FACE'S CLOTHES.] — Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, Would her grace speak with me? I come. — Help, Dol!

[KNOCKING WITHOUT.]

FACE [SPEAKS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE]. Who's there? sir Epicure, My master's in the way. Please you to walk Three or four turns, but till his back be turned, And I am for you. — Quickly, Dol!

SUB.

Her grace Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.

DAP.

I long to see her grace.

SUB.

She now is set At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you From her own private

trencher, a dead mouse, And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal, And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting: Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she says, It would be better for you.

FACE.

Sir, he shall Hold out, an 'twere this two hours, for her highness; I can assure you that. We will not lose All we have done. —

SUB.

He must not see, nor speak To any body, till then.

FACE.

For that we'll put, sir, A stay in's mouth.

SUB.

Of what?

FACE.

Of gingerbread. Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little. — Gape, sir, and let him fit you.

[THEY THRUST A GAG OF GINGERBREAD IN HIS MOUTH.]

SUB.

Where shall we now Bestow him?

DOL.

In the privy.

SUB.

Come along, sir, I now must shew you Fortune's privy lodgings.

FACE.

Are they perfumed, and his bath ready?

SUB.

All: Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.

FACE [SPEAKING THROUGH THE KEYHOLE].

Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.

[EXEUNT WITH DAPPER.]

**ACT 4.****SCENE 4.1.**

A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER FACE AND MAMMON.

FACE.

O sir, you're come in the only finest time. —

MAM.

Where's master?

FACE.

Now preparing for projection, sir. Your stuff will be all changed shortly.

MAM.

Into gold?

FACE.

To gold and silver, sir.

MAM.

Silver I care not for.

FACE.

Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.

MAM.

Where's the lady?

FACE.

At hand here. I have told her such brave things of you, Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit —

MAM.

Hast thou?

FACE.

As she is almost in her fit to see you. But, good sir, no divinity in your conference, For fear of putting her in rage. —

MAM.

I warrant thee.

FACE.

Six men [sir] will not hold her down: and then, If the old man should hear or see you —

MAM.

Fear not.

FACE.

The very house, sir, would run mad. You know it, How scrupulous he is, and violent, 'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic, or mathematics, Poetry, state, or bawdry, as I told you, She will endure, and never startle; but No word of controversy.

MAM.

I am school'd, good Ulen.

FACE.

And you must praise her house, remember that, And her nobility.

MAM.

Let me alone: No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs, Shall do it better. Go.

FACE [ASIDE].

Why, this is yet A kind of modern happiness, to have Dol Common for a great lady.

[EXIT.]

MAM.

Now, Epicure, Heighten thyself, talk to her all in gold; Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops Unto his Danae; shew the god a miser, Compared with Mammon. What! the stone will do't.

She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold; Nay, we will concumbere gold: I will be puissant, And mighty in my talk to her. — [RE-ENTER FACE, WITH DOL RICHLY DRESSED.] Here she comes.

FACE.

To him, Dol, suckle him. — This is the noble knight, I told your ladyship —

MAM.

Madam, with your pardon, I kiss your vesture.

DOL.

Sir, I were uncivil If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.

MAM.

I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.

DOL.

My lord, my brother is, though I no lady, sir.

FACE [ASIDE].

Well said, my Guinea bird.

MAM.

Right noble madam —

FACE [ASIDE].

O, we shall have most fierce idolatry.

MAM.

'Tis your prerogative.

DOL.

Rather your courtesy.

MAM.

Were there nought else to enlarge your virtues to me, These answers speak your breeding and your blood.

DOL.

Blood we boast none, sir, a poor baron's daughter.

MAM.

Poor! and gat you? profane not. Had your father Slept all the happy remnant of his life After that act, lien but there still, and panted, He had done enough to make himself, his issue, And his posterity noble.

DOL.

Sir, although We may be said to want the gilt and trappings, The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep The seeds and the materials.

MAM.

I do see The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost, Nor the drug money used to make your compound. There is a strange nobility in your eye, This lip, that chin! methinks you do resemble One of the Austriac princes.

FACE.

Very like! [ASIDE.] Her father was an Irish costermonger.

MAM.

The house of Valois just had such a nose, And such a forehead yet the Medici Of Florence boast.

DOL.

Troth, and I have been liken'd To all these princes.

FACE [ASIDE].

I'll be sworn, I heard it.

MAM.

I know not how! it is not any one, But e'en the very choice of all their features.

FACE [ASIDE].

I'll in, and laugh.

[EXIT.]

MAM.

A certain touch, or air, That sparkles a divinity, beyond An earthly beauty!

DOL.

O, you play the courtier.

MAM.

Good lady, give me leave —

DOL.

In faith, I may not, To mock me, sir.

MAM.

To burn in this sweet flame; The phoenix never knew a nobler death.

DOL.

Nay, now you court the courtier, and destroy What you would build. This art, sir, in your words, Calls your whole faith in question.

MAM.

By my soul —

DOL.

Nay, oaths are made of the same air, sir.

MAM.

Nature Never bestow'd upon mortality A more unblamed, a more harmonious feature; She play'd the step-dame in all faces else: Sweet Madam, let me be particular —

DOL.

Particular, sir! I pray you know your distance.

MAM.

In no ill sense, sweet lady; but to ask How your fair graces pass the hours? I see You are lodged here, in the house of a rare man, An excellent artist; but what's that to you?

DOL.

Yes, sir; I study here the mathematics, And distillation.

MAM.

O, I cry your pardon. He's a divine instructor! can extract The souls of all things by his art; call all The virtues, and the miracles of the sun, Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature What her own forces are. A man, the emperor Has courted above Kelly; sent his medals

And chains, to invite him.

DOL.

Ay, and for his physic, sir —

MAM.

Above the art of Aesculapius, That drew the envy of the thunderer! I know all this, and more.

DOL.

Troth, I am taken, sir, Whole with these studies, that contemplate nature.

MAM.

It is a noble humour; but this form Was not intended to so dark a use. Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse mould A cloister had done well; but such a feature That might stand up the glory of a kingdom, To live recluse! is a mere soloecism, Though in a nunnery. It must not be. I muse, my lord your brother will permit it: You should spend half my land first, were I he. Does not this diamond better on my finger, Than in the quarry?



DOL.

Yes.

MAM.

Why, you are like it. You were created, lady, for the light. Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

DOL.

In chains of adamant?

MAM.

Yes, the strongest bands. And take a secret too — here, by your side, Doth stand this hour, the happiest man in Europe.

DOL.

You are contended, sir!

MAM.

Nay, in true being, The envy of princes and the fear of states.

DOL.

Say you so, sir Epicure?

MAM.

Yes, and thou shalt prove it, Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty Above all styles.

DOL.

You mean no treason, sir?

MAM.

No, I will take away that jealousy. I am the lord of the philosopher's stone, And thou the lady.

DOL.

How, sir! have you that?

MAM.

I am the master of the mystery. This day the good old wretch here o' the house Has made it for us: now he's at projection. Think therefore thy first wish now, let me hear it; And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower, But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge, To get a nation on thee.

DOL.

You are pleased, sir, To work on the ambition of our sex.

MAM.

I am pleased the glory of her sex should know, This nook, here, of the Friars is no climate For her to live obscurely in, to learn Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife Of some odd hundred in Essex; but come forth, And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink The toils of empirics, and their boasted practice; Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold, and amber; Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask'd, What miracle she is; set all the eyes Of court a-fire, like a burning glass, And work them into cinders, when the jewels Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light Strikes out the stars! that when thy name is mention'd, Queens may look pale; and we but shewing our love, Nero's Poppaea may be lost in story! Thus will we have it.

DOL.

I could well consent, sir. But, in a monarchy, how will this be? The prince will soon take notice, and both seize You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit For any private subject.

MAM.

If he knew it.

DOL.

Yourself do boast it, sir.

MAM.

To thee, my life.

DOL.

O, but beware, sir! You may come to end The remnants of your days in a loth'd prison, By speaking of it.

MAM.

'Tis no idle fear. We'll therefore go withal, my girl, and live In a free state, where we will eat our mullets, Soused in high-country wines, sup pheasants' eggs, And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells; Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd, In a rare butter made of dolphins' milk, Whose cream does look like opals; and with these Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure, And take us down again, and then renew Our youth and strength with drinking the elixir, And so enjoy a perpetuity Of life and lust! And thou shalt have thy wardrobe Richer than nature's, still to change thy self, And vary oftener, for thy pride, than she, Or art, her wise and almost-equal servant.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every word Into the laboratory. Some fitter place;  
The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her?

MAM.

Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee.

[GIVES HIM MONEY.]

FACE.

But do you hear? Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbins.

MAM.

We think not on 'em.

[EXEUNT MAM. AND DOL.]

FACE.

O, it is well, sir. — Subtle! [ENTER SUBTLE.] Dost thou not laugh?

SUB.

Yes; are they gone?

FACE.

All's clear.

SUB.

The widow is come.

FACE.

And your quarrelling disciple?

SUB.

Ay.

FACE.

I must to my captainship again then.

SUB.

Stay, bring them in first.

FACE.

So I meant. What is she? A bonnibel?

SUB.

I know not.

FACE.

We'll draw lots: You'll stand to that?

SUB.

What else?

FACE.

O, for a suit, To fall now like a curtain, flap!

SUB.

To the door, man.

FACE.

You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready.

[EXIT.]

SUB.

Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.

FACE [WITHIN].

Who would you speak with?

KAS [WITHIN].

Where's the captain?

FACE [WITHIN].

Gone, sir, About some business.

KAS [WITHIN].

Gone!

FACE [WITHIN].

He'll return straight. But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

[ENTER KASTRIL, FOLLOWED BY DAME PLIANT.]

SUB.

Come near, my worshipful boy, my terrae fili, That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches: Welcome; I know thy lusts, and thy desires, And I will serve and satisfy them. Begin, Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line; Here is my centre: ground thy quarrel.

KAS.

You lie.

SUB.

How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie? For what, my sudden boy?

KAS.

Nay, that look you to, I am afore-hand.

SUB.

O, this is no true grammar, And as ill logic! You must render causes, child, Your first and second intentions, know your canons And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences, Your predicaments, substance, and accident, Series, extern and intern, with their causes, Efficient, material, formal, final, And have your elements perfect.

KAS [ASIDE].

What is this? The angry tongue he talks in?

SUB.

That false precept, Of being afore-hand, has deceived a number, And made them enter quarrels, often-times, Before they were aware; and afterward, Against their wills.

KAS.

How must I do then, sir?

SUB.

I cry this lady mercy: she should first Have been saluted. [KISSES HER.] I do call you lady, Because you are to be one, ere't be long, My soft and buxom widow.

KAS.

Is she, i'faith?

SUB.

Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.

KAS.

How know you?

SUB.

By inspection on her forehead, And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted Often to make a judgment. [KISSES HER AGAIN.] 'Slight, she melts Like a myrobolane: — here is yet a line, In rivo frontis, tells me he is no knight.

DAME P.

What is he then, sir?

SUB.

Let me see your hand. O, your linea fortunae makes it plain; And stella here in monte Veneris. But, most of all, junctura annularis. He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady, But shall have some great honour shortly.

DAME P.

Brother, He's a rare man, believe me!

[RE-ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM.]

KAS.

Hold your peace. Here comes the t'other rare man. — 'Save you, captain.

FACE.

Good master Kastril! Is this your sister?

KAS.

Ay, sir. Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know her.

FACE.

I shall be proud to know you, lady.

[KISSES HER.]

DAME P.

Brother, He calls me lady too.

KAS.

Ay, peace: I heard it.

[TAKES HER ASIDE.]

FACE.

The count is come.

SUB.

Where is he?

FACE.

At the door.

SUB.

Why, you must entertain him.

FACE.

What will you do With these the while?

SUB.

Why, have them up, and shew them Some fustian book, or the dark glass.

FACE.

'Fore God, She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her.

[EXIT.]

SUB.

Must you! ay, if your fortune will, you must. — Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently: I'll have you to my chamber of demonstrations, Where I will shew you both the grammar and logic, And rhetoric of quarrelling; my whole method Drawn out in tables; and my instrument, That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you Able to quarrel at a straw's-breadth by moon-light. And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass, Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight, Against you see your fortune; which is greater, Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

[EXIT, FOLLOWED BY KAST. AND DAME P.]

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Where are you, doctor?

SUB [WITHIN]. I'll come to you presently.

FACE.

I will have this same widow, now I have seen her, On any composition.

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE.]

SUB.

What do you say?

FACE.

Have you disposed of them?

SUB.

I have sent them up.

FACE.

Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.

SUB.

Is that the matter?

FACE.

Nay, but hear me.

SUB.

Go to. If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all: Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

FACE.

Nay, thou art so violent now — Do but conceive, Thou art old, and canst not serve —

SUB.

Who cannot? I? 'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a —

FACE.

Nay, But understand: I'll give you composition.

SUB.

I will not treat with thee; what! sell my fortune? 'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not murmur: Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol Knows it directly.

FACE.

Well, sir, I am silent. Will you go help to fetch in Don in state?

[EXIT.]



SUB.

I follow you, sir. We must keep Face in awe, Or he will over-look us like a tyrant.  
[RE-ENTER FACE, INTRODUCING SURLY DISGUISED AS A SPANIARD.] Brain  
of a tailor! who comes here? Don John!

SUR.

Senores, beso las manos a vuestras mercedes.

SUB.

Would you had stoop'd a little, and kist our anos!

FACE.

Peace, Subtle.

SUB.

Stab me; I shall never hold, man. He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a platter,  
Serv'd in by a short cloke upon two trestles.

FACE.

Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down Beneath the souse, and wriggled  
with a knife?

SUB.

'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard.

FACE.

Perhaps some Fleming or some Hollander got him In d'Alva's time; count Egmont's  
bastard.

SUB.

Don, Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

SUR.

Gratia.

SUB.

He speaks out of a fortification. Pray God he have no squibs in those deep sets.

SUR.

Por dios, senores, muy linda casa!

SUB.

What says he?

FACE.

Praises the house, I think; I know no more but's action.

SUB.

Yes, the casa, My precious Diego, will prove fair enough To cozen you in. Do you mark? you shall Be cozen'd, Diego.

FACE.

Cozen'd, do you see, My worthy Donzel, cozen'd.

SUR.

Entiendo.

SUB.

Do you intend it? so do we, dear Don. Have you brought pistols, or portagues, My solemn Don? — Dost thou feel any?

FACE [FEELS HIS POCKETS]. Full.

SUB.

You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and drawn Dry, as they say.

FACE.

Milked, in troth, sweet Don.

SUB.

See all the monsters; the great lion of all, Don.

SUR.

Con licencia, se puede ver a esta senora?

SUB.

What talks he now?

FACE.

Of the sennora.

SUB.

O, Don, This is the lioness, which you shall see Also, my Don.

FACE.

'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

SUB.

For what?

FACE.

Why Dol's employ'd, you know.

SUB.

That's true. 'Fore heaven, I know not: he must stay, that's all.

FACE.

Stay! that he must not by no means.

SUB.

No! why?

FACE.

Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he will suspect it: And then he will not pay, not half so well. This is a travelled punk-master, and does know All the delays; a notable hot rascal, And looks already rampant.

SUB.

'Sdeath, and Mammon Must not be troubled.

FACE.

Mammon! in no case.

SUB.

What shall we do then?

FACE.

Think: you must be sudden.

SUR.

Entiendo que la senora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan verla, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.

FACE.

Mi vida! 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind of the widow. What dost thou say to draw her to it, ha! And tell her 'tis her fortune? all our venture Now lies upon't. It is but one man more, Which of us chance to have her: and beside, There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost. What dost thou think on't, Subtle?

SUB.

Who. I? why —

FACE.

The credit of our house too is engaged.

SUB.

You made me an offer for my share erewhile. What wilt thou give me, i'faith?

FACE.

O, by that light I'll not buy now: You know your doom to me. E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win her, And wear her out, for me.

SUB.

'Slight, I'll not work her then.

FACE.

It is the common cause; therefore bethink you. Dol else must know it, as you said.

SUB.

I care not.

SUR.

Senores, porque se tarda tanto?

SUB.

Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

FACE.

That's now no reason, sir.

SUR.

Puede ser de hazer burla de mi amor?

FACE.

You hear the Don too? by this air, I call, And loose the hinges: Dol!

SUB.

A plague of hell —

FACE.

Will you then do?

SUB.

You are a terrible rogue! I'll think of this: will you, sir, call the widow?

FACE.

Yes, and I'll take her too with all her faults, Now I do think on't better.

SUB.

With all my heart, sir; Am I discharged o' the lot?

FACE.

As you please.

SUB.

Hands.

[THEY TAKE HANDS.]

FACE.

Remember now, that upon any change, You never claim her.

SUB.

Much good joy, and health to you, sir, Marry a whore! fate, let me wed a witch first.

SUR.

Por estas honradas barbas —

SUB.

He swears by his beard. Dispatch, and call the brother too.

[EXIT FACE.]

SUR.

Tengo duda, senores, que no me hagan alguna traycion.

SUB.

How, issue on? yes, praesto, sennor. Please you Enthratha the chambrata, worthy don: Where if you please the fates, in your bathada, You shall be soked, and stroked, and tubb'd and rubb'd, And scrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear don, before you go. You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon don, Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed. I will the heartlier go about it now, And make the widow a punk so much the sooner, To be revenged on this impetuous Face: The quickly doing of it is the grace.

[EXEUNT SUB. AND SURLY.]

**SCENE 4.2.**

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER FACE, KASTRIL, AND DAME PLIANT.

FACE.

Come, lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave, Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

KAS.

To be a countess, say you, a Spanish countess, sir?

DAME P.

Why, is that better than an English countess?

FACE.

Better! 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?

KAS.

Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.

FACE.

Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-man, To your mere milliner; they will tell you all, Your Spanish gennet is the best horse; your Spanish Stoup is the best garb; your Spanish beard Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance; Your Spanish titillation in a glove The best perfume: and for your Spanish pike, And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak — Here comes the doctor.

[ENTER SUBTLE, WITH A PAPER.]

SUB.

My most honour'd lady, For so I am now to style you, having found By this my scheme, you are to undergo An honourable fortune, very shortly. What will you say now, if some —

FACE.

I have told her all, sir, And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be A countess; do not delay them, sir; a Spanish countess.

SUB.

Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you can keep No secret! Well, since he has told you, madam, Do you forgive him, and I do.

KAS.

She shall do that, sir; I'll look to it, 'tis my charge.

SUB.

Well then: nought rests But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

DAME P.

Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.

SUB.

No!

DAME P.

Never since eighty-eight could I abide them, And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.

SUB.

Come, you must love him, or be miserable, Choose which you will.

FACE.

By this good rush, persuade her, She will cry strawberries else within this twelvemonth.

SUB.

Nay, shads and mackerel, which is worse.

FACE.

Indeed, sir!

KAS.

Od's lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.

DAME P.

Why, I'll do as you will have me, brother.

KAS.

Do, Or by this hand I'll maul you.

FACE.

Nay, good sir, Be not so fierce.

SUB.

No, my enraged child; She will be ruled. What, when she comes to taste The pleasures of a countess! to be courted —

FACE.

And kiss'd, and ruffled!

SUB.

Ay, behind the hangings.

FACE.

And then come forth in pomp!

SUB.

And know her state!

FACE.

Of keeping all the idolaters of the chamber Barer to her, than at their prayers!

SUB.

Is serv'd Upon the knee!

FACE.

And has her pages, ushers, Footmen, and coaches —

SUB.

Her six mares —

FACE.

Nay, eight!

SUB.

To hurry her through London, to the Exchange, Bethlem, the china-houses —

FACE.

Yes, and have The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires, And my lord's goose-turd bands, that ride with her!

KAS.

Most brave! By this hand, you are not my suster, If you refuse.



DAME P.

I will not refuse, brother.

[ENTER SURLY.]

SUR.

Que es esto, senores, que no venga? Esta tardanza me mata!

FACE.

It is the count come: The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

SUB.

En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima!

SUR.

Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!

FACE.

Is't not a gallant language that they speak?

KAS.

An admirable language! Is't not French?

FACE.

No, Spanish, sir.

KAS.

It goes like law-French, And that, they say, is the courtliest language.

FACE.

List, sir.

SUR.

El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el esplendor que trae esta dama! Valgame dios!

FACE.

He admires your sister.

KAS.

Must not she make curt'sy?

SUB.

Ods will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him! It is the Spanish fashion, for the women To make first court.

FACE.

'Tis true he tells you, sir: His art knows all.

SUR.

Porque no se acude?

KAS.

He speaks to her, I think.

FACE.

That he does, sir.

SUR.

Por el amor de dios, que es esto que se tarda?

KAS.

Nay, see: she will not understand him! gull, Noddy.

DAME P.

What say you, brother?

KAS.

Ass, my suster. Go kuss him, as the cunning man would have you; I'll thrust a pin in your buttocks else.

FACE.

O no, sir.

SUR.

Senora mia, mi persona esta muy indigna de allegar a tanta hermosura.

FACE.

Does he not use her bravely?

KAS.

Bravely, i'faith!

FACE.

Nay, he will use her better.

KAS.

Do you think so?

SUR.

Senora, si sera servida, entremonos.

[EXIT WITH DAME PLIANT.]

KAS.

Where does he carry her?

FACE.

Into the garden, sir; Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.

SUB.

Give Dol the word. [ASIDE TO FACE, WHO GOES OUT.] — Come, my fierce child, advance, We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

KAS.

Agreed. I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

SUB.

Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be brother To a great count.

KAS.

Ay, I knew that at first, This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.

SUB.

'Pray God your sister prove but pliant!

KAS.

Why, Her name is so, by her other husband.

SUB.

How!

KAS.

The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?

SUB.

No, faith, sir; Yet, by erection of her figure, I guest it. Come, let's go practise.

KAS.

Yes, but do you think, doctor, I e'er shall quarrel well?

SUB.

I warrant you.

[EXEUNT.]

**SCENE 4.3.**

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER DOL IN HER FIT OF RAVING, FOLLOWED BY MAMMON.

DOL.

“For after Alexander’s death” —

MAM.

Good lady —

DOL.

“That Perdiccas and Antigonus, were slain, The two that stood, Seleuc’, and Ptolomee” —

MAM.

Madam —

DOL.

“Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast, That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south: which after Was call’d Gog-iron-leg and South-iron-leg” —

MAM.

Lady —

DOL.

“And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too: Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg” —

MAM.

Sweet madam —

DOL.

“And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall In the last link of the fourth chain. And these Be stars in story, which none see, or look at” —

MAM.

What shall I do?

DOL.

“For,” as he says, “except We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks” —

MAM.

Dear lady —

DOL.

“To come from Salem, and from Athens, And teach the people of Great Britain” —

[ENTER FACE, HASTILY, IN HIS SERVANT’S DRESS.]

FACE.

What’s the matter, sir?

DOL.

“To speak the tongue of Eber, and Javan” —

MAM.

O, She’s in her fit.

DOL.

“We shall know nothing” —

FACE.

Death, sir, We are undone!

DOL.

“Where then a learned linguist Shall see the ancient used communion Of vowels and consonants” —

FACE.

My master will hear!

DOL.

“A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high” —

MAM.

Sweet honourable lady!

DOL.

“To comprise All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters” —

FACE.

Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

[THEY ALL SPEAK TOGETHER.]

DOL.

“And so we may arrive by Talmud skill, And profane Greek, to raise the building up Of Helen’s house against the Ismaelite, King of Thogarma, and his habergions Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim: Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos, And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.”

FACE.

How did you put her into’t?

MAM.

Alas, I talk’d Of a fifth monarchy I would erect, With the philosopher’s stone, by chance, and she Falls on the other four straight.

FACE.

Out of Broughton! I told you so. ’Slid, stop her mouth.

MAM.

Is’t best?

FACE.

She’ll never leave else. If the old man hear her, We are but faeces, ashes.

SUB [WITHIN]. What’s to do there?

FACE.

O, we are lost! Now she hears him, she is quiet.

[ENTER SUBTLE, THEY RUN DIFFERENT WAYS.]

MAM.

Where shall I hide me!

SUB.

How! what sight is here? Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light! Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son! O, I have lived too long.

MAM.

Nay, good, dear father, There was no unchaste purpose.

SUB.

Not? and flee me When I come in?

MAM.

That was my error.

SUB.

Error? Guilt, guilt, my son: give it the right name. No marvel, If I found check in our great work within, When such affairs as these were managing!

MAM.

Why, have you so?

SUB.

It has stood still this half hour: And all the rest of our less works gone back. Where is the instrument of wickedness, My lewd false drudge?

MAM.

Nay, good sir, blame not him; Believe me, 'twas against his will or knowledge: I saw her by chance.

SUB.

Will you commit more sin, To excuse a varlet?

MAM.

By my hope, 'tis true, sir.

SUB.

Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom The blessing was prepared, would so tempt heaven, And lose your fortunes.

MAM.

Why, sir?

SUB.

This will retard The work a month at least.

MAM.

Why, if it do, What remedy? But think it not, good father: Our purposes were honest.

SUB.

As they were, So the reward will prove. [A LOUD EXPLOSION WITHIN.] — How now! ah me! God, and all saints be good to us. — [RE-ENTER FACE.] What's that?

FACE.

O, sir, we are defeated! all the works Are flown in fumo, every glass is burst; Furnace, and all rent down, as if a bolt Of thunder had been driven through the house. Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads, All struck in shivers! [SUBTLE FALLS DOWN AS IN A SWOON.] Help, good sir! alas, Coldness and death invades him. Nay, sir Mammon, Do the fair offices of a man! you stand, As you were readier to depart than he. [KNOCKING WITHIN.] Who's there? my lord her brother is come.

MAM.

Ha, Lungs!

FACE.

His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight, For he's as furious as his sister's mad.

MAM.

Alas!

FACE.

My brain is quite undone with the fume, sir, I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

MAM.

Is all lost, Lungs? will nothing be preserv'd Of all our cost?

FACE.

Faith, very little, sir; A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir.

MAM.

O, my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd.

FACE.

And so am I, sir.

MAM.

Cast from all my hopes —

FACE.

Nay, certainties, sir.



MAM.

By mine own base affections.

SUB [SEEMING TO COME TO HIMSELF].

O, the curst fruits of vice and lust!

MAM.

Good father, It was my sin. Forgive it.

SUB.

Hangs my roof Over us still, and will not fall, O justice, Upon us, for this wicked man!

FACE.

Nay, look, sir, You grieve him now with staying in his sight: Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you, And that may breed a tragedy.

MAM.

I'll go.

FACE.

Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be, For some good penance you may have it yet; A hundred pound to the box at Bethlem —

MAM.

Yes.

FACE.

For the restoring such as — have their wits.

MAM.

I'll do't.

FACE.

I'll send one to you to receive it.

MAM.

Do. Is no projection left?

FACE.

All flown, or stinks, sir.

MAM.

Will nought be sav'd that's good for med'cine, think'st thou?

FACE.

I cannot tell, sir. There will be perhaps, Something about the scraping of the shards,  
Will cure the itch, — though not your itch of mind, sir. [ASIDE.] It shall be saved  
for you, and sent home. Good sir, This way, for fear the lord should meet you.

[EXIT MAMMON.]

SUB [RAISING HIS HEAD].

Face!

FACE.

Ay.

SUB.

Is he gone?

FACE.

Yes, and as heavily As all the gold he hoped for were in's blood. Let us be light  
though.

SUB [LEAPING UP].

Ay, as balls, and bound And hit our heads against the roof for joy: There's so much  
of our care now cast away.

FACE.

Now to our don.

SUB.

Yes, your young widow by this time Is made a countess, Face; she has been in  
travail Of a young heir for you.

FACE.

Good sir.

SUB.

Off with your case, And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should, After these  
common hazards.

FACE.

Very well, sir. Will you go fetch Don Diego off, the while?

SUB.

And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleased, sir: Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now!

FACE.

Why, you can do't as well, if you would set to't. I pray you prove your virtue.

SUB.

For your sake sir.

[EXEUNT.]

#### SCENE 4.4.

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

[ENTER SURLY AND DAME PLIANT.]

SUR.

Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n; 'Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near Your honour was t' have catch'd a certain clap, Through your credulity, had I but been So punctually forward, as place, time, And other circumstances would have made a man; For you're a handsome woman: would you were wise too! I am a gentleman come here disguised, Only to find the knaveries of this citadel; And where I might have wrong'd your honour, and have not, I claim some interest in your love. You are, They say, a widow, rich: and I'm a batchelor, Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man, As mine have preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it, And whether I have deserv'd you or no.

DAME P.

I will, sir.

SUR.

And for these household-rogues, let me alone To treat with them.

[ENTER SUBTLE.]

SUB.

How doth my noble Diego, And my dear madam countess? hath the count Been courteous, lady? liberal, and open? Donzel, methinks you look melancholic, After your coitum, and scurvy: truly, I do not like the dulness of your eye; It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch, And says you are a lumpish whore-master. Be lighter, and I will make your pockets so. [ATTEMPTS TO PICK THEM.]

SUR [THROWS OPEN HIS CLOAK].

Will you, don bawd and pickpurse? [STRIKES HIM DOWN.] how now! reel you?  
Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy, I'll give you equal weight.

SUB.

Help! murder!

SUR.

No, sir, There's no such thing intended: a good cart, And a clean whip shall ease you  
of that fear. I am the Spanish don "that should be cozen'd, Do you see, cozen'd?"  
Where's your Captain Face, That parcel broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal!

[ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM.]

FACE.

How, Surly!

SUR.

O, make your approach, good captain. I have found from whence your copper  
rings and spoons Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns. 'Twas here  
you learned t' anoint your boot with brimstone, Then rub men's gold on't for a  
kind of touch, And say 'twas naught, when you had changed the colour, That you  
might have't for nothing. And this doctor, Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he  
Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head, And, on a turn, convey in the stead  
another With sublimed mercury, that shall burst in the heat, And fly out all in  
fumo! Then weeps Mammon; Then swoons his worship. [FACE SLIPS OUT.] Or,  
he is the Faustus, That casteth figures and can conjure, cures Plagues, piles, and  
pox, by the ephemerides, And holds intelligence with all the bawds And midwives  
of three shires: while you send in — Captain! — what! is he gone? — damsels with  
child, Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid With the green sickness. [SEIZES  
SUBTLE AS HE IS RETIRING.] — Nay, sir, you must tarry, Though he be scaped;  
and answer by the ears, sir.

[RE-ENTER FACE, WITH KASTRIL.]

FACE.

Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel Well, as they say, and be a true-born  
child: The doctor and your sister both are abused.

KAS.

Where is he? which is he? he is a slave, Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore. —  
Are you The man, sir, I would know?

SUR.

I should be loth, sir, To confess so much.

KAS.

Then you lie in your throat.

SUR.

How!

FACE [TO KASTRIL].

A very errant rogue, sir, and a cheater, Employ'd here by another conjurer That does not love the doctor, and would cross him, If he knew how.

SUR.

Sir, you are abused.

KAS.

You lie: And 'tis no matter.

FACE.

Well said, sir! He is The impudent'st rascal —

SUR.

You are indeed: Will you hear me, sir?

FACE.

By no means: bid him be gone.

KAS.

Begone, sir, quickly.

SUR.

This 's strange! — Lady, do you inform your brother.

FACE.

There is not such a foist in all the town, The doctor had him presently; and finds yet, The Spanish count will come here. [ASIDE.] — Bear up, Subtle.

SUB.

Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour.

FACE.

And yet this rogue would come in a disguise, By the temptation of another spirit, To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it!

KAS.

Ay, I know — Away, [TO HIS SISTER.] you talk like a foolish mauther.

SUR.

Sir, all is truth she says.

FACE.

Do not believe him, sir. He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir.

SUR.

You are valiant out of company!

KAS.

Yes, how then, sir?

[ENTER DRUGGER, WITH A PIECE OF DAMASK.]

FACE.

Nay, here's an honest fellow, too, that knows him, And all his tricks. Make good what I say, Abel, This cheater would have cozen'd thee o' the widow. — [ASIDE TO DRUG.] He owes this honest Drugger here, seven pound, He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of tobacco.

DRUG.

Yes, sir. And he has damn'd himself three terms to pay me.

FACE.

And what does he owe for lotium?

DRUG.

Thirty shillings, sir; And for six syringes.

SUR.

Hydra of villainy!

FACE.

Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.

KAS.

I will: - Sir, if you get not out of doors, you lie; And you are a pimp.

SUR.

Why, this is madness, sir, Not valour in you; I must laugh at this.

KAS.

It is my humour: you are a pimp and a trig, And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote.

DRUG.

Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb, do you see?

[ENTER ANANIAS.]

ANA.

Peace to the household!

KAS.

I'll keep peace for no man.

ANA.

Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

KAS.

Is he the constable?

SUB.

Peace, Ananias.

FACE.

No, sir.

KAS.

Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit, A very tim.

SUR.

You'll hear me, sir?

KAS.

I will not.

ANA.

What is the motive?

SUB.

Zeal in the young gentleman, Against his Spanish slops.

ANA.

They are profane, Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

SUR.

New rascals!

KAS.

Will you begone, sir?

ANA.

Avoid, Sathan! Thou art not of the light: That ruff of pride About thy neck, betrays thee; and is the same With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven, Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts: Thou look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat.

SUR.

I must give way.

KAS.

Be gone, sir.

SUR.

But I'll take A course with you —

ANA.

Depart, proud Spanish fiend!

SUR.

Captain and doctor.

ANA.

Child of perdition!

KAS.

Hence, sir! — [EXIT SURLY.] Did I not quarrel bravely?

FACE.

Yes, indeed, sir.

KAS.

Nay, an I give my mind to't, I shall do't.

FACE.

O, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame: He'll turn again else.



KAS.

I'll re-turn him then.

[EXIT.]

[SUBTLE TAKES ANANIAS ASIDE.]

FACE.

Drugger, this rogue prevented us for thee: We had determin'd that thou should'st have come In a Spanish suit, and have carried her so; and he, A brokerly slave! goes, puts it on himself. Hast brought the damask?

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

FACE.

Thou must borrow A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?

DRUG.

Yes, sir; did you never see me play the Fool?

FACE.

I know not, Nab: — Thou shalt, if I can help it. — [ASIDE.] Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve; I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em. [EXIT DRUGGER.]

ANA.

Sir, I know The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies Upon their actions: and that this was one I make no scruple. — But the holy synod Have been in prayer and meditation for it; And 'tis revealed no less to them than me, That casting of money is most lawful.

SUB.

True. But here I cannot do it: if the house Shou'd chance to be suspected, all would out, And we be locked up in the Tower for ever, To make gold there for the state, never come out; And then are you defeated.

ANA.

I will tell This to the elders and the weaker brethren, That the whole company of the separation May join in humble prayer again.

SUB.

And fasting.

ANA.

Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind Rest with these walls!

[EXIT.]

SUB.

Thanks, courteous Ananias.

FACE.

What did he come for?

SUB.

About casting dollars, Presently out of hand. And so I told him, A Spanish minister came here to spy, Against the faithful —

FACE.

I conceive. Come, Subtle, Thou art so down upon the least disaster! How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not help't thee out?

SUB.

I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy, i'faith.

FACE.

Who would have look'd it should have been that rascal, Surly? he had dyed his beard and all. Well, sir. Here's damask come to make you a suit.

SUB.

Where's Druggier?

FACE.

He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit; I'll be the count, now.

SUB.

But where's the widow?

FACE.

Within, with my lord's sister; madam Dol Is entertaining her.

SUB.

By your favour, Face, Now she is honest, I will stand again.

FACE.

You will not offer it.

SUB.

Why?

FACE.

Stand to your word, Or — here comes Dol, she knows —

SUB.

You are tyrannous still.

[ENTER DOL, HASTILY.]

FACE.

Strict for my right. — How now, Dol! Hast [thou] told her, The Spanish count will come?

DOL.

Yes; but another is come, You little look'd for!

FACE.

Who's that?

DOL.

Your master; The master of the house.

SUB.

How, Dol!

FACE.

She lies, This is some trick. Come, leave your quibblins, Dorothy.

DOL.

Look out, and see.

[FACE GOES TO THE WINDOW.]

SUB.

Art thou in earnest?

DOL.

'Slight, Forty of the neighbours are about him, talking.

FACE.

'Tis he, by this good day.

DOL.

'Twill prove ill day For some on us.

FACE.

We are undone, and taken.

DOL.

Lost, I'm afraid.

SUB.

You said he would not come, While there died one a week within the liberties.

FACE.

No: 'twas within the walls.

SUB.

Was't so! cry you mercy. I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face?

FACE.

Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock. I'll into mine old shape again and meet him, Of Jeremy, the butler. In the mean time, Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase, That we can carry in the two trunks. I'll keep him Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff, Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we'll share. Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar; We'll have another time for that. But, Dol, 'Prythee go heat a little water quickly; Subtle must shave me: all my captain's beard Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy. You'll do it?

SUB.

Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.

FACE.

And not cut my throat, but trim me?

SUB.

You shall see, sir.

[EXEUNT.]

**ACT 5.****SCENE 5.1.**

BEFORE LOVEWIT'S DOOR.

ENTER LOVEWIT, WITH SEVERAL OF THE NEIGHBOURS.

LOVE.  
Has there been such resort, say you?

1 NEI.  
Daily, sir.

2 NEI.  
And nightly, too.

3 NEI.  
Ay, some as brave as lords.

4 NEI.  
Ladies and gentlewomen.

5 NEI.  
Citizens' wives.

1 NEI.  
And knights.

6 NEI.  
In coaches.

2 NEI.  
Yes, and oyster women.

1 NEI.  
Beside other gallants.

3 NEI.  
Sailors' wives.

4 NEI.  
Tobacco men.

5 NEI.

Another Pimlico!

LOVE.

What should my knave advance, To draw this company? he hung out no banners  
Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen, Or a huge lobster with six claws?

6 NEI.

No, sir.

3 NEI.

We had gone in then, sir.

LOVE.

He has no gift Of teaching in the nose that e'er I knew of. You saw no bills set up  
that promised cure Of agues, or the tooth-ach?

2 NEI.

No such thing, sir!

LOVE.

Nor heard a drum struck for baboons or puppets?

5 NEI.

Neither, sir.

LOVE.

What device should he bring forth now? I love a teeming wit as I love my  
nourishment: 'Pray God he have not kept such open house, That he hath sold my  
hangings, and my bedding! I left him nothing else. If he have eat them, A plague o'  
the moth, say I! Sure he has got Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging! The friar  
and the nun; or the new motion Of the knight's courser covering the parson's mare;  
Or 't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt Upon a table, or some dog to dance.  
When saw you him?

1 NEI.

Who, sir, Jeremy?

2 NEI.

Jeremy butler? We saw him not this month.

LOVE.

How!

4 NEI.

Not these five weeks, sir.

6 NEI.

These six weeks at the least.

LOVE.

You amaze me, neighbours!

5 NEI.

Sure, if your worship know not where he is, He's slipt away.

6 NEI.

Pray God, he be not made away.

LOVE.

Ha! it's no time to question, then.

[KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.]

6 NEI.

About Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry, As I sat up a mending my wife's stockings.

LOVE.

'Tis strange that none will answer! Didst thou hear A cry, sayst thou?

6 NEI.

Yes, sir, like unto a man That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

2 NEI.

I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at two o'clock Next morning.

LOVE.

These be miracles, or you make them so! A man an hour strangled, and could not speak, And both you heard him cry?

3 NEI.

Yes, downward, sir.

Love, Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I pray thee. What trade art thou on?

3 NEI.

A smith, an't please your worship.

LOVE.

A smith! then lend me thy help to get this door open.

3 NEI.

That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tools —

[EXIT.]

1 NEI.

Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

LOVE [KNOCKS AGAIN].

I will.

[ENTER FACE, IN HIS BUTLER'S LIVERY.]

FACE.

What mean you, sir?

1, 2, 4 NEI.

O, here's Jeremy!

FACE.

Good sir, come from the door.

LOVE.

Why, what's the matter?

FACE.

Yet farther, you are too near yet.

LOVE.

In the name of wonder, What means the fellow!

FACE.

The house, sir, has been visited.

LOVE.

What, with the plague? stand thou then farther.



FACE.

No, sir, I had it not.

LOVE.

Who had it then? I left None else but thee in the house.

FACE.

Yes, sir, my fellow, The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her A week before I spied it; but I got her Convey'd away in the night: and so I shut The house up for a month —

LOVE.

How!

FACE.

Purposing then, sir, To have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar, And have made it sweet, that you shou'd ne'er have known it; Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.

LOVE.

Breathe less, and farther off! Why this is stranger: The neighbours tell me all here that the doors Have still been open —

FACE.

How, sir!

LOVE.

Gallants, men and women, And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden, In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright.

FACE.

Sir, Their wisdoms will not say so.

LOVE.

To-day they speak Of coaches and gallants; one in a French hood Went in, they tell me; and another was seen In a velvet gown at the window: divers more Pass in and out.

FACE.

They did pass through the doors then, Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles; For here, sir, are the keys, and here have been, In this my pocket, now above twenty days: And for before, I kept the fort alone there. But that 'tis yet not

deep in the afternoon, I should believe my neighbours had seen double Through  
the black pot, and made these apparitions! For, on my faith to your worship, for  
these three weeks And upwards the door has not been open'd.

LOVE.

Strange!

1 NEI.

Good faith, I think I saw a coach.

2 NEI.

And I too, I'd have been sworn.

LOVE.

Do you but think it now? And but one coach?

4 NEI.

We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy Is a very honest fellow.

FACE.

Did you see me at all?

1 NEI.

No; that we are sure on.

2 NEI.

I'll be sworn o' that.

LOVE.

Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

[RE-ENTER THIRD NEIGHBOUR, WITH HIS TOOLS.]

3 NEI.

Is Jeremy come!

1 NEI.

O yes; you may leave your tools; We were deceived, he says.

2 NEI.

He has had the keys; And the door has been shut these three weeks.

3 NEI.

Like enough.

LOVE.

Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

[ENTER SURLY AND MAMMON.]

FACE [ASIDE].

Surly come! And Mammon made acquainted! they'll tell all. How shall I beat them off? what shall I do? Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.

SUR.

No, sir, he was a great physician. This, It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chance! You knew the lord and his sister.

MAM.

Nay, good Surly. —

SUR.

The happy word, BE RICH —

MAM.

Play not the tyrant. —

SUR.

“Should be to-day pronounced to all your friends.” And where be your andirons now? and your brass pots, That should have been golden flagons, and great wedges?

MAM.

Let me but breathe. What, they have shut their doors, Methinks!

SUR.

Ay, now 'tis holiday with them.

MAM.

Rogues, [HE AND SURLY KNOCK.] Cozeners, impostors, bawds!

FACE.

What mean you, sir?

MAM.

To enter if we can.

FACE.

Another man's house! Here is the owner, sir: turn you to him, And speak your business.

MAM.

Are you, sir, the owner?

LOVE.

Yes, sir.

MAM.

And are those knaves within your cheaters!

LOVE.

What knaves, what cheaters?

MAM.

Subtle and his Lungs.

FACE.

The gentleman is distracted, sir! No lungs, Nor lights have been seen here these three weeks, sir, Within these doors, upon my word.

SUR.

Your word, Groom arrogant!

FACE.

Yes, sir, I am the housekeeper, And know the keys have not been out of my hands.

SUR.

This is a new Face.

FACE.

You do mistake the house, sir: What sign was't at?

SUR.

You rascal! this is one Of the confederacy. Come, let's get officers, And force the door.

LOVE.

'Pray you stay, gentlemen.

SUR.

No, sir, we'll come with warrant.

MAM.

Ay, and then We shall have your doors open.

[EXEUNT MAM. AND SUR.]

LOVE.

What means this?

FACE.

I cannot tell, sir.

1 NEI.

These are two of the gallants That we do think we saw.

FACE.

Two of the fools! Your talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir, I think the moon has crazed 'em all. — [ASIDE.] O me, [ENTER KASTRIL.] The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise, And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.

KAS [KNOCKING].

What rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll open the door, anon! Punk, cockatrice, my suster! By this light I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore To keep your castle —

FACE.

Who would you speak with, sir?

KAS.

The bawdy doctor, and the cozening captain, And puss my suster.

LOVE.

This is something, sure.

FACE.

Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir.

KAS.

I have heard all their tricks told me twice over, By the fat knight and the lean gentleman.

LOVE.

Here comes another.

[ENTER ANANIAS AND TRIBULATION.]

FACE.

Ananias too! And his pastor!

TRI [BEATING AT THE DOOR].

The doors are shut against us.

ANA.

Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire! Your stench it is broke forth;  
abomination Is in the house.

KAS.

Ay, my suster's there.

ANA.

The place, It is become a cage of unclean birds.

KAS.

Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the constable.

TRI.

You shall do well.

ANA.

We'll join to weed them out.

KAS.

You will not come then, punk devise, my sister!

ANA.

Call her not sister; she's a harlot verily.

KAS.

I'll raise the street.

LOVE.

Good gentlemen, a word.

ANA.

Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal!

[EXEUNT ANA., TRIB., AND KAST.]

LOVE.

The world's turn'd Bethlem.

FACE.

These are all broke loose, Out of St. Katherine's, where they use to keep The better sort of mad-folks.

1 NEI.

All these persons We saw go in and out here.

2 NEI.

Yes, indeed, sir.

3 NEI.

These were the parties.

FACE.

Peace, you drunkards! Sir, I wonder at it: please you to give me leave To touch the door, I'll try an the lock be chang'd.

LOVE.

It mazes me!

FACE [GOES TO THE DOOR].

Good faith, sir, I believe There's no such thing: 'tis all deceptio visus. — [ASIDE.]  
Would I could get him away.

DAP [WITHIN].

Master captain! master doctor!

LOVE.

Who's that?

FACE.

Our clerk within, that I forgot! [ASIDE.] I know not, sir.

DAP [WITHIN].

For God's sake, when will her grace be at leisure?

FACE.

Ha! Illusions, some spirit o' the air — [ASIDE.] His gag is melted, And now he sets out the throat.

DAP [WITHIN].

I am almost stifled —

FACE [ASIDE].

Would you were altogether.

LOVE.

'Tis in the house. Ha! list.

FACE.

Believe it, sir, in the air.

LOVE.

Peace, you.

DAP [WITHIN].

Mine aunt's grace does not use me well.

SUB [WITHIN].

You fool, Peace, you'll mar all.

FACE [SPEAKS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE, WHILE LOVEWIT ADVANCES TO THE DOOR UNOBSERVED].

Or you will else, you rogue.

LOVE.

O, is it so? Then you converse with spirits! — Come, sir. No more of your tricks, good Jeremy. The truth, the shortest way.

FACE.

Dismiss this rabble, sir. — [ASIDE.] What shall I do? I am catch'd.

LOVE.

Good neighbours, I thank you all. You may depart. [EXEUNT NEIGHBOURS.] — Come, sir, You know that I am an indulgent master; And therefore conceal nothing. What's your medicine, To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?

FACE.

Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit — But here's no place to talk on't in the



street. Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune, And only pardon me the abuse of your house: It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow, In recompence, that you shall give me thanks for, Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one. 'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak: I have her within. You need not fear the house; It was not visited.

LOVE.

But by me, who came Sooner than you expected.

FACE.

It is true, sir. 'Pray you forgive me.

LOVE.

Well: let's see your widow.

[EXEUNT.]

**SCENE 5.2.**

A ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER SUBTLE, LEADING IN DAPPER, WITH HIS EYES BOUND AS BEFORE.

SUB.

How! you have eaten your gag?

DAP.

Yes faith, it crumbled Away in my mouth.

SUB.

You have spoil'd all then.

DAP.

No! I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.

SUB.

Your aunt's a gracious lady; but in troth You were to blame.

DAP.

The fume did overcome me, And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you So satisfy her grace. [ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM.] Here comes the captain.

FACE.

How now! is his mouth down?

SUB.

Ay, he has spoken!

FACE.

A pox, I heard him, and you too. — He's undone then. — I have been fain to say, the house is haunted With spirits, to keep churl back.

SUB.

And hast thou done it?

FACE.

Sure, for this night.

SUB.

Why, then triumph and sing Of Face so famous, the precious king Of present wits.

FACE.

Did you not hear the coil About the door?

SUB.

Yes, and I dwindled with it.

FACE.

Show him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd: I'll send her to you.

[EXIT FACE.]

SUB.

Well, sir, your aunt her grace Will give you audience presently, on my suit, And the captain's word that you did not eat your gag In any contempt of her highness.

[UNBINDS HIS EYES.]

DAP.

Not I, in troth, sir.

[ENTER DOL, LIKE THE QUEEN OF FAIRY.]

SUB.

Here she is come. Down o' your knees and wriggle: She has a stately presence.

[DAPPER KNEELS, AND SHUFFLES TOWARDS HER.] Good! Yet nearer, And bid, God save you!

DAP.

Madam!

SUB.

And your aunt.

DAP.

And my most gracious aunt, God save your grace.

DOL.

Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you; But that sweet face of yours hath turn'd the tide, And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love. Arise, and touch our velvet gown.

SUB.

The skirts, And kiss 'em. So!

DOL.

Let me now stroak that head. "Much, nephew, shalt thou win, much shalt thou spend, Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou lend."

SUB [ASIDE].

Ay, much! indeed. — Why do you not thank her grace?

DAP.

I cannot speak for joy.

SUB.

See, the kind wretch! Your grace's kinsman right.

DOL.

Give me the bird. Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck, cousin; Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'n-night, On your right wrist —

SUB.

Open a vein with a pin, And let it suck but once a week; till then, You must not look on't.

DOL.

No: and kinsman, Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come on.

SUB.

Her grace would have you eat no more Woolsack pies, Nor Dagger frumety.

DOL.

Nor break his fast In Heaven and Hell.

SUB.

She's with you every where! Nor play with costarmongers, at mum-chance, tray-trip, God make you rich; (when as your aunt has done it); But keep The gallant'st company, and the best games —

DAP.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

Gleek and primero; and what you get, be true to us.

DAP.

By this hand, I will.

SUB.

You may bring's a thousand pound Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand Be stirring, an you will.

DAP.

I swear I will then.

SUB.

Your fly will learn you all games.

FACE [WITHIN].

Have you done there?

SUB.

Your grace will command him no more duties?

DOL.

No: But come, and see me often. I may chance To leave him three or four hundred chests of treasure, And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land, If he game well and comely with good gamesters.

SUB.

There's a kind aunt! kiss her departing part. — But you must sell your forty mark a year, now.

DAP.

Ay, sir, I mean.

SUB.

Or, give't away; pox on't!

DAP.

I'll give't mine aunt. I'll go and fetch the writings.

[EXIT.]

SUB.

'Tis well — away!

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Where's Subtle?

SUB.

Here: what news?

FACE.

Druggier is at the door, go take his suit, And bid him fetch a parson, presently;  
Say, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend A hundred pound by the service!  
[EXIT SUBTLE.] Now, queen Dol, Have you pack'd up all?

DOL.

Yes.

FACE.

And how do you like The lady Pliant?

DOL.

A good dull innocent.

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE.]

SUB.

Here's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat.

FACE.

Give me them.

SUB.

And the ruff too?

FACE.

Yes; I'll come to you presently.

[EXIT.]

SUB.

Now he is gone about his project, Dol, I told you of, for the widow.

DOL.

'Tis direct Against our articles.

SUB.

Well, we will fit him, wench. Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels or her bracelets?

DOL.

No; but I will do't.

SUB.

Soon at night, my Dolly, When we are shipp'd, and all our goods aboard, Eastward  
for Ratcliff, we will turn our course To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word,  
And take our leaves of this o'er-weening rascal, This peremptory Face.

DOL.

Content, I'm weary of him.

SUB.

Thou'st cause, when the slave will run a wiving, Dol, Against the instrument that  
was drawn between us.

DOL.

I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.

SUB.

Yes, tell her, She must by any means address some present To the cunning man,  
make him amends for wronging His art with her suspicion; send a ring, Or chain of  
pearl; she will be tortured else Extremely in her sleep, say, and have strange things  
Come to her. Wilt thou?

DOL.

Yes.

SUB.

My fine flitter-mouse, My bird o' the night! we'll tickle it at the Pigeons, When we have all, and may unlock the trunks, And say, this's mine, and thine; and thine, and mine.

[THEY KISS.]

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

What now! a billing?

SUB.

Yes, a little exalted In the good passage of our stock-affairs.

FACE.

Drugger has brought his parson; take him in, Subtle, And send Nab back again to wash his face.

SUB.

I will: and shave himself?

[EXIT.]

FACE.

If you can get him.

DOL.

You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!

FACE.

A trick that Dol shall spend ten pound a month by. [RE-ENTER SUBTLE.] Is he gone?

SUB.

The chaplain waits you in the hall, sir.

FACE.

I'll go bestow him.

[EXIT.]

DOL.

He'll now marry her, instantly.

SUB.

He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol, Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him Is no deceit, but justice, that would break Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

DOL.

Let me alone to fit him.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Come, my venturers, You have pack'd up all? where be the trunks? bring forth.

SUB.

Here.

FACE.

Let us see them. Where's the money?

SUB.

Here, In this.

FACE.

Mammon's ten pound; eight score before: The brethren's money, this. Drugger's and Dapper's. What paper's that?

DOL.

The jewel of the waiting maid's, That stole it from her lady, to know certain —

FACE.

If she should have precedence of her mistress?

DOL.

Yes.

FACE.

What box is that?

SUB.

The fish-wives' rings, I think, And the ale-wives' single money. Is't not, Dol?



DOL.

Yes; and the whistle that the sailor's wife Brought you to know an her husband were with Ward.

FACE.

We'll wet it to-morrow; and our silver-beakers And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats, And girdles and hangers?

SUB.

Here, in the trunk, And the bolts of lawn.

FACE.

Is Druggier's damask there, And the tobacco?

SUB.

Yes.

FACE.

Give me the keys.

DOL.

Why you the keys?

SUB.

No matter, Dol; because We shall not open them before he comes.

FACE.

'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed; Nor have them forth, do you see? Not forth, Dol.

DOL.

No!

FACE.

No, my smock rampant. The right is, my master Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep them; Doctor, 'tis true — you look — for all your figures: I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners, Both he and she be satisfied; for here Determines the indenture tripartite 'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do Is to help you over the wall, o' the back-side, Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol. Here will be officers presently, bethink you Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock: For thither you will come else. [LOUD KNOCKING.] Hark you, thunder.

SUB.

You are a precious fiend!

OFFI [WITHOUT].

Open the door.

FACE.

Dol, I am sorry for thee i'faith; but hear'st thou? It shall go hard but I will place thee somewhere: Thou shalt have my letter to mistress Amo —

DOL.

Hang you!

FACE.

Or madam Caesarean.

DOL.

Pox upon you, rogue, Would I had but time to beat thee!

FACE.

Subtle, Let's know where you set up next; I will send you A customer now and then, for old acquaintance: What new course have you?

SUB.

Rogue, I'll hang myself; That I may walk a greater devil than thou, And haunt thee in the flock-bed and the buttery.

[EXEUNT.]

### **SCENE 5.3.**

AN OUTER ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER LOVEWIT IN THE SPANISH DRESS, WITH THE PARSON.

LOUD KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

LOVE.

What do you mean, my masters?

MAM [WITHOUT].

Open your door, Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

OFFI [WITHOUT].

Or we will break it open.

LOVE.

What warrant have you?

OFFI [WITHOUT].

Warrant enough, sir, doubt not, If you'll not open it.

LOVE.

Is there an officer, there?

OFFI [WITHOUT].

Yes, two or three for failing.

LOVE.

Have but patience, And I will open it straight.

[ENTER FACE, AS BUTLER.]

FACE.

Sir, have you done? Is it a marriage? perfect?

LOVE.

Yes, my brain.

FACE.

Off with your ruff and cloak then; be yourself, sir.

SUR [WITHOUT].

Down with the door.

KAS [WITHOUT].

'Slight, ding it open.

LOVE [OPENING THE DOOR].

Hold, Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?

[MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION, AND OFFICERS,  
RUSH IN.]

MAM.

Where is this collier?

SUR.  
And my captain Face?

MAM.  
These day owls.

SUR.  
That are birding in men's purses.

MAM.  
Madam suppository.

KAS.  
Doxy, my suster.

ANA.  
Locusts Of the foul pit.

TRI.  
Profane as Bel and the dragon.

ANA.  
Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.

LOVE.  
Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers, And cannot stay this violence?

1 OFFI.  
Keep the peace.

LOVE.  
Gentlemen, what is the matter? whom do you seek?

MAM.  
The chemical cozener.

SUR.  
And the captain pander.

KAS.  
The nun my suster.

MAM.

Madam Rabbi.

ANA.

Scorpions, And caterpillars.

LOVE.

Fewer at once, I pray you.

2 OFFI.

One after another, gentlemen, I charge you, By virtue of my staff.

ANA.

They are the vessels Of pride, lust, and the cart.

LOVE.

Good zeal, lie still A little while.

TRI.

Peace, deacon Ananias.

LOVE.

The house is mine here, and the doors are open; If there be any such persons as you seek for, Use your authority, search on o' God's name. I am but newly come to town, and finding This tumult 'bout my door, to tell you true, It somewhat mazed me; till my man, here, fearing My more displeasure, told me he had done Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house (Belike, presuming on my known aversion From any air o' the town while there was sickness,) To a doctor and a captain: who, what they are Or where they be, he knows not.

MAM.

Are they gone?

LOVE.

You may go in and search, sir. [MAMMON, ANA., AND TRIB. GO IN.] Here, I find The empty walls worse than I left them, smook'd, A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace: The ceiling fill'd with poesies of the candle, And madam with a dildo writ o' the walls: Only one gentlewoman, I met here, That is within, that said she was a widow —

KAS.

Ay, that's my suster; I'll go thump her. Where is she?

[GOES IN.]

LOVE.

And should have married a Spanish count, but he, When he came to't, neglected  
her so grossly, That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

SUR.

How! have I lost her then?

LOVE.

Were you the don, sir? Good faith, now, she does blame you extremely, and says  
You swore, and told her you had taken the pains To dye your beard, and umber o'er  
your face, Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love; And then did nothing. What an  
oversight, And want of putting forward, sir, was this! Well fare an old harquebuzier,  
yet, Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit, All in a twinkling!

[RE-ENTER MAMMON.]

MAM.

The whole nest are fled!

LOVE.

What sort of birds were they?

MAM.

A kind of choughs, Or thievish daws, sir, that have pick'd my purse Of eight score  
and ten pounds within these five weeks, Beside my first materials; and my goods,  
That lie in the cellar, which I am glad they have left, I may have home yet.

LOVE.

Think you so, sir?

MAM.

Ay.

LOVE.

By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.

MAM.

Not mine own stuff!

LOVE.

Sir, I can take no knowledge That they are yours, but by public means. If you can

bring certificate that you were gull'd of them, Or any formal writ out of a court,  
That you did cozen your self, I will not hold them.

MAM.

I'll rather lose them.

LOVE.

That you shall not, sir, By me, in troth: upon these terms, they are yours. What!  
should they have been, sir, turn'd into gold, all?

MAM.

No, I cannot tell — It may be they should. — What then?

LOVE.

What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd!

MAM.

Not I, the commonwealth has.

FACE.

Ay, he would have built The city new; and made a ditch about it Of silver, should  
have run with cream from Hogsden; That every Sunday, in Moorfields, the  
younkers, And tits and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis.

MAM.

I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach The end of the world, within these two  
months. Surly, What! in a dream?

SUR.

Must I needs cheat myself, With that same foolish vice of honesty! Come, let us go  
and hearken out the rogues: That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

FACE.

If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you word, Unto your lodging; for in troth, they  
were strangers To me, I thought them honest as my self, sir.

[EXEUNT MAM. AND SUR.]

[RE-ENTER ANANIAS AND TRIBULATION.]

TRI.

'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go, And get some carts —

LOVE.

For what, my zealous friends?

ANA.

To bear away the portion of the righteous Out of this den of thieves.

LOVE.

What is that portion?

ANA.

The goods sometimes the orphan's, that the brethren Bought with their silver pence.

LOVE.

What, those in the cellar, The knight sir Mammon claims?

ANA.

I do defy The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren, Thou profane man! I ask thee with what conscience Thou canst advance that idol against us, That have the seal? were not the shillings number'd, That made the pounds; were not the pounds told out, Upon the second day of the fourth week, In the eighth month, upon the table dormant, The year of the last patience of the saints, Six hundred and ten?

LOVE.

Mine earnest vehement botcher, And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you: But if you get you not away the sooner, I shall confute you with a cudgel.

ANA.

Sir!

TRI.

Be patient, Ananias.

ANA.

I am strong, And will stand up, well girt, against an host That threaten Gad in exile.

LOVE.

I shall send you To Amsterdam, to your cellar.

ANA.

I will pray there, Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls, And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof, This seat of falsehood, and this cave of cozenage!



[EXEUNT ANA. AND TRIB.]

[ENTER DRUGGER.]

LOVE.

Another too?

DRUG.

Not I, sir, I am no brother.

LOVE [BEATS HIM].

Away, you Harry Nicholas! do you talk?

[EXIT DRUG.]

FACE.

No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir, go, [TO THE PARSON.] And satisfy him; tell him all is done: He staid too long a washing of his face. The doctor, he shall hear of him at West-chester; And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or Some good port-town else, lying for a wind. [EXIT PARSON.] If you can get off the angry child, now, sir —

[ENTER KASTRIL, DRAGGING IN HIS SISTER.]

KAS.

Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most sweetly, have you not? Did not I say, I would never have you tupp'd But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady-tom? 'Slight, you are a mammet! O, I could touse you, now. Death, mun' you marry, with a pox!

LOVE.

You lie, boy; As sound as you; and I'm aforehand with you.

KAS.

Anon!

LOVE.

Come, will you quarrel? I will feize you, sirrah; Why do you not buckle to your tools?

KAS.

Od's light, This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!

LOVE.

What, do you change your copy now? proceed; Here stands my dove: stoop at her, if you dare.

KAS.

'Slight, I must love him! I cannot choose, i'faith, An I should be hang'd for't! Suster, I protest, I honour thee for this match.

LOVE.

O, do you so, sir?

KAS.

Yes, an thou canst take tobacco and drink, old boy, I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage, Than her own state.

LOVE.

Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.

FACE.

Yes; but go in and take it, sir.

LOVE.

We will — I will be ruled by thee in any thing, Jeremy.

KAS.

'Slight, thou art not hide-bound, thou art a jovy boy! Come, let us in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.

LOVE.

Whiff in with your sister, brother boy. [EXEUNT KAS. AND DAME P.] That master That had received such happiness by a servant, In such a widow, and with so much wealth, Were very ungrateful, if he would not be A little indulgent to that servant's wit, And help his fortune, though with some small strain Of his own candour. [ADVANCING.] — "Therefore, gentlemen, And kind spectators, if I have outstript An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think What a young wife and a good brain may do; Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too. Speak for thy self, knave."

FACE.

"So I will, sir." [ADVANCING TO THE FRONT OF THE STAGE.] "Gentlemen, My part a little fell in this last scene, Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am clean Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol, Hot Ananias, Dapper, Druggier, all With whom I traded: yet I put my self On you, that are my country: and this pelf Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests To feast you often, and invite new guests."

[EXEUNT.]

**To the Memory of My Beloved the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare**

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;  
While I confess thy writings to be such  
As neither man nor muse can praise too much;  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;  
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.  
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore  
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?  
But thou art proof against them, and indeed,  
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.  
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!  
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!  
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room:  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still while thy book doth live  
And we have wits to read and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,  
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses,  
For if I thought my judgment were of years,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.  
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek  
For names; but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,  
Euripides and Sophocles to us;  
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,  
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,  
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,  
Leave thee alone for the comparison  
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Tri'umph, my Britain, thou hast one to show  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
He was not of an age but for all time!  
And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!  
Nature herself was proud of his designs  
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines,  
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,  
But antiquated and deserted lie,  
As they were not of Nature's family.  
Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.  
For though the poet's matter nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he  
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,  
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same  
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,  
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;  
For a good poet's made, as well as born;  
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face  
Lives in his issue, even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
In his well-turned, and true-filed lines;  
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.  
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were  
To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
That so did take Eliza and our James!  
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere  
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!  
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage  
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage;  
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

### 3.6.2 Reading and Review Questions

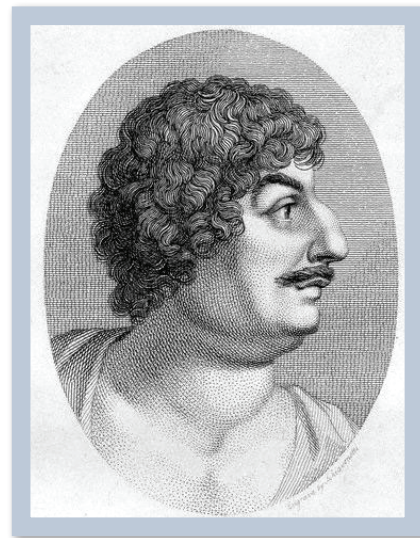
1. Aristotle wrote that the most realistic representation—even of painful objects like low animals and dead bodies—gives pleasure. How realistically does Jonson imitate life, do you think? Do his realistic representations give pleasure, and how? Does he represent mainly positive objects or painful objects, and why?
2. What moral purpose, if any, do you discern in *The Alchemist*? What ethical models, if any, does it offer? How does this play's morality compare with *King Lear*'s?
3. How satisfying is the final triumph of Lovewit, and why? What apologies and/or rationale does Lovewit offer to persuade the audience into applauding his triumph, and why?
4. How does the transformative art of alchemy serve as an image for social mobility, an art which Jonson himself practiced? How does Jonson's presentation of the uses and abuses of art compare with Chaucer's, Spenser's, or Sydney's?
5. How realistic, or rounded, are Jonson's characters as compared to those of Shakespeare, for instance? How do Subtle's and Face's impersonations of the Alchemist shape your sense of their respective characters? How psychologically valid do you find them, and why? How realistically do his characters relate to one another, and upon what grounds?

## 3.7 ROBERT HERRICK

(1591-1674)

Robert Herrick's father, Nicholas Herrick, was a wealthy goldsmith who apparently committed suicide before Robert Herrick reached the age of two. In 1607, Herrick served as apprentice to his uncle, Sir William Herrick, who was jeweler to the king, but did not aspire to follow in his uncle's footsteps. Instead, Herrick studied at St. John's College, Cambridge and at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, both noted for their religious atmosphere. And by 1627, he took religious orders and served as chaplain to George Villiers, 1st Duke of Buckingham (1592-1628) during his ill-fated expedition to La Rochelle in aid of the Huguenots.

In 1630, Herrick was made a vicar of Dean Prior, an Anglican country parsonage



**Image 3.8 | Robert Herrick**

Artist | Unknown

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in Devonshire. Due to his Royalist sympathies, Herrick lost that position in 1647 during the Civil War. Until the Restoration of Charles II, Herrick lived in Westminster, completing his collected poems, *Hesperides; or the Works Both Human and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq.* (1648). After the Restoration, he regained his position as vicar, holding it until his death.

Considered one of the Cavalier Poets—who opposed the uniqueness, nonconformity, and scientific bent of the metaphysical poets—Herrick was a self-professed son of Ben (Jonson). As such, he was learned in the classics, particularly classic Roman poetry by Horace (65 – 8 BCE), Martial (c. 38 – c. 102 CE), and Ovid (43 BC – c. 17 CE), among others. Alongside his Christian orthodoxy stood Herrick’s love of mythology and pagan rituals. His poetry is notable for its variety in form and style, for its interest in innovation and experimentation, and for the exceptional musicality of his lyrics. Even as his “To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time” insists on death’s ending all our tomorrows, its rhythm and beauty make the flower that keeps us smiling.

### 3.7.1 “The Argument of his Book”

(1648)

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,  
 Of April, May, of June, and July flowers.  
 I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,  
 Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.  
 I write of youth, of love, and have access  
 By these to sing of cleanly wantonness.  
 I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece  
 Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.  
 I sing of Time’s trans-shifting; and I write  
 How roses first came red, and lilies white.  
 I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing  
 The court of Mab, and of the fairy king.  
 I write of Hell; I sing (and ever shall)  
 Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

### 3.7.2 “His Prayer for Absolution”

(1648)

For those my unbaptized rhymes,  
 Writ in my wild unhallowed times,  
 For every sentence, clause, and word,  
 That’s not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,  
 Forgive me, God, and blot each line

Out of my book, that is not Thine.  
 But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one  
 Worthy thy benediction,  
 That one of all the rest shall be  
 The glory of my work, and me.

### 3.7.3 "The Bad Season Makes the Poet Sad"

(1648)

Dull to myself, and almost dead to these  
 My many fresh and fragrant mistresses;  
 Lost to all music now, since everything  
 Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.  
 Sick is the land to th' heart, and doth endure  
 More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.  
 But if that golden age would come again  
 And Charles here rule, as he before did reign;  
 If smooth and unperplex'd the seasons were  
 As when the sweet Maria lived here;  
 I should delight to have my curls half drown'd  
 In Tyrian dews, and head with roses crown'd.  
 And once more yet (ere I am laid out dead)  
 Knock at a star with my exalted head.

### 3.7.4 "Corinna's going a Maying"

(1648)

Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne  
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.  
     See how Aurora throws her faire  
     Fresh-quilted colours through the aire:  
 Get up, sweet-Slug-a-bed, and see  
     The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree.  
 Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,  
 Above an houre since; yet you not drest,  
     Nay! not so much as out of bed?  
 When all the Birds have Mattens seyde,  
 And sung their thankful Hymnes: 'tis sin,  
     Nay, profanation to keep in,  
 When as a thousand Virgins on this day,  
 Spring, sooner than the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your Foliage, and be seene  
 To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and greene;  
     And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
     For Jewels for your Gowne, or Haire:  
     Feare not; the leaves will strew  
     Gemms in abundance upon you:  
 Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,  
 Against you come, some Orient Pearls unwept:  
     Come, and receive them while the light  
     Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night:  
     And Titan on the Eastern hill  
     Retires himselfe, or else stands still  
 Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying:  
 Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and comming, marke  
 How each field turns a street; each street a Parke  
     Made green, and trimm'd with trees: see how  
     Devotion gives each House a Bough,  
     Or Branch: Each Porch, each doore, ere this,  
     An Arke a Tabernacle is  
 Made up of white-thorn neatly enterwove;  
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
     Can such delights be in the street,  
     And open fields, and we not see't?  
     Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey  
     The Proclamation made for May:  
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;  
 But my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,  
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.  
     A deale of Youth, ere this, is come  
     Back, and with White-thorn laden home.  
     Some have dispatcht their Cakes and Creame,  
     Before that we have left to dreame:  
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth,  
 And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth:  
     Many a green-gown has been given;  
     Many a kisse, both odde and even:  
     Many a glance too has been sent  
     From out the eye, Loves Firmament:  
 Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying  
 This night, and Locks pickt, yet w'are not a Maying.



Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime;  
 And take the harmlesse follie of the time.  
     We shall grow old apace, and die  
     Before we know our liberty.  
     Our life is short; and our dayes run  
     As fast away as do's the Sunne:  
 And as a vapour, or a drop of raine  
 Once lost, can ne'r be found againe:  
     So when or you or I are made  
     A fable, song, or fleeting shade;  
     All love, all liking, all delight  
     Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.  
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;  
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

### 3.7.5 "The Night Piece, to Julia"

(1648)

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
 The shooting stars attend thee;  
 And the elves also,  
 Whose little eyes glow  
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mis-light thee,  
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;  
 But on, on thy way,  
 Not making a stay,  
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;  
 What though the moon does slumber?  
 The stars of the night  
 Will lend thee their light,  
 Like tapers clear without number.

Then Julia let me woo thee,  
 Thus, thus to come unto me;  
 And when I shall meet  
 Thy silv'ry feet,  
 My soul I'll pour into thee.

### 3.7.6 "Upon Julia's Breasts"

(1648)

Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me  
Behold that circummortal purity;  
Between whose glories, there my lips I'll lay,  
Ravished in that fair *Via Lactea*.

### 3.7.7 "Upon Julia's Clothes"

(1648)

Whenas in silks my Julia goes,  
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows  
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see  
That brave vibration each way free,  
O how that glittering taketh me!

### 3.7.8 "Delight in Disorder"

(1648)

A sweet disorder in the dress  
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction;  
An erring lace, which here and there  
Enthrals the crimson stomacher;  
A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
Ribands to flow confusedly;  
A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat;  
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
I see a wild civility:  
Do more bewitch me, than when art  
Is too precise in every part.

### 3.7.9 "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time"

(1648)

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying;

And this same flower that smiles today  
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go marry;  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may forever tarry.

### **3.7.10 "Discontents in Devon"**

(1648)

More discontents I never had  
Since I was born, than here;  
Where I have been, and still am, sad,  
In this dull Devonshire.  
Yet justly too I must confess,  
I ne'er invented such  
Ennobled numbers for the press,  
Than where I loath'd so much.

### **3.7.11 "His Return to London"**

(1648)

From the dull confines of the drooping west  
To see the day spring from the pregnant east,  
Ravish'd in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly  
To thee, blest place of my nativity!  
Thus, thus with hallow'd foot I touch the ground,  
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.  
O fruitful genius! that bestowest here  
An everlasting plenty, year by year.  
O place! O people! Manners! fram'd to please

All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!  
 I am a free-born Roman; suffer then  
 That I amongst you live a citizen.  
 London my home is, though by hard fate sent  
 Into a long and irksome banishment;  
 Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,  
 O native country, repossess'd by thee!  
 For, rather than I'll to the west return,  
 I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.  
 Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;  
 Give thou my sacred relics burial.

### 3.7.12 "His Prayer to Ben Jonson"

(1648)

When I a verse shall make,  
 Know I have pray'd thee,  
 For old religion's sake,  
 Saint Ben to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,  
 When I, thy Herrick,  
 Honouring thee, on my knee  
 Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,  
 And a new altar,  
 And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be  
 Writ in my psalter.

### 3.7.13 "An Ode to Ben Jonson"

(1648)

Ah Ben!

Say how, or when  
 Shall we thy guests  
 Meet at those lyric feasts  
 Made at the Sun,  
 The Dog, the Triple Tun?  
 Where we such clusters had  
 As made us nobly wild, not mad;

And yet each verse of thine  
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben  
Or come again,  
Or send to us  
Thy wit's great overplus;  
But teach us yet  
Wisely to husband it;  
Lest we that talent spend,  
And having once brought to an end  
That precious stock, the store  
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

### 3.7.14 "Upon Ben Jonson"

(1648)

Here lies Jonson with the rest  
Of the poets; but the best.  
Reader, would'st thou more have known?  
Ask his story, not this stone.  
That will speak what this can't tell  
Of his glory. So farewell.

### 3.7.15 Reading and Review Questions

1. In the Argument of his Book, Herrick lists the topics of his poetry, topics ranging from the pastoral to the supernatural, from Hell to Heaven. He declares that he wants "all," including Heaven. What do you make of this omnivorous desire? How does this omnivorous desire for "all" and "everything" compare with Donne's?
2. Who do you think are Herrick's intended readers? How do you know? What is Herrick's attitude towards his readers? How do you know?
3. How does Herrick present English village life in his poetry? What does village life represent to him? How does he use the pastoral form in his work, and to what end?
4. What do you make of Herrick's blending of the sacred and secular in such poems as "Corinna's going a Maying?" What is Herrick's purpose in doing so, do you think?
5. Considering the fact that Herrick was a vicar and bachelor, what do you make of his poems dedicated to women, of the sensual details in his poems? What is Herrick's attitude towards art in general and to his art

in particular? How do you know? How does this attitude compare with Sydney's or Spenser's?

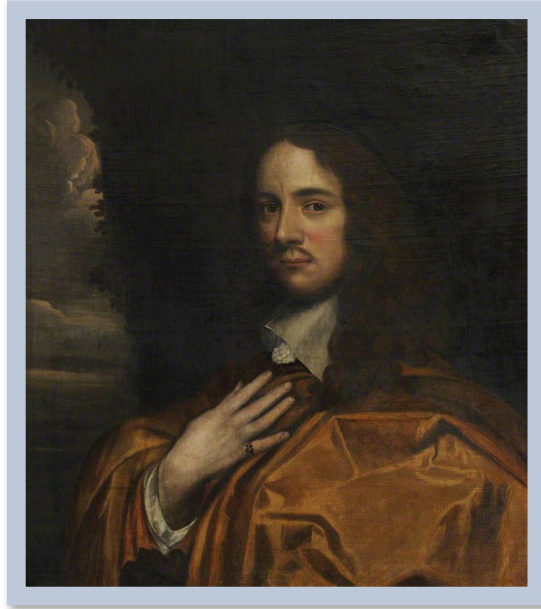
### 3.8 ANDREW MARVELL

(1621-1678)

Andrew Marvell's father, the Reverend Andrew Marvell, died from drowning after a boating accident, thereby possibly curtailing Marvell's academic career and possibly leading to his taking religious orders. Marvell probably studied at the Hull Grammar School; at the age of twelve, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he earned his B.A. in four years, then began studying for a Master of Art (which he did not complete).

He may have traveled the Continent during the Civil War. He secured a position as tutor to the daughter of Lord Thomas Fairfax (1612-1671), a Parliamentarian general. Marvell's Parliamentarian sympathies may have won him his subsequent positions, as tutor to William Dutton, the ward of Oliver Cromwell; as Latin Secretary, assisting John Milton in translations and diplomatic correspondence; and as Minister of Parliament, a position Marvell held until his death but that began before the Restoration. As a politician, Marvell seems to have promoted the interests of religious and political dissenters, though he did not actively oppose the Restoration. He may have saved Milton's life after the Restoration, a time of reprisal when many "rebels" were executed. His poem "On Mr. Milton's *Paradise Lost*," praises Milton's genius at a time when Milton was exiled for his political activities.

Scholars have sometimes divided Marvell's work into pre- and post-Restoration, with most of his poetry being placed pre- and most of his prose, particularly his political writing, being placed post-Restoration. All of his writing is characterized by its intellect, wit, and often abstruse logic. John Dryden noted Marvell's tendency towards the abstract, especially when dealing with emotional subjects. In the twentieth century, T. S. Eliot (1888-1965) linked Marvell with the metaphysical poets in their uniting reason and emotion. Like that of other metaphysical poets, such as John Donne's, Marvell's poetry uses puns, paradoxes, and incongruous images. What seems unique to Marvell is his willingness to maintain ambiguity, to



**Image 3.9 | Andrew Marvell**

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give all sides of a subject their due, to complicate rather than simplify. In “To His Coy Mistress,” he can adore his mistress’s eyes, forehead, and “the rest” (16) yet still roll all her sweetness and strength into “one ball” (42).

### 3.8.1 “A Dialogue, Between The Resolved Soul, and Created Pleasure”

(1681)

Courage my Soul, now learn to wield  
 The weight of thine immortal Shield.  
 Close on thy Head thy Helmet bright.  
 Ballance thy Sword against the Fight.  
 See where an Army, strong as fair,  
 With silken Banners spreads the air.  
 Now, if thou bee’st that thing Divine,  
 In this day’s Combat let it shine:  
 And shew that Nature wants an Art  
 To conquer one resolved Heart.

Pleasure.

Welcome the Creations Guest,  
 Lord of Earth, and Heavens Heir.  
 Lay aside that Warlike Crest,  
 And of Nature’s banquet share:  
 Where the Souls of fruits and flow’rs  
 Stand prepar’d to heighten yours.

Soul.

I sup above, and cannot stay  
 To bait so long upon the way.

Pleasure.

On these downy Pillows lye,  
 Whose soft Plumes will thither fly:  
 On these Roses strow’d so plain  
 Lest one Leaf thy Side should strain.

Soul.

My gentler Rest is on a Thought,  
 Conscious of doing what I ought.

Pleasure.

If thou bee'st with Perfumes pleas'd,  
Such as oft the Gods appeas'd,  
Thou in fragrant Clouds shalt show  
Like another God below.

Soul.

A Soul that knowes not to presume  
Is Heaven's and its own perfume.

Pleasure.

Every thing does seem to vie  
Which should first attract thine Eye:  
But since none deserves that grace,  
In this Crystal view thy face.

Soul.

When the Creator's skill is priz'd,  
The rest is all but Earth disguis'd.

Pleasure.

Heark how Musick then prepares  
For thy Stay these charming Aires;  
Which the posting Winds recall,  
And suspend the Rivers Fall.

Soul.

Had I but any time to lose,  
On this I would it all dispose.  
Cease Tempter. None can chain a mind  
Whom this sweet Chordage cannot bind.

Chorus.

Earth cannot shew so brave a Sight  
As when a single Soul does fence  
The Batteries of alluring Sense,  
And Heaven views it with delight.  
Then persevere: for still new Charges sound:  
And if thou overcom'st thou shalt be crown'd.

Pleasure.

All this fair, and cost, and sweet,  
Which scatteringly doth shine,



Shall within one Beauty meet,  
And she be only thine.

Soul.  
If things of Sight such Heavens be,  
What Heavens are those we cannot see?

Pleasure.  
Where so e're thy Foot shall go  
The minted Gold shall lie;  
Till thou purchase all below,  
And want new Worlds to buy.

Soul.  
Wer't not a price who'd value Gold?  
And that's worth nought that can be sold.

Pleasure.  
Wilt thou all the Glory have  
That War or Peace commend?  
Half the World shall be thy Slave  
The other half thy Friend.

Soul.  
What Friends, if to my self untrue?  
What Slaves, unless I captive you?

Pleasure.  
Thou shalt know each hidden Cause;  
And see the future Time:  
Try what depth the Centre draws;  
And then to Heaven climb.

Soul.  
None thither mounts by the degree  
Of Knowledge, but Humility.

Chorus.  
Triumph, triumph, victorious Soul;  
The World has not one Pleasure more:  
The rest does lie beyond the Pole,  
And is thine everlasting Store.

### 3.8.2 "On a Drop of Dew"

(1681)

See how the Orient Dew,  
Shed from the Bosom of the Morn  
Into the blowing Roses,  
Yet careless of its Mansion new;  
For the clear Region where 'twas born  
Round in its self incloses:  
And in its little Globes Extent,  
Frames as it can its native Element.  
How it the purple flow'r does slight,  
Scarce touching where it lyes,  
But gazing back upon the Skies,  
Shines with a mournful Light;  
Like its own Tear,  
Because so long divided from the Sphear.  
Restless it roules and unsecure,  
Trembling lest it grow impure:  
Till the warm Sun pittie it's Pain,  
And to the Skies exhale it back again.  
So the Soul, that Drop, that Ray  
Of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day,  
Could it within the humane flow'r be seen,  
Remembring still its former height,  
Shuns the sweat leaves and blossoms green;  
And, recollecting its own Light,  
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express  
The greater Heaven in an Heaven less.  
In how coy a Figure wound,  
Every way it turns away:  
So the World excluding round,  
Yet receiving in the Day.  
Dark beneath, but bright above:  
Here disdainig, there in Love.  
How loose and easie hence to go:  
How girt and ready to ascend.  
Moving but on a point below,  
It all about does upwards bend.  
Such did the Manna's sacred Dew destil;  
White, and intire, though congeal'd and chill.  
Congeal'd on Earth: but does, dissolving, run  
Into the Glories of th' Almighty Sun.

### 3.8.3 "The Coronet"

(1681)

When for the Thorns with which I long, too  
 With many a piercing wound, (long,  
 My Saviours head have crown'd,  
 I seek with Garlands to redress that Wrong:  
 Through every Garden, every Mead,  
 I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)  
 Dismantling all the fragrant Towers  
 That once adorn'd my Shepherdesses head.  
 And now when I have summ'd up all my store,  
 Thinking (so I my self deceive)  
 So rich a Chaplet thence to weave  
 As never yet the king of Glory wore:  
 Alas I find the Serpent old  
 That, twining in his speckled breast,  
 About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold,  
 With wreaths of Fame and Interest.  
 Ah, foolish Man, that would'st debase with them,  
 And mortal Glory, Heavens Diadem!  
 But thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,  
 Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie,  
 And disintangle all his winding Snare:  
 Or shatter too with him my curious frame:  
 And let these wither, so that he may die,  
 Though set with Skill and chosen out with Care.  
 That they, while Thou on both their Spoils dost tread,  
 May crown thy Feet, that could not crown thy Head.

### 3.8.4 "To his Coy Mistress"

(1681)

Had we but World enough, and Time,  
 This coyness Lady were no crime.  
 We would sit down, and think which way  
 To walk, and pass our long Loves Day.  
 Thou by the Indian Ganges side  
 Should'st Rubies find: I by the Tide  
 Of Humber would complain. I would  
 Love you ten years before the Flood:  
 And you should if you please refuse

Till the Conversion of the Jews.  
My vegetable Love should grow  
Vaster then Empires, and more slow.  
An hundred years should go to praise  
Thine Eyes, and on thy Forehead Gaze.  
Two hundred to adore each Breast:  
But thirty thousand to the rest.  
An Age at least to every part,  
And the last Age should show your Heart.  
For Lady you deserve this State;  
Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I alwaies hear  
Times winged Charriot hurrying near:  
And yonder all before us lye  
Desarts of vast Eternity.  
Thy Beauty shall no more be found;  
Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound  
My ecchoing Song: then Worms shall try  
That long preserv'd Virginitie:  
And your quaint Honour turn to durst:  
And into ashes all my Lust.  
The Grave's a fine and private place,  
But none I think do there embrace.

Now therefore, while the youthful hew  
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
And while thy willing Soul transpires  
At every pore with instant Fires,  
Now let us sport us while we may;  
And now, like am'rous birds of prey,  
Rather at once our Time dev out,  
Than languish in his slow chapt pow'r.  
Let us roll all our Strength, and all  
Our sweetness, up into one Ball  
And tear our Pleasures with rough strife,  
Thorough the Iron gates of Life.  
Thus, though we cannot make our Sun  
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

### 3.8.5 "The Garden"

(1681)

I.

HOW vainly men themselves amaze  
To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes;  
And their uncessant Labours see  
Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree,  
Whose short and narrow verged Shade  
Does prudently their Toyles upbraid;  
While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close  
To weave the Garlands of repose.

II.

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,  
And Innocence thy Sister dear!  
Mistaken long, I sought you then  
In busie Companies of Men.  
Your sacred Plants, if here below,  
Only among the Plants will grow.  
Society is all but rude,  
To this delicious Solitude.

III.

No white nor red was ever seen  
So am'rous as this lovely green.  
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,  
Cut in these Trees their Mistress name.  
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,  
How far these Beauties Hers exceed!  
Fair Trees! where s'eer you barks I wound,  
No Name shall but your own be found.

IV.

When we have run our Passions heat,  
Love hither makes his best retreat.  
The Gods, that mortal Beauty chase,  
Still in a Tree did end their race.  
Apollo hunted Daphne so,  
Only that She might Laurel grow.  
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,  
Not as a Nymph, but for a Reed.

V.

What wond'rous Life in this I lead!  
Ripe Apples drop about my head;  
The Luscious Clusters of the Vine  
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;  
The Nectaren, and curious Peach,  
Into my hands themselves do reach;  
Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,  
Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

VI.

Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,  
Withdraws into its happiness:  
The Mind, that Ocean where each kind  
Does streight its own resemblance find;  
Yet it creates, transcending these,  
Far other Worlds, and other Seas;  
Annihilating all that's made  
To a green Thought in a green Shade.

VII.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,  
Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,  
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,  
My Soul into the boughs does glide:  
There like a Bird it sits, and sings,  
Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;  
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,  
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

VIII.

Such was that happy Garden-state,  
While Man there walk'd without a Mate:  
After a Place so pure, and sweet,  
What other Help could yet be meet!  
But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share  
To wander solitary there:  
Two Paradises 'twere in one  
To live in Paradise alone.

IX.

How well the skilful Gardner drew  
Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new;

Where from above the milder Sun  
 Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;  
 And, as it works, th' industrious Bee  
 Computes its time as well as we.  
 How could such sweet and wholesome Hours  
 Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!

### 3.8.6 "On Mr. Milton's *Paradise Lost*"

(1681)

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,  
 In slender Book his vast Design unfold,  
 Messiah Crown'd, Gods Reconcil'd Decree,  
 Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,  
 Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument  
 Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,  
 That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)  
 The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song,  
 (So Sampson groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)  
 The World o'whelm'g to revenge his Sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,  
 I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;  
 Through that wide Field how he his way should find  
 O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;  
 Lest he perplex the things he would explain,  
 And what was easie he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,  
 Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
 (Such as disquiet alwayes what is well,  
 And by ill imitating would excell)  
 Might hence presume the whole Creations day  
 To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise  
 My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.  
 But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare  
 Within thy Labours to pretend a Share.  
 Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,  
 And all that was improper dost omit:  
 So that no room is here for Writers left,  
 But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign  
 Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.  
 And things divine thou treats of in such state  
 As them preserves, and Thee inviolate.  
 At once delight and horreur on us seize,  
 Thou singst with so much gravity and ease;  
 And above humane flight dost soar aloft,  
 With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.  
 The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing  
 So never Flaps, but alwaies keeps on Wing.

Where couldst thou Words of such a compass find?  
 Whence furnish such a vast expense of Mind?  
 Just Heav'n Thee, like Tiresias, to requite,  
 Rewards with Prophetie thy loss of Sight.

Well might thou scorn thy Readers to allure  
 With tinkling Rhime, of thy own Sense secure;  
 While the Town-Bays writes all the while and spells,  
 And like a Pack-Horse tires without his Bells.  
 Their Fancies like our bushy Points appear,  
 The Poets tag them; we for fashion wear.  
 I too transported by the Mode offend,  
 And while I meant to Praise thee, must Commend.  
 Thy verse created like thy Theme sublime,  
 In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

### 3.8.7 Reading and Review Questions

1. How consistent are the speakers in Marvell's poems, in terms of their positions on gender, politics, religion, etc.?
2. To what end, do you think, does Marvell yoke dissimilar images together in metaphysical conceits? Does Marvell's poetry resolve incongruities? How do his resolutions compare with Donne's?
3. What relationship, if any, do Marvell's poems suggest between the ideal and the real?
4. How does Marvell use nature in his poetry, and to what end?
5. Some scholars have described Marvell's poems as puzzles, as exercises in deduction. How do Marvell's poems demonstrate logic, do you think, and to what end?

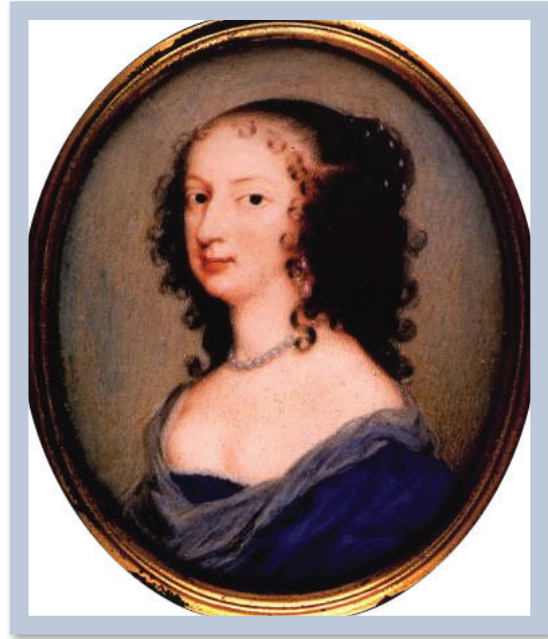


### 3.9 MARGARET CAVENDISH, THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE

(1623-1673)

Frank in her pursuit of fame, Margaret Cavendish published an astonishing number of works in a diverse array of genres—including letters, essays, autobiography, utopian romance, natural philosophy (science), and drama. All of her work is marked by experimentation and her self-consciousness as a female author. They also display the “doubleness” female authors often worked through when modeling their work on male authors—like John Donne and John Milton—and on male-dominated traditions—like the lyric—while at the same time subverting and rebelling against them. She challenged culturally-imposed limits on her desire to pursue pleasure, mirth, and fame; she elevated the goddess Natura as the world’s true and benevolent guide, implicitly criticizing male abuse of the world God placed under their care; she identified with nature and animals, especially in their vulnerability to aggressive—even violent—male mistreatment. As she declares in “The Hunting of the Hare:” “Man doth think himselfe so gentle, mild,/ When he of Creatures is most cruell wild” (101-102).

Her contemporaries took a double view of Cavendish herself, with some viewing her as eccentric and egotistical—then considered a deplorable characteristic in a female—and others admiring her abilities. For a woman of her position, born to wealthy Royalist parents, Cavendish followed somewhat conventional expectations by becoming a maid of honor to Queen Henrietta Maria (1609-1669), remaining loyal to her when she was exiled to Paris. She also did what was expected when, in Paris, she met and married William Cavendish (1592-1676), a Royalist general and exile with Charles II, a writer and patron of the arts who was thirty years her senior, and a Duke who recovered his property and title after the Restoration. But through this conformity Cavendish reached comparative freedom, as her husband wholeheartedly encouraged and financially supported Cavendish’s writing and philosophical education, even when it entailed a visit to the Royal Society and acquaintanceship with such philosophers as Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) and Rene Descartes (1596-1650).



**Image 3.10 | Margaret Cavendish**

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### 3.9.1 "The Hunting of the Hare"

(1653)

Betwixt two *Ridges of land*, lay *Wat*,  
*Pressing* his *Body* close to *Earth* lay squat.  
 His *Nose* upon his two *Fore-feet* close lies,  
 Glaring obliquely with his *great gray Fyes*.  
 His *Head* he alwaies sets against the *Wind*;  
 If turne his *Taile* his *Haires* blow up behind:  
 Which *he* too cold will grow, but *he* is wise,  
 And keepes his *Coat* still downe, so warm *he* lies.  
 Thus resting all the *day*, till *Sun* doth set,  
 Then riseth up, his *Reliefe* for to get.  
 Walking about until the *Sun* doth rise,  
 Then back returnes, downe in his *Forme* *he* lyes.  
 At last, *Poore Wat* was found, as *he* there lay,  
 By *Hunts-men*, with their *Dogs* which came that way.  
 Seeing, gets up, and fast begins to run,  
 Hoping some waies the *Dogs* to shun.  
 But they by *Nature* have so quick a *Sent*,  
 That by their *Nose* they trace what way *he* went.  
 And with their deep, wide *Mouths* set forth a *Cry*,  
 Which answer'd was by *Ecchoes* in the *Skie*.  
 Then *Wat* was struck with *Terrour*, and with *Feare*,  
 Thinkes every *Shadow* still the *Dogs* they were.  
 And running out some distance from the *noise*,  
 To hide himselfe, his *Thoughts* he new imploies.  
 Under a *Clod of Earth* in *Sand-pit* wide,  
*Poore Wat* fat close, hoping himselfe to hide.  
 There long he not sat, but strait his *Eares*  
 The *Winding*, and crying *Dogs* he heares:  
 Starting with *Feare*, up leapes, then doth he run,  
 And with such speed, the *Ground* scarce treads upon.  
 Into a great thick *Wood* strait way gets,  
 Where underneath a *broken Bough* *he* sits.  
 At every *Lease* that with the *wind* did shake,  
 Did bring such, made his *Heart* to ake.  
 That *Place* *he* left, to *Champion Plaines* *he* went,  
 Winding about, for to deceive their *Sent*.  
 And while they were, to sind his *Track*,  
*Poore Wat*, being weary, his swift pace did slack.  
 On his two *hinder legs* for ease did sit,  
 His *Fore-feet* rub'd his *Face* from *Dust*, and *Sweat*.

Licking his *Feet*, he wip'd his *Eares* so cleane,  
That none could tell that *Wat* had hunted been.  
But casting round about his *faire great Eyes*,  
The *Hounds* in full *Careere* he him 'spies:  
To *Wat* it was so terrible a *Sight*,  
*Feare* gave him *Wings*, and made his *Body* light.  
Though weary was before, by running long,  
Yet now his *Breath* he never felt more strong.  
Like those that *dying* are, think *Health* returnes,  
When tis but a *faint Blast*, which *Life* out burnes.  
For *Spirits* seek to guard the *Heart* about,  
Striving with *Death*, but *Death* doth quench them out.  
Thus they so fast came on, with such loud *Cries*,  
That *he* no hopes hath left, nor *help* espies.  
With that the *Winds* did pity *poore Wats* case,  
And with their *Breath* the *Sent* blew from the *Place*.  
Then every *Nose* is busily imployed,  
And every *Nostrill* is set open, wide:  
And every *Head* doth seek a severall way,  
To find what, or *Track*, the *Sent* on lay.  
*Thus quick Industry, that is not slack,*  
*Is like to Witchery, brings lost things back.*  
For though the *Wind* had the *Sent* up close,  
A *Busie Dog* thrust in his *Nose*:  
And drew it out, with it did foremost run,  
Then *Hornes* blew loud, for th' *rest* to follow on.  
The *great slow-Hounds*, their throats did set a *Base*,  
The *Fleet swift Hounds*, as *Tenours* next in place;  
The little *Beagles* they a *Treble* sing,  
And through the *Aire* their *Voice* a round did ring?  
Which made a *Consort*, as they ran along;  
If they but *words* could speak, might sing a *Song*,  
The *Hornes* kept time, the *Hunters* shout for *Joy*,  
And valiant seeme, *poore Wat* for to destroy:  
Spurring their *Horses* to a full *Careere*,  
*Swim Rivers deep, leap Ditches* without feare;  
Indanger *Life*, and *Limbes*, so fast will ride,  
Onely to see how patiently *Wat* died.  
For why, the *Dogs* so neere his *Heeles* did get,  
That they their sharp *Teeth* in his *Breech* did set.  
Then tumbling downe, did fall with *weeping Eyes*,  
Gives up his *Ghost*, and thus *poore Wat* he dies.  
*Men* hooping loud, such *Acclamations* make,

As if the *Devill* they did *Prisoner* take.  
 When they do but a *shiftlesse Creature* kill;  
 To hunt, there needs no *Valiant Souldiers* skill.  
 But *Man* doth think that *Exercise*, and *Toile*,  
 To keep their *Health*, is best, which makes most spoile.  
 Thinking that *Food*, and *Nourishment* so good,  
 And *Appetite*, that feeds on *Flesh*, and *Blood*.  
 When they do *Lions*, *Wolves*, *Beares*, *Tigers* see,  
 To kill poore *Sheep*, strait say, they cruell be.  
 But for themselves all *Creatures* think too few,  
 For *Luxury*, wish *God* would make them new.  
 As if that *God* made *Creatures* for *Mans meat*,  
 To give them *Life*, and *Sense*, for *Man* to eat;  
 Or else for *Sport*, or *Recreations* sake,  
 Destroy those *Lives* that *God* saw good to make:  
 Making their *Stomacks*, *Graves*, which full they fill  
 With *Murther'd Bodies*, that in sport they kill.  
 Yet *Man* doth think himselfe so gentle, mild,  
 When *he* of *Creatures* is most cruell wild.  
 And is so *Proud*, thinks onely he shall live,  
 That *God* a *God-like Nature* did him give.  
 And that all *Creatures* for his sake alone,  
 Was made for him, to *Tyramize* upon.

### 3.9.2 "A True Relation of the Birth, Breeding and Life of Margaret Cavendish, Written by Herself"

(1656)

My father was a gentleman, which title is grounded and given by merit, not by princes; and it is the act of time, not favour: and though my father was not a peer of the realm, yet there were few peers who had much greater estates, or lived more noble therewith. Yet at that time great titles were to be sold, and not at so high rates, but that his estate might have easily purchased, and was pressed for to take; but my father did not esteem titles, unless they were gained by heroic actions, and the kingdom being in a happy peace with all other nations, and in itself being governed by a wise king, King James, there was no employments for heroic spirits; and towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, as soon as he came to man's estate, he unfortunately killed one Mr. Brooks in a single duel. For my father by the laws of honour could do no less than call him to the field to question him for an injury he did him, where their swords were to dispute, and one or both of their lives to decide the argument, wherein my father had the better; and though my father by honour challenged him, with valour fought him, and in justice killed him, yet he suffered more than any person of quality usually doth in cases of honour; for

though the laws be rigorous, yet the present princes most commonly are gracious in those misfortunes, especially to the injured: but my father found it not, for his exile was from the time of his misfortunes to Queen Elizabeth's death. For the Lord Cobham being then a great man with Queen Elizabeth, and this gentleman, Mr. Brooks, a kind of a favourite, and as I take it brother to the then Lord Cobham, which made Queen Elizabeth so severe, not to pardon him. But King James of blessed memory graciously gave him his pardon, and leave to return home to his native country, wherein he lived happily, and died peaceably, leaving a wife and eight children, three sons, and five daughters, I being the youngest child he had, and an infant when he died.

As for my breeding, it was according to my birth, and the nature of my sex; for my birth was not lost in my breeding. For as my sisters was or had been bred, so was I in plenty, or rather with superfluity. Likewise we were bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles. As for plenty, we had not only for necessity, conveniency, and decency, but for delight and pleasure to a superfluity; it is true we did not riot, but we lived orderly; for riot, even in kings' courts and princes' palaces, brings ruin without content or pleasure, when order in less fortunes shall live more plentifully and deliciously than princes that lives in a hurly-burly, as I may term it, in which they are seldom well served. For disorder obstructs; besides, it doth disgust life, distract the appetites, and yield no true relish to the senses; for pleasure, delight, peace, and felicity live in method and temperance.

As for our garments, my mother did not only delight to see us neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly; maintaining us to the height of her estate, but not beyond it. For we were so far from being in debt, before these wars, as we were rather beforehand with the world; buying all with ready money, not on the score. For although after my father's death the estate was divided between my mother and her sons, paying such a sum of money for portions to her daughters, either at the day of their marriage, or when they should come to age; yet by reason she and her children agreed with a mutual consent, all their affairs were managed so well, as she lived not in a much lower condition than when my father lived. 'Tis true, my mother might have increased her daughters' portions by a thrifty sparing, yet she chose to bestow it on our breeding, honest pleasures, and harmless delights, out of an opinion, that if she bred us with needy necessity, it might chance to create in us sharking qualities, mean thoughts, and base actions, which she knew my father, as well as herself, did abhor. Likewise we were bred tenderly, for my mother naturally did strive, to please and delight her children, not to cross or torment them, terrifying them with threats, or lashing them with slavish whips; but instead of threats, reason was used to persuade us, and instead of lashes, the deformities of vice was discovered, and the graces and virtues were presented unto us. Also we were bred with respectful attendance, every one being severally waited upon, and all her servants in general used the same respect to her children (even those that were very young) as they did to herself; for she suffered not her servants, either

to be rude before us, or to domineer over us, which all vulgar servants are apt, and oftentimes which some have leave to do. Likewise she never suffered the vulgar serving-men to be in the nursery among the nursemaids, lest their rude love-making might do unseemly actions, or speak unhandsome words in the presence of her children, knowing that youth is apt to take infection by ill examples, having not the reason of distinguishing good from bad. Neither were we suffered to have any familiarity with the vulgar servants, or conversation: yet caused us to demean ourselves with an humble civility towards them, as they with a dutiful respect to us. Not because they were servants were we so reserved; for many noble persons are forced to serve through necessity; but by reason the vulgar sort of servants are as ill-bred as meanly born, giving children ill examples and worse counsel.

As for tutors, although we had for all sorts of virtues, as singing, dancing, playing on music, reading, writing, working, and the like, yet we were not kept strictly thereto, they were rather for formality than benefit; for my mother cared not so much for our dancing and fiddling, singing and prating of several languages, as that we should be bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles.

As for my brothers, of which I had three, I know not how they were bred. First, they were bred when I was not capable to observe, or before I was born; likewise the breeding of men were after different manner of ways from those of women. But this I know, that they loved virtue, endeavoured merit, practised justice, and spoke truth; they were constantly loyal, and truly valiant. ...

As for the pastime of my sisters when they were in the country, it was to read, work, walk, and discourse with each other. ... But to rehearse their recreations. Their customs were in winter time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of people: and in the spring time to visit the Spring Garden, Hyde Park, and the like places; and sometimes they would have music, and sup in barges upon the water. ...

But sometime after this war began, I knew not how they lived. For though most of them were in Oxford, wherein the King was, yet after the Queen went from Oxford, and so out of England, I was parted from them. For when the Queen was in Oxford I had a great desire to be one of her maids of honour, hearing the Queen had not the same number she was used to have. Whereupon I wooed and won my mother to let me go; for my mother, being fond of all her children, was desirous to please them, which made her consent to my request. But my brothers and sisters seemed not very well pleased, by reason I had never been from home, nor seldom out of their sight; for though they knew I would not behave myself to their or my own dishonour, yet they thought I might to my disadvantage, being inexperienced in the world. Which indeed I did, for I was so bashful when I was out of my mother's, brothers', and sisters' sight, whose presence used to give me confidence — thinking I could not do amiss whilst any one of them were by, for I knew they would gently reform me if I did; besides, I was ambitious they should approve of my actions and behaviour — that when I was gone from them, I was

like one that had no foundation to stand, or guide to direct me, which made me afraid, lest I should wander with ignorance out of the ways of honour, so that I knew not how to behave myself. Besides, I had heard that the world was apt to lay aspersions even on the innocent, for which I durst neither look up with my eyes, nor speak, nor be any way sociable, insomuch as I was thought a natural fool. Indeed I had not much wit, yet I was not an idiot, my wit was according to my years; and though I might have learnt more wit, and advanced my understanding by living in a Court, yet being dull, fearful, and bashful, I neither heeded what was said or practised, but just what belonged to my loyal duty, and my own honest reputation. And, indeed, I was so afraid to dishonour my friends and family by my indiscreet actions, that I rather chose to be accounted a fool than to be thought rude or wanton. In truth, my bashfulness and fears made me repent my going from home to see the world abroad, and much I did desire to return to my mother again, or to my sister Pye, with whom I often lived when she was in London, and loved with a supernatural affection. But my mother advised me there to stay, although I put her to more charges than if she had kept me at home, and the more, by reason she and my brothers were sequestered from their estates, and plundered of all their goods, yet she maintained me so, that I was in a condition rather to lend than to borrow, which courtiers usually are not, being always necessitated by reason of great expenses Courts put them to. But my mother said it would be a disgrace for me to return out of the Court so soon after I was placed; so I continued almost two years, until such time as I was married from thence. For my Lord the Marquis of Newcastle did approve of those bashful fears which many condemned, and would choose such a wife as he might bring to his own humours, and not such a one as was wedded to self-conceit, or one that had been tempered to the humours of another; for which he wooed me for his wife; and though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's company as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. Neither was I ashamed to own it, but gloried therein. For it was not amorous love (I never was infected therewith, it is a disease, or a passion, or both, I only know by relation, not by experience), neither could title, wealth, power, or person entice me to love. But my love was honest and honourable, being placed upon merit, which affection joyed at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respects he used to me, and triumphing in the affections he professed for me, which affections he hath confirmed to me by a deed of time, sealed by constancy, and assigned by an unalterable decree of his promise, which makes me happy in despite of Fortune's frowns. For though misfortunes may and do oft dissolve base, wild, loose, and ungrounded affections, yet she hath no power of those that are united either by merit, justice, gratitude, duty, fidelity, or the like. And though my Lord hath lost his estate, and banished out of his country for his loyalty to his King and country, yet neither despised poverty, nor pinching necessity could make him break the bonds of friendship, or weaken his loyal duty to his King or country. ...

Also she [my mother] was an affectionate mother, breeding her children with a most industrious care, and tender love; and having eight children, three sons and five daughters, there was not any one crooked, or any ways deformed, neither were they dwarfish, or of a giant-like stature, but every ways proportionable; likewise well-featured, clear complexions, brown hairs (but some lighter than others), sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tunable voices (I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly, which impediments many have): neither were their voices of too low a strain, or too high, but their notes and words were tunable and timely. I hope this truth will not offend my readers, and lest they should think I am a partial register, I dare not commend my sisters, as to say they were handsome; although many would say they were very handsome. But this I dare say, their beauty, if any they had, was not so lasting as my mother's. ...

For the truth is, our sex doth nothing but jostle for the preeminence of words (I mean not for speaking well, but speaking much) as they do for the preeminence of place, words rushing against words, thwarting and crossing each other, and pulling with reproaches, striving to throw each other down with disgrace, thinking to advance themselves thereby. But if our sex would but well consider, and rationally ponder, they will perceive and find, that it is neither words nor place that can advance them, but worth and merit. Nor can words or place disgrace them, but inconstancy and boldness: for an honest heart, a noble soul, a chaste life, and a true speaking tongue, is the throne, sceptre, crown, and footstool that advances them to an honourable renown. I mean not noble, virtuous, discreet, and worthy persons whom necessity did enforce to submit, comply, and follow their own suits, but such as had nothing to lose, but made it their trade to solicit. ...

Besides I am naturally bashful, not that I am ashamed of my mind or body, my birth or breeding, my actions or fortunes, for my bashfulness is my nature, not for any crime, and though I have strived and reasoned with myself, yet that which is inbred I find is difficult to root out. But I do not find that my bashfulness is concerned with the qualities of the persons, but the number; for were I to enter amongst a company of Lazaruses, I should be as much out of countenance as if they were all Caesars or Alexanders, Cleopatras or Queen Didos. Neither do I find my bashfulness riseth so often in blushes, as contracts my spirits to a chill paleness. But the best of it is, most commonly it soon vanisheth away, and many times before it can be perceived; and the more foolish or unworthy I conceive the company to be, the worse I am, and the best remedy I ever found was, is to persuade myself that all those persons I meet are wise and virtuous. The reason I take to be is, that the wise and virtuous censure least, excuse most, praise best, esteem rightly, judge justly, behave themselves civilly, demean themselves respectfully, and speak modestly when fools or unworthy persons are apt to commit absurdities, as to be bold, rude, uncivil both in words and actions, forgetting or not well understanding themselves or the company they are with. And though I never met such sorts of ill-bred creatures, yet naturally I have such an aversion to such kind of people, as I



am afraid to meet them, as children are afraid of spirits, or those that are afraid to see or meet devils; which makes me think this natural defect in me, if it be a defect, is rather a fear than a bashfulness, but whatsoever it is, I find it troublesome, for it hath many times obstructed the passage of my speech, and perturbed my natural actions, forcing a constrainedness or unusual motions. However, since it is rather a fear of others than a bashful distrust of myself, I despair of a perfect cure, unless nature as well as human governments could be civilized and brought into a methodical order, ruling the words and actions with a supreme power of reason, and the authority of discretion: but a rude nature is worse than a brute nature by so much more as man is better than beast, but those that are of civil natures and gentle dispositions are as much nearer to celestial creatures, as those that are of rude or cruel are to devils. ...

But after I had been in England a year and a half, part of which time I writ a book of poems, and a little book called my Philosophical Fancies, to which I have writ a large addition, since I returned out of England, besides this book and one other. As for my book entitled *The World's Olio*, I writ most part of it before I went into England, but being not of a merry, although not of a froward or peevish disposition, became very melancholy, by reason I was from my Lord, which made my mind so restless, as it did break my sleep, and distemper my health, with which growing impatient of a longer delay, I resolved to return, although I was grieved to leave Sir Charles, my Lord's brother, he being sick of an ague, of which sickness he died. ...

I made the more haste to return to my Lord, with whom I had rather be as a poor beggar, than to be mistress of the world absented from him, yet, Heaven hitherto hath kept us, and though Fortune hath been cross, yet we do submit, and are both content with what is, and cannot be mended, and are so prepared that the worst of fortunes shall not afflict our minds, so as to make us unhappy, howsoever it doth pinch our lives with poverty. For, if tranquillity lives in an honest mind, the mind lives in peace, although the body suffer. But patience hath armed us, and misery hath tried us, and finds us fortune-proof. For the truth is, my Lord is a person whose humour is neither extravagantly merry nor unnecessarily sad, his mind is above his fortune as his generosity is above his purse, his courage above danger, his justice above bribes, his friendship above self-interest, his truth too firm for falsehood, his temperance beyond temptation. His conversation is pleasing and affable, his wit is quick, and his judgment is strong, distinguishing clearly without clouds of mistakes, dissecting truth, so as it justly admits not of disputes: his discourse is always new upon the occasion, without troubling the hearers with old historical relations, nor stuffed with useless sentences. His behaviour is manly without formality, and free without constraint, and his mind hath the same freedom. His nature is noble, and his disposition sweet; his loyalty is proved by his public service for his King and country, by his often hazarding of his life, by the loss of his estate, and the banishment of his person, by his necessitated condition, and his constant and patient suffering. But, howsoever our fortunes are,

we are both content, spending our time harmlessly, for my Lord pleaseth himself with the management of some few horses, and exercises himself with the use of the sword; which two arts he hath brought by his studious thoughts, rational experience, and industrious practice, to an absolute perfection. And though he hath taken as much pains in those arts, both by study and practice, as chymists for the philosopher's-stone, yet he hath this advantage of them, that he hath found the right and the truth thereof and therein, which chymists never found in their art, and I believe never will. Also here creates himself with his pen, writing what his wit dictates to him, but I pass my time rather with scribbling than writing, with words than wit. Not that I speak much, because I am addicted to contemplation, unless I am with my Lord, yet then I rather attentively listen to what he says, than impertinently speak. Yet when I am writing any sad feigned stories, or serious humours, or melancholy passions, I am forced many times to express them with the tongue before I can write them with the pen, by reason those thoughts that are sad, serious, and melancholy are apt to contract, and to draw too much back, which oppression doth as it were overpower or smother the conception in the brain. But when some of those thoughts are sent out in words, they give the rest more liberty to place themselves in a more methodical order, marching more regularly with my pen on the ground of white paper; but my letters seem rather as a ragged rout than a well-armed body, for the brain being quicker in creating than the hand in writing or the memory in retaining, many fancies are lost, by reason they oftentimes outrun the pen, where I, to keep speed in the race, write so fast as I stay not so long as to write my letters plain, insomuch as some have taken my hand-writing for some strange character, and being accustomed so to do, I cannot now write very plain, when I strive to write my best; indeed, my ordinary handwriting is so bad as few can read it, so as to write it fair for the press; but however, that little wit I have, it delights me to scribble it out, and disperse it about. For I being addicted from my childhood to contemplation rather than conversation, to solitariness rather than society, to melancholy rather than mirth, to write with the pen than to work with a needle, passing my time with harmless fancies, their company being pleasing, their conversation innocent (in which I take such pleasure as I neglect my health, for it is as great a grief to leave their society as a joy to be in their company), my only trouble is, lest my brain should grow barren, or that the root of my fancies should become insipid, withering into a dull stupidity for want of maturing subjects to write on. ...

But now I have declared to my readers my birth, breeding, and actions, to this part of my life (I mean the material parts, for should I write every particular, as my childish sports and the like, it would be ridiculous and tedious); but I have been honourably born and nobly matched; I have been bred to elevated thoughts, not to a dejected spirit, my life hath been ruled with honesty, attended by modesty, and directed by truth. But since I have writ in general thus far of my life, I think it fit I should speak something of my humour, particular practice and disposition. As for my humour, I was from my childhood given to contemplation, being more taken or

delighted with thoughts than in conversation with a society, insomuch as I would walk two or three hours, and never rest, in a musing, considering, contemplating manner, reasoning with myself of everything my senses did present. But when I was in the company of my natural friends, I was very attentive of what they said or did; but for strangers I regarded not much what they said, but many times I did observe their actions, whereupon my reason as judge, and my thoughts as accusers, or excusers, or approvers and commenders, did plead, or appeal to accuse, or complain thereto. Also I never took delight in closets, or cabinets of toys, but in the variety of fine clothes, and such toys as only were to adorn my person. Likewise I had a natural stupidity towards the learning of any other language than my native tongue, for I could sooner and with more facility understand the sense, than remember the words, and for want of such memory makes me so unlearned in foreign languages as I am. As for my practice, I was never very active, by reason I was given so much to contemplation ... As for my study of books it was little, yet I chose rather to read, than to employ my time in any other work, or practice, and when I read what I understood not, I would ask my brother, the Lord Lucas, he being learned, the sense or meaning thereof. But my serious study could not be much, by reason I took great delight in attiring, fine dressing, and fashions especially such fashions as I did invent myself, not taking that pleasure in such fashions as was invented by others. Also I did dislike any should follow my fashions, for I always took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of habits. But whatsoever I was addicted to, either in fashion of clothes, contemplation of thoughts, actions of life, they were lawful, honest, honourable, and modest, of which I can avouch to the world with a great confidence, because it is a pure truth. As for my disposition, it is more inclining to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevishly melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary, and contemplating melancholy. And I am apt to weep rather than laugh, not that I do often either of them. Also I am tender natured, for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul. Also where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly, not to hang about them as a trouble, but to wait upon them as a servant; but this affection will take no root, but where I think or find merit, and have leave both from divine and moral laws. Yet I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment of my life, for fear any evil misfortune or accident, or sickness, or death, should come unto them, insomuch as I am never freely at rest. Likewise I am grateful, for I never received a courtesy — but I am impatient and troubled until I can return it. Also I am chaste, both by nature, and education, insomuch as I do abhor an unchaste thought. Likewise, I am seldom angry, as my servants may witness for me, for I rather choose to suffer some inconveniences than disturb my thoughts, which makes me wink many times at their faults; but when I am angry, I am very angry, but yet it is soon over, and I am easily pacified, if it be not such an injury as may create a hate. Neither am I apt to be exceptionous or jealous, but if I have the least symptom of this passion, I declare it to those it concerns, for I never let it lie smothering in my breast to

breed a malignant disease in the mind, which might break out into extravagant passions, or railing speeches, or indiscreet actions; but I examine moderately, reason soberly, and plead gently in my own behalf, through a desire to keep those affections I had, or at least thought to have. And truly I am so vain, as to be so self-conceited, or so naturally partial, to think my friends have as much reason to love me as another, since none can love more sincerely than I, and it were an injustice to prefer a fainter affection, or to esteem the body more than the mind. Likewise I am neither spiteful, envious, nor malicious. I repine not at the gifts that Nature or Fortune bestows upon others, yet I am a great emulator; for, though I wish none worse than they are, yet it is lawful for me to wish myself the best, and to do my honest endeavour thereunto. For I think it no crime to wish myself the exactest of Nature's works, my thread of life the longest, my chain of destiny the strongest, my mind the peaceablest, my life the pleasantest, my death the easiest, and the greatest saint in heaven; also to do my endeavour, so far as honour and honesty doth allow of, to be the highest on Fortune's wheel and to hold the wheel from turning, if I can. And if it be commendable to wish another's good, it were a sin not to wish my own; for as envy is a vice, so emulation is a virtue, but emulation is in the way to ambition, or indeed it is a noble ambition.

But I fear my ambition inclines to vain-glory, for I am very ambitious; yet 'tis neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth, or power, but as they are steps to raise me to Fame's tower, which is to live by remembrance in after-ages. Likewise I am that the vulgar call proud, not out of self-conceit, or to slight or condemn any, but scorning to do a base or mean act, and disdainng rude or unworthy persons; insomuch, that if I should find any that were rude, or too bold, I should be apt to be so passionate, as to affront them, if I can, unless discretion should get betwixt my passion and their boldness, which sometimes perchance it might if discretion should crowd hard for place. For though I am naturally bashful, yet in such a cause my spirits would be all on fire. Otherwise I am so well bred, as to be civil to all persons, of all degrees, or qualities. Likewise I am so proud, or rather just to my Lord, as to abate nothing of the quality of his wife, for if honour be the mark of merit, and his master's royal favour, who will favour none but those that have merit to deserve, it were a baseness for me to neglect the ceremony thereof. Also in some cases I am naturally a coward, and in other cases very valiant. As for example, if any of my nearest friends were in danger I should never consider my life in striving to help them, though I were sure to do them no good, and would willingly, nay cheerfully, resign my life for their sakes: likewise I should not spare my life, if honour bids me die. But in a danger where my friends, or my honour is not concerned, or engaged, but only my life to be unprofitably lost, I am the veriest coward in nature, as upon the sea, or any dangerous places, or of thieves, or fire, or the like. Nay the shooting of a gun, although but a pot-gun, will make me start, and stop my hearing, much less have I courage to discharge one; or if a sword should be held against me, although but in jest, I am afraid. Also as I am not covetous, so I am not prodigal, but of the two I am inclining to be prodigal, yet I cannot say to a vain prodigality, because I

imagine it is to a profitable end; for perceiving the world is given, or apt to honour the outside more than the inside, worshipping show more than substance; and I am so vain (if it be a vanity) as to endeavour to be worshipped, rather than not to be regarded. Yet I shall never be so prodigal as to impoverish my friends, or go beyond the limits or facility of our estate. And though I desire to appear to the best advantage, whilst I live in the view of the public world, yet I could most willingly exclude myself, so as never to see the face of any creature but my Lord as long as I live, inclosing myself like an anchorite, wearing a frieze gown, tied with a cord about my waist. But I hope my readers will not think me vain for writing my life, since there have been many that have done the like, as Caesar, Ovid, and many more, both men and women, and I know no reason I may not do it as well as they: but I verily believe some censoring readers will scornfully say, why hath this Lady writ her own life? since none cares to know whose daughter she was or whose wife she is, or how she was bred, or what fortunes she had, or how she lived, or what humour or disposition she was of. I answer that it is true, that 'tis to no purpose to the readers, but it is to the authoress, because I write it for my own sake, not theirs. Neither did I intend this piece for to delight, but to divulge; not to please the fancy, but to tell the truth, lest after-ages should mistake, in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. Johns, near Colchester, in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my Lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die and my Lord marry again.

### **3.9.3 from *The Description of a New World, Called The Blazing World***

(1666, 1668)

A Merchant travelling into a foreign Country, fell extreamly in Love with a young Lady; but being a stranger in that Nation, and beneath her, both in Birth and Wealth, he could have but little hopes of obtaining his desire; however his Love growing more and more vehement upon him, even to the slighting of all difficulties, he resolved at last to Steal her away; which he had the better opportunity to do, because her Father's house was not far from the Sea, and she often using to gather shells upon the shore, accompanied not with above two or three of her servants, it encouraged him the more to execute his design. Thus coming one time with a little leight Vessel, not unlike a Packet-boat, mann'd with some few Sea-men, and well victualled, for fear of some accidents, which might perhaps retard their journey, to the place where she used to repair; he forced her away: But when he fancied himself the happiest man of the World, he proved to be the most unfortunate; for Heaven frowning at his Theft, raised such a Tempest, as they knew not what to do, or whither to steer their course; so that the Vessel, both by its own leightness, and the violent motion of the Wind, was carried as swift as an Arrow out of a Bow, towards the North-pole, and in a short time reached the Icy Sea, where the wind forced it amongst huge pieces of Ice; but being little, and leight, it did by the

assistance and favour of the gods to this virtuous Lady, so turn and wind through those precipices, as if it had been guided by some experienced Pilot, and skilful Mariner: But alas! Those few men which were in it, not knowing whither they went, nor what was to be done in so strange an Adventure, and not being provided for so cold a Voyage, were all frozen to death; the young Lady onely, by the light of her Beauty, the heat of her Youth, and Protection of the Gods, remaining alive: Neither was it a wonder that the men did freeze to death; for they were not onely driven to the very end or point of the Pole of that World, but even to another Pole of another World, which joined close to it; so that the cold having a double strength at the conjunction of those two Poles, was insupportable: At last, the Boat still passing on, was forced into another World; for it is impossible to round this Worlds Globe from Pole to Pole, so as we do from East to West; because the Poles of the other World, joining to the Poles of this, do not allow any further passage to surround the World that way; but if any one arrives to either of these Poles, he is either forced to return, or to enter into another World: and lest you should scruple at it, and think, if it were thus, those that live at the Poles would either see two Suns at one time, or else they would never want the Sun's light for six months together, as it is commonly believed: You must know, that each of these Worlds having its own Sun to enlighten it, they move each one in their peculiar Circles; which motion is so just and exact, that neither can hinder or obstruct the other; for they do not exceed their Tropicks: and although they should meet, yet we in this World cannot so well perceive them, by reason of the brightness of our Sun, which being nearer to us, obstructs the splendor of the Sun of the other World, they being too far off to be discerned by our optick perception, except we use very good Telescopes; by which, skilful Astronomers have often observed two or three Suns at once.

But to return to the wandering Boat, and the distressed Lady; she seeing all the Men dead, found small comfort in life; their Bodies which were preserved all that while from putrefaction and stench, by the extremity of cold, began now to thaw, and corrupt; whereupon she having not strength enough to fling them overboard, was forced to remove out of her small Cabine, upon the deck, to avoid that nauseous smell; and finding the Boat swim between two plains of Ice, as a stream that runs betwixt two shores, at last perceived land, but covered all with Snow: from which came, walking upon the Ice, strange Creatures, in shape like Bears, only they went upright as men; those Creatures coming near the Boat, catched hold of it with their Paws, that served them instead of hands; some two or three of them entred first; and when they came out, the rest went in one after another; at last having viewed and observed all that was in the Boat, they spake to each other in a language which the Lady did not understand; and having carried her out of the Boat, sunk it, together with the dead men.

The Lady now finding herself in so strange a place, and amongst such wonderful kind of Creatures, was extreemly stricken with fear, and could entertain no other Thoughts, but that every moment her life was to be a sacrifice to their cruelty; but those Bear-like Creatures, how terrible soever they appear'd to her sight, yet were

they so far from exercising any cruelty upon her, that rather they shewed her all civility and kindness imaginable; for she being not able to go up on the Ice, by reason of its slipperiness, they took her up in their rough arms, and carried her into their City, where instead of Houses, they had Caves under ground; and as soon as they enter'd the City, both Males and Females, young and old, flockt together to see this Lady, holding up their Paws in admiration; at last having brought her into a certain large and spacious Cave, which they intended for her reception, they left her to the custody of the Females, who entertained her with all kindness and respect, and gave her such victuals as they used to eat; but seeing her Constitution neither agreed with the temper of that Climate, nor their Diet, they were resolved to carry her into another Island of a warmer temper; in which were men like Foxes, onely walking in an upright shape, who received their neighbours the Bear-men with great civility and Courtship, very much admiring this beauteous Lady; and having discoursed some while together, agreed at last to make her a Present to the Emperor of their World; to which end, after she had made some short stay in the same place, they brought her cross that Island to a large River, whose stream run smooth and clear, like Chrystal; in which were numerous Boats, much like our Fox-traps; in one whereof she was carried, some of the Bear- and Fox-men waiting on her; and as soon as they had crossed the River, they came into an Island where there were Men which had heads, beaks, and feathers, like wild-Geese, onely they went in an upright shape, like the Bear-men and Fox-men: their rumps they carried between their legs, their wings were of the same length with their Bodies, and their tails of an indifferent size, trailing after them like a Ladie's Garment; and after the Bear- and Fox-men had declared their intention and design to their Neighbours, the Geese-or Bird-men, some of them joined to the rest, and attended the Lady through that Island, till they came to another great and large River, where there was a preparation made of many Boats, much like Birds nests, onely of a bigger size; and having crost that River, they arrived into another Island, which was of a pleasant and mild temper, full of Woods and the Inhabitants thereof were *Satyrs*, who received both the Bear- Fox- and Bird-men, with all respect and civility; and after some conferences (for they all understood each others language) some chief of the *Satyrs* joining to them, accompanied the Lady out of that Island to another River, wherein were many handsome and commodious Barges; and having crost that River, they entered into a large and spacious Kingdom, the men whereof were of a Grass-Green Complexion, who entertained them very kindly, and provided all conveniences for their further voyage: hitherto they had onely crost Rivers, but now they could not avoid the open Seas any longer; wherefore they made their Ships and tacklings ready to sail over into the Island, where the Emperor of the Blazing-world (for so it was call'd) kept his residence. Very good Navigators they were; and though they had no knowledg of the Load-stone, or Needle, or pendulous Watches, yet (which was as serviceable to them) they had subtile observations, and great practice; in so much that they could not onely tell the depth of the Sea in every place, but where there were shelves of Sand, Rocks, and other obstructions to be avoided

by skilful and experienced Sea-men: Besides, they were excellent Augurers, which skill they counted more necessary and beneficial then the use of Compasses, Cards, Watches, and the like; but, above the rest, they had an extraordinary Art, much to be taken notice of by Experimental Philosophers, and that was a certain Engin, which would draw in a great quantity of Air, and shoot forth Wind with a great force; this Engine in a calm, they placed behind their Ships, and in a storm, before; for it served against the raging waves, like Cannons against an hostile Army, or besieged Town; it would batter and beat the waves in pieces, were they as high as Steeples; and as soon as a breach was made, they forced their passage through, in spite even of the most furious wind, using two of those Engins at every Ship, one before, to beat off the waves, and another behind to drive it on; so that the artificial wind had the better of the natural; for, it had a greater advantage of the waves, then the natural of the Ships: the natural being above the face of the Water, could not without a down right motion enter or press into the Ships; whereas the artificial with a sideward-motion, did pierce into the bowels of the Waves: Moreover, it is to be observed, that in a great Tempest they would join their Ships in battel-aray: and when they feared Wind and Waves would be too strong for them, if they divided their Ships; they joined as many together as the compass or advantage of the places of the Liquid Element would give them leave. For, their Ships were so ingeniously contrived, that they could fasten them together as close as a Honey-comb, without waste of place; and being thus united, no Wind nor Waves were able to separate them. The Emperor's Ships, were all of Gold; but the Merchants and Skippers, of Leather; the Golden Ships were not much heavier then ours of Wood, by reason they were neatly made, and required not such thickness, neither were they troubled with Pitch, Tar, Pumps, Guns, and the like, which make our Woodden-Ships very heavy; for though they were not all of a piece, yet they were so well sodder'd, that there was no fear of Leaks, Chinks, or Clefts; and as for Guns, there was no use of them, because they had no other enemies but the Winds: But the Leather Ships were not altogether so sure, although much leighter; besides, they were pitched to keep out Water.

Having thus prepar'd, and order'd their Navy, they went on in despite of Calm or Storm: And though the Lady at first fancied her self in a very sad condition, and her mind was much tormented with doubts and fears, not knowing whether this strange Adventure would tend to her safety or destruction; yet she being withal of a generous spirit, and ready wit, considering what dangers she had past, and finding those sorts of men civil and diligent attendants to her, took courage, and endeavoured to learn their language; which after she had obtained so far, that partly by some words and signs she was able to apprehend their meaning, she was so far from being afraid of them, that she thought her self not onely safe, but very happy in their company: By which we may see, that Novelty discomposes the mind, but acquaintance settles it in peace and tranquillity. At last, having passed by several rich Islands and Kingdoms, they went towards *Paradise*, which was the seat of the Emperor; and coming in sight of it, rejoiced very much; the Lady at



first could perceive nothing but high Rocks, which seemed to touch the Skies; and although they appear'd not of an equal heighth, yet they seemed to be all one piece, without partitions: but at last drawing nearer, she perceived a clift, which was a part of those Rocks, out of which she spied coming forth a great number of Boats, which afar off shewed like a company of Ants, marching one after another; the Boats appeared like the holes or partitions in a Honey-comb, and when joined together, stood as close; the men were of several Complexions, but none like any of our World; and when both the Boats and Ships met, they saluted and spake to each other very courteously; for there was but one language in all that World: nor no more but one Emperor, to whom they all submitted with the greatest duty and obedience, which made them live in a continued Peace and Happiness; not acquainted with Foreign Wars, or Home-bred Insurrections. The Lady now being arrived at this place, was carried out of her Ship into one of those Boats, and conveighed through the same passage (for there was no other) into that part of the World where the Emperor did reside; which part was very pleasant, and of a mild temper: Within it self it was divided by a great number of vast and large Rivers, all ebbing and flowing, into several Islands of unequal distance from each other, which in most parts were as pleasant, healthful, rich, and fruitful, as Nature could make them; and, as I mentioned before, secure from all Foreign Invasions, by reason there was but one way to enter, and that like a Labyrinth, so winding and turning among the Rocks, that no other Vessels but small Boats, could pass, carrying not above three passengers at a time: On each side all along this narrow and winding River, there were several Cities, some of Marble, some of Alabaster, some of Agat, some of Amber, some of Coral, and some of other precious materials not known in our world; all which after the Lady had passed, she came to the Imperial City, named *Paradise*, which appeared in form like several Islands; for, Rivers did run betwixt every street, which together with the Bridges, whereof there was a great number, were all paved. The City itself was built of Gold; and their Architectures were noble, stately, and magnificent, not like our Modern, but like those in the *Romans* time; for, our Modern Buildings are like those Houses which Children use to make of Cards, one story above another, fitter for Birds, then Men; but theirs were more Large, and Broad, then high; the highest of them did not exceed two stories, besides those rooms that were under-ground, as Cellars, and other Offices. The Emperor's Palace stood upon an indifferent ascent from the Imperial City; at the top of which ascent was a broad Arch, supported by several Pillars, which went round the Palace, and contained four of our English miles in compass: within the Arch stood the Emperor's Guard, which consisted of several sorts of Men; at every half mile, was a Gate to enter, and every Gate was of a different fashion; the first, which allowed a passage from the Imperial City into the Palace, had on either hand a Cloyster, the outward part whereof stood upon Arches sustained by Pillars, but the inner part was close: Being entred through the Gate, the Palace it self appear'd in its middle like the Isle of a Church, a mile and a half long, and half a mile broad; the roof of it was all Arched, and rested upon Pillars,

so artificially placed that a stranger would lose himself therein without a Guide; at the extrem sides, that is, between the outward and inward part of the Cloyster, were Lodgings for Attendants; and in the midst of the Palace, the Emperor's own Rooms; whose Lights were placed at the top of every one, because of the heat of the Sun: the Emperor's apartment for State was no more inclosed then the rest; onely an Imperial Throne was in every apartment, of which the several adornments could not be perceived until one entered, because the Pillars were so just opposite to one another, that all the adornments could not be seen at one. The first part of the Palace was, as the Imperial City, all of Gold; and when it came to the Emperors apartment, it was so rich with Diamonds, Pearls, Rubies, and the like precious Stones, that it surpasses my skill to enumerate them all. Amongst the rest, the Imperial Room of State appear'd most magnificent; it was paved with green Diamonds (for there are in that World Diamonds of all Colours) so artificially, as it seemed but of one piece; the Pillars were set with Diamonds so close, and in such a manner, that they appear'd most Glorious to the sight; between every Pillar was a Bow or Arch of a certain sort of Diamonds, the like whereof our World does not afford; which being placed in every one of the Arches in several rows, seemed just like so many Rainbows of several different colours. The roof of the Arches was of blew Diamonds, and in the midst thereof was a Carbuncle, which represented the Sun; and the Rising and Setting-Sun at the East and West-side of the Room were made of Rubies. Out of this Room there was a passage into the Emperor's Bed-Chamber, the Walls whereof were of Jet, and the Floor of black Marble; the Roof was of Mother of Pearl, where the Moon and Blazing-Stars were represented by white Diamonds, and his Bed was made of Diamonds and Carbuncles.

No sooner was the Lady brought before the Emperor, but he conceived her to be some Goddess, and offered to worship her; which she refused, telling him, (for by that time she had pretty well learned their Language) that although she came out of another world, yet was she but a mortal. At which the Emperor rejoycing, made her his Wife, and gave her an absolute power to rule and govern all that World as she pleased. But her subjects, who could hardly be perswaded to believe her mortal, tender'd her all the Veneration and Worship due to a Deity.

... None was allowed to use or wear Gold but those of the Imperial Race, which were the onely Nobles of the State; nor durst any one wear Jewels but the Emperor, the Emrpress, and their Eldest Son; notwithstanding that they had an infinite quantity both of Gold and precious Stones in that World; for they had larger extents of Gold, then our *Arabian Sands*; their precious Stones were Rocks, and their Diamonds of several Colours; they used no Coyn, but all their Traffick was by exchange of several Commodities.

Their Priests and Governors were Princes of the Imperial Blood, and made Eunuches for that purpose; and as for the ordinary sort of men in that part of the World where the Emperor resided, they were of several Complexions; not white, black, tawny, olive- or ash-coloured; but some appear'd of an Azure, some of a deep Purple, some of a Grass-green, some of a Scarlet, some of an Orange-

colour, &c. Which Colours and Complexions, whether they were made by the bare reflection of light, without the assistance of small particles; or by the help of well-ranged and order'd Atoms; or by a continual agitation of little Globules; or by some pressing and re-acting motion, I am not able to determine. The rest of the Inhabitants of that World, were men of several different sorts, shapes, figures, dispositions, and humors, as I have already made mention, heretofore; some were Bear-men, some Worm-men, some Fish-or Mear-men, otherwise called Syrens; some Bird-men, some Fly-men, some Ant-men, some Geese-men, some Spider-men, some Lice-men, some Fox-men, some Ape-men, some Jack-daw-men, some Magpie-men, some Parrot-men, some Satyrs, some Gyants, and many more, which I cannot all remember; and of these several sorts of men, each followed such a profession as was most proper for the nature of their Species, which the Empress encouraged them in, especially those that had applied themselves to the study of several Arts and Sciences; for they were as ingenious and witty in the invention of profitable and useful Arts, as we are in our world, nay, more; and to that end she erected Schools, and founded several Societies. The Bear-men were to be her Experimental Philosophers, the Bird-men her Astronomers, the Fly- Worm- and Fish-men her Natural Philosophers, the Ape-men her Chymists, the Satyrs her Galenick Physicians, the Fox-men her Politicians, the Spider- and Lice-men her Mathematicians, the Jackdaw- Magpie- and Parrot-men her Orators and Logicians, the Gyants her Architects, &c. But before all things, she having got a Sovereign power from the Emperor over all the World, desired to be informed both of the manner of their Religion and Government; and to that end, she called the Priests and States-men, to give her an account of either. Of the States-men she enquired, first, Why they had so few Laws? To which they answered, That many Laws made many Divisions, which most commonly did breed Factions, and at last brake out into open Wars. Next, she asked, Why they preferred the Monarchical form of Government before any other? They answered, That as it was natural for one Body to have but one Head, so it was also natural for a Politick body to have but one Governor; and that a Common-wealth, which had many Governors was like a Monster with many Heads. Besides, said they, a Monarchy is a divine form of Government, and agrees most with our Religion: For as there is but one God, whom we all unanimously worship and adore with one Faith; so we are resolved to have but one Emperor, to whom we all submit with one obedience.

Then the Empress seeing that the several sorts of her Subjects had each their Churches apart, asked the Priests, whether they were of several Religions? They answered her Majesty, That there was no more but one Religion in all that World, nor no diversity of opinions in that same Religion; for though there were several sorts of men, yet had they all but one opinion concerning the Worship and Adoration of God. The Empress asked them, Whether they were Jews, Turks, or Christians? We do not know, said they, what Religions those are; but we do all unanimously acknowledg, worship and adore the Onely, Omnipotenr, and Eternal God, with all reverence, submission, and duty. Again, the Empress enquired, Whether they had

several Forms of Worship? They answered, No: For our Devotion and Worship consists onely in Prayers, which we frame according to our several Necessities, in Petitions, Humiliations, Thanksgiving, &c. Truly, replied the Empress, I thought you had been either Jews, or Turks, because I never perceived any Women in your Congregations: But what is the reason, you bar them from your religious Assemblies? It is not fit, said they, that Men and Women should be promiscuously together in time of Religious Worship; for their company hinders Devotion, and makes many, instead of praying to God, direct their Devotion to their Mistresses. But, asked the Empress, Have they no Congregation of their own, to perform the duties of Divine Worship, as well as Men? No, answered they: but they stay at home, and say their Prayers by themselves in their Closets. Then the Empress desir'd to know the reason why the Priests and Governors of their World were made Eunuchs? They answer'd, To keep them from Marriage: For Women and Children most commonly make disturbance both in Church and State. But, said she, Women and Children have no Employment in Church or State. 'Tis true, answer'd they; but, although they are not admitted to publick Employments, yet are they so prevalent with their Husbands and Parents, that many times by their importunate perswasions, they cause as much, nay, more mischief secretly, then if they had the management of publick Affairs.

...The Empress was very well satisfied with their answers; and after some time, when she thought that her new founded societies of the Vertuoso's had made a good progress in the several Employments she had put them upon, she caused a Convocation first of the Bird-men, and commanded them to give her a true relation of the two Coelestial Bodies, *viz.* the Sun and Moon, which they did with all the obedience and faithfulness befitting their duty.

The Sun, as much as they could observe, they related to be a firm or solid Stone, of a vast bigness; of colour yellowish, and of an extraordinary splendor: But the Moon, they said, was of a whitish colour; and although she looked dim in the presence of the Sun, yet had she her own light, and was a shining body of herself, as might be perceived by her vigorous appearance in Moon-shiny-nights; the difference onely betwixt her own and the Sun's light was, that the Sun did strike his beams in a direct line; but the Moon never respected the Centre of their World in a right line, but her Centre was always excentrical. The Spots both in the Sun and Moon, as far as they were able to perceive, they affirmed to be nothing else but flaws and stains of their stony Bodies. Concerning the heat of the Sun, they were not of one opinion; some would have the Sun hot in it self, alledging an old Tradition, that it should at some time break asunder, and burn the Heavens, and consume this world into hot Embers, which, said they, could not be done, if the Sun were not fiery of itself. Others again said, This opinion could not stand with reason; for Fire being a destroyer of all things, the Sun-stone after this manner would burn up all the near adjoining Bodies: Besides, said they, Fire cannot subsist without fuel; and the Sunstone having nothing to feed on, would in a short time consume it self; wherefore they thought it more probable that the Sun was not actually hot,

but onely by the reflection of its light; so that its heat was an effect of its light, both being immaterial. But this opinion again was laught at by others, and rejected as ridiculous, who thought it impossible that one immaterial should produce another; and believed that both the light and heat of the Sun proceeded from a swift Circular motion of the AETHEREAL Globules, which by their striking upon the Optick nerve, caused light, and their motion produced heat: But neither would this opinion hold; for, said some, then it would follow, that the sight of Animals is the cause of light; and that, were there no eyes, there would be no light; which was against all sense and reason. Thus they argued concerning the heat and light of the Sun; but, which is remarkable, none did say, that the Sun was a Globous fluid body, and had a swift Circular motion; but all agreed, It was fixt and firm like a Center, and therefore they generally called it the Sun-stone.

Then the Empress asked them the reason, Why the Sun and Moon did often appear in different postures or shapes, as sometimes magnified, sometimes diminished; sometimes elevated, otherwhiles depressed; now thrown to the right, and then to the left? To which some of the Bird-men answered, That it proceeded from the various degrees of heat and cold, which are found in the Air, from whence did follow a differing density and rarity; and likewise from the vapours that are interposed, whereof those that ascend are higher and less dense then the ambient air, but those which descend are heavier and more dense. But others did with more probability affirm, that it was nothing else but the various patterns of the Air; for like as Painters do not copy out one and the same original just alike at all times; so, said they, do several parts of the Air make different patterns of the luminous Bodies of the Sun and Moon: which patterns, as several copies, the sensitive motions do figure out in the substance of our eyes.

This answer the Empress liked much better then the former, and enquired further, What opinion they had of those Creatures that are called the motes of the Sun? To which they answered, That they were nothing else but streams of very small, rare and transparent particles, through which the Sun was represented as through a glass: for if they were not transparent, said they, they would eclipse the light of the Sun; and if not rare and of an airy substance, they would hinder Flies from flying in the Air, at least retard their flying motion: Nevertheless, although they were thinner then the thinnest vapour, yet were they not so thin as the body of air, or else they would not be perceptible by animal sight. Then the Empress asked, Whether they were living Creatures? They answered, Yes: Because they did increase and decrease, and were nourished by the presence, and starved by the absence of the Sun.

Having thus finished their discourse of the Sun and Moon, the Empress desired to know what Stars there were besides? But they answer'd, that they could perceive in that World none other but Blazing Stars, and from thence it had the name that it was called the Blazing-World; and these Blazing-Stars, said they, were such solid, firm and shining bodies as the Sun and Moon, not of a Globular, but of several sorts of figures: some had tails; and some, other kinds of shapes.

After this, The Empress asked them, What kind of substance or creature the Air was? The Bird-men answered, That they could have no other perception of the Air, but by their own Respiration: For, said they, some bodies are onely subject to touch, others onely to sight, and others onely to smell; but some are subject to none of our exterior Senses: For Nature is so full of variety, that our weak Senses cannot perceive all the various sorts of her Creatures; neither is there any one object perceptible by all our Senses, no more then several objects are by one sense. I believe you, replied the Empress; but if you can give no account of the Air, said she, you will hardly be able to inform me how Wind is made; for they say, that Wind is nothing but motion of the Air. The Bird-men answer'd, That they observed Wind to be more dense then Air, and therefore subject to the sense of Touch; but what properly Wind was, and the manner how it was made, they could not exactly tell; some said, it was caused by the Clouds falling on each other; and others, that it was produced of a hot and dry exhalation: which ascending, was driven down again by the coldness of the Air that is in the middle Region, and by reason of its leightness, could not go directly to the bottom, but was carried by the Air up and down: Some would have it a flowing Water of the Air; and others again, a flowing Air moved by the blaz of the Stars.

But the Empress, seeing they could not agree concerning the cause of Wind, asked, Whether they could tell how Snow was made? To which they answered, That according to their observation, Snow was made by a commixture of Water, and some certain extract of the Element of Fire that is under the Moon; a small portion of which extract, being mixed with Water, and beaten by Air or Wind, made a white Froth called Snow; which being after some while dissolved by the heat of the same spirit, turned to Water again. This observation amazed the Emperess very much; for she had hitherto believed, That Snow was made by cold motions, and not by such an agitation or beating of a fiery extract upon water: Nor could she be perswaded to believe it until the Fish- or Mear-men had delivered their observation upon the making of Ice, which, they said, was not produced, as some had hitherto conceived, by the motion of the Air, raking the Superficiers of the Earth, but by some strong saline vapour arising out of the Seas, which condensed Water into Ice; and the more quantity there was of that vapour, the greater were the Mountains or Precipices of Ice; but the reason that it did not so much freeze in the Torrid Zone, or under the Ecliptick, as near or under the Poles, was, that this vapour in those places being drawn up by the Sun-beams into the middle Region of the Air, was onely condensed into Water, and fell down in showres of Rain; when as, under the Poles, the heat of the Sun being not so vehement, the same vapour had no force or power to rise so high, and therefore caused so much Ice, by ascending and acting onely upon the surface of water.

This Relation confirmed partly the observation of the Bird-men concerning the cause of Snow; but since they had made mention that that same extract, which by its commixture with Water made Snow, proceeded from the Element of Fire, that is under the Moon: The Emperess asked them, of what nature that Elementary Fire

was; whether it was like ordinary Fire here upon Earth, or such a Fire as is within the bowels of the Earth, and as the famous Mountains *Vesuvius* and *Aetna* do burn withal; or whether it was such a sort of fire, as is found in flints, &c. They answered, That the Elementary Fire, which is underneath the Sun, was not so solid as any of those mentioned fires; because it had no solid fuel to feed on; but yet it was much like the flame of ordinary fire, onely somewhat more thin and fluid; for Flame, said they, is nothing else but the airy part of a fired Body.

Lastly, the Empress asked the Bird-men of the nature of Thunder and Lightning? and whether it was not caused by roves of Ice falling upon each other? To which they answered, That it was not made that way, but by an encounter of cold and heat; so that an exhalation being kindled in the Clouds, did dash forth Lightning, and that there were so many rentings of Clouds as there were Sounds and Cracking noises: But this opinion was contradicted by others, who affirmed that Thunder was a sudden and monstrous Blaz, stirred up in the Air, and did not always require a Cloud; but the Empress not knowing what they meant by Blaz (for even they themselves were not able to explain the seuse of this word) liked the former better; and, to avoid hereafter tedious disputes, and have the truth of the Phaenomena's of Coelestial Bodies more exactly known, commanded the Bear-men, which were her Experimental Philosophers, to observe them through such Instruments as are called Telescopes, which they did according to her Majesties Command; but these Telescopes caused more differences and divisions amongst them, then ever they had before; for some said, they perceived that the Sun stood still, and the Earth did move about it; others were of opinion, that they both did move; and others said again, that the Earth stood still, and the Sun did move; some counted more Stars then others; some discovered new Stars never seen before; some fell into a great dispute with others concerning the bigness of the Stars; some said, The Moon was another World like their Terrestrial Globe, and the spots therein were Hills and Vallies; but others would have the spots to be the Terrestrial parts, and the smooth and glossie parts, the Sea: At last, the Empress commanded them to go with their Telescopes to the very end of the Pole that was joined to the World she came from, and try whether they could perceive any Stars in it: which they did; and, being returned to her Majesty, reported that they had seen three Blazing-Stars appear there, one after another in a short time, whereof two were bright, and one dim; but they could not agree neither in this observation: for some said, It was but one Star which appeared at three several times, in several places; and others would have them to be three several Stars; for they thought it impossible, that those three several appearances should have been but one Star, because every Star did rise at a certain time, and appear'd in a certain place, and did disappear in the same place: Next, It is altogether improbable, said they, That one Star should fly from place to place, especially at such a vast distance, without a visible motion; in so short a time, and appear in such different places, whereof two were quite opposite, and the third side-ways: Lastly, If it had been hut one Star, said they, it would always have kept the same splendor, which it did not; for, as above mentioned, two were

bright, and one was dim. After they had thus argued, the Empress began to grow angry at their Telescopes, that they could give no better Intelligence; for, said she, now I do plainly perceive, that your Glasses are false Informers, and instead of discovering the Truth, delude your Senses; Wherefore I Command you to break them, and let the Bird-men trust onely to their natural eyes, and examine Coelestial Objects by the motions of their own Sense and Reason. The Bear-men replied, That it was not the fault of their Glasses, which caused such differences in their Opinions, but the sensitive motions in their Optick organs did not move alike, nor were their rational judgments always regular: To which the Empress answered, That if their Glasses were true Informers, they would rectifie their irregular Sense and Reason; But, said she, Nature has made your Sense and Reason more regular than Art has your Glasses; for they are meer deluders, and will never lead you to the knowledg of Truth; Wherefore I command you again to break them; for you may observe the progressive motions of Coelestial Bodies with your natural eyes better than through Artificial Glasses. The Bear-men being exceedingly troubled at her Majesties displeasure concerning their Telescopes, kneel'd down, and in the humblest manner petitioned, that they might not be broken; for, said they, we take more delight in Artificial delusions, then in Natural truths. Besides, we shall want Imployments for our Senses, and Subjects for Arguments; for, were there nothing but truth, and no falshood, there would be no occasion to dispute, and by this means we should want the aim and pleasure of our endeavours in confuting and contradicting each other; neither would one man be thought wiser than another, but all would either be alike knowing and wise, or all would be fools; wherefore we most humbly beseech your Imperial Majesty to spare our Glasses, which are our onely delight, and as dear to us as our lives. The Empress at last consented to their request, but upon condition, that their disputes and quarrels should remain within their Schools, and cause no factions or disturbances in State, or Government. The Bear-men, full of joy, returned their most humble thanks to the Empress; and to make her amends for the displeasure which their Telescopes had occasioned, told her Majesty, that they had several other artificial Optick-Glasses, which they were sure would give her Majesty a great deal more satisfaction. Amongst the rest, they brought forth several Microscopes, by the means of which they could enlarge the shapes of little bodies, and make a Lowse appear as big as an Elephant, and a Mite as big as a Whale. First of all they shewed the Emperess a gray Drone-flye, wherein they observed that the greatest part of her face, nay, of her head, consisted of two large bunches all cover'd over with a multitude of small Pearls or Hemispheres in a Trigonal order: Which Pearls were of two degrees, smaller and bigger; the smaller degree was lowermost, and looked towards the ground; the other was upward, and looked sideward, forward and backward: They were all so smooth and polished, that they were able to represent the image of any object, the number of them was in all 14000. After the view of this strange and miraculous Creature, and their several observations upon it, the Empress asked them, What they judged those little Hemispheres might be? They answered, That each of them was a perfect



Eye, by reason they perceived that each was covered with a Transparent Cornea, containing a liquor within them, which resembled the watery or glassie humor of the Eye. To which the Emperess replied, That they might be glassie Pearls, and yet not Eyes; and that perhaps their Microscopes did not truly inform them. But they smilingly answered her Majesty, That she did not know the vertue of those Microscopes; for they never delude, but rectifie and inform the Senses; nay, the World, said they, would be but blind without them, as it has been in former ages before those Microscopes were invented.

After this, they took a Charcoal, and viewing it with one of their best Microscopes, discovered in it an infinite multitude of pores, some bigger, some less; so close and thick, that they left but very little space betwixt them to be filled with a solid body; and to give her Imperial Majesty a better assurance thereof, they counted in a line of them an inch long, no less then 2700 pores; from which Observation they drew this following Conclusion, to wit, That this multitude of pores was the cause of the blackness of the Coal; for, said they, a body that has so many pores, from each of which no light is reflected, must necessarily look black, since black is nothing else but a privation of light, or a want of reflection. But the Emperess replied, That if all Colours were made by reflection of light, and that Black was as much a colour as any other colour; then certainly they contradicted themselves in saying that black was made by want of reflection. However, not to interrupt your Microscopical Inspections, said she, let us see how Vegetables appear through your Glasses; whereupon they took a Nettle, and by the vertue of the Microscope, discovered that underneath the points of the Nettle there were certain little bags or bladders, containing a poysonous liquor, and when the points had made way into the interior parts of the skin, they like Syringe-pipes served to convey that same liquor into them. To which Observation the Emperess replied, That if there were such poyson in Nettles, then certainly in eating of them, they would hurt us inwardly, as much as they do outwardly? But they answered, That it belonged to Physicians more then to Experimental Philosophers, to give Reasons hereof; for they only made Microscopical inspections, and related the Figures of the Natural parts of Creatures according to the representation of their glasses.

Lastly, They shewed the Emperess a Flea, and a Lowse; which Creatures through the Microscope appear'd so terrible to her sight, that they had almost put her into a swoon; the description of all their parts would be very tedious to relate, and therefore I'll forbear it at this present. The Emperess, after the view of those strangely-shaped Creatures, pitied much those that are molested with them, especially poor Beggars, which although they have nothing to live on themselves, are yet necessitated to maintain and feed of their own flesh and blood, a company of such terrible Creatures called Lice; who, instead of thanks, do reward them with pains, and torment them for giving them nourishment and food. But after the Emperess had seen the shapes of these monstrous Creatures, she desir'd to know, Whether their Microscopes could hinder their biting, or at least shew some means how to avoid them? To which they answered, That such Arts were mechanical and

below that noble study of Microscopical observations. Then the Empress asked them, Whether they had not such sorts of Glasses that could enlarge and magnifie the shapes of great Bodies as well as they had done of little ones? Whereupon they took one of their best and largest Microscopes, and endeavoured to view a Whale thorow it; but alas! the shape of the Whale was so big, that its Circumference went beyond the magnifying quality of the Glass; whether the error proceeded from the Glass, or from a wrong position of the Whale against the reflection of light, I cannot certainly tell. The Empress seeing the insufficiency of those Magnifying-Glasses, that they were not able to enlarge all sorts of Objects, asked the Bear-men, whether they could not make Glasses of a contrary nature to those they had shewed her, to wit, such as instead of enlarging or magnifying the shape or figure of an Object, could contract it beneath its natural proportion: Which, in obedience to her Majesties Commands, they did; and viewing through one of the best of them, a huge and mighty Whale appear'd no bigger then a Sprat; nay, through some no bigger then a Vinegar-Eele; and through their ordinary ones, an Elephant seemed no bigger then a Flea; a Camel no bigger then a Lowse; and an Ostrich no bigger then a Mite. To relate all their Optick observations through the several sorts of their Glasses, would be a tedious work, and tire even the most patient Reader, wherefore I'll pass them by; onely this was very remakable and worthy to be taken notice of, that notwithstanding their great skil, industry and ingenuity in Experimental Philosophy, they could yet by no means contrive such Glasses, by the help of which they could spy out a *Vacuum*, with all its dimensions, nor Immaterial substances, Non-beings, and Mixt-beings, or such as are between something and nothing; which they were very much troubled at, hoping that yet, in time, by long study and practice, they might perhaps attain to it.

...Again, the Empress asked them, whether there were any Non- beings within the Earth? To which they answered, That they never heard of any such thing; and that, if her Majesty would know the truth thereof, she must ask those Creatures that are called Immaterial Spirits, which had a great affinity with Non-beings, and perhaps could give her a satisfactory answer to this question. Then she desired to be informed, What opinion they had of the beginning of Forms? They told her Majesty, That they did not understand what she meant by this expression; For, said they, there is no beginning in Nature, no not of Particulars; by reason Nature is Eternal and Infinite, and her particulars are subject to infinite changes and transmutations by vertue of their own Corporeal, figurative self-motions; so that there's nothing new in Nature, nor properly a beginning of any thing. The Empress seem'd well satisfied with all those answers, and enquired further, Whether there was no Art used by those Creatures that live within the Earth? Yes, answered they: for the several parts of the Earth do join and assist each other in composition or framing of such or such particulars; and many times, there are factions and divisions; which cause productions of mixt Species; as, for example, weeds, instead of sweet flowres and useful fruits; but Gardeners and Husbandmen use often to decide their quarrels, and cause them to agree; which though it shews a kindness

to the differing parties, yet 'tis a great prejudice to the Worms, and other Animal-Creatures that live under ground; for it most commonly causes their dissolution and ruine, at best they are driven out of their habitations. What, said the Empress, are not Worms produced out of the Earth? Their production in general, answered they, is likethe production of all other Natural Creatures, proceeding from the corporeal figurative motions of Nature; but as for their particular productions, they are according to the nature of their Species; some are produced out of flowers, some out of roots, some out of fruits, some out of ordinary Earth. Then they are very ungrateful Children, replied the Empress, that they feed on their own Parents which gave them life. Their life, answered they, is their own, and not their Parents; for no part or creature of Nature can either give or take away life; but parts do onely assist and join with parts, either in the dissolution or production of other Parts and Creatures.

...The Conferences of the Chymists being finished, the Empress made an Assembly of her *Galenic* Physicians, her Herbalists and Anatomists; and first she enquired of her Herbalists the particular effects of several Herbs and Drugs, and whence they proceeded? To which they answered, that they could, for the most part, tell her Majesty the vertues and operations of them, but the particular causes of their effects were unknown; onely thus much they could say, that their operations and vertues were generally caused by their proper inherent, corporeal, figurative motions, which being infinitely various in Infinite Nature, did produce infinite several effects. And it is observed, said they, that Herbs and Drugs are as wise in their operations, as Men in their words and actions; nay, wiser; and their effects are more certain then Men in their opinions; for though they cannot discourse like Men, yet have they Sense and Reason, as well as Men; for the discursive faculty is but a particular effect of Sense and Reason in some particular Creatures, to wit, Men, and not a principle of Nature, and argues often more folly than wisdom. The Empress asked, Whether they could not by a composition and commixture of other Drugs make them work other effects then they did, used by themselves? They answered, That they could make them produce artificial effects, but not alter their inherent, proper and particular natures.

Then the Empress commanded her Anatomists to dissect such kinds of Creatures as are called Monsters. But they answered her Majesty, That it would be but an unprofitable and useless work, and hinder their better employments; for when we dissect dead Animals, said they, it is for no other end, but to observe what defects or distempers they had, that we may cure the like in living ones, so that all our care and industry concerns onely the preservation of Mankind; but we hope your Majesty will not preserve Monsters, which are most commonly destroyed, except it be for novelty: Neither will the dissection of Monsters prevent the errors of Nature's irregular actions; for by dissecting some, we cannot prevent the production of others; so that our pains and labour will be to no purpose, unless to satisfie the vain curiosities of inquisitive men. The Empress replied, That such dissections would be very beneficial to Experimental Philosophers. If Experimental

Philosophers, answer'd they, do spend their time in such useless Inspections, they waste it in vain, and have nothing but their labour for their pains.

Lastly, her Majesty had some Conferences with the *Galenick* Physicians about several Diseases, and amongst the rest, desired to know the cause and nature of Apoplexies, and the spotted Plague. They answered, That a deadly Apoplexy was a dead palsie of the Brain; and the spotted Plague was a Gangrene of the Vital parts: and as the Gangrene of outward parts did strike inwardly; so the Gangrene of inward parts, did break forth outwardly: which is the cause, said they, that as soon as the spots appear, death follows; for then it is an infallible sign, that the body is throughout infected with a Gangrene, which is a spreading evil; but some Gangrenes do spread more suddenly than others, and of all sorts of Gangrenes, the Plaguy Gangrene is the most infectious; for other Gangrenes infect but the next adjoining parts of one particular body, and having killed that same Creature, go no further, but cease; when as, the Gangrene of the Plague, infects not onely the adjoining parts of one particular Creature, but also those that are distant; that is, one particular body infects another, and so breeds a Universal Contagion. But the Empress being very desirous to know in what manner the Plague was propagated, and became so contagious, asked, Whether it went actually out of one body into another? To which they answered, That it was a great dispute amongst the Learned of their Profession, Whether it came by a division and composition of parts; that is, by expiration and inspiration; or whether it was caused by imitation: Some Experimental Philosophers, said they, will make us believe, that by the help of their Microscopes, they have observed the Plague to be a body of little Flies like Atoms, which go out of one body into another, through the sensitive passages; but the most experienced and wisest of our society, have rejected this opinion as a ridiculous fancy, and do, for the most part, believe, that it is caused by an imitation of Parts; so that the motions of some parts which are sound, do imitate the motions of those that are infected and that by this means, the Plague becomes contagious, and spreading.

...After this, the Empress was resolved to hear the Magpie-Parrot-and Jackdawmen, which were her professed Orators and Logicians; whereupon one of the Parrotmen rose with great formality, and endeavoured to make an Eloquent Speech before her Majesty; but before he had half ended, his arguments and divisions being so many, that they caused a great confusion in his brain, he could not go forward, but was forced to retire backward, with great disgrace both to himself, and the whole Society; and although one of his brethren endeavoured to second him by another speech, yet was he as far to seek, as the former. At which the Empress appear'd not a little troubled, and told them, That they followed too much the Rules of Art, and confounded themselves with too nice formalities and distinctions; but since I know, said she, that you are a people who have naturally voluble tongues, and good memories; I desire you to consider more the subject you speak of, then your artificial periods, connexions and parts of speech, and leave the rest to your natural Eloquence; which they did, and so became very eminent Orators.

Lastly, her Imperial Majesty being desirous to know what progress her Logicians had made in the Art of disputing, Commanded them to argue upon several Themes or Subjects; which they did; and having made a very nice discourse of Logistical terms and propositions, entred into a dispute by way of Syllogistical Arguments, through all the Figures and Modes: One began with an Argument of the first Mode of the first Figure, thus:

Every Politician is wise:  
Every Knave is a Politician,  
Therefore every Knave is wise.

Another contradicted him with a Syllogism of the second Mode of the same Figure, thus:

No Politician is wise:  
Every Knave is a Politician,  
Therefore no Knave is wise.

The third made an Argument in the third Mode of the same Figure, after this manner:

Every Politician is wise:  
Some Knaves are Politicians,  
Therefore some Knaves are wise.

The Fourth concluded with a Syllogism in the fourth Mode of the same Figure, thus;

No Politician is wise:  
Some Knaves are Politicians,  
Therefore some Knaves are not wise.

After this they took another subject, and one propounded this Syllogism:

Every Philosopher is wise:  
Every Beast is wise,  
Therefore every Beast is a Philosopher.

But another said that this Argument was false, therefore he contradicted him with a Syllogism of the second Figure of the fourth Mode, thus:

Every Philosopher is wise:  
Some Beasts are not wise,  
Therefore some Beasts are not Philosophers.

Thus they argued, and intended to go on, but the Empress interrupted them: I have enough, said she, of your chopt Logick, and will hear no more of your Syllogisms; for it disorders my Reason, and puts my Brain on the rack; your formal argumentations are able to spoil all natural wit; and I'll have you to consider, that Art does not make Reason, but Reason makes Art; and therefore as much as Reason is above Art, so much is a natural rational discourse to be preferred before an artificial: for Art is, for the most part irregular, and disorders Men's understandings more then it rectifies them, and leads them into a Labyrinth whence they'll never get out, and makes them dull and unfit for useful employments; especially your Art

of Logick, which consists onely in contradicting each other, in making Sophismes, and obscuring Truth, instead of clearing it.

But they replied to her Majesty, That the knowledg of Nature, that is, Natural Philosophy, would be imperfect without the Art of Logick; and that there was an improbable Truth which could no otherwise be found out then by the Art of disputing. Truly, said the Empress, I do believe that it is with Natural Philosophy, as it is with all other effects of Nature; for no particular knowledg can be perfect, by reason knowledg is dividable, as well as composable; nay, to speak properly, Nature herself cannot boast of any perfection, but God himself; because there are so many irregular motions in Nature, and 'tis but a folly to think that Art should be able to regulate them, since Art itself is, for the most part, irregular. But as for Improbable Truth I know not what your meaning is; for Truth is more then Improbability: nay, there is so much difference between Truth and Improbability, that I cannot conceive it possible how they can be joined together. In short, said she, I do no ways approve of your Profession; and though I will not dissolve your Society, yet I shall never take delight in hearing you any more; wherefore confine your disputations to your Schools, lest besides the Commonwealth of Learning, they disturb also Divinity and Policy, Religion and Laws, and by that means draw an utter ruine and destruction both upon Church and State.

After the Empress had thus finish'd the Discourses and Conferences with the mentioned Societies of her *Vertuoso's*, she considered by herself the manner of their Religion, and finding it very defective, was troubled, that so wise and knowing a people should have no more knowledg of the Divine Truth; Wherefore she consulted with her own thoughts, whether it was possible to convert them all to her own Religion, and to that end she resolved to build Churches, and make also up a Congregation of Women, whereof she intended to be the head herself, and to instruct them in the several points of her Religion. This she had no sooner begun, but the Women, which generally had quick wits, subtile conceptions, clear understandings, and solid judgments, became, in a short time, very devout and zealous Sisters; for the Empress had an excellent gift of Preaching, and instructing them in the Articles of Faith; and by that means, she converted them not onely soon, but gained an extraordinary love of all her Subjects throughout that World. But at last, pondering with her self the inconstant nature of Mankind, and fearing that in time they would grow weary, and desert the divine Truth, following their own fancies, and living according to their own desires; she began to be troubled that her labours and pains should prove of so little effect, and therefore studied all manner of ways to prevent it. Amongst the rest, she call'd to mind a Relation which the Bird-men made her once, of a Mountain that did burn in flames of fire; and thereupon did immediately send for a wisest and subtilest of her Worm-men, commanding them to discover the cause of the Eruption of that same fire; which they did; and having dived to the very bottom of the Mountain, informed her Majesty, That there was a certain sort of Stone, whose nature was such, that being wetted, it would grow excessively hot, and break forth into a flaming-fire, until it

became dry, and then it ceased from burning. The Empress was glad to hear this news, and forthwith desired the Worm men to bring her some of that Stone, but be sure to keep it secret: She sent also for the Bird-men, and asked them whether they could not get her a piece of the Sunstone? They answered, That it was impossible, unless they did spoil or lessen the light of the World: but, said they, if it please your Majesty, we can demolish one of the numerous Stars of the Sky, which the World will never miss.

The Empress was very well satisfied with this proposal, and having thus employed these two sorts of men, in the mean while builded two Chappels one above another; the one she lined throughout with Diamonds, both Roof, Walls and Pillars; but the other she resolved to line with the Star-stone; the Firestone she placed upon the Diamond-lining, by reason Fire has no power on Diamonds; and when she would have that Chappel where the Fire-stone was, appear all in a flame, she had by the means of Artificial pipes, water conveyed into it, which by turning the Cock, did, as out of a Fountain, spring over all the room, and as long as the Fire-stone was wet, the Chappel seemed to be all in a flaming-fire.

The other Chappel, which was lined with the Starstone, did onely cast a splendidous and comfortable light; both the Chappels stood upon Pillars, just in the middle of a round Cloyster, which was dark as night; neither was there any other light within them, but what came from the Fire-and Star-stone; and being every where open, allowed to all that were within the compass of the Cloyster, a free prospect into them; besides, they were so artificially contrived, that they did both move in a Circle about their own Centres, without intermission, contrary ways. In the Chappel which was lined with the Fire-stone, the Empress preached Sermons of Terror to the wicked, and told them of the punishments for their sins, to wit, That after this life they should be tormented in an everlasting Fire. But in the other Chappel lined with the Starstone, she preached Sermons of Comfort to those that repented of their sins, and were troubled at their own wickedness: Neither did the heat of the flame in the least hinder her; for the Fire-stone did not cast so great a heat but the Empress was able to endure it, by reason the water which was poured on the Stone, by its own self-motion turned into a flaming-fire, occasioned by the natural motions of the Stone, which made the flame weaker then if it had been fed by some other kind of fuel; the other Chappel where the Star-Stone was, although it did cast a great light, yet was it without all heat, and the Empress appear'd like an Angel in it; and as that Chappel was an embleme of *Hell*, so this was an embleme of *Heaven*. And thus the Empress, by Art, and her own Ingenuity, did not onely convert the *Blazing-Worldm* to her own Religion, but kept them in a constant belief, without inforcement or blood-shed; for she knew well, that belief was a thing not to be forced or pressed upon the people, but to be instilled into their minds by gentle perswasions; and after this manner she encouraged them also in all other duties and employments: for Fear, though it makes people obey, yet does it not last so long, nor is it so sure a means to keep them to their duties, as Love.

Last of all, when she saw that both Church and State was now in a well-ordered and settled condition, her thoughts reflected upon the World she came from; and

though she had a great desire to know the condition of the same, yet could she advise no manner of way how to gain any knowledg thereof; at last, after many serious considerations, she conceived that it was impossible to be done by any other means, then by the help of Immmterial Spirits; wherefore she made a Convocation of the most learned, witty and ingenious of all the forementioned sorts of Men, and desired to know of them, whether there were any Immaterial Spirits in their World. First, she enquired of the Worm-men, whether they had perceived some within the Earth? They answered her Majesty, That they never knew of any such Creatures; for whatsoever did dwell within the Earth, said they, was imbodied and material. Then she asked the Fly-men, whether they had observed any in the Air? for you having numerous Eyes, said she, will be more able to perceive them, than any other Creatures. To which they answered her Majesty, That although Spirits, being immaterial, could not be perceived by the Worm-men in the Earth, yet they perceived that such Creatures did lodg in the Vehicles of the Air. Then the Empress asked, Whether they could speak to them, and whether they did understand each other? The Fly-men answered, That those Spi rits were always cloth'd in some sort or other of Material Garments; which Garments were their Bodies, made, for the most part, of Air; and when occasion served, they could put on any other sort of substances; but yet they could not put these substances into any form or shape, as they pleased. The Empress asked the Fly-men, whether it was possible that she could be acquainted, and have some conferences with them? They answered, They did verily believe she might. Hereupon the Empress commanded the Fly-men to ask some of the Spirits, Whether they would be pleased to give her a Visit? This they did; and after the Spirits had presented themselves to the Empress, (in what shapes or forms, I cannot exactly tell) after some few Complements that passed between them, the Empress told the Spirits that she questioned not, but they did know how she was a stranger in that World, and by what miraculous means she was arrived there; and since she had a great desire to know the condition of the World she came from, her request to the Spirits was, To give her some Information thereof, especially of those parts of the World where she was born, bred, and educated; as also of her particular friends and acquaintance: all which, the Spirits did according to her desire. At last, after a great many conferences and particular intelligences, which the Spirits gave the Empress, to her great satisfaction and content; she enquired after the most famous Students, Writers, and Experimental Philosophers in that World, which they gave her a full relation of: amongst the rest she enquired, Whether there were none that had found out yet the *Jews Cabbala*? Several have endeavoured it, answered the Spirits, but those that came nearest (although themselves denied it) were one Dr. *Dee*, and one *Edward Kelly*, the one representing *Moses*, and the other *Aaron*; for *Kelly* was to Dr. *Dee*, as *Aaron* to *Moses*; but yet they proved at last but meer Cheats; and were described by one of their own Country-men, a famous Poet, named *Ben. Johnson*, in a Play call'd, *The Alchymist*, where he expressed *Kelly* by Capt. *Face*, and *Dee* by Dr. *Subtle*, and their two Wives by *Doll Common*, and the



Widow; by the *Spaniard* in the Play, he meant the *Spanish* Ambassador, and by Sir *Epicure Mammon*, a *Polish* Lord. The Empress remembered that she had seen the Play, and asked the Spirits, whom he meant by the name of *Ananias*? Some Zealous Brethren, answered they, in *Holland*, *Germany*, and several other places. Then she asked them, Who was meant by the *Druggist*? Truly, answered the Spirits, We have forgot, it being so long since it was made and acted. What, replied the Empress, Can Spirits forget? Yes, said the Spirits; for what is past, is onely kept in memory, if it be not recorded. I did believe, said the Empress, That Spirits had no need of Memory, or Remembrance, and could not be subject to Forgetfulness. How can we, answered they, give an account of things present, if we had no Memory, but especially of things past, unrecorded, if we had no Remembrance? Said the Empress, By present Knowledg and Understanding. The Spirits answered, That present Knowledg and Understanding was of actions or things present, not of past. But, said the Empress, you know what is to come, without Memory or Remembrance; and therefore you may know what is past without memory and remembrance. They answered, That their foreknowledg was onely a prudent and subtile Observation made by comparing of things or actions past, with those that are present; and that Remembrance was nothing else but a Repetition of things or actions past.

Then the Empress asked the Spirits, Whether there was a threefold *Cabbala*? They answered, *Dee* and *Kelly* made but a two-fold *Cabbala*, to wit, of the Old and New Testament, but others might not onely make two or three, but threescore *Cabbala*'s, if they pleased. The Empress asked, Whether it was a Traditional, or meerly a Scriptural, or whether it was a Literal, Philosophical, or Moral *Cabbala*? Some, answered they, did believe it meerly Traditional, others Scriptural, some Literal, and some Metaphorical: but the truth is, said they, 'twas partly one, and partly the other; as partly a Traditional, partly a Scriptural, partly Literal, partly Metaphorical. The Empress asked further, Whether the *Cabbala* was a work onely of Natural Reason, or of Divine Inspiration? Many, said the Spirits, that write *Cabbala*'s pretend to Divine Inspirations; but whether it be so, or not, it does not belong to us to judg; onely this we must needs confess, that it is a work which requires a good wit, and a strong Faith, but not Natural Reason; for though Natural Reason is most perswasive, yet Faith is the chief that is required in *Cabbalists*. But, said the Empress, Is there not Divine Reason, as well as there is Natural? No, answered they: for there is but a Divine Faith, and as for Reason it is onely Natural; but you Mortals are so puzzled about this Divine Faith, and Natural Reason, that you do not know well how to distinguish them, but confound them both, which is the cause you have so many divine Philosophers who make a Gallimafray both of Reason and Faith. Then she asked, Whether pure Natural Philosophers were *Cabbalists*? They answered, No; but onely your Mystical or Divine Philosophers, such as study beyond Sense and Reason. She enquired further, Whether there was any *Cabbala* in God, or whether God was full of Idea's? They answered, There could be nothing in God, nor could God be full of any thing,

either forms or figures, but of himself; for God is the Perfection of all things, and an Unexpressible Being, beyond the conception of any Creature, either Natural or Supernatural. Then I pray inform me, said the Empress, Whether the Jews Cabbala or any other, consist in Numbers? The Spirits answered, No: for Numbers are odd, and different, and would make a disagreement in the Cabbala. But, said she again, Is it a sin then not to know or understand the Cabbala? God is so merciful, answered they, and so just, that he will never damn the ignorant, and save onely those that pretend to know him and his secret Counsels by their Cabbala's; but he loves those that adore and worship him with fear and reverence, and with a pure heart. She asked further, which of these two Cabbala's was most approved, the Natural, or Theological? The Theological, answered they, is mystical, and belongs onely to Faith; but the Natural belongs to Reason. Then she asked them, Whether Divine Faith was made out of Reason? No answered they, for Faith proceeds onely from a Divine saving Grace, which is a peculiar Gift of God. How comes it then, replied she, that Men, even those that are of several opinions, have Faith more or less? A Natural Belief, answered they, is not a Divine Faith. But, proceeded the Empress, How are you sure that God cannot be known? The several Opinions you Mortals have of God, answered they, are sufficient witnesses thereof. Well then, replied the Empress, leaving this inquisitive knowledg of God, I pray inform me, whether you Spirits give motion to Natural Bodies? No, answered they; but, on the contrary, Natural material bodies give Spirits motion; for we Spirits, being incorporeal, have no motion but from our Corporeal Vehicles, so that we move by the help of our Bodies, and not the Bodies by our help; for pure Spirits are immovable. If this be so, replied the Empress, How comes it then that you can move so suddenly at a vast distance? They answered, That some sorts of matter were more pure, rare, and consequently more light and agil then others; and this was the reason of their quick and sudden motions. Then the Empress asked them, Whether they could speak without a body, or bodily organs? No, said they; nor could we have any bodily sense, but onely knowledg. She asked, Whether they could have Knowledg without Body? Not a Natural, answered they, but a Superna tural Knowledg, which is a far better Knowledg then a Natural. Then she asked them, Whether they had a General or Universal Knowledg? They answered, Single or particular created Spirits, have not; for not any Creature, but God Himself, can have an absolute and perfect knowledg of all things. The Empress asked them further, Whether Spirits had inward and outward parts? No, answered they; for parts onely belong to bodies, not to Spirits. Again, she asked them, Whether their Vehicles were living Bodies? They are Self-moving Bodies, answered they, and therefore they must needs be living; for nothing can move it self, without it hath life. Then, said she, it must necessarily follow, that this living, Self-moving Body gives motion to the Spirit, and not the Spirit motion to the Body, as its Vehicle. You say very true, answered they, and we told you this before. Then the Empress asked them, Of what forms of Matter those Vehicles were? They said they were of several different forms; some gross and dense, and others more pure, rare, and subtil. If you be not Material, said

the Empress, how can you be Generators of all Creatures? We are no more, answered they, the Generators of material Creatures, then they are the Generators of us Spirits. Then she asked, Whether they did leave their Vehicles? No, answered they; for we being incorporeal, cannot leave or quit them: but our Vehicles do change into several forms and figures, according as occasion requires. Then the Empress desired the Spirits to tell her, Whether Man was a little World? They answered, That if a Fly or Worm was a little World, then Man was so too. She asked again, Whether our Fore-fathers had been as wise, as Men were at present, and had understood sense and reason, as well as they did now? They answered. That in former Ages they had been as wise as they are in this present, nay, wiser; for, said they, many in this age do think their Fore-fathers have been Fools, by which they prove themselves to be such. The Empress asked further, Whether there was any Plastick power in Nature? Truly, said the Spirits, Plastick power is a hard word, & signifies no more then the power of the corporeal, figurative motions of Nature. After this, the Empress desired the Spirits to inform her where the Paradise was, Whether it was in the midst of the World as a Centre of pleasure? or, Whether it was the whole World; or a peculiar World by it self, as a World of Life, and not of Matter; or whether it was mixt, as a world of living animal Creatures? They answered, That Paradise was not in the world she came from, but in that world she lived in at present; and that it was the very same place where she kept her Court, and where her Palace stood, in the midst of the Imperial City. The Empress asked further, Whether in the beginning and Creation of the World, all Beasts could speak? They answered, That no Beasts could speak, but onely those sorts of Creatures which were Fish-men, Bear-men, Worm-men, and the like, which could speak in the first Age, as well as they do now. She asked again, Whether they were none of those Spirits that frighted *Adam* out of the Paradise, at least caused him not to return thither again? They answered they were not. Then she desired to be informed, whither *Adam* fled when he was driven out of the Paradise? Out of this World, said they, you are now Empress of, into the World you came from. If this be so, replied the Empress, then surely those Cabbalists are much out of their story, who believe the Paradise to be a world of Life onely, without Matter; for this world, though it be most pleasant and fruitful, yet it is not a world of meer Immaterial life, but a world of living, Material Creatures. Without question, they are, answered the Spirits; for not all *Cabbala's* are true. Then the Empress asked, That since it is mentioned in the story of the Creation of the World, that *Eve* was tempted by the Serpent, Whether the Devil was within the Serpent, or Whether the Serpent tempted her without the Devil? They answered, That the Devil was within the Serpent. But how came it then, replied she, that the Serpent was cursed? They answered, because the Devil was in him; for are not those men in danger of damnation which have the Devil within them, who perswades them to believe and act wickedly? The Empress asked further, Whether Light and the Heavens were all one? They answered, That that Region which contains the Lucid natural Orbs, was by Mortals named Heaven; but the Beatifical Heaven, which is the Habitation of

the Blessed Angels and Souls, was so far beyond it, that it could not be compared to any Natural Creature. Then the Empress asked them, Whether all Matter was fluid at first? They answered, That Matter was always as it is; and that some parts of Matter were rare, some dense, some fluid, some solid, &c. Neither was God bound to make all Matter fluid at first. She asked further, Whether Matter was immovable in it self? We have answered you before, said they, That there is no motion but in Matter; and were it not for the motion of Matter, we Spirits, could not move, nor give you any answer to your several questions. After this, the Empress asked the Spirits, Whether the Universe was made within the space of six days, or, Whether by those six days, were meant so many Decrees or Commands of God? They answered her, That the World was made by the All-powerful Decree and Command of God; but whether there were six Decrees or Commands, or fewer, or more, no Creature was able to tell. Then she inquired, Whether there was no mystery in Numbers? No other mystery, answered the Spirits, but reckoning or counting; for Numbers are onely marks of remembrance. But what do you think of the Number of Four, said she, which *Cabbalists* make such ado withal, and of the Number of Ten, when they say that Ten is all, and that all Numbers are virtually comprehended in Four? We think, answered they, that *Cabbalists* have nothing else to do but to trouble their heads with such useless Fancies; for naturally there is no such thing as prime or all in Numbers; nor is there any other mystery in Numbers, but what Man's fancy makes; but what Men call Prime, or All, we do not know, because they do not agree in the number of their opinion. Then the Empress asked, Whether the number of six was a symbole of Matrimony, as being made up of Male and Femal, for two into three is six. If any number can be a symbole of Matrimony, answered the Spirits, it is not Six, but Two; if two may be allowed to be a Number: for the act of Matrimony is made up of two joined in one. She asked again, What they said to the number of Seven? whether it was not an Embleme of God, because *Cabbalists* say, That it is neither begotten, nor begets any other Number? There can be no Embleme of God, answered the Spirits; for if we do not know what God is, how can we make an Embleme of him? Nor is there any Number in God, for God is the perfection Himself; but Numbers are imperfect; and as for the begetting of numbers, it is done by Multiplication and Addition; but Substraction is as a kind of death to Numbers. If there be no mystery in Numbers, replied the Empress, then it is in vain to refer the Creation of the World to certain Numbers, as *Cabbalists* do. The onely mystery of Numbers, answered they, concerning the Creation of the World, is, that as Numbers do multiply, so does the World. The Empress asked, how far Numbers did multiply? The Spirits answered, to Infinite. Why, said she, Infinite cannot be reckoned, nor numbred, No more, answered they, can the parts of the Universe; for God's Creation, being an Infinite action, as proceeding from an Infinite Power, could not rest upon a finite Number of Creatures, were it never so great. But leaving the mystery of Numbers, proceeded the Empress, Let me now desire you to inform me, Whether the Suns and Planets were generated by the Heavens, or AETHEREAL Matter? The Spirits answered, That

the Stars and Planets were of the same matter which the Heavens, the Aether, and all other Natural Creatures did consist of; but whether they were generated by the Heavens or Aether, they could not tell: if they be, said they, they are not like their Parents; for the Sun, Stars, and Planets, are more splendorous than the Aether, as also more solid and constant in their motions: But put the case, the Stars and Planets were generated by the Heavens, and the Aethereal Matter; the question then would be, Out of what these are generated or produced? If these be created out of nothing, and not generated out of something, then it is probable the Sun, Stars and Planets are so too; nay, it is more probable of the Stars and Planets, than of the Heavens, or the fluid Aether, by reason the Stars and Planets seem to be further off from Mortality, than the particular parts of the Aether; for no doubt but the parts of the Aethereal Matter, alter into several forms, which we do not perceive of the Stars and Planets. The Empress asked further, Whether they could give her information of the three principles of Man, according to the doctrine of the Platonists; as first of the Intellect, Spirit, or Divine Light. 2. Of the Soul of Man herself: and 3. Of the Image of the Soul, that is, her vital operation on the body? The Spirits answered, That they did not understand these three distinctions, but that they seem'd to corporeal sense and reason, as if they were three several bodies, or three several corporeal actions; however, said they, they are intricate conceptions of irregular Fancies. If you do not understand them, replied the Empress, how shall human Creatures do then? Many, both of your modern and ancient Philosophers, answered the Spirits, endeavour to go beyond Sense and Reason, which makes them commit absurdities; for no corporeal Creature can go beyond Sense and Reason; no not we Spirits, as long as we are in our corporeal Vehicles. Then the Empress asked them, Whether there were any Atheists in the World? The Spirits answered, That there were no more Atheists than what *Cabbalists* make. She asked them further, Whether Spirits were of a globous or round Figure? They answered, That Figure belonged to body, but they being immaterial, had no Figure. She asked again, Whether Spirits were not like Water or Fire? They answered, that Water and Fire was material, were it the purest and most refined that ever could be; nay, were it above the Heavens: But we are no more like Water or Fire, said they, then we are like Earth; but our Vehicles are of several forms, figures and degrees of substances. Then she desired to know, Whether their Vehicles were made of Air? Yes, answered the Spirits, some of our Vehicles are of thin Air. Then I suppose, replied the Empress, That those airy Vehicles, are your corporeal Summer-suits. She asked further, Whether the Spirits had not ascending and descending-motions, as well as other Creatures? They answered, That properly there was no ascension or descension in Infinite Nature, but onely in relation to particular parts; and as for us Spirits, said they, We can neither ascend nor descend without corporeal Vehicles; nor can our Vehicles ascend or descend, but according to their several shapes and figures, for there can be no motion without body. The Empress asked them further, Whether there was not a World of Spirits, as well as there is of Material Creatures? No, answered they; for the word *World* implies a

quantity or multitude of corporeal Creatures, but we being Immaterial, can make no World of Spirits. Then she desired to be informed when Spirits were made? We do not know, answered they, how and when we were made, nor are we much inquisitive after it; nay, if we did, it would be no benefit, neither for us, nor for you Mortals to know it. The Empress replied, That *Cabbalists* and Divine Philosophers said, Mens rational Souls were Immaterial, and stood as much in need of corporeal Vehicles, as Spirits did. If this be so, answered the Spirits, then you are Hermaphrodites of Nature; but your *Cabbalists* are mistaken, for they take the purest and subtilest parts of Matter, for Immaterial Spirits. Then the Empress asked, When the Souls of Mortals went out of their Bodies, whether they went to Heaven or Hell; or whether they remained in airy Vehicles? God's Justice and Mercy, answered they, is perfect, and not imperfect; but if you Mortals will have Vehicles for your Souls, and a place that is between Heaven and Hell, it must be Purgatory, which is a place of Purification, for which action in Fire is more proper than Air; and so the Vehicles of those Souls that are in Purgatory, cannot be airy, but fiery; and after this rate there can be but four places for human Souls to be in, *viz.* Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, and this World; but as for Vehicles, they are but fancies, not real truths. Then the Empress asked them, Where Heaven and Hell was? Your Saviour Christ, answered the Spirits, has informed you, that there is Heaven and Hell, but he did not tell you what, nor where they are; wherefore it is too great a presumption for you Mortals to inquire after it. If you do but strive to get into Heaven, it is enough, though you do not know where or what it is; for it is beyond your knowledge and understanding. I am satisfied, replied the Empress; and asked further, Whether there were any Figures or Characters in the Soul? They answered, Where there was no Body, there could be no Figure. Then she asked them, Whether Spirits could be naked? and whether they were of a dark, or a light colour? As for our Nakedness, it is a very odd question, answered the Spirits; and we do not know what you mean by a Naked Spirit; for you judge of us as of corporeal Creatures; and as for Colour, said they, it is according to our Vehicles; for Colour belongs to Body, and as there is no Body that is colourless, so there is no Colour that is bodiless. Then the Empress desired to be informed, Whether all Souls were made at the first Creation of the World? We know no more, answered the Spirits, of the origin of humane Souls, than we know of our Selves. She asked further, Whether humane bodies were not burthensome to humane Souls? They answered, That Bodies made Souls active, as giving them motion; and if action was troublesome to Souls, then Bodies were so too. She asked again, Whether Souls did chuse Bodies? They answered, That *Platonicks* believed, the Souls of Lovers lived in the Bodies of their Beloved; but surely, said they, if there be a multitude of Souls in a World of Matter, they cannot miss Bodies; for as soon as a Soul is parted from one Body, it enters into another; and Souls having no motion of themselves, must of necessity be clothed or imbodyed with the next parts of Matter. If this be so, replied the Empress, then I pray inform me, Whether all matter be soulified? The Spirits answered, They could not exactly tell that; but if it was true, that Matter had

no other motion but what came from a spiritual power, and that all matter was moving, then no soul could quit a Body, but she must of necessity enter into another soulified Body, and then there would be two im material substances in one Body. The Empress asked, Whether it was not possible that there could be two Souls in one Body? As for Immaterial Souls, answered the Spirits, it is impossible; for there cannot be two Immaterials in one Inanimate Body, by reason they want parts, and place, being bodiless; but there maybe numerous materials Souls in one composed Body, by reason every material part has a material natural Soul; for Nature is but one Infinite self-moving, living and self-knowing body, consisting of the three degrees of inanimate, sensitive and rational Matter, so intermixt together, that no part of Nature, were it an Atom, can be without any of these three Degrees; the sensitive is the Life, the rational the Soul, and the inanimate part, the Body of Infinite Nature. The Empress was very well satisfied with this answer, and asked further, Whether souls did not give life to bodies? No, answered they; but Spirits and Divine Souls have a life of their own, which is not to be divided, being purer than a natural life; for Spirits are incorporeal, and consequently indivisible. But when the Soul is in its Vehicle, said the Empress, then me thinks she is like the Sun, and the Vehicle like the Moon. No, answered they; but the Vehicle is like the Sun, and the Soul like the Moon; for the Soul hath motion from the Body, as the Moon has light from the sun. Then the Empress asked the Spirits, Whether it was an evil Spirit that tempted *Eve*, and brought all the mischiefs upon Mankind: or, Whether it was the Serpent? They answered, That Spirits could not commit actual evils. The Empress said, they might do it by perswasions. They answered, That Perswasions were actions; But the Empress not being contented with this answer, asked, Whether there was not a supernatural Evil? The Spirits answered, That there was a Supernatural Good, which was God; but they knew of no Supernatural Evil that was equal to God. Then she desired to know, Whether Evil Spirits were reckoned amongst the Beasts of the Field? They answer'd, That many Beasts of the field were harmless Creatures, and very serviceable for Man's use; and though some were accounted fierce and cruel, yet did they exercise their cruelty upon other Creatures, for the most part, to no other end, but to get themselves food, and to satisfie their natural appetite; but cer tainly, said they, you Men are more cruel to one an other, then evil Spirits are to you; and as for their habitations in desolate places, we having no communion with them, can give you no certain account thereof. But what do you think, said the Empress, of good Spirits? may not they be compared to the Fowls of the Air? They answered, There were many cruel and ravenous Fowls as well in the Air, as there were fierce and cruel Beasts on Earth; so that the good are al ways mixt with the bad. She asked further, Whether the fiery Vehicles were a Heaven, or a Hell, or at least a Purgatory to the Souls? They answered, That if the Souls were immaterial, they could not burn, and then fire would do them no harm; and though Hell was believed to be an undecaying and unquenchable fire, yet Heaven was no fire. The Empress replied, That Heaven was a Light. Yes, said they, but not a fiery Light. Then she asked, Whether the different shapes and sorts of

Vehicles, made the Souls and other Immaterial Spirits, miserable, or blessed? The Vehicles, answered they, make them neither better, nor worse; for though some Vehicles sometimes may have power over others, yet these by turns may get some power again over them, according to the several advantages and disadvantages of particular Natural parts.

...After some time, when the Spirits had refreshed themselves in their own Vehicles, they sent one of their nimblest Spirits, to ask the Empress, Whether she would have a Scribe, or, whether she would write the *Cabbala* herself? The Empress received the proffer which they made her, with all civility; and told them, that she desired a Spiritual Scribe. The Spirits answer'd, That they could dictate, but not write, except they put on a hand or arm, or else the whole body of Man. The Empress replied, How can Spirits arm themselves with gantlets of Flesh? As well, answered they, as Man can arm himself with a gantlet of steel. If it be so, said the Empress, then I will have a Scribe. Then the Spirits asked her, Whether she would have the Soul of a living or a dead Man? Why, said the Empress, can the Soul quit a living Body, and wander or travel abroad? Yes, answered they, for according to *Plato's* Doctrine, there is a Conversation of Souls, and the Souls of Lovers live in the Bodies of their Beloved. Then I will have, answered she, the Soul of some ancient famous Writer, either of *Aristotle, Pythagoras, Plato, Epicurus*, or the like. The Spirits said, That those famous Men were very learned, subtile, and ingenious Writers; but they were so wedded to their own opinions, that they would ne ver have the patience to be Scribes. Then, said she, I'le have the Soul of one of the most famous modern Writers, as either of *Galileo, Gassendus, Des Cartes, Helmont, Hobbes, H. More, &c.* The Spirits answered, That they were fine ingenious Writers, but yet so self-conceited, that they would scorn to be Scribes to a Woman. But, said they, there's a Lady, the *Duchess of Newcastle*; which although she is not one of the most learned, eloquent, witty and ingenious, yet she is a plain and rational Writer; for the principle of her Writings, is Sense and Reason, and she will without question, be ready to do you all the service she can. That Lady then, said the Empress, will I chuse for my Scribe, neither will the Emperor have reason to be jealous, she being one of my own sex. In truth, said the Spirit, Husbands have reason to be jea lous of *Platonick* Lovers, for they are very dangerous, as being not onely very intimate and close, but subtil and insinuating. You say well, replied the Empress; where fore I pray send me the *Duchess of Newcastle's* Soul; which the Spirit did; and after she came to wait on the Empress, at her first arrival the Empress imbraced and saluted her with a Spiritual kiss; then she asked her whether she could write? Yes, answered the *Duchess's* Soul, but not so intelligibly that any Reader whatsoever may understand it, unless he be taught to know my Characters; for my Letters are rather like Characters, then well formed Letters. Said the Empress, you were recommended to me by an honest and ingenious Spirit. Surely, answered the *Duchess*, the Spirit is ignorant of my hand-writing. The truth is, said the Empress, he did not mention your hand-writing; but he informed me, that you writ Sense and Reason, and if you can but write so, that any of my Secretaries may



learn your hand, they shall write it out fair and in telligible. The Duchess answered, That she questioned not but it might easily be learned in a short time. But, said she to the Empress, What is it that your Majesty would have written? She answered, The *Jews Cabbala*. Then your onely way for that is, said the Duchess, to have the Soul of some famous *Jew*; nay, if your Majesty please, I scruple not, but you may as easily have the Soul of *Moses*, as of any other. That cannot be, replied the Empress, for no Mortal knows where *Moses* is. But, said the Duchess, humane Souls are immortal; however, if this be too difficult to be obtained, you may have the Soul of one of the chief Rabbies or Sages of the Tribe of *Levi*, who will truly instruct you in that mystery; when as, otherwise, your Majesty will be apt to mistake, and a thousand to one, will commit gross errors. No, said the Empress, for I shall be instructed by Spirits. Alas! said the Duchess, Spirits are as ignorant as Mortals in many cases; for no created Spirits have a general or absolute knowledg, nor can they know the Thoughts of Men, much less the Mysteries of the great Creator, unless he be pleased to inspire into them the gift of Divine Knowledg. Then, I pray, said the Empress, let me have your counsel in this case. The Duchess answered, If your Majesty will be pleased to hearken to my advice, I would desire you to let that work alone; for it will be of no advantage either to you, or your people, unless you were of the *Jews* Religion; nay, if you were, the vulgar interpretation of the holy Scripture would be more instructive, and more easily believed, then your mystical way of interpreting it; for had it been better and more advantagious for the Salvation of the *Jews*, surely *Moses* would have saved after-Ages that labour by his own Explanation, he being not onely a wise, but a very honest, zealous and religious Man: Where fore the best way, said she, is to believe with the generality the literal sense of the Scripture, and not to make interpretations every one according to his own fancy, but to leave that work for the Learned, or those that have nothing else to do; Neither do I think, said she, that God will damn those that are ignorant there in, or suffer them to be lost for want of a Mystical interpretation of the Scripture. Then, said the Empress, I'll leave the Scripture, and make a Philosophical *Cabbala*. The Duchess told her, That, Sense and Reason would instruct her of Nature as much as could be known; and as for Numbers, they were infinite; but to add non-sense to infinite, would breed a confusion, especially in Humane Understanding. Then, replied the Empress, I'll make a Moral *Cabbala*. The onely thing, answered the Duchess, in Morality, is but, To fear God, and to love his Neighbour, and this needs no further interpretation. But then I'll make a Political *Cabbala*, said the Empress. The Duchess answered, That the chief and onely ground in Government, was but Reward and Punishment, and required no further *Cabbala*; But, said she, If your Majesty were resolved to make a *Cabbala*, I would advise you, rather to make a Poetical or Romancical *Cabbala*, wherein you may use Metaphors, Allegories, Similitudes, &c. and interpret them as you please. With that the Empress thank'd the Duchess, and embracing her Soul, told her she would take her Counsel: she made her also her Favourite, and kept her sometime in that World, and by this means the Duchess came to know and give this Relation

of all that passed in that rich, populous, and happy World; and after some time the Empress gave her leave to return to her Husband and Kindred into her Native World, but upon condition, that her Soul should visit her now and then; which she did: and truly their meeting did produce such an intimate friendship between them, that they became *Platonick* Lovers, although they were both Femals.

### 3.9.4 Reading and Review Questions

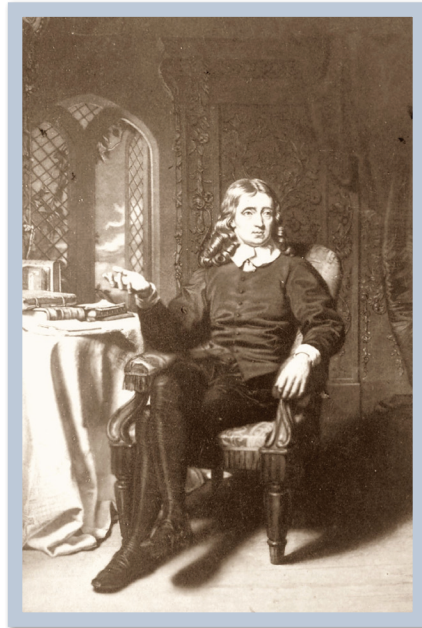
1. Why does Cavendish, in “The Hunting of the Hare,” delay Wat’s destruction? What delaying devices does she use, and to what effect?
2. How does Cavendish associate male dominance with art, and to what effect? How do you know? How does her view of art compare with Chaucer’s, Spenser’s, or Sydney’s?
3. What unique qualities does Cavendish give to her education, starting with her mother’s moral guidance, and why?
4. Why does Cavendish, in “A True Relation,” describe herself as a great emulator? How does she fulfill this description? How does she negate it?
5. How, if at all, does *The Blazing World* trail blaze, especially in terms of gender?

## 3.10 JOHN MILTON

(1608-1674)

John Milton was born in London to John Milton, a scrivener and composer, and Sarah Jeffrey. His education followed a common route, with his first being tutored by Thomas Young, a Scottish Presbyterian cleric, then studying at Saint Paul’s School, before entering Christ’s College, Cambridge. He studied Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, and Italian, grammar, rhetoric, and logic, reading the classical and modern works on philosophy, religion, science, history, politics, and literature. Not surprisingly, he placed fourth out of 259 candidates for the bachelor’s degree, which he earned cum laude in 1629, followed by a master’s degree in 1632 (also cum laude).

But Milton’s education, his scholarship, was far from common. He studied to an extraordinary degree and with the clear intent of preparing himself to be a Poet. After earning



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his degrees, Milton then spent time at his parents' home in Hammersmith, where he focused on his vocation, writing sonnets, the masque "Comus" (1634), and "Lycidas" (1637), a pastoral elegy for his friend Edward King. In "Lycidas," he declared his intention as a poet to follow in the steps of Virgil, deliberately moving from the pastoral to the epic. In this way, he consciously carried Spenser's banner of the national Poet.

After his mother's death, Milton again followed an apparently common educational route by traveling to the Continent, particularly France and Italy. But his vocation appears in his meeting playwright and poet Hugo Grotius (1583-1645); Giavanni Battisti Manso (1567-1645), the patron of Torquato Tasso (1544-1595); and Galileo Galilei (1564-1642). He thought to put all of his preparation to good service upon his return to England, which was on the verge of Civil War. He determined to write an epic based on English history, a national epic that would define England just as Virgil's *Aeneid* defined Rome—again, carrying Spenser's banner, also acknowledging Chaucer in this great ambition.

Milton first put his skills to more immediate use, writing pamphlets, tracts, and political addresses supporting the Commonwealth. These prose pieces include "The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth" (1660); "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" (1644); the *Areopagitica* (1664), in which he argued against censorship; and "Eikonoklastes" (1649) and "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio" (1651), arguing for the English having executed Charles I. He also served the Commonwealth as its Latin Secretary, in which role he corresponded with rulers and diplomats throughout Europe. He devoted himself to the cause of republicanism to his own physical detriment; he lost his eyesight by 1642 from, as he believed, the eyestrain his work incurred.

Upon the Restoration, he temporarily lost his freedom, permanently lost most of his estate, and almost lost his life for being a rebel. After the intervention of friends like Marvell, Milton was released from prison and allowed to retire. He then composed his epic, *Paradise Lost*. At one point in time, he thought to write an Arthurian epic, as did Spenser. But he decided that his subject of the Fall of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden would surpass that of all other epics due to its moral weight. With this intent, his *Paradise Lost* transformed the classic epic into an expression of Renaissance humanism and of the Reformation. His use of blank verse, rather than rhymed verse like Spenser's, gave his epic immediate and dramatic voice.

He transforms epic convention; for example, the naming of the fallen angels before they raise Pandemonium in Book 1 is Milton's version of the *Iliad*'s catalogue of ships, but Milton's catalogue reveals the true evil of these destroyers of life. His epic similes and metaphors do not take readers away from the action, as do Homer's, but instead, offer profound commentary on it. For example, Eden is differentiated from "Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers/ Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis/ Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain/ To seek her through the world" (Book 4, lines 278-81) through the more tender love and suffering of the redeeming

son of God. Milton's descent into the underworld is a descent into Hell itself, which becomes a psychological exploration of the sorrow and rage of the diabolic mind through a troubled landscape, moving from Pandemonium palace to "Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death" (Book 2, line 621).

Further, Milton imbues classical archetypes with individual (psychological) insight. Book 3's Invocation to Light, for example, reverses the rise and fall of Icarus who flew too close to the sun; it moves down into despair and up to love, as Milton uses his own feelings on his loss of sight for the reader's behalf. His personal underworld is that he cannot see: He is cut off from light and Nature's book of knowledge. But that loss becomes the precondition for vision in a paradoxical fortunate fall, as celestial light shines inwardly and enables Milton to "see and tell/ Of things invisible to mortal sight" (Book 3, lines 54-55). Indeed, his *Paradise Lost* went beyond establishing national identity by being a theodicy. It vindicates the justice of God in ordaining or permitting natural and moral evil through insights such as this fortunate fall and of conversion.

### 3.10.1 "L'Allegro"

(1645)

Hence loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus, and blackest Midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night-raven sings;  
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
 But come thou goddess fair and free,  
 In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,  
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
 With two sister Graces more  
 To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;  
 Or whether (as some sager sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a-Maying,  
 There on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
 Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it as ye go  
On the light fantastic toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreproved pleasures free;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine;  
While the cock with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before;  
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill.  
Sometime walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great Sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight.  
While the ploughman near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale

Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the landskip round it measures,  
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
Towers, and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.  
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their savoury dinner set  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;  
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
Or if the earlier season lead  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holiday,  
Till the live-long daylight fail;  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How Faery Mab the junkets eat,  
She was pinch'd and pull'd she said,  
And he by friar's lanthorn led,  
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end;  
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,

And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.  
Tower'd cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask, and antique pageantry;  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
And ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony;  
That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
From golden slumber on a bed  
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regain'd Eurydice.  
These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

### 3.10.2 "Il Penseroso"

(1645)

Hence vain deluding Joys,  
The brood of Folly without father bred,  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,  
Or likest hovering dreams,  
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,  
Hail divinest Melancholy,  
Whose saintly visage is too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight;  
And therefore to our weaker view,  
O'er-laid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
Black, but such as in esteem,  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above  
The sea nymphs, and their powers offended.  
Yet thou art higher far descended,  
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore,  
To solitary Saturn bore;  
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,  
Such mixture was not held a stain)  
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
Come pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of cypress lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With ev'n step, and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:



There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast,  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring,  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.  
And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;  
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak.  
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,  
I woo to hear thy even-song;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wand'ring Moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the heav'ns wide pathless way;  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar;  
Or if the air will not permit,  
Some still removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,

To bless the doors from nightly harm.  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:  
And of those dæmons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.  
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes', or Pelop's line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age,  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.  
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what love did seek.  
Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wond'rous horse of brass,  
On which the Tartar king did ride;  
And if aught else, great bards beside,  
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,  
Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont,  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,

Or usher'd with a shower still,  
When the gust hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the rustling leaves,  
With minute-drops from off the eaves.  
And when the Sun begins to fling  
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke,  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
There in close covert by some brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from Day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honied thigh,  
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious dream,  
Wave at his wings, in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid.  
And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full-voic'd quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.  
And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,

The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightly spell  
 Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,  
 And every herb that sips the dew;  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

### 3.10.3 "Lycidas"

(1638)

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forc'd fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear  
 Compels me to disturb your season due;  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his wat'ry bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse!  
 So may some gentle muse  
 With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,  
 And as he passes turn  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,  
 We drove afield, and both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,

Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning bright  
 Toward heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to th'oaten flute;  
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel,  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long;  
 And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change now thou art gone,  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes mourn.  
 The willows and the hazel copses green  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear  
 When first the white thorn blows:  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.  
 Ay me! I fondly dream  
 Had ye bin there—for what could that have done?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,  
 Whom universal nature did lament,  
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"  
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;  
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil  
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.  
But now my oar proceeds,  
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,  
That came in Neptune's plea.  
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
"What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?"  
And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beaked promontory.  
They knew not of his story;  
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.  
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"  
Last came, and last did go,  
The Pilot of the Galilean lake;  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain

(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:  
 “How well could I have spar’d for thee, young swain,  
 Enow of such as for their bellies’ sake  
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?  
 Of other care they little reck’ning make  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers’ feast  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learn’d aught else the least  
 That to the faithful herdman’s art belongs!  
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
 And when they list their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But, swoll’n with wind and the rank mist they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said,  
 But that two-handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more”.

Return, Alpheus: the dread voice is past  
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells and flow’rets of a thousand hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel’d eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freak’d with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well attir’d woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears;  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.  
 For so to interpose a little ease,

Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd;  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world,  
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold:  
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth;  
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high  
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves;  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,  
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the Saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more:  
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th'oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals gray;  
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;  
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
And now was dropp'd into the western bay;  
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:  
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.



### 3.10.4 from *Paradise Lost*

#### Book I

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
 Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
 Brought death into the World, and all our woe,  
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
 Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top  
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
 That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed  
 In the beginning how the heavens and earth  
 Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill  
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed  
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
 That with no middle flight intends to soar  
 Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues  
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.  
 And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
 Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first  
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,  
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,  
 And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark  
 Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
 That, to the height of this great argument,  
 I may assert Eternal Providence,  
 And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,  
 Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause  
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,  
 Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off  
 From their Creator, and transgress his will  
 For one restraint, lords of the World besides.  
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

Th' infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,  
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived  
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host  
 Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring

To set himself in glory above his peers,  
He trusted to have equalled the Most High,  
If he opposed, and with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night  
To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,  
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom  
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,  
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,  
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.  
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views  
The dismal situation waste and wild.  
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,  
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames  
No light; but rather darkness visible  
Served only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
That comes to all, but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.  
Such place Eternal Justice has prepared  
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained  
In utter darkness, and their portion set,  
As far removed from God and light of Heaven  
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.  
Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed  
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,  
One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
Long after known in Palestine, and named

Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,  
And thence in Heaven called Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—

“If thou beest he—but O how fallen! how changed  
From him who, in the happy realms of light  
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine  
Myriads, though bright!—if he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the glorious enterprise  
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined  
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest  
From what height fallen: so much the stronger proved  
He with his thunder; and till then who knew  
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,  
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage  
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,  
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,  
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,  
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,  
And to the fierce contentions brought along  
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,  
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,  
His utmost power with adverse power opposed  
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,  
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost—the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield:  
And what is else not to be overcome?  
That glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deify his power  
Who, from the terror of this arm, so late  
Doubted his empire—that were low indeed;  
That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of Gods,  
And this empyreal substance, cannot fail;  
Since, through experience of this great event,  
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,  
We may with more successful hope resolve  
To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,

Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain,  
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;  
And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—

"O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers  
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war  
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds  
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,  
And put to proof his high supremacy,  
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,  
Too well I see and rue the dire event  
That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,  
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host  
In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
As far as Gods and heavenly Essences  
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state  
Here swallowed up in endless misery.  
But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now  
Of force believe almighty, since no less  
Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)  
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,  
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
By right of war, whate'er his business be,  
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,  
Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?  
What can it then avail though yet we feel  
Strength undiminished, or eternal being  
To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-Fiend replied:—

"Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,  
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure—  
To do aught good never will be our task,  
But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to his high will  
Whom we resist. If then his providence

Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil;  
Which ofttimes may succeed so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.  
But see! the angry Victor hath recalled  
is ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,  
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid  
The fiery surge that from the precipice  
Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,  
Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.  
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn  
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.  
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
The seat of desolation, void of light,  
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;  
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;  
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
How overcome this dire calamity,  
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,  
If not, what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,  
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,  
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den  
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim th' ocean-stream.  
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,  
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,

Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,  
Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.  
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,  
Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence  
Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
Evil to others, and enraged might see  
How all his malice served but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn  
On Man by him seduced, but on himself  
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled  
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.  
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,  
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land  
He lights—if it were land that ever burned  
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,  
And such appeared in hue as when the force  
Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side  
Of thundering Etna, whose combustible  
And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,  
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
And leave a singed bottom all involved  
With stench and smoke. Such resting found the sole  
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate;  
Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood  
As gods, and by their own recovered strength,  
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

“Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,”  
Said then the lost Archangel, “this the seat  
That we must change for Heaven?—this mournful gloom  
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he

Who now is sovereign can dispose and bid  
What shall be right: farthest from him is best  
Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme  
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,  
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,  
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest Hell,  
Receive thy new possessor—one who brings  
A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
The mind is its own place, and in itself  
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.  
What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be, all but less than he  
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built  
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:  
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,  
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:  
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.  
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
Th' associates and co-partners of our loss,  
Lie thus astonished on th' oblivious pool,  
And call them not to share with us their part  
In this unhappy mansion, or once more  
With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"

So Satan spake; and him Beelzebub  
Thus answered:—"Leader of those armies bright  
Which, but th' Omnipotent, none could have foiled!  
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so oft  
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults  
Their surest signal—they will soon resume  
New courage and revive, though now they lie  
rovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,  
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;  
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height!"

He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend  
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,  
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
Behind him cast. The broad circumference

Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening, from the top of Fesole,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.  
His spear—to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—  
He walked with, to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marl, not like those steps  
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime  
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.  
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called  
His legions—Angel Forms, who lay entranced  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades  
High over-arched embower; or scattered sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed  
Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
And broken chariot-wheels. So thick bestrown,  
Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,  
Under amazement of their hideous change.  
He called so loud that all the hollow deep  
Of Hell resounded:—"Princes, Potentates,  
Warriors, the Flower of Heaven—once yours; now lost,  
If such astonishment as this can seize  
Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place  
After the toil of battle to repose  
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?  
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds  
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood  
With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon  
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern  
Th' advantage, and, descending, tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts



Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?  
Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!”

They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung  
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
or did they not perceive the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
Yet to their General’s voice they soon obeyed  
Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
Of Amram’s son, in Egypt’s evil day,  
Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy cloud  
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
That o’er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
Like Night, and darkened all the land of Nile;  
So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,  
’Twi’x upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
Till, as a signal given, th’ uplifted spear  
Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
Their course, in even balance down they light  
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:  
A multitude like which the populous North  
Poured never from her frozen loins to pass  
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons  
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread  
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.  
Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,  
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood  
Their great Commander—godlike Shapes, and Forms  
Excelling human; princely Dignities;  
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones,  
Though on their names in Heavenly records now  
Be no memorial, blotted out and rased  
By their rebellion from the Books of Life.  
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
Got them new names, till, wandering o’er the earth,  
Through God’s high sufferance for the trial of man,  
By falsities and lies the greatest part  
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
God their Creator, and th’ invisible  
Glory of him that made them to transform

Oft to the image of a brute, adorned  
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
And devils to adore for deities:  
Then were they known to men by various names,  
And various idols through the heathen world.

Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,  
Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,  
At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth  
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?

The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell  
Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix  
Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,  
Their altars by his altar, gods adored  
Among the nations round, and durst abide  
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned  
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed  
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,  
Abominations; and with cursed things  
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,  
And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;  
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,  
Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire  
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,  
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
His temple right against the temple of God  
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove  
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.  
Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,  
From Aroar to Nebo and the wild  
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon  
And Horonaim, Seon's real, beyond  
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,  
And Eleale to th' Asphaltic Pool:

Peor his other name, when he enticed  
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,  
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged  
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,  
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.  
With these came they who, from the bordering flood  
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts  
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth—those male,  
These feminine. For Spirits, when they please,  
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft  
And uncompounded is their essence pure,  
Not tried or manacled with joint or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,  
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
Can execute their airy purposes,  
And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left  
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low  
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear  
Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
Came Astoreth, whom the Phoenicians called  
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;  
To whose bright image nightly by the moon  
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;  
In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built  
By that uxorious king whose heart, though large,  
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell  
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock  
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale  
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch

Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,  
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries  
Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark  
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off,  
In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge,  
Where he fell flat and shamed his worshippers:  
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man  
And downward fish; yet had his temple high  
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat  
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.  
He also against the house of God was bold:  
A leper once he lost, and gained a king—  
Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew  
God's altar to disparage and displace  
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
His odious offerings, and adore the gods  
Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared  
A crew who, under names of old renown—  
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train—  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused  
Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek  
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms  
Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape  
Th' infection, when their borrowed gold composed  
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king  
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox—  
Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed  
From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke  
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.  
Belial came last; than whom a Spirit more lewd  
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
Vice for itself. To him no temple stood  
Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he  
In temples and at altars, when the priest  
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled  
With lust and violence the house of God?  
In courts and palaces he also reigns,

And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
And injury and outrage; and, when night  
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime in order and in might:  
The rest were long to tell; though far renowned  
Th' Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held  
Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth,  
Their boasted parents;—Titan, Heaven's first-born,  
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized  
By younger Saturn: he from mightier Jove,  
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;  
So Jove usurping reigned. These, first in Crete  
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top  
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,  
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,  
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old  
Fled over Adria to th' Hesperian fields,  
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost Isles.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appeared  
Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their Chief  
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast  
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised  
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.  
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound  
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared  
His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed  
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:  
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled  
Th' imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,

Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:  
At which the universal host up-sent  
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
With orient colours waving: with them rose  
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move  
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders—such as raised  
To height of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle, and instead of rage  
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
Breathing united force with fixed thought,  
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil. And now  
Advanced in view they stand—a horrid front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,  
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief  
Had to impose. He through the armed files  
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views—their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of gods;  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,  
Glories: for never, since created Man,  
Met such embodied force as, named with these,  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warred on by cranes—though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were joined  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son,  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;

And all who since, baptized or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore  
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell  
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
Their dread Commander. He, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than Archangel ruined, and th' excess  
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone  
Above them all th' Archangel: but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned  
For ever now to have their lot in pain—  
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced  
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung  
For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,  
Their glory withered; as, when heaven's fire  
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,  
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,  
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared  
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
With all his peers: attention held them mute.  
Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last  
Words interwove with sighs found out their way:—

“O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers  
Matchless, but with th' Almighty!—and that strife

Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change,  
Hateful to utter. But what power of mind,  
Forseeing or presaging, from the depth  
Of knowledge past or present, could have feared  
How such united force of gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,  
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat?  
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,  
If counsels different, or danger shunned  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in Heaven till then as one secure  
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custom, and his regal state  
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed—  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New war provoked: our better part remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not; that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife  
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption—thither, or elsewhere;  
For this infernal pit shall never hold  
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired;  
For who can think submission? War, then, war  
Open or understood, must be resolved.”

He spake; and, to confirm his words, outflew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze



Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged  
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy scurf—undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,  
A numerous brigade hastened: as when bands  
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,  
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on—  
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell  
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed  
In vision beatific. By him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth  
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,  
And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire  
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best  
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell  
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,  
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame  
And strength, and art, are easily outdone  
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
What in an age they, with incessant toil  
And hands innumerable, scarce perform.  
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude  
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion-dross.  
A third as soon had formed within the ground  
A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;

As in an organ, from one blast of wind,  
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.  
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—  
Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave; nor did there want  
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;  
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon  
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine  
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat  
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
Stood fixed her stately height, and straight the doors,  
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide  
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth  
And level pavement: from the arched roof,  
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
With naptha and asphaltus, yielded light  
As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
Admiring entered; and the work some praise,  
And some the architect. His hand was known  
In Heaven by many a towered structure high,  
Where sceptred Angels held their residence,  
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King  
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright.  
Nor was his name unheard or unadored  
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell  
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn  
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day, and with the setting sun  
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,  
On Lemnos, th' Aegaeon isle. Thus they relate,  
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
Fell long before; nor aught aviled him now  
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he scape

By all his engines, but was headlong sent,  
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the winged Heralds, by command  
Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony  
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim  
A solemn council forthwith to be held  
At Pandemonium, the high capital  
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called  
From every band and squared regiment  
By place or choice the worthiest: they anon  
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came  
Attended. All access was thronged; the gates  
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall  
(Though like a covered field, where champions bold  
Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair  
Defied the best of Paynim chivalry  
To mortal combat, or career with lance),  
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,  
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees  
In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,  
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive  
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and confer  
Their state-affairs: so thick the airy crowd  
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,  
Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed  
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,  
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless—like that pygmean race  
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth  
Wheels her pale course: they, on their mirth and dance  
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still, amidst the hall

Of that infernal court. But far within,  
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim  
 In close recess and secret conclave sat,  
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,  
 Frequent and full. After short silence then,  
 And summons read, the great consult began.

## Book II

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
 Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
 To that bad eminence; and, from despair  
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
 Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,  
 His proud imaginations thus displayed:—

“Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!—  
 For, since no deep within her gulf can hold  
 Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,  
 I give not Heaven for lost: from this descent  
 Celestial Virtues rising will appear  
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate!—  
 Me though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven,  
 Did first create your leader—next, free choice  
 With what besides in council or in fight  
 Hath been achieved of merit—yet this loss,  
 Thus far at least recovered, hath much more  
 Established in a safe, unenvied throne,  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
 In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw  
 Envy from each inferior; but who here  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer’s aim  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
 Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no good  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 From faction: for none sure will claim in Hell  
 Precedence; none whose portion is so small

Of present pain that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more! With this advantage, then,  
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
More than can be in Heaven, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper than prosperity  
Could have assured us; and by what best way,  
Whether of open war or covert guile,  
We now debate. Who can advise may speak.”

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,  
Stood up—the strongest and the fiercest Spirit  
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.  
His trust was with th’ Eternal to be deemed  
Equal in strength, and rather than be less  
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,  
He recked not, and these words thereafter spake:—

“My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need; not now.  
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest—  
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
The signal to ascend—sit lingering here,  
Heaven’s fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
By our delay? No! let us rather choose,  
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at once  
O’er Heaven’s high towers to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the Torturer; when, to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear  
Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels, and his throne itself  
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,  
His own invented torments. But perhaps  
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe!  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,

That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat; descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear  
Insulting, and pursued us through the Deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight  
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easy, then;  
Th' event is feared! Should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction, if there be in Hell  
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be worse  
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned  
In this abhorred deep to utter woe!  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end  
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,  
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,  
We should be quite abolished, and expire.  
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential—happier far  
Than miserable to have eternal being!—  
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,  
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:  
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.”

He ended frowning, and his look denounced  
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
To less than gods. On th' other side up rose  
Belial, in act more graceful and humane.  
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed  
For dignity composed, and high exploit.  
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low—  
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds

Timorous and slothful. Yet he pleased the ear,  
And with persuasive accent thus began:—

“I should be much for open war, O Peers,  
As not behind in hate, if what was urged  
Main reason to persuade immediate war  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;  
When he who most excels in fact of arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are filled  
With armed watch, that render all access  
Impregnable: oft on the bordering Deep  
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing  
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,  
Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
With blackest insurrection to confound  
Heaven’s purest light, yet our great Enemy,  
All incorruptible, would on his throne  
Sit unpolluted, and th’ ethereal mould,  
Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope  
Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
Th’ Almighty Victor to spend all his rage;  
And that must end us; that must be our cure—  
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,  
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
Can give it, or will ever? How he can  
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence or unaware,  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
Them in his anger whom his anger saves

To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we, then?'  
Say they who counsel war; 'we are decreed,  
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse?' Is this, then, worst—  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What when we fled amain, pursued and struck  
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The Deep to shelter us? This Hell then seemed  
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay  
Chained on the burning lake? That sure was worse.  
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,  
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
And plunge us in the flames; or from above  
Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
His red right hand to plague us? What if all  
Her stores were opened, and this firmament  
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,  
Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,  
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey  
Or racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,  
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.  
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike  
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's height  
All these our motions vain sees and derides,  
Not more almighty to resist our might  
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we, then, live thus vile—the race of Heaven  
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here  
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,  
By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust  
That so ordains. This was at first resolved,



If we were wise, against so great a foe  
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
 I laugh when those who at the spear are bold  
 And venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear  
 What yet they know must follow—to endure  
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
 The sentence of their Conqueror. This is now  
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
 Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit  
 His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,  
 Not mind us not offending, satisfied  
 With what is punished; whence these raging fires  
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome  
 Their noxious vapour; or, inured, not feel;  
 Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed  
 In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat; and, void of pain,  
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;  
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
 Worth waiting—since our present lot appears  
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe.”

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason’s garb,  
 Counsell’d ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,  
 Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:—

“Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven  
 We war, if war be best, or to regain  
 Our own right lost. Him to unthroned we then  
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield  
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.  
 The former, vain to hope, argues as vain  
 The latter; for what place can be for us  
 Within Heaven’s bound, unless Heaven’s Lord supreme  
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent  
 And publish grace to all, on promise made  
 Of new subjection; with what eyes could we  
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
 Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne  
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing

Forced hallelujahs, while he lordly sits  
Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes  
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,  
Our servile offerings? This must be our task  
In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome  
Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,  
By force impossible, by leave obtained  
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state  
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek  
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
Free and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear  
Then most conspicuous when great things of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,  
We can create, and in what place soe'er  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire  
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,  
And with the majesty of darkness round  
Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar.  
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!  
As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
Imitate when we please? This desert soil  
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;  
Nor want we skill or art from whence to raise  
Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?  
Our torments also may, in length of time,  
Become our elements, these piercing fires  
As soft as now severe, our temper changed  
Into their temper; which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
Of order, how in safety best we may  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite  
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled  
Th' assembly as when hollow rocks retain

The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance  
 Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay  
 After the tempest. Such applause was heard  
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,  
 Advising peace: for such another field  
 They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the fear  
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael  
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire  
 To found this nether empire, which might rise,  
 By policy and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to Heaven.  
 Which when Beelzebub perceived—than whom,  
 Satan except, none higher sat—with grave  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
 A pillar of state. Deep on his front engraven  
 Deliberation sat, and public care;  
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
 Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood  
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
 Drew audience and attention still as night  
 Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:—

“Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven,  
 Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now  
 Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called  
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
 Inclines—here to continue, and build up here  
 A growing empire; doubtless! while we dream,  
 And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed  
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
 From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league  
 Banded against his throne, but to remain  
 In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,  
 Under th' inevitable curb, reserved  
 His captive multitude. For he, to be sure,  
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign  
 Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part  
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend  
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule

Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.  
What sit we then projecting peace and war?  
War hath determined us and foiled with loss  
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none  
Vouchsafed or sought; for what peace will be given  
To us enslaved, but custody severe,  
And stripes and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
But, to our power, hostility and hate,  
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,  
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprise? There is a place  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven  
Err not)—another World, the happy seat  
Of some new race, called Man, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favoured more  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounced among the Gods, and by an oath  
That shook Heaven's whole circumference confirmed.  
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould  
Or substance, how endued, and what their power  
And where their weakness: how attempted best,  
By force of subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,  
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure  
In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,  
The utmost border of his kingdom, left  
To their defence who hold it: here, perhaps,  
Some advantageous act may be achieved  
By sudden onset—either with Hell-fire  
To waste his whole creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,  
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,  
Seduce them to our party, that their God  
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass

Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
In our confusion, and our joy upraise  
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,  
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
Their frail original, and faded bliss—  
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth  
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
Hatching vain empires.” Thus Beelzebub  
Pleaded his devilish counsel—first devised  
By Satan, and in part proposed: for whence,  
But from the author of all ill, could spring  
So deep a malice, to confound the race  
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell  
To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
The great Creator? But their spite still serves  
His glory to augment. The bold design  
Pleased highly those infernal States, and joy  
Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent  
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews:—  
“Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,  
Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,  
Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep  
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,  
Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view  
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms,  
And opportune excursion, we may chance  
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild zone  
Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven’s fair light,  
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam  
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,  
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom shall we send  
In search of this new World? whom shall we find  
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet  
The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,  
Upborne with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive  
The happy Isle? What strength, what art, can then  
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe,  
Through the strict senteries and stations thick

Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
All circumspection: and we now no less  
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send  
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies.”

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared  
To second, or oppose, or undertake  
The perilous attempt. But all sat mute,  
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
In other's countenance read his own dismay,  
Astonished. None among the choice and prime  
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found  
So hardy as to proffer or accept,  
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till, at last,  
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised  
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride  
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:—

“O Progeny of Heaven! Empyreal Thrones!  
With reason hath deep silence and demur  
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way  
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light.  
Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,  
Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,  
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.  
These passed, if any pass, the void profound  
Of unessential Night receives him next,  
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being  
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.  
If thence he scape, into whatever world,  
Or unknown region, what remains him less  
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?  
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,  
And this imperial sovereignty, adorned  
With splendour, armed with power, if aught proposed  
And judged of public moment in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume  
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honour, due alike

To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
Of hazard more as he above the rest  
High honoured sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,  
Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
The present misery, and render Hell  
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm  
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch  
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise  
None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose  
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;  
Prudent lest, from his resolution raised,  
Others among the chief might offer now,  
Certain to be refused, what erst they feared,  
And, so refused, might in opinion stand  
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice  
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.  
Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone, and as a God  
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.  
Nor failed they to express how much they praised  
That for the general safety he despised  
His own: for neither do the Spirits damned  
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast  
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.

Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:  
As, when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread  
Heaven's cheerful face, the loursing element  
Scowls o'er the darkened landscape snow or shower,  
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,  
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

O shame to men! Devil with devil damned  
Firm concord holds; men only disagree  
Of creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,  
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife  
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars  
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:  
As if (which might induce us to accord)  
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
That day and night for his destruction wait!

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth  
In order came the grand infernal Peers:  
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seemed  
Alone th' antagonist of Heaven, nor less  
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,  
And god-like imitated state: him round  
A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed  
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.  
Then of their session ended they bid cry  
With trumpet's regal sound the great result:  
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,  
By herald's voice explained; the hollow Abyss  
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell  
With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim.  
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised  
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers  
Disband; and, wandering, each his several way  
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find  
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.  
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,  
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,  
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields;  
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form:  
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
To battle in the clouds; before each van  
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their spears,  
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms



From either end of heaven the welkin burns.  
Others, with vast Typhoean rage, more fell,  
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar:—  
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crowned  
With conquest, felt th' envenomed robe, and tore  
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw  
Into th' Euboic sea. Others, more mild,  
Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
With notes angelical to many a harp  
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall  
By doom of battle, and complain that Fate  
Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.  
Their song was partial; but the harmony  
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)  
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense)  
Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high  
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate—  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.  
Of good and evil much they argued then,  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame:  
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!—  
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm  
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast  
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,  
On bold adventure to discover wide  
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
Into the burning lake their baleful streams—  
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;  
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;  
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton,

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,  
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks  
Forthwith his former state and being forgets—  
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,  
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air  
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire.  
Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,  
At certain revolutions all the damned  
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immovable, infixed, and frozen round  
Periods of time,—thence hurried back to fire.  
They ferry over this Lethean sound  
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,  
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
All in one moment, and so near the brink;  
But Fate withstands, and, to oppose th' attempt,  
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
The ford, and of itself the water flies  
All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
In confused march forlorn, th' adventurous bands,  
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found  
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale  
They passed, and many a region dolorous,  
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery alp,  
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death—  
A universe of death, which God by curse  
Created evil, for evil only good;

Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,  
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,  
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.

Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,  
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,  
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell  
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes  
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;  
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
As when far off at sea a fleet descried  
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood,  
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,  
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seemed  
Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear  
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,  
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,  
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,  
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat  
On either side a formidable Shape.  
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,  
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,  
Voluminous and vast—a serpent armed  
With mortal sting. About her middle round  
A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked  
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung  
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,  
If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,  
And kennel there; yet there still barked and howled  
Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these  
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;  
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called  
In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon

Eclipses at their charms. The other Shape—  
If shape it might be called that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;  
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,  
For each seemed either—black it stood as Night,  
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed his head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
The monster moving onward came as fast  
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.  
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admired—  
Admired, not feared (God and his Son except,  
Created thing naught valued he nor shunned),  
And with disdainful look thus first began:—

“Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape,  
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,  
That be assured, without leave asked of thee.  
Retire; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.”

To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, replied:—  
“Art thou that traitor Angel? art thou he,  
Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then  
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons,  
Conjured against the Highest—for which both thou  
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned  
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven  
Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,  
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
False fugitive; and to thy speed add wings,  
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart  
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.”

So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,  
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold,

More dreadful and deform. On th' other side,  
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,  
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
No second stroke intend; and such a frown  
Each cast at th' other as when two black clouds,  
With heaven's artillery fraught, came rattling on  
Over the Caspian,—then stand front to front  
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow  
To join their dark encounter in mid-air.  
So frowned the mighty combatants that Hell  
Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;  
For never but once more was wither like  
To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds  
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,  
Had not the snaky Sorceress, that sat  
Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key,  
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

“O father, what intends thy hand,” she cried,  
“Against thy only son? What fury, O son,  
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
Against thy father's head? And know'st for whom?  
For him who sits above, and laughs the while  
At thee, ordained his drudge to execute  
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids—  
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!”

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest  
Forbore: then these to her Satan returned:—

“So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,  
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
What it intends, till first I know of thee  
What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why,  
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st  
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son.  
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable than him and thee.”

T' whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied:—  
“Hast thou forgot me, then; and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul?—once deemed so fair  
In Heaven, when at th' assembly, and in sight  
Of all the Seraphim with thee combined  
In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surprised thee, dim thine eyes and dizzy swum  
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,  
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,  
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,  
Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized  
All th' host of Heaven; back they recoiled afraid  
At first, and called me Sin, and for a sign  
Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,  
I pleased, and with attractive graces won  
The most averse—thee chiefly, who, full oft  
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,  
Becam'st enamoured; and such joy thou took'st  
With me in secret that my womb conceived  
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,  
And fields were fought in Heaven: wherein remained  
(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe  
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout  
Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell,  
Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down  
Into this Deep; and in the general fall  
I also: at which time this powerful key  
Into my hands was given, with charge to keep  
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat  
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,  
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.  
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,  
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain  
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
Transformed: but he my inbred enemy  
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,  
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out Death!  
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed

From all her caves, and back resounded Death!  
 I fled; but he pursued (though more, it seems,  
 Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,  
 Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,  
 And, in embraces forcible and foul  
 Engendering with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry  
 Surround me, as thou saw'st—hourly conceived  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me; for, when they list, into the womb  
 That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast; then, bursting forth  
 Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who set them on,  
 And me, his parent, would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involved, and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be: so Fate pronounced.  
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Through tempered heavenly; for that mortal dint,  
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.”

She finished; and the subtle Fiend his lore  
 Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth:—

“Dear daughter—since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
 Befallen us unforeseen, unthought-of—know,  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
 Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host  
 Of Spirits that, in our just pretences armed,  
 Fell with us from on high. From them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 Th' unfounded Deep, and through the void immense

To search, with wandering quest, a place foretold  
Should be—and, by concurring signs, ere now  
Created vast and round—a place of bliss  
In the purlieus of Heaven; and therein placed  
A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,  
Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,  
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught  
Than this more secret, now designed, I haste  
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,  
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
Wing silently the buxom air, embalmed  
With odours. There ye shall be fed and filled  
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey.”

He ceased; for both seemed highly pleased, and Death  
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be filled, and blessed his maw  
Destined to that good hour. No less rejoiced  
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:—

“The key of this infernal Pit, by due  
And by command of Heaven’s all-powerful King,  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These adamantine gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o’ermatched by living might.  
But what owe I to his commands above,  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
To sit in hateful office here confined,  
Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly born—  
Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
With terrors and with clamours compassed round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?  
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
My being gav’st me; whom should I obey  
But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and bliss, among  
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.”



Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,  
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian Powers  
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns  
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,  
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of Erebus. She opened; but to shut  
Exceeded her power: the gates wide open stood,  
That with extended wings a bannered host,  
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through  
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array;  
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
The secrets of the hoary Deep—a dark  
Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height,  
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night  
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.  
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,  
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring  
Their embryon atoms: they around the flag  
Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,  
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands  
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise  
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere  
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray  
By which he reigns: next him, high arbiter,  
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss,  
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,  
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed

Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more worlds—  
Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell and looked a while,  
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed  
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms  
With all her battering engines, bent to rase  
Some capital city; or less than if this frame  
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements  
In mutiny had from her axle torn  
The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
He spread for flight, and, in the surging smoke  
Uplifted, spurns the ground; thence many a league,  
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides  
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuity. All unawares,  
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down he drops  
Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,  
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
As many miles aloft. That fury stayed—  
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,  
Nor good dry land—nigh foundered, on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
As when a gryphon through the wilderness  
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
Pursues the Arimaspians, who by stealth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloined  
The guarded gold; so eagerly the Fiend  
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.  
At length a universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,  
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies  
Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power  
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss

Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
 Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne  
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread  
 Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him enthroned  
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his reign; and by them stood  
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
 Of Demogorgon; Rumour next, and Chance,  
 And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,  
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom Satan, turning boldly, thus:—"Ye Powers  
 And Spirtis of this nethermost Abyss,  
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint  
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
 Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek,  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
 Confine with Heaven; or, if some other place,  
 From your dominion won, th' Ethereal King  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound. Direct my course:  
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expelled, reduce  
 To her original darkness and your sway  
 (Which is my present journey), and once more  
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night.  
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge!"

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
 With faltering speech and visage incomposed,  
 Answered: "I know thee, stranger, who thou art— \*\*\*  
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
 Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.  
 I saw and heard; for such a numerous host  
 Fled not in silence through the frightened Deep,  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates  
 Poured out by millions her victorious bands,

Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here  
Keep residence; if all I can will serve  
That little which is left so to defend,  
Encroached on still through our intestine broils  
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first, Hell,  
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;  
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world  
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain  
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell!  
If that way be your walk, you have not far;  
So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed;  
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."

He ceased; and Satan stayed not to reply,  
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
With fresh alacrity and force renewed  
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
Environed, wins his way; harder beset  
And more endangered than when Argo passed  
Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks,  
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned  
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steered.  
So he with difficulty and labour hard  
Moved on, with difficulty and labour he;  
But, he once passed, soon after, when Man fell,  
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain,  
Following his track (such was the will of Heaven)  
Paved after him a broad and beaten way  
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf  
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,  
From Hell continued, reaching th' utmost orb  
Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse  
With easy intercourse pass to and fro  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
God and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins  
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,

As from her outmost works, a broken foe,  
 With tumult less and with less hostile din;  
 That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,  
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
 And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds  
 Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;  
 Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,  
 Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
 Far off th' empyreal Heaven, extended wide  
 In circuit, undetermined square or round,  
 With opal towers and battlements adorned  
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat;  
 And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,  
 This pendent World, in bigness as a star  
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.  
 Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
 Accursed, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

### Book III

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven firstborn,  
 Or of the Eternal coeternal beam:  
 May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,  
 And never but in unapproached light  
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee  
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,  
 Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,  
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
 Won from the void and formless infinite.  
 Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
 Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,  
 With other notes than to the Orphean lyre  
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;  
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down  
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
 Though hard and rare: Thee I revisit safe,  
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou  
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;

So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt,  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget  
So were I equall'd with them in renown,  
Thy sovran command, that Man should find grace;  
Blind Thamyras, and blind Maeonides,  
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
Seasons return; but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.  
Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure empyrean where he sits  
High thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye  
His own works and their works at once to view:  
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven  
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd  
Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
The radiant image of his glory sat,  
His only son; on earth he first beheld  
Our two first parents, yet the only two  
Of mankind in the happy garden plac'd  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,

Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,  
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd  
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there  
Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side Night  
In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,  
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament,  
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,  
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss  
Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,  
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way  
Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new created world,  
And man there plac'd, with purpose to assay  
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,  
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;  
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
And easily transgress the sole command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall  
He and his faithless progeny: Whose fault?  
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of me  
All he could have; I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
Such I created all the ethereal Powers  
And Spirits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd;  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,  
Where only what they needs must do appear'd,  
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?  
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
When will and reason (reason also is choice)  
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,

Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,  
Not me? they therefore, as to right belong'd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
As if predestination over-rul'd  
Their will dispos'd by absolute decree  
Or high foreknowledge they themselves decreed  
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.  
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,  
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,  
They trespass, authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge, and what they choose; for so  
I form'd them free: and free they must remain,  
Till they enthrall themselves; I else must change  
Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd  
Their freedom: they themselves ordain'd their fall.  
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd  
By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,  
The other none: In mercy and justice both,  
Through Heaven and Earth, so shall my glory excel;  
But Mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
All Heaven, and in the blessed Spirits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.  
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone  
Substantially express'd; and in his face  
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,  
Love without end, and without measure grace,  
Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
Thy sovran command, that Man should find grace;  
For which both Heaven and earth shall high extol  
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound  
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
For should Man finally be lost, should Man,



Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd  
With his own folly? that be from thee far,  
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
Of all things made, and judgest only right.  
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfill  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,  
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,  
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell  
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself  
Abolish thy creation, and unmake  
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.

To whom the great Creator thus replied.  
O son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone.  
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
As my eternal purpose hath decreed;  
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will;  
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew  
His lapsed powers, though forfeit; and enthrall'd  
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
On even ground against his mortal foe;  
By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
His fallen condition is, and to me owe  
All his deliverance, and to none but me.  
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,  
Elect above the rest; so is my will:  
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd  
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace  
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,  
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,

Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
And I will place within them as a guide,  
My umpire Conscience; whom if they will hear,  
Light after light, well us'd, they shall attain,  
And to the end, persisting, safe arrive.  
This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,  
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;  
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,  
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,  
Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins  
Against the high supremacy of Heaven,  
Affecting God-head, and, so losing all,  
To expiate his treason hath nought left,  
But to destruction sacred and devote,  
He, with his whole posterity, must die,  
Die he or justice must; unless for him  
Some other able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
Say, heavenly Powers, where shall we find such love?  
Which of you will be mortal, to redeem  
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save?  
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?

And silence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf  
He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,  
Patron or intercessour none appear'd,  
Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?  
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid  
Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost;

Atonement for himself, or offering meet,  
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring;  
Behold me then: me for him, life for life  
I offer: on me let thine anger fall;  
Account me Man; I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
Well pleased; on me let Death wreak all his rage.  
Under his gloomy power I shall not long  
Lie vanquished. Thou hast given me to possess  
Life in myself for ever; by thee I live;  
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,  
All that of me can die, yet, that debt paid,  
thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue  
My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil.  
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed;  
I through the ample air in triumph high  
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show  
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight  
Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes;  
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave;  
Then, with the multitude of my redeemed,  
Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,  
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured  
And reconciliation: wrath shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.

His words here ended; but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love  
To mortal men, above which only shone  
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
Glad to be offered, he attends the will  
Of his great Father. Admiration seized  
All Heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend,  
Wondering; but soon th' Almighty thus replied.

O thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace  
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou

My sole complacence! Well thou know'st how dear  
To me are all my works; nor Man the least,  
Though last created, that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.

Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,  
Their nature also to thy nature join;  
And be thyself Man among men on Earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
By wondrous birth; be thou in Adam's room  
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
As from a second root, shall be restored  
As many as are restored, without thee none.  
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit,  
Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce  
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfy for Man, be judged and die,  
And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
His brethren, ransomed with his own dear life.  
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate  
So easily destroyed, and still destroys  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
God-like fruition, quitted all, to save  
A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
By merit more than birthright Son of God,  
Found worthiest to be so by being good,  
Far more than great or high; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;  
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy manhood also to this throne:  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign  
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
Anointed universal King; all power

I give thee; reign for ever, and assume  
Thy merits; under thee, as head supreme,  
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce:  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.  
When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,  
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim  
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds,  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past ages, to the general doom  
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge  
Bad Men and Angels; they, arraigned, shall sink  
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
And, after all their tribulations long,  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With joy and peace triumphing, and fair truth.  
Then thou thy regal scepter shalt lay by,  
For regal scepter then no more shall need,  
God shall be all in all. But, all ye Gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies;  
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all  
The multitude of Angels, with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung  
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas filled  
The eternal regions: Lowly reverent  
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;  
Immortal amarant, a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence  
To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,  
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,  
And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven  
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;

With these that never fade the Spirits elect  
Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams;  
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.  
Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took,  
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side  
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
Of charming symphony they introduce  
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,  
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King; the Author of all being,  
Fountain of light, thyself invisible  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
Throned inaccessible, but when thou shadest  
The full blaze of thy beams, and, through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,  
Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
Thee next they sang of all creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud  
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee  
Impressed the effulgence of his glory abides,  
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
He Heaven of Heavens and all the Powers therein  
By thee created; and by thee threw down  
The aspiring Dominations: Thou that day  
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook  
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks  
Thou drovest of warring Angels disarrayed.  
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaim  
Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,  
Not so on Man: Him through their malice fallen,  
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom

So strictly, but much more to pity incline:  
No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail Man  
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,  
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,  
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
Second to thee, offered himself to die  
For Man's offence. O unexampled love,  
Love no where to be found less than Divine!  
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of Men! Thy name  
Shall be the copious matter of my song  
Henceforth, and never shall my heart thy praise  
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.  
Thus they in Heaven, above the starry sphere,  
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.

Mean while upon the firm opacous globe  
Of this round world, whose first convex divides  
The luminous inferiour orbs, enclosed  
From Chaos, and the inroad of Darkness old,  
Satan alighted walks: A globe far off  
It seemed, now seems a boundless continent  
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms  
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;  
Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,  
Though distant far, some small reflection gains  
Of glimmering air less vexed with tempest loud:  
Here walked the Fiend at large in spacious field.  
As when a vultur on Imaus bred,  
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey  
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids,  
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs  
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;  
But in his way lights on the barren plains  
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive  
With sails and wind their cany waggons light:  
So, on this windy sea of land, the Fiend  
Walked up and down alone, bent on his prey;  
Alone, for other creature in this place,  
Living or lifeless, to be found was none;

None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
Up hither like aerial vapours flew  
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin  
With vanity had filled the works of men:  
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,  
Or happiness in this or the other life;  
All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;  
All the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,  
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,  
Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
Till final dissolution, wander here;  
Not in the neighbouring moon as some have dreamed;  
Those argent fields more likely habitants,  
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.  
Hither of ill-joined sons and daughters born  
First from the ancient world those giants came  
With many a vain exploit, though then renowned:  
The builders next of Babel on the plain  
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design,  
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:  
Others came single; he, who, to be deemed  
A God, leaped fondly into Aetna flames,  
Empedocles; and he, who, to enjoy  
Plato's Elysium, leaped into the sea,  
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,  
Embryos, and idiots, eremites, and friars  
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.  
Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek  
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;  
And they, who to be sure of Paradise,  
Dying, put on the weeds of Dominick,  
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised;  
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,  
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
The trepidation talked, and that first moved;  
And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems  
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot  
Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo



A violent cross wind from either coast  
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry  
Into the devious air: Then might ye see  
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost  
And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,  
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
The sport of winds: All these, upwhirled aloft,  
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off  
Into a Limbo large and broad, since called  
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
Long after; now unpeopled, and untrod.  
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he passed,  
And long he wandered, till at last a gleam  
Of dawning light turned thither-ward in haste  
His travelled steps: far distant he descries  
Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of Heaven a structure high;  
At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared  
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,  
With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
Embellished; thick with sparkling orient gems  
The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
By model, or by shading pencil, drawn.  
These stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw  
Angels ascending and descending, bands  
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz  
Dreaming by night under the open sky  
And waking cried, This is the gate of Heaven.  
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes  
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flowed  
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
Who after came from earth, failing arrived  
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake  
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate  
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:  
Direct against which opened from beneath,  
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
A passage down to the Earth, a passage wide,  
Wider by far than that of after-times

Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,  
Over the Promised Land to God so dear;  
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,  
On high behests his angels to and fro  
Passed frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,  
To Beersaba, where the Holy Land  
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;  
So wide the opening seemed, where bounds were set  
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.  
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,  
That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,  
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
Of all this world at once. As when a scout,  
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
First seen, or some renowned metropolis  
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorned,  
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:  
Such wonder seised, though after Heaven seen,  
The Spirit malign, but much more envy seised,  
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.  
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood  
So high above the circling canopy  
Of night's extended shade,) from eastern point  
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
Andromeda far off Atlantick seas  
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole  
He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
Down right into the world's first region throws  
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
Through the pure marble air his oblique way  
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone  
Stars distant, but nigh hand seemed other worlds;  
Or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,  
Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,  
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,  
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there  
He staid not to inquire: Above them all  
The golden sun, in splendour likest Heaven,

Allured his eye; thither his course he bends  
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,  
By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or longitude,) where the great luminary  
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses light from far; they, as they move  
Their starry dance in numbers that compute  
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp  
Turn swift their various motions, or are turned  
By his magnetick beam, that gently warms  
The universe, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;  
So wonderously was set his station bright.  
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb  
Through his glazed optick tube yet never saw.  
The place he found beyond expression bright,  
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone;  
Not all parts like, but all alike informed  
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;  
If metal, part seemed gold, part silver clear;  
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides  
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
That stone, or like to that which here below  
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind  
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound  
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
Drained through a limbeck to his native form.  
What wonder then if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth Elixir pure, and rivers run  
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
The arch-chemick sun, so far from us remote,  
Produces, with terrestrial humour mixed,  
Here in the dark so many precious things  
Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?  
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;  
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,

But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon  
Culminate from the equator, as they now  
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air,  
No where so clear, sharpened his visual ray  
To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,  
The same whom John saw also in the sun:  
His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;  
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar  
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings  
Lay waving round; on some great charge employed  
He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.  
Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope  
To find who might direct his wandering flight  
To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,  
His journey's end and our beginning woe.  
But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
Which else might work him danger or delay:  
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb  
Suitable grace diffused, so well he feigned:  
Under a coronet his flowing hair  
In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore  
Of many a coloured plume, sprinkled with gold;  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,  
Admonished by his ear, and straight was known  
The Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the seven  
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes  
That run through all the Heavens, or down to the Earth  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou of those seven Spirits that stand  
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
The first art wont his great authentick will  
Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring,

Where all his sons thy embassy attend;  
And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye  
To visit oft this new creation round;  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wonderous works, but chiefly Man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wonderous he ordained,  
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim  
Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph, tell  
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze  
Or open admiration him behold,  
On whom the great Creator hath bestowed  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces poured;  
That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
The universal Maker we may praise;  
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes  
To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,  
Created this new happy race of Men  
To serve him better: Wise are all his ways.

So spake the false dissembler unperceived;  
For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through Heaven and Earth:  
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguiled  
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held  
The sharpest-sighted Spirit of all in Heaven;  
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,  
In his uprightness, answer thus returned.

Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorify  
The great Work-master, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither

From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,  
Contented with report, hear only in Heaven:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance always with delight;  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?  
I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
This world's material mould, came to a heap:  
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar  
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined;  
Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,  
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:  
Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;  
And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;  
Each had his place appointed, each his course;  
The rest in circuit walls this universe.  
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side  
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;  
That place is Earth, the seat of Man; that light  
His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,  
Night would invade; but there the neighbouring moon  
So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,  
With borrowed light her countenance triform  
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That spot, to which I point, is Paradise,  
Adam's abode; those lofty shades, his bower.  
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.  
Thus said, he turned; and Satan, bowing low,  
As to superiour Spirits is wont in Heaven,  
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,  
Down from the ecliptick, sped with hoped success,  
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel;  
Nor staid, till on Niphates' top he lights.

**Book IV**

O, for that warning voice, which he, who saw  
 The Apocalypse, heard cry in Heaven aloud,  
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
 Came furious down to be revenged on men,  
 Woe to the inhabitants on earth! that now,  
 While time was, our first parents had been warned  
 The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,  
 Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare: For now  
 Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,  
 The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,  
 To wreak on innocent frail Man his loss  
 Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:  
 Yet, not rejoicing in his speed, though bold  
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
 Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth  
 Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,  
 And like a devilish engine back recoils  
 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
 The Hell within him; for within him Hell  
 He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly  
 By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair,  
 That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
 Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
 Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad;  
 Sometimes towards Heaven, and the full-blazing sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower:  
 Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.

“O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,  
 Lookest from thy sole dominion like the God  
 Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 Of Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down  
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King:

Ah, wherefore! he deserved no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less than to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
How due! yet all his good proved ill in me,  
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
I scorned subjection, and thought one step higher  
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,  
Forgetful what from him I still received,  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharged; what burden then  
O, had his powerful destiny ordained  
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood  
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised  
Ambition! Yet why not some other Power  
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,  
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations armed.  
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?  
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?  
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,  
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
Me miserable! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;  
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.  
O, then, at last relent: Is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
None left but by submission; and that word  
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
With other promises and other vaunts



Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.  
With diadem and scepter high advanced,  
The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery: Such joy ambition finds.  
But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
By act of grace, my former state; how soon  
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay  
What feigned submission swore? Ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
For never can true reconcilment grow,  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear  
Short intermission bought with double smart.  
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far  
From granting he, as I from begging, peace;  
All hope excluded thus, behold, in stead  
Mankind created, and for him this world.  
So farewell, hope; and with hope farewell, fear;  
Farewell, remorse! all good to me is lost;  
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least  
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,  
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
As Man ere long, and this new world, shall know."

Thus while he spake, each passion dimmed his face  
Thrice changed with pale, ire, envy, and despair;  
Which marred his borrowed visage, and betrayed  
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.  
For heavenly minds from such distempers foul  
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm,  
Artificer of fraud; and was the first  
That practised falsehood under saintly show,  
Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge:  
Yet not enough had practised to deceive  
Uriel once warned; whose eye pursued him down  
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount  
Saw him disfigured, more than could befall

Spirit of happy sort; his gestures fierce  
He marked and mad demeanour, then alone,  
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.

So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,  
As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
Access denied; and overhead upgrew  
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend,  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
The verdurous wall of Paradise upsprung;  
Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.  
And higher than that wall a circling row  
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed:  
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams  
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed  
That landskip: And of pure now purer air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair: Now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who fail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
Mozambick, off at sea north-east winds blow  
Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest; with such delay  
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league  
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:  
So entertained those odorous sweets the Fiend,  
Who came their bane; though with them better pleased  
Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume  
That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse

Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent  
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill  
Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;  
But further way found none, so thick entwined,  
As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed  
All path of man or beast that passed that way.  
One gate there only was, and that looked east  
On the other side: which when the arch-felon saw,  
Due entrance he disdained; and, in contempt,  
At one flight bound high over-leaped all bound  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve  
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:  
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:  
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;  
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.  
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,  
The middle tree and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life  
Thereby regained, but sat devising death  
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought  
Of that life-giving plant, but only used  
For prospect, what well used had been the pledge  
Of immortality. So little knows  
Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Beneath him with new wonder now he views,  
To all delight of human sense exposed,  
In narrow room, Nature's whole wealth, yea more,  
A Heaven on Earth: For blissful Paradise  
Of God the garden was, by him in the east  
Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line

From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
Of where the sons of Eden long before  
Dwelt in Telassar: In this pleasant soil  
His far more pleasant garden God ordained;  
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow  
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,  
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,  
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.  
Southward through Eden went a river large,  
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill  
Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown  
That mountain as his garden-mould high raised  
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins  
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Watered the garden; thence united fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
And now, divided into four main streams,  
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm  
And country, whereof here needs no account;  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,  
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
With mazy error under pendant shades  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art  
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,  
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierced shade  
Imbrowned the noontide bowers: Thus was this place  
A happy rural seat of various view;  
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,  
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,  
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,  
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:  
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,

Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:  
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall  
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,  
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned  
Her crystal mirrour holds, unite their streams.  
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis  
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain  
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove  
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired  
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle  
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,  
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son  
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;  
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,  
Mount Amara, though this by some supposed  
True Paradise under the Ethiop line  
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,  
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend  
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind  
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange:

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native honour clad  
In naked majesty seemed lords of all:  
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine  
The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
(Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,)  
Whence true authority in men; though both

Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;  
For contemplation he and valour formed;  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
He for God only, she for God in him:  
His fair large front and eye sublime declared  
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist  
Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved  
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied  
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best received,  
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.  
Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed;  
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame  
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
And banished from man's life his happiest life,  
Simplicity and spotless innocence!  
So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight  
Of God or Angel; for they thought no ill:  
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair,  
That ever since in love's embraces met;  
Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side  
They sat them down; and, after no more toil  
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed  
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease  
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite  
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,  
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs  
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers:  
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,  
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;  
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems

Fair couple, linked in happy nuptial league,  
 Alone as they. About them frisking played  
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;  
 Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
 Gambolled before them; the unwieldy elephant,  
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed  
 His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass  
 Couched, and now filled with pasture gazing sat,  
 Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,  
 Declined, was hasting now with prone career  
 To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale  
 Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:  
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad.

“O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
 Not Spirits, yet to heavenly Spirits bright  
 Little inferiour; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
 The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured.  
 Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured  
 Long to continue, and this high seat your Heaven  
 Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe  
 As now is entered; yet no purposed foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 Though I unpitied: League with you I seek,  
 And mutual amity, so strait, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me  
 Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,  
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such  
 Accept your Maker’s work; he gave it me,

Which I as freely give: Hell shall unfold,  
To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
And send forth all her kings; there will be room,  
Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge  
On you who wrong me not for him who wronged.  
And should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I do, yet publick reason just,  
Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,  
By conquering this new world, compels me now  
To do what else, though damned, I should abhor.”

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,  
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.  
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree  
Down he alights among the sportful herd  
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,  
Now other, as their shape served best his end  
Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,  
To mark what of their state he more might learn,  
By word or action marked. About them round  
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;  
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied  
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
Straight couches close, then, rising, changes oft  
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
Whence rushing, he might surest seize them both,  
Griped in each paw: when, Adam first of men  
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,  
Turned him, all ear to hear new utterance flow.

“Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,  
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power  
That made us, and for us this ample world,  
Be infinitely good, and of his good  
As liberal and free as infinite;  
That raised us from the dust, and placed us here  
In all this happiness, who at his hand  
Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires  
From us no other service than to keep  
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees



In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that only tree  
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;  
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,  
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowest  
God hath pronounced it death to taste that tree,  
The only sign of our obedience left,  
Among so many signs of power and rule  
Conferred upon us, and dominion given  
Over all other creatures that possess  
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
Unlimited of manifold delights:  
But let us ever praise him, and extol  
His bounty, following our delightful task,  
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,  
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

To whom thus Eve replied. O thou for whom  
And from whom I was formed, flesh of thy flesh,  
And without whom am to no end, my guide  
And head! what thou hast said is just and right.  
For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy  
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.  
That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awaked, and found myself reposed  
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved  
Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I thither went  
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite  
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,  
Bending to look on me: I started back,  
It started back; but pleased I soon returned,

Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love: There I had fixed  
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warned me; 'What thou seest,  
'What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;  
'With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
'And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
'Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
'Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy  
'Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
'Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called  
'Mother of human race.' What could I do,  
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
Than that smooth watery image: Back I turned;  
Thou following cryedst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve;  
'Whom flyest thou? whom thou flyest, of him thou art,  
'His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent  
'Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
'Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
'Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
'Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
'My other half:' With that thy gentle hand  
Seised mine: I yielded; and from that time see  
How beauty is excelled by manly grace,  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unreprieved,  
And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned  
On our first father; half her swelling breast  
Naked met his, under the flowing gold  
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight  
Both of her beauty, and submissive charms,  
Smiled with superiour love, as Jupiter  
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds  
That shed Mayflowers; and pressed her matron lip  
With kisses pure: Aside the Devil turned  
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign  
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plained.

“Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two,  
Imparadised in one another’s arms,  
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,  
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
Among our other torments not the least,  
Still unfulfilled with pain of longing pines.  
Yet let me not forget what I have gained  
From their own mouths: All is not theirs, it seems;  
One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge called,  
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden  
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord  
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?  
Can it be death? And do they only stand  
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,  
The proof of their obedience and their faith?  
O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds  
With more desire to know, and to reject  
Envious commands, invented with design  
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt  
Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such,  
They taste and die: What likelier can ensue  
But first with narrow search I must walk round  
This garden, and no corner leave unspied;  
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
Some wandering Spirit of Heaven by fountain side,  
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw  
What further would be learned. Live while ye may,  
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,  
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed!”

So saying, his proud step he scornful turned,  
But with sly circumspection, and began  
Through wood, through waste, o’er hill, o’er dale, his roam  
Mean while in utmost longitude, where Heaven  
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun  
Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
Levelled his evening rays: It was a rock  
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,  
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent  
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;

The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.  
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
Chief of the angelick guards, awaiting night;  
About him exercised heroick games  
The unarmed youth of Heaven, but nigh at hand  
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,  
Hung high with diamond flaming, and with gold.  
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even  
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star  
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired  
Impress the air, and shows the mariner  
From what point of his compass to beware  
Impetuous winds: He thus began in haste.

“Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given  
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
No evil thing approach or enter in.  
This day at highth of noon came to my sphere  
A Spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know  
More of the Almighty’s works, and chiefly Man,  
God’s latest image: I described his way  
Bent all on speed, and marked his aery gait;  
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
Where he first lighted, soon discerned his looks  
Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured:  
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade  
Lost sight of him: One of the banished crew,  
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise  
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.”

To whom the winged warriour thus returned.  
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
Amid the sun’s bright circle where thou sitst,  
See far and wide: In at this gate none pass  
The vigilance here placed, but such as come  
Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour  
No creature thence: If Spirit of other sort,  
So minded, have o’er-leaped these earthly bounds  
On purpose, hard thou knowest it to exclude  
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.  
But if within the circuit of these walks,

In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou tellest, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promised he; and Uriel to his charge  
Returned on that bright beam, whose point now raised  
Bore him slope downward to the sun now fallen  
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,  
Incredible how swift, had thither rolled  
Diurnal, or this less volubil earth,  
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there  
Arraying with reflected purple and gold  
The clouds that on his western throne attend.  
Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleased: Now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: Fair Consort, the hour  
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set  
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,  
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines  
Our eye-lids: Other creatures all day long  
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;  
While other animals unactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account.  
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,

That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:  
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;  
Mean while, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned  
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst  
Unargued I obey: So God ordains;  
God is thy law, thou mine: To know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.  
With thee conversing I forget all time;  
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:  
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.  
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor replied.  
Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,  
These have their course to finish round the earth,  
By morrow evening, and from land to land  
In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
Ministring light prepared, they set and rise;  
Lest total Darkness should by night regain  
Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In Nature and all things; which these soft fires  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat

Of various influence foment and warm,  
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
On earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.  
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,  
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise:  
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night: How often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to others note,  
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonick number joined, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed  
On to their blissful bower: it was a place  
Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed  
All things to Man's delightful use; the roof  
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,  
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought  
Mosaick; underfoot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
Brodered the ground, more coloured than with stone  
Of costliest emblem: Other creature here,  
Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,  
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower  
More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,  
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph  
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,  
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed;

And heavenly quires the hymenaeae sung,  
What day the genial Angel to our sire  
Brought her in naked beauty more adorned,  
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the Gods  
Endowed with all their gifts, and O! too like  
In sad event, when to the unwiser son  
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared  
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged  
On him who had stole Jove's authentick fire.

Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,  
Both turned, and under open sky adored  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,  
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole: Thou also madest the night,  
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,  
Which we, in our appointed work employed,  
Have finished, happy in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
Ordained by thee; and this delicious place  
For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promised from us two a race  
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure  
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower  
Handed they went; and, eased the putting off  
These troublesome disguises which we wear,  
Straight side by side were laid; nor turned, I ween,  
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
Mysterious of connubial love refused:  
Whatever hypocrites austere talk  
Of purity, and place, and innocence,  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.  
Our Maker bids encrease; who bids abstain  
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?  
Hail, wedded Love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety



In Paradise of all things common else!  
By thee adulterous Lust was driven from men  
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee  
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.  
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
Perpetual fountain of domestick sweets,  
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,  
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.  
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared,  
Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,  
Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
Or serenate, which the starved lover sings  
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept,  
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof  
Showered roses, which the morn repaired. Sleep on,  
Blest pair; and O! yet happiest, if ye seek  
No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone  
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,  
And from their ivory port the Cherubim,  
Forth issuing at the accustomed hour, stood armed  
To their night watches in warlike parade;  
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south  
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north;  
Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part,  
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.  
From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he called  
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.

Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged speed  
Search through this garden, leave unsearched no nook;  
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,  
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.

This evening from the sun's decline arrived,  
 Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escaped  
 The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:  
 Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
 Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct  
 In search of whom they sought: Him there they found  
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,  
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
 Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams;  
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
 The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise  
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise  
 At least distempered, discontented thoughts,  
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
 Blown up with high conceits ingendering pride.  
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear  
 Touched lightly; for no falshood can endure  
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
 Of force to its own likeness: Up he starts  
 Discovered and surprised. As when a spark  
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid  
 Fit for the tun some magazine to store  
 Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,  
 With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;  
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend.  
 Back stept those two fair Angels, half amazed  
 So sudden to behold the grisly king;  
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon.

Which of those rebel Spirits adjudged to Hell  
 Comest thou, escaped thy prison? and, transformed,  
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,  
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then said Satan, filled with scorn,  
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate  
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:  
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
 The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,

Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.  
Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,  
Or undiminished brightness to be known,  
As when thou stoodest in Heaven upright and pure;  
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now  
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.  
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
Invincible: Abashed the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pined  
His loss; but chiefly to find here observed  
His lustre visibly impaired; yet seemed  
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
Best with the best, the sender, not the sent,  
Or all at once; more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said Zephon bold,  
Will save us trial what the least can do  
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend replied not, overcome with rage;  
But, like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb: To strive or fly  
He held it vain; awe from above had quelled  
His heart, not else dismayed. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
Just met, and closing stood in squadron joined,  
A waiting next command. To whom their Chief,  
Gabriel, from the front thus called aloud.

“O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;  
And with them comes a third of regal port,  
But faded splendour wan; who by his gait

And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,  
Not likely to part hence without contest;  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.”

He scarce had ended, when those two approached,  
And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busied, in what form and posture couched.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.  
Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed  
To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress  
By thy example, but have power and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Employed, it seems, to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss!

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.  
Gabriel? thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question asked  
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain!  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
Though thither doomed! Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt  
And boldly venture to whatever place  
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;  
To thee no reason, who knowest only good,  
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object  
His will who bounds us! Let him surer bar  
His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance: Thus much what was asked.  
The rest is true, they found me where they say;  
But that implies not violence or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved,  
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied.  
O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise  
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,  
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell prescribed;

So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
However, and to 'scape his punishment!  
So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,  
Which thou incurrest by flying, meet thy flight  
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
Can equal anger infinite provoked.  
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
Came not all hell broke loose? or thou than they  
Less hardy to endure? Courageous Chief!  
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answered, frowning stern.  
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
Insulting Angel! well thou knowest I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,  
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
But still thy words at random, as before,  
Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
From hard assays and ill successes past  
A faithful leader, not to hazard all  
Through ways of danger by himself untried:  
I, therefore, I alone first undertook  
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
This new created world, whereof in Hell  
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;  
Though for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord  
High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,  
And practised distances to cringe, not fight,

To whom the warriour Angel soon replied.  
To say and straight unsay, pretending first  
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
Argues no leader but a liar traced,  
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!

Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
 Army of Fiends, fit body to fit head.  
 Was this your discipline and faith engaged,  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?  
 And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawned, and cringed, and servily adored  
 Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
 But mark what I arreer thee now, Avant;  
 Fly neither whence thou fledst! If from this hour  
 Within these hallowed limits thou appear,  
 Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chained,  
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facile gates of Hell too slightly barred.

So threatened he; but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied.

“Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,  
 Proud limitary Cherub! but ere then  
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,  
 Us'd to the yoke, drawest his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the road of Heaven star-paved.”

While thus he spake, the angelick squadron bright  
 Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns  
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field  
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,  
 Left on the threshing floor his hopeless sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,  
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:  
 His stature reached the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat Horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seemed both spear and shield: Now dreadful deeds  
 Might have ensued, nor only Paradise

In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of Heaven perhaps, or all the elements  
 At least had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
 The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,  
 Wherein all things created first he weighed,  
 The pendulous round earth with balanced air  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battles and realms: In these he put two weights,  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight:  
 The latter quick up flew, and kicked the beam,  
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend.

“Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowest mine;  
 Neither our own, but given: What folly then  
 To boast what arms can do? since thine no more  
 Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
 To trample thee as mire: For proof look up,  
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign;  
 Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak,  
 If thou resist.” The Fiend looked up, and knew  
 His mounted scale aloft: Nor more; but fled  
 Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

### **Book VIII**

THE Angel ended, and in Adams Eare  
 So Charming left his voice, that he a while  
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;  
 Then as new wak't thus gratefully repli'd.  
 What thanks sufficient, or what recompence  
 Equal have I to render thee, Divine  
 Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd  
 The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf't  
 This friendly condescension to relate  
 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
 With glorie attributed to the high  
 Creator; something yet of doubt remains,  
 Which onely thy solution can resolve.  
 When I behold this goodly Frame, this World  
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,

Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,  
An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd  
And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle  
Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
Thir distance argues and thir swift return  
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light  
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night; in all thir vast survey  
Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,  
How Nature wise and frugal could commit  
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
So many nobler Bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold to this one use,  
For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose  
Such restless revolution day by day  
Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,  
That better might with farr less compass move,  
Serv'd by more noble than her self, attaines  
Her end without least motion, and receaves,  
As Tribute such a sumless journey brought  
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;  
Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd  
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve  
Perceaving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
With lowliness Majestic from her seat,  
And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,  
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung  
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her eare  
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,  
Adam relating, she sole Auditress;  
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd  
Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
Chose rather: hee, she knew would intermix  
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip  
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?



With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;  
 Not unattended, for on her as Queen  
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot Darts of desire  
 Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.  
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt propos'd  
 Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n  
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,  
 Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne  
 His Seasons, Hours, or Dayes, or Months, or Yeares:  
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,  
 Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest  
 From Man or Angel the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought  
 Rather admire; or if they list to try  
 Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns  
 Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide  
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n  
 And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild  
 The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
 To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear  
 With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,  
 Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:  
 Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,  
 Who art to lead thy ofspring, and supposest  
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journies run,  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receaves  
 The benefit: consider first, that Great  
 Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth  
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,  
 Nor glistening, may of solid good containe  
 More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,  
 Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,  
 But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd  
 His beams, unactive else, thir vigour find.  
 Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries  
 Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.  
 And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak

The Makers high magnificence, who built  
So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;  
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;  
An Edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest  
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
The swiftness of those Circles attribute,  
Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,  
That to corporeal substances could adde  
Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow,  
Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n  
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
In Eden, distance inexpressible  
By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew  
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
God to remove his wayes from human sense,  
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,  
If it presume, might erre in things too high,  
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun  
Be Centre to the World, and other Starrs  
By his attractive vertue and their own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these  
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different Motions move?  
Which else to several Spheres thou must ascribe,  
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,  
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift  
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele  
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,  
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day  
Travelling East, and with her part averse  
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light  
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,  
To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr  
Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night

This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,  
Fields and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest  
As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce  
Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate  
Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps  
With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie  
Communicating Male and Femal Light,  
Which two great Sexes animate the World,  
Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.  
For such vast room in Nature unpossesst  
By living Soule, desert and desolate,  
Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n  
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,  
Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,  
Or Shee from West her silent course advance  
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,  
And beares thee soft with the smooth Air along,  
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;  
Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,  
Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou  
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy faire Eve; Heav'n is for thee too high  
To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:  
Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;  
Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there  
Live, in what state, condition or degree,  
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd  
Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus Adam cleerd of doubt, repli'd.  
How fully hast thou satisfi'd me, pure  
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
And freed from intricacies, taught to live  
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which  
God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,

And not molest us, unless we our selves  
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.  
But apt the Mind or Fancy is to roave  
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;  
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learne,  
That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
And renders us in things that most concerne  
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
Of something not unseasonable to ask  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.  
Thee I have heard relating what was don  
Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate  
My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;  
And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest  
How suttly to detaine thee I devise,  
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:  
For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare  
Than Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour, at the houre  
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,  
Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine  
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.  
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee  
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd  
Inward and outward both, his image faire:  
Speaking or mute all comliness and grace  
Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes  
Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth  
Than of our fellow servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:  
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set

On Man his Equal Love: say therefore on;  
 For I that Day was absent, as befell,  
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
 Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;  
 Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)  
 To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,  
 Or enemie, while God was in his work,  
 Least hee incenst at such eruption bold,  
 Destruction with Creation might have mixt.  
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt,  
 But us he sends upon his high behests  
 For state, as Sovran King, and to enure  
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut  
 The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;  
 But long ere our approaching heard within  
 Noise, other than the sound of Dance or Song,  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light  
 Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.  
 But thy relation now; for I attend,  
 Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.  
 For Man to tell how human Life began  
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep  
 Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid  
 In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun  
 Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
 Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,  
 And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd  
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavoring, and upright  
 Stood on my feet; about me round I saw  
 Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and sunnie Plaines,  
 And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these,  
 Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,  
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.  
 My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb  
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led:

But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,  
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name  
What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,  
And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,  
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
Not of my self; by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power præeminent;  
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier than I know.  
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld  
This happie Light, when answer none return'd,  
On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours  
Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd  
My droused sense, untroubl'd, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,  
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
My Fancy to believe I yet had being,  
And livd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,  
And said, thy Mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,  
First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd  
First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide  
To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.  
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,  
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees  
Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw  
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree  
Load'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye  
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eate; whereat I wak'd, and found  
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream  
Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun  
My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide

Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,  
Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw,  
In adoration at his feet I fell  
Submit: he rear'd me, and Whom thou soughtst I am,  
Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest  
Above, or round about thee or beneath.  
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate:  
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes  
Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:  
But of the Tree whose operation brings  
Knowledg of good and ill, which I have set  
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,  
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,  
Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye;  
From that day mortal, and this happie State  
Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World  
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd  
The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice  
Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect  
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth  
To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords  
Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.  
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold  
After thir kindes; I bring them to receive  
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie  
With low subjection; understand the same  
Of Fish within thir watry residence,  
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.  
As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold  
Approaching two and two, These cowering low  
With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.  
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd  
My sudden apprehension: but in these

I found not what me thought I wanted still;  
And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.

O by what Name, for thou above all these,  
Above mankinde, or aught than mankinde higher,  
Surpassest farr my naming, how may I  
Adore thee, Author of this Universe,  
And all this good to man, for whose well being  
So amply, and with hands so liberal  
Thou hast provided all things: but with mee  
I see not who partakes. In solitude  
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,  
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?  
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,  
As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.

What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth  
With various living creatures, and the Aire  
Replenisht, and all these at thy command  
To come and play before thee; know'st thou not  
Thir language and thir wayes? They also know,  
And reason not contemptibly; with these  
Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.  
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,  
And humble deprecation thus repli'd.

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferiour farr beneath me set?  
Among unequals what societie  
Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparitie  
The one intense, the other still remiss  
Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove  
Tedious alike: Of fellowship I speak  
Such as I seek, fit to participate  
All rational delight, wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort; they rejoyce  
Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;



Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle  
 So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;  
 Wors then can Man with Beast, and least of all.  
 Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.  
 A nice and suttle happiness I see  
 Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice  
 Of thy Associates, Adam, and wilt taste  
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.  
 What think'st thou then of mee, and this my State,  
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possest  
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
 From all Eternitie, for none I know  
 Second to mee or like, equal much less.  
 How have I then with whom to hold converse  
 Save with the Creatures which I made, and those  
 To me inferiour, infinite descents  
 Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine  
 The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes  
 All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;  
 Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee  
 Is no deficiencie found; not so is Man,  
 But in degree, the cause of his desire  
 By conversation with his like to help,  
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
 Shouldst propagat, already infinite;  
 And through all numbers absolute, though One;  
 But Man by number is to manifest  
 His single imperfection, and beget  
 Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,  
 In unitie defective, which requires  
 Collateral love, and deerest amitie.  
 Thou in thy secresie although alone,  
 Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not  
 Social communication, yet so pleas'd,  
 Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt  
 Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;  
 I by conversing cannot these erect  
 From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.  
 Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd  
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd  
 This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

Thus farr to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,  
And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,  
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,  
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,  
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,  
And no such companie as then thou saw'st  
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,  
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:  
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now  
My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd,  
Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth  
In that celestial Colloquie sublime,  
As with an object that excels the sense,  
Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.  
Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell  
Of Fancie my internal sight, by which  
Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;  
Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took  
From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,  
And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:  
The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;  
Under his forming hands a Creature grew,  
Manlike, but different sex, so lovly faire,  
That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now  
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her containd  
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her Aire inspir'd  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
Shee disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd

To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
 When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
 To make her amiable: On she came,  
 Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd  
 Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:  
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,  
 In every gesture dignitie and love.  
 I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,  
 Giver of all things faire, but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
 Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self  
 Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man  
 Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe  
 Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;  
 And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
 Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,  
 Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,  
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
 The more desirable, or to say all,  
 Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,  
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;  
 I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,  
 And with obsequious Majestie approv'd  
 My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre  
 I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,  
 And happie Constellations on that houre  
 Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth  
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;  
 Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires  
 Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings  
 Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,  
 Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night  
 Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eevning Starr

On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.  
Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought  
My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss  
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such  
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,  
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies  
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits and Flours,  
Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here  
Farr otherwise, transported I behold,  
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake  
Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.  
Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part  
Not proof enough such Object to sustain,  
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd  
Too much of Ornament, in outward shew  
Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
For well I understand in the prime end  
Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind  
And inward Faculties, which most excell,  
In outward also her resembling less  
His Image who made both, and less expressing  
The character of that Dominion giv'n  
O're other Creatures; yet when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
And in her self compleat, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,  
Seems wisest, vertuosest, discreetest, best;  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her  
Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly shewes;  
Authority and Reason on her waite,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.  
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.

Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;  
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident

Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou  
Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,  
By attributing overmuch to things  
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.  
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,  
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,  
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self;  
Then value: Oft times nothing profits more  
Than self esteem, grounded on just and right  
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,  
And to realities yield all her shows:  
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
So awful, that with honour thou maist love  
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind  
Is propagated seem such dear delight  
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf't  
To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be  
To them made common and divulg'd, if aught  
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.  
What higher in her societie thou findest  
Attractive, human, rational, love still;  
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
Wherein true Love consists not; love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat  
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash't Adam repli'd.  
Neither her out-side formd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kindes  
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)  
So much delights me as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions mixt with Love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;

Harmonie to behold in wedded pair  
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the eare.  
 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,  
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
 Variously representing; yet still free  
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
 To Love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist  
 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;  
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;  
 Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love  
 Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix  
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd  
 Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,  
 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
 Us happie, and without Love no happiness.  
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
 In eminence, and obstacle find none  
 Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:  
 Easier than Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,  
 Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure  
 Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
 As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.  
 But I can now no more; the parting Sun  
 Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles  
 Hesperean sets, my Signal to depart.  
 Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all  
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
 His great command; take heed lest Passion sway  
 Thy Judgment to do aught, which else free Will  
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons  
 The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.  
 I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,  
 And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall  
 Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.  
 Perfet within, no outward aid require;  
 And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus  
 Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,

Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,  
 Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.  
 Gentle to me and affable hath been  
 Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever  
 With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind  
 Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n  
 From the thick shade, and Adam to his Bowre.

### **Book IX**

NO more of talk where God or Angel Guest  
 With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd  
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
 Rural repast, permitting him the while  
 Venial discourse unblam'd: I now must change  
 Those Notes to Tragic; foul distrust, and breach  
 Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,  
 And disobedience: On the part of Heav'n  
 Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
 Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,  
 That brought into this World a world of woe,  
 Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie  
 Deaths Harbinger: Sad task, yet argument  
 Not less but more Heroic then the wrath  
 Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu'd  
 Thrice Fugitive about Troy Wall; or rage  
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,  
 Or Neptun's ire or Juno's, that so long  
 Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's Son;  
 If answerable style I can obtaine  
 Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes  
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,  
 And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires  
 Easie my unpremeditated Verse:  
 Since first this Subject for Heroic Song  
 Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;  
 Not sedulous by Nature to indite  
 Warrs, hitherto the onely Argument  
 Heroic deem'd, chief maistrie to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights  
 In Battels feign'd; the better fortitude  
 Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom

Unsung; or to describe Races and Games,  
 Or tilting Furniture, emblazon'd Shields,  
 Impreses quaint, Caparisons and Steeds;  
 Bases and tinsel Trappings, gorgeous Knights  
 At Joust and Torneament; then marshal'd Feast  
 Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers, and Seneshals;  
 The skill of Artifice or Office mean,  
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name  
 To Person or to Poem. Mee of these  
 Nor skilld nor studious, higher Argument  
 Remaines, sufficient of it self to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climat, or Years damp my intended wing  
 Deprest, and much they may, if all be mine,  
 Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.

The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr  
 Of Hesperus, whose Office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter  
 Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end  
 Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round:  
 When Satan who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
 On mans destruction, maugre what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
 By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd.  
 From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,  
 Since Uriel Regent of the Sun descri'd  
 His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim  
 That kept thir watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,  
 The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode  
 With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line  
 He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night  
 From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;  
 On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse  
 From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
 Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the change,  
 Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise  
 Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part  
 Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life;  
 In with the River sunk, and with it rose



Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought  
 Where to lie hid; Sea he had searcht and Land  
 From Eden over Pontus, and the Poole  
 Mæotis, up beyond the River Ob;  
 Downward as farr Antartic; and in length  
 West from Orontes to the Ocean barr'd  
 At Darien, thence to the Land where flowes  
 Ganges and Indus: thus the Orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every Creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found  
 The Serpent suttlest Beast of all the Field.  
 Him after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
 Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
 From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,  
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native suttletie  
 Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd  
 Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r  
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grieffe  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd:

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd  
 More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
 For what God after better worse would build?  
 Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns  
 That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,  
 Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,  
 In thee concentring all thir precious beams  
 Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n  
 Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou  
 Centring receav'st from all those Orbs; in thee,  
 Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers  
 Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth  
 Of Creatures animate with gradual life  
 Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.  
 With what delight could I have walkt thee round,  
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange  
 Of Hill, and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,

Now Land, now Sea, and Shores with Forrest crownd,  
Rocks, Dens, and Caves; but I in none of these  
Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.  
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n  
To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supream;  
Nor hope to be my self less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:  
For onely in destroying I find ease  
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyd,  
Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,  
In wo then: that destruction wide may range:  
To mee shall be the glorie sole among  
The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd  
What he Almighty styl'd, six Nights and Days  
Continu'd making, and who knows how long  
Before had bin contriving, though perhaps  
Not longer then since I in one Night freed  
From servitude inglorious welnigh half  
Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng  
Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,  
And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,  
Whether such vertue spent of old now faild  
More Angels to Create, if they at least  
Are his Created, or to spite us more,  
Determin'd to advance into our room  
A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,  
Exalted from so base original,  
With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed  
He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,  
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!  
Subjected to his service Angel wings,  
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend  
Thir earthy Charge: Of these the vigilance  
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie

In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde  
 The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazié foulds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended  
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind  
 Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd;  
 But what will not Ambition and Revenge  
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low  
 As high he soard, obnoxious first or last  
 To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
 Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;  
 Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,  
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
 Provokes my envie, this new Favorite  
 Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,  
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd  
 From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,  
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on  
 His midnight search, where soonest he might finde  
 The Serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found  
 In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,  
 His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles:  
 Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,  
 Nor nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe  
 Fearless unfeard he slept: in at his Mouth  
 The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,  
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd  
 With act intelligential; but his sleep  
 Disturbd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.  
 Now when as sacred Light began to dawne  
 In Eden on the humid Flours, that breathd  
 Thir morning incense, when all things that breath,  
 From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise  
 To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill  
 With grateful Smell, forth came the human pair  
 And joind thir vocal Worship to the Quire  
 Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake  
 The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires:  
 Then commune how that day they best may ply

Thir growing work: for much thir work outgrew  
The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.  
And Eve first to her Husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour still to dress  
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour,  
Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,  
One night or two with wanton growth derides  
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise  
Or hear what to my minde first thoughts present,  
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice  
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct  
The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I  
In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt  
With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon:  
For while so near each other thus all day  
Our taske we choose, what wonder if so near  
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new  
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
Our dayes work brought to little, though begun  
Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.  
Sole Eve, Associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare above all living Creatures deare,  
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts imployd  
How we might best fulfill the work which here  
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass  
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found  
In Woman, then to studie household good,  
And good workes in her Husband to promote.  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd  
Labour, as to debarr us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,  
To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food,  
Love not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksom toile, but to delight

He made us, and delight to Reason joynd.  
 These paths & Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands  
 Will keep from Wilderness with ease, as wide  
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
 Assist us: But if much converse perhaps  
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield.  
 For solitude sometimes is best societie,  
 And short retirement urges sweet returne.  
 But other doubt possesses me, least harm  
 Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou knowst  
 What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe  
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
 By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand  
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
 Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each  
 To other speedie aide might lend at need;  
 Whether his first design be to withdraw  
 Our fealtie from God, or to disturb  
 Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss  
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
 That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.  
 The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

To whom the Virgin Majestie of Eve,  
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd,

Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,  
 That such an Enemie we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,  
 And from the parting Angel over-heard  
 As in a shadie nook I stood behind,  
 Just then returnd at shut of Evening Flours.  
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therfore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such,  
 As wee, not capable of death or paine,

Can either not receive, or can repell.  
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers  
 Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love  
 Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't;  
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy brest  
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words Adam replyd.  
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve,  
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 Th' attempt itself, intended by our Foe.  
 For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
 The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd  
 Not incorruptible of Faith, not prooff  
 Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne  
 And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,  
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert  
 From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,  
 Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;  
 Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels nor think superfluous others aid.  
 I from the influence of thy looks receive  
 Access in every Vertue, in thy sight  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome or over-reacht  
 Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and thy trial choose  
 With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.

So spake domestick Adam in his care  
 And Matrimonial Love; but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her Faith sincere,  
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,

Suttle or violent, we not endu'd  
 Single with like defence, wherever met,  
 How are we happie, still in fear of harm?  
 But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe  
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
 Of our integritie: his foul esteeme  
 Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns  
 Foul on himself; then wherefore shund or feard  
 By us? who rather double honour gaine  
 From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,  
 Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.  
 And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unassaid  
 Alone, without exterior help sustaind?  
 Let us not then suspect our happie State  
 Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,  
 As not secure to single or combin'd.  
 Fraile is our happiness, if this be so,  
 And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently repli'd.  
 O Woman, best are all things as the will  
 Of God ordain'd them, his creating hand  
 Nothing imperfet or deficient left  
 Of all that he Created, much less Man,  
 Or aught that might his happie State secure,  
 Secure from outward force; within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power:  
 Against his will he can receive no harme.  
 But God left free the Will, for what obeyes  
 Reason, is free, and Reason he made right  
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
 Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd  
 She dictate false, and misinforme the Will  
 To do what God expresly hath forbid,  
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,  
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet  
 Some specious object by the Foe subornd,  
 And fall into deception unaware,  
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warnd.  
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoide  
 Were better, and most likelie if from mee

Thou sever not: Trial will come unsought.  
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve  
 First thy obedience; th' other who can know,  
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
 But if thou think, trial unsought may finde  
 Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,  
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
 Go in thy native innocence, relie  
 On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,  
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but Eve  
 Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.

With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd  
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
 Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought,  
 May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,  
 The willinger I goe, nor much expect  
 A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek,  
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.  
 Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand  
 Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light  
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's Traine,  
 Betook her to the Groves, but Delia's self  
 In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,  
 Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd,  
 But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought.  
 To Pales, or Pomona, thus adornd,  
 Likeliest she seemd, Pomona when she fled  
 Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her Prime,  
 Yet Virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
 Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 Oft he to her his charge of quick returne  
 Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd  
 To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,  
 And all things in best order to invite  
 Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.  
 O much deceav'd, much failing, hapless Eve,  
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!  
 Thou never from that houre in Paradise



Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;  
Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades  
Waited with hellish rancour imminent  
To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.  
For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,  
Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde  
The onely two of Mankinde, but in them  
The whole included Race, his purposd prey.  
In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft  
Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,  
Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,  
By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet  
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope  
Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,  
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,  
Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round  
About her glowd, oft stooping to support  
Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though gay  
Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold,  
Hung drooping unsustaind, them she upstaies  
Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,  
Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,  
From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.  
Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers'd  
Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,  
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours  
Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of Eve:  
Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd  
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renownd  
Alcinous, host of old Laertes Son,  
Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King  
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian Spouse.  
Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.  
As one who long in populous City pent,  
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,  
Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe  
Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes  
Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,

The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,  
 Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
 If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,  
 She most, and in her look summs all Delight.  
 Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
 This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus earlie, thus alone; her Heav'nly forme  
 Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,  
 Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire  
 Of gesture or lest action overawd  
 His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:  
 That space the Evil one abstracted stood  
 From his own evil, and for the time remaind  
 Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,  
 Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge;  
 But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,  
 Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon  
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet  
 Compulsion thus transported to forget  
 What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope  
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
 Save what is in destroying, other joy  
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
 Occasion which now smiles, behold alone  
 The Woman, opportune to all attempts,  
 Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
 And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb  
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,  
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,  
 I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine  
 Infeeb'l'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.  
 Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,  
 Not terrible, though terrour be in Love  
 And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,

Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the Enemie of Mankind, enclos'd  
In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward Eve  
Address'd his way, not with indented wave,  
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,  
Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd  
Fould above fould a surging Maze, his Head  
Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes;  
With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect  
Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass  
Floted redundant: pleasing was his shape,  
And lovely, never since of Serpent kind  
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd  
Hermione and Cadmus, or the God  
In Epidaurus; nor to which transformd  
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen,  
Hee with Olympias, this with her who bore  
Scipio the highth of Rome . With tract oblique  
At first, as one who sought access, but feard  
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.  
As when a Ship by skilful Stearsman wrought  
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind  
Veres oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her Saile;  
So varied hee, and of his tortuous Traine  
Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
To lure her Eye; shee busied heard the sound  
Of rusling Leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
To such disport before her through the Field,  
From every Beast, more duteous at her call,  
Then at Circean call the Herd disguis'd.  
Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her stood;  
But as in gaze admiring: Oft he bowd  
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,  
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
His gentle dumb expression turnd at length  
The Eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad  
Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue  
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps  
Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm

Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feard  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore  
 With ravishment beheld, there best beheld  
 Where universally admir'd; but here  
 In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
 Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen  
 A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd  
 By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;  
 Into the Heart of Eve his words made way,  
 Though at the voice much marveling; at length  
 Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.  
 What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't  
 By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?  
 The first at lest of these I thought deni'd  
 To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day  
 Created mute to all articulat sound;  
 The latter I demurre, for in thir looks  
 Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers.  
 Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
 I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;  
 Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
 To me so friendly grown above the rest  
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?  
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.  
 Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve,  
 Easie to mee it is to tell thee all  
 What thou commandst and right thou shouldst be obeyd:  
 I was at first as other Beasts that graze  
 The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
 As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd  
 Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:

Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd  
 A goodly Tree farr distant to behold  
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,  
 Ruddle and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;  
 When from the boughes a savorie odour blow'n,  
 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense,  
 Then smell of sweetest Fenel or the Teats  
 Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,  
 Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.  
 To satisfie the sharp desire I had  
 Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd  
 Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,  
 Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent  
 Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.  
 About the mossie Trunk I wound me soon,  
 For high from ground the branches would require  
 Thy utmost reach or Adams: Round the Tree  
 All other Beasts that saw, with like desire  
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
 Amid the Tree now got, where plenty hung  
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
 I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour  
 At Feed or Fountain never had I found.  
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceave  
 Strange alteration in me, to degree  
 Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech  
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.  
 Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep  
 I turnd my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
 Considerd all things visible in Heav'n,  
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;  
 But all that fair and good in thy Divine  
 Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray  
 United I beheld; no Fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second, which compel'd  
 Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd  
 Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited sly Snake; and Eve  
 Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:

But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how far?  
 For many are the Trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,  
 As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to thir provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.  
 Empress, the way is readie, and not long,  
 Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,  
 Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past  
 Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept  
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said Eve. Hee leading swiftly rowld  
 In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,  
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
 Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire  
 Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night  
 Condenses, and the cold invirons round,  
 Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,  
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends  
 Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,  
 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way  
 To Boggs and Mires, and oft through Pond or Poole,  
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.  
 So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud  
 Led Eve our credulous Mother, to the Tree  
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe;  
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,  
 Fruitless to mee, though Fruit be here to excess,  
 The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,  
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.  
 But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;  
 God so commanded, and left that Command  
 Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live  
 Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.  
 Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit

Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,  
Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless. Of the Fruit  
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,  
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst  
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die.

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold  
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love  
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,  
Fluctuats disturbd, yet comely and in act  
Rais'd, as of som great matter to begin.  
As when of old som Orator renound  
In Athens or free Rome, where Eloquence  
Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause addrest,  
Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,  
Somtimes in highth began, as no delay  
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.  
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown  
The Tempter all impassiond thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant,  
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power  
Within me cleere, not onely to discern  
Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes  
Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.  
Queen of this Universe, doe not believe  
Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:  
How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life  
To Knowledge, By the Threatner, look on mee,  
Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,  
And life more perfet have attaind then Fate  
Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.  
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast  
Is open? or will God incense his ire  
For such a petty Trespass, and not praise  
Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain  
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,  
Deterred not from atchieving what might leade

To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;  
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?  
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;  
 Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeyd:  
 Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.  
 Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
 His worshippers; he knows that in the day  
 Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
 Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,  
 Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.  
 That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,  
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet,  
 I of brute human, yee of human Gods.  
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,  
 Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring.  
 And what are Gods that Man may not become  
 As they, participating God-like food?  
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds;  
 I question it, for this fair Earth I see,  
 Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,  
 Them nothing: If they all things, who enclos'd  
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,  
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains  
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
 Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?  
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree  
 Impart against his will if all be his?  
 Or is it envie, and can envie dwell  
 In Heav'nly breasts? these, these and many more  
 Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.  
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste.

He ended, and his words replete with guile  
 Into her heart too easie entrance won:  
 Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold  
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound  
 Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn'd  
 With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth;



Mean while the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd  
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell  
 So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,  
 Inclivable now grown to touch or taste,  
 Sollicited her longing eye; yet first  
 Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd.

Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits.  
 Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir'd,  
 Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay  
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
 The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:  
 Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use,  
 Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree  
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding  
 Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good  
 By thee communicated, and our want:  
 For good unknown, sure is not had, or had  
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
 Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death  
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eate  
 Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.  
 How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat'n and lives,  
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
 Irrational till then. For us alone  
 Was death invented? or to us deni'd  
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
 For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first  
 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy  
 The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,  
 Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.  
 What fear I then, rather what know to feare  
 Under this ignorance of good and Evil,  
 Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie?  
 Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,  
 Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,  
 Of vertue to make wise: what hinders then  
 To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat  
Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,  
That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk  
The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for Eve  
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else  
Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,  
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true  
Or fansied so, through expectation high  
Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought.  
Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,  
And knew not eating Death: Satiated at length,  
And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,  
Thus to her self she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees  
In Paradise, of operation blest  
To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end  
Created; but henceforth my early care,  
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise  
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease  
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;  
Till dieted by thee I grow mature  
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;  
Though others envie what they cannot give;  
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here  
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind  
In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,  
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.  
And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,  
High and remote to see from thence distinct  
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps  
May have diverted from continual watch  
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies  
About him. But to Adam in what sort  
Shall I appeer? shall I to him make known  
As yet my change, and give him to partake  
Full happiness with mee, or rather not,  
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power  
Without Copartner? so to add what wants

In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
 A thing not undesireable, sometime  
 Superior: for inferior who is free?  
 This may be well: but what if God have seen  
 And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,  
 And Adam wedded to another Eve,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;  
 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,  
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths  
 I could endure, without him live no life.

So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,  
 But first low Reverence don, as to the power  
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
 Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd  
 From Nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while  
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne  
 Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
 As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.  
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd;  
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
 Misgave him; hee the faultring measure felt;  
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
 That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree  
 Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,  
 Scarse from the Tree returning; in her hand  
 A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,  
 New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.  
 To him she hasted, in her face excuse  
 Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,  
 Which with bland words at will she thus adrest.

Hast thou not wonderd, Adam, at my stay?  
 Thee I have misst, and thought it long, depriv'd  
 Thy presence, agonie of love till now  
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more  
 Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I sought,  
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
 Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare:

This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree  
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
 Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect  
 To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste;  
 And hath bin tasted such: the Serpent wise,  
 Or not restrain'd as wee, or not obeying,  
 Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,  
 Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth  
 Endu'd with human voice and human sense,  
 Reasoning to admiration, and with mee  
 Perswasively hath so prevail'd, that I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes  
 Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,  
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee  
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss,  
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal Lot  
 May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;  
 Least thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus Eve with Countenance blithe her storie told;  
 But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.  
 On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
 The fatal Trespass don by Eve, amaz'd,  
 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill  
 Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;  
 From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for Eve  
 Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:  
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
 First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best  
 Of all Gods works, Creature in whom excell'd  
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
 Defac't, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?  
 Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress  
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate

The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud  
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to Die;  
How can I live without thee, how forgoe  
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,  
To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart; no no, I feel  
The Link of Nature draw me: Flesh of Flesh,  
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd  
Submitting to what seemd remediless,  
Thus in calm mood his Words to Eve he turnd.

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventrous Eve  
And peril great provok't, who thus hath dar'd  
Had it been onely coveting to Eye  
That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,  
Much more to taste it under banne to touch.  
But past who can recall, or don undoe?  
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so  
Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact  
Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,  
Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first  
Made common and unhallowd ere our taste;  
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,  
Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man  
Higher degree of Life, inducement strong  
To us, as likely tasting to attaine  
Proportional ascent, which cannot be  
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.  
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy  
Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high,  
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,  
For us created, needs with us must faile,  
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,  
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,

Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power  
 Creation could repeate, yet would be loath  
 Us to abolish, least the Adversary  
 Triumph and say; Fickle their State whom God  
 Most Favors, who can please him long; Mee first  
 He ruind, now Mankind; whom will he next?  
 Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe,  
 However I with thee have fixt my Lot,  
 Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death  
 Consort with thee, Death is to mee as Life;  
 So forcible within my heart I feel  
 The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,  
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
 Our State cannot be severd, we are one,  
 One Flesh; to loose thee were to loose my self.

So Adam, and thus Eve to him repli'd.  
 O glorious trial of exceeding Love,  
 Illustrious evidence, example high!  
 Ingaging me to emulate, but short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,  
 Adam, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,  
 And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,  
 One Heart, one Soul in both; whereof good prooff  
 This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,  
 Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread  
 Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,  
 To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,  
 If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,  
 Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,  
 Direct, or by occasion hath presented  
 This happie trial of thy Love, which else  
 So eminently never had bin known.  
 Were it I thought Death menac't would ensue  
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
 The worst, and not perswade thee, rather die  
 Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact  
 Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd  
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
 So faithful Love unequald; but I feel  
 Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life  
 Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,  
 Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before

Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.  
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
 And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy  
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love  
 Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incurr  
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.  
 In recompence (for such compliance bad  
 Such recompence best merits) from the bough  
 She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit  
 With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat  
 Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,  
 But fondly overcome with Femal charm.  
 Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,  
 Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops  
 Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin  
 Original; while Adam took no thought,  
 Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate  
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe  
 Him with her lov'd societie, that now  
 As with new Wine intoxicated both  
 They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel  
 Divinitie within them breeding wings  
 Wherewith to scorne the Earth: but that false Fruit  
 Farr other operation first displaid,  
 Carnal desire enflaming, hee on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him  
 As wantonly repaid; in Lust they burne:  
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move,

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
 And elegant, of Sapience no small part,  
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
 And Palate call judicious; I the praise  
 Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
 From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now  
 True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,  
 For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.  
 But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,

As meet is, after such delicious Fare;  
 For never did thy Beautie since the day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
 With all perfections, so enflame my sense  
 With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.

O Credulous Eve.

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of Eve, whose Eye darted contagious Fire.  
 Her hand he seis'd, and to a shadie bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowl'd  
 He led her nothing loath; Flours were the Couch,  
 Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,  
 And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.  
 There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport  
 Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,  
 The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep  
 Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.  
 Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,  
 That with exhilarating vapour bland  
 About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers  
 Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
 Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose  
 As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
 Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds  
 How dark'nd; innocence, that as a veile  
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,  
 Just confidence, and native righteousness  
 And honour from about them, naked left  
 To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe  
 Uncover'd more, so rose the Danite strong  
 Herculean Samson from the Harlot-lap  
 Of Philistean Dalilah, and wak'd  
 Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare  
 Of all thir vertue: silent, and in face  
 Confounded long they sate, as struck'n mute,  
 Till Adam, though not less then Eve abasht,  
 At length gave utterance to these words constraind.



O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give eare  
 To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught  
 To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,  
 False in our promis'd Rising; since our Eyes  
 Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know  
 Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got,  
 Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,  
 Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,  
 Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,  
 Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,  
 And in our Faces evident the signes  
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first  
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face  
 Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy  
 And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes  
 Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze  
 Insufferably bright. O might I here  
 In solitude live savage, in some glade  
 Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable  
 To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,  
 And brown as Evening: Cover me ye Pines,  
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
 Hide me, where I may never see them more.  
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
 What best may for the present serve to hide  
 The Parts of each from other, that seem most  
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,  
 Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sowd,  
 And girded on our loyns, may cover round  
 Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,  
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd hee, and both together went  
 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose  
 The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,  
 But such as at this day to Indians known  
 In Malabar or Decan spreads her Armes  
 Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow  
 About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade  
 High overarch't, and echoing Walks between;  
 There oft the Indian Herdsman shunning heate

Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds  
 At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those Leaves  
 They gatherd, broad as Amazonian Targe,  
 And with what skill they had, together sowd,  
 To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide  
 Thir guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike  
 To that first naked Glorie. Such of late  
 Columbus found th' American so girt  
 With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde  
 Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.  
 Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part  
 Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,  
 They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares  
 Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,  
 Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook sore  
 Thir inward State of Mind, calm Region once  
 And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent:  
 For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will  
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
 To sensual Appetite, who from beneath  
 Usurping over sovran Reason claimd  
 Superior sway: From thus distemperd brest,  
 Adam, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,  
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewd.

Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, and stai'd  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,  
 I know not whence possessd thee; we had then  
 Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild  
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve  
 The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.  
 What words have past thy Lips, Adam severe,  
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
 Of wandring, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,  
 Or to thy self perhaps: hadst thou been there,  
 Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd

Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;  
No ground of enmitie between us known,  
Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.  
Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.  
Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head  
Command me absolutely not to go,  
Going into such danger as thou saidst?  
Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,  
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,  
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.

To whom then first incenst Adam repli'd,  
Is this the Love, is this the recompence  
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, exprest  
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,  
Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal bliss,  
Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee:  
And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?  
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
The danger, and the lurking Enemie  
That lay in wait; beyond this had bin force,  
And force upon free Will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to finde  
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
What seemd in thee so perfet, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue  
That errour now, which is become my crime,  
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting  
Lets her Will rule; restraint she will not brook,  
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,  
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,  
And of thir vain contest appeer'd no end.

**Book X**

Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act  
 Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
 Hee in the Serpent, had perverted Eve,  
 Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,  
 Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye  
 Of God All-seeing, or deceave his Heart  
 Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,  
 Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the minde  
 Of Man, with strength entire, and free will arm'd,  
 Complete to have discover'd and repulst  
 Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.  
 For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd  
 The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,  
 Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,  
 Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,  
 And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.  
 Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste  
 Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad  
 For Man, for of his state by this they knew,  
 Much wondring how the suttile Fiend had stoln  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
 From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd  
 All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare  
 That time Celestial visages, yet mixt  
 With pitie, violated not thir bliss.  
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
 Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know  
 How all befell: they towards the Throne Supream  
 Accountable made haste to make appear  
 With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,  
 And easily approv'd; when the most High  
 Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,  
 Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd  
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismaid,  
 Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,  
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
 When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.  
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed  
 On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't

And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
 Against his Maker; no Decree of mine  
 Concurring to necessitate his Fall,  
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
 His free Will, to her own inclining left  
 In eevn scale. But fall'n he is, and now  
 What rests but that the mortal Sentence pass  
 On his transgression Death denounc't that day,  
 Which he presumes already vain and void,  
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
 By some immediate stroak; but soon shall find  
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
 Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.  
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee  
 Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd  
 All Judgement whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell.  
 Easie it might be seen that I intend  
 Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee  
 Mans Friend his Mediator, his design'd  
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,  
 And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.

So spake the Father, and unfolding bright  
 Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son  
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full  
 Resplendent all his Father manifest  
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.

Father Eternal, thine is to decree,  
 Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will  
 Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd  
 Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
 On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,  
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must light,  
 When time shall be, for so I undertook  
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine  
 Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom  
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so  
 Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most  
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.  
 Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none  
 Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,  
 Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,

Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law  
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose  
Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,  
Princedom, and Dominations ministrant  
Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence  
Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.  
Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods  
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.  
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low  
From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour  
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in  
The Evening coole, when he from wrauth more coole  
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both  
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard  
Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes  
Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard,  
And from his presence hid themselves among  
The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God  
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet  
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,  
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,  
Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unsaught:  
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.  
He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first  
To offend, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd;  
Love was not in thir looks, either to God  
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,  
Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.  
Whence Adam faulting long, thus answer'd brief.

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice  
Affraid, being naked, hid my self. To whom  
The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
But still rejoyc't, how is it now become  
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who

Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree  
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset repli'd.  
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand  
Before my Judge, either to undergoe  
My self the total Crime, or to accuse  
My other self, the partner of my life;  
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remaines,  
I should conceal, and not expose to blame  
By my complaint; but strict necessitie  
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint  
Least on my head both sin and punishment,  
However insupportable, be all  
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.  
This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,  
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,  
And what she did, whatever in it self,  
Her doing seem'd to justifie the deed;  
Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.

To whom the sovrain Presence thus repli'd.  
Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey  
Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal, that to her  
Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place  
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,  
And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd  
Hers in all real dignitie: Adorn'd  
She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts  
Were such as under Government well seem'd,  
Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part  
And person, hadst thou known thy self aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:  
Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge  
Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.

The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute, unable to transerre  
The Guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his Creation; justly then accurst,  
As vitiated in Nature: more to know  
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)  
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last  
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:  
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst  
Above all Cattle, each Beast of the Field;  
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,  
And dust shalt eat all the dayes of thy Life.  
Between Thee and the Woman I will put  
Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed;  
Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd  
When Jesus son of Mary second Eve,  
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,  
Prince of the Aire; then rising from his Grave  
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht  
In open shew, and with ascention bright  
Captivity led captive through the Aire,  
The Realm it self of Satan long usurpt,  
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;  
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie  
By thy Conception; Children thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will  
Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgement he pronounc'd.  
Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife,  
And eaten of the Tree concerning which



I charg'd thee, saying: Thou shalt not eate thereof,  
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow  
Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life;  
Thorns also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,  
In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eat Bread,  
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day  
Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood  
Before him naked to the aire, that now  
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume,  
As when he wash'd his servants feet so now  
As Father of his Familie he clad  
Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,  
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;  
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:  
Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins  
Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,  
Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.  
To him with swift ascent he up returnd,  
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd  
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd  
All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man  
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.  
Meanwhile ere thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,  
Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death,  
In counterview within the Gates, that now  
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
Farr into Chaos, since the Fiend pass'd through,  
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing  
Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives  
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides  
For us his ofspring deare? It cannot be  
But that success attends him; if mishap,  
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n

By his Avengers, since no place like this  
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large  
Beyond this Deep; whatever draws me on,  
Or sympathie, or som connatural force  
Powerful at greatest distance to unite  
With secret amity things of like kinde  
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade  
Inseparable must with mee along:  
For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
But least the difficultie of passing back  
Stay his return perhaps over this Gulfe  
Impassable, Impervious, let us try  
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine  
Not unagreeable, to found a path  
Over this Maine from Hell to that new World  
Where Satan now prevales, a Monument  
Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,  
Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,  
Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.  
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon.  
Goe whither Fate and inclination strong  
Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre  
The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw  
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
The savour of Death from all things there that live:  
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest  
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid,

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell  
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock  
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,  
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,  
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd  
With sent of living Carcasses design'd  
For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.  
So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd  
His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,  
Sagacious of his Quarry from so farr.

Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste  
Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark  
Flew divers, and with Power (thir Power was great)  
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met  
Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea  
Tost up and down, together crowded drove  
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.  
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse  
Upon the Cronian Sea, together drive  
Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way  
Beyond Petsora Eastward, to the rich  
Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle  
Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,  
As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm  
As Delos floating once; the rest his look  
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move,  
And with Asphaltic slime; broad as the Gate,  
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach  
They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wraught on  
Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge  
Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall  
Immovable of this now fenceless world  
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.  
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,  
Xerxes, the Libertie of Greece to yoke,  
From Susa his Memnonian Palace high  
Came to the Sea, and over Hellespont  
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joyn'd,  
And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignat waves.  
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art  
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock  
Over the vext Abyss, following the track  
Of Satan, to the self same place where hee  
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe  
From out of Chaos to the out side bare  
Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant  
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
And durable; and now in little space  
The confines met of Empyrean Heav'n  
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell  
With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral wayes  
In sight, to each of these three places led.

And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,  
 To Paradise first tending, when behold  
 Satan in likeness of an Angel bright  
 Betwixt the Centaure and the Scorpion stearing  
 His Zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose:  
 Disguis'd he came, but those his Children dear  
 Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.  
 Hee after Eve seduc't, unminded slunk  
 Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape  
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
 By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded  
 Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought  
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend  
 The Son of God to judge them terrifi'd  
 Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
 The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth  
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd  
 By Night, and listening where the hapless Paire  
 Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,  
 Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood  
 Not instant, but of future time. With joy  
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,  
 And at the brink of Chaos, neer the foot  
 Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't  
 Met who to meet him came, his Ofspring dear.  
 Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight  
 Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.  
 Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire  
 Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
 Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own,  
 Thou art thir Author and prime Architect:  
 For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,  
 My Heart, which by a secret harmonie  
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,  
 That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt  
 Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet felt  
 That I must after thee with this thy Son;  
 Such fatal consequence unites us three:  
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
 Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure

Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
 Thou hast atchiev'd our libertie, confin'd  
 Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd  
 To fortifie thus farr, and overlay  
 With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss.  
 Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won  
 What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdom gain'd  
 With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd  
 Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,  
 There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,  
 As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
 And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide  
 Of all things parted by th' Empyreal bounds,  
 His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,  
 Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad.  
 Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,  
 High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race  
 Of Satan (for I glorie in the name,  
 Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)  
 Amply have merited of me, of all  
 Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore  
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,  
 Mine with this glorious Work, and made one Realm  
 Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent  
 Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I  
 Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease  
 To my associate Powers, them to acquaint  
 With these successes, and with them rejoyce,  
 You two this way, among these numerous Orbs  
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend;  
 There dwell and Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth  
 Dominion exercise and in the Aire,  
 Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,  
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
 My Substitutes I send ye, and Create  
 Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might  
 Issuing from mee: on your joynt vigor now  
 My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,  
 Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.

If your joynt power prevailes, th' affaires of Hell  
No detriment need feare, goe and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed  
Thir course through thickest Constellations held  
Spreading thir bane; the blasted Starrs lookt wan,  
And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips  
Then sufferd. Th' other way Satan went down  
The Causey to Hell Gate; on either side  
Disparted Chaos over built exclaimd,  
And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,  
That scorn'd his indignation: through the Gate,  
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
And all about found desolate; for those  
Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,  
Flown to the upper World; the rest were all  
Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls  
Of Pandæmonium, Citie and proud seate  
Of Lucifer, so by allusion calld,  
Of that bright Starr to Satan paragond.  
There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the Grand  
In Council sate, sollicitous what chance  
Might intercept thir Emperour sent, so hee  
Departing gave command, and they observ'd.  
As when the Tartar from his Russian Foe  
By Astracan over the Snowie Plaines  
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi from the hornes  
Of Turkish Crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
The Realm of Aladule, in his retreat  
To Tauris or Casbeen. So these the late  
Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell  
Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch  
Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting  
Each hour thir great adventurer from the search  
Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,  
In shew Plebeian Angel militant  
Of lowest order, past; and from the dore  
Of that Plutonian Hall, invisible  
Ascended his high Throne, which under state  
Of richest texture spred, at th' upper end  
Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while  
He sate, and round about him saw unseen:  
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head

And shape Starr bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad  
 With what permissive glory since his fall  
 Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd  
 At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng  
 Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
 Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclaime:  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,  
 Rais'd from thir dark Divan, and with like joy  
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
 Silence, and with these words attention won.

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Powers,  
 For in possession such, not onely of right,  
 I call ye and declare ye now, returnd  
 Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
 Triumphant out of this infernal Pit  
 Abominable, accurst, the house of woe,  
 And Dungeon of our Tyrant: Now possess,  
 As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven  
 Little inferiour, by my adventure hard  
 With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell  
 What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine  
 Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
 Of horrible confusion, over which  
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
 To expedite your glorious march; but I  
 Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride  
 Th' untractable Abyesse, plung'd in the womb  
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wilde,  
 That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd  
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproare  
 Protesting Fate supream; thence how I found  
 The new created World, which fame in Heav'n  
 Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful  
 Of absolute perfection, therein Man  
 Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile  
 Made happie: Him by fraud I have seduc'd  
 From his Creator, and the more to increase  
 Your wonder, with an Apple; he thereat  
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up  
 Both his beloved Man and all his World,  
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
 Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,

To range in, and to dwell, and over Man  
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather  
Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape  
Man I deceav'd: that which to mee belongs,  
Is enmity, which he will put between  
Mee and Mankinde; I am to bruise his heel;  
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:  
A World who would not purchase with a bruise,  
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account  
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,  
But up and enter now into full bliss.

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
Thir universal shout and high applause  
To fill his eare, when contrary he hears  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn; he wonderd, but not long  
Had leasure, wondring at himself now more;  
His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining  
Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,  
Reluctant, but in vaine: a greater power  
Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,  
According to his doom: he would have spoke,  
But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue  
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd  
Alike, to Serpents all as accessories  
To his bold Riot: dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now  
With complicated monsters head and taile,  
Scorpion and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,  
Cerastes hornd, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,  
And Dipsas (not so thick swarm'd once the Soil  
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the Isle  
Ophiusa) but still greatest hee the midst,  
Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun  
Ingenderd in the Pythian Vale on slime,  
Huge Python, and his Power no less he seem'd  
Above the rest still to retain; they all  
Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,



Where all yet left of that revolted Rout  
Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,  
Sublime with expectation when to see  
In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;  
They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd  
Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,  
And horrid sympathie; for what they saw,  
They felt themselvs now changing; down thir arms,  
Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,  
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,  
As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,  
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There stood  
A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,  
His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
Thir penance, laden with Fruit like that  
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange  
Thir earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining  
For one forbidden Tree a multitude  
Now ris'n, to work them furdur woe or shame;  
Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
But on they rould in heaps, and up the Trees  
Climbing, sat thicker then the snakie locks  
That curld Megæra: greedily they pluck'd  
The Frutage fair to sight, like that which grew  
Neer that bituminous Lake where Sodom flam'd;  
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay  
Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit  
Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste  
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,  
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,  
With hatefulest disrelish writh'd thir jaws  
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell  
Into the same illusion, not as Man  
Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they plagu'd  
And worn with Famin, long and ceaseless hiss,  
Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,  
Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo  
This annual humbling certain number'd days,

To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.  
However some tradition they dispers'd  
Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,  
And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld  
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide-  
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule  
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n  
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.  
Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair  
Too soon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,  
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
Habitual habitant; behind her Death  
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
On his pale Horse: to whom Sin thus began.

Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,  
What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earnd  
With travail difficult, not better farr  
Then stil at Hells dark threshold to have sate watch,  
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.  
To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,  
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,  
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;  
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems  
To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.  
Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, and Flours  
Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,  
No homely morsels, and whatever thing  
The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,  
Till I in Man residing through the Race,  
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,  
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.

This said, they both betook them several wayes,  
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later; which th' Almighty seeing,  
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,  
To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance  
 To waste and havoc yonder World, which I  
 So fair and good created, and had still  
 Kept in that State, had not the folly of Man  
 Let in these wastful Furies, who impute  
 Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell  
 And his Adherents, that with so much ease  
 I suffer them to enter and possess  
 A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem  
 To gratifie my scornful Enemies,  
 That laugh, as if transported with some fit  
 Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,  
 At random yielded up to their misrule;  
 And know not that I call'd and drew them thither  
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth  
 Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed  
 On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst  
 With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling  
 Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,  
 Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last  
 Through Chaos hurld, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.  
 Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made pure  
 To sanctitie that shall receive no staine:  
 Till then the Curse pronounc't on both precedes.

He ended, and the Heav'nly Audience loud  
 Sung Halleluia, as the sound of Seas,  
 Through multitude that sung: Just are thy ways,  
 Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works;  
 Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,  
 Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom  
 New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,  
 Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was thir song,  
 While the Creator calling forth by name  
 His mightie Angels gave them several charge,  
 As sorted best with present things. The Sun  
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
 As might affect the Earth with cold and heat  
 Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call  
 Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring  
 Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone  
 Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five

Thir planetarie motions and aspects  
In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,  
Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne  
In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt  
Thir influence malignant when to showre,  
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,  
Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set  
Thir corners, when with bluster to confound  
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle  
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.  
Some say he bid his Angels turne ascense  
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more  
From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd  
Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun  
Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode  
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the Seav'n  
Atlantick Sisters, and the Spartan Twins  
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amaine  
By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,  
As deep as Capricorne, to bring in change  
Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring  
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,  
Equal in Days and Nights, except to those  
Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day  
Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun  
To recompence his distance, in thir sight  
Had rounded still th' Horizon, and not known  
Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow  
From cold Estotiland, and South as farr  
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted Fruit  
The Sun, as from Thyestean Banquet, turn'd  
His course intended; else how had the World  
Inhabited, though sinless, more then now,  
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?  
These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd  
Like change on Sea and Land, sideral blast,  
Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,  
Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North  
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shoar  
Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice  
And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,  
Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud  
And Thrascias rend the Woods and Seas upturn;

With adverse blast up-turns them from the South  
 Notus and Afer black with thundrous Clouds  
 From Serralliona; thwart of these as fierce  
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent Windes  
 Eurus and Zephir with thir lateral noise,  
 Sirocco, and Libeccchio. Thus began  
 Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first  
 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,  
 Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:  
 Beast now with Beast gan war, and Fowle with Fowle,  
 And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,  
 Devourd each other; nor stood much in awe  
 Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
 Glar'd on him passing: these were from without  
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw  
 Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
 To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,  
 And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,  
 Thus to disburd'n sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie! is this the end  
 Of this new glorious World, and mee so late  
 The Glory of that Glory, who now becom  
 Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my highth  
 Of happiness: yet well, if here would end  
 The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare  
 My own deservings; but this will not serve;  
 All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, Encrease and multiply,  
 Now death to hear! for what can I encrease  
 Or multiplie, but curses on my head?  
 Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,  
 For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration; so besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,  
 On mee as on thir natural center light  
 Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes  
 Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!

Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay  
To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee  
From darkness to promote me, or here place  
In this delicious Garden? as my Will  
Concurd not to my being, it were but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resigne, and render back  
All I receav'd, unable to performe  
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added  
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable  
Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,  
I thus contest; then should have been refusd  
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:  
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,  
Then cavil the conditions? and though God  
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son  
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,  
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not  
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,  
But Natural necessity begot.  
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,  
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.  
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,  
That dust I am, and shall to dust returne:  
O welcom hour whenever! why delays  
His hand to execute what his Decree  
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,  
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out  
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet  
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth  
Insensible, how glad would lay me down  
As in my Mothers lap! There I should rest  
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse  
To mee and to my ofspring would torment me  
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,  
Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man  
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish

With this corporeal Clod; then in the Grave,  
Or in some other dismal place who knows  
But I shall die a living Death? O thought  
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath  
Of Life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life  
And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither.  
All of me then shall die: let this appease  
The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.  
For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so,  
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?  
Can he make deathless Death? that were to make  
Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
Impossible is held, as Argument  
Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,  
For angers sake, finite to infinite  
In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour  
Satisfi'd never; that were to extend  
His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,  
By which all Causes else according still  
To the reception of thir matter act,  
Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say  
That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,  
Bereaving sense, but endless miserie  
From this day onward, which I feel begun  
Both in me, and without me, and so last  
To perpetuitie; Ay me, that fear  
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution  
On my defensless head; both Death and I  
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,  
Nor I on my part single, in mee all  
Posteritie stands curst: Fair Patrimonie  
That I must leave ye, Sons; O were I able  
To waste it all my self, and leave ye none!  
So disinherited how would ye bless  
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed,  
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,  
Not to do onely, but to will the same  
With me? how can they then acquitted stand  
In sight of God? Him after all Disputes

Forc't I absolve: all my evasions vain  
 And reasonings, though through Mazes, lead me still  
 But to my own conviction: first and last  
 On mee, mee onely, as the sourse and spring  
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;  
 So might the wrauth. Fond wish! couldst thou support  
 That burden heavier then the Earth to bear  
 Then all the World much heavier, though divided  
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir'st,  
 And what thou fearest, alike destroyes all hope  
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
 Beyond all past example and future,  
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.  
 O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
 Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,  
 Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air  
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,  
 Which to his evil Conscience represented  
 All things with double terror: On the ground  
 Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardie execution, since denounc't  
 The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,  
 Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke  
 To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice Divine not hast'n to be just?  
 But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
 O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowsrs,  
 With other echo late I taught your Shades  
 To answer, and resound farr other Song.  
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
 Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:  
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best  
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false  
 And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,



Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew  
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee  
Henceforth; least that too heav'nly form, pretended  
To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee  
I had persisted happie, had not thy pride  
And wandring vanitie, when lest was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen  
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening  
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting  
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,  
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
And understood not all was but a shew  
Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib  
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister from me drawn,  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie  
To my just number found. O why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n  
With Spirits Masculine, create at last  
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once  
With Men as Angels without Feminine,  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,  
And more that shall befall, innumerable  
Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,  
And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either  
He never shall find out fit Mate, but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
Through her perversness, but shall see her gaind  
By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld  
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound  
To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:  
Which infinite calamitie shall cause  
To Humane life, and houshold peace confound.

He added not, and from her turn'd, but Eve  
Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
And tresses all disorderd, at his feet

Fell humble, and imbracing them, besaught  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heav'n  
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappilie deceav'd; thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,  
As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie  
Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,  
That cruel Serpent: On me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,  
On me alreadie lost, mee then thy self  
More miserable; both have sin'd, but thou  
Against God onely, I against God and thee,  
And to the place of judgment will return,  
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all  
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Mee mee onely just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,  
Immovable till peace obtain'd from fault  
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in Adam wraught  
Commiseration; soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress,  
Creature so faire his reconcilment seeking,  
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide;  
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,  
So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thy self; alas,  
Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine  
His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,

And my displeasure bearst so ill. If Prayers  
 Could alter high Decrees, I to that place  
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
 That on my head all might be visited,  
 Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,  
 To me committed and by me expos'd.  
 But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame  
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive  
 In offices of Love, how we may light'n  
 Each others burden in our share of woe;  
 Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,  
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evill,  
 A long days dying to augment our paine,  
 And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, repli'd.  
 Adam, by sad experiment I know  
 How little weight my words with thee can finde,  
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
 Found so unfortunate; nevertheless,  
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine  
 Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart  
 Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
 What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,  
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
 If care of our descent perplex us most,  
 Which must be born to certain woe, devourd  
 By Death at last, and miserable it is  
 To be to others cause of misery,  
 Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring  
 Into this cursed World a woful Race,  
 That after wretched Life must be at last  
 Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power  
 It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent  
 The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
 Childless thou art, Childless remaine:  
 So Death shall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two  
 Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw.  
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain

From Loves due Rites, Nuptial imbraces sweet,  
 And with desire to languish without hope,  
 Before the present object languishing  
 With like desire, which would be miserie  
 And torment less then none of what we dread,  
 Then both our selves and Seed at once to free  
 From what we fear for both, let us make short,  
 Let us seek Death, or he not found, supply  
 With our own hands his Office on our selves;  
 Why stand we longer shivering under feares,  
 That shew no end but Death, and have the power,  
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
 Destruction with destruction to destroy.

She ended heer, or vehement despaire  
 Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts  
 Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.  
 But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd,  
 To better hopes his more attentive minde  
 Labouring had rais'd, and thus to Eve repli'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
 To argue in thee somthing more sublime  
 And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;  
 But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes  
 That excellence thought in thee, and implies,  
 Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
 For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.  
 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end  
 Of miserie, so thinking to evade  
 The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God  
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so  
 To be forestall'd; much more I fear least Death  
 So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine  
 We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
 Of contumacie will provoke the highest  
 To make death in us live: Then let us seek  
 Some safer resolution, which methinks  
 I have in view, calling to minde with heed  
 Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise  
 The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless  
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe  
 Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd

Against us this deceit: to crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost  
By death brought on our selves, or childless days  
Resolv'd, as thou proposest; so our Foe  
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.  
No more be mention'd then of violence  
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,  
That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely  
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,  
Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild  
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd  
Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee  
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,  
Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope  
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne  
My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;  
My labour will sustain me; and least Cold  
Or Heat should injure us, his timely care  
Hath unbesaught provided, and his hands  
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd;  
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear  
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,  
And teach us further by what means to shun  
Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,  
Which now the Skie with various Face begins  
To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds  
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek  
Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish  
Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr  
Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams  
Reflected, may with matter sere foment,  
Or by collision of two bodies grinde  
The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds  
Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock  
Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down  
Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine,  
And sends a comfortable heat from farr,

Which might supplie the Sun: such Fire to use,  
 And what may else be remedie or cure  
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,  
 Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace  
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear  
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
 By him with many comforts, till we end  
 In dust, our final rest and native home.  
 What better can we do, then to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
 Before him reverent, and there confess  
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with our sighs the Air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.  
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn  
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,  
 When angry most he seem'd and most severe,  
 What else but favor, grace, and mercie shon?

So spake our Father penitent, nor Eve  
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place  
 Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell  
 Before him reverent, and both confess'd  
 Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears  
 Watering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

### **Book XII**

AS one who in his journey bates at Noone,  
 Though bent on speed, so her the Archangel paused  
 Betwixt the world destroyed and world restored,  
 If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;  
 Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes.

Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;  
 And Man as from a second stock proceed.  
 Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive  
 Thy mortal sight to faille; objects divine  
 Must needs impair and wearied human sense:  
 Henceforth what is to com I will relate,  
 Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.

This second sours of Men, while yet but few;  
And while the dread of judgement past remains  
Fresh in thin minds, fearing the Deities,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead thin lives and multi-line apace,  
Laboring the soils, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn wine and ogle; and from the herd or flock,  
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,  
With large Wine-offerings poured, and sacred Feast,  
Shall spend thin days in joy un blamed, and dwell  
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes  
Under paternal rule; till one shall rise  
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content  
With fair equality, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate Dominion undeserved  
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth,  
Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)  
With War and hostile snare such as refuse  
Subjection to his Empire tyrannous:  
A mighty Hunter thence he shall be styled  
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,  
Or from Heaven claiming second Sovereignty;  
And from Rebellion shall derive his name,  
Though of Rebellion others he accuse.  
Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joins  
With him or under him to tyrannize,  
Marching from Eden towards the West, shall find  
The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell;  
Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
A City and Tower, whose top may reach to Heaven;  
And get themselves a name, least far dispersed  
In foreign Lands thin memory be lost,  
Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
But God who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through thin habitations walks  
To mark thin doings, them beholding soon,  
Comes down to see thin City, ere the Tower  
Obstruct Heaven Towers, and in derision sets  
Upon thin Tongues a various Spirit to rase  
Quite out thin Native Language, and instead  
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:

Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
Among the Builders; each to other calls  
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,  
As mocked they storm; great laughter was in Heaven  
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange  
And hear the din; thus was the building left  
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeased.  
O execrable Son so to aspire  
Above his Brethren, to himself assuming  
Authority usurped, from God not given:  
He gave us only over Beast, Fish, Fowl  
Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
By his donation; but Man over men  
He made not Lord; such title to himself  
Reserving, human left from human free.  
But this Usurper his encroachment proud  
Stays not on Man; to God his Tower intends  
Siege and defiance: Wretched man! what food  
Will he convey up thither to sustain  
Himself and his rash Army, where thin Air  
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhorred  
That Son, who on the quiet state of men  
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
Rational Liberty; yet know with all,  
Since thy original lapse, true Liberty  
Is lost, which always with right Reason dwells  
Twinned, and from her hath no individual being:  
Reason in man obscured, or not obeyed,  
Immediately inordinate desires  
And upstart Passions catch the Government  
From Reason, and to servitude reduce  
Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits  
Within himself unworthy Powers to reign  
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just  
Subjects him from without to violent Lords;  
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
His outward freedom: Tyranni must be,  
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.



Yet sometimes Nations will decline so low  
From vertu, which is reason, that no wrong,  
But Justice, and some fatal curse annexed  
Deprives them of thin outward Liberty,  
Thin inward lost: Witness th' irreverent Son  
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame  
Don to his Father, heard this heavy curse,  
Servant of Servants, on his vicious Race.  
Thus will this latter, as the former World,  
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last  
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw  
His presence from among them, and avert  
His holy Eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
To leave them to thin own polluted ways;  
And one peculiar Nation to select  
From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,  
A Nation from one faithful man to spring:  
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
Bred up in Idol-worship; O that men  
(Cants thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
While yet the Patriarch lived, who escaped the Flood,  
As to forsake the living God, and fall  
To worship thin own work in Wood and Stone  
For Gods! yet him God the most High vouchsafe  
To call by Vision from his Fathers house,  
His kindred and false Gods, into a Land  
Which he will shew him, and from him will raise  
A mighty Nation, and upon him shower  
His benediction so, that in his Seed  
All Nations shall be blest; he straight obeys  
Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:  
I see him, but thou Cants not, with what Faith  
He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soils  
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the Ford  
To Harman, after a cumbrous Train  
Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;  
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who called him, in a land unknown.  
Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents  
Pitched about Schem, and the neighboring Plains  
Of Moab; there by promise he receives  
Gift to his Progenies of all that Land;  
From Hamath Northward to the Desert South

(Things by thin names I call, though yet unnamed)  
From Hermann East to the great Western Sea,  
Mount Hermann, yonder Sea, each place behold  
In prospect, as I point them; on the share  
Mount Carmel; here the double-founded stream  
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons  
Shall dwell to Senior, that long ridge of Hills.  
This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth  
Shall in his Seed be blessed; by that Seed  
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise  
The Serpents head; whereof to thee anon  
Planimeter shall be revealed. This Patriarch blest,  
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-child leaves,  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown;  
The Grandchild with twelve Sons increased, departs  
From Canaan, to a land hereafter called  
Egypt, divided by the River Nile;  
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths  
Into the Sea: to sojourn in that Land  
He comes invited by a younger Son  
In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds  
Raise him to be the second in that Realm  
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his Race  
Growing into a Nation, and now grown  
Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks  
To stop thin overgrowth, as inmate guests  
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
Inhospitably, and kills thin infant Males:  
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call  
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim  
His people from enthrallment, they return  
With glory and spoils back to thin premised Land.  
But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies  
To know thin God, or message to regard,  
Must be compelled by Signs and Judgements dire;  
To blood unshed the Rivers must be turned,  
Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill  
With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land;  
His Cattle must of Rot and Murrain die,  
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,  
And all his people; Thunder mixed with Haile,  
Haile mixed with fire must rend th' Egyptian Skies

And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rules;  
What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Grain,  
A dark some Cloud of Locusts swarming down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;  
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born  
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds  
The River-dragon tamed at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice  
More hardened after thaw, till in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismissed, the Sea  
Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass  
As on dryer land between two crystal walls,  
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided, till his rescued gain thin shore:  
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,  
Though present in his Angel, who shall go  
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,  
By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,  
To guide them in thin journey, and remove  
Behind them, while th' obdurate King pursues:  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning Watch;  
Then through the Fiery Pillar and the Cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his Host  
And craze thin Chariot wheels: when by command  
Moses once more his potent Rod extends  
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;  
On thin embattled ranks the Waves return,  
And overwhelm thin War: the Race elect  
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance  
Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,  
Least entering on the Canaanite alarmed  
War terrified them inexpert, and fear  
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Unstrained in Arms, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by thin delay  
In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found  
Thin government, and thin great Senate choose

Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordained:  
God from the Mount of Sinai, whose gray top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound  
Ordain them Laws; part such as appertain  
To civil Justice, part religious Rites  
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise  
The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
Man kinds deliverance. But the voice of God  
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech  
That Moses might report to them his will,  
And terror cease; he grants what they besought  
Instructed that to God is no access  
Without Mediator, whose high Office now  
Moses in figure bears, to introduce  
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
And all the Prophets in thin Age the times  
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites  
Established, such delight hath God in Men  
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafe  
Among them to set up his Tabernacle,  
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell:  
By his prescript a Sanctuary is framed  
Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein  
An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,  
The Records of his Covenant, over these  
A Mercies-seat of Gold between the wings  
Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn  
Seven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing  
The Heavenly fires; over the Tent a Cloud  
Shall rest by Day, a fiery gleams by Night,  
Save when they journey, and at length they come,  
Conducted by his Angel to the Land  
Promised to Abraham and his Seed: the rest  
Were long to tell, how many Battles fought,  
How many Kings destroyed, and Kingdoms won,  
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heaven stand still  
A day entire, and Nights due course adjourn,  
Mans voice commanding, Sun in Gideon stand,  
And thou Moon in the vale of Avalon,  
Till Israel overcome; so call the third

From Abraham, Son of Isaac, and from him  
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interposed. O sent from Heaven,  
Enlightens of my darkness, gracious things  
Thou hast revealed, those chiefly which concerns  
Just Abraham and his Seed: now first I find  
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased,  
Ere while perplexed with thoughts what would become  
Of me and all Mankind; but now I see  
His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,  
Favor unmerited by me, who sought  
Forbidden knowledge by Forbidden means.  
This yet I apprehend not, why to those  
Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth  
So many and so various Laws are given;  
So many Laws argue so many sins  
Among them; how can God with such reside?

To whom thus Michael. Doubt not but that sin  
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;  
And therefore was Law given them to evince  
Thin natural private, by stirring up  
Sin against Law to fight; that when they see  
Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
Save by those shadowed expiations weak,  
The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude  
Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,  
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness  
To them by Faith imputed, they may find  
Justification towards God, and peace  
Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies  
Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part  
Perform, and not performing cannot live.  
So Law appears imperfect, and but given  
With purpose to resign them in full time  
Up to a better Covenant, disciplined  
From shadowed Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,  
From imposition of strict Laws, to free  
Acceptance of large Grace, from serval fear  
To filial, works of Law to works of Faith.  
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
Highly beloved, being but the Minister

Of Law, his people into Canaan lead;  
But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call,  
His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell  
The adversary Serpent, and bring back  
Through the worlds wilderness long wandered man  
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
Meanwhile they in thin earthly Canaan placed  
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
National interrupt thin public peace,  
Provoking God to raise them enemies:  
From whom as oft he saves them penitent  
By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom  
The second, both for pieties renowned  
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne  
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing  
All Prophecy, That of the Royal Stock  
Of David (so I name this King) shall rise  
A Son, the Woman Seed to thee foretold,  
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust  
All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings  
The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.  
But first a long succession must ensue,  
And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom famed,  
The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents  
Wandering, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.  
Such follow him, as shall be registered  
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrawl,  
Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults  
Heaped to the popular summer, will so incense  
God, as to leave them, and expose thin Land,  
Thin City, his Temple, and his holy Ark  
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
To that proud City, whose high Walls thou sawed  
Left in confusion, Babylon thence called.  
There in captivity he lets them dwell  
The space of seventy years, then brings them back,  
Remembering Mercies, and his Covenant sworn  
To David, established as the days of Heaven.  
Returned from Babylon by leave of Kings  
Thin Lords, whom God disposed, the house of God  
They first re-edified, and for a while  
In mean estate live moderate, till grown

In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;  
 But first among the Priests dissension springs,  
 Men who attend the Altar, and should most  
 Endeavor Peace: thin strife pollution brings  
 Upon the Temple it self: at last they seize  
 The Scepter, and regard not Davids Sons,  
 Then loose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed King Messiah might be born  
 Barred of his right; yet at his Birth a Starr  
 Unseen before in Heaven proclaims him com,  
 And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire  
 His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold;  
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells  
 To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire  
 Of squadron Angels hear his Carol sung.  
 A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire  
 The Power of the most High; he shall ascend  
 The Throne hereditary, and bound his Reign  
 With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens.

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharged, as had like grief bin dewed in tears,  
 Without the vent of words, which these he breathed.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have searched in vain,  
 Why our great expectation should be called  
 The seed of Woman: Virgin Mother, Haile,  
 High in the love of Heaven, yet from my Loins  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son  
 Of God most High; So God with man unites.  
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal Paine: say where and when  
 Thin fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.

To whom thus Michael. Dream not of thin fight,  
 As of a Duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome  
 Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,

Disabled not to give thee thy deaths wound:  
Which hee, who comes thy Savior, shall recur,  
Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
In thee and in thy Seed: nor can this be,  
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
Obedience to the Law of God, imposed  
On penalize of death, and suffering death,  
The penalize to thy transgression due,  
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:  
So only can high Justice rest re-paid.  
The Law of God exact he shall fulfill  
Both by obedience and by love, though love  
Alone fulfill the Law; thy punishment  
He shall endure by coming in the Flesh  
To a reproachful life and cursed death,  
Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe  
In his redemption, and that his obedience  
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits  
To save them, not thin own, though legal works.  
For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,  
Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemned  
A shameful and accurst, nailed to the Cross  
By his own Nation, saline for bringing Life;  
But to the Cross he nails thy Enemies,  
The Law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankind, with him there crucified,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,  
But soon revives, Death over him no power  
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light  
Returns, the Stars of Morn shall see him rise  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,  
His death for Man, as many as offered Life  
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
By Faith not void of works: this God-like act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou should have dyad,  
In sin for ever lost from life; this act  
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength  
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main Arms,  
And fix far deeper in his head thin stings  
Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,  
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,



A gentle wafting to immortal Life.  
Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
Longer on Earth than certain times to appear  
To his Disciples, Men who in his Life  
Still followed him; to them shall leave in charge  
To teach all nations what of him they learned  
And his Salvation, them who shall believe  
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign  
Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life  
Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,  
For death, like that which the redeemer dyad.  
All Nations they shall teach; for from that day  
Not only to the Sons of Abrahams Loins  
Salvation shall be Preached, but to the Sons  
Of Abrahams Faith wherever through the world;  
So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.  
Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend  
With victory, triumphing through the Air  
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
The Serpent, Prince of Air, and drag in Chains  
Through all his Realm, and there confounded leave;  
Then enter into glory, and resume  
His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high  
Above all names in Heaven; and thence shall come,  
When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,  
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead  
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward  
His faithful, and received them into bliss,  
Whether in Heaven or Earth, for then the Earth  
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
Then this of Eden, and far happier days.

So spake th' Archangel Michael, then paused,  
As at the Worlds great period; and our Sire  
Replete with joy and wonder thus replied.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
That all this good of evil shall produce,  
And evil turn to good; more wonderful  
Then that which by creation first brought forth  
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,  
Whether I should repent me now of sin  
By me done and occasioned, or rejoice

Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,  
To God more glory, more good will to Men  
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
But say, if our deliverer up to Heaven  
Must renascent, what will betide the few  
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
The enemies of truth; who then shall guide  
His people, who defend? will they not deal  
Words with his followers then with him they dealt?  
Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heaven  
Hee to his own a Comforter will send,  
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell  
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith  
Working through love, upon thin hearts shall write,  
To guide them in all truth, and also arm  
With spiritual Amour, able to resist  
Satans assaults, and quench his fiery darts,  
What Man can do against them, not afraid,  
Though to the death, against such cruelties  
With inward consolations recompenc't,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Their proudest perfecters: for the Spirit  
Powered first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the Nations, then on all  
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue  
To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,  
As did Their Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each Nation to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven: at length  
Their Ministry performed, and race well run,  
Their doctrine and Their story written left,  
They die; but in Their room, as they forewarn,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven  
To Their own vile advantages shall turn  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left only in those written Records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
Places and titles, and with these to join  
Secular power, though feigning still to act  
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating

The Spirit of God, promised alike and given  
To all Believer; and from that pretense,  
Spiritual Laws by carnal power shall force  
On every conscience; Laws which none shall find  
Left them enrolled, or what the Spirit within  
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and bind  
His consort Liberty; what, but unbuild  
His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,  
Their own Faith not another: for on Earth  
Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard  
Infallible? yet many will presume:  
Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
On all who in the worship persevere  
Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, far greater part,  
Well deem in outward Rites and specious forms  
Religion satisfied; Truth shall retire  
Be stuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith  
Rarely be found: so shall the World go on,  
To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
Under her own weight groaning till the day  
Appear of respiration to the just,  
And vengeance to the wicked, at return  
Of him so lately promised to thy aid  
The Woman seed, obscurely then foretold,  
Now ampler known thy Savior and thy Lord,  
Last in the Clouds from Heaven to be revealed  
In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
Satan with his perverted World, then raise  
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,  
New Heavens, new Earth, Ages of endless date  
Founded in righteousness and peace and love  
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.

He ended; and thus Adam last reapplied.  
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
Measured this transient World, the Race of time,  
Till time stand fixed: beyond is all abyss,  
Eternities, whose end no eye can reach.  
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart.  
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
Of knowledge, what this Vessel can continue;  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.

Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
And love with fears the only God, to walk  
As in his presence, ever to observe  
His providence, and on him sole depend,  
Merciful over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small  
Accomplishing great things, by things deemed weak  
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
By simply meek; that suffering for Truths sake  
Is fortitude to highest victoria,  
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life;  
Taught this by his example whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.  
To whom thus also th' Angel last replied:  
This having learnt, thou hast attained the summer  
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the Stairs  
Thou Knesset by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,  
All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,  
Or works of God in Heaven, Airs, Earth, or Sea,  
And all the riches of this World enjoys,  
And all the rule, one Empire; only add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,  
Add verte, Patience, Temperance, add Love,  
By name to come called Charities, the soul  
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loath  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A Paradise within thee, happier far.  
Let us descend now therefore from this top  
Of Speculation; for the hour precise  
Exacts our parting hence; and see the Guards,  
By me encamped on yonder Hill, expect  
Their motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,  
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round;  
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;  
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calmed  
Portending good, and all her spirits composed  
To meek submission: thou at season fit  
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know,  
The great deliverance by her Seed to come  
(For by the Woman Seed) on all Mankind.  
That ye may live, which will be many days,  
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad,

With cause for evils past, yet much more cheered  
 With meditation on the happier end.  
 He ended, and they both descend the Hill;  
 Descended, Adam to the Bower where Eve  
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wacked;  
 And thus with words not sad she him received.

Whence thou returned, and whither wants, I know;  
 For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise,  
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
 Presaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress  
 Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;  
 In me is no delay; with thee to go,  
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me  
 Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
 Such favor I unworthier am voutsaft,  
 By me the Premised Seed shall all restore.

So spake our Mother Eve, and Adam heard  
 Well pleased, but answered not; for now too nigh  
 Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill  
 To Their fixed Station, all in bright array  
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground  
 Gliding Madeiras, as Evening Mist  
 Risen from a River o'er the Marisa glides,  
 And gathers ground fast at the Laborers heel  
 Homeward returning. High in Front advanced,  
 The brandished Sword of God before them blazed  
 Fierce as a Comet; which with torrid heat,  
 And vapor as the Libyan Air adust,  
 Began to parch that temperate Clime; whereat  
 In either hand the hamstring Angel caught  
 Our lingering Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate  
 Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast  
 To the subjected Plains; then disappeared.  
 They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late Their happier seat,  
 Waved over by that flaming Brand, the Gate  
 With dreadful Faces thronged and firey Arms:

Som natural tears they draped, but wiped them soon;  
 The World was all before them, where to choose  
 Their place of rest, and Providence Their guide:  
 They hand in hand with wadding steps and slow,  
 Through Eden took Their solitaire way.

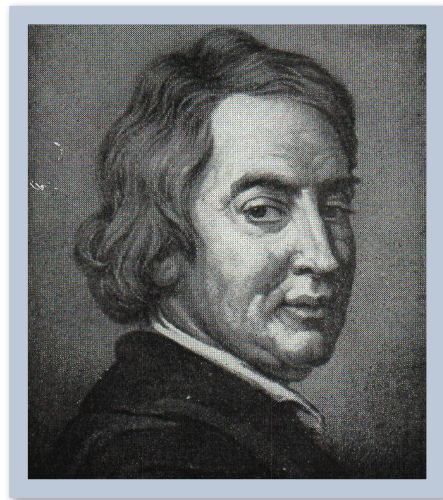
### 3.10.5 Reading and Review Questions

1. Why does Milton begin *Paradise Lost* not in Eden but in Hell? Why is the first creation that we see that of Satan?
2. Milton made Satan so attractive that the Romantic poet William Blake would later assume sympathy between Milton and his creation, declaring that Milton was of the devil's party without knowing it. Why does Milton make Satan so attractive, do you think?
3. Satan, Sin, and Death might be considered a parody of the Trinity. Why does Milton suggest a resemblance (albeit a perverted resemblance) between them? How does the Christian underpinning in Milton's epic compare with Spenser's?
4. How does Adam's creation compare with Eve's? What is the purpose in the differences and contrasts of their respective creation?
5. What consolation do Adam and Eve derive from their fall? How convincing is this consolation, do you think, and why?

## 3.11 JOHN DRYDEN

(1631-1700)

John Dryden reached adulthood during the Commonwealth; indeed, he dedicated his *Heroic Stanzas* (1659) "to the Glorious Memory of Cromwell," shortly after Cromwell's death. This poem reinforces classical (Roman) hierarchies, hailing as great the men who can lead society from disorder to harmony, the men who fight to end fighting in peace. And after the Restoration, Dryden acclaimed Charles II as the herald and ruler of such peace, lauding the high and the heroic. He later celebrated Charles II's leadership through the Great Fire of London in *Annus Mirabilis* (1667). While having adapted to the Commonwealth, Dryden more directly benefitted from the Restoration, particularly



**Image 3.12 | John Dryden**

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through his friendship with such Royalists as the playwright Sir Robert Howard (1623-1698), who was also Dryden's brother-in-law. Due to his association with Charles II, Dryden was the first poet to be named poet laureate of England and was also made historiographer, a position that came with a large income.

His association with Howard led to Dryden's writing his first play for the Theatre Royal company, housed in a building constructed by Howard and his partner Thomas Killigrew (1612-1683) soon after London theaters reopened after an eighteen-year ban. Dryden followed *The Wild Gallant* (performed in 1663; published in 1669) with a number of dramatic works, including comedies, tragedies, tragicomedies, and operas. His most successful tragedy, *All for Love: Or, The World Well Lost* (performed in 1677; published in 1678), attributed the rise of Octavius Caesar (later Augustus Caesar) to the weakness and emotionalism of Antony, who was selfishly swayed by his love for Cleopatra. This and other of Dryden's works influenced the neoclassical age following the Glorious Revolution.

His prose essays, particularly his critical essays on literature, addressed concerns that would soon issue forth particularly in the development of the novel as genre with

its mixture of the actual and fictive. In his preface to *A Discourse Concerning the Original and Progress of Satire* (1667), Dryden considered two types of "reading" and means of deriving meaning when he differentiated reading at home from watching a play in the playhouse, describing them as two distinct activities. Reading a text involved no successive movement, as one could read forward and backward as one pleased. That was not the case with a play, which must be watched successively. While he acknowledged the shifting roles and powers of an audience, Dryden preferred their modeling restraint, decorum, and order (such as when watching plays). In all of his work, Dryden may have included the topical and immediate—for example, in his satires—but he preferred the typological and the timeless, the general over the singular, the harmonious over the passionate and uncontrolled.

Dryden's reliance on great leaders as the means to order failed him personally when James II lost the



**Image 3.13 | Mary Ann Yates as Cleopatra in Dryden's *All for Love***

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throne to the joint rulers William III and Mary II. Dryden had converted to Roman Catholicism the year that James II ascended the throne. When he refused to reconvert to Anglicanism, Dryden lost his laureateship and position as historiographer royal. He continued to earn income, though, through his writing and translations, the most important and influential of which was his translation of *The Works of Vergil* (1697). His importance as a literary figure was confirmed after his death when he was buried at Westminster Abbey next to Chaucer.

### 3.11.1 *Annus Mirabilis: The Year of Wonders, 1666*

(1668)

1.

IN thriving Arts long time had *Holland* grown,  
Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad:  
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own.  
Our King they courted, & our Merchants aw'd.

2.

Trade, which like bloud should circularly flow,  
Stop'd in their Channels, found its freedom lost:  
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,  
And seem'd but shipwrack'd on so base a Coast.

3.

For them alone the Heav'ns had kindly heat,  
In Eastern Quarries ripening precious Dew:  
For them the *Idumae*an Balm did sweat,  
And in hot *Ceylon* Spicy Forrests grew.

4.

The Sun but seem'd the Lab'rer of their Year;  
Each waxing Moon suppli'd her watry store,  
To swell those Tides, which from the Line did bear  
Their brim-full Vessels to the *Belg'an* shore.

5.

Thus mighty in her Ships, stood *Carthage* long,  
And swept the riches of the world from far;  
Yet stoop'd to *Rome*, less wealthy, but more strong:  
And this may prove our second Punick War.

6.

What peace can be where both to one pretend?  
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)



Or if a peace, it soon must have an end  
For they would grow too pow'rful were it long.

**7.**  
Behold two Nations then, ingag'd so far,  
That each seav'n years the fit must shake each Land  
Where *France* will side to weaken us by War,  
Who onely can his vast designs withstand.

**8.**  
See how he feeds th' *Iberian* with delays,  
To render us his timely friendship vain;  
And, while his secret Soul on *Flanders* preys,  
He rocks the Cradle of the Babe of Spain.

**9.**  
Such deep designs of Empire does he lay,  
O're them whose cause he seems to take in hand.  
And, prudently, would make them Lords at Sea,  
To whom with ease he can give Laws by Land.

**10.**  
This saw our King; and long within his breast  
His pensive counsels ballanc'd too and fro;  
He griev'd the Land he freed should be oppress'd,  
And he less for it then Usurpers do.

**11.**  
His gen'rous mind the fair Idea's drew  
Of Fame and Honour which in dangers lay;  
Where wealth, like fruit an precipices, grew,  
Not to be gather'd but by Birds of prey.

**12.**  
The loss and gain each fatally were great;  
And still his Subjects call'd aloud for war:  
But peaceful Kings o'r martial people set,  
Each others poize and counter-ballance are.

**13.**  
He, first, survey'd the charge with careful eyes,  
Which none but mighty Monarchs could maintain;

Yet judg'd, like vapours that from Limbecks rise,  
It would in richer showers descend again.

**14.**

At length resolv'd t'assert the watry Ball,  
He in himself did whole Armado's bring:  
Him, aged Sea-men might their Master call,  
And choose for General were he not their King.

**15.**

It seems as every Ship their Sovereign knows,  
His awful summons they so soon obey;  
So here the skaly Herd when *Proteus* blows,  
And so to pasture follow through the Sea.

**16.**

To see this Fleet upon the Ocean move  
Angels drew wide the Curtains of the skies:  
And Heav'n, as if their wanted Lights above,  
For Tapers made two glareing Comets rise.

**17.**

Whether they unctuous Exhalations are,  
Fir'd by the Sun, or seeming so alone,  
Or each some more remote and slippery Star,  
Which looses footing when to Mortals shown.

**18.**

Or one that bright companion of the Sun,  
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born King;  
And now a round of greater years begun,  
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

**19.**

Victorious *York* did, first, with fam'd success,  
To his known valour make the *Dutch* give place:  
Thus Heav'n our Monarch's fortune did confess,  
Beginning conquest from his Royal Race.

**20.**

But since it was decreed, Auspicious King,  
In *Britain's* right that thou should'st wed the Main,

Heav'n, as a gage, would cast some precious thing  
And therefore doom'd that *Lawson* should be slain.

**21.**

*Lawson* amongst the formost met his fate,  
Whom Sea-green *Syrens* from the Rocks lament:  
Thus as an off'ring for the *Grecian* State,  
He first was kill'd who first to Battel went.

**22.**

Their Chief blown up, in air, not waves expir'd,  
To which his pride presum'd to give the Law:  
The *Dutch* confess'd Heav'n present, and retir'd,  
And all was *Britain* the wide Ocean saw.

**23.**

To nearest Ports their shatter'd Ships repair,  
Where by our dreadful Canon they lay aw'd:  
So reverently men quit the open air  
When thunder speaks the angry Gods abroad.

**24.**

And now approach'd their Fleet from *India*, fraught  
With all the riches of the rising Sun:  
And precious Sand from Southern Climates brought,  
(The fatal Regions where the War begun.)

**25.**

Like hunted *Castors*, conscious of their store,  
Their way-laid wealth to *Norway's* coasts they bring:  
There first the North's cold bosome Spices bore,  
And Winter brooded on the Eastern Spring.

**26.**

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,  
Which flank'd with Rocks did close in covert lie:  
And round about their murdering Canon lay,  
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

**27.**

Fiercer then Canon, and then Rocks more hard,  
The *English* undertook th' unequal War:

Seven Ships alone, by which the Port is barred,  
Besiege the *Indies*, and all *Denmark* dare.

**28.**

These fight like Husbands, but like Lovers those:  
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy  
And to such height their frantick passion grows,  
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

**29.**

Amidst whole heaps of Spices lights a Ball,  
And now their Odours arm'd against them flie:  
Some preciously by shatter'd Porc'lain fall,  
And some by Aromatick splinters die.

**30.**

An though by Tempests of the prize bereft,  
In Heavens inclemency some ease we find:  
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,  
And onely yielded to the Seas and Wind.

**31.**

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;  
For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:  
Which, as a tribute from the Balthick Sea,  
The British Ocean sent her mighty Lord.

**32.**

Go, Mortals, now, and vex your selves in vain  
For wealth, which so uncertainly must come:  
When what was brought so far, and with such pain,  
Was onely kept to lose it neerer home.

**33.**

The Son, who, twice three month's on th' Ocean tost,  
Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,  
Now sees, in *English Ships* the *Holland Coast*,  
And Parents arms in vain stretch'd from the shore.

**34.**

This carefull Husband had been long away,  
Whom his chast wife and little children mourn;

Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day  
On which their Father promis'd to return.

**35.**

Such are the proud designs of human kind,  
And so we suffer Shipwrack every where!  
Alas, what Port can such a Pilot find,  
Who in the night of Fate must blindly steer!

**36.**

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill  
Heav'n, in his bosom, from our knowledge hides;  
And draws them in contempt of human skill,  
Which oft, for friends, mistaken foes provides.

**37.**

Let *Munsters* Prelate ever be accurst,  
In whom we seek the *German* faith in vain:  
Alas, that he should teach the *English* first  
That fraud and avarice in the Church could reign!

**38.**

Happy who never trust a Strangers will,  
Whose friendship's in his interest understood!  
Since money giv'n but tempts him to be ill  
When pow'r is too remote to make him good.

**39.**

Till now, alone the Mighty Nations strove:  
The rest, at gaze, without the Lists did stand:  
And threatning *France*, plac'd like a painted *Jove*,  
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

**40.**

That Eunuch Guardian of rich *Holland* trade,  
Who envies us what he wants power to enjoy!  
Whose noisefull valour does no foe invade,  
And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

**41.**

Offended that we fought without his leave,  
He takes this time his secret have to show:

Which *Charles* does with a mind so calm receive,  
As one that neither seeks, nor shuns his foe.

**42.**

With *France*, to aid the *Dutch*, the *Danes* unite:  
*France* as their Tyrant, *Denmark* as their Slave.  
But when with one three Nations joyn to fight,  
They silently confess that one more brave.

**43.**

*Lewis* had chas'd the *English* from his shore;  
But *Charles* the *French* as Subjects does invite.  
Would Heav'n for each some *Salomon* restore,  
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right.

**44.**

Were Subjects so but onely buy their choice,  
And not from Birth did forc'd Dominion take,  
Our Prince alone would have the publique voice;  
And all his Neighbours Realms would desarts make.

**45.**

He without fear a dangerous War pursues,  
Which without rashness he began before.  
As Honour made him first the danger choose,  
So still he makes it good on virtues score.

**46.**

The doubled charge his Subjects love supplies,  
Who, in that bounty, to themselves are kind:  
So glad Egyptians see their *Nilus* rise,  
And in his plenty their abundance find.

**47.**

With equal pow'r he does two Chiefs create,  
Two such, as each seem'd worthiest when alone:  
Each able to sustain a Nations fate,  
Since both had found a greater in their own.

**48.**

Both great in courage, Conduct and in Fame,  
Yet neither envious of the others praise.

Their duty, faith, and int'rest too the same.  
Like mighty Partners equally they raise.

**49.**

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's love,  
But once possess'd did absolutely reign;  
Thus with their *Amazons* the *Heroes* strove,  
And conquer'd first those Beauties they would gain.

**50.**

The Duke, beheld, like *Scipio*, with disdain  
That *Carthage*, which he ruin'd, rise once more:  
And shook aloft the Fasces of the Main,  
To fright those Slaves with what they felt before.

**51.**

Together to the watry Camp they haste,  
Whom Matrons passing, to their children show  
Infants first vows for them to Heav'n are cast,  
And future people bless them as they go.

**52.**

With them no riotous pomp, nor *Asian* train,  
T' infect a Navy with their gawdy fears:  
To make flow fights, and victories but vain;  
But war; severely, like it self, appears.

**53.**

Diffusive of themselves, where e'r they pass,  
They make that warmth in others they expect  
Their valour works like bodies on a glass,  
And does its Image on their men project.

**54.**

Our Fleet divides, and straight the *Dutch* appear  
In number, and a fam'd Commander, bold:  
The Narrow Seas can scarce their Navy bear,  
Or crowded Vessels can their Soldiers hold.

**55.**

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,  
On wings of all the winds to combat flies:

His murdering Guns aloud defiance roar,  
And bloody Crosses on his Flag-staffs rise.

**56.**

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight,  
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:  
Th' *Elean* Plains could boast no nobler sight,  
When struggling Champions did their bodies bare.

**57.**

Born each by other in a distant Line,  
The Sea-built Forts in distant order move:  
So vast the noise, as if not Fleets did joyn,  
But Lands unfix'd, and floating Nations, strove.

**58.**

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack,  
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:  
And, in its eye, more closely they come back  
To finish all the deaths they left behind.

**59.**

On high-rais'd Decks the haughty *Belgians* ride,  
Beneath whose shade our humble Fregats go:  
Such port the Elephant bears, and so defi'd  
By the *Rhinocero's* her unequal foe.

**60.**

And as the built, so different is the fight;  
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:  
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,  
And through the yielding planks a passage find.

**61.**

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,  
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:  
All bare, like some old Oak which tempests beat,  
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

**62.**

*Heroes* of old, when wounded, shelter sought,  
But he, who meets all danger with disdain,



Ev'n in their face his ship to Anchor brought,  
And Steeple high stood propt upon the Main.

**63.**

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,  
The foremost of his foes a while withdraw.  
With such respect in enter'd *Rome* they gaz'd,  
Who on high Chairs the God-like Fathers saw.

**64.**

And now, as where *Patroclus* body lay,  
Here *Trojan* Chiefs advanc'd, & there the *Greek*:  
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,  
And theirs the noblest spoils of *Britain* seek.

**65.**

Mean time, his busie Marriners he hasts;  
His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore:  
And willing Pines ascend his broken Masts,  
Whose lofty heads rise higher then before.

**66.**

Straight to the *Dutch* he turns his dreadful prow,  
More fierce th'important quarrel to decide.  
Like Swans, in long array his Vessels show,  
Whose creasts, advancing, do the waves divide.

**67.**

They charge, re-charge, and all along the Sea  
They drive, and squander the huge *Belgian* Fleet.  
*Berkley* alone who neerest Danger lay,  
Did a like fate with lost *Creusa* meet.

**68.**

The night comes on, we, eager to pursue  
The Combat stil, and they asham'd to leave:  
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,  
And doubtful Moon-light did our rage deceive.

**69.**

In th'*English* Fleet each ship resounds with joy,  
And loud applause of their great Lead'rs fame.

In fiery dreams the *Dutch* they still destroy,  
And, slumbring, smile at the imagin'd flame.

**70.**

Not so the *Holland* Fleet, who tir'd and done,  
Stretch'd on their decks like weary Oxen lie:  
Faint swears all down their mighty members run,  
(Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply.)

**71.**

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,  
Or, shipwrack'd, labour to some distant shore:  
Or in dark Churches walk among the dead:  
They wake with horrour, & dare sleep no more.

**72.**

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,  
Till, from their Main-top, joyful news they hear  
Of ships, which by their mould bring new supplies,  
And in their colours *Belgian* Lions bear.

**73.**

Our watchful General had discern'd, from far,  
This mighty succour which made glad the foe.  
He sigh'd, but, like a Father of the War,  
His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

**74.**

His wounded men he first sends off to shore:  
(Never, till now, unwilling to obey.)  
They, not their wounds but want of strength deplore,  
And think them happy who with him can stay.

**75.**

Then, to the rest, Rejoyce, (said he) to day  
In you the fortune of *Great Britain* lies:  
Among so brave a people you are they  
Whom Heav'n has chose to fight for such a Prize.

**76.**

If number *English* courages could quell,  
We should at first have shun'd, not met our foes;

Whose numerous sails the fearful onely tell:  
 Courage from hearts, and not from numbers grows.

**77.**

He said; nor needed more to say: with hast  
 To their known stations chearfully they go:  
 And all at once, disdainig to be last,  
 Sollicite every gale to meet the foe.

**78.**

Nor did th'incourag'd *Belgians* long delay,  
 But, bold in others, not themselves, they stood:  
 So thick, our Navy scarce could sheer their way,  
 But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

**79.**

Our little Fleet was now ingag'd so far,  
 That, like the Sword-fish in the Whale, they fought.  
 The Combat onely seem'd a Civil War,  
 Till through their bowels we our passage wrought.

**80.**

Never had valour, no not ours before,  
 Done ought like this upon the Land or Main:  
 Where not to be o'come was to do more  
 Then all the Conquests former Kings did gain.

**81.**

The mighty Ghosts of our great *Harries* rose,  
 And armed *Edwards* look'd, with anxious eyes,  
 To see this Fleet among unequal foes,  
 By which fate promis'd them their *Charls* should rise.

**82.**

Mean time the *Belgians* tack upon our Reer,  
 And raking Chace-guns through our sterns they send:  
 Close by, their Fire-ships, like *Iackals*, appear,  
 Who on their Lions for the prey attend.

**83.**

Silent in smoke of Canons they come on:  
 (Such vapours once did fiery *Cacus* hide.)

In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,  
Who burn contented by another's side.

**84.**

Sometimes, from fighting Squadrons of each Fleet,  
(Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend)  
Two grappling *Aetna's* on the Ocean meet,  
And *English* fires with *Belgian* flames contend.

**85.**

Now, at each Tack, our little Fleet grows less;  
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the Main.  
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess  
While they lose cheaper than the *English* gain.

**86.**

Have you not seen when, whistled from the fist,  
Some Falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,  
And, with her eagerness, the quarry miss'd,  
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind.

**87.**

The dastard Crow, that to the wood made wing,  
And sees the Groves no shelter can afford,  
With her loud Kaws her Craven kind does bring,  
Who, safe in numbers cuff the noble Bird.

**88.**

Among the *Dutch* thus *Albemarl* did fare:  
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to flie.  
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,  
Like falling *Cesar*, decently to die.

**89.**

Yet pity did his manly spirit move  
To see those perish who so well had fought:  
And, generously, with his despair he strove,  
Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

**90.**

Let other Muses write his prosp'rous fate,  
Of conquer'd Nations tell, and Kings restor'd:

But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,  
Which, like the Sun's, more wonders does afford.

**91.**

He drew his mighty Fregates all before,  
On which the foe his fruitless force employes:  
His weak ones deep into his Reer he bore,  
Remote from Guns as sick men are from noise.

**92.**

His fiery Canon did their passage guide,  
And foll'wing smoke obscur'd them from the foe.  
Thus *Israel* safe from the *Egyptian's* pride,  
By flaming pillars, and by clouds did go.

**93.**

Elsewhere the *Belgian* force we did defeat,  
But here our courages did theirs subdue:  
So *Xenophon* once led that fam'd retreat,  
Which first the *Asian* Empire overthrew.

**94.**

The foe approach'd: and one, for his bold sin,  
Was sunk, (as he that touch'd the Ark was slain;)   
The wild waves master'd him, and suck'd him in,  
And smiling Eddies dimpled on the Main.

**95.**

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood;  
As if they had been there as servants set,  
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,  
And not persue, but wait on his retreat.

**96.**

So *Lybian* Huntsmen, on some sandy plain,  
From shady coverts rous'd, the Lion chace:  
The Kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,  
And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

**97.**

But if some one approach to dare his force,  
He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round:

With one paw seizes on his trembling Horse,  
And with the other tears him to the ground.

**98.**

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night,  
Now hissing waters the quenched guns restore;  
And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,  
Lie lulled and panting on the silent shore.

**99.**

The Moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,  
Where, while her beams like glittering silver play,  
Upon the Deck our careful General stood,  
And deeply mused on the succeeding day.

**100.**

That happy Sun, said he, will rise again,  
Who twice victorious did our Navy see:  
And I alone must view him rise in vain,  
Without one ray of all his Star for me.

**101.**

Yet, like an *English* Gen'ral will I die,  
And all the Ocean make my spacious grave.  
Women and Cowards on the Land may lie,  
The Sea's a Tomb that's proper for the brave.

**102.**

Restless he passed the remnants of the night,  
Till the fresh air proclaimed the morning nigh,  
And burning ships, the Martyrs of the fight,  
With paler fires beheld the Eastern sky.

**103.**

But now, his Stores of Ammunition spent,  
His naked valour is his only guard:  
Rare thunders are from his dumb Cannon sent,  
And solitary Guns are scarcely heard.

**104.**

Thus far had Fortune power, here forced to stay,  
Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife:

This, as a Ransome *Albemarl* did pay  
For all the glories of so great a life.

**105.**

For now brave *Rupert* from afar appears,  
Whose waving Streamers the glad General knows:  
With full spread Sails his eager Navy steers,  
And every Ship in swift proportion grows.

**106.**

The anxious Prince had heard the Cannon long,  
And from that length of time dire *Omens* drew  
Of *English* over-match'd, and *Dutch* too strong,  
Who never fought three days but to pursue.

**107.**

Then, as an Eagle, (who, with pious care,  
Was beating widely on the wing for prey)  
To her now silent Eiry does repair,  
And finds her callow Infants forc'd away.

**108.**

Stung with her love she stoops upon the plain,  
The broken air loud whistling as she flies:  
She stops, and listens, and shoots forth again,  
And guides her pinions by her young ones cries.

**109.**

With such kind passion hastes the Prince to fight,  
And spreads his flying canvass to the sound:  
Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,  
Now, absent, every little noise can wound.

**110.**

As, in a drought, the thirsty creatures cry,  
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain,  
And first the Martlet meets it in the sky,  
And, with wet wings, joys all the feather'd train.

**111.**

With such glad hearts did our despairing men  
Salute th' appearance of the Princes Fleet;

And each ambitiously would claim the Ken  
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

**112.**

The *Dutch*, who came like greedy Hinds before,  
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,  
Now look like those, when rowling thunders roar,  
And sheets of Lightning blast the standing field.

**113.**

Full in the Princes passage, hills of sand  
And dang'rous flats in secret ambush lay,  
Where the false tides skim o'r the cover'd Land,  
And Sea-men with dissembled depths betray:

**114.**

The wily *Dutch*, who, like fall'n Angels, fear'd  
This new *Messiah's* coming, there did wait,  
And round the verge their braving Vessels steer'd,  
To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

**115.**

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,  
Secure of fame when ere he please to fight:  
His cold experience tempers all his heat,  
And inbred worth does boasting valour slight.

**116.**

Heroique virtue did his actions guide,  
And he the substance not th' appearance chose:  
To rescue one such friend he took more pride  
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

**117.**

But, when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,  
*Rupert* and *Albemarl* together grow:  
He joys to have his friend in safety found,  
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

**118.**

The chearful Souldiers, with new stores suppli'd,  
Now long to execute their spleenfull will;



And, in revenge for those three days they tri'd,  
Wish one, like *Ioshuah's*, when the Sun stood still.

**119.**

Thus re-inforc'd, against the adverse Fleet  
Still doubling ours, brave *Rupert* leads the way.  
With the first blushes of the Morn they meet,  
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

**120.**

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,  
And his loud Guns speak thick like angry men:  
It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,  
And death new pointed his dull dart agen.

**121.**

The *Dutch*, too well his mighty Conduct knew,  
And matchless Courage since the former fight:  
Whose Navy like a stiff stretch'd cord did show  
Till he bore in, and bent them into flight.

**122.**

The wind he shares while half their Fleet offends  
His open side, and high above him shows,  
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,  
And, doubly harm'd, he double harms bestows.

**123.**

Behind, the Gen'ral mends his weary pace,  
And sullenly to his revenge he sails:  
So glides some trodden Serpent on the grass,  
And long behind his wounded vollume trails.

**124.**

Th' increasing sound is born to either shore,  
And for their stakes the throwing Nations fear.  
Their passion, double with the Cannons roar,  
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

**125.**

Pli'd thick and close as when the fight begun,  
Their huge unwieldy Navy wastes away:

So sicken waning Moons too neer the Sun,  
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

**126.**

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,  
Their Ships like wasted Patrimonies show:  
Where the thin scatt'ring Trees admit the light,  
And shun each others shadows as they grow.

**127.**

The warlike Prince had sever'd from the rest  
Two giant ships, the pride of all the Main;  
Which, with his own, so vigorously he press'd,  
And flew so home they could not rise again.

**128.**

Already batter'd, by his Lee they lay,  
In vain upon the passing winds they call:  
The passing winds through their torn canvass play,  
And flagging sails on heartless Sailors fall.

**129.**

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,  
Dreadful as day let in to shades below:  
Without, grim death rides bare-fac'd in their sight,  
And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

**130.**

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,  
Close by the boar'd the Prince's Main-mast bore:  
All three now, helpless, by each other lie,  
And this offends not, and those fear no more.

**131.**

So have I seen some fearful Hare maintain  
A Course, till tir'd before the Dog she lay:  
Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,  
Past pow'r to kill as she to get away.

**132.**

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey,  
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies:

She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,  
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

**133.**

The Prince unjustly does his Stars accuse,  
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on:  
For what they to his courage did refuse,  
By mortal valour never must be done.

**134.**

This lucky hour the wise *Batavian* takes,  
And warns his tatter'd Fleet to follow home:  
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,  
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'r-come.

**135.**

The General's force, as kept alive by fight,  
Now, not oppos'd, no longer can persue:  
Lasting till Heav'n had done his courage right,  
When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

**136.**

He casts a frown on the departing foe,  
And sighs to see him quit the watry field:  
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,  
For all the glories which the Fight did yield.

**137.**

Though, as when Fiends did Miracles avow,  
He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful *Dutch*,  
He onely does his conquest disavow,  
And thinks too little what they found too much.

**138.**

Return'd, he with the Fleet resolv'd to stay,  
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide:  
Domestick joys and cares he puts away,  
For Realms are households which the Great must guide.

**139.**

As those who unripe veins in Mines explore,  
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,

Till time digests the yet imperfect Ore,  
And know it will be Gold another day.

**140.**

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,  
Th' essay, and rudiments of great success,  
Which all-maturing time must bring to light,  
While he, like Heav'n, does each days labour bless.

**141.**

Heav'n ended not the first or second day,  
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd:  
God and Kings work, when they their work survey,  
And passive aptness in all subjects find.

**142.**

In burden'd Vessels, first, with speedy care,  
His plenteous Stores do season'd timber send  
Thither the brawny Carpenters repair,  
And as the Chyrurg'ons of maim'd ships attend.

**143.**

With Cord and Canvass from rich *Hamburgh* sent,  
His Navies molted wings he imp's once more:  
Tall *Norway* Fir, their Masts in Battel spent,  
And *English* Oak sprung leaks and planks restore.

**144.**

All hands employ'd, the Royal work grows warm,  
Like labouring Bees on a long Summers day,  
Some sound the Trumpet for the rest to swarm,  
And some on bells of tasted Lillies play:

**145.**

With glewy wax some new foundation lay  
Of Virgin combs, which from the roof are hung:  
Some arm'd within doors, upon duty stay,  
Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

**146.**

So here, some pick out bullets from the sides,  
Some drive old Okum through each seam & rift:

Their left-hand does the Calking-iron guide,  
The ratling Mallet with the right they lift.

**147.**

With boiling Pitch another near at hand  
(From friendly *Sweden* brought) the seams in-stops:  
Which well paid o'r the salt-Sea waves withstand,  
And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

**148.**

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby Marling bind,  
Or sear-cloth Masts with strong Tarpawling coats:  
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,  
And one, below, their ease or stiffness notes.

**149.**

Our careful Monarch stands in Person by,  
His new-cast Canons firmness to explore:  
The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,  
And Ball and Cartrage sorts for every bore.

**150.**

Each day brings fresh supplies of Arms and Men,  
And Ships which all last Winter were abroad:  
And such as fitted since the Fight had been,  
Or new from Stocks were fall'n into the Road.

**151.**

The goodly *London* in her gallant trim,  
(The *Phoenix* daughter of the vanish'd old:)  
Like a rich Bride does to the Ocean swim,  
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

**152.**

Her Flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,  
And sanguine Streamers seem the floud to fire:  
The Weaver charm'd with what his Loom design'd,  
Goes on to Sea, and knows not to retire.

**153.**

With roomy decks, her Guns of mighty strength,  
(Whose low-laid mouthes each mounting billow laves:)

Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,  
She seems a Sea-wasp flying on the waves.

**154.**

This martial Present, piously design'd,  
The Loyal City give their best-lov'd King:  
And with a bounty ample as the wind,  
Built, fitted and maintain'd to aid him bring.

**155.**

By viewing Nature, Natures Hand-maid, Art,  
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:  
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart  
Their tail the Rudder, and their head the Prow.

**156.**

Some Log, perhaps, upon the waters swam  
An useless drift, which, rudely cut within,  
And hollow'd, first a floating trough became,  
And cross some Riv'let passage did begin.

**157.**

In shipping such as this the *Irish Kern*,  
And untaught *Indian*, on the stream did glide:  
Ere sharp-keel'd Boats to stem the floud did learn,  
Or fin-like Oars did spread from either side.

**158.**

Adde but a Sail, and *Saturn* so appear'd,  
When, from lost Empire, he to Exile went,  
And with the Golden age to *Tyber* steer'd,  
Where Coin & first Commerce he did invent.

**159.**

Rude as their Ships was Navigation, then;  
No useful Compass or Meridian known:  
Coasting, they kept the Land within their ken,  
And knew no North but when the Pole-star shone.

**160.**

Of all who since have us'd the open Sea,  
Than the bold *English* none more fame have won:

Beyond the Year, and out of Heav'ns high-way,  
They make discoveries where they see no Sun.

**161.**

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,  
By poor man-kinds benighted wit is sought,  
Shall in this Age to *Britain* first be shown,  
And hence be to admiring Nations taught.

**162.**

The Ebbs of Tydes, and their mysterious flow,  
We, as Arts Elements shall understand:  
And as by Line upon the Ocean go,  
Whose paths shall be familiar as the Land.

**163.**

Instructed ships shall sail to quick Commerce;  
By which remotest Regions are alli'd:  
Which makes one City of the Universe,  
Where some may gain, and all may be suppli'd.

**164.**

Their, we upon our Globes last verge shall go,  
And view the Ocean leaning on the sky:  
From thence our rolling Neighbours we shall know.  
And on the Lunar world securely pry.

**165.**

This I fore-tel, from your auspicious care,  
VWho great in search of God and Nature grow:  
VWho best your wise Creator's praise declare,  
Since best to praise his works is best to know.

**166.**

O truly Royal! who behold the Law,  
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind,  
And thence, like Limbeckss, rich Idea's draw,  
To fit the levell'd use of humane kind.

**167.**

But first the toils of war we must endure,  
And, from th'Injurious *Dutch* redeem the Seas.

War makes the valiant of his right secure,  
And gives up fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

**168.**

Already were the *Belgians* on our coast,  
Whose Fleet more mighty every day became,  
By late success, which they did falsly boast,  
And now, by first appearing seem'd to claim.

**169.**

Designing, subtil, diligent, and close,  
They knew to manage War with wise delay:  
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,  
And, by their pride, their prudence did betray.

**170.**

Nor staid the *English* long: but, well suppli'd,  
Appear as numerous as th'insulting foe.  
The Combat now by courage must be tri'd,  
And the success the braver Nation show.

**171.**

There was the *Plimouth* Squadron new come in,  
Which in the *Straights* last Winter was abroad:  
Which twice on *Biscay's* working Bay had been,  
And on the Mid-land Sea the *French* had aw'd.

**172.**

Old expert *Allen*, loyal all along,  
Fam'd for his action on the *Smirna* Fleet,  
And *Holmes*, whose name shal live in Epique Song,  
While Musick Numbers, or while Verse has Fleet.

**173.**

*Holmes*, the *Achates* of the Gen'ral's fight,  
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with *Guinny* Gold:  
As once old *Cato* in the *Roman's* sight  
The tempting fruits of *Africk* did unfold.

**174.**

With him went *Sprag*, as bountiful as brave,  
Whom his high courage to command had brought:



*Harman*, who did the twice fir'd *Harry* save,  
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

**175.**

Young *Hollis*, on a *Muse* by *Mars* begot,  
Born, *Cesar*-like, to write and act great deeds:  
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,  
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

**176.**

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,  
Whose deeds some nobler Poem shall adorn;  
And, though to me unknown, they, sure, fought well,  
Whom *Rupert* led, and who were *British* born.

**177.**

Of every size an hundred fighting Sail,  
So vast the Navy now at Anchor rides,  
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,  
And, with its weight, it shoulders off the Tydes.

**178.**

Now Anchors weigh'd, the Sea-men shout so shrill,  
That Heav'n & Earth and the wide Ocean rings:  
A breeze from Westward waits their sails to fill,  
And rests, in those high beds, his downy wings.

**179.**

The wary *Dutch* this gathering storm foresaw,  
And durst not bide it on the *English* coast:  
Behind their treach'rous shallows they withdraw,  
And their lay snares to catch the *British* Hoast.

**180.**

So the false Spider, when her Nets are spread,  
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:  
And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,  
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling Fly.

**181.**

Then, if at last, she find him fast beset,  
She issues forth, and runs along her Loom:

She joys to touch the Captive in her Net,  
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

**182.**

The *Belgians* hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,  
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:  
Or, if with caution leisurely were past,  
Their numerous gross might charge us one by one.

**183.**

But, with a fore-wind pushing them above,  
And swelling tyde that heav'd them from below,  
O'r the blind flots our warlike Squadrons move,  
And, with spread sails, to welcome Battel go.

**184.**

It seem'd as there the *British Neptune* stood,  
With all his host of waters at command,  
Beneath them to submit th'officious floud:  
And, with his Trident, shov'd them off the sand.

**185.**

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,  
And summon them to unexpected fight:  
They start like Murderers when Ghosts appear,  
And draw their Curtains in the dead of night.

**186.**

Now Van to Van the foremost Squadrons meet,  
The midmost Battels hasting up behind,  
Who view, far off, the storm of falling Sleet,  
And hear their thunder ratling in the wind.

**187.**

At length the adverse Admirals appear:  
(The two bold Champions of each Countries right)  
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,  
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

**188.**

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,  
The Linstocks touch, the pond'rous ball expires:

The vig'rous Sea-man every port-hole plies,  
And adds his heart to every Gun he fires.

**189.**

Fierce was the fight on the proud *Belgians* side,  
For honour, which they seldome sought before:  
But now they by their own vain boasts were ti'd,  
And forc'd, at least in show, to prize it more.

**190.**

But sharp remembrance on the *English* part,  
And shame of being match'd by such a foe:  
Rouze conscious vertue up in every heart,  
And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

**191.**

Nor long the Belgians could that Fleet sustain,  
Which did two Gen'ral's fates, and Cesar's bear.  
Each several Ship a victory did gain,  
As Rupert or as Albemarl were there.

**192.**

Their batter'd Admiral too soon withdrew,  
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight:  
But he the minds of his Dutch Masters knew,  
Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

**193.**

Never did men more joyfully obey,  
Or sooner understood the sign to flie:  
With such alacrity they bore away,  
As if to praise them all the States stood by.

**194.**

O famous Leader of the Belgian Fleet,  
Thy Monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear  
As Verro, timely flying, once did meet,  
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

**195.**

Behold that Navy which a while before  
Provok'd the tardy *English* to the fight,

Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,  
As Larks lie dar'd to shun the Hobbies flight.

**196.**

Who ere would *English* Monuments survey,  
In other records may our courage know:  
But let them hide the story of this day,  
Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

**197.**

Or if too busily they will enquire  
Into a victory which we disdain:  
Then let them know, the *Belgians* did retire  
Before the Patron Saint of injur'd *Spain*.

**198.**

Repenting *England* this revengeful day  
To *Philip's* Manes did an off'ring bring.  
*England*, which first, by leading them astray,  
Hatch'd up Rebellion to destroy her King.

**199.**

Our Fathers bent their baneful industry  
To check a Monarchy that slowly grew:  
But did not *France* or *Holland's* fate foresee,  
Whose rising pow'r to swift Dominion flew.

**200.**

In fortunes Empire blindly thus we go,  
And wander after pathless destiny:  
Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know.  
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

**201.**

But what ere *English* to the bless'd shall go,  
And the fourth *Harry* or first *Orange* meet:  
Find him disowning of a *Burbon* foe,  
And him detesting a *Batavian* Fleet.

**202.**

Now on their coasts our conquering Navy rides,  
Way-lays their Merchants, and their Land besets;

Each day new wealth without their care provides,  
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

**203.**

So, close behind some Promontory lie  
The huge Leviathans t' attend their prey:  
And give no chace, but swallow in the frie,  
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

**204.**

Nor was this all: in Ports and Roads remote,  
Destructive Fires among whole Fleets we send:  
Triumphant flames upon the water flote,  
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

**205.**

Those various Squadrons, variously design'd,  
Each vessel freighted with a several load:  
Each Squadron waiting for a several wind,  
All find but one, to burn them in the Road.

**206.**

Some bound for *Guinny*, golden sand to find,  
Bore all the gawds the simple Natives wear:  
Some for the pride of *Turkish Courts* design'd,  
For folded *Turbans* finest *Holland* bear.

**207.**

Some *English Wool*, vex'd in a *Belgian Loom*,  
And into Cloth of spungy softness made:  
Did into *France* or colder *Denmark* doom,  
To ruine with worse ware our staple Trade.

**208.**

Our greedy Sea-men rummage every hold,  
Smiles on the booty of each wealthier Chest:  
And, as the Priests who with their gods make bold,  
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

**209.**

But ha! how, unsincere are all our joys!  
Which, sent from Heav'n, like Lightning make no stay:

Their falling taste the journeys length destroys,  
Or grief, sent post, o'r-takes them on the way.

**210.**

Swell'd with our late successes on the Foe,  
Which *France* and *Holland* wanted power to cross:  
We urge an unseen Fate to lay us low,  
And feed their envious eyes with *English* loss.

**211.**

Each Element his dread command obeys,  
Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;  
Who as by one he did our Nation raise,  
So now he with another pulls us down.

**212.**

Yet, *London*, Empress of the Northern Clime,  
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;  
Great as the worlds, which at the death of time  
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire.

**213.**

As when some dire Usurper Heav'n provides,  
To scourge his Country with a lawless sway:  
His birth, perhaps, some petty Village hides,  
And sets his Cradle out of Fortune's way:

**214.**

Till fully ripe his swelling fate breaks out,  
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:  
His Prince surpriz'd at first, no ill could doubt,  
And wants the pow'r to meet it when 'tis known.

**215.**

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,  
Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,  
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,  
And straight to Palaces and Temples spread.

**216.**

The diligence of Trades and noiseful gain,  
And luxury, more late, asleep were laid:

All was the nights, and in her silent reign,  
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

**217.**

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,  
Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose:  
And first, few scatt'ring sparks about were blown,  
Big with the flames that to our ruine rose.

**218.**

Then, in some close-pent room it crept along,  
And, smouldring as it went, in silence fed:  
Till th'infant monster, with devouring strong,  
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

**219.**

Now, like some rich or mighty Murderer,  
To great for prison, which he breaks with gold;  
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,  
And dares the world to tax him with the old.

**220.**

So scapes th'insulting fire his narrow Jail,  
And makes small out-lets into open air:  
There the fierce winds his open force assail,  
And beat him down-ward to his first repair.

**221.**

The winds, like crafty Courtezans, with-held  
His flames from burning, but to blow them more:  
And, every fresh attempt, he is repell'd  
With faint denials, weaker then before.

**222.**

And now, no longer letted of his prey,  
He leaps up at it with inrag'd desire:  
O'r-looks the neighbours with a wide survey,  
And nods at every house his threatning fire.

**223.**

The Ghosts of Traitors, from the *Bridge* descend,  
With bold Fanatick Spectres to rejoyce:

About the fire into a Dance they bend,  
And sing their Sabbath Notes with feeble voice.

**224.**

Our Guardian Angel saw them where he sate  
Above the Palace of our slumbring King,  
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,  
And, drooping, oft look back upon the wing.

**225.**

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze,  
Call'd up some waking Lover to the sight:  
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,  
Whose heavy eye-lids yet were full of night.

**226.**

The next to danger, hot pursu'd by fate,  
Half cloth'd, half naked, hastily retire:  
And frighted Mother strike their breasts, too late,  
For helpless Infants left amidst the fire.

**227.**

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near:  
Now murmuring noises rise in every street;  
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,  
And, in the dark, men justle as they meet.

**228.**

So weary Bees in little Cells repose;  
But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd Hive,  
An humming through their waxen City grows,  
And out upon each others wings they drive.

**229.**

Now streets grow throng'd and busie as by day:  
Some run for Buckets to the hallow'd Quire:  
Some cut the Pipes, and some the Engines play,  
And some more bold mount Ladders to the fire.

**230.**

In vain: for, from the East, a *Belgian* wind,  
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent:



The flames impelled, soon left their foes behind,  
And forward, with a wanton fury went.

**231.**

A Key of fire ran all along the shore,  
And lighten'd all the River with the blaze:  
The waken'd Tydes began again to roar,  
And wond'ring Fish in shining waters gaze.

**231.**

Old Father *Thames* rais'd up his reverend head,  
But fear'd the fate of *Simoeis* would return:  
Deep in his *Ooze* he sought his sedgy bed,  
And shrunk his waters back into his Urn.

**233.**

The fire, mean time, walks in a broader gross,  
To either hand his wings he opens wide:  
He wades the streets, & straight he reaches cross,  
And plays his longing flames on th'other side.

**234.**

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take:  
Now with long necks from side to side they feed:  
At length, grown strong, their Mother fire forsake,  
And a new Collony of flames succeed.

**239.**

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke,  
With gloomy pillars, cover all the place:  
Whose little intervals of night are broke  
By sparks that drive against his Sacred Face.

**240.**

More then his Guards his sorrows made him known,  
And pious tears which down his cheeks did show'r:  
The wretched in his grief forgot their own:  
(So much the pity of a King has pow'r.)

**241.**

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,  
And what so well had merited his love.

For never Prince in grace did more excel,  
Or Royal City more in duty strove.

**242.**

Nor with an idle care did he behold:  
(Subjects may grieve, but Monarchs must redress.)  
He hears the fearful, and commends the bold,  
And makes despairers hope for good success.

**243.**

Himself directs what first is to be done,  
And orders all the succours which they bring.  
The helpful and the good about him run,  
And form an Army worthy such a King.

**244.**

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,  
That where it seizes, all relief is vain:  
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste  
That Country which would, else, the foe maintain.

**245.**

The powder blows up all before the fire:  
Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap;  
And from the precipices brinck retire,  
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

**246.**

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,  
But straight, like *Turks*, forc'd on to win or die;  
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,  
And o'r the breach in unctuous vapours flie.

**247.**

Part stays for passage till a gust of wind  
Ships o'r their forces in a shining sheet:  
Part, creeping under ground, their journey blind,  
And, climbing from below, their fellows meet.

**248.**

Thus, to some desert plain, or old wood side,  
Dire night has come from far to dance their round:

And o'r brode Rivers on their fiends they ride,  
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

**249.**

No help avails: for, *Hydra*-like, the fire,  
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way.  
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,  
Before he rushes in to share the prey.

**250.**

The rich grow suppliant, & the poor grow proud:  
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more.  
So void of pity is th'ignoble crowd,  
When others ruine may increase their store.

**251.**

As those who live by shores with joy behold  
Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh;  
And, from the Rocks, leap down for shipwrack'd Gold,  
And seek the Tempest which the others flie.

**252.**

So these but wait the Owners last despair,  
And what's permitted to the flames invade:  
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,  
And, on their backs, the spoils of *Vulcan* lade.

**253.**

The days were all in this lost labour spent;  
And when the weary King gave place to night,  
His Beams he to his Royal Brother lent,  
And so shone still in his reflective light.

**254.**

Night came, but without darkness or repose,  
A dismal picture of the gen'ral doom:  
Where Souls distracted when the Trumpet blows  
And half unready with their bodies come.

**255.**

Those who have homes, when home they do repair  
To a last lodging call their wand'ring friends.

Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,  
To look how near their own destruction tends.

**256.**

Those who have none sit round where once it was,  
And with full eyes each wonted room require:  
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,  
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

**257.**

Some stir up coals and watch the Vestal fire,  
Others in vain from sight of ruine run:  
And, while through burning Lab'rincths they retire,  
With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

**258.**

The most, in fields, like herded beasts lie down;  
To dews obnoxious on the grassie floor:  
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,  
Sad Parents watch the remnants of their store.

**259.**

While by the motion of the flames they ghesse  
What streets are burning now, & what are near:  
An Infant, waking, to the paps would press,  
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

**260.**

No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's care,  
Whose praise th'afflicted as their comfort sing:  
Ev'n those whom want might drive to just despair,  
Think life a blessing under such a King.

**261.**

Mean time he sadly suffers in their grief,  
Out-weepes an Hermite, and out-prays a Saint:  
All the long night he studies their relief,  
How they may be suppli'd, and he may want.

**262.**

O God, said he, thou Patron of my days,  
Guide of my youth in exile and distress!

Who me unfriended, brought'st by wondrous ways  
The Kingdom of my Fathers to possess.

**263.**

Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied care  
I since have labour'd for my People's good:  
To bind the bruises of a Civil War,  
And stop the issues of their wasting bloud.

**264.**

Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the ill,  
And recompense, as friends the good, misled;  
If mercy be a Precept of thy will,  
Return that mercy on thy Servant's head.

**265.**

Or, if my heedless Youth has stept astray,  
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand:  
On me alone thy just displeasure lay,  
But take thy judgments from this mourning Land.

**266.**

We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,  
As humble Earth from whence at first we came:  
Like flying shades before the clowds we show,  
And shrink like Parchment in consuming.

**267.**

O let it be enough what thou hast done,  
When spotted deaths ran arm'd through every street,  
With poison'd darts, which not the good could shun.  
The speedy could out-fly, or valiant meet.

**268.**

The living few, and frequent funerals then,  
Proclam'd thy wrath on this forsaken place:  
And now those few who are return'd agen  
Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

**269.**

O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,  
Or bind thy sentence unconditional:

But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,  
And, in that foresight, this thy doom recall.

**270.**

Thy threatnings, Lord, as thine, thou maist revoke:  
But, if immutable and fix'd they stand,  
Continue still thy self to give the stroke,  
And let not foreign foes oppress thy Land.

**271.**

Th' Eternal heard, and from the Heav'nly Quire,  
Chose out the Cherub with the flaming sword:  
And bad him swiftly drive th' approaching fire  
From where our Naval Magazines were stor'd.

**272.**

The blessed Minister his wings displai'd,  
And like a shooting Star he cleft the night:  
He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd,  
He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

**273.**

The fugitive flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey  
On pious Structures, by our Fathers rear'd:  
By which to Heav'n they did affect the way,  
Ere Faith in Church-men without Works was heard.

**274.**

The wanting Orphans saw, with watry eyes,  
Their Founders charity in dust laid low:  
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,  
(For he protects the poor who made them so.)

**275.**

Nor could thy Fabrick, *Paul's*, defend thee long,  
Though thou wert Sacred to thy Makers praise:  
Though made immortal by a Poet's Song;  
And Poets Songs the *Theban* walls could raise.

**276.**

The dareing flames peep't in and saw from far,  
The awful beauties of the Sacred Quire:

But, since it was prophan'd by Civil War,  
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

**277.**

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,  
And, widely opening, did on both sides prey.  
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,  
If onely ruine must enlarge our way.

**278.**

And now four days the Sun had seen our woes,  
Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant fire:  
It seem'd as if the Stars more sickly rose,  
And farther from the feav'rish North retire.

**279.**

In th' Empyrean Heaven, (the bless'd abode)  
The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate lie,  
Not daring to behold their angry God:  
And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

**280.**

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,  
And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast:  
He saw the Town's one half in rubbish lie,  
And eager flames give on to storm the rest.

**281.**

An hollow chrystal Pyramid he takes,  
In firmamental waters dipt above;  
Of it a brode Extinguisher he makes,  
And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.

**282.**

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place,  
Or full with feeding, sink into a sleep:  
Each household Genius shows again his face,  
And, from the hearths, the little Lares creep.

**283.**

Our King this more then natural change beholds;  
With sober joy his heart and eyes abound:

To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,  
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

**284.**

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,  
A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain:  
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,  
And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain:

**285.**

By such degrees, the spreading gladness grew  
In every heart, which fear had froze before:  
The standing streets with so much joy they view,  
That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

**286.**

The Father of the people opened wide  
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:  
Thus God's Anointed God's own place suppli'd,  
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

**287.**

This Royal bounty brought its own reward,  
And, in their minds, so deep did print the sense:  
That if their ruins sadly they regard,  
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

**289.**

But so may he live long, that Town to sway,  
Which by his Auspice they will nobler make,  
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,  
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

**290.**

They have not lost their Loyalty by fire;  
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,  
That from his Wars they poorly would retire,  
Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

**291.**

Not with more constancy the *Iews* of old,  
By *Cyrus* from rewarded Exile sent:



Their Royal City did in dust behold,  
Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

**292.**

The utmost malice of their Stars is past,  
And two dire Comets which have scourg'd the Town,  
In their own Plague and Fire have breath'd their last,  
Or, dimly, in their sinking sockets frown.

**293.**

Now frequent Trines the happier lights among,  
And high-rais'd *Iove* from his dark prison freed:  
(Those weights took off that on his Planet hung)  
Will gloriously the new laid work succeed.

**294.**

Me-thinks already, from this Chymick flame,  
I see a City of more precious mold,  
Rich as the Town which gives the *Indies* name,  
With Silver pav'd, and all divine with Gold.

**295.**

Already, Labouring with a mighty fate,  
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,  
And seems to have renew'd her Charters date,  
Which Heav'n will to the death of time allow.

**296.**

More great then humane, now, and more *August*,  
New deifi'd she from her fires does rise:  
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,  
And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

**297.**

Before, she like some Shepherdess did show,  
Who sate to bathe her by a River's side:  
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,  
Nor taught the beauteous Arts of Modern pride.

**298.**

Now, like a Maiden Queen, she will behold,  
From her high Turrets, hourly Sutors come:

The East with Incense, and the West with Gold,  
Will stand, like Suppliants, to receive her doom.

**299.**

The silver *Thames*, her own domestick Floud,  
Shall bear her Vessels, like a sweeping Train;  
And often wind (as of his Mistress proud)  
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

**300.**

The wealthy *Tagus*, and the wealthier *Rhine*,  
The glory of their Towns no more shall boast:  
And *Sein*, That would with *Belgian* Rivers joyn,  
Shall find her lustre stain'd, and Traffick lost.

**301.**

The vent'rous Merchant, who design'd more far,  
And touches on our hospitable shore:  
Charm'd with the splendour of this Northern Star,  
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

**302.**

Our pow'rful Navy shall no longer meet,  
The wealth of *France* or *Holland* to invade:  
The beauty of this Town, without a Fleet,  
From all the world shall vindicate her Trade.

**303.**

And, while this fam'd Emporium we prepare,  
The *British* Ocean shall such triumphs boast,  
That those who now disdain our Trade to share,  
Shall rob like Pyrats on our wealthy Coast.

**304.**

Already we have conquer'd half the War,  
And the less dangerous part is left behind:  
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,  
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

**305.**

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go;  
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:

A constant Trade-wind will securely blow,  
 And gently lay us on the Spicy shore.  
 FINIS.

### 3.11.2 *All for Love: Or, The World Well Lost*

(performed in 1677; published in 1678)

#### Prologue

What flocks of critics hover here to-day,  
 As vultures wait on armies for their prey,  
 All gaping for the carcase of a play!  
 With croaking notes they bode some dire event,  
 And follow dying poets by the scent.  
 Ours gives himself for gone; y' have watched your time:  
 He fights this day unarmed,—without his rhyme;—  
 And brings a tale which often has been told;  
 As sad as Dido's; and almost as old.  
 His hero, whom you wits his bully call,  
 Bates of his mettle, and scarce rants at all;  
 He's somewhat lewd; but a well-meaning mind;  
 Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.  
 In short, a pattern, and companion fit,  
 For all the keeping Tonies of the pit.  
 I could name more: a wife, and mistress too;  
 Both (to be plain) too good for most of you:  
 The wife well-natured, and the mistress true.  
 Now, poets, if your fame has been his care,  
 Allow him all the candour you can spare.  
 A brave man scorns to quarrel once a day;  
 Like Hectors in at every petty fray.  
 Let those find fault whose wit's so very small,  
 They've need to show that they can think at all;  
 Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;  
 He who would search for pearls, must dive below.  
 Fops may have leave to level all they can;  
 As pigmies would be glad to lop a man.  
 Half-wits are fleas; so little and so light,  
 We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.  
 But, as the rich, when tired with daily feasts,  
 For change, become their next poor tenant's guests;  
 Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown bowls,  
 And snatch the homely rasher from the coals:

So you, retiring from much better cheer,  
For once, may venture to do penance here.  
And since that plenteous autumn now is past,  
Whose grapes and peaches have indulged your taste,  
Take in good part, from our poor poet's board,  
Such rivelled fruits as winter can afford.

## Act I

### Scene I—The Temple of Isis

[Enter SERAPION, MYRIS, Priests of Isis]

SERAPION.

Portents and prodigies have grown so frequent,  
That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile  
Flowed ere the wonted season, with a torrent  
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,  
That the wild deluge overtook the haste  
Even of the hinds that watched it: Men and beasts  
Were borne above the tops of trees, that grew  
On the utmost margin of the water-mark.  
Then, with so swift an ebb the flood drove backward,  
It slipt from underneath the scaly herd:  
Here monstrous phocae panted on the shore;  
Forsaken dolphins there with their broad tails,  
Lay lashing the departing waves: hard by them,  
Sea horses floundering in the slimy mud,  
Tossed up their heads, and dashed the ooze about them.  
[Enter ALEXAS behind them.]

MYRIS.

Avert these omens, Heaven!

SERAPION.

Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,  
In a lone aisle of the temple while I walked,  
A whirlwind rose, that, with a violent blast,  
Shook all the dome: the doors around me clapt;  
The iron wicket, that defends the vault,  
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,  
Burst open, and disclosed the mighty dead.  
From out each monument, in order placed,  
An armed ghost starts up: the boy-king last

Reared his inglorious head. A peal of groans  
Then followed, and a lamentable voice  
Cried, Egypt is no more! My blood ran back,  
My shaking knees against each other knocked;  
On the cold pavement down I fell entranced,  
And so unfinished left the horrid scene.

ALEXAS.

And dreamed you this? or did invent the story,  
[Showing himself.]  
To frighten our Egyptian boys withal,  
And train them up, betimes, in fear of priesthood?

SERAPION.

My lord, I saw you not,  
Nor meant my words should reach you ears; but what  
I uttered was most true.

ALEXAS.

A foolish dream,  
Bred from the fumes of indigested feasts,  
And holy luxury.

SERAPION.

I know my duty:  
This goes no further.

ALEXAS.

'Tis not fit it should;  
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.  
All southern, from yon hills, the Roman camp  
Hangs o'er us black and threatening like a storm  
Just breaking on our heads.

SERAPION.

Our faint Egyptians pray for Antony;  
But in their servile hearts they own Octavius.

MYRIS.

Why then does Antony dream out his hours,  
And tempts not fortune for a noble day,  
Which might redeem what Actium lost?

ALEXAS.

He thinks 'tis past recovery.

SERAPION.

Yet the foe  
Seems not to press the siege.

ALEXAS.

Oh, there's the wonder.  
Maecenas and Agrippa, who can most  
With Caesar, are his foes. His wife Octavia,  
Driven from his house, solicits her revenge;  
And Dolabella, who was once his friend,  
Upon some private grudge, now seeks his ruin:  
Yet still war seems on either side to sleep.

SERAPION.

'Tis strange that Antony, for some days past,  
Has not beheld the face of Cleopatra;  
But here, in Isis' temple, lives retired,  
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

ALEXAS.

'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by absence  
To cure his mind of love.

SERAPION.

If he be vanquished,  
Or make his peace, Egypt is doomed to be  
A Roman province; and our plenteous harvests  
Must then redeem the scarceness of their soil.  
While Antony stood firm, our Alexandria  
Rivalled proud Rome (dominion's other seat),  
And fortune striding, like a vast Colossus,  
Could fix an equal foot of empire here.

ALEXAS.

Had I my wish, these tyrants of all nature,  
Who lord it o'er mankind, should perish,—perish,  
Each by the other's sword; But, since our will  
Is lamely followed by our power, we must  
Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.

SERAPION.

How stands the queen affected?

ALEXAS.

Oh, she dotes,  
 She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquished man,  
 And winds herself about his mighty ruins;  
 Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,  
 This hunted prey, to his pursuer's hands,  
 She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain—  
 This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,  
 And makes me use all means to keep him here.  
 Whom I could wish divided from her arms,  
 Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know  
 The state of things; no more of your ill omens  
 And black prognostics; labour to confirm  
 The people's hearts.  
 [Enter VENTIDIUS, talking aside with a Gentleman of ANTONY'S.]

SERAPION.

These Romans will o'erhear us.  
 But who's that stranger? By his warlike port,  
 His fierce demeanour, and erected look,  
 He's of no vulgar note.

ALEXAS.

Oh, 'tis Ventidius,  
 Our emperor's great lieutenant in the East,  
 Who first showed Rome that Parthia could be conquered.  
 When Antony returned from Syria last,  
 He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.

SERAPION.

You seem to know him well.

ALEXAS.

Too well. I saw him at Cilicia first,  
 When Cleopatra there met Antony:  
 A mortal foe was to us, and Egypt.  
 But,—let me witness to the worth I hate,—  
 A braver Roman never drew a sword;  
 Firm to his prince, but as a friend, not slave,  
 He ne'er was of his pleasures; but presides

O'er all his cooler hours, and morning counsels:  
 In short the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue,  
 Of an old true-stampt Roman lives in him.  
 His coming bodes I know not what of ill  
 To our affairs. Withdraw to mark him better;  
 And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,  
 And what's our present work.  
 [They withdraw to a corner of the stage; and VENTIDIUS,  
 with the other, comes forward to the front.]

VENTIDIUS.

Not see him; say you?  
 I say, I must, and will.

GENTLEMAN.

He has commanded,  
 On pain of death, none should approach his presence.

VENTIDIUS.

I bring him news will raise his drooping spirits,  
 Give him new life.

GENTLEMAN.

He sees not Cleopatra.

VENTIDIUS.

Would he had never seen her!

GENTLEMAN.

He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use  
 Of anything, but thought; or if he talks,  
 'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:  
 Then he defies the world, and bids it pass,  
 Sometimes he gnaws his lips, and curses loud  
 The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth  
 Into a scornful smile, and cries, "Take all,  
 The world's not worth my care."

VENTIDIUS.

Just, just his nature.  
 Virtue's his path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow  
 For his vast soul; and then he starts out wide,  
 And bounds into a vice, that bears him far



From his first course, and plunges him in ills:  
 But, when his danger makes him find his faults,  
 Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,  
 He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,  
 Judging himself with malice to himself,  
 And not forgiving what as man he did,  
 Because his other parts are more than man.—  
 He must not thus be lost.  
 [ALEXAS and the Priests come forward.]

ALEXAS.

You have your full instructions, now advance,  
 Proclaim your orders loudly.

SERAPION.

Romans, Egyptians, hear the queen's command.  
 Thus Cleopatra bids: Let labour cease;  
 To pomp and triumphs give this happy day,  
 That gave the world a lord: 'tis Antony's.  
 Live, Antony; and Cleopatra live!  
 Be this the general voice sent up to heaven,  
 And every public place repeat this echo.

VENTIDIUS.

Fine pageantry!  
 [Aside.]

SERAPION.

Set out before your doors  
 The images of all your sleeping fathers,  
 With laurels crowned; with laurels wreath your posts,  
 And strew with flowers the pavement; let the priests  
 Do present sacrifice; pour out the wine,  
 And call the gods to join with you in gladness.

VENTIDIUS.

Curse on the tongue that bids this general joy!  
 Can they be friends of Antony, who revel  
 When Antony's in danger? Hide, for shame,  
 You Romans, your great grandsires' images,  
 For fear their souls should animate their marbles,  
 To blush at their degenerate progeny.

ALEXAS.

A love, which knows no bounds, to Antony,  
 Would mark the day with honours, when all heaven  
 Laboured for him, when each propitious star  
 Stood wakeful in his orb, to watch that hour  
 And shed his better influence. Her own birthday  
 Our queen neglected like a vulgar fate,  
 That passed obscurely by.

VENTIDIUS.

Would it had slept,  
 Divided far from his; till some remote  
 And future age had called it out, to ruin  
 Some other prince, not him!

ALEXAS.

Your emperor,  
 Though grown unkind, would be more gentle, than  
 To upbraid my queen for loving him too well.

VENTIDIUS.

Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the priest!  
 He knows him not his executioner.  
 Oh, she has decked his ruin with her love,  
 Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,  
 And made perdition pleasing: She has left him  
 The blank of what he was.  
 I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmanned him.  
 Can any Roman see, and know him now,  
 Thus altered from the lord of half mankind,  
 Unbent, unsinewed, made a woman's toy,  
 Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,  
 And cramped within a corner of the world?  
 O Antony!  
 Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of friends!  
 Bounteous as nature; next to nature's God!  
 Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst thou give them,  
 As bounty were thy being! rough in battle,  
 As the first Romans when they went to war;  
 Yet after victory more pitiful  
 Than all their praying virgins left at home!

ALEXAS.

Would you could add, to those more shining virtues,  
His truth to her who loves him.

VENTIDIUS.

Would I could not!  
But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee!  
Thou art her darling mischief, her chief engine,  
Antony's other fate. Go, tell thy queen,  
Ventidius is arrived, to end her charms.  
Let your Egyptian timbrels play alone,  
Nor mix effeminate sounds with Roman trumpets,  
You dare not fight for Antony; go pray  
And keep your cowards' holiday in temples.  
[Exeunt ALEXAS, SERAPION.]  
[Re-enter the Gentleman of M. ANTONY.]

2 Gent.

The emperor approaches, and commands,  
On pain of death, that none presume to stay.

1 Gent.

I dare not disobey him.  
[Going out with the other.]

VENTIDIUS.

Well, I dare.  
But I'll observe him first unseen, and find  
Which way his humour drives: The rest I'll venture.  
[Withdraws.]  
[Enter ANTONY, walking with a disturbed motion before he speaks.]

ANTONY.

They tell me, 'tis my birthday, and I'll keep it  
With double pomp of sadness.  
'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.  
Why was I raised the meteor of the world,  
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled,  
'Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward,  
To be trod out by Caesar?

VENTIDIUS.

[aside.] On my soul,  
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

ANTONY.

Count thy gains.  
 Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?  
 Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth  
 Has starved thy wanting age.

VENTIDIUS.

How sorrow shakes him!  
 [Aside.]  
 So, now the tempest tears him up by the roots,  
 And on the ground extends the noble ruin.  
 [ANTONY having thrown himself down.]  
 Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;  
 The place thou pressest on thy mother earth  
 Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;  
 Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,  
 When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,  
 Shrunk to a few ashes; then Octavia  
 (For Cleopatra will not live to see it),  
 Octavia then will have thee all her own,  
 And bear thee in her widowed hand to Caesar;  
 Caesar will weep, the crocodile will weep,  
 To see his rival of the universe  
 Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.

ANTONY.

Give me some music, look that it be sad.  
 I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell,  
 And burst myself with sighing.—  
 [Soft music.]  
 'Tis somewhat to my humour; stay, I fancy  
 I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature;  
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;  
 Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,  
 Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak,  
 I lean my head upon the mossy bark,  
 And look just of a piece as I grew from it;  
 My uncombed locks, matted like mistletoe,  
 Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook  
 Runs at my foot.

VENTIDIUS.

Methinks I fancy  
 Myself there too.

ANTONY.

The herd come jumping by me,  
And fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,  
And take me for their fellow-citizen.  
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.  
[Soft music again.]

VENTIDIUS.

I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.  
[Stands before him.]

ANTONY.

[starting up]. Art thou Ventidius?

VENTIDIUS.

Are you Antony?  
I'm liker what I was, than you to him  
I left you last.

ANTONY.

I'm angry.

VENTIDIUS.

So am I.

ANTONY.

I would be private: leave me.

VENTIDIUS.

Sir, I love you,  
And therefore will not leave you.

ANTONY.

Will not leave me!  
Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

VENTIDIUS.

My emperor; the man I love next Heaven:  
If I said more, I think 'twere scare a sin:  
You're all that's good, and god-like.

ANTONY.

All that's wretched.  
You will not leave me then?

VENTIDIUS.

'Twas too presuming  
To say I would not; but I dare not leave you:  
And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence  
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

ANTONY.

Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?  
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;  
And, if a foe, too much.

VENTIDIUS.

Look, emperor, this is no common dew.  
[Weeping.]  
I have not wept this forty years; but now  
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;  
I cannot help her softness.

ANTONY.

By heavens, he weeps! poor good old man, he weeps!  
The big round drops course one another down  
The furrows of his cheeks.—Stop them, Ventidius,  
Or I shall blush to death, they set my shame,  
That caused them, full before me.

VENTIDIUS.

I'll do my best.

ANTONY.

Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends:  
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not  
For my own griefs, but thine.—Nay, father!

VENTIDIUS.

Emperor.

ANTONY.

Emperor! Why, that's the style of victory;  
The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,  
Salutes his general so; but never more  
Shall that sound reach my ears.

VENTIDIUS.

I warrant you.

ANTONY.

Actium, Actium! Oh!—

VENTIDIUS.

It sits too near you.

ANTONY.

Here, here it lies a lump of lead by day,  
And, in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,  
The hag that rides my dreams.—

VENTIDIUS.

Out with it; give it vent.

ANTONY.

Urge not my shame.  
I lost a battle,—

VENTIDIUS.

So has Julius done.

ANTONY.

Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;  
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly.  
But Antony—

VENTIDIUS.

Nay, stop not.

ANTONY.

Antony—  
Well, thou wilt have it,—like a coward, fled,  
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.  
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.  
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.

VENTIDIUS.

I did.

ANTONY.

I'll help thee.—I have been a man, Ventidius.

VENTIDIUS.

Yes, and a brave one! but—

ANTONY.

I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgraced  
The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.  
In the full vintage of my flowing honours,  
Sat still, and saw it prest by other hands.  
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it,  
And purple greatness met my ripened years.  
When first I came to empire, I was borne  
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;  
The wish of nations, and the willing world  
Received me as its pledge of future peace;  
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,  
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,  
And worked against my fortune, child her from me,  
And returned her loose; yet still she came again.  
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,  
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,  
Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,  
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,  
Who laboured to be wretched: Pr'ythee, curse me.

VENTIDIUS.

No.

ANTONY.

Why?

VENTIDIUS.

You are too sensible already  
Of what you've done, too conscious of your failings;  
And, like a scorpion, whipt by others first  
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.  
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,  
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.



ANTONY.

I know thou would'st.

VENTIDIUS.

I will.

ANTONY.

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

VENTIDIUS.

You laugh.

ANTONY.

I do, to see officious love.  
Give cordials to the dead.

VENTIDIUS.

You would be lost, then?

ANTONY.

I am.

VENTIDIUS.

I say you are not. Try your fortune.

ANTONY.

I have, to the utmost. Dost thou think me desperate,  
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost  
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,  
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do  
So heartily, I think it is not worth  
The cost of keeping.

VENTIDIUS.

Caesar thinks not so;  
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.  
You would be killed like Tully, would you? do,  
Hold out your throat to Caesar, and die tamely.

ANTONY.

No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

VENTIDIUS.

I can die with you too, when time shall serve;  
But fortune calls upon us now to live,  
To fight, to conquer.

ANTONY.

Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

VENTIDIUS.

No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours  
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.  
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,  
And long to call you chief: By painful journeys  
I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,  
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.  
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,  
Their scarred cheeks, and chopt hands: there's virtue in them.  
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates  
Than yon trim bands can buy.

ANTONY.

Where left you them?

VENTIDIUS.

I said in Lower Syria.

ANTONY.

Bring them hither;  
There may be life in these.

VENTIDIUS.

They will not come.

ANTONY.

Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids,  
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

VENTIDIUS.

Most firm and loyal.

ANTONY.

Yet they will not march  
To succour me. O trifler!

VENTIDIUS.

They petition  
You would make haste to head them.

ANTONY.

I'm besieged.

VENTIDIUS.

There's but one way shut up: How came I hither?

ANTONY.

I will not stir.

VENTIDIUS.

They would perhaps desire  
A better reason.

ANTONY.

I have never used  
My soldiers to demand a reason of  
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

VENTIDIUS.

They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

ANTONY.

What was't they said?

VENTIDIUS.

They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.  
Why should they fight indeed, to make her conquer,  
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,  
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,  
You'll sell to her? Then she new-names her jewels,  
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;  
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

ANTONY.

Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence  
On all my other faults; but, on your life,  
No word of Cleopatra: she deserves  
More worlds than I can lose.

VENTIDIUS.

Behold, you Powers,  
To whom you have intrusted humankind!  
See Europe, Afric, Asia, put in balance,  
And all weighed down by one light, worthless woman!  
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,  
Like prodigals, this nether world away  
To none but wasteful hands.

ANTONY.

You grow presumptuous.

VENTIDIUS.

I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

ANTONY.

Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!  
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;  
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented  
The burden of thy rank, o'erflowing gall.  
O that thou wert my equal; great in arms  
As the first Caesar was, that I might kill thee  
Without a stain to honour!

VENTIDIUS.

You may kill me;  
You have done more already,—called me traitor.

ANTONY.

Art thou not one?

VENTIDIUS.

For showing you yourself,  
Which none else durst have done? but had I been  
That name, which I disdain to speak again,  
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,  
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.  
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles  
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been  
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,  
And not have been so called.

ANTONY.

Forgive me, soldier;  
I've been too passionate.

VENTIDIUS.

You thought me false;  
Thought my old age betrayed you: Kill me, sir,  
Pray, kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness  
Has left your sword no work.

ANTONY.

I did not think so;  
I said it in my rage: Pr'ythee, forgive me.  
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery  
Of what I would not hear?

VENTIDIUS.

No prince but you  
Could merit that sincerity I used,  
Nor durst another man have ventured it;  
But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,  
Were sure the chief and best of human race,  
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature;  
So perfect, that the gods, who formed you, wondered  
At their own skill, and cried—A lucky hit  
Has mended our design. Their envy hindered,  
Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,  
When Heaven would work for ostentation's sake  
To copy out again.

ANTONY.

But Cleopatra—  
Go on; for I can bear it now.

VENTIDIUS.

No more.

ANTONY.

Thou dar'st not trust my passion, but thou may'st;  
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me.

VENTIDIUS.

Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word!  
May I believe you love me? Speak again.

ANTONY.

Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.  
[Hugging him.]  
Thy praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve them,  
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;  
Lead me to victory! thou know'st the way.

VENTIDIUS.

And, will you leave this—

ANTONY.

Pr'ythee, do not curse her,  
And I will leave her; though, Heaven knows, I love  
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all, but honour;  
But I will leave her.

VENTIDIUS.

That's my royal master;  
And, shall we fight?

ANTONY.

I warrant thee, old soldier.  
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;  
And at the head of our old troops, that beat  
The Parthians, cry aloud—Come, follow me!

VENTIDIUS.

Oh, now I hear my emperor! in that word  
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,  
And, if I have ten years behind, take all:  
I'll thank you for the exchange.

ANTONY.

O Cleopatra!

VENTIDIUS.

Again?

ANTONY.

I've done: In that last sigh she went.  
Caesar shall know what 'tis to force a lover  
From all he holds most dear.

VENTIDIUS.

Methinks, you breathe  
Another soul: Your looks are more divine;  
You speak a hero, and you move a god.

ANTONY.

Oh, thou hast fired me; my soul's up in arms,  
And mans each part about me: Once again,  
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;  
That eagerness with which I darted upward  
To Cassius' camp: In vain the steepy hill  
Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears  
Sung round my head, and planted on my shield;  
I won the trenches, while my foremost men  
Lagged on the plain below.

VENTIDIUS.

Ye gods, ye gods,  
For such another honour!

ANTONY.

Come on, my soldier!  
Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long  
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,  
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,  
May taste fate to them; mow them out a passage,  
And, entering where the foremost squadrons yield,  
Begin the noble harvest of the field.  
[Exeunt.]

## **Act II**

### **Scene I**

[Enter CLEOPATRA, IRAS, and ALEXAS.]

CLEOPATRA.

What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?  
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

ALEXAS.

He goes to fight for you.

CLEOPATRA.

Then he would see me, ere he went to fight:  
Flatter me not: If once he goes, he's lost,  
And all my hopes destroyed.

ALEXAS.

Does this weak passion  
Become a mighty queen?

CLEOPATRA.

I am no queen:  
Is this to be a queen, to be besieged  
By yon insulting Roman, and to wait  
Each hour the victor's chain? These ills are small:  
For Antony is lost, and I can mourn  
For nothing else but him. Now come, Octavius,  
I have no more to lose! prepare thy bands;  
I'm fit to be a captive: Antony  
Has taught my mind the fortune of a slave.

IRAS.

Call reason to assist you.

CLEOPATRA.

I have none,  
And none would have: My love's a noble madness,  
Which shows the cause deserved it. Moderate sorrow  
Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man:  
But I have loved with such transcendent passion,  
I soared, at first, quite out of reason's view,  
And now am lost above it. No, I'm proud  
'Tis thus: Would Antony could see me now  
Think you he would not sigh, though he must leave me?  
Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natured,  
And bears a tender heart: I know him well.  
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,  
But now 'tis past.

IRAS.

Let it be past with you:  
Forget him, madam.



CLEOPATRA.

Never, never, Iras.  
He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,  
Leaves a faint image of possession still.

ALEXAS.

Think him inconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.

CLEOPATRA.

I cannot: If I could, those thoughts were vain.  
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel, though he be,  
I still must love him.  
[Enter CHARMION.]  
Now, what news, my Charmion?  
Will he be kind? and will he not forsake me?  
Am I to live, or die?—nay, do I live?  
Or am I dead? for when he gave his answer,  
Fate took the word, and then I lived or died.

CHARMION.

I found him, madam—

CLEOPATRA.

A long speech preparing?  
If thou bring'st comfort, haste, and give it me,  
For never was more need.

IRAS.

I know he loves you.

CLEOPATRA.

Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so,  
Before her tongue could speak it: Now she studies,  
To soften what he said; but give me death,  
Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguised,  
And in the words he spoke.

CHARMION.

I found him, then,  
Encompassed round, I think, with iron statues;  
So mute, so motionless his soldiers stood,  
While awfully he cast his eyes about,  
And every leader's hopes or fears surveyed:

Methought he looked resolved, and yet not pleased.  
When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,  
He blushed, and bade make way.

ALEXAS.

There's comfort yet.

CHARMION.

Ventidius fixed his eyes upon my passage  
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,  
And sullenly gave place: I told my message,  
Just as you gave it, broken and disordered;  
I numbered in it all your sighs and tears,  
And while I moved your pitiful request,  
That you but only begged a last farewell,  
He fetched an inward groan; and every time  
I named you, sighed, as if his heart were breaking,  
But, shunned my eyes, and guiltily looked down:  
He seemed not now that awful Antony,  
Who shook and armed assembly with his nod;  
But, making show as he would rub his eyes,  
Disguised and blotted out a falling tear.

CLEOPATRA.

Did he then weep? And was I worth a tear?  
If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,  
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

CHARMION.

He bid me say,—He knew himself so well,  
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you;  
And therefore—

CLEOPATRA.

Thou wouldst say, he would not see me?

CHARMION.

And therefore begged you not to use a power,  
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever  
Respect you, as he ought.

CLEOPATRA.

Is that a word  
For Antony to use to Cleopatra?

O that faint word, RESPECT! how I disdain it!  
 Disdain myself, for loving after it!  
 He should have kept that word for cold Octavia.  
 Respect is for a wife: Am I that thing,  
 That dull, insipid lump, without desires,  
 And without power to give them?

ALEXAS.

You misjudge;  
 You see through love, and that deludes your sight;  
 As, what is straight, seems crooked through the water:  
 But I, who bear my reason undisturbed,  
 Can see this Antony, this dreaded man,  
 A fearful slave, who fain would run away,  
 And shuns his master's eyes: If you pursue him,  
 My life on't, he still drags a chain along.  
 That needs must clog his flight.

CLEOPATRA.

Could I believe thee!—

ALEXAS.

By every circumstance I know he loves.  
 True, he's hard prest, by interest and by honour;  
 Yet he but doubts, and parleys, and casts out  
 Many a long look for succour.

CLEOPATRA.

He sends word,  
 He fears to see my face.

ALEXAS.

And would you more?  
 He shows his weakness who declines the combat,  
 And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak  
 More plainly? To my ears, the message sounds—  
 Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come;  
 Come, free me from Ventidius; from my tyrant:  
 See me, and give me a pretence to leave him!—  
 I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.  
 Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,  
 That he may bend more easy.

CLEOPATRA.

You shall rule me;  
But all, I fear, in vain.  
[Exit with CHARMION and IRAS.]

ALEXAS.

I fear so too;  
Though I concealed my thoughts, to make her bold;  
But 'tis our utmost means, and fate befriend it!  
[Withdraws.]  
[Enter Lictors with Fasces; one bearing the Eagle; then enter ANTONY with VENTIDIUS, followed by other Commanders.]

ANTONY.

Octavius is the minion of blind chance,  
But holds from virtue nothing.

VENTIDIUS.

Has he courage?

ANTONY.

But just enough to season him from coward.  
Oh, 'tis the coldest youth upon a charge,  
The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures  
(As in Illyria once, they say, he did,  
To storm a town), 'tis when he cannot choose;  
When all the world have fixt their eyes upon him;  
And then he lives on that for seven years after;  
But, at a close revenge he never fails.

VENTIDIUS.

I heard you challenged him.

ANTONY.

I did, Ventidius.  
What think'st thou was his answer? 'Twas so tame!—  
He said, he had more ways than one to die;  
I had not.

VENTIDIUS.

Poor!

ANTONY.

He has more ways than one;  
But he would choose them all before that one.

VENTIDIUS.

He first would choose an ague, or a fever.

ANTONY.

No; it must be an ague, not a fever;  
He Has not warmth enough to die by that.

VENTIDIUS.

Or old age and a bed.

ANTONY.

Ay, there's his choice,  
He would live, like a lamp, to the last wink,  
And crawl the utmost verge of life.  
O Hercules! Why should a man like this,  
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,  
Be all the care of Heaven? Why should he lord it  
O'er fourscore thousand men, of whom each one  
Is braver than himself?

VENTIDIUS.

You conquered for him:  
Philippi knows it; there you shared with him  
That empire, which your sword made all your own.

ANTONY.

Fool that I was, upon my eagle's wings  
I bore this wren, till I was tired with soaring,  
And now he mounts above me.  
Good heavens, is this,—is this the man who braves me?  
Who bids my age make way? Drives me before him,  
To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?

VENTIDIUS.

Sir, we lose time; the troops are mounted all.

ANTONY.

Then give the word to march:  
I long to leave this prison of a town,

To join thy legions; and, in open field,  
Once more to show my face. Lead, my deliverer.  
[Enter ALEXAS.]

ALEXAS.

Great emperor,  
In mighty arms renowned above mankind,  
But, in soft pity to the opprest, a god;  
This message sends the mournful Cleopatra  
To her departing lord.

VENTIDIUS.

Smooth sycophant!

ALEXAS.

A thousand wishes, and ten thousand prayers,  
Millions of blessings wait you to the wars;  
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,  
And would have sent  
As many dear embraces to your arms,  
As many parting kisses to your lips;  
But those, she fears, have wearied you already.

VENTIDIUS.

[aside.] False crocodile!

ALEXAS.

And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her;  
That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,  
Too presuming  
For her low fortune, and your ebbing love;  
That were a wish for her more prosperous days,  
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.

ANTONY.

[aside.] Well, I must man it out:—What would the queen?

ALEXAS.

First, to these noble warriors, who attend  
Your daring courage in the chase of fame,—  
Too daring, and too dangerous for her quiet,—  
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,  
All her own cares and fears,—the care of you.

VENTIDIUS.

Yes, witness Actium.

ANTONY.

Let him speak, Ventidius.

ALEXAS.

You, when his matchless valour bears him forward,  
With ardour too heroic, on his foes,  
Fall down, as she would do, before his feet;  
Lie in his way, and stop the paths of death:  
Tell him, this god is not invulnerable;  
That absent Cleopatra bleeds in him;  
And, that you may remember her petition,  
She begs you wear these trifles, as a pawn,  
Which, at your wished return, she will redeem  
[Gives jewels to the Commanders.]  
With all the wealth of Egypt:  
This to the great Ventidius she presents,  
Whom she can never count her enemy,  
Because he loves her lord.

VENTIDIUS.

Tell her, I'll none on't;  
I'm not ashamed of honest poverty;  
Not all the diamonds of the east can bribe  
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see  
These and the rest of all her sparkling store,  
Where they shall more deservedly be placed.

ANTONY.

And who must wear them then?

VENTIDIUS.

The wronged Octavia.

ANTONY.

You might have spared that word.

VENTIDIUS.

And he that bribe.

ANTONY.

But have I no remembrance?

ALEXAS.

Yes, a dear one;  
Your slave the queen—

ANTONY.

My mistress.

ALEXAS.

Then your mistress;  
Your mistress would, she says, have sent her soul,  
But that you had long since; she humbly begs  
This ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts,  
The emblems of her own, may bind your arm.  
[Presenting a bracelet.]

VENTIDIUS.

Now, my best lord,—in honour's name, I ask you,  
For manhood's sake, and for your own dear safety,—  
Touch not these poisoned gifts,  
Infected by the sender; touch them not;  
Myriads of bluest plagues lie underneath them,  
And more than aconite has dipt the silk.

ANTONY.

Nay, now you grow too cynical, Ventidius:  
A lady's favours may be worn with honour.  
What, to refuse her bracelet! On my soul,  
When I lie pensive in my tent alone,  
'Twill pass the wakeful hours of winter nights,  
To tell these pretty beads upon my arm,  
To count for every one a soft embrace,  
A melting kiss at such and such a time:  
And now and then the fury of her love,  
When—And what harm's in this?

ALEXAS.

None, none, my lord,  
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

ANTONY.

[going to tie it.]  
We soldiers are so awkward—help me tie it.



ALEXAS.

In faith, my lord, we courtiers too are awkward  
In these affairs: so are all men indeed:  
Even I, who am not one. But shall I speak?

ANTONY.

Yes, freely.

ALEXAS.

Then, my lord, fair hands alone  
Are fit to tie it; she, who sent it can.

VENTIDIUS.

Hell, death! this eunuch pander ruins you.  
You will not see her?  
[ALEXAS whispers an ATTENDANT, who goes out.]

ANTONY.

But to take my leave.

VENTIDIUS.

Then I have washed an Aethiop. You're undone;  
Y' are in the toils; y' are taken; y' are destroyed:  
Her eyes do Caesar's work.

ANTONY.

You fear too soon.  
I'm constant to myself: I know my strength;  
And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither,  
Born in the depths of Afric: I am a Roman,  
Bred in the rules of soft humanity.  
A guest, and kindly used, should bid farewell.

VENTIDIUS.

You do not know  
How weak you are to her, how much an infant:  
You are not proof against a smile, or glance:  
A sigh will quite disarm you.

ANTONY.

See, she comes!  
Now you shall find your error.—Gods, I thank you:  
I formed the danger greater than it was,  
And now 'tis near, 'tis lessened.

VENTIDIUS.

Mark the end yet.

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.]

ANTONY.

Well, madam, we are met.

CLEOPATRA.

Is this a meeting?

Then, we must part?

ANTONY.

We must.

CLEOPATRA.

Who says we must?

ANTONY.

Our own hard fates.

CLEOPATRA.

We make those fates ourselves.

ANTONY.

Yes, we have made them; we have loved each other,  
Into our mutual ruin.

CLEOPATRA.

The gods have seen my joys with envious eyes;  
I have no friends in heaven; and all the world,  
As 'twere the business of mankind to part us,  
Is armed against my love: even you yourself  
Join with the rest; you, you are armed against me.

ANTONY.

I will be justified in all I do  
To late posterity, and therefore hear me.  
If I mix a lie  
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;  
Else, favour me with silence.

CLEOPATRA.

You command me,  
And I am dumb.

VENTIDIUS.

I like this well; he shows authority.

ANTONY.

That I derive my ruin  
From you alone—

CLEOPATRA.

O heavens! I ruin you!

ANTONY.

You promised me your silence, and you break it  
Ere I have scarce begun.

CLEOPATRA.

Well, I obey you.

ANTONY.

When I beheld you first, it was in Egypt.  
Ere Caesar saw your eyes, you gave me love,  
And were too young to know it; that I settled  
Your father in his throne, was for your sake;  
I left the acknowledgment for time to ripen.  
Caesar stept in, and, with a greedy hand,  
Plucked the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,  
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my lord,  
And was, beside, too great for me to rival;  
But, I deserved you first, though he enjoyed you.  
When, after, I beheld you in Cilicia,  
An enemy to Rome, I pardoned you.

CLEOPATRA.

I cleared myself—

ANTONY.

Again you break your promise.  
I loved you still, and took your weak excuses,  
Took you into my bosom, stained by Caesar,  
And not half mine: I went to Egypt with you,  
And hid me from the business of the world,  
Shut out inquiring nations from my sight,  
To give whole years to you.

VENTIDIUS.

Yes, to your shame be't spoken.  
[Aside.]

ANTONY.

How I loved.  
Witness, ye days and nights, and all ye hours,  
That danced away with down upon your feet,  
As all your business were to count my passion!  
One day passed by, and nothing saw but love;  
Another came, and still 'twas only love:  
The suns were wearied out with looking on,  
And I untired with loving.  
I saw you every day, and all the day;  
And every day was still but as the first,  
So eager was I still to see you more.

VENTIDIUS.

'Tis all too true.

ANTONY.

Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,  
(As she indeed had reason) raised a war  
In Italy, to call me back.

VENTIDIUS.

But yet  
You went not.

ANTONY.

While within your arms I lay,  
The world fell mouldering from my hands each hour,  
And left me scarce a grasp—I thank your love for't.

VENTIDIUS.

Well pushed: that last was home.

CLEOPATRA.

Yet may I speak?

ANTONY.

If I have urged a falsehood, yes; else, not.  
Your silence says, I have not. Fulvia died,

(Pardon, you gods, with my unkindness died);  
 To set the world at peace, I took Octavia,  
 This Caesar's sister; in her pride of youth,  
 And flower of beauty, did I wed that lady,  
 Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.  
 You called; my love obeyed the fatal summons:  
 This raised the Roman arms; the cause was yours.  
 I would have fought by land, where I was stronger;  
 You hindered it: yet, when I fought at sea,  
 Forsook me fighting; and (O stain to honour!  
 O lasting shame!) I knew not that I fled;  
 But fled to follow you.

VENTIDIUS.

What haste she made to hoist her purple sails!  
 And, to appear magnificent in flight,  
 Drew half our strength away.

ANTONY.

All this you caused.  
 And, would you multiply more ruins on me?  
 This honest man, my best, my only friend,  
 Has gathered up the shipwreck of my fortunes;  
 Twelve legions I have left, my last recruits.  
 And you have watched the news, and bring your eyes  
 To seize them too. If you have aught to answer,  
 Now speak, you have free leave.

ALEXAS.

[aside.] She stands confounded:  
 Despair is in her eyes.

VENTIDIUS.

Now lay a sigh in the way to stop his passage:  
 Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions;  
 'Tis like they shall be sold.

CLEOPATRA.

How shall I plead my cause, when you, my judge,  
 Already have condemned me? Shall I bring  
 The love you bore me for my advocate?  
 That now is turned against me, that destroys me;  
 For love, once past, is, at the best, forgotten;

But oftener sours to hate: 'twill please my lord  
 To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.  
 But, could I once have thought it would have pleased you,  
 That you would pry, with narrow searching eyes,  
 Into my faults, severe to my destruction,  
 And watching all advantages with care,  
 That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my lord,  
 For I end here. Though I deserved this usage,  
 Was it like you to give it?

ANTONY.

Oh, you wrong me,  
 To think I sought this parting, or desired  
 To accuse you more than what will clear myself,  
 And justify this breach.

CLEOPATRA.

Thus low I thank you;  
 And, since my innocence will not offend,  
 I shall not blush to own it.

VENTIDIUS.

After this,  
 I think she'll blush at nothing.

CLEOPATRA.

You seem grieved  
 (And therein you are kind) that Caesar first  
 Enjoyed my love, though you deserved it better:  
 I grieve for that, my lord, much more than you;  
 For, had I first been yours, it would have saved  
 My second choice: I never had been his,  
 And ne'er had been but yours. But Caesar first,  
 You say, possessed my love. Not so, my lord:  
 He first possessed my person; you, my love:  
 Caesar loved me; but I loved Antony.  
 If I endured him after, 'twas because  
 I judged it due to the first name of men;  
 And, half constrained, I gave, as to a tyrant,  
 What he would take by force.

VENTIDIUS.

O Syren! Syren!  
 Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,

Has she not ruined you? I still urge that,  
The fatal consequence.

CLEOPATRA.

The consequence indeed—  
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,  
To say it was designed: 'tis true, I loved you,  
And kept you far from an uneasy wife,—  
Such Fulvia was.  
Yes, but he'll say, you left Octavia for me;—  
And, can you blame me to receive that love,  
Which quitted such desert, for worthless me?  
How often have I wished some other Caesar,  
Great as the first, and as the second young,  
Would court my love, to be refused for you!

VENTIDIUS.

Words, words; but Actium, sir; remember Actium.

CLEOPATRA.

Even there, I dare his malice. True, I counselled  
To fight at sea; but I betrayed you not.  
I fled, but not to the enemy. 'Twas fear;  
Would I had been a man, not to have feared!  
For none would then have envied me your friendship,  
Who envy me your love.

ANTONY.

We are both unhappy:  
If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.  
Speak; would you have me perish by my stay?

CLEOPATRA.

If, as a friend, you ask my judgment, go;  
If, as a lover, stay. If you must perish—  
'Tis a hard word—but stay.

VENTIDIUS.

See now the effects of her so boasted love!  
She strives to drag you down to ruin with her;  
But, could she 'scape without you, oh, how soon  
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,  
And never look behind!

CLEOPATRA.

Then judge my love by this.  
[Giving ANTONY a writing.]  
Could I have borne  
A life or death, a happiness or woe,  
From yours divided, this had given me means.

ANTONY.

By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!  
I know it well: 'tis that proscribing hand,  
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,  
And left me but the second place in murder.—  
See, see, Ventidius! here he offers Egypt,  
And joins all Syria to it, as a present;  
So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes,  
And join her arms with his.

CLEOPATRA.

And yet you leave me!  
You leave me, Antony; and yet I love you,  
Indeed I do: I have refused a kingdom;  
That is a trifle;  
For I could part with life, with anything,  
But only you. Oh, let me die but with you!  
Is that a hard request?

ANTONY.

Next living with you,  
'Tis all that Heaven can give.

ALEXAS.

He melts; we conquer.  
[Aside.]

CLEOPATRA.

No; you shall go: your interest calls you hence;  
Yes; your dear interest pulls too strong, for these  
Weak arms to hold you here.  
[Takes his hand.]  
Go; leave me, soldier  
(For you're no more a lover): leave me dying:  
Push me, all pale and panting, from your bosom,  
And, when your march begins, let one run after,



Breathless almost for joy, and cry—She's dead.  
 The soldiers shout; you then, perhaps, may sigh,  
 And muster all your Roman gravity:  
 Ventidius chides; and straight your brow clears up,  
 As I had never been.

ANTONY.

Gods, 'tis too much; too much for man to bear.

CLEOPATRA.

What is't for me then,  
 A weak, forsaken woman, and a lover?—  
 Here let me breathe my last: envy me not  
 This minute in your arms: I'll die apace,  
 As fast as e'er I can, and end your trouble.

ANTONY.

Die! rather let me perish; loosened nature  
 Leap from its hinges, sink the props of heaven,  
 And fall the skies, to crush the nether world!  
 My eyes, my soul, my all!  
 [Embraces her.]

VENTIDIUS.

And what's this toy,  
 In balance with your fortune, honour, fame?

ANTONY.

What is't, Ventidius?—it outweighs them all;  
 Why, we have more than conquered Caesar now:  
 My queen's not only innocent, but loves me.  
 This, this is she, who drags me down to ruin!  
 "But, could she 'scape without me, with what haste  
 Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,  
 And never look behind!"  
 Down on thy knees, blasphemous as thou art,  
 And ask forgiveness of wronged innocence.

VENTIDIUS.

I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?

ANTONY.

Go! whither? Go from all that's excellent?  
 Faith, honour, virtue, all good things forbid,

That I should go from her, who sets my love  
 Above the price of kingdoms! Give, you gods,  
 Give to your boy, your Caesar,  
 This rattle of a globe to play withal,  
 This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off:  
 I'll not be pleased with less than Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

She's wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy,  
 That I shall do some wild extravagance  
 Of love, in public; and the foolish world,  
 Which knows not tenderness, will think me mad.

VENTIDIUS.

O women! women! women! all the gods  
 Have not such power of doing good to man,  
 As you of doing harm.  
 [Exit.]

ANTONY.

Our men are armed:—  
 Unbar the gate that looks to Caesar's camp:  
 I would revenge the treachery he meant me;  
 And long security makes conquest easy.  
 I'm eager to return before I go;  
 For, all the pleasures I have known beat thick  
 On my remembrance.—How I long for night!  
 That both the sweets of mutual love may try,  
 And triumph once o'er Caesar ere we die.  
 [Exeunt.]

### Act III

#### Scene I

[At one door enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, and ALEXAS, a Train of EGYPTIANS: at the other ANTONY and ROMANS. The entrance on both sides is prepared by music; the trumpets first sounding on Antony's part: then answered by timbrels, etc., on CLEOPATRA'S. CHARMION and IRAS hold a laurel wreath betwixt them. A Dance of EGYPTIANS. After the ceremony, CLEOPATRA crowns ANTONY.]

ANTONY.

I thought how those white arms would fold me in,  
 And strain me close, and melt me into love;

So pleased with that sweet image, I sprung forwards,  
And added all my strength to every blow.

CLEOPATRA.

Come to me, come, my soldier, to my arms!  
You've been too long away from my embraces;  
But, when I have you fast, and all my own,  
With broken murmurs, and with amorous sighs,  
I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you,  
And mark you red with many an eager kiss.

ANTONY.

My brighter Venus!

CLEOPATRA.

O my greater Mars!

ANTONY.

Thou join'st us well, my love!  
Suppose me come from the Phlegraean plains,  
Where gasping giants lay, cleft by my sword,  
And mountain-tops paired off each other blow,  
To bury those I slew. Receive me, goddess!  
Let Caesar spread his subtle nets; like Vulcan,  
In thy embraces I would be beheld  
By heaven and earth at once;  
And make their envy what they meant their sport  
Let those, who took us, blush; I would love on,  
With awful state, regardless of their frowns,  
As their superior gods.  
There's no satiety of love in thee:  
Enjoyed, thou still art new; perpetual spring  
Is in thy arms; the ripened fruit but falls,  
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place;  
And I grow rich by giving.  
[Enter VENTIDIUS, and stands apart.]

ALEXAS.

Oh, now the danger's past, your general comes!  
He joins not in your joys, nor minds your triumphs;  
But, with contracted brows, looks frowning on,  
As envying your success.

ANTONY.

Now, on my soul, he loves me; truly loves me:  
He never flattered me in any vice,  
But awes me with his virtue: even this minute,  
Methinks, he has a right of chiding me.  
Lead to the temple: I'll avoid his presence;  
It checks too strong upon me.  
[Exeunt the rest.]  
[As ANTONY is going, VENTIDIUS pulls him by the robe.]

VENTIDIUS.

Emperor!

ANTONY.

'Tis the old argument; I pr'ythee, spare me.  
[Looking back.]

VENTIDIUS.

But this one hearing, emperor.

ANTONY.

Let go  
My robe; or, by my father Hercules—

VENTIDIUS.

By Hercules' father, that's yet greater,  
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

ANTONY.

Thou see'st we are observed; attend me here,  
And I'll return.  
[Exit.]

VENTIDIUS.

I am waning in his favour, yet I love him;  
I love this man, who runs to meet his ruin;  
And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:  
His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,  
As would confound their choice to punish one,  
And not reward the other.  
[Enter ANTONY.]

ANTONY.

We can conquer,  
You see, without your aid.  
We have dislodged their troops;  
They look on us at distance, and, like curs  
Scaped from the lion's paws, they bay far off,  
And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten war.  
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,  
Lie breathless on the plain.

VENTIDIUS.

'Tis well; and he,  
Who lost them, could have spared ten thousand more.  
Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain  
An easier peace, while Caesar doubts the chance  
Of arms—

ANTONY.

Oh, think not on't, Ventidius!  
The boy pursues my ruin, he'll no peace;  
His malice is considerable in advantage.  
Oh, he's the coolest murderer! so staunch,  
He kills, and keeps his temper.

VENTIDIUS.

Have you no friend  
In all his army, who has power to move him?  
Maecenas, or Agrippa, might do much.

ANTONY.

They're both too deep in Caesar's interests.  
We'll work it out by dint of sword, or perish.

VENTIDIUS.

Fain I would find some other.

ANTONY.

Thank thy love.  
Some four or five such victories as this  
Will save thy further pains.

VENTIDIUS.

Expect no more; Caesar is on his guard:  
I know, sir, you have conquered against odds;

But still you draw supplies from one poor town,  
 And of Egyptians: he has all the world,  
 And, at his beck, nations come pouring in,  
 To fill the gaps you make. Pray, think again.

ANTONY.

Why dost thou drive me from myself, to search  
 For foreign aids?—to hunt my memory,  
 And range all o'er a waste and barren place,  
 To find a friend? The wretched have no friends.  
 Yet I had one, the bravest youth of Rome,  
 Whom Caesar loves beyond the love of women:  
 He could resolve his mind, as fire does wax,  
 From that hard rugged image melt him down,  
 And mould him in what softer form he pleased.

VENTIDIUS.

Him would I see; that man, of all the world;  
 Just such a one we want.

ANTONY.

He loved me too;  
 I was his soul; he lived not but in me:  
 We were so closed within each other's breasts,  
 The rivets were not found, that joined us first.  
 That does not reach us yet: we were so mixt,  
 As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost;  
 We were one mass; we could not give or take,  
 But from the same; for he was I, I he.

VENTIDIUS.

He moves as I would wish him.  
 [Aside.]

ANTONY.

After this,  
 I need not tell his name;—'twas Dolabella.

VENTIDIUS.

He's now in Caesar's camp.

ANTONY.

No matter where,  
 Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly,

That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight,  
 Because I feared he loved her: he confessed,  
 He had a warmth, which, for my sake, he stifled;  
 For 'twere impossible that two, so one,  
 Should not have loved the same. When he departed,  
 He took no leave; and that confirmed my thoughts.

VENTIDIUS.

It argues, that he loved you more than her,  
 Else he had stayed; but he perceived you jealous,  
 And would not grieve his friend: I know he loves you.

ANTONY.

I should have seen him, then, ere now.

VENTIDIUS.

Perhaps  
 He has thus long been labouring for your peace.

ANTONY.

Would he were here!

VENTIDIUS.

Would you believe he loved you?  
 I read your answer in your eyes, you would.  
 Not to conceal it longer, he has sent  
 A messenger from Caesar's camp, with letters.

ANTONY.

Let him appear.

VENTIDIUS.

I'll bring him instantly.  
 [Exit VENTIDIUS, and re-enters immediately with DOLABELLA.]

ANTONY.

'Tis he himself! himself, by holy friendship!  
 [Runs to embrace him.]  
 Art thou returned at last, my better half?  
 Come, give me all myself!  
 Let me not live,  
 If the young bridegroom, longing for his night,  
 Was ever half so fond.

DOLABELLA.

I must be silent, for my soul is busy  
About a nobler work; she's new come home,  
Like a long-absent man, and wanders o'er  
Each room, a stranger to her own, to look  
If all be safe.

ANTONY.

Thou hast what's left of me;  
For I am now so sunk from what I was,  
Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark.  
The rivers that ran in, and raised my fortunes,  
Are all dried up, or take another course:  
What I have left is from my native spring;  
I've still a heart that swells, in scorn of fate,  
And lifts me to my banks.

DOLABELLA.

Still you are lord of all the world to me.

ANTONY.

Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.  
If I had any joy when thou wert absent,  
I grudged it to myself; methought I robbed  
Thee of thy part. But, O my Dolabella!  
Thou has beheld me other than I am.  
Hast thou not seen my morning chambers filled  
With sceptred slaves, who waited to salute me?  
With eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun,  
To worship my uprising?—menial kings  
Ran coursing up and down my palace-yard,  
Stood silent in my presence, watched my eyes,  
And, at my least command, all started out,  
Like racers to the goal.

DOLABELLA.

Slaves to your fortune.

ANTONY.

Fortune is Caesar's now; and what am I?

VENTIDIUS.

What you have made yourself; I will not flatter.



ANTONY.

Is this friendly done?

DOLABELLA.

Yes; when his end is so, I must join with him;  
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide;  
Why am I else your friend?

ANTONY.

Take heed, young man,  
How thou upbraid'st my love: The queen has eyes,  
And thou too hast a soul. Canst thou remember,  
When, swelled with hatred, thou beheld'st her first,  
As accessory to thy brother's death?

DOLABELLA.

Spare my remembrance; 'twas a guilty day,  
And still the blush hangs here.

ANTONY.

To clear herself,  
For sending him no aid, she came from Egypt.  
Her galley down the silver Cydnus rowed,  
The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold;  
The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails:  
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were placed;  
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

DOLABELLA.

No more; I would not hear it.

ANTONY.

Oh, you must!  
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,  
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,  
Neglecting, she could take them: boys, like Cupids,  
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds.  
That played about her face. But if she smiled  
A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad,  
That men's desiring eyes were never wearied,  
But hung upon the object: To soft flutes  
The silver oars kept time; and while they played,

The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight;  
 And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;  
 For she so charmed all hearts, that gazing crowds  
 Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath  
 To give their welcome voice.  
 Then, Dolabella, where was then thy soul?  
 Was not thy fury quite disarmed with wonder?  
 Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes  
 And whisper in my ear—Oh, tell her not  
 That I accused her with my brother's death?

DOLABELLA.

And should my weakness be a plea for yours?  
 Mine was an age when love might be excused,  
 When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth  
 Made it a debt to nature. Yours—

VENTIDIUS.

Speak boldly.  
 Yours, he would say, in your declining age,  
 When no more heat was left but what you forced,  
 When all the sap was needful for the trunk,  
 When it went down, then you constrained the course,  
 And robbed from nature, to supply desire;  
 In you (I would not use so harsh a word)  
 'Tis but plain dotage.

ANTONY.

Ha!

DOLABELLA.

'Twas urged too home.—  
 But yet the loss was private, that I made;  
 'Twas but myself I lost: I lost no legions;  
 I had no world to lose, no people's love.

ANTONY.

This from a friend?

DOLABELLA.

Yes, Antony, a true one;  
 A friend so tender, that each word I speak  
 Stabs my own heart, before it reach your ear.

Oh, judge me not less kind, because I chide!  
To Caesar I excuse you.

ANTONY.

O ye gods!  
Have I then lived to be excused to Caesar?

DOLABELLA.

As to your equal.

ANTONY.

Well, he's but my equal:  
While I wear this he never shall be more.

DOLABELLA.

I bring conditions from him.

ANTONY.

Are they noble?  
Methinks thou shouldst not bring them else; yet he  
Is full of deep dissembling; knows no honour  
Divided from his interest. Fate mistook him;  
For nature meant him for an usurer:  
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer kingdoms.

VENTIDIUS.

Then, granting this,  
What power was theirs, who wrought so hard a temper  
To honourable terms?

ANTONY.

I was my Dolabella, or some god.

DOLABELLA.

Nor I, nor yet Maecenas, nor Agrippa:  
They were your enemies; and I, a friend,  
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a Roman's deed.

ANTONY.

'Twas like a Roman done: show me that man,  
Who has preserved my life, my love, my honour;  
Let me but see his face.

VENTIDIUS.

That task is mine,  
And, Heaven, thou know'st how pleasing.  
[Exit VENTIDIUS.]

DOLABELLA.

You'll remember  
To whom you stand obliged?

ANTONY.

When I forget it  
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest curse.  
My queen shall thank him too,

DOLABELLA.

I fear she will not.

ANTONY.

But she shall do it: The queen, my Dolabella!  
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy fever?

DOLABELLA.

I would not see her lost.

ANTONY.

When I forsake her,  
Leave me my better stars! for she has truth  
Beyond her beauty. Caesar tempted her,  
At no less price than kingdoms, to betray me;  
But she resisted all: and yet thou chidest me  
For loving her too well. Could I do so?

DOLABELLA.

Yes; there's my reason.  
[Re-enter VENTIDIUS, with OCTAVIA, leading ANTONY'S two little DAUGHTERS.]

ANTONY.

Where?—Octavia there!  
[Starting back.]

VENTIDIUS.

What, is she poison to you?—a disease?  
Look on her, view her well, and those she brings:

Are they all strangers to your eyes? has nature  
No secret call, no whisper they are yours?

DOLABELLA.

For shame, my lord, if not for love, receive them  
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,  
Meet them, embrace them, bid them welcome to you.  
Your arms should open, even without your knowledge,  
To clasp them in; your feet should turn to wings,  
To bear you to them; and your eyes dart out  
And aim a kiss, ere you could reach the lips.

ANTONY.

I stood amazed, to think how they came hither.

VENTIDIUS.

I sent for them; I brought them in unknown  
To Cleopatra's guards.

DOLABELLA.

Yet, are you cold?

OCTAVIA.

Thus long I have attended for my welcome;  
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.  
Who am I?

ANTONY.

Caesar's sister.

OCTAVIA.

That's unkind.  
Had I been nothing more than Caesar's sister,  
Know, I had still remained in Caesar's camp:  
But your Octavia, your much injured wife,  
Though banished from your bed, driven from your house,  
In spite of Caesar's sister, still is yours.  
'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,  
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;  
But a wife's virtue still surmounts that pride.  
I come to claim you as my own; to show  
My duty first; to ask, nay beg, your kindness:  
Your hand, my lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.  
[Taking his hand.]

VENTIDIUS.

Do, take it; thou deserv'st it.

DOLABELLA.

On my soul,  
And so she does: she's neither too submissive,  
Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean  
Shows, as it ought, a wife and Roman too.

ANTONY.

I fear, Octavia, you have begged my life.

OCTAVIA.

Begged it, my lord?

ANTONY.

Yes, begged it, my ambassadress;  
Poorly and basely begged it of your brother.

OCTAVIA.

Poorly and basely I could never beg:  
Nor could my brother grant.

ANTONY.

Shall I, who, to my kneeling slave, could say,  
Rise up, and be a king; shall I fall down  
And cry,—Forgive me, Caesar! Shall I set  
A man, my equal, in the place of Jove,  
As he could give me being? No; that word,  
Forgive, would choke me up,  
And die upon my tongue.

DOLABELLA.

You shall not need it.

ANTONY.

I will not need it. Come, you've all betrayed me,—  
My friend too!—to receive some vile conditions.  
My wife has bought me, with her prayers and tears;  
And now I must become her branded slave.  
In every peevish mood, she will upbraid  
The life she gave: if I but look awry,  
She cries—I'll tell my brother.

OCTAVIA.

My hard fortune  
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes.  
But the conditions I have brought are such,  
Your need not blush to take: I love your honour,  
Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said,  
Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.  
Sir, you are free; free, even from her you loathe;  
For, though my brother bargains for your love,  
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,  
I have a soul like yours; I cannot take  
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.  
I'll tell my brother we are reconciled;  
He shall draw back his troops, and you shall march  
To rule the East: I may be dropt at Athens;  
No matter where. I never will complain,  
But only keep the barren name of wife,  
And rid you of the trouble.

VENTIDIUS.

Was ever such a strife of sullen honour! [Apart]  
Both scorn to be obliged.

DOLABELLA.

Oh, she has touched him in the tenderest part; [Apart]  
See how he reddens with despite and shame,  
To be outdone in generosity!

VENTIDIUS.

See how he winks! how he dries up a tear, [Apart]  
That fain would fall!

ANTONY.

Octavia, I have heard you, and must praise  
The greatness of your soul;  
But cannot yield to what you have proposed:  
For I can ne'er be conquered but by love;  
And you do all for duty. You would free me,  
And would be dropt at Athens; was't not so?

OCTAVIA.

It was, my lord.

ANTONY.

Then I must be obliged  
To one who loves me not; who, to herself,  
May call me thankless and ungrateful man:—  
I'll not endure it; no.

VENTIDIUS.

I am glad it pinches there.  
[Aside.]

OCTAVIA.

Would you triumph o'er poor Octavia's virtue?  
That pride was all I had to bear me up;  
That you might think you owed me for your life,  
And owed it to my duty, not my love.  
I have been injured, and my haughty soul  
Could brook but ill the man who slights my bed.

ANTONY.

Therefore you love me not.

OCTAVIA.

Therefore, my lord,  
I should not love you.

ANTONY.

Therefore you would leave me?

OCTAVIA.

And therefore I should leave you—if I could.

DOLABELLA.

Her soul's too great, after such injuries,  
To say she loves; and yet she lets you see it.  
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

ANTONY.

O Dolabella, which way shall I turn?  
I find a secret yielding in my soul;  
But Cleopatra, who would die with me,  
Must she be left? Pity pleads for Octavia;  
But does it not plead more for Cleopatra?



VENTIDIUS.

Justice and pity both plead for Octavia;  
 For Cleopatra, neither.  
 One would be ruined with you; but she first  
 Had ruined you: The other, you have ruined,  
 And yet she would preserve you.  
 In everything their merits are unequal.

ANTONY.

O my distracted soul!

OCTAVIA.

Sweet Heaven compose it!—  
 Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,  
 Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;  
 Are they not yours? or stand they thus neglected,  
 As they are mine? Go to him, children, go;  
 Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him;  
 For you may speak, and he may own you too,  
 Without a blush; and so he cannot all  
 His children: go, I say, and pull him to me,  
 And pull him to yourselves, from that bad woman.  
 You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms;  
 And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist:  
 If he will shake you off, if he will dash you  
 Against the pavement, you must bear it, children;  
 For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.  
 [Here the CHILDREN go to him, etc.]

VENTIDIUS.

Was ever sight so moving?—Emperor!

DOLABELLA.

Friend!

OCTAVIA.

Husband!

BOTH CHILDREN.

Father!

ANTONY.

I am vanquished: take me,  
 Octavia; take me, children; share me all.

[Embracing them.]

I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves,  
And run out much, in riot, from your stock;  
But all shall be amended.

OCTAVIA.

O blest hour!

DOLABELLA.

O happy change!

VENTIDIUS.

My joy stops at my tongue;  
But it has found two channels here for one,  
And bubbles out above.

ANTONY.

[to OCTAVIA]

This is thy triumph; lead me where thou wilt;  
Even to thy brother's camp.

OCTAVIA.

All there are yours.

[Enter ALEXAS hastily.]

ALEXAS.

The queen, my mistress, sir, and yours—

ANTONY.

'Tis past.—

Octavia, you shall stay this night: To-morrow,  
Caesar and we are one.

[Exit leading OCTAVIA; DOLABELLA and the CHILDREN follow.]

VENTIDIUS.

There's news for you; run, my officious eunuch,  
Be sure to be the first; haste forward:  
Haste, my dear eunuch, haste.

[Exit.]

ALEXAS.

This downright fighting fool, this thick-skulled hero,  
This blunt, unthinking instrument of death,

With plain dull virtue has outgone my wit.  
 Pleasure forsook my earliest infancy;  
 The luxury of others robbed my cradle,  
 And ravished thence the promise of a man.  
 Cast out from nature, disinherited  
 Of what her meanest children claim by kind,  
 Yet greatness kept me from contempt: that's gone.  
 Had Cleopatra followed my advice,  
 Then he had been betrayed who now forsakes.  
 She dies for love; but she has known its joys:  
 Gods, is this just, that I, who know no joys,  
 Must die, because she loves?  
 [Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, and Train.]  
 O madam, I have seen what blasts my eyes!  
 Octavia's here.

CLEOPATRA.

Peace with that raven's note.  
 I know it too; and now am in  
 The pangs of death.

ALEXAS.

You are no more a queen;  
 Egypt is lost.

CLEOPATRA.

What tell'st thou me of Egypt?  
 My life, my soul is lost! Octavia has him!—  
 O fatal name to Cleopatra's love!  
 My kisses, my embraces now are hers;  
 While I—But thou hast seen my rival; speak,  
 Does she deserve this blessing? Is she fair?  
 Bright as a goddess? and is all perfection  
 Confined to her? It is. Poor I was made  
 Of that coarse matter, which, when she was finished,  
 The gods threw by for rubbish.

ALEXAS.

She is indeed a very miracle.

CLEOPATRA.

Death to my hopes, a miracle!

ALEXAS.

A miracle;  
[Bowing.]  
I mean of goodness; for in beauty, madam,  
You make all wonders cease.

CLEOPATRA.

I was too rash:  
Take this in part of recompense. But, oh!  
[Giving a ring.]  
I fear thou flatterest me.

CHARMION.

She comes! she's here!

IRAS.

Fly, madam, Caesar's sister!

CLEOPATRA.

Were she the sister of the thunderer Jove,  
And bore her brother's lightning in her eyes,  
Thus would I face my rival.

[Meets OCTAVIA with VENTIDIUS. OCTAVIA bears up to her. Their Trains come up on either side.]

OCTAVIA.

I need not ask if you are Cleopatra;  
Your haughty carriage—

CLEOPATRA.

Shows I am a queen:  
Nor need I ask you, who you are.

OCTAVIA.

A Roman:  
A name, that makes and can unmake a queen.

CLEOPATRA.

Your lord, the man who serves me, is a Roman.

OCTAVIA.

He was a Roman, till he lost that name,  
To be a slave in Egypt; but I come  
To free him thence.

CLEOPATRA.

Peace, peace, my lover's Juno.  
When he grew weary of that household clog,  
He chose my easier bonds.

OCTAVIA.

I wonder not  
Your bonds are easy: you have long been practised  
In that lascivious art: He's not the first  
For whom you spread your snares: Let Caesar witness.

CLEOPATRA.

I loved not Caesar; 'twas but gratitude  
I paid his love: The worst your malice can,  
Is but to say the greatest of mankind  
Has been my slave. The next, but far above him  
In my esteem, is he whom law calls yours,  
But whom his love made mine.

OCTAVIA.

I would view nearer.  
[Coming up close to her.]  
That face, which has so long usurped my right,  
To find the inevitable charms, that catch  
Mankind so sure, that ruined my dear lord.

CLEOPATRA.

Oh, you do well to search; for had you known  
But half these charms, you had not lost his heart.

OCTAVIA.

Far be their knowledge from a Roman lady,  
Far from a modest wife! Shame of our sex,  
Dost thou not blush to own those black endearments,  
That make sin pleasing?

CLEOPATRA.

You may blush, who want them.  
If bounteous nature, if indulgent Heaven

Have given me charms to please the bravest man,  
Should I not thank them? Should I be ashamed,  
And not be proud? I am, that he has loved me;  
And, when I love not him, Heaven change this face  
For one like that.

OCTAVIA.

Thou lov'st him not so well.

CLEOPATRA.

I love him better, and deserve him more.

OCTAVIA.

You do not; cannot: You have been his ruin.  
Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra?  
Who made him scorned abroad, but Cleopatra?  
At Actium, who betrayed him? Cleopatra.  
Who made his children orphans, and poor me  
A wretched widow? only Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA.

Yet she, who loves him best, is Cleopatra.  
If you have suffered, I have suffered more.  
You bear the specious title of a wife,  
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world  
To favour it: the world condemns poor me.  
For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,  
And stained the glory of my royal house,  
And all to bear the branded name of mistress.  
There wants but life, and that too I would lose  
For him I love.

OCTAVIA.

Be't so, then; take thy wish.  
[Exit with her Train.]

CLEOPATRA.

And 'tis my wish,  
Now he is lost for whom alone I lived.  
My sight grows dim, and every object dances,  
And swims before me, in the maze of death.  
My spirits, while they were opposed, kept up;  
They could not sink beneath a rival's scorn!  
But now she's gone, they faint.

ALEXAS.

Mine have had leisure  
To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel,  
To ruin her, who else must ruin you.

CLEOPATRA.

Vain promiser!  
Lead me, my Charmion; nay, your hand too, Iras.  
My grief has weight enough to sink you both.  
Conduct me to some solitary chamber,  
And draw the curtains round;  
Then leave me to myself, to take alone  
My fill of grief:  
There I till death will his unkindness weep;  
As harmless infants moan themselves asleep.  
[Exeunt.]

## **Act IV**

### **Scene I**

[Enter ANTONY and DOLABELLA.]

DOLABELLA.

Why would you shift it from yourself on me?  
Can you not tell her, you must part?

ANTONY.

I cannot.  
I could pull out an eye, and bid it go,  
And t'other should not weep. O Dolabella,  
How many deaths are in this word, DEPART!  
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:  
One look of hers would thaw me into tears,  
And I should melt, till I were lost again.

DOLABELLA.

Then let Ventidius;  
He's rough by nature.

ANTONY.

Oh, he'll speak too harshly;  
He'll kill her with the news: Thou, only thou.

DOLABELLA.

Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,  
That but to hear a story, feigned for pleasure,  
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,  
And robs me of my manhood. I should speak  
So faintly, with such fear to grieve her heart,  
She'd not believe it earnest.

ANTONY.

Therefore,—therefore  
Thou only, thou art fit: Think thyself me;  
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long),  
Take off the edge from every sharper sound,  
And let our parting be as gently made,  
As other loves begin: Wilt thou do this?

DOLABELLA.

What you have said so sinks into my soul,  
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

ANTONY.

I leave you then to your sad task: Farewell.  
I sent her word to meet you.  
[Goes to the door, and comes back.]  
I forgot;  
Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine,  
Her crown and dignity shall be preserved,  
If I have power with Caesar.—Oh, be sure  
To think on that.

DOLABELLA.

Fear not, I will remember.  
[ANTONY goes again to the door, and comes back.]

ANTONY.

And tell her, too, how much I was constrained;  
I did not this, but with extremest force.  
Desire her not to hate my memory,  
For I still cherish hers:—insist on that.

DOLABELLA.

Trust me. I'll not forget it.



ANTONY.

Then that's all.

[Goes out, and returns again.]

Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?  
Tell her, though we shall never meet again,  
If I should hear she took another love,  
The news would break my heart.—Now I must go;  
For every time I have returned, I feel  
My soul more tender; and my next command  
Would be, to bid her stay, and ruin both.  
[Exit.]

DOLABELLA.

Men are but children of a larger growth;  
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,  
And full as craving too, and full as vain;  
And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,  
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing:  
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,  
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward  
To the world's open view: Thus I discovered,  
And blamed the love of ruined Antony:  
Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruined.  
[Enter VENTIDIUS above.]

VENTIDIUS.

Alone, and talking to himself? concerned too?  
Perhaps my guess is right; he loved her once,  
And may pursue it still.

DOLABELLA.

O friendship! friendship!  
Ill canst thou answer this; and reason, worse:  
Unfaithful in the attempt; hopeless to win;  
And if I win, undone: mere madness all.  
And yet the occasion's fair. What injury  
To him, to wear the robe which he throws by!

VENTIDIUS.

None, none at all. This happens as I wish,  
To ruin her yet more with Antony.  
[Enter CLEOPATRA talking with ALEXAS; CHARMION, IRAS on the other side.]

DOLABELLA.

She comes! What charms have sorrow on that face!  
Sorrow seems pleased to dwell with so much sweetness;  
Yet, now and then, a melancholy smile  
Breaks loose, like lightning in a winter's night,  
And shows a moment's day.

VENTIDIUS.

If she should love him too! her eunuch there?  
That porc'pisce bodes ill weather. Draw, draw nearer,  
Sweet devil, that I may hear.

ALEXAS.

Believe me; try  
[DOLABELLA goes over to CHARMION and IRAS; seems to talk with them.]  
To make him jealous; jealousy is like  
A polished glass held to the lips when life's in doubt;  
If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp, and show it.

CLEOPATRA.

I grant you, jealousy's a proof of love,  
But 'tis a weak and unavailing medicine;  
It puts out the disease, and makes it show,  
But has no power to cure.

ALEXAS.

'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too:  
And then this Dolabella, who so fit  
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,  
And looks as he were laid for nature's bait,  
To catch weak women's eyes.  
He stands already more than half suspected  
Of loving you: the least kind word or glance,  
You give this youth, will kindle him with love:  
Then, like a burning vessel set adrift,  
You'll send him down amain before the wind,  
To fire the heart of jealous Antony.

CLEOPATRA.

Can I do this? Ah, no, my love's so true,  
That I can neither hide it where it is,  
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me  
A wife; a silly, harmless, household dove,

Fond without art, and kind without deceit;  
But Fortune, that has made a mistress of me,  
Has thrust me out to the wide world, unfurnished  
Of falsehood to be happy.

ALEXAS.

Force yourself.  
The event will be, your lover will return,  
Doubly desirous to possess the good  
Which once he feared to lose.

CLEOPATRA.

I must attempt it;  
But oh, with what regret!  
[Exit ALEXAS. She comes up to DOLABELLA.]

VENTIDIUS.

So, now the scene draws near; they're in my reach.

CLEOPATRA.

[to DOLABELLA.]  
Discoursing with my women! might not I  
Share in your entertainment?

CHARMION.

You have been  
The subject of it, madam.

CLEOPATRA.

How! and how!

IRAS.

Such praises of your beauty!

CLEOPATRA.

Mere poetry.  
Your Roman wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,  
Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

DOLABELLA.

Those Roman wits have never been in Egypt;  
Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung:  
I, who have seen—had I been born a poet,  
Should choose a nobler name.

CLEOPATRA.

You flatter me.  
But, 'tis your nation's vice: All of your country  
Are flatterers, and all false. Your friend's like you.  
I'm sure, he sent you not to speak these words.

DOLABELLA.

No, madam; yet he sent me—

CLEOPATRA.

Well, he sent you—

DOLABELLA.

Of a less pleasing errand.

CLEOPATRA.

How less pleasing?  
Less to yourself, or me?

DOLABELLA.

Madam, to both;  
For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

CLEOPATRA.

You, Charmion, and your fellow, stand at distance.—  
Hold up, my spirits. [Aside.]—Well, now your mournful matter;  
For I'm prepared, perhaps can guess it too.

DOLABELLA.

I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless office,  
To tell ill news: And I, of all your sex,  
Most fear displeasing you.

CLEOPATRA.

Of all your sex,  
I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

VENTIDIUS.

Most delicate advances! Women! women!  
Dear, damned, inconstant sex!

CLEOPATRA.

In the first place,  
I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

DOLABELLA.

I wish I could not answer to that question.

CLEOPATRA.

Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you:  
I should have been more grieved another time.  
Next I'm to lose my kingdom—Farewell, Egypt!  
Yet, is there any more?

DOLABELLA.

Madam, I fear  
Your too deep sense of grief has turned your reason.

CLEOPATRA.

No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear fortune:  
And love may be expelled by other love,  
As poisons are by poisons.

DOLABELLA.

You o'erjoy me, madam,  
To find your griefs so moderately borne.  
You've heard the worst; all are not false like him.

CLEOPATRA.

No; Heaven forbid they should.

DOLABELLA.

Some men are constant.

CLEOPATRA.

And constancy deserves reward, that's certain.

DOLABELLA.

Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

VENTIDIUS.

I'll swear, thou hast my leave. I have enough:  
But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider.  
[Exit.]

DOLABELLA.

I came prepared  
To tell you heavy news; news, which I thought

Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to hear:  
 But you have met it with a cheerfulness,  
 That makes my task more easy; and my tongue,  
 Which on another's message was employed,  
 Would gladly speak its own.

CLEOPATRA.

Hold, Dolabella.  
 First tell me, were you chosen by my lord?  
 Or sought you this employment?

DOLABELLA.

He picked me out; and, as his bosom friend,  
 He charged me with his words.

CLEOPATRA.

The message then  
 I know was tender, and each accent smooth,  
 To mollify that rugged word, DEPART.

DOLABELLA.

Oh, you mistake: He chose the harshest words;  
 With fiery eyes, and contracted brows,  
 He coined his face in the severest stamp;  
 And fury shook his fabric, like an earthquake;  
 He heaved for vent, and burst like bellowing Aetna,  
 In sounds scarce human "Hence away for ever,  
 Let her begone, the blot of my renown,  
 And bane of all my hopes!"

[All the time of this speech, CLEOPATRA seems more  
 and more concerned, till she sinks quite down.]

"Let her be driven, as far as men can think,  
 From man's commerce! she'll poison to the centre."

CLEOPATRA.

Oh, I can bear no more!

DOLABELLA.

Help, help!—O wretch! O cursed, cursed wretch!  
 What have I done!

CHARMION.

Help, chafe her temples, Iras.

IRAS.

Bend, bend her forward quickly.

CHARMION.

Heaven be praised,  
She comes again.

CLEOPATRA.

Oh, let him not approach me.  
Why have you brought me back to this loathed being;  
The abode of falsehood, violated vows,  
And injured love? For pity, let me go;  
For, if there be a place of long repose,  
I'm sure I want it. My disdainful lord  
Can never break that quiet; nor awake  
The sleeping soul, with hollowing in my tomb  
Such words as fright her hence.—Unkind, unkind!

DOLABELLA.

Believe me, 'tis against myself I speak;  
[Kneeling.]  
That sure desires belief; I injured him:  
My friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh, had you seen  
How often he came back, and every time  
With something more obliging and more kind,  
To add to what he said; what dear farewells;  
How almost vanquished by his love he parted,  
And leaned to what unwillingly he left!  
I, traitor as I was, for love of you  
(But what can you not do, who made me false?)  
I forged that lie; for whose forgiveness kneels  
This self-accused, self-punished criminal.

CLEOPATRA.

With how much ease believe we what we wish!  
Rise, Dolabella; if you have been guilty,  
I have contributed, and too much love  
Has made me guilty too.  
The advance of kindness, which I made, was feigned,  
To call back fleeting love by jealousy;  
But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose,  
Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.

DOLABELLA.

I find your breast fenced round from human reach,  
Transparent as a rock of solid crystal;  
Seen through, but never pierced. My friend, my friend,  
What endless treasure hast thou thrown away;  
And scattered, like an infant, in the ocean,  
Vain sums of wealth, which none can gather thence!

CLEOPATRA.

Could you not beg  
An hour's admittance to his private ear?  
Like one, who wanders through long barren wilds  
And yet foreknows no hospitable inn  
Is near to succour hunger, eats his fill,  
Before his painful march;  
So would I feed a while my famished eyes  
Before we part; for I have far to go,  
If death be far, and never must return.  
[VENTIDIUS with OCTAVIA, behind.]

VENTIDIUS.

From hence you may discover—oh, sweet, sweet!  
Would you indeed? The pretty hand in earnest?

DOLABELLA.

I will, for this reward.  
[Takes her hand.]  
Draw it not back.  
'Tis all I e'er will beg.

VENTIDIUS.

They turn upon us.

OCTAVIA.

What quick eyes has guilt!

VENTIDIUS.

Seem not to have observed them, and go on.  
[They enter.]

DOLABELLA.

Saw you the emperor, Ventidius?



VENTIDIUS.

No.

I sought him; but I heard that he was private,  
None with him but Hipparchus, his freedman.

DOLABELLA.

Know you his business?

VENTIDIUS.

Giving him instructions,  
And letters to his brother Caesar.

DOLABELLA.

Well,  
He must be found.  
[Exeunt DOLABELLA and CLEOPATRA.]

OCTAVIA.

Most glorious impudence!

VENTIDIUS.

She looked, methought,  
As she would say—Take your old man, Octavia;  
Thank you, I'm better here.—  
Well, but what use  
Make we of this discovery?

OCTAVIA.

Let it die.

VENTIDIUS.

I pity Dolabella; but she's dangerous:  
Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms,  
To draw the moon from heaven; for eloquence,  
The sea-green Syrens taught her voice their flattery;  
And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,  
Unmarked of those that hear. Then she's so charming,  
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:  
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;  
And with heaved hands, forgetting gravity,  
They bless her wanton eyes: Even I, who hate her,  
With a malignant joy behold such beauty;  
And, while I curse, desire it. Antony

Must needs have some remains of passion still,  
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,  
If now not fully cured. I know, this minute,  
With Caesar he's endeavouring her peace.

OCTAVIA.

You have prevailed:—But for a further purpose  
[Walks off.]  
I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.  
What, make a strumpet's peace! it swells my heart:  
It must not, shall not be.

VENTIDIUS.

His guards appear.  
Let me begin, and you shall second me.  
[Enter ANTONY.]

ANTONY.

Octavia, I was looking you, my love:  
What, are your letters ready? I have given  
My last instructions.

OCTAVIA.

Mine, my lord, are written.

ANTONY.

Ventidius.  
[Drawing him aside.]

VENTIDIUS.

My lord?

ANTONY.

A word in private.—  
When saw you Dolabella?

VENTIDIUS.

Now, my lord,  
He parted hence; and Cleopatra with him.

ANTONY.

Speak softly.—'Twas by my command he went,  
To bear my last farewell.

VENTIDIUS.

It looked indeed  
[Aloud.]  
Like your farewell.

ANTONY.

More softly.—My farewell?  
What secret meaning have you in those words  
Of—My farewell? He did it by my order.

VENTIDIUS.

Then he obeyed your order. I suppose  
[Aloud.]  
You bid him do it with all gentleness,  
All kindness, and all—love.

ANTONY.

How she mourned,  
The poor forsaken creature!

VENTIDIUS.

She took it as she ought; she bore your parting  
As she did Caesar's, as she would another's,  
Were a new love to come.

ANTONY.

Thou dost belie her;  
[Aloud.]  
Most basely, and maliciously belie her.

VENTIDIUS.

I thought not to displease you; I have done.

OCTAVIA.

You seemed disturbed, my Lord.  
[Coming up.]

ANTONY.

A very trifle.  
Retire, my love.

VENTIDIUS.

It was indeed a trifle.  
He sent—

ANTONY.

No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;  
[Angrily.]  
Thy life shall answer it.

OCTAVIA.

Then 'tis no trifle.

VENTIDIUS.

[to OCTAVIA.]  
'Tis less; a very nothing: You too saw it,  
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.

ANTONY.

She saw it!

VENTIDIUS.

Yes: She saw young Dolabella—

ANTONY.

Young Dolabella!

VENTIDIUS.

Young, I think him young,  
And handsome too; and so do others think him.  
But what of that? He went by your command,  
Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind message;  
For she received it graciously; she smiled;  
And then he grew familiar with her hand,  
Squeezed it, and worried it with ravenous kisses;  
She blushed, and sighed, and smiled, and blushed again;  
At last she took occasion to talk softly,  
And brought her cheek up close, and leaned on his;  
At which, he whispered kisses back on hers;  
And then she cried aloud—That constancy  
Should be rewarded.

OCTAVIA.

This I saw and heard.

ANTONY.

What woman was it, whom you heard and saw  
So playful with my friend?  
Not Cleopatra?

VENTIDIUS.

Even she, my lord.

ANTONY.

My Cleopatra?

VENTIDIUS.

Your Cleopatra;  
Dolabella's Cleopatra; every man's Cleopatra.

ANTONY.

Thou liest.

VENTIDIUS.

I do not lie, my lord.  
Is this so strange? Should mistresses be left,  
And not provide against a time of change?  
You know she's not much used to lonely nights.

ANTONY.

I'll think no more on't.  
I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.—  
You needed not have gone this way, Octavia.  
What harms it you that Cleopatra's just?  
She's mine no more. I see, and I forgive:  
Urge it no further, love.

OCTAVIA.

Are you concerned,  
That she's found false?

ANTONY.

I should be, were it so;  
For, though 'tis past, I would not that the world  
Should tax my former choice, that I loved one  
Of so light note; but I forgive you both.

VENTIDIUS.

What has my age deserved, that you should think  
I would abuse your ears with perjury?  
If Heaven be true, she's false.

ANTONY.

Though heaven and earth  
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

VENTIDIUS.

I'll bring you, then, a witness  
From hell, to prove her so.—Nay, go not back;  
[Seeing ALEXAS just entering, and starting back.]  
For stay you must and shall.

ALEXAS.

What means my lord?

VENTIDIUS.

To make you do what most you hate,—speak truth.  
You are of Cleopatra's private counsel,  
Of her bed-counsel, her lascivious hours;  
Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,  
And watch her, as Chaldaeans do the moon,  
Can tell what signs she passes through, what day.

ALEXAS.

My noble lord!

VENTIDIUS.

My most illustrious pander,  
No fine set speech, no cadence, no turned periods,  
But a plain homespun truth, is what I ask.  
I did, myself, o'erhear your queen make love  
To Dolabella. Speak; for I will know,  
By your confession, what more passed betwixt them;  
How near the business draws to your employment;  
And when the happy hour.

ANTONY.

Speak truth, Alexas; whether it offend  
Or please Ventidius, care not: Justify  
Thy injured queen from malice: Dare his worst.

OCTAVIA.

[aside.] See how he gives him courage! how he fears  
To find her false! and shuts his eyes to truth,  
Willing to be misled!

ALEXAS.

As far as love may plead for woman's frailty,  
Urged by desert and greatness of the lover,  
So far, divine Octavia, may my queen  
Stand even excused to you for loving him  
Who is your lord: so far, from brave Ventidius,  
May her past actions hope a fair report.

ANTONY.

'Tis well, and truly spoken: mark, Ventidius.

ALEXAS.

To you, most noble emperor, her strong passion  
Stands not excused, but wholly justified.  
Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,  
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows  
Of sighing kings; and at her feet were laid  
The sceptres of the earth, exposed on heaps,  
To choose where she would reign:  
She thought a Roman only could deserve her,  
And, of all Romans, only Antony;  
And, to be less than wife to you, disdained  
Their lawful passion.

ANTONY.

'Tis but truth.

ALEXAS.

And yet, though love, and your unmatched desert,  
Have drawn her from the due regard of honour,  
At last Heaven opened her unwilling eyes  
To see the wrongs she offered fair Octavia,  
Whose holy bed she lawlessly usurped.  
The sad effects of this improsperous war  
Confirmed those pious thoughts.

VENTIDIUS.

[aside.] Oh, wheel you there?  
Observe him now; the man begins to mend,  
And talk substantial reason.—Fear not, eunuch;  
The emperor has given thee leave to speak.

ALEXAS.

Else had I never dared to offend his ears  
With what the last necessity has urged  
On my forsaken mistress; yet I must not  
Presume to say, her heart is wholly altered.

ANTONY.

No, dare not for thy life, I charge thee dare not  
Pronounce that fatal word!

OCTAVIA.

Must I bear this? Good Heaven, afford me patience.  
[Aside.]

VENTIDIUS.

On, sweet eunuch; my dear half-man, proceed.

ALEXAS.

Yet Dolabella  
Has loved her long; he, next my god-like lord,  
Deserves her best; and should she meet his passion,  
Rejected, as she is, by him she loved—

ANTONY.

Hence from my sight! for I can bear no more:  
Let furies drag thee quick to hell; let all  
The longer damned have rest; each torturing hand  
Do thou employ, till Cleopatra comes;  
Then join thou too, and help to torture her!  
[Exit ALEXAS, thrust out by ANTONY.]

OCTAVIA.

'Tis not well.  
Indeed, my lord, 'tis much unkind to me,  
To show this passion, this extreme concernment,  
For an abandoned, faithless prostitute.

ANTONY.

Octavia, leave me; I am much disordered:  
Leave me, I say.

OCTAVIA.

My lord!



ANTONY.

I bid you leave me.

VENTIDIUS.

Obeys him, madam: best withdraw a while,  
And see how this will work.

OCTAVIA.

Wherein have I offended you, my lord,  
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,  
Or infamous? Am I a Cleopatra?  
Were I she,  
Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;  
But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,  
And fawn upon my falsehood.

ANTONY.

'Tis too much.  
Too much, Octavia; I am pressed with sorrows  
Too heavy to be borne; and you add more:  
I would retire, and recollect what's left  
Of man within, to aid me.

OCTAVIA.

You would mourn,  
In private, for your love, who has betrayed you.  
You did but half return to me: your kindness  
Lingered behind with her, I hear, my lord,  
You make conditions for her,  
And would include her treaty. Wondrous proofs  
Of love to me!

ANTONY.

Are you my friend, Ventidius?  
Or are you turned a Dolabella too,  
And let this fury loose?

VENTIDIUS.

Oh, be advised,  
Sweet madam, and retire.

OCTAVIA.

Yes, I will go; but never to return.  
You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.

My lord, my lord, love will not always last,  
When urged with long unkindness and disdain:  
Take her again, whom you prefer to me;  
She stays but to be called. Poor cozened man!  
Let a feigned parting give her back your heart,  
Which a feigned love first got; for injured me,  
Though my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,  
My duty shall be yours.  
To the dear pledges of our former love  
My tenderness and care shall be transferred,  
And they shall cheer, by turns, my widowed nights:  
So, take my last farewell; for I despair  
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half.  
[Exit.]

VENTIDIUS.

I combat Heaven, which blasts my best designs;  
My last attempt must be to win her back;  
But oh! I fear in vain.  
[Exit.]

ANTONY.

Why was I framed with this plain, honest heart,  
Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,  
But bears its workings outward to the world?  
I should have kept the mighty anguish in,  
And forced a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood:  
Octavia had believed it, and had stayed.  
But I am made a shallow-forded stream,  
Seen to the bottom: all my clearness scorned,  
And all my faults exposed.—See where he comes,  
[Enter DOLLABELLA.]  
Who has profaned the sacred name of friend,  
And worn it into vileness!  
With how secure a brow, and specious form,  
He gilds the secret villain! Sure that face  
Was meant for honesty; but Heaven mismatched it,  
And furnished treason out with nature's pomp,  
To make its work more easy.

DOLABELLA.

O my friend!

ANTONY.

Well, Dolabella, you performed my message?

DOLABELLA.

I did, unwillingly.

ANTONY.

Unwillingly?  
Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?  
You should have wished it.

DOLABELLA.

Why?

ANTONY.

Because you love me.  
And she received my message with as true,  
With as unfeigned a sorrow as you brought it?

DOLABELLA.

She loves you, even to madness.

ANTONY.

Oh, I know it.  
You, Dolabella, do not better know  
How much she loves me. And should I  
Forsake this beauty? This all-perfect creature?

DOLABELLA.

I could not, were she mine.

ANTONY.

And yet you first  
Persuaded me: How come you altered since?

DOLABELLA.

I said at first I was not fit to go:  
I could not hear her sighs, and see her tears,  
But pity must prevail: And so, perhaps,  
It may again with you; for I have promised,  
That she should take her last farewell: And, see,  
She comes to claim my word.

[Enter CLEOPATRA.]

ANTONY.

False Dolabella!

DOLABELLA.

What's false, my lord?

ANTONY.

Why, Dolabella's false,  
And Cleopatra's false; both false and faithless.  
Draw near, you well-joined wickedness, you serpents,  
Whom I have in my kindly bosom warmed,  
Till I am stung to death.

DOLABELLA.

My lord, have I  
Deserved to be thus used?

CLEOPATRA.

Can Heaven prepare  
A newer torment? Can it find a curse  
Beyond our separation?

ANTONY.

Yes, if fate  
Be just, much greater: Heaven should be ingenious  
In punishing such crimes. The rolling stone,  
And gnawing vulture, were slight pains, invented  
When Jove was young, and no examples known  
Of mighty ills; but you have ripened sin,  
To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the gods  
To find an equal torture. Two, two such!—  
Oh, there's no further name,—two such! to me,  
To me, who locked my soul within your breasts,  
Had no desires, no joys, no life, but you;  
When half the globe was mine, I gave it you  
In dowry with my heart; I had no use,  
No fruit of all, but you: A friend and mistress  
Was what the world could give. O Cleopatra!  
O Dolabella! how could you betray  
This tender heart, which with an infant fondness  
Lay lulled betwixt your bosoms, and there slept,  
Secure of injured faith?

DOLABELLA.

If she has wronged you,  
Heaven, hell, and you revenge it.

ANTONY.

If she has wronged me!  
Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt; but swear  
Thou lov'st not her.

DOLABELLA.

Not so as I love you.

ANTONY.

Not so? Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love her.

DOLABELLA.

No more than friendship will allow.

ANTONY.

No more?  
Friendship allows thee nothing: Thou art perjured—  
And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'st her not;  
But not so much, no more. O trifling hypocrite,  
Who dar'st not own to her, thou dost not love,  
Nor own to me, thou dost! Ventidius heard it;  
Octavia saw it.

CLEOPATRA.

They are enemies.

ANTONY.

Alexas is not so: He, he confessed it;  
He, who, next hell, best knew it, he avowed it.  
Why do I seek a proof beyond yourself?  
[To DOLABELLA.]  
You, whom I sent to bear my last farewell,  
Returned, to plead her stay.

DOLABELLA.

What shall I answer?  
If to have loved be guilt, then I have sinned;  
But if to have repented of that love  
Can wash away my crime, I have repented.

Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,  
Let not her suffer: She is innocent.

CLEOPATRA.

Ah, what will not a woman do, who loves?  
What means will she refuse, to keep that heart,  
Where all her joys are placed? 'Twas I encouraged,  
'Twas I blew up the fire that scorched his soul,  
To make you jealous, and by that regain you.  
But all in vain; I could not counterfeit:  
In spite of all the dams my love broke o'er,  
And drowned by heart again: fate took the occasion;  
And thus one minute's feigning has destroyed  
My whole life's truth.

ANTONY.

Thin cobweb arts of falsehood;  
Seen, and broke through at first.

DOLABELLA.

Forgive your mistress.

CLEOPATRA.

Forgive your friend.

ANTONY.

You have convinced yourselves.  
You plead each other's cause: What witness have you,  
That you but meant to raise my jealousy?

CLEOPATRA.

Ourselves, and Heaven.

ANTONY.

Guilt witnesses for guilt. Hence, love and friendship!  
You have no longer place in human breasts,  
These two have driven you out: Avoid my sight!  
I would not kill the man whom I have loved,  
And cannot hurt the woman; but avoid me:  
I do not know how long I can be tame;  
For, if I stay one minute more, to think  
How I am wronged, my justice and revenge  
Will cry so loud within me, that my pity  
Will not be heard for either.

DOLABELLA.

Heaven has but  
 Our sorrow for our sins; and then delights  
 To pardon erring man: Sweet mercy seems  
 Its darling attribute, which limits justice;  
 As if there were degrees in infinite,  
 And infinite would rather want perfection  
 Than punish to extent.

ANTONY.

I can forgive  
 A foe; but not a mistress and a friend.  
 Treason is there in its most horrid shape,  
 Where trust is greatest; and the soul resigned,  
 Is stabbed by its own guards: I'll hear no more;  
 Hence from my sight for ever!

CLEOPATRA.

How? for ever!  
 I cannot go one moment from your sight,  
 And must I go for ever?  
 My joys, my only joys, are centred here:  
 What place have I to go to? My own kingdom?  
 That I have lost for you: Or to the Romans?  
 They hate me for your sake: Or must I wander  
 The wide world o'er, a helpless, banished woman,  
 Banished for love of you; banished from you?  
 Ay, there's the banishment! Oh, hear me; hear me,  
 With strictest justice: For I beg no favour;  
 And if I have offended you, then kill me,  
 But do not banish me.

ANTONY.

I must not hear you.  
 I have a fool within me takes your part;  
 But honour stops my ears.

CLEOPATRA.

For pity hear me!  
 Would you cast off a slave who followed you?  
 Who crouched beneath your spurn?—He has no pity!  
 See, if he gives one tear to my departure;  
 One look, one kind farewell: O iron heart!

Let all the gods look down, and judge betwixt us,  
If he did ever love!

ANTONY.

No more: Alexas!

DOLABELLA.

A perjured villain!

ANTONY.

[to CLEOPATRA.] Your Alexas; yours.

CLEOPATRA.

Oh, 'twas his plot; his ruinous design,  
To engage you in my love by jealousy.  
Hear him; confront him with me; let him speak.

ANTONY.

I have; I have.

CLEOPATRA.

And if he clear me not—

ANTONY.

Your creature! one, who hangs upon your smiles!  
Watches your eye, to say or to unsay,  
Whate'er you please! I am not to be moved.

CLEOPATRA.

Then must we part? Farewell, my cruel lord!  
The appearance is against me; and I go,  
Unjustified, for ever from your sight.  
How I have loved, you know; how yet I love,  
My only comfort is, I know myself:  
I love you more, even now you are unkind,  
Then when you loved me most; so well, so truly  
I'll never strive against it; but die pleased,  
To think you once were mine.

ANTONY.

Good heaven, they weep at parting!  
Must I weep too? that calls them innocent.  
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think



That I must not forgive.—  
 Live, but live wretched; 'tis but just you should,  
 Who made me so: Live from each other's sight:  
 Let me not hear you meet. Set all the earth,  
 And all the seas, betwixt your sundered loves:  
 View nothing common but the sun and skies.  
 Now, all take several ways;  
 And each your own sad fate, with mine, deplore;  
 That you were false, and I could trust no more.  
 [Exeunt severally.]

## Act V

### Scene I

[Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.]

CHARMION.

Be juster, Heaven; such virtue punished thus,  
 Will make us think that chance rules all above,  
 And shuffles, with a random hand, the lots,  
 Which man is forced to draw.

CLEOPATRA.

I could tear out these eyes, that gained his heart,  
 And had not power to keep it. O the curse  
 Of doting on, even when I find it dotage!  
 Bear witness, gods, you heard him bid me go;  
 You, whom he mocked with imprecating vows  
 Of promised faith!—I'll die; I will not bear it.  
 You may hold me—  
 [She pulls out her dagger, and they hold her.]  
 But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,  
 And choke this love.  
 [Enter ALEXAS.]

IRAS.

Help, O Alexas, help!  
 The queen grows desperate; her soul struggles in her  
 With all the agonies of love and rage,  
 And strives to force its passage.

CLEOPATRA.

Let me go.  
 Art thou there, traitor!—O,

O for a little breath, to vent my rage,  
Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.

ALEXAS.

Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-timed truth.  
Was it for me to prop  
The ruins of a falling majesty?  
To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,  
Thus to be crushed, and pounded into atoms,  
By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming  
For subjects to preserve that wilful power,  
Which courts its own destruction.

CLEOPATRA.

I would reason  
More calmly with you. Did not you o'errule,  
And force my plain, direct, and open love,  
Into these crooked paths of jealousy?  
Now, what's the event? Octavia is removed;  
But Cleopatra's banished. Thou, thou villain,  
Hast pushed my boat to open sea; to prove,  
At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.  
It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruined:  
Hence, thou impostor, traitor, monster, devil!—  
I can no more: Thou, and my griefs, have sunk  
Me down so low, that I want voice to curse thee.

ALEXAS.

Suppose some shipwrecked seaman near the shore,  
Dropping and faint, with climbing up the cliff,  
If, from above, some charitable hand  
Pull him to safety, hazarding himself,  
To draw the other's weight; would he look back,  
And curse him for his pains? The case is yours;  
But one step more, and you have gained the height.

CLEOPATRA.

Sunk, never more to rise.

ALEXAS.

Octavia's gone, and Dolabella banished.  
Believe me, madam, Antony is yours.  
His heart was never lost, but started off

To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert;  
Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,  
And listening for the sound that calls it back.  
Some other, any man ('tis so advanced),  
May perfect this unfinished work, which I  
(Unhappy only to myself) have left  
So easy to his hand.

CLEOPATRA.

Look well thou do't; else—

ALEXAS.

Else, what your silence threatens.—Antony  
Is mounted up the Pharos; from whose turret,  
He stands surveying our Egyptian galleys,  
Engaged with Caesar's fleet. Now death or conquest!  
If the first happen, fate acquits my promise;  
If we o'ercome, the conqueror is yours.  
[A distant shout within.]

CHARMION.

Have comfort, madam: Did you mark that shout?  
[Second shout nearer.]

IRAS.

Hark! they redouble it.

ALEXAS.

'Tis from the port.  
The loudness shows it near: Good news, kind heavens!

CLEOPATRA.

Osiris make it so!  
[Enter SERAPION.]

SERAPION.

Where, where's the queen?

ALEXAS.

How frightfully the holy coward stares  
As if not yet recovered of the assault,  
When all his gods, and, what's more dear to him,  
His offerings, were at stake.

SERAPION.

O horror, horror!  
 Egypt has been; our latest hour has come:  
 The queen of nations, from her ancient seat,  
 Is sunk for ever in the dark abyss:  
 Time has unrolled her glories to the last,  
 And now closed up the volume.

CLEOPATRA.

Be more plain:  
 Say, whence thou comest; though fate is in thy face,  
 Which from the haggard eyes looks wildly out,  
 And threatens ere thou speakest.

SERAPION.

I came from Pharos;  
 From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)  
 Our land's last hope, your navy—

CLEOPATRA.

Vanquished?

SERAPION.

No:  
 They fought not.

CLEOPATRA.

Then they fled.

SERAPION.

Nor that. I saw,  
 With Antony, your well-appointed fleet  
 Row out; and thrice he waved his hand on high,  
 And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back:  
 'Twas then false Fortune, like a fawning strumpet,  
 About to leave the bankrupt prodigal,  
 With a dissembled smile would kiss at parting,  
 And flatter to the last; the well-timed oars,  
 Now dipt from every bank, now smoothly run  
 To meet the foe; and soon indeed they met,  
 But not as foes. In few, we saw their caps  
 On either side thrown up; the Egyptian galleys,  
 Received like friends, passed through, and fell behind

The Roman rear: And now, they all come forward,  
And ride within the port.

CLEOPATRA.

Enough, Serapion:  
I've heard my doom.—This needed not, you gods:  
When I lost Antony, your work was done;  
'Tis but superfluous malice.—Where's my lord?  
How bears he this last blow?

SERAPION.

His fury cannot be expressed by words:  
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fallen  
Full on his foes, and aimed at Caesar's galley:  
Withheld, he raves on you; cries,—He's betrayed.  
Should he now find you—

ALEXAS.

Shun him; seek your safety,  
Till you can clear your innocence.

CLEOPATRA.

I'll stay.

ALEXAS.

You must not; haste you to your monument,  
While I make speed to Caesar.

CLEOPATRA.

Caesar! No,  
I have no business with him.

ALEXAS.

I can work him  
To spare your life, and let this madman perish.

CLEOPATRA.

Base fawning wretch! wouldst thou betray him too?  
Hence from my sight! I will not hear a traitor;  
'Twas thy design brought all this ruin on us.—  
Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:  
But haste, each moment's precious.

SERAPION.

Retire; you must not yet see Antony.  
 He who began this mischief,  
 'Tis just he tempt the danger; let him clear you:  
 And, since he offered you his servile tongue,  
 To gain a poor precarious life from Caesar,  
 Let him expose that fawning eloquence,  
 And speak to Antony.

ALEXAS.

O heavens! I dare not;  
 I meet my certain death.

CLEOPATRA.

Slave, thou deservest it.—  
 Not that I fear my lord, will I avoid him;  
 I know him noble: when he banished me,  
 And thought me false, he scorned to take my life;  
 But I'll be justified, and then die with him.

ALEXAS.

O pity me, and let me follow you.

CLEOPATRA.

To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,  
 Now for thy life, which basely thou wouldst save;  
 While mine I prize at—this! Come, good Serapion.  
 [Exeunt CLEOPATRA, SERAPION, CHARMION, and IRAS.]

ALEXAS.

O that I less could fear to lose this being,  
 Which, like a snowball in my coward hand,  
 The more 'tis grasped, the faster melts away.  
 Poor reason! what a wretched aid art thou!  
 For still, in spite of thee,  
 These two long lovers, soul and body, dread  
 Their final separation. Let me think:  
 What can I say, to save myself from death?  
 No matter what becomes of Cleopatra.

ANTONY.

Which way? where?  
 [Within.]

VENTIDIUS.

This leads to the monument.  
[Within.]

ALEXAS.

Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unprepared:  
My gift of lying's gone;  
And this court-devil, which I so oft have raised,  
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay;  
Yet cannot far go hence.

[Exit.]

[Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.]

ANTONY.

O happy Caesar! thou hast men to lead:  
Think not 'tis thou hast conquered Antony;  
But Rome has conquered Egypt. I'm betrayed.

VENTIDIUS.

Curse on this treacherous train!  
Their soil and heaven infect them all with baseness:  
And their young souls come tainted to the world  
With the first breath they draw.

ANTONY.

The original villain sure no god created;  
He was a bastard of the sun, by Nile,  
Aped into man; with all his mother's mud  
Crusted about his soul.

VENTIDIUS.

The nation is  
One universal traitor; and their queen  
The very spirit and extract of them all.

ANTONY.

Is there yet left  
A possibility of aid from valour?  
Is there one god unsworn to my destruction?  
The least unmortgaged hope? for, if there be,  
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the fate  
Of such a boy as Caesar.  
The world's one half is yet in Antony;

And from each limb of it, that's hewed away,  
The soul comes back to me.

VENTIDIUS.

There yet remain  
Three legions in the town. The last assault  
Lopt off the rest; if death be your design,—  
As I must wish it now,—these are sufficient  
To make a heap about us of dead foes,  
An honest pile for burial.

ANTONY.

They are enough.  
We'll not divide our stars; but, side by side,  
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes  
Survey each other's acts: So every death  
Thou giv'st, I'll take on me, as a just debt,  
And pay thee back a soul.

VENTIDIUS.

Now you shall see I love you. Not a word  
Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,  
I am so pleased with this brave Roman fate,  
That I would not be Caesar, to outlive you.  
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,  
I shall be shown to all the ethereal crowd,—  
Lo, this is he who died with Antony!

ANTONY.

Who knows, but we may pierce through all their troops,  
And reach my veterans yet? 'tis worth the 'tempting,  
To o'erleap this gulf of fate,  
And leave our wandering destinies behind.  
[Enter ALEXAS, trembling.]

VENTIDIUS.

See, see, that villain!  
See Cleopatra stamped upon that face,  
With all her cunning, all her arts of falsehood!  
How she looks out through those dissembling eyes!  
How he sets his countenance for deceit,  
And promises a lie, before he speaks!  
Let me despatch him first.  
[Drawing.]



ALEXAS.

O spare me, spare me!

ANTONY.

Hold; he's not worth your killing.—On thy life,  
Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it,  
No syllable to justify thy queen;  
Save thy base tongue its office.

ALEXAS.

Sir, she is gone.  
Where she shall never be molested more  
By love, or you.

ANTONY.

Fled to her Dolabella!  
Die, traitor! I revoke my promise! die!  
[Going to kill him.]

ALEXAS.

O hold! she is not fled.

ANTONY.

She is: my eyes  
Are open to her falsehood; my whole life  
Has been a golden dream of love and friendship;  
But, now I wake, I'm like a merchant, roused  
From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking,  
And all his wealth cast over. Ungrateful woman!  
Who followed me, but as the swallow summer,  
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,  
Singing her flatteries to my morning wake:  
But, now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,  
And seeks the spring of Caesar.

ALEXAS.

Think not so;  
Her fortunes have, in all things, mixed with yours.  
Had she betrayed her naval force to Rome,  
How easily might she have gone to Caesar,  
Secure by such a bribe!

VENTIDIUS.

She sent it first,  
To be more welcome after.

ANTONY.

'Tis too plain;  
Else would she have appeared, to clear herself.

ALEXAS.

Too fatally she has: she could not bear  
To be accused by you; but shut herself  
Within her monument; looked down and sighed;  
While, from her unchanged face, the silent tears  
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting.  
Some indistinguished words she only murmured;  
At last, she raised her eyes; and, with such looks  
As dying Lucrece cast—

ANTONY.

My heart forebodes—

VENTIDIUS.

All for the best:—Go on.

ALEXAS.

She snatched her poniard,  
And, ere we could prevent the fatal blow,  
Plunged it within her breast; then turned to me:  
Go, bear my lord, said she, my last farewell;  
And ask him, if he yet suspect my faith.  
More she was saying, but death rushed betwixt.  
She half pronounced your name with her last breath,  
And buried half within her.

VENTIDIUS.

Heaven be praised!

ANTONY.

Then art thou innocent, my poor dear love,  
And art thou dead?  
O those two words! their sound should be divided:  
Hadst thou been false, and died; or hadst thou lived,  
And hadst been true—But innocence and death!

This shows not well above. Then what am I,  
The murderer of this truth, this innocence!  
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid  
As can express my guilt!

VENTIDIUS.

Is't come to this? The gods have been too gracious;  
And thus you thank them for it!

ANTONY.

[to ALEXAS.] Why stayest thou here?  
Is it for thee to spy upon my soul,  
And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence;  
Thou art not worthy to behold, what now  
Becomes a Roman emperor to perform.

ALEXAS.

He loves her still:  
His grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find  
She's yet alive, completes the reconciliation.  
I've saved myself, and her. But, oh! the Romans!  
Fate comes too fast upon my wit,  
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double.  
[Aside.]  
[Exit.]

VENTIDIUS.

Would she had died a little sooner, though!  
Before Octavia went, you might have treated:  
Now 'twill look tame, and would not be received.  
Come, rouse yourself, and let's die warm together.

ANTONY.

I will not fight: there's no more work for war.  
The business of my angry hours is done.

VENTIDIUS.

Caesar is at your gates.

ANTONY.

Why, let him enter;  
He's welcome now.

VENTIDIUS.

What lethargy has crept into your soul?

ANTONY.

'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire  
To free myself from bondage.

VENTIDIUS.

Do it bravely.

ANTONY.

I will; but not by fighting. O Ventidius!  
What should I fight for now?—my queen is dead.  
I was but great for her; my power, my empire,  
Were but my merchandise to buy her love;  
And conquered kings, my factors. Now she's dead,  
Let Caesar take the world,—  
An empty circle, since the jewel's gone  
Which made it worth my strife: my being's nauseous;  
For all the bribes of life are gone away.

VENTIDIUS.

Would you be taken?

ANTONY.

Yes, I would be taken;  
But, as a Roman ought,—dead, my Ventidius:  
For I'll convey my soul from Caesar's reach,  
And lay down life myself. 'Tis time the world  
Should have a lord, and know whom to obey.  
We two have kept its homage in suspense,  
And bent the globe, on whose each side we trod,  
Till it was dented inwards. Let him walk  
Alone upon't: I'm weary of my part.  
My torch is out; and the world stands before me,  
Like a black desert at the approach of night:  
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.

VENTIDIUS.

I could be grieved,  
But that I'll not outlive you: choose your death;  
For, I have seen him in such various shapes,  
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled,

The life I bear is worn to such a rag,  
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish, indeed,  
We threw it from us with a better grace;  
That, like two lions taken in the toils,  
We might at last thrust out our paws, and wound  
The hunters that inclose us.

ANTONY.

I have thought on it.  
Ventidius, you must live.

VENTIDIUS.

I must not, sir.

ANTONY.

Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me?  
To stand by my fair fame, and guard the approaches  
From the ill tongues of men?

VENTIDIUS.

Who shall guard mine,  
For living after you?

ANTONY.

Say, I command it.

VENTIDIUS.

If we die well, our deaths will speak themselves  
And need no living witness.

ANTONY.

Thou hast loved me,  
And fain I would reward thee. I must die;  
Kill me, and take the merit of my death,  
To make thee friends with Caesar.

VENTIDIUS.

Thank your kindness.  
You said I loved you; and in recompense,  
You bid me turn a traitor: Did I think  
You would have used me thus?—that I should die  
With a hard thought of you?

ANTONY.

Forgive me, Roman.  
Since I have heard of Cleopatra's death,  
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue,  
But lets my thoughts break all at random out.  
I've thought better; do not deny me twice.

VENTIDIUS.

By Heaven I will not.  
Let it not be to outlive you.

ANTONY.

Kill me first,  
And then die thou; for 'tis but just thou serve  
Thy friend, before thyself.

VENTIDIUS.

Give me your hand.  
We soon shall meet again. Now, farewell, emperor!—  
[Embrace.]  
Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:  
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell, friend!  
That's all—  
I will not make a business of a trifle;  
And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;  
Pray turn your face.

ANTONY.

I do: strike home, be sure.

VENTIDIUS.

Home as my sword will reach.  
[Kills himself.]

ANTONY.

Oh, thou mistak'st;  
That wound was not of thine; give it me back:  
Thou robb'st me of my death.

VENTIDIUS.

I do indeed;  
But think 'tis the first time I e'er deceived you,  
If that may plead my pardon.—And you, gods,

Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjured,  
 Rather than kill my friend.  
 [Dies.]

ANTONY.

Farewell! Ever my leader, even in death!  
 My queen and thou have got the start of me,  
 And I'm the lag of honour.—Gone so soon?  
 Is Death no more? he used him carelessly,  
 With a familiar kindness: ere he knocked,  
 Ran to the door, and took him in his arms,  
 As who should say—You're welcome at all hours,  
 A friend need give no warning. Books had spoiled him;  
 For all the learned are cowards by profession.  
 'Tis not worth  
 My further thought; for death, for aught I know,  
 Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfied.  
 [Falls on his sword.]  
 I've missed my heart. O unperforming hand!  
 Thou never couldst have erred in a worse time.  
 My fortune jades me to the last; and death,  
 Like a great man, takes state, and makes me wait  
 For my admittance.—  
 [Trampling within.]  
 Some, perhaps, from Caesar:  
 If he should find me living, and suspect  
 That I played booty with my life! I'll mend  
 My work, ere they can reach me.  
 [Rises upon his knees.]  
 [Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, and IRAS.]

CLEOPATRA.

Where is my lord? where is he?

CHARMION.

There he lies,  
 And dead Ventidius by him.

CLEOPATRA.

My tears were prophets; I am come too late.  
 O that accursed Alexas!  
 [Runs to him.]

ANTONY.

Art thou living?  
Or am I dead before I knew, and thou  
The first kind ghost that meets me?

CLEOPATRA.

Help me seat him.  
Send quickly, send for help!  
[They place him in a chair.]

ANTONY.

I am answered.  
We live both. Sit thee down, my Cleopatra:  
I'll make the most I can of life, to stay  
A moment more with thee.

CLEOPATRA.

How is it with you?

ANTONY.

'Tis as with a man  
Removing in a hurry; all packed up,  
But one dear jewel that his haste forgot;  
And he, for that, returns upon the spur:  
So I come back for thee.

CLEOPATRA.

Too long, ye heavens, you have been cruel to me:  
Now show your mended faith, and give me back  
His fleeting life!

ANTONY.

It will not be, my love;  
I keep my soul by force.  
Say but, thou art not false.

CLEOPATRA.

'Tis now too late  
To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.  
Unknown to me, Alexas feigned my death:  
Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent  
This fatal consequence. My fleet betrayed  
Both you and me.



ANTONY.

And Dolabella—

CLEOPATRA.

Scarce  
Esteemed before he loved; but hated now.

ANTONY.

Enough: my life's not long enough for more.  
Thou say'st, thou wilt come after: I believe thee;  
For I can now believe whate'er thou sayest,  
That we may part more kindly.

CLEOPATRA.

I will come:  
Doubt not, my life, I'll come, and quickly too:  
Caesar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

ANTONY.

But grieve not, while thou stayest,  
My last disastrous times:  
Think we have had a clear and glorious day  
And Heaven did kindly to delay the storm,  
Just till our close of evening. Ten years' love,  
And not a moment lost, but all improved  
To the utmost joys,—what ages have we lived?  
And now to die each other's; and, so dying,  
While hand in hand we walk in groves below,  
Whole troops of lovers' ghosts shall flock about us,  
And all the train be ours.

CLEOPATRA.

Your words are like the notes of dying swans,  
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours  
For your unkindness, and not one for love?

ANTONY.

No, not a minute.—This one kiss—more worth  
Than all I leave to Caesar.  
[Dies.]

CLEOPATRA.

O tell me so again,  
And take ten thousand kisses for that word.

My lord, my lord! speak, if you yet have being;  
 Sign to me, if you cannot speak; or cast  
 One look! Do anything that shows you live.

IRAS.

He's gone too far to hear you;  
 And this you see, a lump of senseless clay,  
 The leavings of a soul.

CHARMION.

Remember, madam,  
 He charged you not to grieve.

CLEOPATRA.

And I'll obey him.  
 I have not loved a Roman, not to know  
 What should become his wife; his wife, my Charmion!  
 For 'tis to that high title I aspire;  
 And now I'll not die less. Let dull Octavia  
 Survive, to mourn him dead: My nobler fate  
 Shall knit our spouses with a tie, too strong  
 For Roman laws to break.

IRAS.

Will you then die?

CLEOPATRA.

Why shouldst thou make that question?

IRAS.

Caesar is merciful.

CLEOPATRA.

Let him be so  
 To those that want his mercy: My poor lord  
 Made no such covenant with him, to spare me  
 When he was dead. Yield me to Caesar's pride?  
 What! to be led in triumph through the streets,  
 A spectacle to base plebeian eyes;  
 While some dejected friend of Antony's,  
 Close in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters  
 A secret curse on her who ruined him!  
 I'll none of that.

CHARMION.

Whatever you resolve,  
I'll follow, even to death.

IRAS.

I only feared  
For you; but more should fear to live without you.

CLEOPATRA.

Why, now, 'tis as it should be. Quick, my friends,  
Despatch; ere this, the town's in Caesar's hands:  
My lord looks down concerned, and fears my stay,  
Lest I should be surprised;  
Keep him not waiting for his love too long.  
You, Charmion, bring my crown and richest jewels;  
With them, the wreath of victory I made  
(Vain augury!) for him, who now lies dead:  
You, Iras, bring the cure of all our ills.

IRAS.

The aspics, madam?

CLEOPATRA.

Must I bid you twice?  
[Exit CHARMION and IRAS.]  
'Tis sweet to die, when they would force life on me,  
To rush into the dark abode of death,  
And seize him first; if he be like my love,  
He is not frightful, sure.  
We're now alone, in secrecy and silence;  
And is not this like lovers? I may kiss  
These pale, cold lips; Octavia does not see me:  
And, oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,  
Than see him in her arms.—Oh, welcome, welcome!  
[Enter CHARMION and IRAS.]

CHARMION.

What must be done?

CLEOPATRA.

Short ceremony, friends;  
But yet it must be decent. First, this laurel  
Shall crown my hero's head: he fell not basely,

Nor left his shield behind him.—Only thou  
 Couldst triumph o'er thyself; and thou alone  
 Wert worthy so to triumph.

CHARMION.

To what end  
 These ensigns of your pomp and royalty?

CLEOPATRA.

Dull, that thou art! why 'tis to meet my love;  
 As when I saw him first, on Cydnus' bank,  
 All sparkling, like a goddess: so adorned,  
 I'll find him once again; my second spousals  
 Shall match my first in glory. Haste, haste, both,  
 And dress the bride of Antony.

CHARMION.

'Tis done.

CLEOPATRA.

Now seat me by my lord. I claim this place,  
 For I must conquer Caesar too, like him,  
 And win my share of the world.—Hail, you dear relics  
 Of my immortal love!  
 O let no impious hand remove you hence:  
 But rest for ever here! Let Egypt give  
 His death that peace, which it denied his life.—  
 Reach me the casket.

IRAS.

Underneath the fruit  
 The aspic lies.

CLEOPATRA.

Welcome, thou kind deceiver!  
 [Putting aside the leaves.]  
 Thou best of thieves: who, with an easy key,  
 Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,  
 Even steal us from ourselves; discharging so  
 Death's dreadful office, better than himself;  
 Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,  
 That Death stands by, deceived by his own image,  
 And thinks himself but sleep.

SERAPION.

The queen, where is she?

[Within.]

The town is yielded, Caesar's at the gates.

CLEOPATRA.

He comes too late to invade the rights of death!

Haste, bare my arm, and rouse the serpent's fury.

[Holds out her arm, and draws it back.]

Coward flesh,

Wouldst thou conspire with Caesar to betray me,

As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to it,

And not be sent by him,

But bring, myself, my soul to Antony.

[Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.]

Take hence; the work is done.

SERAPION.

Break ope the door,

[Within.]

And guard the traitor well.

CHARMION.

The next is ours.

IRAS.

Now, Charmion, to be worthy

Of our great queen and mistress.

[They apply the aspics.]

CLEOPATRA.

Already, death, I feel thee in my veins:

I go with such a will to find my lord,

That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numbness creeps through every limb,

And now 'tis at my head: My eyelids fall,

And my dear love is vanquished in a mist.

Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him,

And lay me on his breast!—Caesar, thy worst;

Now part us, if thou canst.

[Dies.]

[IRAS sinks down at her feet, and dies; CHARMION stands behind her chair, as dressing her head.]

[Enter SERAPION, two PRIESTS, ALEXAS bound, EGYPTIANS.]

PRIEST.

Behold, Serapion,  
What havoc death has made!

SERAPION.

'Twas what I feared.—  
Charmion, is this well done?

CHARMION.

Yes, 'tis well done, and like a queen, the last  
Of her great race: I follow her.  
[Sinks down: dies.]

ALEXAS.

'Tis true,  
She has done well: Much better thus to die,  
Than live to make a holiday in Rome.

SERAPION.

See how the lovers sit in state together,  
As they were giving laws to half mankind!  
The impression of a smile, left in her face,  
Shows she died pleased with him for whom she lived,  
And went to charm him in another world.  
Caesar's just entering: grief has now no leisure.  
Secure that villain, as our pledge of safety,  
To grace the imperial triumph.—Sleep, blest pair,  
Secure from human chance, long ages out,  
While all the storms of fate fly o'er your tomb;  
And fame to late posterity shall tell,  
No lovers lived so great, or died so well.  
[Exeunt.]

### Epilogue

Poets, like disputants, when reasons fail,  
Have one sure refuge left—and that's to rail.  
Fop, coxcomb, fool, are thundered through the pit;  
And this is all their equipage of wit.  
We wonder how the devil this difference grows  
Betwixt our fools in verse, and yours in prose:  
For, 'faith, the quarrel rightly understood,  
'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood.  
The threadbare author hates the gaudy coat;

And swears at the gilt coach, but swears afoot:  
 For 'tis observed of every scribbling man,  
 He grows a fop as fast as e'er he can;  
 Prunes up, and asks his oracle, the glass,  
 If pink or purple best become his face.  
 For our poor wretch, he neither rails nor prays;  
 Nor likes your wit just as you like his plays;  
 He has not yet so much of Mr. Bayes.  
 He does his best; and if he cannot please,  
 Would quietly sue out his WRIT OF EASE.  
 Yet, if he might his own grand jury call,  
 By the fair sex he begs to stand or fall.  
 Let Caesar's power the men's ambition move,  
 But grace you him who lost the world for love!  
 Yet if some antiquated lady say,  
 The last age is not copied in his play;  
 Heaven help the man who for that face must drudge,  
 Which only has the wrinkles of a judge.  
 Let not the young and beauteous join with those;  
 For should you raise such numerous hosts of foes,  
 Young wits and sparks he to his aid must call;  
 'Tis more than one man's work to please you all.

### 3.11.3 "A Discourse Concerning the Original and Progress of Satire"

(1693)

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have said, to my present Business; the Satires of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, appearing in this New *English* Dress, cannot so properly be Inscib'd to any Man as to Your Lordship, who are the First of the Age in that way of Writing. Your Lordship, amongst many other Favours, has given me Your Permission for this Address; and You have particularly Encourag'd me by Your Perusal and Approbation of the *Sixth* and *Tenth Satires of Juvenal*, as I have Translated them. My fellow Labourers, have likewise Commission'd me, to perform in their behalf this Office of a Dedication to you; and will acknowledge with all possible Respect and Gratitude, your Acceptance of their Work. Some of them have the Honour to be known to your Lordship already; and they who have not yet that happiness, desire it now. Be pleas'd to receive our common Endeavours with your wonted Candor, without Intitleing you to the Protection of our common Failings, in so difficult an Undertakeing. And allow me your Patience, if it be not already tir'd with this long Epistle, to give you from the Best Authors, the Origine, the Antiquity, the Growth, the Change, and the Compleatment of Satire among the *Romans*. To Describe, if not Define, the Nature of that Poem, with it's several

Qualifications and Virtues, together with the several sorts of it. To compare the Excellencies of *Horace*, *Persius* and *Juvenal*, and shew the particular Manners of their Satires. And lastly, to give an Account of this New Way of Version which is attempted in our Performance. All which, according to the weakness of my Ability, and the best Lights which I can get from others, shall be the Subject of my following Discourse.

There has been a long Dispute amongst the Modern Critiques, whether the *Romans* deriv'd their Satire from the *Grecians*, or first Invented it themselves. *Julius Scaliger* and *Heinsius*, are of the first Opinion; *Casaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and the Publisher of the *Dauphin's Juvenal* maintain the Latter. If we take Satire in the general signification of the Word, as it is us'd in all Modern Languages, for an Invective, 'tis certain that it is almost as old as Verse; and tho' Hymns, which are praises of God, may be allow'd to have been before it, yet the defamation of others was not long after it. After God had curs'd *Adam* and *Eve* in Paradise, the Husband and Wife excus'd themselves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to those Conjugal Dialogues in Prose; which the Poets have perfected in Verse. The Third Chapter of *Job* is one of the first Instances of this Poem in Holy Scripture: Unless we will take it higher, from the latter end of the second; where his Wife advises him to curse his Maker.

This Original, I confess, is not much to the Honour of Satire; but here it was Nature, and that deprav'd: When it became an Art, it bore better Fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that Scoffs and Revilings are of the growth of all Nations; and consequently that neither the Greek Poets borrow'd from other People their Art of Railing, neither needed the *Romans* to take it from them. But considering Satire as a Species of Poetry; here the War begins amongst the Criticks.

*Scaliger* the Father will have it descend from *Greece* to *Rome*; and derives the word Satyre, from *Satyrus*, that mixt kind of Animal, or, as the Ancients thought him, Rural God, made up betwixt a Man and a Goat; with a Humane Head, Hook'd Nose, Powting Lips, a Bunch, or Struma under the Chin, prick'd Ears, and upright Horns; the Body shagg'd with hair, especially from the waste, and ending in a Goat, with the legs and feet of that Creature. But *Casaubon*, and his Followers, with Reason, condemn this derivation; and prove that from *Satyrus*, the word *Satira*, as it signifies a Poem, cannot possibly descend. For *Satira* is not properly a Substantive, but an Adjective; to which, the word *Lanx*, in English a Charger, or large Platter, is understood: So that the Greek Poem made according to the Manners of a Satyr, and expressing his Qualities, must properly be call'd Satyrical, and not Satire: And thus far 'tis allow'd, that the *Grecians* had such Poems; but that they were wholly different in Specie, from that to which the *Romans* gave the Name of Satire.

*Aristotle* divides all Poetry, in relation to the Progress of it, into Nature without Art: Art begun, and Art Completed. Mankind, even the most Barbarous have the Seeds of Poetry implanted in them. The first Specimen of it was certainly shewn in the Praises of the Deity, and Prayers to him: And as they are of Natural



Obligation, so they are likewise of Divine Institution. Which *Milton* observing, introduces *Adam* and *Eve*, every Morning adoring God in Hymns and Prayers. The first Poetry was thus begun, in the wild Notes of Nature, before the invention of Feet, and Measures. The *Grecians* and *Romans* had no other Original of their Poetry. Festivals and Holydays soon succeeded to Private Worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoyn'd by the true God to his own People; as they were afterwards imitated by the *Heathens*; who by the light of Reason knew they were to invoke some Superiour Being in their Necessities, and to thank him for his Benefits. Thus the *Grecian* Holydays were Celebrated with Offerings to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, and other Deities, to whose Bounty they suppos'd they were owing for their Corn and Wine, and other helps of Life. And the Ancient *Romans*, as *Horace* tells us, paid their thanks to Mother Earth, or *Vesta*, to *Silvanus*, and their *Genius*, in the same manner. But as all Festivals have a double Reason of their Institution; the first of Religion, the other of Recreation, for the unbending of our Minds: So both the *Grecians* and *Romans* agreed, after their Sacrifices were perform'd, to spend the remainder of the day in Sports and Merriments; amongst which, Songs and Dances, and that which they call'd Wit, (for want of knowing better,) were the chiefest Entertainments. The *Grecians* had a notion of Satyres, whom I have already describ'd; and taking them, and the *Sileni*, that is the young Satyrs and the old, for the Tutors, Attendants, and Humble Companions of their *Bacchus*, habited themselves like those Rural Deities, and imitated them in their Rustick Dances, to which they join'd Songs, with some sort of rude Harmony, but without certain Numbers; and to these they added a kind of Chorus.

The *Romans* also (as Nature is the same in all places) though they knew nothing of those *Grecian* Demi-Gods, nor had any Communication with *Greece*, yet had certain Young Men, who at their Festivals, Danc'd and Sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of Verse, which they call'd *Saturnian*; what it was, we have no very certain light from Antiquity to discover; but we may conclude, that, like the *Grecian*, it was void of Art, or at least with very feeble beginnings of it. Those Ancient *Romans*, at these Holydays, which were a mixture of Devotion and Debauchery, had a Custom of reproaching each other with their Faults, in a sort of *Extempore* Poetry, or rather of tunable hobling Verse; and they answer'd in the same kind of gross Raillery; their Wit and their Musick being of a piece. The *Grecians*, says *Casaubon*, had formerly done the same, in the Persons of their petulant Satyrs: But I am afraid he mistakes the matter, and confounds the Singing and Dancing of the Satyrs, with the Rustical Entertainments of the first *Romans*. The Reason of my Opinion is this; that *Casaubon* finding little light from Antiquity, of these beginnings of Poetry, amongst the *Grecians*, but only these Representations of *Satyrs*, who carry'd *Canisters* and *Cornucopias* full of several Fruits in their hands, and danc'd with them at their Publick Feasts: And afterwards reading *Horace*, who makes mention of his homely *Romans*, jesting at one another in the same kind of Solemnities, might suppose those wanton *Satyrs* did the same. And especially because *Horace* possibly might seem to him, to have shewn the

Original of all Poetry in general, including the *Grecians*, as well as *Romans*: Though 'tis plainly otherwise, that he only describ'd the beginning, and first Rudiments of Poetry in his own Country. The Verses are these, which he cites from the First Epistle of the Second Book, which was Written to *Augustus*.

*Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoq; beati,  
 Conditæ post frumenta, levantes tempore festo  
 Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,  
 Cum sociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fidâ,  
 Tellurem Porco, Silvanum lacte piabant;  
 Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:  
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem  
 Versibus alternis, opprobria rustica fudit.  
 Our Brawny Clowns of Old, who turn'd the soyl,  
 Content with little, and inur'd to toyl,  
 At Harvest home, with Mirth and Country Cheer  
 Restor'd their Bodies for another year:  
 Refresh'd their Spirits, and renew'd their Hope,  
 Of such a future Feast, and future Crop.  
 Then with their Fellow-joggers of the Ploughs,  
 Their little Children, and their faithful Spouse;  
 A Sow they slew to Vesta's Deity;  
 And kindly Milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.  
 With Flow'rs, and Wine, their Genius they ador'd;  
 A short Life, and a merry, was the word.  
 From flowing Cups defaming Rhymes ensue,  
 And at each other homely Taunts they threw.*

Yet since it is a hard Conjecture, that so Great a Man as *Casaubon* shou'd misapply what *Horace* writ concerning Ancient *Rome*, to the Ceremonies and Manners of Ancient *Greece*, I will not insist on this Opinion, but rather judge in general, that since all Poetry had its Original from Religion, that of the *Grecians* and *Romans* had the same beginning: Both were invented at Festivals of Thanksgiving: And both were prosecuted with Mirth and Raillery, and Rudiments of Verses: Amongst the *Greeks*, by those who Represented *Satyrs*; and amongst the *Romans* by real Clowns.

Your Lordship has perceiv'd, by this time, that this Satyrique Tragedy, and the *Roman* Satire have little Resemblance in any of their Features. The very Kinds are different: For what has a Pastoral Tragedy to do with a Paper of Verses Satirically written? The Character and Raillery of the *Satyres* is the only thing that cou'd pretend to a likeness: Were *Scaliger* and *Heinsius* alive to maintain their Opinion. And the first Farces of the *Romans*, which were the Rudiments of their Poetry, were written before they had any Communication with the *Greeks*; or, indeed, any Knowledge of that People.

The *Grecians*, besides these Satyrique Tragedies, had another kind of Poem, which they call'd *Silli*; which were more of kin to the *Roman Satire*: Those *Silli* were indeed Invective Poems, but of a different Species from the *Roman Poems* of *Ennius*, *Pacuvius*, *Lucilius*, *Horace*, and the rest of their Successors. They were so call'd, says *Casaubon* in one place, from *Silenus*, the Foster-Father of *Bacchus*; but in another place, bethinking himself better, he derives their Name *apo tou sillainein*, from their Scoffing and Petulancy. From some Fragments of the *Silli*, written by *Timon*, we may find, that they were Satyrique Poems, full of *Parodies*; that is, of Verses patch'd up from great Poets, and turn'd into another Sence than their Author intended them. Such amongst the *Romans* is the Famous *Cento of Ausonius*; where the words are *Virgil's*: But by applying them to another Sense, they are made a Relation of a Wedding-Night; and the Act of Consummation fulsomly describ'd in the very words of the most Modest amongst all Poets. Of the same manner are our Songs, which are turn'd into Burlesque; and the serious words of the Author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in *Timon's Silli* the words are generally those of *Homer*, and the Tragick Poets; but he applies them Satyrically, to some Customs and Kinds of Philosophy, which he arraigns. But the *Romans* not using any of these *Parodies* in their Satyres sometimes, indeed, repeating Verses of other Men, as *Persius* cites some of *Nero's*; but not turning them into another meaning, the *Silli* cannot be suppos'd to be the Original of *Roman Satire*. To these *Silli* consisting of *Parodies*, we may properly add, the Satires which were written against particular Persons; such as were the Iambiques of *Archilocus* against *Lycambes*, which *Horace* undoubtedly imitated in some of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, whose Titles bear sufficient witness of it: I might also name the Invective of *Ovid* against *Ibis*; and many others: But these are the Underwood of Satire, rather than the Timber-Trees: They are not of General Extension, as reaching only to some Individual Person. And *Horace* seems to have purg'd himself from those Splenetick Reflections in those *Odes* and *Epodes*, before he undertook the Noble Work of Satires; which were properly so call'd.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length disengag'd my self from those Antiquities of *Greece*; and have prov'd, I hope, from the best Critiques, that the *Roman Satire* was not borrow'd from thence, but of their own Manufacture: I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least by the help of *Dacier*, I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows *Casaubon*; but to keep him in my Eye, as my best and truest Guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have recourse to my own lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

*Quintilian* says, in plain words, *Satira quidem tota, nostra est*: And *Horace* had said the same thing before him, speaking of his Predecessor in that sort of Poetry, *Et Græcis intacti Carminis Author*. Nothing can be clearer than the Opinion of the Poet, and the Orator, both the best Criticks of the two best Ages of the *Roman Empire*, than that Satire was wholly of Latin growth, and not transplanted to *Rome* from *Athens*. Yet, as I have said, *Scaliger*, the Father, according to his Custom, that is, insolently

enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better Reason, than the derivation of *Satyrus* from *sathu*, *Salacitas*; and so from the Lechery of those Fauns, thinks he has sufficiently prov'd, that Satyre is deriv'd from them. As if Wantonness and lubricity, were Essential to that sort of Poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other Allegation, which I have already mention'd, is as pitiful: That the *Satyres* carried Platters and Canisters full of Fruit, in their Hands. If they had enter'd empty-handed, had they been ever the less *Satyres*? Or were the Fruits and Flowers, which they offer'd, any thing of kin to Satyre? Or any Argument that this Poem was Originally Grecian? *Casaubon* judg'd better, and his Opinion is grounded on sure Authority; that *Satyre* was deriv'd from *Satura*, a *Roman* word, which signifies Full, and Abundant; and full also of Variety, in which nothing is wanting to its due Perfection. 'Tis thus, says *Dacier*, that we lay a full Colour, when the Wool has taken the whole Tincture, and drunk in as much of the Dye as it can receive. According to this Derivation, from *Satar* comes *Satura*, or *Satira*: According to the new spelling, *asoptamus* and *maxumus* are now spell'd *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an Adjective, and relates to the word *Lanx*, which is understood. And this *Lanx*, in *English* a Charger, or large Platter, was yearly fill'd with all sorts of Fruits, which were offer'd to the Gods at their Festivals, as the *Premices*, or First Gatherings. These Offerings of several sorts thus mingl'd, 'tis true, were not unknown to the *Grecians*, who call'd them *pankarpon thysian*, a Sacrifice of all sorts of Fruits; and *panspermion*, when they offer'd all kinds of Grain. *Virgil* has mention'd these Sacrifices in his *Georgiques*.

*Lancibus & pandis, fumantia reddimus Extā:*

And in another place, *Lancesq; & liba feremus*. That is, we offer the smoaking Entrails in great Platters; and we will offer the Chargers, and the Cakes.

This word *Satura* has been afterward apply'd to many other sorts of Mixtures; as *Festus* calls it a kind of *Olla*, or hotch-potch, made of several sorts of Meats. Laws were also call'd *Leges Saturæ*; when they were of several Heads and Titles; like our tack'd Bills of Parliament. And *per Saturam legem ferre*, in the *Roman* Senate, was to carry a Law without telling the Senatours, or counting Voices when they were in haste. *Salust* uses the word *per Saturam Sententias exquirere*; when the Majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectur'd, that the Discourses or Satyres of *Ennius*, *Lucilius*, and *Horace*, as we now call them, took their Name; because they are full of various Matters, and are also Written on various Subjects, as *Porphyrus* says. But *Dacier* affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these Satyres are so call'd: For that Name had been us'd formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those Discourses of *Horace*. In explaining of which, (continues *Dacier*) a Method is to be pursu'd, of which *Casaubon* himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the least Dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred years, since the Building of their City, the *Romans* had never known any Entertainments of the Stage: Chance and Jollity first found out those Verses which they call'd *Saturnian*, and *Fescennine*:

Or rather Humane Nature, which is inclin'd to Poetry, first produc'd them, rude and barbarous, and unpolish'd, as all other Operations of the Soul are in their beginnings, before they are Cultivated with Art and Study. However, in occasions of Merriment they were first practis'd; and this rough-cast unhewn Poetry, was instead of Stage-Plays for the space of an hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the *French* call them, *Impromptus*: For which the *Tarsians* of Old were much Renown'd; and we see the daily Examples of them in the *Italian* Farces of *Harlequin*, and *Scaramucha*. Such was the Poetry of that Salvage People, before it was tun'd into Numbers, and the Harmony of Verse. Little of the *Saturnian* Verses is now remaining; we only know from Authors, that they were nearer Prose than Poetry, without feet, or measure. They were *enrhythmoi*, but not *emmetroi*: Perhaps they might be us'd in the solemn part of their Ceremonies, and the *Fescennine*, which were invented after them, in their Afternoons Debauchery, because they were scoffing, and obscene.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may say, into the first Rudiments of Civil Conversation, they left these Hedge Notes, for another sort of Poem, somewhat polish'd, which was also full of pleasant Raillery, but without any mixture of obscenity. This sort of Poetry appear'd under the name of Satire, because of its variety: And this Satire was adorn'd with Compositions of Musick, and with Dances: but Lascivious Postures were banish'd from it. In the *Tuscan* Language, says *Livy*, the word *Hister* signifies a Player: And therefore those Actors, which were first brought from *Etruria* to *Rome*, on occasion of a Pestilence; when the *Romans* were admonish'd to avert the Anger of the Gods by Plays, in the Year *ab Urbe Condita*, cccxc. Those Actors, I say, were therefore call'd *Histriones*: And that Name has since remain'd, not only to Actors *Roman* born, but to all others of every Nation. They Play'd not the former *extempore* stuff of *Fescennine* Verses, or Clownish Jests; but what they Acted, was a kind of civil cleanly Farce, with Musick and Dances, and Motions that were proper to the Subject.

Having thus brought down the History of Satire from its Original, to the times of *Horace*, and shewn the several changes of it, I shou'd here discover some of those Graces which *Horace* added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that Undertaking, till I make the Comparison betwixt him and *Juvenal*. In the mean while, following the Order of Time, it will be necessary to say somewhat of another kind of Satire, which also was descended from the Ancient: 'Tis that which we call the *Varronian* Satire, but which *Varro* himself calls the *Menippean*; because *Varro*, the most Learn'd of the *Romans*, was the first Author of it, who imitated, in his Works, the Manners of *Menippus* the *Gadarenian*, who profess'd the Philosophy of the *Cyniques*.

This sort of Satire was not only compos'd of several sorts of Verse, like those of *Ennius*, but was also mix'd with Prose; and Greek was sprinkl'd amongst the Latin. *Quintilian*, after he had spoken of the Satire of *Lucilius*, adds what follows. *There is another and former kind of Satire, Compos'd by Terentius Varro, the*

most Learn'd of the Romans: In which he was not satisfy'd alone, with mingling in it several sorts of Verse. The only difficulty of this Passage, is, that *Quintilian* tells us, that this Satire of *Varro* was of a former kind. For how can we possibly imagine this to be, since *Varro*, who was contemporary to *Cicero*, must consequently be after *Lucilius*? But *Quintilian* meant not, that the Satire of *Varro* was in order of Time before *Lucilius*; he wou'd only give us to understand, that the *Varronian* Satire, with mixture of several sorts of Verses, was more after the manner of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, than that of *Lucilius*, who was more severe, and more correct, and gave himself less liberty in the mixture of his Verses, in the same Poem.

This we may believe for certain, That as his Subjects were various, so most of them were Tales or Stories of his own invention. Which is also manifest from Antiquity, by those Authors who are acknowledg'd to have written *Varronian* Satires, in imitation of his: Of whom the Chief is *Petronius Arbiter*, whose Satire, they say, is now Printing in *Holland*, wholly recover'd, and made compleat: When 'tis made publick, it will easily be seen by any one Sentence, whether it be supposititious, or genuine. Many of *Lucian's* Dialogues may also properly be call'd *Varronian* Satires; particularly his *True History*: And consequently the *Golden Ass* of *Apuleius*, which is taken from him. Of the same stamp is the Mock Deification of *Claudius*, by *Seneca*: And the *Symposium* or *Cæsars* of *Julian* the Emperour. Amongst the Moderns we may reckon the *Encomium Moriæ* of *Erasmus*, *Barclay's Euphormio*, and a Volume of *German* Authors, which my ingenious Friend Mr. *Charles Killigrew* once lent me. In the English I remember none, which are mix'd with Prose, as *Varro's* were: But of the same kind is Mother *Hubbard's* Tale in *Spencer*; and (if it be not too vain, to mention any thing of my own) the Poems of *Absalom*, and *Mac Fleckno*.

This is what I have to say in General of Satire: Only as *Dacier* has observ'd before me, we may take notice, That the word Satire is of a more general signification in Latin, than in French, or English. For amongst the *Romans* it was not only us'd for those Discourses which decry'd Vice, or expos'd Folly; but for others also, where Virtue was recommended. But in our Modern Languages we apply it only to invective Poems, where the very Name of Satire is formidable to those Persons, who wou'd appear to the World, what they are not in themselves. For in English, to say Satire, is to mean Reflection, as we use that word in the worst Sense; or as the *French* call it, more properly, *Medisance*. In the Criticism of Spelling, it ought to be with *i* and not with *y*; to distinguish its true derivation from *Satura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be so, then 'tis false spell'd throughout this Book: For here 'tis written Satyr. Which having not consider'd at the first, I thought it not worth Correcting afterwards. But the *French* are more nice, and never spell it any other ways than Satire.

I am now arriv'd at the most difficult part of my Undertaking, which is, to compare *Horace* with *Juvenal* and *Persius*: 'Tis observ'd by *Rigaltius*, in his Preface before *Juvenal*, written to *Thuanus*, that these three Poets have all their particular *Partisans*, and Favourers: Every Commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himself oblig'd to prefer his Author to the other two: To

find out their Failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own Darling. Such is the partiality of Mankind, to set up that Interest which they have once espous'd, though it be to the prejudice of Truth, Morality, and common Justice. And especially in the productions of the Brain. As Authors generally think themselves the best Poets, because they cannot go out of themselves, to judge sincerely of their Betters: So it is with Critiques, who, having first taken a liking to one of these Poets, proceed to Comment on him, and to Illustrate him; after which they fall in love with their own Labours, to that degree of blind fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their Author, not so much for his sake as for their own. [. . .]

It had been much fairer, if the Modern Critiques, who have imbarck'd in the Quarrels of their favourite Authors, had rather given to each his proper due; without taking from another's heap, to raise their own. There is Praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his Fellows, and detracting from them, or Enriching themselves with the Spoils of others. But to come to particulars: *Heinsius* and *Dacier*, are the most principal of those, who raise *Horace* above *Juvenal* and *Persius*. *Scaliger* the Father, *Rigaltius*, and many others, debase *Horace*, that they may set up *Juvenal*: And *Casaubon*, who is almost single, throws Dirt on *Juvenal* and *Horace*, that he may exalt *Persius*, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of his former Commentators; even *Stelluti* who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who in my Opinion defends the weakest Cause, which is that of *Persius*; and labouring, as *Tacitus* professes of his own Writing, to divest my self of partiality, or prejudice, consider *Persius*, not as a Poet, whom I have wholly Translated, and who has cost me more labour and time, than *Juvenal*; but according to what I judge to be his own Merit; which I think not equal in the main, to that of *Juvenal* or *Horace*; and yet in some things to be preferr'd to both of them.

First, then, for the Verse, neither *Casaubon* himself, nor any for him, can defend either his Numbers, or the Purity of his *Latin*. *Casaubon* gives this point for lost; and pretends not to justify either the Measures, or the Words of *Persius*: He is evidently beneath *Horace* and *Juvenal*, in both.

Then, as his Verse is scabrous, and hobbling, and his Words not every where well chosen, the purity of *Latin* being more corrupted, than in the time of *Juvenal*, and consequently of *Horace*, who writ when the Language was in the height of its perfection; so his diction is hard; his Figures are generally too bold and daring; and his Tropes, particularly his Metaphors, insufferably strain'd.

To consider *Persius* yet more closely: He rather insulted over Vice and Folly, than expos'd them, like *Juvenal* and *Horace*. And as Chaste, and Modest as he is esteem'd, it cannot be deny'd, but that in some places, he is broad and fulsom, as the latter Verses of the Fourth Satire, and of the Sixth, sufficiently witness. And 'tis to be believ'd, that he who commits the same Crime often, and without Necessity, cannot but do it with some kind of Pleasure.

To come to a conclusion, He is manifestly below *Horace*; because he borrows most of his greatest Beauties from him: And *Casaubon* is so far from denying

this; that he has written a Treatise purposely concerning it; wherein he shews a multitude of his Translations from *Horace*, and his imitations of him, for the Credit of his Author; which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana*.

To these defects, which I casually observ'd, while I was Translating this Author, *Scaliger* has added others: He calls him, in plain terms, a silly Writer, and a trifler; full of Ostentation of his Learning; and after all, unworthy to come into Competition with *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

The Comparison betwixt *Horace* and *Juvenal* is more difficult; because their Forces were more equal: A Dispute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the Favourers of the two Poets. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*. I shall only venture to give my own Opinion, and leave it for better Judges to determine. If it be only argu'd in general, which of them was the better Poet; the Victory is already gain'd on the side of *Horace*. *Virgil* himself must yield to him in the delicacy of his Turns, his choice of Words, and perhaps the Purity of his Latin. He who says that *Pindar* is inimitable, is himself inimitable in his *Odes*. But the Contention betwixt these two great Masters, is for the Prize of Satire. In which Controversie, all the *Odes*, and *Epodes* of *Horace* are to stand excluded. I say this, because *Horace* has written many of them Satirically, against his private Enemies: Yet these, if justly consider'd, are somewhat of the Nature of the *Greek Silli*, which were Invectives against particular Sects and Persons. But *Horace* had purg'd himself of this Choler, before he enter'd on those Discourses, which are more properly call'd the *Roman Satire*: He has not now to do with a *Lyce*, a *Canidia*, a *Cassius Severus*, or a *Menas*; but is to correct the Vices and the Follies of his Time, and to give the Rules of a Happy and Virtuous Life. In a word, that former sort of Satire, which is known in *England* by the Name of Lampoon, is a dangerous sort of Weapon, and for the most part Unlawful. We have no Moral right on the Reputation of other Men. 'Tis taking from them, what we cannot restore to them. There are only two Reasons, for which we may be permitted to write Lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us: The first is Revenge, when we have been affronted in the same Nature, or have been any ways notoriously abus'd and can make our selves no other Reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian Charity, all Offences are to be forgiven; as we expect the like Pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this Consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's Prayer; for the plain Condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the Offences which they have done to us: For which Reason I have many times avoided the Commission of that Fault; ev'n when I have been notoriously provok'd. Let not this, my Lord, pass for Vanity in me: For 'tis truth. More Libels have been written against me, than almost any Man now living: And I had Reason on my side, to have defended my own Innocence: I speak not of my Poetry, which I have wholly given up to the Criticks; let them use it, as they please; Posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: For Interest and Passion, will lye bury'd in another Age: And Partiality and Prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my Morals, which have been sufficiently aspers'd:



That only sort of Reputation ought to be dear to every honest Man, and is to me. But let the World witness for me, that I have been often wanting to my self in that particular; I have seldom answer'd any scurrilous Lampoon: When it was in my power to have expos'd my Enemies: And being naturally vindictive, have suffer'd in silence; and possess'd my Soul in quiet.

Any thing, tho' never so little, which a Man speaks of himself, in my Opinion, is still too much, and therefore I will wave this Subject; and proceed to give the second Reason, which may justifie a Poet, when he writes against a particular Person; and that is, when he is become a Publick Nuisance. All those, whom *Horace* in his Satires, and *Persius* and *Juvenal* have mention'd in theirs, with a Brand of infamy, are wholly such. 'Tis an Action of Virtue to make Examples of vicious Men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their Crimes and Follies: Both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible; and for the Terrour of others, to hinder them from falling into those Enormities, which they see are so severely punish'd, in the Persons of others: The first Reason was only an Excuse for Revenge: But this second is absolutely of a Poet's Office to perform: But how few Lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this Duty! When they come in my way, 'tis impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God, how remote they are in common Justice, from the choice of such Persons as are the proper Subject of Satire! And how little Wit they bring, for the support of their injustice! The weaker Sex is their most ordinary Theme: And the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst Men, those who are prosperously unjust, are Intitled to a Panegyrick. But afflicted Virtue is insolently stabb'd with all manner of Reproaches. No Decency is consider'd, no fulsomness omitted; no Venom is wanting, as far as dullness can supply it. For there is a perpetual Dearth of Wit; a Barrenness of good Sense, and Entertainment. The neglect of the Readers, will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no Wit: No Impression can be made, where there is no Truth for the Foundation. To conclude, they are like the Fruits of the Earth in this unnatural Season: The Corn which held up its Head, is spoil'd with rankness: But the greater part of the Harvest is laid along, and little of good Income, and wholesom Nourishment is receiv'd into the Barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your Lordship; but a just indignation forc'd it from me. Now I have remov'd this Rubbish, I will return to the Comparison of *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

I wou'd willingly divide the Palm betwixt them; upon the two Heads of Profit and Delight, which are the two Ends of Poetry in general. It must be granted by the Favourers of *Juvenal*, that *Horace* is the more Copious, and Profitable in his Instructions of Humane Life. But in my particular Opinion, which I set not up for a Standard to better Judgments, *Juvenal* is the more delightful Author. I am profited by both, I am pleas'd with both; but I owe more to *Horace* for my Instruction; and more to *Juvenal*, for my Pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular Taste of these two Authors: They who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better Reasons for their Opinion, than I for mine: But all unbiass'd

Readers, will conclude, that my Moderation is not to be Condemn'd: To such Impartial Men I must appeal: For they who have already form'd their Judgment, may justly stand suspected of prejudice; and tho all who are my Readers, will set up to be my Judges, I enter my *Caveat* against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my Jury. Or, if they be admitted, 'tis but Reason, that they shou'd first hear, what I have to urge in the Defence of my Opinion.

That *Horace* is somewhat the better Instructor of the two, is prov'd from hence, that his Instructions are more general: *Juvenal's* more limited. So that granting, that the Counsels which they give, are equally good for Moral Use; *Horace*, who gives the most various Advice, and most applicable to all Occasions, which can occur to us, in the course of our Lives; as including in his Discourses, not only all the Rules of Morality, but also of Civil Conversation; is, undoubtedly, to be preferr'd to him, who is more circumscrib'd in his Instructions, makes them to fewer People, and on fewer Occasions, than the other. I may be pardon'd for using an Old Saying, since 'tis true, and to the purpose, *Bonum que communius, eo melius*. *Juvenal*, excepting only his first Satire, is in all the rest confin'd, to the exposing of some particuler Vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His Sentences are truly shining and instructive: But they are sprinkl'd here and there. *Horace* is teaching us in every Line, and is perpetually Moral; he had found out the Skill of *Virgil*, to hide his Sentences: To give you the Virtue of them, without shewing them in their full extent: Which is the Ostentation of a Poet, and not his Art: And this *Petronius* charges on the Authors of his Time, as a Vice of Writing, which was then growing on the Age. *Ne Sententiæ extra Corpus Orationis emineant*: He wou'd have them weav'd into the Body of the Work, and not appear emboss'd upon it, and striking directly on the Reader's view. Folly was the proper Quarry of *Horace*, and not Vice: And, as there are but few Notoriously Wicked Men, in comparison with a Shoal of Fools, and Fops; so 'tis a harder thing to make a Man Wise, than to make him Honest: For the Will is only to be reclaim'd in the one; but the Understanding is to be inform'd in the other. There are Blind-sides and Follies, even in the Professors of Moral Philosophy; and there is not any one Sect of them that *Horace* has not expos'd. Which as it was not the Design of *Juvenal*, who was wholly employ'd in lashing Vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagin'd; so perhaps, it was not so much his Talent. *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit*. This was the Commendation which *Persius* gave him: Where by *Vitium*, he means those little Vices, which we call Follies, the defects of Humane Understanding, or at most the Peccadillos of Life, rather than the Tragical Vices, to which Men are hurri'd by their unruly Passions and exorbitant Desires. But in the word *omne*, which is universal, he concludes, with me, that the Divine Wit of *Horace*, left nothing untouch'd; that he enter'd into the inmost Recesses of Nature; found out the Imperfections even of the most Wise and Grave, as well as of the Common People: Discovering, even in the great *Trebatius*, to whom he addresses the first Satire, his hunting after Business, and following the Court, as well as in the Persecutor *Crispinus*, his impertinence and

importunity. 'Tis true, he exposes *Crispinus* openly, as a common Nuisance: But he rallies the other, as a Friend, more finely. The Exhortations of *Persius* are confin'd to Noblemen: And the Stoick Philosophy, is that alone, which he recommends to them: *Juvenal* Exhorts to particular Virtues, as they are oppos'd to those Vices against which he declaims: But *Horace* laughs to shame, all Follies, and insinuates Virtue, rather by familiar Examples, than by the severity of Precepts.

This last Consideration seems to incline the Ballance on the side of *Horace*, and to give him the preference to *Juvenal*, not only in Profit, but in Pleasure. But, after all, I must confess, that the Delight which *Horace* gives me, is but languishing. Be pleas'd still to understand, that I speak of my own Taste only: He may Ravish other Men; but I am too stupid and insensible, to be tickl'd. Where he barely grins himself, and, as *Scaliger* says, only shews his white Teeth, he cannot provoke me to any Laughter. His Urbanity, that is, his Good Manners, are to be commended, but his Wit is faint; and his Salt, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid. *Juvenal* is of a more vigorous and Masculine Wit, he gives me as much Pleasure as I can bear: He fully satisfies my Expectation, he Treats his Subject home: His Spleen is rais'd, and he raises mine: I have the Pleasure of Concernment in all he says; He drives his Reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him: If he went another Stage, it wou'd be too far, it wou'd make a Journey of a Progress, and turn Delight into Fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a sign the Subject is exhausted; and the Wit of Man can carry it no farther. If a Fault can be justly found in him; 'tis that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my Friend the *Plain Dealer*, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his Thoughts are as just as those of *Horace*, and much more Elevated. His Expressions are Sonorous and more Noble; his Verse more numerous, and his Words are suitable to his Thoughts; sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the Pleasure of the Reader, and the greater the Soul of him who Reads, his Transports are the greater. *Horace* is always on the Amble, *Juvenal* on the Gallop: But his way is perpetually on Carpet Ground. He goes with more impetuosity than *Horace*; but as securely; and the swiftness adds a more lively agitation to the Spirits. The low Style of *Horace*, is according to his Subject; that is generally groveling. I question not but he cou'd have rais'd it. For the First Epistle of the Second Book, which he writes to *Augustus*, (a most instructive Satire concerning Poetry,) is of so much Dignity in the Words, and of so much Elegancy in the Numbers, that the Author plainly shews, the *Sermo Pedestris*, in his other Satires, was rather his Choice than his Necessity. He was a Rival to *Lucilius* his Predecessor; and was resolv'd to surpass him in his own Manner. *Lucilius*, as we see by his remaining Fragments, minded neither his Style nor his Numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of Verse. *Horace* therefore copes with him in that humble way of Satire. Writes under his own force, and carries a dead Weight, that he may match his Competitor in the Race. This I imagine was the chief Reason, why he minded only the clearness of his Satire, and the cleanness of Expression, without ascending to those heights, to which his own vigour might have carri'd him. But limiting his desires only to the

Conquest of *Lucilius*, he had his Ends of his Rival, who liv'd before him; but made way for a new Conquest over himself, by *Juvenal* his Successor. He cou'd not give an equal pleasure to his Reader, because he us'd not equal Instruments. The fault was in the Tools, and not in the Workman. But Versification, and Numbers, are the greatest Pleasures of Poetry: *Virgil* knew it, and practis'd both so happily; that for ought I know, his greatest Excellency is in his Diction. In all other parts of Poetry, he is faultless; but in this he plac'd his chief perfection. And give me leave, my Lord, since I have here an apt occasion, to say, that *Virgil*, cou'd have written sharper Satires, than either *Horace* or *Juvenal*, if he wou'd have employ'd his Talent, that way. I will produce a Verse and half of his, in one of his Eclogues, to justify my Opinion: And with *Comma's* after every Word, to shew, that he has given almost as many lashes, as he has written Syllables. 'Tis against a bad Poet; whose ill Verses he describes. *Non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas, stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere carmen?* But to return to my purpose, when there is any thing deficient in Numbers, and Sound, the Reader is uneasie, and unsatisfi'd; he wants something of his Complement, desires somewhat which he finds not: And this being the manifest defect of *Horace*, 'tis no wonder, that finding it supply'd in *Juvenal*, we are more Delighted with him. And besides this, the Sauce of *Juvenal* is more poignant, to create in us an Appetite of Reading him. The Meat of *Horace* is more nourishing; but the Cookery of *Juvenal* more exquisite; so that, granting *Horace* to be the more general Philosopher; we cannot deny, that *Juvenal* was the greater Poet. I mean in Satire. His Thoughts are sharper, his Indignation against Vice is more vehement; his Spirit has more of the Commonwealth Genius; he treats Tyranny, and all the Vices attending it, as they deserve, with the utmost rigour: And consequently, a Noble Soul is better pleas'd with a Zealous Vindicator of *Roman Liberty*; than with a Temporizing Poet, a well Manner'd Court Slave, and a Man who is often afraid of Laughing in the right place: Who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, *Horace* had the disadvantage of the Times in which he liv'd; they were better for the Man, but worse for the Satirist. 'Tis generally said, that those Enormous Vices, which were practis'd under the Reign of *Domitian*, were unknown in the Time of *Augustus Cæsar*. That therefore *Juvenal* had a larger Field, than *Horace*. Little Follies were out of doors, when Oppression was to be scourg'd instead of Avarice: It was no longer time to turn into Ridicule, the false Opinions of Philosophers; when the *Roman Liberty* was to be asserted. There was more need of a *Brutus* in *Domitian's* Days, to redeem or mend, than of a *Horace*, if he had then been Living, to Laugh at a Fly-Catcher. This Reflection at the same time excuses *Horace*, but exalts *Juvenal*. I have ended, before I was aware, the Comparison of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, upon the Topiques of Instruction and Delight; and indeed I may safely here conclude that common-place: For if we make *Horace* our Minister of State in Satire, and *Juvenal* of our private Pleasures: I think the latter has no ill bargain of it. Let Profit have the preheminance of Honour, in the End of Poetry. Pleasure, though but the second in degree, is the first

in favour. And who wou'd not chuse to be lov'd better, rather than to be more esteem'd? But I am enter'd already upon another Topique; which concerns the particular Merits of these two Satirists. However, I will pursue my business where I left it: And carry it farther than that common observation of the several Ages, in which these Authors Flourish'd. When *Horace* writ his Satires, the Monarchy of his *Cæsar* was in its newness; and the Government but just made easie to the Conquer'd People. They cou'd not possibly have forgotten the Usurpation of that Prince upon their Freedom, nor the violent Methods which he had us'd, in the compassing of that vast Design: They yet remember'd his Proscriptions, and the Slaughter of so many Noble *Romans*, their Defendors. Amongst the rest, that horrible Action of his, when he forc'd *Livia* from the Arms of her Husband, who was constrain'd to see her Marry'd, as *Dion* relates the Story; and, big with Child as she was, convey'd to the Bed of his insulting Rival. The same *Dion Cassius* gives us another instance of the Crime before mention'd: That *Cornelius Sisenna*, being reproach'd in full Senate, with the Licentious Conduct of his Wife, return'd this Answer; That he had Marry'd her by the Counsel of *Augustus*: Intimating, says my Author, that *Augustus* had oblig'd him to that Marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free access to her. His Adulteries were still before their Eyes, but they must be patient, where they had not power. In other things that Emperor was Moderate enough: Propriety was generally secur'd; and the People entertain'd with publick Shows, and Donatives, to make them more easily digest their lost Liberty. But *Augustus*, who was conscious to himself, of so many Crimes which he had committed, thought in the first place to provide for his own Reputation, by making an Edict against Lampoons and Satires, and the Authors of those defamatory Writings, which my Author *Tacitus*, from the Law-Term, calls *famosos libellos*.

Thus I have treated in a new Method, the Comparison betwixt *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Persius*; somewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be consider'd. *Persius* was Grave, and particularly oppos'd his Gravity to Lewdness, which was the Predominant Vice in *Nero's* Court, at the time when he publish'd his Satires, which was before that Emperour fell into the excess of Cruelty. *Horace* was a Mild Admonisher, a Court Satirist, fit for the gentle Times of *Augustus*, and more fit, for the Reasons which I have already given. *Juvenal* was as proper for his Times, as they for theirs. His was an Age that deserv'd a more severe Chastisement. Vices were more gross and open, more flagitious, more encourag'd by the Example of a Tyrant; and more protected by his Authority. Therefore, wheresoever *Juvenal* mentions *Nero*, he means *Domitian*, whom he dares not attack in his own Person, but Scourges him by Proxy. *Heinsius* urges in praise of *Horace*, that according to the Ancient Art and Law of Satire, it shou'd be nearer to Comedy, than to Tragedy; Not declaiming against Vice, but only laughing at it. Neither *Persius*, nor *Juvenal* were ignorant of this, for they had both study'd *Horace*. And the thing it self is plainly true. But as they had read *Horace*, they had likewise read *Lucilius*, of whom *Persius* says *secuit Urbem; & genuinum fregit in illis*; meaning *Mutius* and *Lupus*: And *Juvenal* also mentions him in

these words, *Ense velut stricto, quoties Lucilius ardens Infremuit, &c.* So that they thought the imitation of *Lucilius* was more proper to their purpose than that of *Horace*. They chang'd Satire, says *Holiday*; but they chang'd it for the better; For the business being to Reform great Vices, Chastisement goes farther than Admonition; whereas a perpetual Grinn, like that of *Horace*, does rather anger than amend a Man.

Thus far that Learned Critick, *Barten Holiday*, whose Interpretation, and Illustrations of *Juvenal* are as Excellent, as the Verse of his Translation and his English are lame, and pitiful. For 'tis not enough to give us the meaning of a Poet, which I acknowledge him to have perform'd most faithfully; but he must also imitate his Genius, and his Numbers; as far as the *English* will come up to the Elegance of the Original. In few words, 'tis only for a Poet to Translate a Poet. *Holiday* and *Stapylton* had not enough consider'd this, when they attempted *Juvenal*: But I forbear Reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this Sentence, where *Holiday* says, *A perpetual Grinn, like that of Horace, rather angers than amends a Man.* I cannot give him up the Manner of *Horace* in low Satire so easily: Let the Chastisements of *Juvenal* be never so necessary for his new kind of Satire; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases, yet still the nicest and most delicate touches of Satire consist in fine Raillery. This, my Lord, is your particular Talent, to which even *Juvenal* could not arrive. 'Tis not Reading, 'tis not imitation of an Author, which can produce this fineness: It must be inborn, it must proceed from a Genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from Nature: How easie it is to call Rogue and Villain, and that wittily? But how hard to make a Man appear a Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms? To spare the grossness of the Names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full Face, and to make the Nose and Cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of Shadowing. This is the Mystery of that Noble Trade; which yet no Master can teach to his Apprentice: He may give the Rules, but the Scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of Raillery is offensive. A witty Man is tickl'd while he is hurt in this manner and a Fool feels it not. The occasion of an Offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted that in effect this way does more Mischief; that a Man is secretly wounded, and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious World will find it for him: Yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly Butchering of a Man, and the fineness of a stroak that separates the Head from the Body, and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as *Jack Ketch's* Wife said of his Servant, of a plain piece of Work, a bare Hanging; but to make a Malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her Husband. I wish I cou'd apply it to my self, if the Reader wou'd be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The Character of *Zimri* in my *Absalom*, is, in my Opinion, worth the whole Poem: 'Tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough. And he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had rail'd, I might have suffer'd for it justly: But I manag'd my own Work more happily,

perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great Crimes, and apply'd my self to the representing of Blind-sides, and little Extravagancies: To which, the wittier a Man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wish'd; the Jest went round, and he was laugh'd at in his turn who began the Frolick.

And thus, My Lord, you see I have preferr'd the Manner of *Horace*, and of your Lordship, in this kind of Satire, to that of *Juvenal*; and I think, reasonably. *Holiday* ought not to have Arraign'd so Great an Author, for that which was his Excellency and his Merit: Or if he did, on such a palpable mistake, he might expect, that some one might possibly arise, either in his own Time, or after him, to rectifie his Error, and restore to *Horace*, that Commendation, of which he has so unjustly robb'd him. And let the Manes of *Juvenal* forgive me, if I say, that this way of *Horace* was the best, for amending Manners, as it is the most difficult. His was, an *Ense rescindendum*; but that of *Horace* was a Pleasant Cure, with all the Limbs preserv'd entire: And as our *Mountebanks* tell us in their Bills, without keeping the Patient within Doors for a Day. What they promise only, *Horace* has effectually Perform'd: Yet I contradict not the Proposition which I formerly advanc'd: *Juvenal's* Times requir'd a more painful kind of Operation: But if he had liv'd in the Age of *Horace*, I must needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the Method which was prescrib'd him by his own Genius; which was sharp and eager; he cou'd not Rally, but he cou'd Declame: And as his provocations were great, he has reveng'd them Tragically. This notwithstanding, I am to say another Word, which, as true as it is, will yet displease the partial Admirers of our *Horace*. I have hinted it before; but tis time for me now to speak more plainly.

This Manner of *Horace* is indeed the best; but *Horace* has not executed it, altogether so happily, at least not often. The Manner of *Juvenal* is confess'd to be Inferior to the former; but *Juvenal*, has excell'd him in his Performance. *Juvenal* has rail'd more wittily than *Horace* has rally'd. *Horace* means to make his Reader Laugh; but he is not sure of his Experiment. *Juvenal* always intends to move your Indignation; and he always brings about his purpose. *Horace*, for ought I know, might have tickl'd the People of his Age; but amongst the Moderns he is not so Successfull. They who say he Entertains so Pleasantly, may perhaps value themselves on the quickness of their own Understandings, that they can see a Jest farther off than other men. They may find occasion of Laughter, in the Wit-battel of the Two Buffoons, *Sarmentus* and *Cicerrus*: And hold their sides for fear of bursting, when *Rupilius* and *Persius* are Scolding. For my own part, I can only like the Characters of all Four, which are judiciously given: But for my heart I cannot so much as smile at their Insipid Raillery. I see not why *Persius* shou'd call upon *Brutus*, to revenge him on his Adversary: And that because he had kill'd *Julius Cesar*, for endeavouring to be a King, therefore he shou'd be desir'd to Murther *Rupilius*, only because his Name was Mr. King. A miserable Clench, in my Opinion, for *Horace* to Record: I have heard honest Mr. *Swan* make many a better, and yet have had the Grace to hold my Countenance. But it may be Puns were then in Fashion, as they were Wit in the Sermons of the last Age, and in the Court of

King *Charles* the Second. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of *Horace*; but certain it is, he has no fine Palate who can feed so heartily on Garbidge.

But I have already wearied myself, and doubt not but I have tir'd your Lordships Patience, with this long rambling, and I fear, trivial Discourse. Upon the one half of the Merits, that is, Pleasure, I cannot but conclude that *Juvenal* was the better Satirist: They who will descend into his particular Praises, may find them at large, in the Dissertation of the Learned *Rigaltius* to *Thuanus*. As for *Persius*, I have given the Reasons, why I think him Inferior to both of them. Yet I have one thing to add on that Subject.

*Barten Holiday*, who Translated both *Juvenal* and *Persius*, has made this distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than Witty; that, in *Persius* the difficulty is to find a Meaning; in *Juvenal*, to chuse a Meaning: So Crabbed is *Persius*, and so Copious is *Juvenal*: So much the Understanding is employ'd in one; and so much the Judgment in the other. So difficult it is, to find any Sense in the former, and the best Sense of the latter.

If, on the other side, any one suppose I have commended *Horace* below his Merit, when I have allow'd him but the Second Place, I desire him to consider, if *Juvenal*, a Man of Excellent Natural Endowments, besides the advantages of Diligence and Study, and coming after him, and Building upon his Foundations might not probably, with all these helps, surpass him? And whether it be any dishonour to *Horace*, to be thus surpass'd; since no Art, or Science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it must pass first through many hands, and even through several Ages? If *Lucilius* cou'd add to *Ennius*, and *Horace* to *Lucilius*, why, without any diminution to the Fame of *Horace*, might not *Juvenal* give the last perfection to that Work? Or rather, what disreputation is it to *Horace*, that *Juvenal* Excels in the Tragical Satyre, as *Horace* does in the Comical? I have read over attentively, both *Heinsius* and *Dacier*, in their Commendations of *Horace*: But I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to *Juvenal*, than the Instructive Part; the Part of Wisdom, and not that of Pleasure; which therefore is here allow'd him, notwithstanding what *Scaliger* and *Rigaltius* have pleaded to the contrary for *Juvenal*. And to shew I am Impartial, I will here Translate what *Dacier* has said on that Subject.

I cannot give a more just Idea of the Two Books of Satires, made by *Horace*, than by compairing them to the Statues of the *Sileni*, to which *Alcibiades* compares *Socrates*, in the Symposium. They were Figures, which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of Beauty on their out side: But when any one took the Pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the Figures of all the Deities. So, in the Shape that *Horace* Presents himself to us, in his Satires, we see nothing at the first View, which deserves our Attention. It seems that he is rather an Amusement for Children, than for the serious consideration of Men. But when we take away his Crust, and that which hides him from our sight; when we discover him to the bottom, then we find all the Divinities in a full Assembly: That is to say, all the Virtues, which ought to be the continual exercise of those, who seriously endeavour to Correct their Vices.



'Tis easy to Observe, that *Dacier*, in this Noble Similitude, has confin'd the Praise of his Author, wholly to the Instructive Part: The commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows.

In these Two Books of Satire, 'tis the business of *Horace* to instruct us how to combat our Vices, to regulate our Passions, to follow Nature, to give Bounds to our desires, to Distinguish betwixt Truth and Falshood, and betwixt our Conceptions of Things, and Things themselves. To come back from our prejudicate Opinions, to understand exactly the Principles and Motives of all our Actions; and to avoid the Ridicule, into which all men necessarily fall, who are Intoxicated with those Notions, which they have received from their Masters; and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they are founded on right Reason.

In a Word, he labours to render us happy in relation to our selves, agreeable and faithful to our Friends, and discreet, serviceable, and well bred in relation to those with whom we are oblig'd to live, and to converse. To make his Figures Intelligible, to conduct his Readers through the Labyrinth of some perplex'd Sentence, or obscure Parenthesis, is no great matter. And as *Epictetus* says, there is nothing of Beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a Prudent Man. The Principal business, and which is of most Importance to us, is to shew the Use, the Reason, and the Proof of his Precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themselves, according to so exact a Model; are just like the Patients, who have open before them a Book of Admirable Receipts, for their Diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without Comprehending the Nature of the Remedies; or how to apply them to their Cure.

Let *Horace* go off with these Encomiums, which he has so well deserv'd.

To conclude the contention betwixt our Three Poets, I will use the Words of *Virgil*, in his *Fifth Æneid*, where *Æneas* proposes the Rewards of the Foot-Race, to the Three first, who shou'd reach the Goal *Tres præmia primi, accipient; flavaque Caput nectentur Olivâ*: Let these Three Ancients be prefer'd to all the Moderns; as first arriving at the Goal: Let them all be Crown'd as Victours; with the Wreath that properly belongs to Satire. But, after that, with this distinction amongst themselves, *Primus equum phaleris insignem, Victor habeto*. Let *Juvenal* Ride first in Triumph. *Alter Amazoniam, pharetram; plenamque Sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro Balteus, & tereti Subnectit Fibula gemmâ*. Let *Horace* who is the Second, and but just the Second, carry off the Quivers, and the Arrows; as the Badges of his Satire, and the Golden Belt, and the Diamond Button. *Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito*. And let *Persius*, the last of the first Three Worthies, be contented with this *Grecian* Shield, and with Victory not only over all the *Grecians*, who were Ignorant of the *Roman* Satire, but over all the Moderns in Succeeding Ages; excepting *Boileau* and your Lordship.

And thus, I have given the History of Satire, and deriv'd it as far as from *Ennius*, to your Lordship; that is, from its first Rudiments of Barbarity, to its last Polishing and Perfection: Which is, with *Virgil*, in his Address to *Augustus*;

— *nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,  
Tithoni primâ quot abest ab origine Cæsar.*

I said only from *Ennius*; but I may safely carry it higher, as far as *Livius Andronicus*; who, as I have said formerly, taught the first Play at *Rome* in the Year *ab urbe conditâ*, 514. I have since desir'd my Learn'd Friend, Mr. *Maidwell*, to compute the difference of Times, betwixt *Aristophanes*, and *Livius Andronicus*; and he assures me, from the best Chronologers, that *Plutus*, the last of *Aristophanes*'s his Plays, was Represented at *Athens*, in the Year of the 97th Olympiad; which agrees with the Year *Urbis Conditæ* 364: So that the difference of Years betwixt *Aristophanes* and *Andronicus* is 150; from whence I have probably deduc'd, that *Livius Andronicus*, who was a *Grecian*, had read the Plays of the Old Comedy, which were Satyrical, and also of the New; for *Menander* was fifty Years before him, which must needs be a great light to him, in his own Plays; that were of the Satirical Nature. That the *Romans* had Farces before this, 'tis true; but then they had no Communication with *Greece*: So that *Andronicus* was the first, who wrote after the manner of the Old Comedy, in his Plays; he was imitated by *Ennius*, about Thirty Years afterwards. Though the former writ Fables; the latter, speaking properly, began the *Roman Satire*. According to that Description, which *Juvenal* gives of it in his First; *Quicquid agunt homines votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli*. This is that in which I have made bold to differ from *Casaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and indeed, from all the Modern Critiques, that not *Ennius*, but *Andronicus* was the First; who by the *Archæa Comedia* of the *Greeks*, added many Beauties to the first Rude and Barbarous *Roman Satire*: Which sort of Poem, tho' we had not deriv'd from *Rome*, yet Nature teaches it Mankind, in all Ages, and in every Country.

'Tis but necessary, that after so much has been said of Satire, some Definition of it should be given. *Heinsius*, in his Dissertations on *Horace*, makes it for me, in these words; *Satire is a kind of Poetry, without a Series of Action, invented for the purging of our Minds; in which Humane Vices, Ignorance, and Errors, and all things besides, which are produc'd from them, in every Man, are severely Reprehended; partly Dramatically, partly Simply, and sometimes in both kinds of speaking; but for the most part Figuratively, and Occultly; consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of Speech; but partly, also, in a Facetious and Civil way of Jestings; by which, either Hatred, or Laughter, or Indignation is mov'd.* — Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplex'd Definition, or rather Description of Satire, is wholly accommodated to the *Horatian* way; and excluding the Works of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, as foreign from that kind of Poem: The Clause in the beginning of it (without a Series of Action) distinguishes Satire properly from Stage-Plays, which are all of one Action, and one continu'd Series of Action. The End or Scope of Satire is to purge the Passions; so far it is common to the Satires of *Juvenal* and *Persius*: The rest which follows, is also generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the

Excluding Clause (*consisting in a low familiar way of Speech*) which is the proper Character of *Horace*; and from which, the other two, for their Honour be it spoken, are far distant. But how come Lowness of Style, and the Familiarity of Words to be so much the Propriety of Satire, that without them, a Poet can be no more a Satirist, than without Risibility he can be a Man? Is the fault of *Horace* to be made the Virtue, and Standing Rule of this Poem? Is the *Grande Sophos* of *Persius*, and the Sublimity of *Juvenal* to be circumscrib'd, with the meanness of Words and vulgarity of Expression? If *Horace* refus'd the pains of Numbers, and the loftiness of Figures, are they bound to follow so ill a Precedent? Let him walk a Foot with his Pad in his Hand, for his own pleasure; but let not them be accounted no Poets, who choose to mount, and shew their Horsmanship. *Holiday* is not afraid to say, that there was never such a fall, as from his Odes to his Satires, and that he, injuriously to himself, untun'd his Harp. The Majestique way of *Persius* and *Juvenal* was new when they began it; but 'tis old to us; and what Poems have not, with Time, receiv'd an Alteration in their Fashion? Which Alteration, says *Holiday*, is to after-times, as good a Warrant as the first. Has not *Virgil* chang'd the Manners of *Homer's* Hero's in his *Æneis*? certainly he has, and for the better. For *Virgil's* Age was more Civiliz'd, and better Bred; and he writ according to the Politeness of *Rome*, under the Reign of *Augustus Cæsar*; not to the Rudeness of *Agamemnon's* Age, or the Times of *Homer*. Why shou'd we offer to confine free Spirits to one Form, when we cannot so much as confine our Bodies to one Fashion of Apparel? Wou'd not *Donn's* Satires, which abound with so much Wit, appear more Charming, if he had taken care of his Words, and of his Numbers? But he follow'd *Horace* so very close, that of necessity he must fall with him: And I may safely say it of this present Age. That if we are not so great Wits as *Donn*, yet, certainly, we are better Poets.

But I have said enough, and it may be, too much on this Subject. Will your Lordship be pleas'd to prolong my Audience, only so far, till I tell you my own trivial Thoughts, how a Modern Satire shou'd be made. I will not deviate in the least from the Precepts and Examples of the Ancients, who were always our best Masters. I will only illustrate them, and discover some of the hidden Beauties in their Designs, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you please but to observe, that *Persius*, the least in Dignity of all the Three, has, notwithstanding, been the first, who has discover'd to us this important Secret, in the designing of a perfect Satire; that it ought only to treat of one Subject; to be confin'd to one particular Theme; or, at least, to one principally. If other Vices occur in the management of the Chief, they shou'd only be transiently lash'd, and not be insisted on, so as to make the Design double. As in a Play of the *English* Fashion, which we call a *Tragedy*, there is to be but one main Design: And tho' there be an Under-plot, or Second Walk of Comical Characters and Adventures, yet they are subservient to the Chief Fable, carry'd along under it, and helping to it; so that the *Drama* may not seem a Monster with two Heads. Thus the *Copernican* System of the Planets makes the Moon to be mov'd by the motion of the Earth, and carry'd about her Orb, as a Dependiant of hers: *Mascardi* in his

Discourse of the *Doppia favola*, or Double-tale in Plays, gives an Instance of it, in the famous Pastoral of *Guarini*, call'd *Il Pastor Fido*; where *Corisca* and the Satyre are the Under-parts: Yet we may observe, that *Corisca* is brought into the Body of the Plot, and made subservient to it. 'Tis certain, that the Divine Wit of *Horace*, was not ignorant of this Rule, that a Play, though it consists of many parts, must yet be one in the Action, and must drive on the Accomplishment of one Design; for he gives this very Precept, *Sit quodvis simplex duntaxat & unum*; yet he seems not much to mind it in his Satires, many of them consisting of more Arguments than one; and the second without dependance on the first. *Casaubon* has observ'd this before me, in his Preference of *Persius* to *Horace*: And will have his own belov'd Author to be the first, who found out, and introduc'd this Method of confining himself to one Subject. I know it may be urg'd in defence of *Horace*, that this Unity is not necessary; because the very word *Satura* signifies a Dish plentifully stor'd with all variety of Fruits and Grains. Yet *Juvenal*, who calls his Poems a *Farrago*, which is a word of the same signification with *Satura*; has chosen to follow the same Method of *Persius*, and not of *Horace*. And *Boileau*, whose Example alone is a sufficient Authority, has wholly confin'd himself, in all his Satires, to this Unity of Design. That variety which is not to be found in any one Satire, is, at least, in many, written on several occasions. And if Variety be of absolute necessity in every one of them, according to the Etymology of the word; yet it may arise naturally from one Subject, as it is diversly treated, in the several Subordinate Branches of it; all relating to the Chief. It may be illustrated accordingly with variety of Examples in the Subdivisions of it; and with as many Precepts as there are Members of it; which altogether may compleat that *Olla*, or Hotchpotch, which is properly a Satire.

Under this Unity of Theme, or Subject, is comprehended another Rule for perfecting the Design of true Satire. The Poet is bound, and that *ex Officio*, to give his Reader some one Precept of Moral Virtue; and to caution him against some one particular Vice or Folly: Other Virtues, subordinate to the first, may be recommended, under that Chief Head; and other Vices or Follies may be scourg'd, besides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one Virtue, and insist on that. Thus *Juvenal* in every Satire, excepting the first, tyes himself to one principal Instructive Point, or to the shunning of Moral Evil. Even in the Sixth, which seems only an Arraignment of the whole Sex of Womankind; there is a latent Admonition to avoid Ill Women, by shewing how very few, who are Virtuous and Good, are to be found amongst them. But this, tho' the Wittiest of all his Satires, has yet the least of Truth or Instruction in it. He has run himself into his old declamatory way, and almost forgotten, that he was now setting up for a Moral Poet.

I have already declar'd, who are the only Persons that are the Adequate Object of Private Satire, and who they are that may properly be expos'd by Name for publick Examples of Vices and Follies; and therefore I will trouble your Lordship no farther with them. Of the best and finest manner of Satire, I have said enough in the Comparison betwixt *Juvenal* and *Horace*: 'Tis that sharp, well-manner'd way,

of laughing a Folly out of Countenance, of which your Lordship is the best Master in this Age. I will proceed to the Versification, which is most proper for it, and add somewhat to what I have said already on that Subject. The sort of Verse which is call'd *Burlesque*, consisting of Eight Syllables, or Four Feet, is that which our Excellent *Hudibras* has chosen. I ought to have mention'd him before, when I spoke of *Donn*; but by a slip of an Old Man's Memory he was forgotten. The Worth of his Poem is too well known to need my Commendation, and he is above my Censure: His Satire is of the *Varronian* kind, though unmix'd with Prose. The choice of his Numbers is suitable enough to his Design, as he has manag'd it. But in any other Hand, the shortness of his Verse, and the quick returns of Rhyme, had debas'd the Dignity of Style. And besides, the double Rhyme, (a necessary Companion of Burlesque Writing) is not so proper for Manly Satire, for it turns Earnest too much to Jest, and gives us a Boyish kind of Pleasure. It tickles awkwardly with a kind of pain, to the best sort of Readers; we are pleas'd ungratefully, and, if I may say so, against our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unseasonable Delight, when we know he cou'd have given us a better, and more solid. He might have left that Task to others, who not being able to put in Thought, can only make us grin with the Excrescence of a Word of two or three Syllables in the Close. 'Tis, indeed, below so great a Master to make use of such a little Instrument. But his good Sense is perpetually shining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding Faults: We pass through the Levity of his Rhyme, and are immediately carri'd into some admirable useful Thought. After all, he has chosen this kind of Verse; and has written the best in it: And had he taken another, he wou'd always have excell'd. As we say of a Court-Favourite, that whatsoever his Office be, he still makes it uppermost, and most beneficial to himself.

The quickness of your Imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know before-hand, that I wou'd prefer the Verse of ten Syllables, which we call the *English Heroique*, to that of Eight. This is truly my Opinion. For this sort of Number is more Roomy. The Thought can turn it self with greater ease, in a larger compass. When the Rhyme comes too thick upon us; it streightens the Expression; we are thinking of the Close, when we shou'd be employ'd in adorning the Thought. It makes a Poet giddy with turning in a Space too narrow for his Imagination. He loses many Beauties without gaining one Advantage. For a Burlesque Rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, 'tis more easily purchas'd in Ten Syllables than in Eight: In both occasions 'tis as in a Tennis-Court, when the Strokes of greater force, are given, when we strike out, and play at length. [. . .]

Thus, my Lord, having troubl'd You with a tedious Visit, the best Manners will be shewn in the least Ceremony. I will slip away while Your Back is turn'd, and while You are otherwise employ'd: with great Confusion, for having entertain'd You so long with this Discourse; and for having no other Recompence to make You, than the Worthy Labours of my Fellow Undertakers in this Work; and the Thankful Acknowledgments, Prayers, and perpetual good Wishes of,

*My Lord,  
Your Lordships,  
Most Obliged, Most Humble,  
and Most Obedient Servant.*  
John Dryden.

### 3.11.4 Reading and Review Questions:

1. *Annus Mirabilis* claims to be a history. How realistic (literal) is this poem? How fictional (idealistic)? What's the effect, if any, of the specific details in the poem?
2. In *All for Love*, how do the strategies of love compare to the strategies of war? In which does Antony think he excels, and why?
3. After the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra, Serapion notes how they are now free from the storms of fate and human chance. What, if anything, is ironic about this eulogy? How do Dryden's depiction of his characters' responsibilities compare with Shakespeare's?
4. In *Discourse*, Dryden illustrates the sacred in art's beginnings with Milton's introducing Adam and Eve as singing praises to God every morning. How, if at all, does Dryden reconcile this sacred impulse in art with satire as an art form?
5. In *Discourse*, Dryden says that the word satire comes from *Satura*, meaning mixture, or mixtures. How, and why, does mixture (hotch-potch) enter literary form/genre? What's Dryden's attitude toward this mixture, and why?

## 3.12 SAMUEL PEPYS

### (1633-1703)

Born into a well-connected family, Samuel Pepys was educated at Huntingdon Grammar School, Saint Paul's School in London, and Magdalene College, Cambridge University, which he attended on scholarship. In 1649, the year before he entered Magdalene College, Pepys witnessed the execution of Charles I, an act of which he approved.

In 1650, he entered Magdalene College, Cambridge University, on scholarship and received a BA in 1654. He then worked as secretary for Edward Montagu, Viscount Hinchinbrooke (1692-1722) and future first Earl of Sandwich (1692-1722), obtaining this position probably through family relations. Montagu saw to Pepys's being appointed one of the tellers of the Exchequer, a position that opened him to the (often corrupt) world of public administration and (often equally corrupt) influential and powerful public figures.

Through both his abilities and connections, he became the King's Secretary for Naval Affairs, in which role he overhauled the British Navy. For example, he helped

establish the system of formal examinations for naval officers to ensure skilled men—rather than political appointees—ran ships and so did much to eliminate graft. In 1679, perhaps due to discontent with these reforms, Pepys was accused of passing naval secrets to the French on behalf of Roman Catholics. Consequently, he was arrested, briefly imprisoned in the Tower of London, then released, and the charges dropped. After the Glorious Revolution and the ascent of William III and Mary II to the throne, Pepys resigned his position.

Besides these public details, we know many private details about Pepys's life. For example, in 1655, he married Elizabeth Marchant de Saint-Michel (1640-1669), who was then fifteen years his junior. And in 1658, he had surgery to remove a kidney stone—removed by pincers—the size of a tennis ball. Pepys, not surprisingly, celebrated having survived this dangerous operation each anniversary of its date as life seemed to have started again for him.

Life seemed to have started again for England when Charles II ascended the throne. And on January 1, 1660, Pepys started writing the source of our knowledge about these details: his *Diary*. He continued adding entries until May 31, 1669—the year his wife died—when he stopped due to problems with his eyesight. Creating an extraordinary, and extraordinarily unique, mixture of public events and private affairs, Pepys wrote his *Diary* using Thomas Shelton's (c.1600—c.1650) stenography. He wrote in English with occasional foreign words used as cover for his explicitly-described sexual encounters. That paradoxical self-consciousness in what was ostensibly a private document also occurred in Pepys's taking pains to save the *Diary* from the Great Fire of London and his later donating it—unpublished—to Magdalene College along with other books from his library, yet neither cataloguing his *Diary* nor bringing any attention to it.

Through his *Diary*, we have immediate views of events otherwise recounted through informal, of-the-moment periodicals and more formally in poems and other such genres used to memorialize important public events. These included King Charles's Coronation at Westminster Abbey, the Great Plague of London, the Great Fire of London, the opening of the theaters when women acted onstage for the first time, and Royal Society experiments.

His 2 September 1666 entry includes two descriptions of the Fire that give a sense of the *Diary's* uniqueness in its offering perspectives on both Pepys himself and others. He notes people fleeing their houses “coming away laden with goods to save and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary goods carried in carts and on backs.” The repetition of goods seems to show the precedence Pepys gives to goods over sick people. Yet, he shares the general concern for both. He also describes “poor pigeons...loath to leave their houses” that “hovered about the windows and balconies, till they some of them burned their wings and fell down.” That's a relatively minute detail that most observers would have overlooked. But Pepys had an eye for the great and small.

His *Diary* wasn't published in complete form until 1983, though it was published in partial form from 1828 onwards. Due to this gap in time, the *Diary*

made no direct contribution to the literature of Pepys's age. Yet it reflects two trends that helped shape literature of the eighteenth century, particularly the novel: (1) a new concept of time in terms of regularity, a concept that would connect with long essays in periodicals such as *The Spectator* and *The Tattler*. This new concept connected the regularity of publishing with a sense of the regularity of time (with one measuring the other), and with regularity creating a sense of anticipation; and (2) inwardness and inward-looking that contributed to the intimacy of the novel. The novel would not look outward to great events but inwardly, weighing minor events with feelings that would make them great. The great intimacy of Pepys's *Diary* still astonishes.

### 3.12.1 *Diary of Samuel Pepys*

(1661)

September 1<sup>st</sup>

Up and at the office all the morning, and then dined at home. Got my new closet made mighty clean against to-morrow. Sir W. Pen and my wife and Mercer and I to "Polichinelly," but were there horribly frightened to see Young Killigrew come in with a great many more young sparks; but we hid ourselves, so as we think they did not see us. By and by, they went away, and then we were at rest again; and so, the play being done, we to Islington, and there eat and drank and mighty merry; and so home singing, and, after a letter or two at the office, to bed.

2<sup>nd</sup> (Lord's day)

Some of our mayds sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and slipped on my nightgowne, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the backside of Marke-lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closett to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there



got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steeleyard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys till they were, some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire: rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and every thing, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. ——— lives, and whereof my old school-fellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to White Hall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to White Hall, and there up to the Kings closett in the Chappell, where people come about me, and did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of Yorke what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor—from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting, with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watlingstreet, as well as I could, every creature coming away laden with goods to save, and here and there sicke people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canningstreet, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tarr, in Thamesstreet; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaake Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who

themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, which was Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moons: she mighty fine, and her husband; for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closett and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry, as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes (who, it seems, are related to them), whose houses in Fish-street are all burned; and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked, through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and, removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning-streets (which received goods in the morning) into Lumbar-d-streets, and further; and among others I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the streets and carried them below and above bridge to and again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhith and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City so as we know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Parks, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of firedrops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water; we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the 'Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an

arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruins. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fish-streets Hall. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the newes coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our owne goods; and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moon: shine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallys into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

3<sup>rd</sup>

About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall-greene. Which I did riding myself in my night-gowne in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then and all this day she and I, and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them (myself some) over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither; and down to the lighter, which lay at next quay, above the Tower Docke. And here was my neighbour's wife, Mrs.——, with her pretty child, and some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine; but there was no passing with any thing through the postern, the crowd was so great. The Duke of Yorke of this day by the office, and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City, to keep all quiet (he being now Generall, and having the care of all). This day, Mercer being not at home, but against her mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W. Hewer, met her there, and was angry; and her mother saying that she was not a 'prentice girl, to ask leave every time she goes abroad, my wife with good reason was angry, and, when she came home, bid her be gone again. And so she went away, which troubled me, but yet less than it would, because of the condition we are in, fear of coming into in a little time of being less able to keepe one in her quality. At night lay down a little upon a quilt of

W. Hewer's in the office, all my owne things being packed up or gone; and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing any thing.

4<sup>th</sup>

Up by break of day to get away the remainder of my things; which I did by a lighter at the Iron gate and my hands so few, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Pen and I to Tower-streete, and there met the fire burning three or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trays, and dishes, shovells, &c., were flung all along Tower-street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other; the fire coming on in that narrow streete, on both sides, with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my Parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. The Duke of Yorke was at the office this day, at Sir W. Pen's; but I happened not to be within. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in our garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, without extraordinary means, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from Woolwich and Deptford yards (none whereof yet appeared), and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of Yorke's permission to pull down houses, rather than lose this office, which would, much hinder, the King's business. So Sir W. Pen he went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning; and I wrote to Sir W. Coventry about the business, but received no answer. This night Mrs. Turner (who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them), and her husband supped with my wife and I at night, in the office; upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's, without any napkin or any thing, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then walking into the garden, and saw how horridly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us; and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the darke down to Tower-streete, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Taverne on this side, which was very near us; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower-streete, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything, but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. W. Newer this day went to see how his mother did, and comes late home, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye-corner being burned; so that the fire is got so far that way, and all the Old Bayly, and was running down to Fleete-streete; and Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

5<sup>th</sup>

I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's, quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up, and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about L2350, W. Newer, and Jane, down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! What sad sight it was by moone-light to see, the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There, when I come, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all, which troubled me, because of discourse now begun, that there is plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden's, where I locked up my gold, and charged, my wife and W. Newer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night, or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home; and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fyre, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for my confidence of finding our Office on fire was such, that I durst not ask any body how it was with us, till I come and saw it not burned. But going to the fire, I find by the blowing up of houses, and the great helpe given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well as at Marke-lane end as ours; it having only burned the dyall of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; every where great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afeard to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler; and having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end; is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and find Fanchurch-streete, Gracious-streete; and Lumbard-streete all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there, of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Walked into Moorefields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the towne among the hot coles), and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their good there, and every body keeping his goods together by themselves (and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weathe for them to keep abroad night and day); drank there, and paid two-pence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate Market, all burned, and seen Anthony Joyce's House in fire. And took up (which I keep by me) a piece of glasse of Mercers' Chappell in the streete, where much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the fire like parchment. I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in the chimney, joyning to the wall of the Exchange; with, the hair all burned off the body, and yet alive. So home at night, and find there good hopes of saving our office; but great endeavours of watching

all night, and having men ready; and so we lodged them in the office, and had drink and bread and cheese for them. And I lay down and slept a good night about midnight, though when I rose I heard that there had been a great alarme of French and Dutch being risen, which proved, nothing. But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot, almost the day of the week.

6<sup>th</sup>

Up about five o'clock, and where met Mr. Gawden at the gate of the office (I intending to go out, as I used, every now and then to-day, to see how the fire is) to call our men to Bishop's-gate, where no fire had yet been near, and there is now one broke out which did give great grounds to people, and to me too, to think that there is some kind of plot in this (on which many by this time have been taken, and, it hath been dangerous for any stranger to walk in the streets), but I went with the men, and we did put it out in a little time; so that that was well again. It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water; but then they would scold for drink, and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people go and take handsfull out, and put into beer, and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwarke, and took boat on the other side the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom; but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or pair of gloves, Westminster Hall being full of people's goods, those in Westminster having removed all their goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch; but to the Swan, and there was trimmed; and then to White Hall, but saw nobody; and so home. A sad sight to see how the River looks: no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped. At home, did go with Sir W. Batten, and our neighbour, Knightly (who, with one more, was the only man of any fashion left in all the neighbourhood thereabouts, they all removing their goods and leaving their houses to the mercy of the fire), to Sir R. Ford's, and there dined in an earthen platter—a fried breast of mutton; a great many of us, but very merry, and indeed as good a meal, though as ugly a one, as ever I had in my life. Thence down to Deptford, and there with great satisfaction landed all my goods at Sir G. Carteret's safe, and nothing missed I could see, or hurt. This being done to my great content, I home, and to Sir W. Batten's, and there with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and one Withers, a professed lying rogue, supped well, and mighty merry, and our fears over. From them to the office, and there slept with the office full of labourers, who talked, and slept, and walked all night long there. But strange it was to see Cloathworkers' Hall on fire these three days and nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oyle.

7<sup>th</sup>

Up by five o'clock; and, blessed be God! find all well, and by water to Paul's Wharfe. Walked thence, and saw, all the towne burned, and a miserable sight of

Paul's church; with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St. Fayth's; Paul's school also, Ludgate, and Fleet-street, my father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. So to Creed's lodging, near the New Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed; the house all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire's coming to them. There borrowed a shirt of him, and washed. To Sir W. Coventry, at St. James's, who lay without curtains, having removed all his goods; as the King at White Hall, and every body had done, and was doing. He hopes we shall have no publique distractions upon this fire, which is what every body fears, because of the talke of the French having a hand in it. And it is a proper time for discontents; but all men's minds are full of care to protect themselves, and save their goods: the militia is in armes every where. Our fleetes, he tells me, have been in sight one of another, and most unhappily by fowle weather were parted, to our great losse, as in reason they do conclude; the Dutch being come out only to make a shew, and please their people; but in very bad condition as to stores; victuals, and men. They are at Bullen; and our fleete come to St. Ellen's. We have got nothing, but have lost one ship, but he knows not what. Thence to the Swan, and there drank: and so home, and find all well. My Lord Bruncker, at Sir W. Batten's, and tells us the Generall is sent for up, to come to advise with the King about business at this juncture, and to keep all quiet; which is great honour to him, but I am sure is but a piece of dissimulation. So home, and did give orders for my house to be made clean; and then down to Woolwich, and there find all well: Dined, and Mrs. Markham come to see my wife. So I up again, and calling at Deptford for some things of W. Hewer's, he being with me, and then home and spent the evening with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and Sir W. Pen at Sir W. Batten's: This day our Merchants first met at Gresham College, which, by proclamation, is to be their Exchange. Strange to hear what is bid for houses all up and down here; a friend of Sir W. Rider's: having L150 for what he used to let for L40 per annum. Much dispute where the Custome-house shall be thereby the growth of the City again to be foreseen. My Lord Treasurer, they say, and others; would have it at the other end of the towne. I home late to Sir W. Pen's, who did give me a bed; but without curtains or hangings, all being down. So here I went the first time into a naked bed, only my drawers on; and did sleep pretty well: but still hath sleeping and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest. People do all the world over cry out of the simplicity of my Lord Mayor in generall; and more particularly in this business of the fire, laying it all upon' him. A proclamation is come out for markets to be kept at Leadenhall and Mileendgreene, and several other places about the towne; and Tower-hill, and all churches to be set open to receive poor people.

8<sup>th</sup>

Up and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen by water to White Hall and they to St. James's. I stopped with Sir G. Carteret to desire him to go with us, and to enquire after money. But the first he cannot do, and the other as little, or says, "when we can get any, or what shall we do for it?" He, it seems, is employed in the

correspondence between the City and the King every day, in settling of things. I find him full of trouble, to think how things will go. I left him, and to St. James's, where we met first at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there did what business we can, without any books. Our discourse, as every thing else, was confused. The fleete is at Portsmouth, there staying a wind to carry them to the Downes, or towards Bullen, where they say the Dutch fleete is gone, and stays. We concluded upon private meetings for a while, not having any money to satisfy any people that may come to us. I bought two eeles upon the Thames, cost me six shillings. Thence with Sir W. Batten to the Cock-pit, whither the Duke of Albemarle is come. It seems the King holds him so necessary at this time, that he hath sent for him, and will keep him here. Indeed, his interest in the City, being acquainted, and his care in keeping things quiet, is reckoned that wherein he will be very serviceable. We to him; he is courted in appearance by every body. He very kind to us; I perceive he lays by all business of the fleete at present, and minds the City, and is now hastening to Gresham College, to discourse with the Aldermen. Sir W. Batten and I home (where met by my brother John, come to town to see how things are with us), and then presently he with me to Gresham College; where infinity of people, partly through novelty to see the new place, and partly to find out and hear what is become one man of another. I met with many people undone, and more that have extraordinary great losses. People speaking their thoughts variously about the beginning of the fire, and the rebuilding; of the City. Then to Sir W. Batten's, and took my brothet with me, and there dined with a great company of neighbours; and much good discourse; among others, of the low spirits of some rich men in the City, in sparing any encouragement to the, poor people that wrought for the saving their houses. Among others, Alderman Starling, a very rich man, without; children, the fire at next door to him in our lane, after our men had saved his house, did give 2s. 6d. among thirty of them, and did quarrel with some that would remove the rubbish out of the way of the fire, saying that they come to steal. Sir W. Coventry told me of another this morning, in Holborne, which he shewed the King that when it was offered to stop the fire near his house for such a reward that came but to 2s. 6d. a man among the neighbours he would, give but 18d. Thence to Bednall Green by coach, my brother with me, and saw all well there, and fetched away my journall book to enter for five days past, and then back to the office where I find Bagwell's wife, and her husband come home. Agreed to come to their house to-morrow, I sending him away to his ship to-day. To the office and late writing letters, and then to Sir W. Pen's, my brother lying with me, and Sir W. Pen gone down to rest himself at Woolwich. But I was much frighted and kept awake in my bed, by some noise I heard a great while below stairs; and the boys not coming up to me when I knocked. It was by their discovery of people stealing of some neighbours' wine that lay in vessels in the streets. So to sleep; and all well all night.

9<sup>th</sup> (Sunday)

Up and was trimmed, and sent my brother to Woolwich to my wife, to dine with her. I to church, where our parson made a melancholy but good sermon; and



many and most in the church cried, specially the women. The church mighty full; but few of fashion, and most strangers. I walked to Bednall Green, and there dined well, but a bad venison pasty at Sir W. Rider's. Good people they are, and good discourse; and his daughter, Middleton, a fine woman, discreet. Thence home, and to church again, and there preached Dean Harding; but, methinks, a bad, poor sermon, though proper for the time; nor eloquent, in saying at this time that the City is reduced from a large folio to a decimotertio. So to my office, there to write down my journall, and take leave of my brother, whom I sent back this afternoon, though rainy; which it hath not done a good while before. But I had no room or convenience for him here till my house is fitted; but I was very kind to him, and do take very well of him his journey. I did give him 40s. for his pocket, and so, he being gone, and, it presently rayning, I was troubled for him, though it is good for the fyre. Anon to Sir W. Pen's to bed, and made my boy Tom to read me asleep.

10<sup>th</sup>

All the morning clearing our cellars, and breaking in pieces all my old lumber, to make room, and to prevent fire. And then to Sir W. Batten's, and dined; and there hear that Sir W. Rider says that the towne is full of the report of the wealth that is in his house, and would be glad that his friends would provide for the safety of their goods there. This made me get a cart; and thither, and there brought my money all away. Took a hackney-coach myself (the hackney-coaches now standing at Allgate). Much wealth indeed there is at his house. Blessed be God, I got all mine well thence, and lodged it in my office; but vexed to have all the world see it. And with Sir W. Batten, who would have taken away my hands before they were stowed. But by and by comes brother Balty from sea, which I was glad of; and so got him, and Mr. Tooker, and the boy, to watch with them all in the office all night, while I upon Jane's coming went down to my wife, calling at Deptford, intending to see Bagwell, but did not 'ouvrir la porte comme je' did expect. So down late to Woolwich, and there find my wife out of humour and indifferent, as she uses upon her having much liberty abroad.

11<sup>th</sup>

Lay there, and up betimes, and by water with my gold, and laid it with the rest in my office, where I find all well and safe. So with Sir W. Batten to the New Exchange by water and to my Lord Bruncker's house, where Sir W. Coventry and Sir G. Carteret met. Little business before us but want of money. Broke up, and I home by coach round the town. Dined at home, Balty and myself putting up my papers in m closet in the office. He away, I down to Deptford and there spoke with Bagwell and agreed upon to-morrow, and come home in the rain by water. In the evening at Sir W. Pen's; with my wife, at supper, he in a mad, ridiculous, drunken humour; and it seems there have been some late distances between his lady and him, as my [wife] tells me. After supper, I home, and with Mr. Hater, Gibson, and Tom alone, got all my chests and money into the further cellar with much pains, but great content to me when done. So very late and weary, to bed.

12<sup>th</sup>

Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to St. James's by water, and there did our usual business with the Duke of Yorke. Thence I to Westminster, and there, spoke with Michell and Howlett, who tell me how their poor young ones are going to Shadwell's. The latter told me of the unkindness of the young man to his wife, which is now over, and I have promised to appear a counsellor to him. I am glad she is like to be so near us again. Thence to Martin, and there did 'tout ce que je voudrais avec' her, and drank, and away by water home and to dinner, Batty and his wife there. After dinner I took him down with me to Deptford, and there by the Bezan loaded above half my goods and sent them away. So we back home, and then I found occasion to return in the dark and to Bagwell, and there . . . did do all that I desired, but though I did intend 'pour avoir demeurais con elle' to-day last night, yet when I had done 'ce que je voudrais I did hate both elle and la cose', and taking occasion from the occasion of 'su marido's return . . . did me lever', and so away home late to Sir W. Pen's (Batty and his wife lying at my house), and there in the same simple humour I found Sir W. Pen, and so late to bed.

13<sup>th</sup>

Up, and down to Tower Wharfe; and there, with Batty and labourers from Deptford, did get my goods housed well at home. So down to Deptford again to fetch the rest, and there eat a bit of dinner at the Globe, with the master of the Bezan with me, while the labourers went to dinner. Here I hear that this poor towne do bury still of the plague seven or eight in a day. So to Sir G. Carteret's to work, and there did to my content ship off into the Bezan all the rest of my goods, saving my pictures and fine things, that I will bring home in wherrys when the house is fit to receive them: and so home, and unload them by carts and hands before night, to my exceeding satisfaction: and so after supper to bed in my house, the first time I have lain there; and lay with my wife in my old closett upon the ground, and Batty and his wife in the best chamber, upon the ground also.

14<sup>th</sup>

Up, and to work, having carpenters come to helpe in setting up bedsteads and hangings; and at that trade my people and I all the morning, till pressed by publique business to leave them against my will in the afternoon: and yet I was troubled in being at home, to see all my goods lie up and down the house in a bad condition, and strange workmen going to and fro might take what they would almost. All the afternoon busy; and Sir W. Coventry come to me, and found me, as God would have it, in my office, and people about me setting my papers to rights; and there discoursed about getting an account ready against the Parliament, and thereby did create me infinite of business, and to be done on a sudden; which troubled me: but, however, he being gone, I about it late, and to good purpose. And so home, having this day also got my wine out of the ground again, and set in my cellar; but with great pain to keep the porters that carried it in from observing the money-chests

there. So to bed as last night, only my wife and I upon a bedstead with curtains in that which was Mercer's chamber, and Balty and his wife (who are here and do us good service), where we lay last night. This day, poor Tom Pepys, the turner, was with me, and Kate, Joyce, to bespeake places; one for himself, the other for her husband. She tells me he hath lost L140 per annum, but have seven houses left.

15<sup>th</sup>

All the morning at the office, Harman being come to my great satisfaction to put up my beds and hangings, so I am at rest, and followed my business all day. Dined with Sir W. Batten, mighty busy about this account, and while my people were busy, wrote near thirty letters and orders with my owne hand. At it till eleven at night; and it is strange to see how clear my head was, being eased of all the matter of all these letters; whereas one would think that I should have been dazed. I never did observe so much of myself in my life. In the evening there comes to me Captain Cocke, and walked a good while in the garden. He says he hath computed that the rents of houses lost by this fire in the City comes to L600,000 per annum; that this will make the Parliament, more quiet than otherwise they would have been, and give the, King a more ready supply; that the supply must be by excise, as it is in Holland; that the Parliament will see it necessary to carry on the warr; that the late storm hindered our beating the Dutch fleete, who were gone out only to satisfy the people, having no business to do but to avoid us; that the French, as late in the yeare as it is, are coming; that the Dutch are really in bad condition, but that this unhappinesse of ours do give them heart; that there was a late difference between my Lord Arlington and Sir W. Coventry about neglect in the last to send away an express of the other's in time; that it come before the King, and the Duke of Yorke concerned himself in it; but this fire hath stopped it. The Dutch fleete is not gone home, but rather to the North, and so dangerous to our Gottenburgh fleete. That the Parliament is likely to fall foul upon some persons; and, among others, on the Vice-chamberlaine, though we both believe with little ground. That certainly never so great a loss as this was borne so well by citizens in the world; he believing that not one merchant upon the 'Change will break upon it. That he do not apprehend there will be any disturbances in State upon it; for that all men are busy in looking after their owne business to save themselves. He gone, I to finish my letters, and home to bed; and find to my infinite joy many rooms clean; and myself and wife lie in our own chamber again. But much terrified in the nights now-a-days with dreams of fire, and falling down of houses.

16<sup>th</sup> (Lord's day)

Lay with much pleasure in bed talking with my wife about Mr. Hater's lying here and W. Hewer also, if Mrs. Mercer leaves her house. To the office, whither also all my people about this account, and there busy all the morning. At noon, with my wife, against her will, all undressed and dirty, dined at Sir W. Pen's, where was all the company of our families in towne; but, Lord! so sorry a dinner: venison

baked in pans, that the dinner I have had for his lady alone hath been worth four of it. Thence, after dinner, displeased with our entertainment, to my office again, and there till almost midnight and my people with me, and then home, my head mightily akeing about our accounts.

17<sup>th</sup>

Up betimes, and shaved myself after a week's growth, but, Lord! how ugly I was yesterday and how fine to-day! By water, seeing the City all the way, a sad sight indeed, much fire being still in. To Sir W. Coventry, and there read over my yesterday's work: being a collection of the particulars of the excess of charge created by a war, with good content. Sir W. Coventry was in great pain lest the French fleete should be passed by our fleete, who had notice of them on Saturday, and were preparing to go meet them; but their minds altered, and judged them merchantmen, when the same day the Success, Captain Ball, made their whole fleete, and come to Brighthelmstone, and thence at five o'clock afternoon, Saturday, wrote Sir W. Coventry newes thereof; so that we do much fear our missing them. Here come in and talked with him Sir Thomas Clifford, who appears a very fine gentleman, and much set by at Court for his activity in going to sea, and stoutness everywhere, and stirring up and down. Thence by coach over the ruines, down Fleete Streete and Cheapside to Broad Streete to Sir G. Carteret, where Sir W. Batten (and Sir J. Minnes, whom I had not seen a long time before, being his first coming abroad) and Lord Bruncker passing his accounts. Thence home a little to look after my people at work and back to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; and thence, after some discourse; with him upon our publique accounts, I back home, and all the day with Harman and his people finishing the hangings and beds in my house, and the hangings will be as good as ever, and particularly in my new closet. They gone and I weary, my wife and I, and Balty and his wife, who come hither to-day to helpe us, to a barrel of oysters I sent from the river today, and so to bed.

18<sup>th</sup>

Strange with what freedom and quantity I pissed this night, which I know not what to impute to but my oysters, unless the coldness of the night should cause it, for it was a sad rainy and tempestuous night. Soon as up I begun to have some pain in my bladder and belly, as usual, which made me go to dinner betimes, to fill my belly, and that did ease me, so as I did my business in the afternoon, in forwarding the settling of my house, very well. Betimes to bed, my wife also being all this day ill in the same manner. Troubled at my wife's haire coming off so much. This day the Parliament met, and adjourned till Friday, when the King will be with them.

19<sup>th</sup>

Up, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to St. James's, and there did our usual business before the Duke of Yorke; which signified little, our business being only complaints of lack of money. Here I saw a bastard of the late King of Sweden's

come to kiss his hands; a mighty modish French-like gentleman. Thence to White Hall, with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, to Wilkes's; and there did hear the many profane stories of Sir Henry Wood damning the parsons for so much spending the wine at the sacrament, cursing that ever they took the cup to themselves, and then another story that he valued not all the world's curses, for two pence he shall get at any time the prayers of some poor body that is worth a 1000 of all their curses; Lord Norwich drawing a tooth at a health. Another time, he and Pinchbacke and Dr. Goffe, now a religious man, Pinchbacke did begin a frolick to drink out of a glass with a toad in it that he had taken up going out to shit, he did it without harm. Goffe, who knew sacke would kill the toad, called for sacke; and when he saw it dead, says he, "I will have a quick toad, and will not drink from a dead toad." By that means, no other being to be found, he escaped the health. Thence home, and dined, and to Deptford and got all my pictures put into wherries, and my other fine things, and landed them all very well, and brought them home, and got Sympson to set them all up to-night; and he gone, I and the boy to finish and set up my books, and everything else in my house, till two o'clock; in the morning, and then to bed; but mightily troubled, and even in my sleep, at my missing four or five of my biggest books. Speed's Chronicle and Maps, and the two parts of Waggoner, and a book of cards, which I suppose I have put up with too much care, that I have forgot where they are; for sure they are not stole. Two little pictures of sea and ships and a little gilt frame belonging to my plate of the River, I want; but my books do heartily trouble me. Most of my gilt frames are hurt, which also troubles me, but most my books. This day I put on two shirts, the first time this year, and do grow well upon it; so that my disease is nothing but wind.

20<sup>th</sup>

Up, much troubled about my books, but cannot, imagine where they should be. Up, to the setting my closet to rights, and Sir W. Coventry takes me at it, which did not displease me. He and I to discourse about our accounts, and the bringing them to the Parliament, and with much content to see him rely so well on my part. He and I together to Broad Streete to the Vice-Chamberlain, and there discoursed a while and parted. My Lady Carteret come to town, but I did not see her. He tells me how the fleete is come into the Downes. Nothing done, nor French fleete seen: we drove all from our anchors. But he says newes is come that De Ruyter is dead, or very near it, of a hurt in his mouth, upon the discharge of one of his own guns; which put him into a fever, and he likely to die, if not already dead. We parted, and I home to dinner, and after dinner to the setting things in order, and all my people busy about the same work. In the afternoon, out by coach, my wife with me, which we have not done several weeks now, through all the ruines, to shew her them, which frets her much, and is a sad sight indeed. Set her down at her brother's, and thence I to Westminster Hall, and there staid a little while, and called her home. She did give me an account of great differences between her mother and Balty's wife. The old woman charges her with going abroad and staying out late, and painting in the

absence of her husband, and I know not what; and they grow proud, both he and she, and do not help their father and mother out of what I help them to, which I do not like, nor my wife. So home, and to the office, to even my journall, and then home, and very late up with Jane setting my books in perfect order in my closet, but am mightily troubled for my great books that I miss, and I am troubled the more for fear there should be more missing than what I find, though by the room they take on the shelves I do not find any reason to think it. So to bed.

21<sup>st</sup>

Up, and mightily pleased with the setting of my books the last night in order, and that which did please me most of all is that W. Hewer tells me that upon enquiry he do find that Sir W. Pen hath a hamper more than his own, which he took for a hamper of bottles of wine, and are books in it. I was impatient to see it, but they were carried into a wine-cellar, and the boy is abroad with him at the House, where the Parliament met to-day, and the King to be with them. At noon after dinner I sent for Harry, and he tells me it is so, and brought me by and by my hamper of books to my great joy, with the same books I missed, and three more great ones, and no more. I did give him 5s. for his pains, And so home with great joy, and to the setting of some off them right, but could not finish it, but away by coach to the other end of the town, leaving my wife at the 'Change, but neither come time enough to the Council to speak with the Duke of Yorke, nor with Sir G. Carteret, and so called my wife, and paid for some things she bought, and so home, and there after a little doing at the office about our accounts, which now draw near the time they should be ready, the House having ordered Sir G. Carteret, upon his offering them, to bring them in on Saturday next, I home, and there, with great pleasure, very late new setting all my books; and now I am in as good condition as I desire to be in all worldly respects. The Lord of Heaven make me thankfull, and continue me therein! So to bed. This day I had new stairs of main timber put t my cellar going into the yard.

22<sup>nd</sup>

To my closet, and had it new washed, and now my house is so clean as I never saw it, or any other house in my life, and every thing in as good condition as ever before the fire; but with, I believe, about L20 cost one way or other besides about L20 charge in removing my goods, and do not find that I have lost any thing but two little pictures of ship and sea, and a little gold frame for one of my sea-cards. My glazier, indeed, is so full of worke that I cannot get him to come to perfect my house. To the office, and there busy now for good and all about my accounts. My Lord Brunck come thither, thinking to find an office, but we have not yet met. He do now give me a watch, a plain one, in the roome of my former watch with many motions which I did give him. If it goes well, I care not for the difference in worth, though believe there is above L5. He and I to Sir G. Carteret to discourse about his account, but Mr. Waith not being there nothing could be done, and therefore

I home again, and busy all day. In the afternoon comes Anthony Joyce to see me, and with tears told me his losse, but yet that he had something left that he can live well upon, and I doubt it not. But he would buy some place that he could have and yet keepe his trade where he is settled in St. Jones's. He gone, I to the office again, and then to Sir G. Carteret, and there found Mr. Wayth, but, Lord! how fretfully Sir G. Carteret do discourse with Mr. Wayth about his accounts, like a man that understands them not one word. I held my tongue and let him go on like a passionate foole. In the afternoon I paid for the two lighters that carried my goods to Deptford, and they cost me L8. Till past midnight at our accounts, and have brought them to a good issue, so as to be ready to meet Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry to-morrow, but must work to-morrow, which Mr. T. Hater had no mind to, it being the Lord's day, but, being told the necessity, submitted, poor man! This night writ for brother John to come to towne. Among other reasons, my estate lying in money, I am afeard of any sudden miscarriage. So to bed mightily contented in dispatching so much business, and find my house in the best condition that ever I knew it. Home to bed.

23<sup>rd</sup> (Lord's day)

Up, and after being trimmed, all the morning at the office with my people about me till about one o'clock, and then home, and my people with me, and Mr. Wayth and I eat a bit of victuals in my old closet, now my little dining-room, which makes a pretty room, and my house being so clean makes me mightily pleased, but only I do lacke Mercer or somebody in the house to sing with. Soon as eat a bit Mr. Wayth and I by water to White Hall, and there at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings Sir W. Coventry met, and we did debate the whole business of our accounts to the Parliament; where it appears to us that the charge of the war from September 1st, 1664, to this Michaelmas, will have been but L3,200,000, and we have paid in that time somewhat about L2,200,000; so that we owe above L900,000: but our method of accounting, though it cannot, I believe, be far wide from the mark, yet will not abide a strict examination if the Parliament should be troublesome. Here happened a pretty question of Sir W. Coventry, whether this account of ours will not put my Lord Treasurer to a difficulty to tell what is become of all the money the Parliament have 'give' in this time for the war, which hath amounted to about L4,000,000, which nobody there could answer; but I perceive they did doubt what his answer could be. Having done, and taken from Sir W. Coventry the minutes of a letter to my Lord Treasurer, Wayth and I back again to the office, and thence back down to the water with my wife and landed him in Southwarke, and my wife and I for pleasure to Fox-hall, and there eat and drank, and so back home, and I to the office till midnight drawing the letter we are to send with our accounts to my Lord Treasurer, and that being done to my mind, I home to bed.

24<sup>th</sup>

Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to St. James's, and there with Sir W. Coventry read and all approved of my letter, and then home, and after dinner, Mr.

Hater and Gibson dining with me, to the office, and there very late new moulding my accounts and writing fair my letter, which I did against the evening, and then by coach left my wife at her brother's, and I to St. James's, and up and down to look [for] Sir W. Coventry; and at last found him and Sir G. Carteret with the Lord Treasurer at White Hall, consulting how to make up my Lord Treasurer's general account, as well as that of the Navy particularly. Here brought the letter, but found that Sir G. Carteret had altered his account since he did give me the abstract of it: so all my letter must be writ over again, to put in his last abstract. So to Sir G. Carteret's lodgings, to speak a little about the alteration; and there looking over the book that Sir G. Carteret intends to deliver to the Parliament of his payments since September 1st, 1664, and there I find my name the very second for flags, which I had bought for the Navy, of calico; once, about 500 and odd pounds, which vexed me mightily. At last, I concluded of scraping out my name and putting in Mr. Tooker's, which eased me; though the price was such as I should have had glory by. Here I saw my Lady Carteret lately come to towne, who, good lady! is mighty kind, and I must make much of her, for she is a most excellent woman. So took up my wife and away home, and there to bed, and

25<sup>th</sup>

Up betimes, with all my people to get the letter writ over, and other things done, which I did, and by coach to Lord Bruncker's, and got his hand to it; and then to the Parliament House and got it signed by the rest, and then delivered it at the House-door to Sir Philip Warwicke; Sir G. Carteret being gone into the House with his book of accounts under his arme, to present to the House. I had brought my wife to White Hall, and leaving her with Mrs. Michell, where she sat in her shop and had burnt wine sent for her, I walked in the Hall, and among others with Ned Picketing, who continues still a lying, bragging coxcombe, telling me that my Lord Sandwich may thank himself for all his misfortune; for not suffering him and two or three good honest fellows more to take them by the throats that spoke ill of him, and told me how basely Lionell Walden hath carried himself towards my Lord; by speaking slightly of him, which I shall remember. Thence took my wife home to dinner, and then to the office, where Mr. Hater all the day putting in order and entering in a book all the measures that this account of the Navy hath been made up by, and late at night to Mrs. Turner's, where she had got my wife and Lady Pen and Pegg, and supped, and after, supper and the rest of the company by design gone, Mrs. Turner and her husband did lay their case to me about their lodgings, Sir J. Minnes being now gone wholly to his owne, and now, they being empty, they doubt Sir T. Harvy or Lord Bruncker may look after the lodgings. I did give them the best advice, poor people, that I could, and would do them any kindnesse, though it is strange that now they should have ne'er a friend of Sir W. Batten or Sir W. Pen to trust to but me, that they have disoblged. So home to bed, and all night still mightily troubled in my sleepe, with fire and houses pulling down.



26<sup>th</sup>

Up, and with Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, where every body going to the House, I away by coach to White Hall, and after a few turns, and hearing that our accounts come into the House but to-day, being hindered yesterday by other business, I away by coach home, taking up my wife and calling at Bennet's, our late mercer, who is come into Covent Garden to a fine house looking down upon the Exchange; and I perceive many Londoners every day come; and Mr. Pierce hath let his wife's closett, and the little blind bed chamber, and a garret to a silke man for L50 fine, and L30 per annum, and L40 per annum more for dieting the master and two prentices. So home, not agreeing for silk for a petticoat for her which she desired, but home to dinner and then back to White Hall, leaving my wife by the way to buy her petticoat of Bennet, and I to White Hall waiting all day on the Duke of Yorke to move the King for getting Lanyon some money at Plymouth out of some oyle prizes brought in thither, but could get nothing done, but here Mr. Dugdale I hear the great loss of books in St. Paul's Church-yannde, and at their Hall also, which they value about L150,000; some booksellers being wholly undone, among others, they say, my poor Kirton. And Mr. Crumlu all his books and household stuff burned; they trusting St. Fayth's, and the roof of the church falling, broke the arch down into the lower church, and so all the goods burned. A very great loss. His father hath lost above L1000 in books; one book newly printed, a Discourse, it seems, of Courts. Here I had the hap to see my Lady Denham: and at night went into the dining-room and saw several fine ladies; among others, Castlemayne, but chiefly Denham again; and the Duke of Yorke taking her aside and talking to her in the sight of all the world, all alone; which was strange, and what also I did not like. Here I met with good Mr. Evelyn, who cries out against it, and calls it bitchering,—[This word was apparently of Evelyn's own making.]—for the Duke of Yorke talks a little to her, and then she goes away, and then he follows her again like a dog. He observes that none of the nobility come out of the country at all to help the King, or comfort him, or prevent commotions at this fire; but do as if the King were nobody; nor ne'er a priest comes to give the King and Court good council, or to comfort the poor people that suffer; but all is dead, nothing of good in any of their minds: he bemoans it, and says he fears more ruin hangs over our heads. Thence away by coach, and called away my wife at Unthanke's, where she tells me she hath bought a gowne of 15s. per yard; the same, before her face, my Lady Castlemayne this day bought also, which I seemed vexed for, though I do not grudge it her, but to incline her to have Mercer again, which I believe I shall do, but the girle, I hear, has no mind to come to us again, which vexes me. Being come home, I to Sir W. Batten, and there hear our business was tendered to the House to-day, and a Committee of the whole House chosen to examine our accounts, and a great many Hotspurs enquiring into it, and likely to give us much trouble and blame, and perhaps (which I am afeard of) will find faults enow to demand better officers. This I truly fear. Away with Sir W. Pen, who was there, and he and I walked in the garden by moonlight, and he proposes his and my looking out into Scotland

about timber, and to use Pett there; for timber will be a good commodity this time of building the City; and I like the motion, and doubt not that we may do good in it. We did also discourse about our Privateer, and hope well of that also, without much hazard, as, if God blesses us, I hope we shall do pretty well toward getting a penny. I was mightily pleased with our discourse, and so parted, and to the office to finish my journall for three or four days, and so home to supper, and to bed. Our fleete abroad, and the Dutch too, for all we know; the weather very bad; and under the command of an unlucky man, I fear. God bless him, and the fleete under him!

27<sup>th</sup>

A very furious blowing night all the night; and my mind still mightily perplexed with dreams, and burning the rest of the town, and waking in much pain for the fleete. Up, and with my wife by coach as far as the Temple, and there she to the mercer's again, and I to look out Penny, my tailor, to speak for a cloak and cassock for my brother, who is coming to town; and I will have him in a canonical dress, that he may be the fitter to go abroad with me. I then to the Exchequer, and there, among other things, spoke to Mr. Falconbridge about his girle I heard sing at Nonsuch, and took him and some other 'Chequer men to the Sun Taverne, and there spent 2s. 6d. upon them, and he sent for the girle, and she hath a pretty way of singing, but hath almost forgot for want of practice. She is poor in clothes, and not bred to any carriage, but will be soon taught all, and if Mercer do not come again, I think we may have her upon better terms, and breed her to what we please. Thence to Sir W. Coventry's, and there dined with him and Sir W. Batten, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and Mr. Thin, a pretty gentleman, going to Gottenburgh. Having dined, Sir W. Coventry, Sir W. Batten, and I walked into his closet to consider of some things more to be done in a list to be given to the Parliament of all our ships, and time of entry and discharge. Sir W. Coventry seems to think they will soon be weary of the business, and fall quietly into the giving the King what is fit. This he hopes. Thence I by coach home to the office, and there intending a meeting, but nobody being there but myself and Sir J. Minnes, who is worse than nothing, I did not answer any body, but kept to my business in the office till night, and then Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to me, and thence to Sir W. Batten's, and eat a barrel of oysters I did give them, and so home, and to bed. I have this evening discoursed with W. Hewer about Mercer, I having a mind to have her again; and I am vexed to hear him say that she hath no mind to come again, though her mother hath. No newes of the fleete yet, but that they went by Dover on the 25th towards the Gunfleete, but whether the Dutch be yet abroad, or no, we hear not. De Ruyter is not dead, but like to do well. Most think that the gross of the French fleete are gone home again.

28<sup>th</sup>

Lay long in bed, and am come to agreement with my wife to have Mercer again, on condition she may learn this winter two months to dance, and she promises me she will endeavour to learn to sing, and all this I am willing enough to. So up, and

by and by the glazier comes to finish the windows of my house, which pleases me, and the bookbinder to gild the backs of my books. I got the glass of my book-presses to be done presently, which did mightily content me, and to setting my study in a little better order; and so to my, office to my people, busy about our Parliament accounts; and so to dinner, and then at them again close. At night comes Sir W. Pen, and he and I a turn in the garden, and he broke to me a proposition of his and my joining in a design of fetching timber and deals from Scotland, by the help of Mr. Pett upon the place; which, while London is building, will yield good money. I approve it. We judged a third man, that is knowing, is necessary, and concluded on Sir W. Warren, and sent for him to come to us to-morrow morning. I full of this all night, and the project of our man of war; but he and, I both dissatisfied with Sir W. Batten's proposing his son to be Lieutenant, which we, neither of us, like. He gone, I discoursed with W. Hewer about Mercer, having a great mind she should come to us again, and instructed him what to say to her mother about it. And so home, to supper, and to bed.

29<sup>th</sup>

A little meeting at the office by Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, and myself, being the first since the fire. We rose soon, and comes Sir W. Warren, by our desire, and with Sir W. Pen and I talked of our Scotch motion, which Sir W. Warren did seem to be stumbled at, and did give no ready answer, but proposed some thing previous to it, which he knows would find us work, or writing to Mr. Pett to be informed how matters go there as to cost and ways of providing sawyers or saw-mills. We were parted without coming to any good resolution in it, I discerning plainly that Sir W. Warren had no mind to it, but that he was surprised at our motion. He gone, I to some office business, and then home to dinner, and then to office again, and then got done by night the lists that are to be presented to the Parliament Committee of the ships, number of men, and time employed since the war, and then I with it (leaving my wife at Unthanke's) to St. James's, where Sir W. Coventry staid for me, and I perused our lists, and find to our great joy that wages, victuals, wear and tear, cast by the medium of the men, will come to above 3,000,000; and that the extraordinaries, which all the world will allow us, will arise to more than will justify the expence we have declared to have been at since the war, viz., L320,000, he and I being both mightily satisfied, he saying to me, that if God send us over this rub we must take another course for a better Comptroller. So parted, and I to my wife [at Unthanke's], who staid for the finishing her new best gowne (the best that ever I made her coloured tabby, flowered, and so took it and her home; and then I to my people, and having cut them out a little more work than they expected, viz., the writing over the lists in new method, I home to bed, being in good humour, and glad of the end we have brought this matter to.

30<sup>th</sup> (Lord's day)

Up, and to church, where I have not been a good while: and there the church infinitely thronged with strangers since the fire come into our parish; but not one

handsome face in all of them, as if, indeed, there was a curse, as Bishop Fuller heretofore said, upon our parish. Here I saw Mercer come into the church, which I had a mind to, but she avoided looking up, which vexed me. A pretty good sermon, and then home, and comes Balty and dined with us. A good dinner; and then to have my haire cut against winter close to my head, and then to church again. A sorry sermon, and away home. [Sir] W. Pen and I to walk to talk about several businesses, and then home; and my wife and I to read in Fuller's Church History, and so to supper and to bed. This month ends with my mind full of business and concernment how this office will speed with the Parliament, which begins to be mighty severe in the examining our accounts, and the expence of the Navy this war.

Oct 1668

November 1<sup>st</sup> (Lord's day)

Up, and with W. Hewer at my chamber all this morning, going further in my great business for the Duke of York, and so at noon to dinner, and then W. Hewer to write fair what he had writ, and my wife to read to me all the afternoon, till anon Mr. Gibson come, and he and I to perfect it to my full mind, and so to supper and to bed, my mind yet at disquiet that I cannot be informed how poor Deb. stands with her mistress, but I fear she will put her away, and the truth is, though it be much against my mind and to my trouble, yet I think that it will be fit that she should be gone, for my wife's peace and mine, for she cannot but be offended at the sight of her, my wife having conceived this jealousy of me with reason, and therefore for that, and other reasons of expense, it will be best for me to let her go, but I shall love and pity her. This noon Mr. Povy sent his coach for my wife and I to see, which we like mightily, and will endeavour to have him get us just such another.

2<sup>nd</sup>

Up, and a cold morning, by water through bridge without a cloak, and there to Mr. Wren at his chamber at White Hall, the first time of his coming thither this year, the Duchess coming thither tonight, and there he and I did read over my paper that I have with so much labour drawn up about the several answers of the officers of this Office to the Duke of York's reflections, and did debate a little what advice to give the Duke of York when he comes to town upon it. Here come in Lord Anglesy, and I perceive he makes nothing of this order for his suspension, resolving to contend and to bring it to the Council on Wednesday when the King is come to town to-morrow, and Mr. Wren do join with him mightily in it, and do look upon the Duke of York as concerned more in it than he. So to visit Creed at his chamber, but his wife not come thither yet, nor do he tell me where she is, though she be in town, at Stepney, at Atkins's. So to Mr. Povy's to talk about a coach, but there I find my Lord Sandwich, and Peterborough, and Hinchingbroke, Charles Harbord, and Sidney Montagu; and there I was stopped, and dined mighty nobly at a good table, with one little dish at a time upon it, but mighty merry. I was glad to see it: but sorry, methought, to see my Lord have so little reason to be merry,

and yet glad, for his sake, to have him cheerful. After dinner up, and looked up and down the house, and so to the cellar; and thence I slipt away, without taking leave, and so to a few places about business, and among others to my bookseller's in Duck Lane, and so home, where the house still full of dirt by painters and others, and will not be clean a good while. So to read and talk with my wife till by and by called to the office about Sir W. Warren's business, where we met a little, and then home to supper and to bed. This day I went, by Mr. Povy's direction, to a coachmaker near him, for a coach just like his, but it was sold this very morning.

3<sup>rd</sup>

Up, and all the morning at the Office. At noon to dinner, and then to the Office, and there busy till 12 at night, without much pain to my eyes, but I did not use them to read or write, and so did hold out very well. So home, and there to supper, and I observed my wife to eye my eyes whether I did ever look upon Deb., which I could not but do now and then (and to my grief did see the poor wretch look on me and see me look on her, and then let drop a tear or two, which do make my heart relent at this minute that I am writing this with great trouble of mind, for she is indeed my sacrifice, poor girle); and my wife did tell me in bed by the by of my looking on other people, and that the only way is to put things out of sight, and this I know she means by Deb., for she tells me that her Aunt was here on Monday, and she did tell her of her desire of parting with Deb., but in such kind terms on both sides that my wife is mightily taken with her. I see it will be, and it is but necessary, and therefore, though it cannot but grieve me, yet I must bring my mind to give way to it. We had a great deal of do this day at the Office about Clutterbucke,—I declaring my dissent against the whole Board's proceedings, and I believe I shall go near to shew W. Pen a very knave in it, whatever I find my Lord Brouncker.

4<sup>th</sup>

Up, and by coach to White Hall; and there I find the King and Duke of York come the last night, and every body's mouth full of my Lord Anglesey's suspension being sealed; which it was, it seems, yesterday; so that he is prevented in his remedy at the Council; and, it seems, the two new Treasurers did kiss the King's hand this morning, brought in by my Lord Arlington. They walked up and down together the Court this day, and several people joyed them; but I avoided it, that I might not be seen to look either way. This day also I hear that my Lord Ormond is to be declared in Council no more Deputy Governor of Ireland, his commission being expired: and the King is prevailed with to take it out of his hands; which people do mightily admire, saying that he is the greatest subject of any prince in Christendome, and hath more acres of land than any, and hath done more for his Prince than ever any yet did. But all will not do; he must down, it seems, the Duke of Buckingham carrying all before him. But that, that troubles me most is, that they begin to talk that the Duke of York's regiment is ordered to be disbanded; and more, that undoubtedly his Admiralty will follow: which do shake me mightily,

and I fear will have ill consequences in the nation, for these counsels are very mad. The Duke of York do, by all men's report, carry himself wonderfull submissive to the King, in the most humble manner in the world; but yet, it seems, nothing must be spared that tends to, the keeping out of the Chancellor; and that is the reason of all this. The great discourse now is, that the Parliament shall be dissolved and another called, which shall give the King the Deane and Chapter lands; and that will put him out of debt. And it is said that Buckingham do knownly meet daily with Wildman and other Commonwealth-men; and that when he is with them, he makes the King believe that he is with his wenches; and something looks like the Parliament's being dissolved, by Harry Brouncker's being now come back, and appears this day the first day at White Hall; but hath not been yet with the King, but is secure that he shall be well received, I hear. God bless us, when such men as he shall be restored! But that, that pleases me most is, that several do tell me that Pen is to be removed; and others, that he hath resigned his place; and particularly Spragg tells me for certain that he hath resigned it, and is become a partner with Gawden in the Victualling: in which I think he hath done a very cunning thing; but I am sure I am glad of it; and it will be well for the King to have him out of this Office. Thence by coach, doing several errands, home and there to dinner, and then to the Office, where all the afternoon till late at night, and so home. Deb. hath been abroad to-day with her friends, poor girle, I believe toward the getting of a place. This day a boy is sent me out of the country from Impington by my cozen Roger Pepys' getting, whom I visited this morning at his chamber in the Strand and carried him to Westminster Hall, where I took a turn or two with him and Sir John Talbot, who talks mighty high for my Lord of Ormond: and I perceive this family of the Talbots hath been raised by my Lord. When I come home to-night I find Deb. not come home, and do doubt whether she be not quite gone or no, but my wife is silent to me in it, and I to her, but fell to other discourse, and indeed am well satisfied that my house will never be at peace between my wife and I unless I let her go, though it grieves me to the heart. My wife and I spent much time this evening talking of our being put out of the Office, and my going to live at Deptford at her brother's, till I can clear my accounts, and rid my hands of the town, which will take me a year or more, and I do think it will be best for me to do so, in order to our living cheap, and out of sight.

5<sup>th</sup>

Up, and Willet come home in the morning, and, God forgive me! I could not conceal my content thereat by smiling, and my wife observed it, but I said nothing, nor she, but away to the office. Presently up by water to White Hall, and there all of us to wait on the Duke of York, which we did, having little to do, and then I up and down the house, till by and by the Duke of York, who had bid me stay, did come to his closet again, and there did call in me and Mr. Wren; and there my paper, that I have lately taken pains to draw up, was read, and the Duke of York pleased therewith; and we did all along conclude upon answers to my mind for the Board,

and that that, if put in execution, will do the King's business. But I do now more and more perceive the Duke of York's trouble, and that he do lie under great weight of mind from the Duke of Buckingham's carrying things against him; and particularly when I advised that he would use his interest that a seaman might come into the room of W. Pen, who is now declared to be gone from us to that of the Victualling, and did shew how the Office would now be left without one seaman in it, but the Surveyour and the Controller, who is so old as to be able to do nothing, he told me plainly that I knew his mind well enough as to seamen, but that it must be as others will. And Wren did tell it me as a secret, that when the Duke of York did first tell the King about Sir W. Pen's leaving of the place, and that when the Duke of York did move the King that either Captain Cox or Sir Jer. Smith might succeed him, the King did tell him that that was a matter fit to be considered of, and would not agree to either presently; and so the Duke of York could not prevail for either, nor knows who it shall be. The Duke of York did tell me himself, that if he had not carried it privately when first he mentioned Pen's leaving his place to the King, it had not been done; for the Duke of Buckingham and those of his party do cry out upon it, as a strange thing to trust such a thing into the hands of one that stands accused in Parliament: and that they have so far prevailed upon the King that he would not have him named in Council, but only take his name to the Board; but I think he said that only D. Gawden's name shall go in the patent; at least, at the time when Sir Richard Browne asked the King the names of D. Gawden's security, the King told him it was not yet necessary for him to declare them. And by and by, when the Duke of York and we had done, and Wren brought into the closet Captain Cox and James Temple About business of the Guiney Company, and talking something of the Duke of Buckingham's concernment therein, and says the Duke of York, "I will give the Devil his due, as they say the Duke of Buckingham hath paid in his money to the Company," or something of that kind, wherein he would do right to him. The Duke of York told me how these people do begin to cast dirt upon the business that passed the Council lately, touching Supernumeraries, as passed by virtue of his authority there, there being not liberty for any man to withstand what the Duke of York advises there; which, he told me, they bring only as an argument to insinuate the putting of the Admiralty into Commission, which by all men's discourse is now designed, and I perceive the same by him. This being done, and going from him, I up and down the house to hear news: and there every body's mouth full of changes; and, among others, the Duke of York's regiment of Guards, that was raised during the late war at sea, is to be disbanded: and also, that this day the King do intend to declare that the Duke of Ormond is no more Deputy of Ireland, but that he will put it into Commission. This day our new Treasurers did kiss the King's hand, who complimented them, as they say, very highly, that he had for a long time been abused in his Treasurer, and that he was now safe in their hands. I saw them walk up and down the Court together all this morning; the first time I ever saw Osborne, who is a comely gentleman. This day I was told that my Lord Anglesey did deliver a petition on Wednesday in Council to the King, laying open, that whereas he had

heard that his Majesty had made such a disposal of his place, which he had formerly granted him for life upon a valuable consideration, and that, without any thing laid to his charge, and during a Parliament's sessions, he prayed that his Majesty would be pleased to let his case be heard before the Council and the judges of the land, who were his proper counsel in all matters of right: to which, I am told, the King, after my Lord's being withdrawn, concluded upon his giving him an answer some few days hence; and so he was called in, and told so, and so it ended. Having heard all this I took coach and to Mr. Povy's, where I hear he is gone to the Swedes Resident in Covent Garden, where he is to dine. I went thither, but he is not come yet, so I to White Hall to look for him, and up and down walking there I met with Sir Robert Holmes, who asking news I told him of Sir W. Pen's going from us, who ketched at it so as that my heart misgives me that he will have a mind to it, which made me heartily sorry for my words, but he invited me and would have me go to dine with him at the Treasurer's, Sir Thomas Clifford, where I did go and eat some oysters; which while we were at, in comes my Lord Keeper and much company; and so I thought it best to withdraw. And so away, and to the Swedes Agent's, and there met Mr. Povy; where the Agent would have me stay and dine, there being only them, and Joseph Williamson, and Sir Thomas Clayton; but what he is I know not. Here much extraordinary noble discourse of foreign princes, and particularly the greatness of the King of France, and of his being fallen into the right way of making the kingdom great, which [none] of his ancestors ever did before. I was mightily pleased with this company and their discourse, so as to have been seldom so much in all my life, and so after dinner up into his upper room, and there did see a piece of perspective, but much inferior to Mr. Povy's. Thence with Mr. Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coachmakers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariott, whose body was framed, but not covered, at the widow's, that made Mr. Lowther's fine coach; and we are mightily pleased with it, it being light, and will be very genteel and sober: to be covered with leather, and yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to White Hall; and so by coach home, where give my wife a good account of my day's work, and so to the office, and there late, and so to bed.

6<sup>th</sup>

Up, and presently my wife up with me, which she professedly now do every day to dress me, that I may not see Willet, and do eye me, whether I cast my eye upon her, or no; and do keep me from going into the room where she is among the upholsters at work in our blue chamber. So abroad to White Hall by water, and so on for all this day as I have by mistake set down in the fifth day after this mark. In the room of which I should have said that I was at the office all the morning, and so to dinner, my wife with me, but so as I durst not look upon the girle, though, God knows, notwithstanding all my protestations I could not keep my mind from desiring it. After dinner to the office again, and there did some business, and then by coach to see Roger Pepys at his lodgings, next door to Arundell House, a



barber's; and there I did see a book, which my Lord Sandwich hath promised one to me of, "A Description of the Escuriall in Spain;" which I have a great desire to have, though I took it for a finer book when he promised it me. With him to see my cozen Turner and The., and there sat and talked, they being newly come out of the country; and here pretty merry, and with The. to shew her a coach at Mr. Povy's man's, she being in want of one, and so back again with her, and then home by coach, with my mind troubled and finding no content, my wife being still troubled, nor can be at peace while the girle is there, which I am troubled at on the other side. We past the evening together, and then to bed and slept ill, she being troubled and troubling me in the night with talk and complaints upon the old business. This is the day's work of the 5th, though it stands under the 6th, my mind being now so troubled that it is no wonder that I fall into this mistake more than ever I did in my life before.

7<sup>th</sup>

Up, and at the office all the morning, and so to it again after dinner, and there busy late, choosing to employ myself rather than go home to trouble with my wife, whom, however, I am forced to comply with, and indeed I do pity her as having cause enough for her grief. So to bed, and there slept ill because of my wife. This afternoon I did go out towards Sir D. Gawden's, thinking to have bespoke a place for my coach and horses, when I have them, at the Victualling Office; but find the way so bad and long that I returned, and looked up and down for places elsewhere, in an inne, which I hope to get with more convenience than there.

8<sup>th</sup> (Lord's day)

Up, and at my chamber all the morning, setting papers to rights, with my boy; and so to dinner at noon. The girle with us, but my wife troubled thereat to see her, and do tell me so, which troubles me, for I love the girle. At my chamber again to work all the afternoon till night, when Pelling comes, who wonders to find my wife so dull and melancholy, but God knows she hath too much cause. However, as pleasant as we can, we supped together, and so made the boy read to me, the poor girle not appearing at supper, but hid herself in her chamber. So that I could wish in that respect that she was out of the house, for our peace is broke to all of us while she is here, and so to bed, where my wife mighty unquiet all night, so as my bed is become burdensome to me.

9<sup>th</sup>

Up, and I did by a little note which I flung to Deb. advise her that I did continue to deny that ever I kissed her, and so she might govern herself. The truth is that I did adventure upon God's pardoning me this lie, knowing how heavy a thing it would be for me to the ruin of the poor girle, and next knowing that if my wife should know all it were impossible ever for her to be at peace with me again, and so our whole lives would be uncomfortable. The girl read, and as I bid her returned

me the note, flinging it to me in passing by. And so I abroad by [coach] to White Hall, and there to the Duke of York to wait on him, who told me that Sir W. Pen had been with him this morning, to ask whether it would be fit for him to sit at the Office now, because of his resolution to be gone, and to become concerned in the Victualling. The Duke of York answered, "Yes, till his contract was signed:" Thence I to Lord Sandwich's, and there to see him; but was made to stay so long, as his best friends are, and when I come to him so little pleasure, his head being full of his own business, I think, that I have no pleasure [to] go to him. Thence to White Hall with him, to the Committee of Tangier; a day appointed for him to give an account of Tangier, and what he did, and found there, which, though he had admirable matter for it, and his doings there were good, and would have afforded a noble account, yet he did it with a mind so low and mean, and delivered in so poor a manner, that it appeared nothing at all, nor any body seemed to value it; whereas, he might have shewn himself to have merited extraordinary thanks, and been held to have done a very great service: whereas now, all that cost the King hath been at for his journey through Spain thither, seems to be almost lost. After we were up, Creed and I walked together, and did talk a good while of the weak report my Lord made, and were troubled for it; I fearing that either his mind and judgment are depressed, or that he do it out of his great neglect, and so my fear that he do all the rest of his affairs accordingly. So I staid about the Court a little while, and then to look for a dinner, and had it at Hercules-Pillars, very late, all alone, costing me 10d. And so to the Excise Office, thinking to meet Sir Stephen Fox and the Cofferer, but the former was gone, and the latter I met going out, but nothing done, and so I to my bookseller's, and also to Crow's, and there saw a piece of my bed, and I find it will please us mightily. So home, and there find my wife troubled, and I sat with her talking, and so to bed, and there very unquiet all night.

10<sup>th</sup>

Up, and my wife still every day as ill as she is all night, will rise to see me out doors, telling me plainly that she dares not let me see the girle, and so I out to the office, where all the morning, and so home to dinner, where I found my wife mightily troubled again, more than ever, and she tells me that it is from her examining the girle and getting a confession now from her of all . . . which do mightily trouble me, as not being able to foresee the consequences of it, as to our future peace together. So my wife would not go down to dinner, but I would dine in her chamber with her, and there after mollifying her as much as I could we were pretty quiet and eat, and by and by comes Mr. Hollier, and dines there by himself after we had dined, and he being gone, we to talk again, and she to be troubled, reproaching me with my unkindness and perjury, I having denied my ever kissing her. As also with all her old kindnesses to me, and my ill-using of her from the beginning, and the many temptations she hath refused out of faithfulness to me, whereof several she was particular in, and especially from my Lord Sandwich, by the sollicitation of Captain Ferrers, and then afterward the courtship of my Lord

Hinchingbrooke, even to the trouble of his lady. All which I did acknowledge and was troubled for, and wept, and at last pretty good friends again, and so I to my office, and there late, and so home to supper with her, and so to bed, where after half-an-hour's slumber she wakes me and cries out that she should never sleep more, and so kept raving till past midnight, that made me cry and weep heartily all the while for her, and troubled for what she reproached me with as before, and at last with new vows, and particularly that I would myself bid the girle be gone, and shew my dislike to her, which I will endeavour to perform, but with much trouble, and so this appeasing her, we to sleep as well as we could till morning.

11<sup>th</sup>

Up, and my wife with me as before, and so to the Office, where, by a speciall desire, the new Treasurers come, and there did shew their Patent, and the Great Seal for the suspension of my Lord Anglesey: and here did sit and discourse of the business of the Office: and brought Mr. Hutchinson with them, who, I hear, is to be their Paymaster, in the room of Mr. Waith. For it seems they do turn out every servant that belongs to the present Treasurer: and so for Fenn, do bring in Mr. Littleton, Sir Thomas's brother, and oust all the rest. But Mr. Hutchinson do already see that his work now will be another kind of thing than before, as to the trouble of it. They gone, and, indeed, they appear, both of them, very intelligent men, I home to dinner, and there with my people dined, and so to my wife, who would not dine with [me] that she might not have the girle come in sight, and there sat and talked a while with her and pretty quiet, I giving no occasion of offence, and so to the office [and then by coach to my cozen Roger Pepys, who did, at my last being with him this day se'nnight, move me as to the supplying him with L500 this term, and L500 the next, for two years, upon a mortgage, he having that sum to pay, a debt left him by his father, which I did agree to, trusting to his honesty and ability, and am resolved to do it for him, that I may not have all I have lie in the King's hands. Having promised him this I returned home again, where to the office], and there having done, I home and to supper and to bed, where, after lying a little while, my wife starts up, and with expressions of affright and madness, as one frantick, would rise, and I would not let her, but burst out in tears myself, and so continued almost half the night, the moon shining so that it was light, and after much sorrow and reproaches and little ravings (though I am apt to think they were counterfeit from her), and my promise again to discharge the girle myself, all was quiet again, and so to sleep.

12<sup>th</sup>

Up, and she with me as heretofore, and so I to the Office, where all the morning, and at noon to dinner, and Mr. Wayth, who, being at my office about business, I took him with me to talk and understand his matters, who is in mighty trouble from the Committee of Accounts about his contracting with this Office for sayle-cloth, but no hurt can be laid at his door in it, but upon us for doing it, if any,

though we did it by the Duke of York's approval, and by him I understand that the new Treasurers do intend to bring in all new Instruments, and so having dined we parted, and I to my wife and to sit with her a little, and then called her and Willet to my chamber, and there did, with tears in my eyes, which I could not help, discharge her and advise her to be gone as soon as she could, and never to see me, or let me see her more while she was in the house, which she took with tears too, but I believe understands me to be her friend, and I am apt to believe by what my wife hath of late told me is a cunning girle, if not a slut. Thence, parting kindly with my wife, I away by coach to my cozen Roger, according as by mistake (which the trouble of my mind for some days has occasioned, in this and another case a day or two before) is set down in yesterday's notes, and so back again, and with Mr. Gibson late at my chamber making an end of my draught of a letter for the Duke of York, in answer to the answers of this Office, which I have now done to my mind, so as, if the Duke likes it, will, I think, put an end to a great deal of the faults of this Office, as well as my trouble for them. So to bed, and did lie now a little better than formerly, but with little, and yet with some trouble.

13<sup>th</sup>

Up, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to White Hall, where to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business; and thence I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where I staid, and heard an excellent case argued between my Lord Gerard and the Town of Newcastle, about a piece of ground which that Lord hath got a grant of, under the Exchequer Seal, which they were endeavouring to get of the King under the Great Seal. I liked mightily the Counsel for the town, Shaftow, their Recorder, and Mr. Offly. But I was troubled, and so were the Lords, to hear my Lord fly out against their great pretence of merit from the King, for their sufferings and loyalty; telling them that they might thank him for that repute which they have for their loyalty, for that it was he that forced them to be so, against their wills, when he was there: and, moreover, did offer a paper to the Lords to read from the Town, sent in 1648; but the Lords would not read it; but I believe it was something about bringing the King to trial, or some such thing, in that year. Thence I to the Three Tuns Tavern, by Charing Cross, and there dined with W. Pen, Sir J. Minnes, and Commissioner Middleton; and as merry as my mind could be, that hath so much trouble upon it at home. And thence to White Hall, and there staid in Mr. Wren's chamber with him, reading over my draught of a letter, which Mr. Gibson then attended me with; and there he did like all, but doubted whether it would be necessary for the Duke to write in so sharp a style to the Office, as I had drawn it in; which I yield to him, to consider the present posture of the times and the Duke of York and whether it were not better to err on that hand than the other. He told me that he did not think it was necessary for the Duke of York to do so, and that it would not suit so well with his nature nor greatness; which last, perhaps, is true, but then do too truly shew the effects of having Princes in places, where order and discipline should be. I left it to him to do as the Duke of York pleases; and so fell

to other talk, and with great freedom, of public things; and he told me, upon my several inquiries to that purpose, that he did believe it was not yet resolved whether the Parliament should ever meet more or no, the three great rulers of things now standing thus:—The Duke of Buckingham is absolutely against their meeting, as moved thereto by his people that he advises with, the people of the late times, who do never expect to have any thing done by this Parliament for their religion, and who do propose that, by the sale of the Church-lands, they shall be able to put the King out of debt: my Lord Keeper is utterly against putting away this and choosing another Parliament, lest they prove worse than this, and will make all the King's friends, and the King himself, in a desperate condition: my Lord Arlington know not which is best for him, being to seek whether this or the next will use him worst. He tells me that he believes that it is intended to call this Parliament, and try them with a sum of money; and, if they do not like it, then to send them going, and call another, who will, at the ruin of the Church perhaps, please the King with what he will for a time. And he tells me, therefore, that he do believe that this policy will be endeavoured by the Church and their friends—to seem to promise the King money, when it shall be propounded, but make the King and these great men buy it dear, before they have it. He tells me that he is really persuaded that the design of the Duke of Buckingham is, by bringing the state into such a condition as, if the King do die without issue, it shall, upon his death, break into pieces again; and so put by the Duke of York, who they have disobliged, they know, to that degree, as to despair of his pardon. He tells me that there is no way to rule the King but by brisknesse, which the Duke of Buckingham hath above all men; and that the Duke of York having it not, his best way is what he practices, that is to say, a good temper, which will support him till the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington fall out, which cannot be long first, the former knowing that the latter did, in the time of the Chancellor, endeavour with the Chancellor to hang him at that time, when he was proclaimed against. And here, by the by, he told me that the Duke of Buckingham did, by his friends, treat with my Lord Chancellor, by the mediation of Matt. Wren and Matt. Clifford, to fall in with my Lord Chancellor; which, he tells me, he did advise my Lord Chancellor to accept of, as that, that with his own interest and the Duke of York's, would undoubtedly have assured all to him and his family; but that my Lord Chancellor was a man not to be advised, thinking himself too high to be counselled: and so all is come to nothing; for by that means the Duke of Buckingham became desperate, and was forced to fall in with Arlington, to his [the Chancellor's] ruin. Thence I home, and there to talk, with great pleasure all the evening, with my wife, who tells me that Deb, has been abroad to-day, and is come home and says she has got a place to go to, so as she will be gone tomorrow morning. This troubled me, and the truth is, I have a good mind to have the maidenhead of this girl, which I should not doubt to have if je could get time para be con her. But she will be gone and I not know whither. Before we went to bed my wife told me she would not have me to see her or give her her wages, and so I did give my wife L10 for her year and half a quarter's wages, which she went into

her chamber and paid her, and so to bed, and there, blessed be God! we did sleep well and with peace, which I had not done in now almost twenty nights together. This afternoon I went to my coachmaker and Crow's, and there saw things go on to my great content. This morning, at the Treasury-chamber, I did meet Jack Fenn, and there he did shew me my Lord Anglesey's petition and the King's answer: the former good and stout, as I before did hear it: but the latter short and weak, saying that he was not, by what the King had done, hindered from taking the benefit of his laws, and that the reason he had to suspect his mismanagement of his money in Ireland, did make him think it unfit to trust him with his Treasury in England, till he was satisfied in the former.

14<sup>th</sup>

Up, and had a mighty mind to have seen or given her a little money, to which purpose I wrapt up 40s. in paper, thinking to have given her a little money, but my wife rose presently, and would not let me be out of her sight, and went down before me into the kitchen, and come up and told me that she was in the kitchen, and therefore would have me go round the other way; which she repeating and I vexed at it, answered her a little angrily, upon which she instantly flew out into a rage, calling me dog and rogue, and that I had a rotten heart; all which, knowing that I deserved it, I bore with, and word being brought presently up that she was gone away by coach with her things, my wife was friends, and so all quiet, and I to the Office, with my heart sad, and find that I cannot forget the girl, and vexed I know not where to look for her. And more troubled to see how my wife is by this means likely for ever to have her hand over me, that I shall for ever be a slave to her—that is to say, only in matters of pleasure, but in other things she will make [it] her business, I know, to please me and to keep me right to her, which I will labour to be indeed, for she deserves it of me, though it will be I fear a little time before I shall be able to wear Deb, out of my mind. At the Office all the morning, and merry at noon, at dinner; and after dinner to the Office, where all the afternoon, doing much business, late. My mind being free of all troubles, I thank God, but only for my thoughts of this girl, which hang after her. And so at night home to supper, and then did sleep with great content with my wife. I must here remember that I have lain with my moher as a husband more times since this falling out than in I believe twelve months before. And with more pleasure to her than I think in all the time of our marriage before.

15<sup>th</sup> (Lord's day)

Up, and after long lying with pleasure talking with my wife, and then up to look up and down our house, which will when our upholster hath done be mighty fine, and so to my chamber, and there did do several things among my papers, and so to the office to write down my journal for 6 or 7 days, my mind having been so troubled as never to get the time to do it before, as may appear a little by the mistakes I have made in this book within these few days. At noon comes Mr. Shepley to dine with

me and W. Howe, and there dined and pretty merry, and so after dinner W. Howe to tell me what hath happened between him and the Commissioners of late, who are hot again, more than ever, about my Lord Sandwich's business of prizes, which I am troubled for, and the more because of the great security and neglect with which, I think, my Lord do look upon this matter, that may yet, for aught I know, undo him. They gone, and Balty being come from the Downs, not very well, is come this day to see us, I to talk with him, and with some pleasure, hoping that he will make a good man. I in the evening to my Office again, to make an end of my journall, and so home to my chamber with W. Hewer to settle some papers, and so to supper and to bed, with my mind pretty quiet, and less troubled about Deb. than I was, though yet I am troubled, I must confess, and would be glad to find her out, though I fear it would be my ruin. This evening there come to sit with us Mr. Pelling, who wondered to see my wife and I so dumpish, but yet it went off only as my wife's not being well, and, poor wretch, she hath no cause to be well, God knows.

16<sup>th</sup>

Up, and by water to White Hall, and there at the robe chamber at a Committee for Tangier, where some of us—my Lord Sandwich, Sir W. Coventry, and myself, with another or two—met to debate the business of the Mole, and there drew up reasons for the King's taking of it into his own hands, and managing of it upon accounts with Sir H. Cholmley. This being done I away to Holborne, about Whetstone's Park, where I never was in my life before, where I understand by my wife's discourse that Deb. is gone, which do trouble me mightily that the poor girle should be in a desperate condition forced to go thereabouts, and there not hearing of any such man as Allbon, with whom my wife said she now was, I to the Strand, and there by sending Drumbleby's boy, my flageolet maker, to Eagle Court, where my wife also by discourse lately let fall that he did lately live, I find that this Dr. Allbon is a kind of poor broken fellow that dare not shew his head nor be known where he is gone, but to Lincoln's Inn Fields I went to Mr. Povy's, but missed him, and so hearing only that this Allbon is gone to Fleet Street, I did only call at Martin's, my bookseller's, and there bought "Cassandra," and some other French books for my wife's closet, and so home, having eat nothing but two pennyworths of oysters, opened for me by a woman in the Strand, while the boy went to and again to inform me about this man, and therefore home and to dinner, and so all the afternoon at the office, and there late busy, and so home to supper, and pretty pleasant with my wife to bed, rested pretty well.

17<sup>th</sup>

Up, and to the Office all the morning, where the new Treasurers come, their second time, and before they sat down, did discourse with the Board, and particularly my Lord Brouncker, about their place, which they challenge, as having been heretofore due, and given to their predecessor; which, at last, my Lord did own hath been given him only out of courtesy to his quality, and that he did not

take it as a right at the Board: so they, for the present, sat down, and did give him the place, but, I think, with an intent to have the Duke of York's directions about it. My wife and maids busy now, to make clean the house above stairs, the upholsters having done there, in her closet and the blue room, and they are mighty pretty. At my office all the afternoon and at night busy, and so home to my wife, and pretty pleasant, and at mighty ease in my mind, being in hopes to find Deb., and without trouble or the knowledge of my wife. So to supper at night and to bed.

18<sup>th</sup>

Lay long in bed talking with my wife, she being unwilling to have me go abroad, saying and declaring herself jealous of my going out for fear of my going to Deb., which I do deny, for which God forgive me, for I was no sooner out about noon but I did go by coach directly to Somerset House, and there enquired among the porters there for Dr. Allbun, and the first I spoke with told me he knew him, and that he was newly gone into Lincoln's Inn Fields, but whither he could not tell me, but that one of his fellows not then in the way did carry a chest of drawers thither with him, and that when he comes he would ask him. This put me into some hopes, and I to White Hall, and thence to Mr. Povy's, but he at dinner, and therefore I away and walked up and down the Strand between the two turnstiles, hoping to see her out of a window, and then employed a porter, one Osberton, to find out this Doctor's lodgings thereabouts, who by appointment comes to me to Hercules pillars, where I dined alone, but tells me that he cannot find out any such, but will enquire further. Thence back to White Hall to the Treasury a while, and thence to the Strand, and towards night did meet with the porter that carried the chest of drawers with this Doctor, but he would not tell me where he lived, being his good master, he told me, but if I would have a message to him he would deliver it. At last I told him my business was not with him, but a little gentlewoman, one Mrs. Willet, that is with him, and sent him to see how she did from her friend in London, and no other token. He goes while I walk in Somerset House, walk there in the Court; at last he comes back and tells me she is well, and that I may see her if I will, but no more. So I could not be commanded by my reason, but I must go this very night, and so by coach, it being now dark, I to her, close by my tailor's, and she come into the coach to me, and je did baisser her . . . I did nevertheless give her the best council I could, to have a care of her honour, and to fear God, and suffer no man para avoir to do con her as je have done, which she promised. Je did give her 20s. and directions para laisser sealed in paper at any time the name of the place of her being at Herringman's, my bookseller in the 'Change, by which I might go para her, and so bid her good night with much content to my mind, and resolution to look after her no more till I heard from her. And so home, and there told my wife a fair tale, God knows, how I spent the whole day, with which the poor wretch was satisfied, or at least seemed so, and so to supper and to bed, she having been mighty busy all day in getting of her house in order against to-morrow to hang up our new hangings and furnishing our best chamber.



19<sup>th</sup>

Up, and at the Office all the morning, with my heart full of joy to think in what a safe condition all my matters now stand between my wife and Deb, and me, and at noon running up stairs to see the upholsters, who are at work upon hanging my best room, and setting up my new bed, I find my wife sitting sad in the dining room; which enquiring into the reason of, she begun to call me all the false, rotten-hearted rogues in the world, letting me understand that I was with Deb. yesterday, which, thinking it impossible for her ever to understand, I did a while deny, but at last did, for the ease of my mind and hers, and for ever to discharge my heart of this wicked business, I did confess all, and above stairs in our bed chamber there I did endure the sorrow of her threats and vows and curses all the afternoon, and, what was worse, she swore by all that was good that she would slit the nose of this girle, and be gone herself this very night from me, and did there demand 3 or L400 of me to buy my peace, that she might be gone without making any noise, or else protested that she would make all the world know of it. So with most perfect confusion of face and heart, and sorrow and shame, in the greatest agony in the world I did pass this afternoon, fearing that it will never have an end; but at last I did call for W. Hewer, who I was forced to make privy now to all, and the poor fellow did cry like a child, [and] obtained what I could not, that she would be pacified upon condition that I would give it under my hand never to see or speak with Deb, while I live, as I did before with Pierce and Knepp, and which I did also, God knows, promise for Deb. too, but I have the confidence to deny it to the perjury of myself. So, before it was late, there was, beyond my hopes as well as desert, a durable peace; and so to supper, and pretty kind words, and to bed, and there je did hazer con eile to her content, and so with some rest spent the night in bed, being most absolutely resolved, if ever I can master this bout, never to give her occasion while I live of more trouble of this or any other kind, there being no curse in the world so great as this of the differences between myself and her, and therefore I do, by the grace of God, promise never to offend her more, and did this night begin to pray to God upon my knees alone in my chamber, which God knows I cannot yet do heartily; but I hope God will give me the grace more and more every day to fear Him, and to be true to my poor wife. This night the upholsters did finish the hanging of my best chamber, but my sorrow and trouble is so great about this business, that it puts me out of all joy in looking upon it or minding how it was.

20<sup>th</sup>

This morning up, with mighty kind words between my poor wife and I; and so to White Hall by water, W. Hewer with me, who is to go with me every where, until my wife be in condition to go out along with me herself; for she do plainly declare that she dares not trust me out alone, and therefore made it a piece of our league that I should always take somebody with me, or her herself, which I am mighty willing to, being, by the grace of God, resolved never to do her wrong more. We landed at the Temple, and there I bid him call at my cozen Roger Pepys's lodgings,

and I staid in the street for him, and so took water again at the Strand stairs; and so to White Hall, in my way I telling him plainly and truly my resolutions, if I can get over this evil, never to give new occasion for it. He is, I think, so honest and true a servant to us both, and one that loves us, that I was not much troubled at his being privy to all this, but rejoiced in my heart that I had him to assist in the making us friends, which he did truly and heartily, and with good success, for I did get him to go to Deb. to tell her that I had told my wife all of my being with her the other night, that so if my wife should send she might not make the business worse by denying it. While I was at White Hall with the Duke of York, doing our ordinary business with him, here being also the first time the new Treasurers. W. Hewer did go to her and come back again, and so I took him into St. James's Park, and there he did tell me he had been with her, and found what I said about my manner of being with her true, and had given her advice as I desired. I did there enter into more talk about my wife and myself, and he did give me great assurance of several particular cases to which my wife had from time to time made him privy of her loyalty and truth to me after many and great temptations, and I believe them truly. I did also discourse the unfitness of my leaving of my employment now in many respects to go into the country, as my wife desires, but that I would labour to fit myself for it, which he thoroughly understands, and do agree with me in it; and so, hoping to get over this trouble, we about our business to Westminster Hall to meet Roger Pepys, which I did, and did there discourse of the business of lending him £500 to answer some occasions of his, which I believe to be safe enough, and so took leave of him and away by coach home, calling on my coachmaker by the way, where I like my little coach mightily. But when I come home, hoping for a further degree of peace and quiet, I find my wife upon her bed in a horrible rage afresh, calling me all the bitter names, and, rising, did fall to revile me in the bitterest manner in the world, and could not refrain to strike me and pull my hair, which I resolved to bear with, and had good reason to bear it. So I by silence and weeping did prevail with her a little to be quiet, and she would not eat her dinner without me; but yet by and by into a raging fit she fell again, worse than before, that she would slit the girl's nose, and at last W. Hewer come in and come up, who did allay her fury, I flinging myself, in a sad desperate condition, upon the bed in the blue room, and there lay while they spoke together; and at last it come to this, that if I would call Deb. whore under my hand and write to her that I hated her, and would never see her more, she would believe me and trust in me, which I did agree to, only as to the name of whore I would have excused, and therefore wrote to her sparing that word, which my wife thereupon tore it, and would not be satisfied till, W. Hewer winking upon me, I did write so with the name of a whore as that I did fear she might too probably have been prevailed upon to have been a whore by her carriage to me, and therefore as such I did resolve never to see her more. This pleased my wife, and she gives it W. Hewer to carry to her with a sharp message from her. So from that minute my wife begun to be kind to me, and we to kiss and be friends, and so continued all the evening, and fell to talk of other matters, with great comfort, and

after supper to bed. This evening comes Mr. Billup to me, to read over Mr. Wren's alterations of my draught of a letter for the Duke of York to sign, to the Board; which I like mighty well, they being not considerable, only in mollifying some hard terms, which I had thought fit to put in. From this to other discourse; and do find that the Duke of York and his master, Mr. Wren, do look upon this service of mine as a very seasonable service to the Duke of York, as that which he will have to shew to his enemies in his own justification, of his care of the King's business; and I am sure I am heartily glad of it, both for the King's sake and the Duke of York's, and my own also; for, if I continue, my work, by this means, will be the less, and my share in the blame also. He being gone, I to my wife again, and so spent the evening with very great joy, and the night also with good sleep and rest, my wife only troubled in her rest, but less than usual, for which the God of Heaven be praised. I did this night promise to my wife never to go to bed without calling upon God upon my knees by prayer, and I begun this night, and hope I shall never forget to do the like all my life; for I do find that it is much the best for my soul and body to live pleasing to God and my poor wife, and will ease me of much care as well as much expense.

21<sup>st</sup>

Up, with great joy to my wife and me, and to the office, where W. Hewer did most honestly bring me back the part of my letter to Deb. wherein I called her whore, assuring me that he did not shew it her, and that he did only give her to understand that wherein I did declare my desire never to see her, and did give her the best Christian counsel he could, which was mighty well done of him. But by the grace of God, though I love the poor girl and wish her well, as having gone too far toward the undoing her, yet I will never enquire after or think of her more, my peace being certainly to do right to my wife. At the Office all the morning; and after dinner abroad with W. Hewer to my Lord Ashly's, where my Lord Barkeley and Sir Thomas Ingram met upon Mr. Povy's account, where I was in great pain about that part of his account wherein I am concerned, above L150, I think; and Creed hath declared himself dissatisfied with it, so far as to desire to cut his "Examinatur" out of the paper, as the only condition in which he would be silent in it. This Povy had the wit to yield to; and so when it come to be inquired into, I did avouch the truth of the account as to that particular, of my own knowledge, and so it went over as a thing good and just—as, indeed, in the bottom of it, it is; though in strictness, perhaps, it would not so well be understood. This Committee rising, I, with my mind much satisfied herein, away by coach home, setting Creed into Southampton Buildings, and so home; and there ended my letters, and then home to my wife, where I find my house clean now, from top to bottom, so as I have not seen it many a day, and to the full satisfaction of my mind, that I am now at peace, as to my poor wife, as to the dirtiness of my house, and as to seeing an end, in a great measure, to my present great disbursements upon my house, and coach and horses.

22<sup>nd</sup> (Lord's day)

My wife and I lay long, with mighty content; and so rose, and she spent the whole day making herself clean, after four or five weeks being in continued dirt; and I knocking up nails, and making little settlements in my house, till noon, and then eat a bit of meat in the kitchen, I all alone. And so to the Office, to set down my journall, for some days leaving it imperfect, the matter being mighty grievous to me, and my mind, from the nature of it; and so in, to solace myself with my wife, whom I got to read to me, and so W. Hewer and the boy; and so, after supper, to bed. This day my boy's livery is come home, the first I ever had, of greene, lined with red; and it likes me well enough.

23<sup>rd</sup>

Up, and called upon by W. Howe, who went, with W. Hewer with me, by water, to the Temple; his business was to have my advice about a place he is going to buy—the Clerk of the Patent's place, which I understand not, and so could say little to him, but fell to other talk, and setting him in at the Temple, we to White Hall, and there I to visit Lord Sandwich, who is now so reserved, or moped rather, I think, with his own business, that he bids welcome to no man, I think, to his satisfaction. However, I bear with it, being willing to give him as little trouble as I can, and to receive as little from him, wishing only that I had my money in my purse, that I have lent him; but, however, I shew no discontent at all. So to White Hall, where a Committee of Tangier expected, but none met. I met with Mr. Povy, who I discoursed with about publick business, who tells me that this discourse which I told him of, of the Duke of Monmouth being made Prince of Wales, hath nothing in it; though he thinks there are all the endeavours used in the world to overthrow the Duke of York. He would not have me doubt of my safety in the Navy, which I am doubtful of from the reports of a general removal; but he will endeavour to inform me, what he can gather from my Lord Arlington. That he do think that the Duke of Buckingham hath a mind rather to overthrow all the kingdom, and bring in a Commonwealth, wherein he may think to be General of their Army, or to make himself King, which, he believes, he may be led to, by some advice he hath had with conjurors, which he do affect. Thence with W. Hewer, who goes up and down with me like a jaylour, but yet with great love and to my great good liking, it being my desire above all things to please my wife therein. I took up my wife and boy at Unthank's, and from there to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence to our upholster's, about some things more to buy, and so to see our coach, and so to the looking-glass man's, by the New Exchange, and so to buy a picture for our blue chamber chimney, and so home; and there I made my boy to read to me most of the night, to get through the Life of the Archbishop of Canterbury. At supper comes Mary Batelier, and with us all the evening, prettily talking, and very innocent company she is; and she gone, we with much content to bed, and to sleep, with mighty rest all night.

24<sup>th</sup>

Up, and at the Office all the morning, and at noon home to dinner, where Mr. Gentleman, the cook, and an old woman, his third or fourth wife, come and dined with us, to enquire about a ticket of his son's, that is dead; and after dinner, I with Mr. Hosier to my closet, to discourse of the business of balancing Storekeeper's accounts, which he hath taken great pains in reducing to a method, to my great satisfaction; and I shall be glad both for the King's sake and his, that the thing may be put in practice, and will do my part to promote it. That done, he gone, I to the Office, where busy till night; and then with comfort to sit with my wife, and get her to read to me, and so to supper, and to bed, with my mind at mighty ease.

25<sup>th</sup>

Up, and by coach with W. Hewer to see W. Coventry; but he gone out, I to White Hall, and there waited on Lord Sandwich, which I have little encouragement to do, because of the difficulty of seeing him, and the little he hath to say to me when I do see him, or to any body else, but his own idle people about him, Sir Charles Harbord, &c. Thence walked with him to White Hall, where to the Duke of York; and there the Duke, and Wren, and I, by appointment in his closet, to read over our letter to the Office, which he heard, and signed it, and it is to my mind, Mr. Wren having made it somewhat sweeter to the Board, and yet with all the advice fully, that I did draw it up with. He [the Duke] said little more to us now, his head being full of other business; but I do see that he do continue to put a value upon my advice; and so Mr. Wren and I to his chamber, and there talked: and he seems to hope that these people, the Duke of Buckingham and Arlington, will run themselves off of their legs; they being forced to be always putting the King upon one idle thing or other, against the easiness of his nature, which he will never be able to bear, nor they to keep him to, and so will lose themselves. And, for instance of their little progress, he tells me that my Lord of Ormond is like yet to carry it, and to continue in his command in Ireland; at least, they cannot get the better of him yet. But he tells me that the Keeper is wrought upon, as they say, to give his opinion for the dissolving of the Parliament, which, he thinks, will undo him in the eyes of the people. He do not seem to own the hearing or fearing of any thing to be done in the Admiralty, to the lessening of the Duke of York, though he hears how the town talk's full of it. Thence I by coach home, and there find my cozen Roger come to dine with me, and to seal his mortgage for the L500 I lend him; but he and I first walked to the 'Change, there to look for my uncle Wight, and get him to dinner with us. So home, buying a barrel of oysters at my old oyster-woman's, in Gracious Street, but over the way to where she kept her shop before. So home, and there merry at dinner; and the money not being ready, I carried Roger Pepys to Holborn Conduit, and there left him going to Stradwick's, whom we avoided to see, because of our long absence, and my wife and I to the Duke of York's house, to see "The Duchesse of Malfy," a sorry play, and sat with little pleasure, for fear of my wife's seeing me look about, and so I was uneasy all the while, though I desire and

resolve never to give her trouble of that kind more. So home, and there busy at the Office a while, and then home, where my wife to read to me, and so to supper, and to bed. This evening, to my great content, I got Sir Richard Ford to give me leave to set my coach in his yard.

26<sup>th</sup>

Up, and at the Office all the morning, where I was to have delivered the Duke of York's letter of advice to the Board, in answer to our several answers to his great letter; but Lord Brouncker not being there, and doubtful to deliver it before the new Treasurers, I forbore it to next sitting. So home at noon to dinner, where I find Mr. Pierce and his wife but I was forced to shew very little pleasure in her being there because of my vow to my wife; and therefore was glad of a very bad occasion for my being really troubled, which is, at W. Hewer's losing of a tally of L1000, which I sent him this day to receive of the Commissioners of Excise. So that though I hope at the worst I shall be able to get another, yet I made use of this to get away as soon as I had dined, and therefore out with him to the Excise Office to make a stop of its payment, and so away to the coachmaker's and several other places, and so away home, and there to my business at the office, and thence home, and there my wife to read to me, and W. Hewer to set some matters of accounts right at my chamber, to bed.

27<sup>th</sup>

Up, and with W. Hewer to see W. Coventry again, but missed him again, by coming too late, the man of [all] the world that I am resolved to preserve an interest in. Thence to White Hall, and there at our usual waiting on the Duke of York; and that being done, I away to the Exchequer, to give a stop, and take some advice about my lost tally, wherein I shall have some remedy, with trouble, and so home, and there find Mr. Povy, by appointment, to dine with me; where a pretty good dinner, but for want of thought in my wife it was but slovenly dressed up; however, much pleasant discourse with him, and some serious; and he tells me that he would, by all means, have me get to be a Parliament-man the next Parliament, which he believes there will be one, which I do resolve of. By and by comes my cozen Roger, and dines with us; and, after dinner, did seal his mortgage, wherein I do wholly rely on his honesty, not having so much as read over what he hath given me for it, nor minded it, but do trust to his integrity therein. They all gone, I to the office and there a while, and then home to ease my eyes and make my wife read to me.

28<sup>th</sup>

Up, and all the morning at the Office, where, while I was sitting, one comes and tells me that my coach is come. So I was forced to go out, and to Sir Richard Ford's, where I spoke to him, and he is very willing to have it brought in, and stand there; and so I ordered it, to my great content, it being mighty pretty, only the horses do not please me, and, therefore, resolve to have better. At noon home to dinner,

and so to the office again all the afternoon, and did a great deal of business, and so home to supper and to bed, with my mind at pretty good ease, having this day presented to the Board the Duke of York's letter, which, I perceive, troubled Sir W. Pen, he declaring himself meant in that part, that concerned excuse by sickness; but I do not care, but am mightily glad that it is done, and now I shall begin to be at pretty good ease in the Office. This morning, to my great content, W. Hewer tells me that a porter is come, who found my tally in Holborne, and brings it him, for which he gives him 20s.

29<sup>th</sup> (Lord's day)

Lay long in bed with pleasure with my wife, with whom I have now a great deal of content, and my mind is in other things also mightily more at ease, and I do mind my business better than ever and am more at peace, and trust in God I shall ever be so, though I cannot yet get my mind off from thinking now and then of Deb., but I do ever since my promise a while since to my wife pray to God by myself in my chamber every night, and will endeavour to get my wife to do the like with me ere long, but am in much fear of what she lately frightened me with about her being a Catholique; and I dare not, therefore, move her to go to church, for fear she should deny me; but this morning, of her own accord, she spoke of going to church the next Sunday, which pleases me mightily. This morning my coachman's clothes come home; and I like the livery mightily, and so I all the morning at my chamber, and dined with my wife, and got her to read to me in the afternoon, till Sir W. Warren, by appointment, comes to me, who spent two hours, or three, with me, about his accounts of Gottenburgh, which are so confounded, that I doubt they will hardly ever pass without my doing something, which he desires of me, and which, partly from fear, and partly from unwillingness to wrong the King, and partly from its being of no profit to me, I am backward to give way to, though the poor man do indeed deserve to be rid of this trouble, that he hath lain so long under, from the negligence of this Board. We afterwards fell to other talk, and he tells me, as soon as he saw my coach yesterday, he wished that the owner might not contract envy by it; but I told him it was now manifestly for my profit to keep a coach, and that, after employments like mine for eight years, it were hard if I could not be justly thought to be able to do that. He gone, my wife and I to supper; and so she to read, and made an end of the Life of Archbishop Laud, which is worth reading, as informing a man plainly in the posture of the Church, and how the things of it were managed with the same self-interest and design that every other thing is, and have succeeded accordingly. So to bed.

30<sup>th</sup>

Up betimes, and with W. Hewer, who is my guard, to White Hall, to a Committee of Tangier, where the business of Mr. Lanyon took up all the morning; and where, poor man! he did manage his business with so much folly, and ill fortune to boot, that the Board, before his coming in, inclining, of their own accord, to lay his cause

aside, and leave it to the law, but he pressed that we would hear it, and it ended to the making him appear a very knave, as well as it did to me a fool also, which I was sorry for. Thence by water, Mr. Povy, Creed, and I, to Arundell House, and there I did see them choosing their Council, it being St. Andrew's-day; and I had his Cross set on my hat, as the rest had, and cost me 2s., and so leaving them I away by coach home to dinner, and my wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad to take the maidenhead of her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed, and my cozen Turner, while I at home all the afternoon and evening, very busy and doing much work, to my great content. Home at night, and there comes Mrs. Turner and Betty to see us, and supped with us, and I shewed them a cold civility for fear of troubling my wife, and after supper, they being gone, we to bed. Thus ended this month, with very good content, that hath been the most sad to my heart and the most expensive to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I yet knew in the world: and do put me into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired: and this at a time when we do daily expect great changes in this Office: and by all reports we must, all of us, turn out. But my eyes are come to that condition that I am not able to work: and therefore that, and my wife's desire, make me have no manner of trouble in my thoughts about it. So God do his will in it!

### 3.12.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. What do you think are Pepys's motivations for writing his *Diary*?
2. How and in what ways, if at all, does Pepys display a moral character? What values, if any, does he reveal, or adhere to?
3. What is Pepys's attitude toward time, and how do we know?
4. What boundaries, if any, does Pepys's *Diary* reveal between the private and public self? When, in his private moments, does Pepys refer to public awareness, and vice versa? How does his depiction of public events compare with Dryden's?
5. What is Pepys's attitude towards women, towards relations between men and women? What is Pepys's attitude towards his wife? Does he acknowledge any discrepancies between expectations he places on himself and those he places on his wife? Why, or why not?

### 3.13 KEY TERMS

- The Book of Common Prayer
- Charles I
- Charles II
- Sir Christopher Wren



- The Civil War
- Dissenters
- Divine right of kings
- Epic convention
- Epic similes
- Frances Bacon
- The Great Plague of London
- The Great Fire of London
- The Gunpowder Plot
- Heroic couplet
- Heroic drama
- Sir Isaac Newton
- James I
- King James Bible
- Leviathan
- Metaphysical conceits
- Metaphysical poetry
- Oliver Cromwell
- Parliament
- Parliamentarians
- Principia
- The Restoration
- Robert Hooke
- The Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge
- Royalists
- Scientific spirit
- Social contract
- Sons of Ben
- St Paul's Cathedral

# 4

## Neoclassicism and the Eighteenth Century (1603-1688)

### 4.1 LEARNING OUTCOMES

After reading this chapter, you should be able to:

- Analyze how Parliament limited monarchical power and protected civil rights
- Characterize Georgian rule (George I, II, and III)
- Relate Neoclassical literature to the rise of reason and science
- Analyze the changing relationship of authors to their readers, or audience
- Describe characteristic features of the novel as genre
- Compare the novel as genre to Elizabethan and Seventeenth Century poetry and drama
- Compare Alexander Pope's mock epic *The Rape of the Lock* to Milton's epic *Paradise Lost*

### 4.2 INTRODUCTION

The Glorious Revolution of 1688 overthrew James II through Parliament's joining with William of Orange; the revolution gloriously achieved its end without bloodshed. And in 1689, William III and Mary II took joint rule of England. Like Charles II, these monarchs had limited powers, delineated in the Bill of Rights Parliament presented to William III and Mary II. The Bill asserted the supremacy of Parliament and such civil rights as the prohibition of cruel and unusual punishment. These monarchs also assented to Parliament's Toleration Act, giving greater freedom to Protestant Dissenters—though not to Roman Catholics. And in 1701, Parliament passed another Act intending to eliminate the threat of religious and political strife: The Act of Settlement that settled the succession to the English and Irish crowns on Protestants only. The next Protestant in line to the throne was the Electress Sophia of Hanover (1630-1714), a granddaughter of James VI of Scotland and I of England.

The reign of William III and Mary II was followed in 1702 by that of Anne, the younger daughter of James II. Through the 1707 Act of Union, she became the first sovereign of Great Britain. Even though Scotland and England shared a sovereign, Scotland had a separate government. With the Union, Scotland dissolved their government and became part of Great Britain. The two daughters of James II ruled while he was exiled in France. Their reigns denoted a new era of tolerance and comparative, though not complete, harmony. Continuing tensions balanced in the two-party Tory and Whig political system. The Tories aligned as supporters of the Stuart—“legitimate”—succession who were also strong for the Church of England and leery of Dissenters. Those uneasy about a Roman Catholic king were known as Whigs, a party that first emerged in 1680 due to worry about France and the possible return of the exiled family.

In foreign policy, tension rose over the ambitions of the French king Louis XIV (1638-1715). War-like, he was essentially determined to fight with whom he could. He enlarged France and brought on the War of the Spanish Succession (1701-1713). He wanted his grandson as king; others wanted an Austrian heir. England formed a Grand Alliance with Austria and the Dutch Republic, declaring war the year Anne began her reign. The war depleted France and made a hero out of England’s John Churchill, 1<sup>st</sup> Duke of Marlborough (1540-1722), who, together with his wife, persuaded Anne to favor the Whigs. When they tried to eliminate the Test Act, however, Anne caused a Tory ministry to form under the leadership of Robert Harley, the Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer (1661-1724), and Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678-1751). The death of Anne brought the Whigs back into power.

Although Anne and her husband had many children, none survived to adulthood. Upon her death in 1714, the crown did not return to the Stuart line. Instead, the eldest son of Sophia of Hanover, George Louis, Elector of Hanover, ascended as George I (1660-1727). Even though he accepted the British crown, George I preferred Hanover, never bothering to learn the English language. England saw many scandals associated with the House of Hanover, beginning with George I’s arriving in England with his mistress, Melusine von der Schulenburg (1667-1743), but not his wife, his first cousin



**Image 4.1 | King George I**

**Artist |** Godfrey Kneller

**Source |** Wikimedia Commons

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Sophia Dorothea of Celle (1666-1694). The mother of George I's two children, Sophia Dorothea of Celle may have turned to Count Philip Christoph von Konigsmarck (1665-1694) for consolation over her husband's infidelity. Despite the fact that both husband and wife had their respective extra-marital affairs, George I kept Sophia Dorothea in prison until her death. Their son George II and great grandson George III would reign into the next century.

This line took succession peacefully; however, it was not uncontested. Both 1715 and 1745 saw Jacobite risings (Jacobite from the Latin *Jacobus* for James). The first was in support of James II's son, James Francis Edward Stuart; the second, for Charles Edward Stuart (1720-1788), James II's grandson, known as Bonnie Prince Charles. The latter rebellion proved particularly terrifying, with Jacobite forces marching south close towards London. Defeated at the Battle of Culloden (1745), the rebels were viciously punished, though Charles escaped to France.

At first much disliked by the British, the House of Hanover under the Georges gained greater respect as Britain saw increased prosperity particularly through commercial trade—that included slave trading—colonial expansion, and industrial progress culminating in the factory system. The application of the now-established new science and scientific method helped improve the human condition. The turn to reason was seen to obviate revelation—and revolution. Newton and science had helped establish a sense of law and order in the universe, a universe now seen as wrought by a creator but governed by the laws the creator set in motion, laws bound by and understood through reason (a view known as Deism).

Locke's *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1689) Book IV, Ch. 11 discusses sensations—our own being and intuition—and God as equaling reason (and vice versa). Influenced by Locke, David Hume (1711-1776) claimed that true history was made by the individual's sensation of the particular. Human ideas of the world originated in their sensations of the world. Both he and Locke attacked the concept of innate ideas (ideas with which one is born) that predetermine individual character. Locke, the major English philosopher of the eighteenth century, validated the voice of experience and the acquisition of knowledge through sensation. He suggested that humans could get to God through experience and through reason. The state, government, politics, and human interactions all could be understood from a human—rather than divine—and rational perspective. The world adjusted to human measures and measurement, to the assertion (or reassertion) of classic virtues now seen as respect for rules and order. Neoclassical poetry particularly asserted the rules of balance, proportion, and restraint in both style—the heroic couplet—and subject.

The ascendancy of science and the scientific method heralded by Newton helped make the Royal Society an arbiter of style, that is, of prose style. The Royal Society had given its imprimatur to Newton's *Principia* and, from its beginning through the eighteenth century, promoted the language of its members for their plain, unadorned style in recording (and accumulating) observable facts. The great achievement in prose, the novel, developed throughout the eighteenth century.

It was seen as novel, that is, a new species of writing. Extended prose fiction developed as a genre in opposition to traditional genres which dealt with authority figures. Novels immersed characters from all classes in social experiences, quite otherwise than tragedy, epic, religious seventeenth-century poetry, or psalms. The novel elevated the realistic (or literal) and incorporated literal forms of discourse; consequently, the novel would include letters, household bills, contracts, depositions, and more (discourses that were excluded from traditional genres like the epic).

The novel began to take form about the individual, not the human being as a type. As a result of sensation—through which individuals acquire experience—the genre began to develop on its own as a way to advance a concept of character different from Aristotle's (which was that character was coherent and consistent). This different concept infected other genres; for example, in drama, George Lillo (1691-1739) justified tragedy as melodrama (a mixture of genres) by explaining the need to expand Aristotle's notion of tragic character in which only the highest and most noble character could evoke terror and pity in a fall. What became antithetical to tragedy was a new concept of place (as opposed to the classical unity of place). Movement in all forms became central to the novel. Experience is discovered in other places, so early eighteenth century novels moved from place to place. They incorporated travelogues. And they connected with other classes (not just the aristocratic) and cultures.

The novel was only one new kind of writing that developed throughout this century; others included the periodical essay, published in such vehicles as *The Spectator* and *The Tattler*; and the mock-heroic/anti-epic, involving the reworking and redefining of tragedy as a low form. A whole body of genres—drama, prose, and poetry—underwent revision, or innovation. One way to account for this greater variety—particularly with the development of the novel—and the relationship that these genres held to one another, is by considering audience.

After the Glorious Revolution, certain changes occurred in audience, in the reading public. One difference occurred through the way that printing was diffused in periodicals. In the eighteenth century, newspapers and dailies proliferated, with journalism establishing itself as a social and political force. Jonathan Swift and Daniel Defoe gained influence through their writing. Defoe probably influenced English involvement in the War of the Spanish Succession, while Swift's *The Conduct of the Allies* (1711) certainly influenced demand for the war to end. Scientific observation, an appeal to the senses, and more coalesced in the concept of the spectator. Writers began to take on spectator roles and postures, acquiring a new manner of speaking to and conversing with an audience, their readers. That relation offered a reciprocal satisfaction of desires, with the writer having a benevolent interest in entertaining, informing, and educating readers, and was understood in the diffusion of information about politics, manners, fictions, and literature. A whole range of subject matter came to be discussed in print between authors and an audience conceived as a literate, though not a learned, group.

And writing became concerned with education—particularly women’s education—and principled reason. The success of writers like Samuel Johnson, Swift, and Defoe attested to an audience separate from the Court, Church, and University, an audience that would reciprocally—and financially—support writers, thus freeing them from the patronage system.

Writers could now express diverse points of view and opinions independent of high-born and wealthy patrons, and ranging between parties; they could explore individual psychology, consciousness, and conscience. Aphra Behn, one of the first writers to live by the pen, allied herself with Tory attacks on slavery and the cult of the noble savage which became the fashion through her prose work *Oroonoko*. Though Swift began as a Whig, war and war-profiteers turned his sympathies towards the Tories. In *Gulliver’s Travels*, Swift would ferociously attack human nature in general and the Whigs in particular. Deism reached through Reason involved a conflict between those who believed in a revealed religion and those who believed in reason as a way to have religion. Defoe would explore the Tory Dissenter’s conscience in his contributions to the developing novel genre. The heroine of his *Moll Flanders* is immersed in a multiplicity of sensations—suffering, humor, love, death, goodness, and wickedness—and demonstrates how wickedness does not fate one to damnation, does not prevent penitence and redemption. The atomism, individualism, multiplicity, and diversity that began in the seventeenth century thus realized its literary form in the eighteenth-century novel.



**Image 4.2 | *Moll Flanders***

**Author |** Daniel Defoe

**Source |** Wikimedia Commons

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### 4.3 RECOMMENDED READING

J. W. Johnson, *The Formation of English Neo-Classical Thought*, 1967.

J. R. Jones, *Country and Court: England, 1658-1714*, 1978.

Roger Lonsdale, ed., *Eighteenth-Century Women Poets*, 1989.

Dorothy Mashall, *English People in the Eighteenth Century*, 1956.

John Richetti, ed., *The Cambridge Companion to the Eighteenth-Century Novel*, 1996.

W. A. Speck, *Stability and Strife: England, 1714-1760*, 1977.

## 4.4 APHRA BEHN

(1640-1689)

Aphra Behn was the first commercially successful woman writer in England in the seventeenth century, writing in various genres, including drama, prose, and poetry. Her prose contributed to the development of the novel as genre in English.

Her origins are uncertain. Her father may have been a barber. Or she may have been born into the landed gentry, as her evident education in languages and literatures accords with that class. Or she may have been adopted by John Johnson, a relative of Lord Francis Willoughby (1614-1666).

In the mid 1600s, she traveled to Suriname, West Indies, then under British rule. She was brought there either by a couple named Amis, who may have been her parents, or by

Johnson, who was appointed as the island's deputy governor. By 1658, she had returned to London and married a merchant named Behn who had connections to the court of Charles II. Her husband died in 1665, leaving Behn in precarious financial circumstances. In 1666, during the Dutch Wars, Behn traveled to Antwerp as a spy in service to King Charles II. He apparently did not pay her for her work for, in 1667, Behn returned to London and was arrested and briefly imprisoned for debt.

That same year, she began her professional career as writer, starting with plays that achieved increasing financial success. Mainly romantic comedies, her plays involved sexual adventures and marital mishaps and addressed women's limited opportunities in her society. They include *The Amorous Prince: Or, The Curious Husband* (167), *Abdelazer: Or, The Moor's Revenge* (1676), *The Rover: Or, the Banished Cavaliers, Parts I and II* (1677, 1681), *The Emperor of the Moon* (1687), and *The Widow Ranger: Or, The History of Bacon of Virginia* (1689).

Her poetry, which she published between 1684 and 1688, often took the woman's perspective, with women speakers and, like her plays, they addressed women's desires and appetites. For example, "The Disappointment" (1684) deals with a woman's disappointment in her male partner's impotence.

She also wrote epistolary prose, prose romances, and the prose "history" of *Oroonoko: Or, The History of the Royal Slave* (1688). Like many early novels, this work hybridizes various discourses and forms, including idealism and realism, and



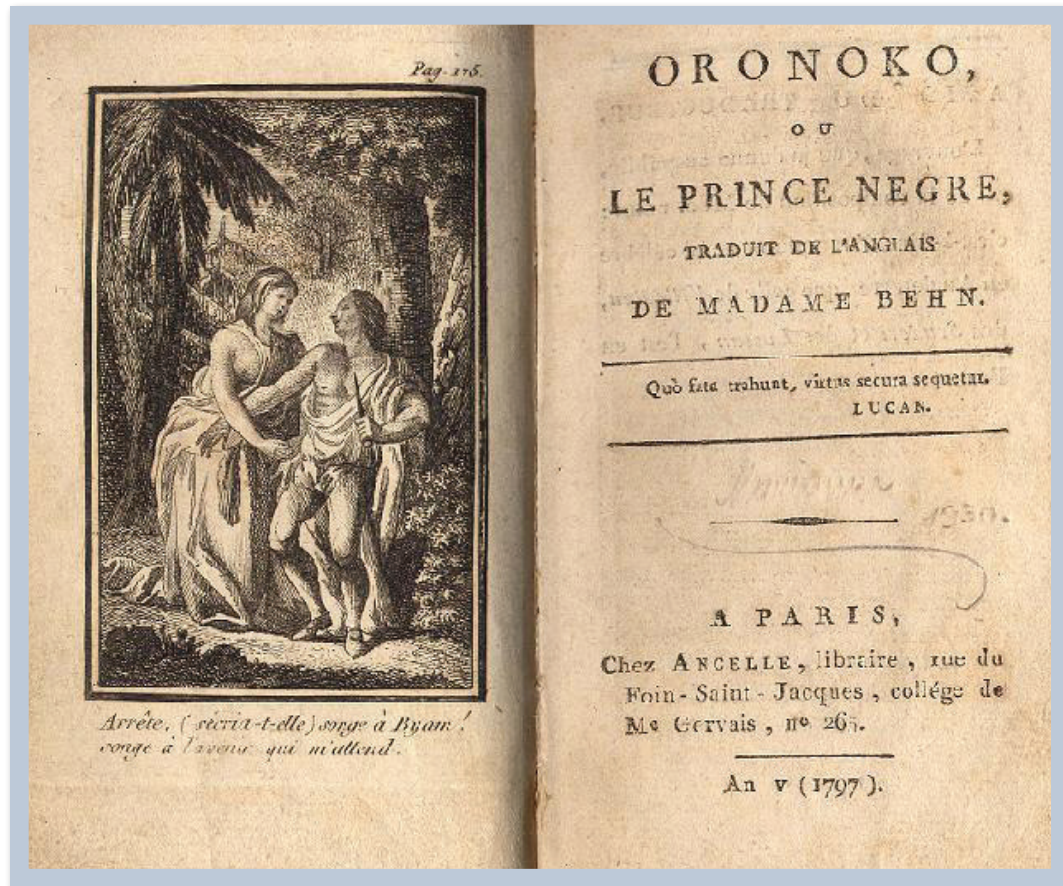
**Image 4.3 | Aphra Behn**

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the travelogue, romance, and tragedy. Oroonoko, an African prince, is betrayed into captivity and enslavement by his own grandfather. On the island of Surinam, Oroonoko is reunited with his beloved Imoinda. To protect her and their child from captivity, Oroonoko rebels against white plantation owners. He fails and kills Imoinda before his capture and slow execution—which comes in the form of dismemberment. Through *Oroonoko*, Behn powerfully expresses betrayal and tragedy as general to the human condition. Her success as a woman writer may be measured by the fact that after her death in 1689, she was buried in Westminster Abbey.



**Image 4.3 | Oroonoko**

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#### 4.4.1 Oroonoko

(1688)

#### The History of the Royal Slave

I Do not pretend, in giving you the History of this *Royal Slave*, to entertain my Reader with the Adventures of a feign'd *Hero*, whose Life and Fortunes Fancy may manage at the Poets Pleasure; nor in relating the Truth, design to adorn it



with any Accidents, but such as arriv'd in earnest to him: And it shall come simply into the World, recommended by its own proper Merits, and natural Intrigues; there being enough of Reality to support it, and to render it diverting, without the Addition of Invention.

I was my self an Eye-Witness, to a great part, of what you will find here set down; and what I cou'd not be Witness of, I receiv'd from the Mouth of the chief Actor in this History, the *Hero* himself, who gave us the whole Transactions of his Youth; and though I shall omit, for Brevity's sake, a thousand little Accidents of his Life, which, however pleasant to us, where History was scarce, and Adventures very rare; yet might prove tedious and heavy to my Reader, in a World where he finds Diversions for every Minute, new and strange: But we who were perfectly charm'd with the Character of this great Man, were curious to gather every Circumstance of his Life.

The Scene of the last part of his Adventures lies in a Colony in *America*, called *Surinam*, in the *West-Indies*.

But before I give you the Story of this *Gallant Slave*, 'tis fit I tell you the manner of bringing them to these new *Colonies*; for those they make use of there, are not *Natives* of the place; for those we live with in perfect Amity, without daring to command 'em; but on the contrary, caress 'em with all the brotherly and friendly Affection in the World; trading with 'em for their Fish, Venison, Bufflo's, Skins, and little Rarities; as Marmosets, a sort of *Monkey* as big as a Rat or Weesel, but of a marvellous and delicate shape, and has Face and Hands like an Humane Creature: and *Cousheries*, a little Beast in the form and fashion of a Lion, as big as a Kitten; but so exactly made in all parts like that noble Beast, that it is it in *Minature*. Then for little *Parakeetoes*, great Parrots, *Muckaws*, and a thousand other Birds and Beasts of wonderful and surprizing Forms, Shapes, and Colours. For Skins of prodigious Snakes, of which there are some threescore Yards in length; as is the Skin of one that may be seen at His Majesty's *Antiquaries*: Where are also some rare Flies, of amazing Forms and Colours, presented to 'em by my self; some as big as my Fist, some less; and all of various Excellencies, such as Art cannot imitate. Then we trade for Feathers, which they order into all Shapes, make themselves little short Habits of 'em, and glorious Wreaths for their Heads, Necks, Arms and Legs, whose Tinctures are unconceivable. I had a Set of these presented to me, and I gave 'em to the King's Theatre, and it was the Dress of the *Indian Queen*, infinitely admir'd by Persons of Quality; and were unimitable. Besides these, a thousand little Knacks, and Rarities in Nature, and some of Art; as their Baskets, Weapons, Aprons, &c. We dealt with 'em with Beads of all Colours, Knives, Axes, Pins and Needles; which they us'd only as Tools to drill Holes with in their Ears, Noses and Lips, where they hang a great many little things; as long Beads, bits of Tin, Brass, or Silver, beat thin; and any shining Trincket. The Beads they weave into Aprons about a quarter of an Ell long, and of the same breadth; working them very prettily in Flowers of several Colours of Beads; which Apron they wear just before 'em, as *Adam* and *Eve* did the Fig-leaves; the Men wearing a long Stripe of Linen,

which they deal with us for. They thread these Beads also on long Cotton-threads, and make Girdles to tie their Aprons to, which come twenty times, or more, about the Waste; and then cross, like a Shoulder-belt, both ways, and round their Necks, Arms and Legs. This Adornment, with their long black Hair, and the Face painted in little Specks or Flowers here and there, makes 'em a wonderful Figure to behold. Some of the Beauties which indeed are finely shap'd, as almost all are, and who have pretty Features, are very charming and novel; for they have all that is called Beauty, except the Colour, which is a reddish Yellow; or after a new Oiling, which they often use to themselves, they are of the colour of a new Brick, but smooth, soft and sleek. They are extream modest and bashful, very shy, and nice of being touch'd. And though they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be seen an indecent Action, or Glance; and being continually us'd to see one another so unadorn'd, so like our first Parents before the Fall, it seems as if they had no Wishes; there being nothing to heighten Curiosity, but all you can see, you see at once, and every Moment see; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curiosity. Not but I have seen a handsom young *Indian*, dying for Love of a very beautiful young *Indian* Maid; but all his Courtship was, to fold his Arms, pursue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language: While she, as if no such Lover were present; or rather, as if she desired none such, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach'd him, but she look'd down with all the blushing Modesty I have seen in the most severe and cautious of our World. And these People represented to me an absolute *Idea* of the first State of Innocence, before Man knew how to sin: And 'tis most evident and plain, that simple Nature is the most harmless, inoffensive and vertuous Mistress. 'Tis she alone, if she were permitted, that better instructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion wou'd here but destroy that Tranquillity, they possess by Ignorance; and Laws wou'd but teach 'em to know Offence, of which now they have no Notion. They once made Mourning and Fasting for the Death of the *English* Governor, who had given his Hand to come on such a Day to 'em, and neither came, nor sent; believing, when once a Man's Word was past, nothing but Death cou'd or shou'd prevent his keeping it: And when they saw he was not dead, they ask'd him, what Name they had for a Man who promis'd a thing he did not do? The Governor told them, Such a man was a *Lyar*, which was a Word of Infamy to a Gentleman. Then one of 'em reply'd, *Governor, you are a Lyar, and guilty of that Infamy*. They have a Native Justice, which knows no Fraud; and they understand no Vice, or Cunning, but when they are taught by the *White Men*. They have Plurality of Wives, which, when they grow old, they serve those that succeed 'em, who are young; but with a Servitude easie and respected; and unless they take Slaves in War, they have no other Attendants.

Those on that *Continent* where I was, had no King; but the oldest War-Captain was obey'd with great Resignation.

A War-Captain is a Man who has lead them on to Battel with Conduct, and Success; of whom I shall have Occasion to speak more hereafter, and of some other of their Customs and Manners, as they fall in my way.

With these People, as I said, we live in perfect Tranquillity, and good Understanding, as it behooves us to do; they knowing all the places where to seek the best Food of the Country, and the Means of getting it; and for very small and unvaluable Trifles, supply us with what 'tis impossible for us to get; for they do not only in the Wood, and over the *Sevana's*, in Hunting, supply the parts of Hounds, by swiftly scouring through those almost impassable places; and by the meer Activity of their Feet, run down the nimblest Deer, and other eatable Beasts: But in the water, one wou'd think they were Gods of the Rivers, or Fellow-Citizens of the Deep; so rare an Art they have in Swimming, Diving, and almost Living in Water; by which they command the less swift Inhabitants of the Floods. And then for Shooting; what they cannot take, or reach with their Hands, they do with Arrows; and have so admirable an Aim, that they will split almost an Hair; and at any distance that an Arrow can reach, they will shoot down Oranges, and other Fruit, and only touch the Stalk with the Dart's Points, that they may not hurt the Fruit. So that they being, on all Occasions, very useful to us, we find it absolutely necessary to caress 'em as Friends, and not to treat 'em as Slaves; nor dare we do other, their Numbers so far surpassing ours in that *Continent*.

Those then whom we make use of to work in our Plantations of Sugar, are *Negro's*, *Black-Slaves* altogether; which are transported thither in this manner.

Those who want Slaves, make a Bargain with a Master, or Captain of a Ship, and contract to pay him so much a-piece, a matter of twenty Pound a Head for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for 'em when they shall be deliver'd on such a Plantation: So that when there arrives a Ship laden with Slaves, they who have so contracted, go a-board, and receive their Number by Lot; and perhaps in one Lot that may be for ten, there may happen to be three or four Men; the rest, Women and Children: Or be there more or less of either Sex, you are oblig'd to be contented with your Lot.

*Coramantien*, a Country of *Blacks* so called, was one of those places in which they found the most advantageous Trading for these Slaves; and thither most of our great Traders in that Merchandice traffick'd; for that Nation is very war-like and brave; and having a continual Campaign, being always in Hostility with one neighbouring Prince or other, they had the fortune to take a great many Captives; for all they took in Battel, were sold as Slaves; at least, those common Men who cou'd not ransom themselves. Of these Slaves so taken, the General only has all the profit; and of these Generals, our Captains and Masters of Ships buy all their Freights.

The King of *Coramantien* was himself a Man of a Hundred and odd Years old, and had no Son, though he had many beautiful *Black-Wives*; for most certainly, there are Beauties that can charm of that Colour. In his younger Years he had had many gallant Men to his Sons, thirteen of which died in Battel, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his Successor, one Grand-Child, Son to one of these dead Victors; who, as soon as he cou'd bear a Bow in his Hand, and a Quiver at his Back, was sent into the Field, to be trained up by one of the oldest Generals,

to War; where, from his natural Inclination to Arms, and the Occasions given him, with the good Conduct of the old General, he became, at the Age of Seventeen, one of the most expert Captains, and bravest Soldiers, that ever saw the Field of *Mars*: So that he was ador'd as the Wonder of all that World, and the Darling of the Soldiers. Besides, he was adorn'd with a native Beauty so transcending all those of his gloomy Race, that he strook an Awe and Reverence, even in those that knew not his Quality; as he did in me, who beheld him with Surprize and Wonder, when afterwards he arriv'd in our World.

He had scarce arriv'd at his Seventeenth Year, when fighting by his Side, the General was kill'd with an Arrow in his Eye, which the Prince *Oroonoko* (for so was this gallant *Moor* call'd) very narrowly avoided; nor had he, if the General, who saw the Arrow shot, and perceiving it aim'd at the Prince, had not bow'd his Head between, on purpose to receive it in his own Body rather than it shou'd touch that of the Prince, and so saved him.

'Twas then, afflicted as *Oroonoko* was, that he was proclaim'd Général in the old Man's place; and then it was, at the finishing of that War, which had continu'd for two Years, that the Prince came to Court; where he had hardly been a Month together, from the time of his fifth Year, to that of Seventeen; and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learn'd so much Humanity; or, to give his Accomplishments a juster Name, where 'twas he got that real Greatness of Soul, those refin'd Notions of true Honour, that absolute Generosity, and that Softness that was capable of the highest Passions of Love and Gallantry, whose Objects were almost continually fighting Men, or those mangl'd, or dead; who heard no Sounds, but those of War and Groans: Some part of it we may attribute to the Care of a *French*-Man of Wit and Learning; who finding it turn to very good Account to be a sort of Royal Tutor to this young *Black*, & perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of Apprehension, took a great pleasure to teach him Morals, Language and Science; and was for it extreamly belov'd and valu'd by him. Another Reason was, He lov'd, when he came from War, to see all the *English* Gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their Language, but that of the *Spaniards* also, with whom he traded afterwards for Slaves.

I have often seen and convers'd with this great Man, and been a Witness to many of his mighty Actions; and do assure my Reader, the most Illustrious Courts cou'd not have produc'd a braver Man, both for Greatness of Courage and Mind, a Judgment more solid, a Wit more quick, and a Conversation more sweet and diverting. He knew almost as much as if he had read much: He had heard of, and admir'd the *Romans*; he had heard of the late Civil Wars in *England*, and the deplorable Death of our great Monarch; and wou'd discourse of it with all the Sense, and Abhorrence of the Injustice imaginable. He had an extream good and graceful Mien, and all the Civility of a well-bred great Man. He had nothing of Barbarity in his Nature, but in all Points address'd himself, as if his Education had been in some *European* Court.

This great and just Character of *Oroonoko* gave me an extream Curiosity to see him, especially when I knew he spoke *French* and *English*, and that I cou'd talk

with him. But though I had heard so much of him, I was as greatly surpriz'd when I saw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; so beyond all Report I found him. He came into the Room, and address'd himself to me, and some other Women, with the best Grace in the World. He was pretty tall, but of a Shape the most exact that can be fancy'd: The most famous Statuary cou'd not form the Figure of a Man more admirably turn'd from Head to Foot. His Face was not of that brown, rusty Black which most of that Nation are, but a perfect Ebony, or polish'd Jett. His Eyes were the most awful that cou'd be seen, and very piercing; the White of 'em being like Snow, as were his Teeth. His Nose was rising and *Roman*, instead of *African* and flat. His Mouth, the finest shap'd that cou'd be seen; far from those great turn'd Lips, which are so natural to the rest of the *Negroes*. The whole Proportion and Air of his Face was so noble, and exactly form'd, that, bating his Colour, there cou'd be nothing in Nature more beautiful, agreeable and handsome. There was no one Grace wanting, that bears the Standard of true Beauty: His Hair came down to his Shoulders, by the Aids of Art; which was, by pulling it out with a Quill, and keeping it comb'd; of which he took particular Care. Nor did the Perfections of his Mind come short of those of his Person; for his Discourse was admirable upon almost any Subject; and who-ever had heard him speak, wou'd have been convinc'd of their Errors, that all fine Wit is confin'd to the *White Men*, especially to those of *Christendom*; and wou'd have confess'd that *Oroonoko* was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wisely, had as great a Soul, as politick Maxims, and was as sensible of Power as any Prince civiliz'd in the most refin'd Schools of Humanity and Learning, or the most Illustrious Courts.

This Prince, such as I have describ'd him, whose Soul and Body were so admirably adorn'd, was (while yet he was in the Court of his Grandfather) as I said, as capable of Love, as 'twas possible for a brave and gallant Man to be; and in saying that, I have nam'd the highest Degree of Love; for sure, great Souls are most capable of that Passion.

I have already said, the old General was kill'd by the shot of an Arrow, by the Side of this Prince, in Battel; and that *Oroonoko* was made General. This old dead *Hero* had one only Daughter left of his Race; a Beauty that, to describe her truly, one need say only, she was Female to the noble Male; the beautiful *Black Venus*, to our young *Mars*; as charming in her Person as he, and of delicate Vertues. I have seen an hundred *White Men* sighing after her, and making a thousand Vows at her Feet, all vain, and unsuccessful: And she was, indeed, too great for any, but a Prince of her own Nation to adore.

*Oroonoko* coming from the Wars, (which were now ended) after he had made his Court to his Grandfather, he thought in Honour he ought to make a Visit to *Imoinda*, the Daughter of his Foster-father, the dead General; and to make some Excuses to her, because his Preservation was the Occasion of her Father's Death; and to present her with those Slaves that had been taken in this last Battel, as the Trophies of her Father's Victories. When he came, attended by all the young Soldiers of any Merit, he was infinitely surpriz'd at the Beauty of this fair Queen of Night, whose

Face and Person was so exceeding all he had ever beheld, that lovely Modesty with which she receiv'd him, that Softness in her Look, and Sighs, upon the melancholy Occasion of this Honour that was done by so great a Man as *Oroonoko*, and a Prince of whom she had heard such admirable things; the Awfulness wherewith she receiv'd him, and the Sweetness of her Words and Behaviour while he stay'd, gain'd a perfect Conquest over his fierce Heart, and made him feel, the Victor cou'd be subdu'd. So that having made his first Complements, and presented her an hundred and fifty Slaves in Fetters, he told her with his Eyes, that he was not insensible of her Charms; while *Imoinda*, who wish'd for nothing more than so glorious a Conquest, was pleas'd to believe, she understood that silent Language of new-born Love; and from that Moment, put on all her Additions to Beauty.

The Prince return'd to Court with quite another Humour than before; and though he did not speak much of the fair *Imoinda*, he had the pleasure to hear all his Followers speak of nothing but the Charms of that Maid; insomuch that, even in the Presence of the old King, they were extolling her, and heightning, if possible, the Beauties they had found in her: So that nothing else was talk'd of, no other Sound was heard in every Corner where there were Whisperers, but *Imoinda! Imoinda!*

'Twill be imagin'd *Oroonoko* stay'd not long before he made his second Visit; nor, considering his Quality, not much longer before he told her, he ador'd her. I have often heard him say, that he admir'd by what strange Inspiration he came to talk things so soft, and so passionate, who never knew Love, nor was us'd to the Conversation of Women; but (to use his own Words) he said, Most happily, some new, and till then unknown Power instructed his Heart and Tongue in the Language of Love, and at the same time, in favour of him, inspir'd *Imoinda* with a Sense of his Passion. She was touch'd with what he said, and return'd it all in such Answers as went to his very Heart, with a Pleasure unknown before: Nor did he use those Obligations ill, that Love had done him; but turn'd all his happy Moments to the best advantage; and as he knew no Vice, his Flame aim'd at nothing but Honour, if such a distinction may be made in Love; and especially in that Country, where Men take to themselves as many as they can maintain; and where the only Crime and Sin with Woman is, to turn her off, to abandon her to Want, Shame and Misery: Such ill Morals are only practis'd in *Christian-Countries*, where they prefer the bare Name of Religion; and, without Vertue or Morality, think that's sufficient. But *Oroonoko* was none of those Professors; but as he had right Notions of Honour, so he made her such Propositions as were not only and barely such; but, contrary to the Custom of his Country, he made her Vows, she shou'd be the only woman he wou'd possess while he liv'd; that no Age or Wrinkles shou'd incline him to change, for her Soul wou'd be always fine, and always young; and he shou'd have an eternal *Idea* in his Mind of the Charms she now bore, and shou'd look into his Heart for that *Idea*, when he cou'd find it no longer in her Face.

After a thousand Assurances of his lasting Flame, and her eternal Empire over him, she condescended to receive him for her Husband; or rather, receiv'd him, as the greatest Honour the God's cou'd do her.

There is a certain Ceremony in these Cases to be observ'd, which I forgot to ask him how perform'd; but 'twas concluded on both sides, that, in Obedience to him, the Grand-father was to be first made acquainted with the Design: for they pay a most absolute Resignation to the Monarch, especially when he is a Parent also.

On the other side, the old King, who had many Wives, and many Concubines, wanted not Court-Flatterers to insinuate in his Heart a thousand tender Thoughts for this young Beauty; and who represented her to his Fancy, as the most charming he had ever possess'd in all the long Race of his numerous Years. At this Character his old Heart, like an extinguish'd Brand, most apt to take Fire, felt new Sparks of Love, and began to kindle; and now grown to his second Childhood, long'd with Impatience to behold this gay thing, with whom, alas! he cou'd but innocently play. But how he shou'd be confirm'd she was this *Wonder*, before he us'd his Power to call her to Court (where Maidens never came, unless for the King's private Use) he was next to consider; and while he was so doing, he had Intelligence brought him, that *Imoinda* was most certainly Mistress to the Prince *Oroonoko*. This gave him some *Shagrien*; however, it gave him also an Opportunity, one Day, when the Prince was a-hunting, to wait on a Man of Quality, as his Slave and Attendant, who shou'd go and make a Present to *Imoinda*, as from the Prince; he shou'd then, unknown, see this fair Maid, and have an Opportunity to hear what Message she wou'd return the Prince for his Present; and from thence gather the state of her Heart, and degree of her Inclination. This was put in Execution, and the old Monarch saw, and burnt: He found her all he had heard, and wou'd not delay his Happiness, but found he shou'd have some Obstacle to overcome her Heart; for she express'd her Sense of the Present the Prince had sent her, in terms so sweet, so soft and pretty, with an Air of Love and Joy that cou'd not be dissembl'd; insomuch that 'twas past doubt whether she lov'd *Oroonoko* entirely. This gave the old King some Affliction; but he salv'd it with this, that the Obedience the People pay their King, was not at all inferior to what they pay'd their Gods: And what Love wou'd not oblige *Imoinda* to do, Duty wou'd compel her to.

He was therefore no sooner got to his Apartment, but he sent the Royal Veil to *Imoinda*; that is, the Ceremony of Invitation; he sends the Lady, he has a Mind to honour with his Bed, a Veil, with which she is cover'd, and secur'd for the King's Use; and 'tis Death to disobey; besides, held a most impious Disobedience.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Surprize and Grief that seiz'd this lovely Maid at this News and Sight. However, as Delays in these Cases are dangerous, and Pleading worse than Treason; trembling, and almost fainting, she was oblig'd to suffer her self to be cover'd, and led away.

They brought her thus to Court; and the King, who had caus'd a very rich Bath to be prepar'd, was led into it, where he sate under a Canopy, in State, to receive this long'd for Virgin; whom he having commanded shou'd be brought to him, they (after dis-robing her) led her to the Bath, and making fast the Doors, left her to descend. The King, without more Courtship, bad her throw off her Mantle, and come to his Arms. But *Imoinda*, all in Tears, threw her self on the Marble, on the

Brink of the Bath, and besought him to hear her. She told him, as she was a Maid, how proud of the Divine Glory she should have been of having it in her power to oblige her King; but as by the Laws, he cou'd not; and from his Royal Goodness, wou'd not take from any Man his wedded Wife: So she believ'd she shou'd be the Occasion of making him commit a great Sin, if she did not reveal her State and Condition; and tell him, she was anothers, and cou'd not be so happy to be his.

The King, enrag'd at this Delay, hastily demanded the Name of the bold Man, that had marry'd a Woman of her Degree, without his Consent. *Imoinda*, seeing his Eyes fierce, and his Hands tremble; whether with Age, or Anger, I know not; but she fancy'd the last, almost repented she had said so much, for now she fear'd the Storm wou'd fall on the Prince; she therefore said a thousand things to appease the raging of his Flame, and to prepare him to hear who it was with Calmness; but before she spoke, he imagin'd who she meant, but wou'd not seem to do so, but commanded her to lay aside her Mantle, and suffer her self to receive his Caresses; or, by his Gods, he swore, that happy Man whom she was going to name shou'd die, though it were even *Oroonoko* himself. *Therefore* (said he) *deny this Marriage, and swear thy self a Maid. That* (reply'd *Imoinda*) *by all our Powers I do; for I am not yet known to my Husband. 'Tis enough* (said the King:) *'tis enough to satisfy both my Conscience, and my Heart.* And rising from his Seat, he went, and led her into the Bath; it being in vain for her to resist.

In this time the Prince, who was return'd from Hunting, went to visit his *Imoinda*, but found her gone; and not only so, but heard she had receiv'd the Royal Veil. This rais'd him to a Storm; and in his Madness, they had much ado to save him from laying violent Hands on himself. Force first prevail'd, and then Reason: They urg'd all to him, that might oppose his Rage; but nothing weigh'd so greatly with him as the King's Old Age uncapable of injuring him with *Imoinda*. He wou'd give way to that Hope, because it pleas'd him most, and flatter'd best his Heart. Yet this serv'd not altogether to make him cease his different Passions, which sometimes rag'd within him, and sometimes softned into Showers. 'Twas not enough to appease him, to tell him, his Grand-father was old, and cou'd not that way injure him, while he retain'd that awful Duty which the young Men are us'd there to pay to their grave Relations. He cou'd not be convinc'd he had no Cause to sigh and mourn for the Loss of a Mistress, he cou'd not with all his Strength and Courage retrieve. And he wou'd often cry, *O my Friends! were she in wall'd Cities, or confin'd from me in Fortifications of the greatest Strength; did Inchantments or Monsters detain her from me, I wou'd venture through any Hazard to free her: Buthere, in the Arms of a feeble old Man, my Youth, my violent Love, my Trade in Arms, and all my vast Desire of Glory, avail me nothing: Imoinda is as irrecoverably lost to me, as if she were snatch'd by the cold Arms of Death: Oh! she is never to be retriev'd. If I wou'd wait tedious Years, till Fate shou'd bow the old King to his Grave; even that wou'd not leave me Imoinda free; but still that Custom that makes it so vile a Crime for a Son to marry his Father's Wives or Mistresses, wou'd hinder my Happiness; unless I wou'd either ignobly set an ill*



*President to my Successors, or abandon my Country, and fly with her to some unknown World, who never heard our Story.*

But it was objected to him, that his Case was not the same; for *Imoinda* being his lawful Wife, by solemn Contract, 'twas he was the injur'd Man, and might, if he so pleas'd, take *Imoinda* back, the Breach of the Law being on his Grand-father's side; and that if he cou'd circumvent him, and redeem her from the *Otan*, which is the Palace of the King's Women, a sort of *Seraglio*, it was both just and lawful for him so to do.

This Reasoning had some force upon him, and he shou'd have been entirely comforted, but for the Thought that she was possess'd by his Grand-father. However, he lov'd so well, that he was resolv'd to believe what most favour'd his Hope; and to endeavour to learn from *Imoinda's* own Mouth, what only she cou'd satisfie him in; whether she was robb'd of that Blessing, which was only due to his Faith and Love. But as it was very hard to get a Sight of the Women, for no Men ever enter'd into the *Otan*, but when the King went to entertain himself with some one of his Wives, or Mistresses; and 'twas Death at any other time, for any other to go in; so he knew not how to contrive to get a Sight of her.

While *Oroonoko* felt all the Agonies of Love, and suffer'd under a Torment the most painful in the World, the old King was not exempted from his share of Affliction. He was troubl'd for having been forc'd by an irresistable Passion, to rob his Son of a Treasure, he knew, cou'd not but be extreamly dear to him, since she was the most beautiful that ever had been seen; and had besides, all the Sweetness and Innocence of Youth and Modesty, with a Charm of Wit surpassing all. He found that, however she was forc'd to expose her lovely Person to his wither'd Arms, she cou'd only sigh and weep there, and think of *Oroonoko*; and oftentimes cou'd not forbear speaking of him, though her Life were, by Custom, forfeited by owning her Passion. But she spoke not of a Lover only, but of a Prince dear to him, to whom she spoke; and of the Praises of a Man, who, till now, fill'd the old Man's Soul with Joy at every Recital of his Bravery, or even his Name. And 'twas this Dotage on our young *Hero*, that gave *Imoinda* a thousand Privileges to speak of him, without offending; and this Condescension in the old King, that made her take the Satisfaction of speaking of him so very often.

Besides, he many times enquir'd how the Prince bore himself; and those of whom he ask'd, being entirely Slaves to the Merits and Vertrues of the Prince, still answer'd what they thought conduc'd best to his Service; which was, to make the old King fancy that the Prince had no more Interest in *Imoinda*, and had resign'd her willingly to the Pleasure of the King; that he diverted himself with his Mathematicians, his Fortifications, his Officers, and his Hunting.

This pleas'd the old Lover, who fail'd not to report these things again to *Imoinda*, that she might, by the Example of her young Lover, withdraw her Heart, and rest better contented in his Arms. But however she was forc'd to receive this unwelcome News, in all Appearance, with Unconcern, and Content, her Heart

was bursting within, and she was only happy when she cou'd get alone, to vent her Griefs and Moans with Sighs and Tears.

What Reports of the Prince's Conduct were made to the King, he thought good to justifie as far as possibly he cou'd by his Actions; and when he appear'd in the Presence of the King, he shew'd a Face not at all betraying his Heart: So that in a little time the old Man, being entirely convinc'd that he was no longer a Lover of *Imoinda*, he carry'd him with him, in his Train, to the *Otan*, often to banquet with his Mistress. But as soon as he enter'd, one Day, into the Apartment of *Imoinda*, with the King, at the first Glance from her Eyes, notwithstanding all his determin'd Resolution, he was ready to sink in the place where he stood; and had certainly done so, but for the Support of *Aboan*, a young Man, who was next to him; which, with his Change of Countenance, had betray'd him, had the King chanc'd to look that way. And I have observ'd, 'tis a very great Error in those, who laugh when one says, *A Negro can change Colour*; for I have seen 'em as frequently blush, and look pale, and that as visibly as ever I saw in the most beautiful *White*. And 'tis certain that both these Changes were evident, this Day, in both these Lovers. And *Imoinda*, who saw with some Joy the Change in the Prince's Face, and found it in her own, strove to divert the King from beholding either, by a forc'd Caress, with which she met him; which was a new Wound in the Heart of the poor dying Prince. But as soon as the King was busy'd in looking on some fine thing of *Imoinda's* making, she had time to tell the Prince with her angry, but Love-darting Eyes, that she resented his Coldness, and bemoan'd her own miserable Captivity. Nor were his Eyes silent, but answer'd hers again, as much as Eyes cou'd do, instructed by the most tender, and most passionate Heart that ever lov'd: And they spoke so well, and so effectually, as *Imoinda* no longer doubted, but she was the only Delight, and the Darling of that Soul she found pleading in 'em its Right of Love, which none was more willing to resign than she. And 'twas this powerful Language alone that in an Instant convey'd all the Thoughts of their Souls to each other; that they both found, there wanted but Opportunity to make them both entirely happy. But when he saw another Door open'd by *Onahal*, a former old Wife of the King's, who now had Charge of *Imoinda*; and saw the Prospect of a Bed of State made ready, with Sweets and Flowers for the Dalliance of the King; who immediately lead the trembling Victim from his Sight, into that prepar'd Repose. What Rage! what wild Frenzies seiz'd his Heart! which forcing to keep within Bounds, and to suffer without Noise, it became the more insupportable, and rent his Soul with ten thousand Pains. He was forc'd to retire, to vent his Groans; where he fell down on a Carpet, and lay struggling a long time, and only breathing now and then,—*O Imoinda!* When *Onahal* had finish'd her necessary Affair within, shutting the Door, she came forth to wait, till the King call'd; and hearing some one sighing in the other Room, she pass'd on, and found the Prince in that deplorable Condition, which she thought needed her Aid: She gave him Cordials, but all in vain; till finding the nature of his Disease, by his Sighs, and naming *Imoinda*. She told him, he had not so much Cause as he imagin'd, to afflict himself; for if he knew the

King so well as she did, he wou'd not lose a Moment in Jealousie, and that she was confident that *Imoinda* bore, at this Minute, part in his Affliction. *Aboan* was of the same Opinion; and both together, perswaded him to re-assume his Courage; and all sitting down on the Carpet, the Prince said so many obliging things to *Onahal*, that he half perswaded her to be of his Party. And she promis'd him, she wou'd thus far comply with his just Desires, that she wou'd let *Imoinda* know how faithful he was, what he suffer'd, and what he said.

This Discourse lasted till the King call'd, which gave *Oroonoko* a certain Satisfaction; and with the Hope *Onahal* had made him conceive, he assum'd a Look as gay as 'twas possible a Man in his Circumstances cou'd do; and presently after, he was call'd in with the rest who waited without. The King commanded Musick to be brought, and several of his young Wives and Mistresses came all together by his Command, to dance before him; where *Imoinda* perform'd her Part with an Air and Grace so passing all the rest, as her Beauty was above 'em; and receiv'd the Present, ordain'd as a Prize. The Prince was every Moment more charm'd with the new Beauties and Graces he beheld in this fair One: And while he gaz'd, and she danc'd, *Onahal* was retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This *Onahal*, as I said, was one of the Cast-Mistresses of the old King; and 'twas these (now past their Beauty) that were made Guardians, or Governants to the new, and the young Ones; and whose Business it was, to teach them all those wanton Arts of Love, with which they prevail'd and charm'd heretofore in their Turn; and who now treated the triumphing happy Ones with all the Severity, as to Liberty and Freedom, that was possible, in revenge of those Honours they rob them of; envying them those Satisfactions, those Gallantries and Presents, that were once made to themselves, while Youth and Beauty lasted, and which they now saw pass were regardless by, and pay'd only to the Bloomings. And certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decay'd Beauty, than to behold in it self declining Charms, that were once ador'd; and to find those Caresses paid to new Beauties, to which once she laid a Claim; to hear 'em whisper as she passes by, *That once was a delicate Woman*. These abandon'd Ladies therefore endeavour to revenge all the Despights, and Decays of Time, on these flourishing happy Ones. And 'twas this Severity, that gave *Oroonoko* a thousand Fears he shou'd never prevail with *Onahal*, to see *Imoinda*. But, as I said, she was now retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This young Man was not only one of the best Quality, but a Man extremely well made, and beautiful; and coming often to attend the King to the *Otan*, he had subdu'd the Heart of the antiquated *Onahal*, which had not forgot how pleasant it was to be in Love: And though she had some Decays in her Face, she had none in her Sence and Wit; she was there agreeable still, even to *Aboan*'s Youth; so that he took pleasure in entertaining her with Discourses of Love: He knew also, that to make his Court to these She-Favourites, was the way to be great; these being the Persons that do all Affairs and Business at Court. He had also observ'd that she had given him Glances more tender and inviting, than she had done to others of

his Quality: And now, when he saw that her Favour cou'd so absolutely oblige the Prince, he fail'd not to sigh in her Ear, and to look with Eyes all soft upon her, and give her Hope that she had made some Impressions on his Heart. He found her pleas'd at this, and making a thousand Advances to him; but the Ceremony ending, and the King departing, broke up the Company for that Day, and his Conversation.

*Aboan* fail'd not that Night to tell the Prince of his Success, and how advantageous the Service of *Onahal* might be to his Amour with *Imoinda*. The Prince was overjoy'd with this good News, and besought him, if it were possible, to caress her so, as to engage her entirely; which he cou'd not fail to do, if he comply'd with her Desires: *For then* (said the Prince) *her Life lying at your Mercy, she must grant you the Request you make in my Behalf.* *Aboan* understood him; and assur'd him, he would make Love so effectually, that he wou'd defie the most expert Mistress of the Art, to find out whether he dissembl'd it, or had it really. And 'twas with Impatience they waited the next Opportunity of going to the *Otan*.

The Wars came on, the Time of taking the Field approach'd, and 'twas impossible for the Prince to delay his going at the Head of his Army, to encounter the Enemy: So that every Day seem'd a tedious Year, till he saw his *Imoinda*; for he believ'd he cou'd not live, if he were forc'd away without being so happy. 'Twas with Impatience therefore, that he expected the next Visit the King wou'd make; and, according to his Wish, it was not long.

The Parley of the Eyes of these two Lovers had not pass'd so secretly, but an old jealous Lover cou'd spy it; or rather, he wanted not Flatterers, who told him, they observ'd it: So that the Prince was hasten'd to the Camp, and this was the last Visit he found he shou'd make to the *Otan*; he therefore urg'd *Aboan* to make the best of this last Effort, and to explain himself so to *Onahal*, that she, deferring her Enjoyment of her young Lover no longer, might make way for the Prince to speak to *Imoinda*.

The whole Affair being agreed on between the Prince and *Aboan*, they attended the King, as the Custom was, to the *Otan*; where, while the whole Company was taken up in beholding the Dancing, and antick Postures the Women Royal made, to divert the King, *Onahal* singl'd out *Aboan*, whom she found most pliable to her Wish. When she had him where she believ'd she cou'd not be heard, she sigh'd to him, and softly cry'd, *Ah, Aboan! When will you be sensible of my Passion? I confess it with my Mouth, because I wou'd not give my Eyes the Lye; and you have but too much already perceiv'd they have confess'd my Flame: Nor wou'd I have you believe, that because I am the abandon'd Mistress of a King, I esteem my self altogether divested of Charms. No, Aboan; I have still a Rest of Beauty enough engaging, and have learn'd to please too well, not to be desirable. I can have Lovers still, but will have none but Aboan. Madam* (reply'd the half-feigning Youth) *you have already, by my Eyes, found, you can still conquer; and I believe 'tis in pity of me, you condescend to this kind Confession. But, Madam, Words are us'd to be so small a part of our Country-Courtship, that 'tis rare one can get so happy an Opportunity as to tell one's Heart; and those few Minutes we have are*

*forc'd to be snatch'd for more certain Proofs of Love, than speaking and sighing; and such I languish for.*

He spoke this with such a Tone, that she hop'd it true, and cou'd not forbear believing it; and being wholly transported with Joy, for having subdu'd the finest of all the King's Subjects to her Desires, she took from her Ears two large Pearls, and commanded him to wear 'em in his. He wou'd have refus'd 'em, crying, *Madam, these are not the Proofs of your Love that I expect; 'tis Opportunity, 'tis a Lone hour only, that can make me happy.* But forcing the Pearls into his Hand, she whisper'd softly to him, *Oh! Do not fear a Woman's Invention, when Love sets her a-thinking.* And pressing his Hand, she cry'd, *This Night you shall be happy. Come to the Gate of the Orange-Groves, behind the Otan; and I will be ready, about Midnight, to receive you.* 'Twas thus agreed, and she left him, that no notice might be taken of their speaking together.

The Ladies were still dancing, and the King, laid on a Carpet, with a great deal of pleasure, was beholding them, especially *Imoinda*; who that Day appear'd more lovely than ever, being enliven'd with the good Tidings *Onahal* had brought her of the constant Passion the Prince had for her. The Prince was laid on another Carpet, at the other end of the Room, with his Eyes fix'd on the Object of his Soul; and as she turn'd, or mov'd, so did they; and she alone gave his Eyes and Soul their Motions: Nor did *Imoinda* employ her Eyes to any other Use, than in beholding with infinite Pleasure the Joy she produc'd in those of the Prince. But while she was more regarding him, than the Steps she took, she chanc'd to fall; and so near him, as that leaping with extream force from the Carpet, he caught her in his Arms as she fell; and 'twas visible to the whole Presence, the Joy wherewith he receiv'd her: He clasp'd her close to his Bosom, and quite forgot that Reverence that was due to the Mistress of a King, and that Punishment that is the Reward of a Boldness of this nature; and had not the Presence of Mind of *Imoinda* (fonder of his Safety, than her own) befriended him, in making her spring from his Arms, and fall into her Dance again, he had, at that Instant, met his Death; for the old King, jealous to the last degree, rose up in Rage, broke all the Diversion, and led *Imoinda* to her Apartment, and sent out Word to the Prince, to go immediately to the Camp; and that if he were found another Night in Court, he shou'd suffer the Death ordain'd for disobedient Offenders.

You may imagine how welcome this News was to *Oroonoko*, whose unseasonable Transport and Caress of *Imoinda* was blam'd by all Men that lov'd him; and now he perceiv'd his Fault, yet cry'd, *That for such another Moment, he wou'd be content to die.*

All the *Otan* was in disorder about this Accident; and *Onahal* was particularly concern'd, because on the Prince's Stay depended her Happiness; for she cou'd no longer expect that of *Aboan*. So that, e'er they departed, they contriv'd it so, that the Prince and he shou'd come both that Night to the Grove of the *Otan*, which was all of Oranges and Citrons; and that there they shou'd wait her Orders.

They parted thus, with Grief enough, till Night; leaving the King in possession of the lovely Maid. But nothing cou'd appease the Jealousie of the old Lover: He wou'd not be impos'd on, but wou'd have it, that *Imoinda* made a false Step on purpose to fall into *Oroonoko's* Bosom, and that all things look'd like a Design on both sides, and 'twas in vain she protested her Innocence: He was old and obstinate, and left her more than half assur'd that his Fear was true.

The King going to his Apartment, sent to know where the Prince was, and if he intended to obey his Command. The Messenger return'd, and told him, he found the Prince pensive, and altogether unpreparing for the Campaign; that he lay negligently on the Ground, and answer'd very little. This confirm'd the Jealousie of the King, and he commanded that they shou'd very narrowly and privately watch his Motions; and that he shou'd not stir from his Apartment, but one Spy or other shou'd be employ'd to watch him: So that the Hour approaching, wherein he was to go to the Citron-Grove; and taking only *Aboan* along with him, he leaves his Apartment, and was watch'd to the very Gate of the *Otan*; where he was seen to enter, and where they left him, to carry back the Tidings to the King.

*Oroonoko* and *Aboan* were no sooner enter'd, but *Onahal* led the Prince to the Apartment of *Imoinda*; who, not knowing any thing of her Happiness, was laid in Bed. But *Onahal* only left him in her Chamber, to make the best of his Opportunity, and took her dear *Aboan* to her own; where he shew'd the height of Complaisance for his Prince, when, to give him an Opportunity, he suffer'd himself to be caress'd in Bed by *Onahal*.

The Prince softly waken'd *Imoinda*, who was not a little surpriz'd with Joy to find him there; and yet she trembl'd with a thousand Fears. I believe, he omitted saying nothing to this young Maid, that might perswade her to suffer him to seize his own, and take the Rights of Love; and I believe she was not long resisting those Arms, where she so long'd to be; and having Opportunity, Night and Silence, Youth, Love and Desire, he soon prevail'd; and ravish'd in a Moment, what his old Grandfather had been endeavouring for so many Months.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Satisfaction of these two young Lovers; nor the Vows she made him, that she remain'd a spotless Maid, till that Night; and that what she did with his Grandfather, had robb'd him of no part of her Virgin-Honour, the Gods, in Mercy and Justice, having reserv'd that for her plighted Lord, to whom of Right it belong'd. And 'tis impossible to express the Transports he suffer'd, while he listen'd to a Discourse so charming, from her lov'd Lips; and clasp'd that Body in his Arms, for whom he had so long languish'd; and nothing now afflicted him, but his suddain Departure from her; for he told her the Necessity, and his Commands; but shou'd depart satisfy'd in this, That since the old King had hitherto not been able to deprive him of those Enjoyments which only belong'd to him, he believ'd for the future he wou'd be less able to injure him; so that, abating the Scandal of the Veil, which was no otherwise so, than that she was Wife to another: He believ'd her safe, even in the Arms of the King, and innocent; yet wou'd he have ventur'd at the Conquest of the World, and have given it all, to have had her avoided that Honour

of receiving the *Royal Veil*. 'Twas thus, between a thousand Caresses, that both bemoan'd the hard Fate of Youth and Beauty, so liable to that cruel Promotion: 'Twas a Glory that cou'd well have been spar'd here, though desir'd, and aim'd at by all the young Females of that Kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employ'd, forgetting how Time ran on, and that the Dawn must conduct him far away from his only Happiness, they heard a great Noise in the *Otan*, and unusual Voices of Men; at which the Prince, starting from the Arms of the frighted *Imoinda*, ran to a little Battel-Ax he us'd to wear by his Side; and having not so much leisure, as to put on his Habit, he oppos'd himself against some who were already opening the Door; which they did with so much Violence, that *Oroonoko* was not able to defend it; but was forc'd to cry out with a commanding Voice, *Whoever ye are that have the Boldness to attempt to approach this Apartment thus rudely, know, that I, the Prince Oroonoko, will revenge it with the certain Death of him that first enters: Therefore stand back, and know, this place is sacred to Love, and me this Night; to Morrow 'tis the King's.*

This he spoke with a Voice so resolv'd and assur'd, that they soon retir'd from the Door, but cry'd, *'Tis by the King's Command we are come; and being satisfy'd by thy Voice, O Prince, as much as if we had enter'd, we can report to the King the Truth of all his Fears, and leave thee to provide for thy own Safety, as thou art advis'd by thy Friends.*

At these Words they departed, and left the Prince to take a short and sad Leave of his *Imoinda*; who trusting in the strength of her Charms, believ'd she shou'd appease the Fury of a jealous King, by saying, She was surpriz'd, and that it was by force of Arms he got into her Apartment. All her Concern now was for his Life, and therefore she hasten'd him to the Camp; and with much a-do, prevail'd on him to go: Nor was it she alone that prevail'd, *Aboan* and *Onahal* both pleaded, and both assur'd him of a Lye that shou'd be well enough contriv'd to secure *Imoinda*. So that, at last, with a Heart sad as Death, dying Eyes, and sighing Soul, *Oroonoko* departed, and took his way to the Camp.

It was not long after the King in Person came to the *Otan*; where beholding *Imoinda* with Rage in his Eyes, he upbraided her Wickedness and Perfidy, and threatenng her Royal Lover, she fell on her Face at his Feet, bedewing the Floor with her Tears, and imploring his Pardon for a Fault which she had not with her Will committed; as *Onahal*, who was also prostrate with her, cou'd testifie: That, unknown to her, he had broke into her Apartment, and ravish'd her. She spoke this much against her Conscience; but to save her own Life, 'twas absolutely necessary she shou'd feign this Falsity. She knew it cou'd not injure the Prince, he being fled to-an-Army that wou'd stand by him, against any Injuries that shou'd assault him. However, this last Thought of *Imoinda*'s being ravish'd, chang'd the Measures of his Revenge; and whereas before he design'd to be himself her Executioner, he now resolv'd she shou'd not die. But as it is the greatest Crime in nature amongst 'em to touch a Woman, after having been possess'd by a Son, a Father, or a Brother; so now he look'd on *Imoinda* as a polluted thing, wholly unfit for his Embrace;

nor wou'd he resign her to his Grand-son, because she had receiv'd the *Royal Veil*. He therefore removes her from the *Otan*, with *Onahal*; whom he put into safe Hands, with Order they shou'd be both sold off, as Slaves, to another Country, either *Christian*, or *Heathen*; 'twas no matter where.

This cruel Sentence, worse than Death, they implor'd, might be revers'd; but their Prayers were vain, and it was put in Execution accordingly, and that with so much Secrecy, that none, either without, or within the *Otan*, knew any thing of their Absence, or their Destiny.

The old King, nevertheless, executed this with a great deal of Reluctancy; but he believ'd he had made a very great Conquest over himself, when he had once resolv'd, and had perform'd what he resolv'd. He believ'd now, that his Love had been unjust; and that he cou'd not expect the Gods, or Captain of the Clouds, (as they call the unknown Power) shou'd suffer a better Consequence from so ill a Cause. He now begins to hold *Oroonoko* excus'd; and to say, he had Reason for what he did: And now every Body cou'd assure the King, how passionately *Imoinda* was belov'd by the Prince; even those confess'd it now, who said the contrary before his Flame was abated. So that the King being old, and not able to defend himself in War, and having no Sons of all his Race remaining alive, but only this, to maintain him on his Throne; and looking on this as a Man disoblig'd, first by the Rape of his Mistress, or rather, Wife; and now by depriving of him wholly of her, he fear'd, might make him desperate, and do some cruel thing, either to himself, or his old Grand-father, the Offender; he began to repent him extreamly of the Contempt he had, in his Rage, put on *Imoinda*. Besides, he consider'd he ought in Honour to have kill'd her, for this Offence, if it had been one: He ought to have had so much Value and Consideration for a Maid of her Quality, as to have nobly put her to death; and not to have sold her like a common Slave, the greatest Revenge, and the most disgraceful of any; and to which they a thousand times prefer Death, and implore it; as *Imoinda* did, but cou'd not obtain that Honour. Seeing therefore it was certain that *Oroonoko* wou'd highly resent this Affront, he thought good to make some Excuse for his Rashness to him; and to that End he sent a Messenger to the Camp, with Orders to treat with him about the Master, to gain his Pardon, and to endeavour to mitigate his Grief; but that by no means he shou'd tell him, she was sold, but secretly put to death; for he knew he shou'd. never obtain his Pardon for the other.

When the Messenger came, he found the Prince upon the point of Engaging with the Enemy; but as soon as he heard of the Arrival of the Messenger, he commanded him to his Tent, where he embrac'd him, and receiv'd him with Joy; which was soon abated, by the down-cast Looks of the Messenger, who was instantly demanded the Cause by *Oroonoko*, who, impatient of Delay, ask'd a thousand Questions in a Breath; and all concerning *Imoinda*: But there needed little Return, for he cou'd almost answer himself of all he demanded, from his Sighs and Eyes. At last, the Messenger casting himself at the Prince's Feet, and kissing them, with all the Submission of a Man that had something to implore which he dreaded to utter,



he besought him to hear with Calmness what he had to deliver to him, and to call up all his noble and Heroick Courage, to encounter with his Words, and defend himself against the ungrateful things he must relate. *Oroonoko* reply'd, with a deep Sigh, and a languishing Voice,—*I am arm'd against their worst Efforts—; for I know they will tell me, Imoinda is no more—; and after that, you may spare the rest.* Then, commanding him to rise, he laid himself on a Carpet, under a rich Pavillion, and remain'd a good while silent, and was hardly heard to sigh. When he was come a little to himself, the Messenger ask'd him leave to deliver that part of his Embassy, which the Prince had not yet devin'd: And the Prince cry'd, *I permit thee*—Then he told him the Affliction the old King was in, for the Rashness he had committed in his Cruelty to *Imoinda*; and how he daign'd to ask Pardon for his Offence, and to implore the Prince wou'd not suffer that Loss to touch his Heart too sensibly, which now all the Gods cou'd not restore him, but might recompence him in Glory, which he begg'd he wou'd pursue; and that Death, that common Revenger of all Injuries, wou'd soon even the Account between him, and a feeble old Man.

*Oroonoko* bad him return his Duty to his Lord and Master; and to assure him, there was no Account of Revenge to be adjusted between them; if there were, 'twas he was the Agressor, and that Death wou'd be just, and, maugre his Age, wou'd see him righted; and he was contented to leave his Share of Glory to Youths more fortunate, and worthy of that Favour from the Gods. That henceforth he wou'd never lift a Weapon, or draw a Bow; but abandon the small Remains of his Life to Sighs and Tears, and the continual Thoughts of what his Lord and Grand-father had thought good to send out of the World, with all that Youth, that Innocence, and Beauty.

After having spoken this, whatever his greatest Officers, and Men of the best Rank could do, they cou'd not raise him from the Carpet, or perswade him to Action, and Resolutions of Life; but commanding all to retire, he shut himself into his Pavillion all that Day, while the Enemy was ready to engage; and wondring at the Delay, the whole Body of the chief of the Army then address'd themselves to him, and to whom they had much a-do to get Admittance. They fell on their Faces at the Foot of his Carpet; where they lay, and besought him with earnest Prayers and Tears, to lead 'em forth to Battel, and not let the Enemy take Advantages of them; and implor'd him to have regard to his Glory, and to the World, that depended on his Courage and Conduct. But he made no other Reply to all their Supplications but this, That he had now no more Business for Glory; and for the World, it was a Trifle not worth his Care. *Go*, (continu'd he, sighing) *and divide it amongst you; and reap with Joy what you so vainly prize, and leave me to my more welcome Destiny.*

They then demanded what they shou'd do, and whom he wou'd constitute in his Room, that the Confusion of ambitious Youth and Power might not ruin their Order, and make them a Prey to the Enemy. He reply'd, He wou'd not give himself the Trouble—; but wish'd 'em to chuse the bravest Man amongst 'em, let his Quality or Birth be what it wou'd: *For, O my Friends* (said he!) *it is not Titles make Men*

*brave, or good; or Birth that bestows Courage and Generosity, or makes the Owner happy. Believe this, when you behold Oroonoko, the most wretched, and abandon'd by Fortune, of all the Creation of the Gods.* So turning himself about, he wou'd make no more Reply to all they cou'd urge or implore.

The Army beholding their Officers return unsuccessful, with sad Faces, and ominous Looks, that presag'd no good Luck, suffer'd a thousand Fears to take Possession of their Hearts, and the Enemy to come even upon 'em, before they wou'd provide for their Safety, by any Defence; and though they were assur'd by some, who had a mind to animate 'em, that they shou'd be immediately headed by the Prince, and that in the mean time *Aboan* had Orders to command as General; yet they were so dismay'd for want of that great Example of Bravery, that they cou'd make but a very feeble Resistance; and at last, down-right, fled before the Enemy, who pursu'd 'em to the very Tents, killing 'em: Nor cou'd all *Aboan's* Courage, which that Day gain'd him immortal Glory, shame 'em into a Manly Defence of themselves. The Guards that were left behind, about the Prince's Tent, seeing the Soldiers flee before the Enemy, and scatter themselves all over the Plain, in great Disorder, made such Out-cries as rouz'd the Prince from his amorous Slumber, in which he had remain'd bury'd for two Days, without permitting any Sustenance to approach him: But, in spite of all his Resolutions, he had not the Constancy of Grief to that Degree, as to make him insensible of the Danger of his Army; and in that Instant he leap'd from his Couch, and cry'd,—*Come, if we must die, let us meet Death the noblest Way; and 'twill be more like Oroonoko to encounter him at an Army's Head, opposing the Torrent of a conquering Foe, than lazily, on a Couch, to wait his lingering Pleasure, and die every Moment by a thousand wrecking Thought; or be tamely taken by an Enemy, and led a whining, Love-sick Slave, to adorn the Triumphs of Jamoan, that young Victor, who already is enter'd beyond the Limits I had prescrib'd him.*

While he was speaking, he suffer'd his People to dress him for the Field; and sallying out of his Pavillion, with more Life and Vigour in his Countenance than ever he shew'd, he appear'd like some Divine Power descended to save his Country from Destruction; and his People had purposely put him on all things that might make him shine with most Splendor, to strike a reverend Awe into the Beholders. He flew into the thickest of those that were pursuing his Men; and being animated with Despair, he fought as if he came on purpose to die, and did such things as will not be believ'd that Humane Strength cou'd perform; and such as soon inspir'd all the rest with new Courage, and new Order: And now it was, that they began to fight indeed; and so, as if they wou'd not be out-done, even by their ador'd *Hero*; who turning the Tide of the Victory, changing absolutely the Fate of the Day, gain'd an entire Conquest; and *Oroonoko* having the good Fortune to single out *Jamoan*, he took him Prisoner with his own Hand, having wounded him almost to death.

This *Jamoan* afterwards became very dear to him, being a Man very gallant, and of excellent Graces, and fine Parts; so that he never put him amongst the Rank of Captives, as they us'd to do, without distinction, for the common Sale,

or Market; but kept him in his own Court, where he retain'd nothing of the Prisoner, but the Name, and return'd no more into his own Country, so great an Affection he took for *Oroonoko*; and by a thousand Tales and Adventures of Love and Gallantry, flatter'd his Disease of Melancholy and Languishment; which I have often heard him say, had certainly kill'd him, but for the Conversation of this Prince and *Aboan*, the *French* Governor he had from his Childhood, of whom I have spoken before, and who was a Man of admirable Wit, great Ingenuity and Learning; all which he had infus'd into his young Pupil. This *French*-Man was banish'd out of his own Country, for some Heretical Notions he held; and though he was a Man of very little Religion, he had admirable Morals, and a brave Soul.

After the total Defeat of *Jamoan's* Army, which all fled, or were left dead upon the Place, they spent some time in the Camp; *Oroonoko* chusing rather to remain a while there in his Tents, than enter into a Place, or live in a Court where he had so lately suffer'd so great a Loss. The Officers therefore, who saw and knew his Cause of Discontent, invented all sorts of Diversions and Sports, to entertain their Prince: So that what with those Amuzements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their Tents, with the Perswasions, Arguments and Care of his Friends and Servants that he more peculiarly priz'd, he wore off in time a great part of that *Shagrien*, and Torture of Despair, which the first Efforts of *Imoinda's* Death had given him: Insomuch as having receiv'd a thousand kind Embassies from the King, and Invitations to return to Court, he obey'd, though with no little Reluctancy; and when he did so, there was a visible Change in him, and for a long time he was much more melancholy than before. But Time lessens all Extreame, and reduces 'em to *Mediums* and Unconcern; but no Motives or Beauties, though all endeavour'd it, cou'd engage him in any sort of Amour, though he had all the Invitations to it, both from his own Youth, and others Ambitions and Designs.

*Oroonoko* was no sooner return'd from this last Conquest, and receiv'd at Court with all the Joy and Magnificence that cou'd be express'd to a young Victor, who was not only return'd triumphant, but belov'd like a Deity, when there arriv'd in the Port an *English* Ship.

This Person had often before been in these Countries, and was very well known to *Oroonoko*, with whom he had traffick'd for Slaves, and had us'd to do the same with his Predecessors.

This Commander was a Man of a finer sort of Address, and Conversation, better bred, and more engaging, than most of that sort of Men are; so that he seem'd rather never to have been bred out of a Court, than almost all his Life at Sea. This Captain therefore was always better receiv'd at Court, than most of the Traders to those Countries were; and especially by *Oroonoko*, who was more civiliz'd, according to the *European* Mode, than any other had been, and took more Delight in the *White* Nations; and, above all, Men of Parts and Wit. To this Captain he sold abundance of his Slaves; and for the Favour and Esteem he had for him, made him many Presents, and oblig'd him to stay at Court as long as possibly he cou'd. Which the Captain seem'd to take as a very great Honour done him, entertaining the Prince

every Day with Globes and Maps, and Mathematical Discourses and Instruments; eating, drinking, hunting and living with him with so much Familiarity, that it was not to be doubted, but he had gain'd very greatly upon the Heart of this gallant young Man. And the Captain, in Return of all these mighty Favours, besought the Prince to honour his Vessel with his Presence, some Day or other, to Dinner, before he shou'd set Sail; which he condescended to accept, and appointed his Day. The Captain, on his part, fail'd not to have all things in a Readiness, in the most magnificent Order he cou'd possibly: And the Day being come, the Captain, in his Boat, richly adorn'd with Carpets and Velvet-Cushions, row'd to the Shoar to receive the Prince; with another Long-Boat, where was plac'd all his Musick and Trumpets, with which *Oroonoko* was extreemly delighted; who met him on the Shoar, attended by his *French* Governor, *Jamoan*, *Aboan*, and about an hundred of the noblest of the Youths of the Court: And after they had first carry'd the Prince on Board, the Boats fetch'd the rest off; where they found a very splendid Treat, with all sorts of fine Wines; and were as well entertain'd, as 'twas possible in such a place to be.

The Prince having drunk hard of Punch, and several Sorts of Wine, as did all the rest (for great Care was taken, they shou'd want nothing of that part of the Entertainment) was very merry, and in great Admiration of the Ship, for he had never been in one before; so that he was curious of beholding every place, where he decently might descend. The rest, no less curious, who were not quite overcome with Drinking, rambl'd at their pleasure *Fore* and *Aft*, as their Fancies guided 'em: So that the Captain, who had well laid his Design before, gave the Word, and seiz'd on all his Guests; they clapping great Irons suddenly on the Prince, when he was leap'd down in the Hold, to view that part of the Vessel; and locking him fast down, secur'd him. The same Treachery was us'd to all the rest; and all in one Instant, in several places of the Ship, were lash'd fast in Irons, and betray'd to Slavery. That great Design over, they set all Hands to work to hoise Sail; and with as treacherous and fair a Wind, they made from the Shoar with this innocent and glorious Prize, who thought of nothing less than such an Entertainment.

Some have commended this Act, as brave, in the Captain; but I will spare my Sence of it, and leave it to my Reader, to judge as he pleases.

It may be easily guess'd, in what manner the Prince resented this Indignity, who may be best resembl'd to a Lion taken in a Toil; so he rag'd, so he struggl'd for Liberty, but all in vain; and they had so wisely manag'd his Fetters, that he cou'd not use a Hand in his Defence, to quit himself of a Life that wou'd by no Means endure Slavery; nor cou'd he move from the Place, where he was ty'd, to any solid part of the Ship, against which he might have beat his Head, and have finish'd his Disgrace that way: So that being deprived of all other means, he resolved to perish for want of Food: And pleased at last with that Thought, and toil'd and tired by Rage and Indignation, he laid himself down, and sullenly resolved upon dying, and refused all things that were brought him.

This did not a little vex the Captain, and the more so, because, he found almost all of 'em of the same Humour; so that the loss of so many brave Slaves, so tall and

goodly to behold, wou'd have been very considerable: He therefore order'd one to go from him (for he wou'd not be seen himself) to *Oroonoko*, and to assure him he was afflicted for having rashly done so unhospitable a Deed, and which cou'd not be now remedied, since they were far from shore; but since he resented it in so high a nature, he assur'd him he wou'd revoke his Resolution, and set both him and his Friends a-shore on the next Land they shou'd touch at; and of this the Messenger gave him his Oath, provided he wou'd resolve to live: And *Oroonoko*, whose Honour was such as he never had violated a Word in his Life himself, much less a solemn Asseveration; believ'd in an instant what this Man said, but reply'd, He expected for a Confirmation of this, to have his shameful Fetters dismiss'd. This Demand was carried to the *Captain*, who return'd him answer, That the Offence had been so great which he had put upon the Prince, that he durst not trust him with Liberty while he remained in the Ship, for fear lest by a Valour natural to him, and a Revenge that would animate that Valour, he might commit some Outrage fatal to himself and the *King* his Master, to whom his Vessel did belong. To this *Oroonoko* replied, he would engage his Honour to behave himself in all friendly Order and Manner, and obey the Command of the *Captain*, as he was Lord of the *King's* Vessel, and General of those Men under his Command.

This was deliver'd to the still doubting *Captain*, who could not resolve to trust a *Heathen* he said, upon his Parole, a Man that had no sence or notion of the God that he Worshipp'd. *Oroonoko* then replied, He was very sorry to hear that the *Captain* pretended to the Knowledge and Worship of any *Gods*, who had taught him no better Principles, than not to Credit as he would be Credited: but they told him the Difference of their Faith occasion'd that Distrust: For the *Captain* had protested to him upon the Word of a *Christian*, and sworn in the Name of a Great *GOD*; which if he shou'd violate, he would expect eternal Torment in the World to come. *Is that all the Obligation he has to be Just to his Oath*, replied *Oroonoko*? *Let him know I Swear by my Honour, which to violate, wou'd not only render me contemptible and despised by all brave and honest Men, and so give my self perpetual pain, but it wou'd be eternally offending and displeasing all Mankind, harming, betraying, circumventing and outraging all Men; but Punishments hereafter are suffer'd by ones self; and the World takes no cognizances whether this God have revenged em, or not, tis done so secretly, and deferr'd so long: While the Man of no Honour, suffers every moment the scorn and contempt of the honestest World, and dies every day ignominiously in his Fame, which is more valuable than Life: I speak not this to move Belief, but to shew you how you mistake, when you imagine, That he who will violate his Honour, will keep his Word with his Gods.* So turning from him with a disdainful smile, he refused to answer him, when he urg'd him to know what Answer he shou'd carry back to his *Captain*; so that he departed without saying any more.

The *Captain* pondering and consulting what to do, it was concluded that nothing but *Oroonoko's* Liberty wou'd encourage any of the rest to eat, except the *Frenchman*, whom the *Captain* cou'd not pretend to keep Prisoner, but only told him he

was secured because he might act something in favour of the Prince, but that he shou'd be freed as soon as they came to Land. So that they concluded it wholly necessary to free the Prince from his Irons, that he might show himself to the rest; that they might have an Eye upon him, and that they cou'd not fear a single Man.

This being resolv'd, to make the Obligation the greater, the Captain himself went to *Oroonoko*; where, after many Complements, and Assurances of what he had already promis'd, he receiving from the Prince his *Parole*, and his Hand, for his good Behaviour, dismiss'd his Irons, and brought him to his own Cabin; where, after having treated and repos'd him a while, for he had neither eat nor slept in four Days before, he besought him to visit those obstinate People in Chains, who refus'd all manner of Sustenance; and intreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and assure 'em of their Liberty the first Opportunity.

*Oroonoko*, who was too generous, not to give Credit to his Words, shew'd himself to his People, who were transported with Excess of Joy at the sight of their Darling Prince; falling at his Feet, and kissing and embracing 'em; believing, as some Divine Oracle, all he assur'd 'em. But he besought 'em to bear their Chains with that Bravery that became those whom he had seen act so nobly in Arms; and that they cou'd not give him greater Proofs of their Love and Friendship, since 'twas all the Security the Captain (his Friend) cou'd have, against the Revenge, he said, they might possibly justly take, for the Injuries sustain'd by him. And they all, with one Accord, assur'd him, they cou'd not suffer enough, when it was for his Repose and Safety.

After this they no longer refus'd to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleas'd with their Captivity, since by it they hop'd to redeem the Prince, who, all the rest of the Voyage, was treated with all the Respect due to his Birth, though nothing cou'd divert his Melancholy; and he wou'd often sigh for *Imoinda*, and think this a Punishment due to his Misfortune, in having left that noble Maid behind him, that fatal Night, in the *Otan*, when he fled to the Camp.

Possess'd with a thousand Thoughts of past Joys with this fair young Person, and a thousand Griefs for her eternal Loss, he endur'd a tedious Voyage, and at last arriv'd at the Mouth of the River of *Surinam*, a Colony belonging to the King of *England*, and where they were to deliver some part of their Slaves. There the Merchants and Gentlemen of the Country going on Board, to demand those Lots of Slaves they had already agreed on; and, amongst those, the Over-seers of those Plantations where I then chanc'd to be, the Captain, who had given the Word, order'd his Men to bring up those noble Slaves in Fetters, whom I have spoken of; and having put 'em, some in one, and some in other Lots, with Women and Children (which they call *Pickaninies*,) they sold 'em off, as Slaves, to several Merchants and Gentlemen; not putting any two in one Lot, because they wou'd separate 'em far from each other; not daring to trust 'em together, lest Rage and Courage shou'd put 'em upon contriving some great Action, to the Ruin of the Colony.

*Oroonoko* was first seiz'd on, and sold to our Over-seer, who had the first Lot, with seventeen more of all sorts and sizes; but not one of Quality with him. When

he saw this, he found what they meant; for, as I said, he understood *English* pretty well; and being wholly unarm'd and defenceless, so as it was in vain to make any Resistance, he only beheld the Captain with a Look all fierce and disdainful, upbraiding him with Eyes, that forc'd Blushes on his guilty Cheeks, he only cry'd, in passing over the Side of the Ship, *Farewel, Sir: 'Tis worth my Suffering, to gain so true a Knowledge both of you, and of your Gods by whom you swear.* And desiring those that held him to forbear their pains, and telling 'em he wou'd make no Resistance, he cry'd, *Come, my Fellow-Slaves; let us descend, and see if we can meet with more Honour and Honesty in the next World we shall touch upon.* So he nimbly leap'd into the Boat, and shewing no more Concern, suffer'd himself to be row'd up the River, with his seventeen Companions.

The Gentleman that bought him was a young *Cornish* Gentleman, whose Name was *Trefry*; a Man of great Wit, and fine Learning, and was carry'd into those Parts by the Lord—Governor, to manage all his Affairs. He reflecting on the last Words of *Oroonoko* to the Captain, and beholding the Richness of his Vest, no sooner came into the Boat, but he fix'd his Eyes on him; and finding something so extraordinary in his Face, his Shape and Mien, a Greatness of Look, and Haughtiness in his Air, and finding he spoke *English*, had a great mind to be enquiring into his Quality and Fortune; which, though *Oroonoko* endeavour'd to hide, by only confessing he was above the Rank of common Slaves, *Trefry* soon found he was yet something greater than he confess'd; and from that Moment began to conceive so vast an Esteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his dearest Brother, and shew'd him all the Civilities due to so great a Man.

*Trefry* was a very good Mathematician, and a Linguist; cou'd speak *French* and *Spanish*; and in the three Days they remain'd in the Boat (for so long were they going from the Ship, to the Plantation) he entertain'd *Oroonoko* so agreeably with his Art and Discourse, that he was no less pleas'd with *Trefry*, than he was with the Prince; and he thought himself, at least, fortunate in this, that since he was a Slave, as long as he wou'd suffer himself to remain so, he had a Man of so excellent Wit and Parts for a Master: So that before they had finish'd their Voyage up the River, he made no scruple of declaring to *Trefry* all his Fortunes, and most part of what I have here related, and put himself wholly into the Hands of his new Friend, whom he found resenting all the Injuries were done him, and was charm'd with all the Greatnesses of his Actions; which were recited with that Modesty, and delicate Sence, as wholly vanquish'd him, and subdu'd him to his Interest. And he promis'd him on his Word and Honour, he wou'd find the Means to re-conduct him to his own Country again: assuring him, he had a perfect Abhorrence of so dishonourable an Action; and that he wou'd sooner have dy'd, than have been the Author of such a Perfidy. He found the Prince was very much concern'd to know what became of his Friends, and how they took their Slavery; and *Trefry* promis'd to take care about the enquiring after their Condition, and that he shou'd have an Account of 'em.

Though, as *Oroonoko* afterwards said, he had little Reason to credit the Words of a *Backearary*, yet he knew not why; but he saw a kind of Sincerity, and awful Truth in the Face of *Trefry*; he saw an Honesty in his Eyes, and he found him wise and witty enough to understand Honour; for it was one of his Maxims, *A Man of Wit cou'd not be a Knave or Villain*.

In their passage up the River, they put in at several Houses for Refreshment; and ever when they landed, numbers of People wou'd flock to behold this Man; not but their Eyes were daily entertain'd with the sight of Slaves, but the Fame of *Oroonoko* was gone before him, and all People were in Admiration of his Beauty. Besides, he had a rich Habit on, in which he was taken, so different from the rest, and which the Captain cou'd not strip him of, because he was forc'd to surprize his Person in the Minute he sold him. When he found his Habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gaz'd at the more, he begg'd *Trefry* to give him something more befitting a Slave; which he did, and took off his Robes. Nevertheless, he shone through all; and his *Osenbrigs* (a sort of brown *Holland* Suit he had on) cou'd not conceal the Graces of his Looks and Mien; and he had no less Admirers, than when he had his dazeling Habit on: The Royal Youth appear'd in spight of the Slave, and People cou'd not help treating him after a different manner, without designing it: As soon as they approach'd him, they venerated and esteem'd him; his Eyes insensibly commanded Respect, and his Behaviour insinuated it into every Soul. So that there was nothing talk'd of but this young and gallant Slave, even by those who yet knew not that he was a Prince.

I ought to tell you, that the *Christians* never buy any Slaves but they give 'em some Name of their own, their native ones being likely very barbarous, and hard to pronounce; so that Mr. *Trefry* gave *Oroonoko* that of *Caesar*; which Name will live in that Country as long as that (scarce more) glorious one of the great *Roman*; for 'tis most evident, he wanted no part of the Personal Courage of that *Caesar*, and acted things as memorable, had they been done in some part of the World replenish'd with People, and Historians, that might have given him his due. But his Misfortune was, to fall in an obscure World, that afforded only a Female Pen to celebrate his Fame; though I doubt not but it had liv'd from others Endeavours, if the *Dutch*, who, immediately after his Time, took that Country, had not kill'd, banish'd and dispers'd all those that were capable of giving the World this great Man's Life, much better than I have done. And Mr. *Trefry*, who design'd it, dy'd before he began it; and bemoan'd himself for not having undertook it in time.

For the future therefore, I must call *Oroonoko*, *Caesar*, since by that Name only he was known in our Western World, and by that Name he was receiv'd on Shoar at *Parham-House*, where he was destin'd a Slave. But if the King himself (God bless him) had come a-shore, there cou'd not have been greater Expectations by all the whole Plantation, and those neighbouring ones, than was on ours at that time; and he was receiv'd more like a Governor, than a Slave. Notwithstanding, as the Custom was, they assign'd him his Portion of Land, his House, and his Business, up in the Plantation. But as it was more for Form, than any Design, to put him to



his Task, he endur'd no more of the Slave but the Name, and remain'd some Days in the House, receiving all Visits that were made him, without stirring towards that part of the Plantation where the *Negroes* were.

At last, he wou'd needs go view his Land, his House, and the Business assign'd him. But he no sooner came to the Houses of the Slaves, which are like a little Town by it self, the *Negroes* all having left Work, but they all came forth to behold him, and found he was that Prince who had, at several times, sold most of 'em to these Parts; and, from a Veneration they pay to great Men, especially if they know 'em, and from the Surprize and Awe they had at the sight of him, they all cast themselves at his Feet, crying out, in their Language, *Live, O King! Long live, O King!* And kissing his Feet, paid him even Divine Homage.

Several *English* Gentlemen were with him; and what Mr. *Trefry* had told 'em, was here confirm'd; of which he himself before had no other Witness than *Caesar* himself: But he was infinitely glad to find his Grandure confirm'd by the Adoration of all the Slaves.

*Caesar* troubl'd with their Over-Joy, and Over-Ceremony, besought 'em to rise, and to receive him as their Fellow-Slave; assuring them, he was no better. At which they set up with one Accord a most terrible and hidious Mourning and condoling, which he and the *English* had much a-do to appease; but at last they prevail'd with 'em, and they prepar'd all their barbarous Musick, and every one kill'd and dress'd something of his own Stock (for every Family has their Land apart, on which, at their leisure times, they breed all eatable things;) and clubbing it together, made a most magnificent Supper, inviting their *Grandee Captain*, their *Prince*, to honour it with his Presence; which he did, and several *English* with him; where they all waited on him, some playing, others dancing before him all the time, according to the Manners of their several Nations; and with unwearied Industry, endeavouring to please and delight him.

While they sat at Meat Mr. *Trefry* told *Caesar*, that most of these young *Slaves* were undon in Love, with a fine she *Slave*, whom they had had about Six Months on their Land; the *Prince*, who never heard the Name of *Love* without a Sigh, nor any mention of it without the Curiosity of examining further into that tale, which of all Discourses was most agreeable to him, asked, how they came to be so Unhappy, as to be all Undon for one fair *Slave*? *Trefry*, who was naturally Amorous, and lov'd to talk of Love as well as any body, proceeded to tell him, they had the most charming Black that ever was beheld on their *Plantation*, about Fifteen or Sixteen Years old, as he guest; that, for his part, he had done nothing but Sigh for her ever since she came; and that all the white Beautys he had seen, never charm'd him so absolutely as this fine Creature had done; and that no Man, of any Nation, ever beheld her, that did not fall in Love with her; and that she had all the *Slaves* perpetually at her Feet; and the whole Country resounded with the Fame of *Clemene*, for so, said he, we have Christ'ned her: But she deny's us all with such a noble Disdain, that 'tis a Miracle to see, that she, who can give such eternal Desires, shou'd herself be all Ice, and all Unconcern. She is adorn'd

with the most Graceful Modesty that ever beautified Youth; the softest Sigher—that, if she were capable of Love, one would swear she languish'd for some absent happy Man; and so retir'd, as if she fear'd a Rape even from the God of Day; or that the Breezes would steal Kisses from her delicate Mouth. Her Task of Work some sighing Lover every day makes it his Petition to perform for her, which she excepts blushing, and with reluctancy, for fear he will ask her a Look for a Recompence, which he dares not presume to hope; so great an Awe she strikes into the Hearts of her Admirers. *I do not wonder*, replied the Prince, *that Clemene shou'd refuse Slaves, being as you say so Beautiful, but wonder how she escapes those who can entertain her as you can do; or why, being your Slave, you do not oblige her to yield. I confess*, said Trefry, *when I have, against her will, entertain'd her with Love so long, as to be transported with my Passion; even above Decency, I have been ready to make use of those advantages of Strength and Force Nature has given me. But oh! she disarms me, with that Modesty and Weeping so tender and so moving, that I retire, and thank my Stars she overcame me.* The Company laugh'd at his Civility to a Slave, and Caesar only applauded the nobleness of his Passion and Nature; since that Slave might be Noble, or, what was better, have true Notions of Honour and Vertue in her. Thus past they this Night, after having received, from the *Slaves*, all imaginable Respect and Obedience.

The next Day Trefry ask'd Caesar to walk, when the heat was allay'd, and designedly carried him by the Cottage of the *fair Slave*; and told him, she whom he spoke of last Night liv'd there retir'd. *But*, says he, *I would not wish you to approach, for, I am sure, you will be in Love as soon as you behold her.* Caesar assur'd him, he was proof against all the Charms of that Sex; and that if he imagin'd his Heart cou'd be so perfidious to Love again, after *Imoinda*, he believ'd he shou'd tear it from his Bosom: They had no sooner spoke, but a little shock Dog, that *Clemene* had presented her, which she took great Delight in, ran out; and she, not knowing any body was there, ran to get it in again, and bolted out on those who were just Speaking of her: When seeing them, she wou'd have run in again; but Trefry caught her by the Hand, and cry'd, *Clemene, however you fly a Lover, you ought to pay some Respect to this Stranger:* (pointing to Caesar) But she, as if she had resolv'd never to raise her Eyes to the Face of a Man again, bent 'em the more to the Earth, when he spoke, and gave the *Prince* the Leasure to look the more at her. There needed no long Gazing, or Consideration, to examin who this fair Creature was; he soon saw *Imoinda* all over her; in a Minute he saw her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Modesty, and all that call'd forth his Soul with Joy at his Eyes, and left his Body destitute of almost Life; it stood without Motion, and, for a Minute, knew not that it had a Being; and, I believe, he had never come to himself, so opprest he was with over-Joy, if he had not met with this Allay, that he perceiv'd *Imoinda* fall dead in the Hands of Trefry: this awaken'd him, and he ran to her aid, and caught her in his Arms, where, by degrees, she came to herself; and 'tis needless to tell with what transports, what extasies of Joy, they both a while beheld each other, without Speaking; then Snatcht each other to their

Arms; then Gaze again, as if they still doubted whether they possess'd the Blessing: They Graspt, but when they recovered their Speech, 'tis not to be imagin'd, what tender things they exprest to each other; wondering what strange Fate had brought 'em again together. They soon inform'd each other of their Fortunes, and equally bewail'd their Fate; but, at the same time, they mutually protested, that even Fetters and Slavery were Soft and Easy; and wou'd be supported with Joy and Pleasure, while they cou'd be so happy to possess each other, and to be able to make good their Vows. *Caesar* swore he disdain'd the Empire of the World, while he cou'd behold his *Imoinda*; and she despis'd Grandure and Pomp, those Vanities of her Sex, when she cou'd Gaze on *Oroonoko*. He ador'd the very Cottage where she resided, and said, That little Inch of the World wou'd give him more Happiness than all the Universe cou'd do; and she vow'd, It was a Pallace, while adorn'd with the Presence of *Oroonoko*.

*Trefry* was infinitely pleas'd with this Novel, and found this *Clemene* was the Fair Mistress of whom *Caesar* had before spoke; and was not a little satisfied, that Heaven was so kind to the *Prince*, as to sweeten his Misfortunes by so lucky an Accident; and leaving the Lovers to themselves, was impatient to come down to *Parham House*, (which was on the same *Plantation*) to give me an Account of what had hapned. I was as impatient to make these Lovers a Visit, having already made a Friendship with *Caesar*; and from his own Mouth learn'd what I have related, which was confirmed by his French-man, who was set on Shore to seek his Fortunes; and of whom they cou'd not make a Slave, because a Christian; and he came daily to *Parham Hill* to see and pay his Respects to his Puple *Prince*: So that concerning and intresting my self, in all that related to *Caesar*, whom I had assur'd of Liberty, as soon as the Governor arriv'd, I hasted presently to the Place where the Lovers were, and was infinitely glad to find this Beautiful young *Slave* (who had already gain'd all our Esteems, for her Modesty and her extraordinary Prettyness) to be the same I had heard *Caesar* speak so much off. One may imagine then, we paid her a treble Respect; and though from her being carv'd in fine Flowers and Birds all over her Body, we took her to be of Quality before, yet, when we knew *Clemene* was *Imoinda*, we cou'd not enough admire her.

I had forgot to tell you, that those who are Nobly born of that Country, are so delicately Cut and Rac'd all over the fore-part of the Trunk of their Bodies, that it looks as if it were Japan'd; the Works being raised like high Poynt round the Edges of the Flowers: Some are only Carv'd with a little Flower, or Bird, at the Sides of the Temples, as was *Caesar*; and those who are so Carv'd over the Body, resemble our Ancient *Picts*, that are figur'd in the Chronicles, but these Carvings are more delicate.

From that happy Day *Caesar* took *Clemene* for his Wife, to the general Joy of all People; and there was as much Magnificence as the Country wou'd afford at the Celebration of this Wedding: and in a very short time after she conceiv'd with Child; which made *Caesar* even adore her, knowing he was the last of his Great Race. This new Accident made him more Impatient of Liberty, and he was every Day treating with *Trefry* for his and *Clemene's* Liberty; and offer'd either Gold, or

a vast quantity of Slaves, which shou'd be paid before they let him go, provided he cou'd have any Security that he shou'd go when his Ransom was paid: They fed him from Day to Day with Promises, and delay'd him, till the Lord Governor shou'd come; so that he began to suspect them of falshood, and that they wou'd delay him till the time of his Wives delivery, and make a Slave of that too, For all the Breed is theirs to whom the Parents belong: This Thought made him very uneasy, and his Sullenness gave them some Jealousies of him; so that I was oblig'd, by some Persons, who fear'd a Mutiny (which is very Fatal sometimes in those Colonies, that abound so with Slaves, that they exceed the Whites in vast Numbers) to discourse with *Caesar*, and to give him all the Satisfaction I possibly cou'd; they knew he and *Clemene* were scarce an Hour in a Day from my Lodgings; that they eat with me, and that I oblig'd 'em in all things I was capable of: I entertain'd him with the Lives of the Romans, and great Men, which charm'd him to my Company; and her, with teaching her all the pretty Works that I was Mistress off; and telling her Stories of Nuns, and endeavoring to bring her to the knowledge of the true God. But of all Discourses *Caesar* lik'd that the worst, and wou'd never be reconcil'd to our Notions of the Trinity, of which he ever made a Jest; it was a Riddle, he said, wou'd turn his Brain to conceive, and one cou'd not make him understand what Faith was. However, these Conversations fail'd not altogether so well to divert him, that he lik'd the Company of us Women much above the Men; for he cou'd not Drink; and he is but an ill Companion in that Country that cannot: So that obliging him to love us very well, we had all the Liberty of Speech with him, especially myself, whom he call'd his *Great Mistress*; and indeed my Word wou'd go a great way with him. For these Reasons, I had Opportunity to take notice to him, that he was not well pleas'd of late, as he us'd to be; was more retir'd and thoughtful; and told him, I took it Ill he shou'd Suspect we wou'd break our Words with him, and not permit both him and *Clemeneto* return to his own Kingdom, which was not so long a way, but when he was once on his Voyage he wou'd quickly arrive there. He made me some Answers that shew'd a doubt in him, which made me ask him, what advantage it wou'd be to doubt? it would but give us a Fear of him, and possibly compel us to treat him so as I shou'd be very loath to behold: that is, it might occasion his Confinement. Perhaps this was not so Luckily spoke of me, for I perceiv'd he resented that Word, which I strove to Soften again in vain: However, he assur'd me, that whatsoever Resolutions he shou'd take, he wou'd Act nothing upon the White-People; and as for my self, and those upon that *Plantation* where he was, he wou'd sooner forfeit his eternal Liberty, and Life it self, than lift his Hand against his greatest Enemy on that Place: He besought me to suffer no Fears upon his Account, for he cou'd do nothing that Honour shou'd not dictate; but he accus'd himself for having suffer'd Slavery so long; yet he charg'd that weakness on Love alone, who was capable of making him negect even Glory it self; and, for which, now he reproches himself every moment of the Day. Much more to this effect he spoke, with an Air impatient enough to make me know he wou'd not be long in Bondage; and though he suffer'd only the Name of a Slave, and had nothing

of the Toil and Labour of one, yet that was sufficient to render him Uneasy; and he had been too long Idle, who us'd to be always in Action, and in Arms: He had a Spirit all Rough and Fierce, and that cou'd not be tam'd to lazy Rest; and though all endeavors were us'd to exercise himself in such Actions and Sports as this World afforded, as Running, Wrastling, Pitching the Bar, Hunting and Fishing, Chasing and Killing *Tigers* of a monstrous Size, which this Continent affords in abundance; and wonderful *Snakes*, such as *Alexander* is reported to have incounter'd at the River of *Amozons*, and which *Caesar* took great Delight to overcome; yet these were not Actions great enough for his large Soul, which was still panting after more renown'd Action.

Before I parted that Day with him, I got, with much ado, a Promise from him to rest yet a little longer with Patience, and wait the coming of the Lord Governor, who was every Day expected on our Shore; he assur'd me he wou'd, and this Promise he desired me to know was given perfectly in Complaisance to me, in whom he had an intire Confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to trust him much out of our View, nor did the Country who fear'd him; but with one accord it was advis'd to treat him Fairly, and oblige him to remain within such a compass, and that he shou'd be permitted, as seldom as cou'd be, to go up to the Plantations of the Negroes; or, if he did, to be accompany'd by some that shou'd be rather in appearance Attendants than Spys. This Care was for some time taken, and *Caesar* look'd upon it as a Mark of extraordinary Respect, and was glad his discontent had oblig'd 'em to be more observant to him; he received new assurance from the Overseer, which was confirmed to him by the Opinion of all the Gentlemen of the Country, who made their court to him: During this time that we had his Company more frequently than hitherto we had had, it may not be unpleasant to relate to you the Diversions we entertain'd him with, or rather he us.

My stay was to be short in that Country, because my Father dy'd at Sea, and never arriv'd to possess the Honour was design'd him, (which was Lieutenant-General of Six and thirty Islands, besides the Continent of *Surinam*) nor the advantages he hop'd to reap by them; so that though we were oblig'd to continue on our Voyage, we did not intend to stay upon the Place: Though, in a Word, I must say thus much of it, That certainly had his late Majesty, of sacred Memory, but seen and known what a vast and charming World he had been Master off in that Continent, he would never have parted so Easily with it to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a Continent whose vast Extent was never yet known, and may contain more Noble Earth than all the Universe besides; for, they say, it reaches from East to West; one Way as far as *China*, and another to *Peru*: It affords all things both for Beauty and Use; 'tis there Eternal Spring, always the very Months of *April*, *May* and *June*; the Shades are perpetual, the Trees, bearing at once all degrees of Leaves and Fruit, from blooming Buds to ripe Autumn; Groves of Oranges, Limons, Citrons, Figs, Nutmegs, and noble Aromaticks, continually bearing their Fragrancies. The Trees appearing all like Nosegays adorn'd with Flowers of different kind; some are all

White, some Purple, some Scarlet, some Blew, some Yellow; bearing, at the same time, Ripe Fruit and Blooming Young, or producing every Day new. The very Wood of all these Trees have an intrinsick Value above common Timber; for they are, when cut, of different Colours, glorious to behold; and bear a Price considerable, to inlay withal. Besides this, they yield rich Balm, and Gums; so that we make our Candles of such an Aromatick Substance, as does not only give a sufficient Light, but, as they Burn, they cast their Perfumes all about. Cedar is the common Firing, and all the Houses are built with it. The very Meat we eat, when set on the Table, if it be Native, I mean of the Country, perfumes the whole Room; especially a little Beast call'd an *Armadilly*, a thing which I can liken to nothing so well as a *Rhinoceros*; 'tis all in white Armor so joynted, that it moves as well in it, as if it had nothing on; this Beast is about the bigness of a Pig of Six Weeks old. But it were endless to give an Account of all the divers Wonderfull and Strange things that Country affords, and which we took a very great Delight to go in search of; though those adventures are oftentimes Fatal and at least Dangerous: But while we had *Caesar* in our Company on these Designs we fear'd no harm, nor suffer'd any.

As soon as I came into the Country, the best House in it was presented me, call'd *St. John's Hill*. It stood on a vast Rock of white Marble, at the Foot of which the River ran a vast depth down, and not to be descended on that side; the little Waves still dashing and washing the foot of this Rock, made the softest Murmurs and Purlings in the World; and the Oposite Bank was adorn'd with such vast quantities of different Flowers eternally Blowing, and every Day and Hour new, fenc'd behind 'em with lofty Trees of a Thousand rare Forms and Colours, that the Prospect was the most raving that Sands can create. On the Edge of this white Rock, towards the River, was a Walk or Grove of Orange and Limon Trees, about half the length of the Marl hear, whose Flowery and Fruity bear Branches meet at the top, and hinder'd the Sun, whose Rays are very fierce there, from entering a Beam into the Grove; and the cool Air that came from the River made it not only fit to entertain People in, at all the hottest Hours of the Day, but refresh'd the sweet Blossoms, and made it always Sweet and harming; and sure the whole Globe of the World cannot show so delightful a Place as this Grove was: Not all the Gardens of boasted *Italy* can produce a Shade to outvie this, which Nature had joyn'd with Art to render so exceeding Fine; and 'tis a marvel to see how such vast Trees, as big as English Oaks, cou'd take footing on so solid a Rock, and in so little Earth, as cover'd that Rock but all things by Nature there are Rare, Delightful and Wonderful. But to our Sports;

Sometimes we wou'd go surprizing, and in search of young *Tigers* in their Dens, watching when the old Ones went forth to forage for Prey; and oftentimes we have been in great Danger, and have fled apace for our Lives, when surpriz'd by the Dams. But once, above all other times, we went on this Design, and *Caesar* was with us, who had no sooner stol'n a young *Tiger* from her Nest, but going off, we incounter'd the Dam, bearing a Buttock of a Cow, which he had torn off with his mighty Paw, and going with it towards his *Den*; we had only four Women, *Caesar*, and an English Gentleman, Brother to *Harry Martin*, the great *Oliverian*; we found there

was no escaping this inrag'd and ravenous Beast. However, we Women fled as fast as we cou'd from it; but our Heels had not sav'd our Lives, if *Caesar* had not laid down his *Cub*, when he found the *Tiger* quit her Prey to make the more speed towards him; and taking Mr. *Martin's* Sword desir'd him to stand aside, or follow the Ladies. He obey'd him, and *Caesar* met this monstrous Beast of might, size, and vast Limbs, who came with open Jaws upon him; and fixing his Awful stern Eyes full upon those of the Beast, and putting himself into a very stedly and good aiming posture of Defence, ran his Sword quite through his Breast down to his very Heart, home to the Hilt of the Sword; the dying Beast stretch'd forth her Paw, and going to grasp his Thigh, surpris'd with Death in that very moment, did him no other harm than fixing her long Nails in his Flesh very deep, feebly wounded him, but cou'd not grasp the Flesh to tear off any. When he had done this, he hollow'd to us to return; which, after some assurance of his Victory, we did, and found him lugging out the Sword from the Bosom of the *Tiger*, who was laid in her Bloud on the Ground; he took up the *Cub*, and with an unconcern, that had nothing of the Joy or Gladness of a Victory, he came and laid the Whelp at my Feet: We all extreamly wonder'd at his Daring, and at the Bigness of the Beast, which was about the highth of an Heifer, but of mighty, great, and strong Limbs.

Another time, being in the Woods, he kill'd a *Tiger*, which had long infested that part, and born away abundance of Sheep and Oxen, and other things, that were for the support of those to whom they belong'd; abundance of People assail'd this Beast, some affirming they had shot her with several Bullets quite through the Body, at several times; and some swearing they shot her through the very Heart, and they believ'd she was a Devil rather than a Mortal thing. *Caesar*, had often said, he had a mind to encounter this Monster, and spoke with several Gentlemen who had attempted her; one crying, I shot her with so many poyson'd Arrows, another with his Gun in this part of her, and another in that; so that he remarking all these Places where she was shot, fancy'd still he shou'd overcome her, by giving her another sort of a Wound than any had yet done; and one day said (at the Table) *What Trophies and Garlands Ladies will you make me, if I bring you home the Heart of this Ravenous Beast, that eats up all your Lambs and Pigs?* We all promis'd he shou'd be rewarded at all our Hands. So taking a Bow, which he chus'd out of a great many, he went up in the Wood with two Gentlemen, where he imagin'd this Devourer to be. They had not pass'd very far into it, but they heard her Voice, growling and grumbling, as if she were pleas'd with something she was doing. When they came in view, they found her muzzling in the Belly of a new ravish'd Sheep, which she had torn open; and seeing herself approach'd, she took fast hold of her Prey, with her fore Paws, and set a very fierce raging Look on *Caesar*, without offering to approach him; for fear, at the same time, of loosing what she had in Possession. So that *Caesar* remain'd a good while, only taking aim, and getting an opportunity to shoot her where he design'd; 'twas some time before he cou'd accomplish it, and to wound her, and not kill her, wou'd but have enrag'd her more, and indanger'd him: He had a Quiver of Arrows at his side, so that if one

fail'd he cou'd be supply'd; at last, retiring a little, he gave her opportunity to eat, for he found she was Ravenous, and fell too as soon as she saw him retire; being more eager of her Prey than of doing new Mischiefs. When he going softly to one side of her, and hiding his Person behind certain Herbage that grew high and thick, he took so good aim, that, as he intended, he shot her just into the Eye, and the Arrow was sent with so good a will, and so sure a hand, that it stuck in her Brain, and made her caper, and become mad for a moment or two; but being seconded by another Arrow, he fell dead upon the Prey: *Caesar* cut him Open with a Knife, to see where those Wounds were that had been reported to him, and why he did not Die of 'em. But I shall now relate a thing that possibly will find no Credit among Men, because 'tis a Notion commonly receiv'd with us, That nothing can receive a Wound in the Heart and Live; but when the Heart of this courageous Animal was taken out, there were Seven Bullets of Lead in it, and the Wounds seam'd up with great Scars, and she liv'd with the Bullets a great while, for it was long since they were shot: This Heart the Conqueror brought up to us, and 'twas a very great Curiosity, which all the Country came to see; and which gave *Caesar* occasion of many fine Discourses; of Accidents in War, and Strange Escapes.

At other times he wou'd go a Fishing; and discoursing on that Diversion, he found we had in that Country a very Strange Fish, call'd, a *Numb Eel*, (an *Eel* of which I have eaten) that while it is alive, it has a quality so Cold, that those who are Angling, though with a Line of never so great a length, with a Rod at the end of it, it shall, in the same minute the Bait is touched by this *Eel*, seize him or her that holds the Rod with benumb'dness, that shall deprive 'em of Sense, for a while; and some have fall'n into the Water, and others drop'd as dead on the Banks of the Rivers where they stood, as soon as this Fish touches the Bait. *Caesar* us'd to laugh at this, and believ'd it impossible a Man cou'd loose his Force at the touch of a Fish; and cou'd not understand that Philosophy, that a cold Quality should be of that Nature: However, he had a great Curiosity to try whether it wou'd have the same effect on him it had on others, and often try'd, but in vain; at last, the sought for Fish came to the Bait, as he stood Angling on the Bank; and instead of throwing away the Rod, or giving it a sudden twitch out of the Water, whereby he might have caught both the *Eel*, and have dismiss the Rod, before it cou'd have too much Power over him; for Experiment sake, he grasp'd it but the harder, and fainting fell into the River; and being still possess of the Rod, the Tide carry'd him senseless as he was a great way, till an *Indian* Boat took him up; and perceiv'd, when they touch'd him, a Numbness seize them, and by that knew the Rod was in his Hand; which, with a Paddle (that is, a short Oar) they struck away, and snatch'd it into the Boat, *Eel* and all. If *Caesar* were almost Dead, with the effect of this Fish, he was more so with that of the Water, where he had remain'd the space of going a League; and they found they had much a-do to bring him back to Life: But, at last, they did, and brought him home, where he was in a few Hours well Recover'd and Refresh'd; and not a little Asham'd to find he shou'd be overcome by an *Eel*; and that all the People, who heard his Defiance, wou'd Laugh at him. But we cheared him up; and



he, being convinc'd, we had the *Eel* at Supper; which was a quarter of an Ell about, and most delicate Meat; and was of the more Value, since it cost so Dear, as almost the Life of so gallant a Man.

About this time we were in many mortal Fears, about some Disputes the *English* had with the *Indians*; so that we cou'd scarce trust our selves, without great Numbers, to go to any *Indian* Towns, or Place, where they abode; for fear they shou'd fall upon us, as they did immediately after my coming away; and that it was in the possession of the *Dutch*, who us'd 'em not so civilly as the *English*; so that they cut in pieces all they cou'd take, getting into Houses, and hanging up the Mother, and all her Children about her; and cut a Footman, I left behind me, all in Joynts, and nail'd him to Trees.

This feud began while I was there; so that I lost half the satisfaction I propos'd, in not seeing and visiting the *Indian* Towns. But one Day, bemoaning of our Misfortunes upon this account, *Caesar* told us, we need not Fear; for if we had a mind to go, he wou'd undertake to be our Guard: Some wou'd, but most wou'd not venture; about Eighteen of us resolv'd, and took Barge; and, after Eight Days, arriv'd near an *Indian* Town: But approaching it, the Hearts of some of our Company fail'd, and they wou'd not vature on Shore; so we Poll'd who wou'd, and who wou'd not: For my part, I said, If *Caesar* wou'd, I wou'd go; he resolv'd, so did my Brother, and my Woman, a Maid of good Courage. Now none of us speaking the Language of the People, and imagining we shou'd have a half Diversion in Gazing only; and not knowing what they said, we took a Fisherman that liv'd at the Mouth of the River, who had been a long Inhabitant there, and oblig'd him to go with us: But because he was known to the *Indians*, as trading among 'em; and being, by long Living there, become a perfect *Indian* in Colour, we, who resolv'd to surprize 'em, by making 'em see something they never had seen, (that is, White People) resolv'd only my self, my Brother, and Woman shou'd go; so *Caesar*, the Fisherman, and the rest, hiding behind some hick Reeds and Flowers, that grew on the Banks, let us pass on towards the Town, which was on the Bank of the River all along. A little distant from the Houses, or Hutts; we saw some Dancing, others busy'd in fetching and carrying of Water from the River: They had no sooner spy'd us, but they set up a loud Cry, that frighted us at first; we thought it had been for those that should Kill us, but it seems it was of Wonder and Amazement. They were all Naked, and we were Dress'd, so as is most comode for the hot Countries, very Glittering and Rich; so that we appear'd extreamly fine; my own Hair was cut short, and I had a Taffaty Cap, with Black Feathers, on my Head; my Brother was in a Stuff Sute, with Silver Loops and Buttons, and abundance of Green Ribon; this was all infinitely surprising to them, and because we saw them stand still, till we approach'd 'em, we took Heart and advanc'd; came up to 'em, and offer'd 'em our Hands; which they took, and look'd on us round about, calling still for more Company; who came swarming out, all wondering, and crying out *Tepeeme*; taking their Hair up in their Hands, and spreading it wide to those they call'd out too; as if they would say (as indeed it signify'd) *Numberless Wonders*, or not to be recounted, no more than to number

the Hair of their Heads. By degrees they grew more bold, and from gazing upon us round, they touch'd us; laying their Hands upon all the Features of our Faces, feeling our Breasts and Arms, taking up one Petticoat, then wondering to see another; admiring our Shooes and Stockings, but more our Garters, which we gave 'em; and they ty'd about their Legs, being Lac'd with Silver Lace at the ends, for they much Esteem any shining things: In fine, we suffer'd 'em to survey us as they pleas'd, and we thought they wou'd never have done admiring us. When *Caesar*, and the rest, saw we were receiv'd with such wonder, they came up to us; and finding the *Indian* Trader whom they knew, (for 'tis by these Fishermen, call'd *Indian* Traders, we hold a Commerce with 'em; for they love not to go far from home, and we never go to them) when they saw him therefore they set up a new Joy; and cry'd, in their Language, *Oh! here's our Tiguamy, and we shall now know whether those things can speak*: So advancing to him, some of 'em gave him their Hands, and cry'd, *Amora Tiguamy*, which is as much as, *How do you, or Welcome Friend*; and all, with one din, began to gabble to him, and ask'd, If we had Sense, and Wit? if we cou'd talk of affairs of Life, and War, as they cou'd do? if we cou'd Hunt, Swim, and do a thousand things they use? He answer'd 'em, We cou'd. Then they invited us into their Houses, and dress'd Venison and Buffelo for us; and, going out, gathered a Leaf of a Tree, call'd a *Sarumbo* Leaf, of Six Yards long, and spread it on the Ground for a Table-Cloth; and cutting another in pieces instead of Plates, setting us on little bow *Indian* Stools, which they cut out of one intire piece of Wood, and Paint, in a sort of Japan Work: They serve every one their Mess on these pieces of Leaves, and it was very good, but too high season'd with Pepper. When we had eat, my Brother, and I, took out our Flutes, and play'd to 'em, which gave 'em new Wonder; and I soon perceiv'd, by an admiration, that is natural to these People; and by the extream Ignorance and Simplicity of 'em, it were not difficult to establish any unknown or extravagant Religion among them; and to impose any Notions or Fictions upon 'em. For seeing a Kinsman of mine set some Paper a Fire, with a Burning-glass, a Trick they had never before seen, they were like to have Ador'd him for a God; and beg'd he wou'd give them the Characters or Figures of his Name, that they might oppose it against Winds and Storms; which he did, and they held it up in those Seasons, and fancy'd it had a Charm to conquer them; and kept it like a Holy Relique. They are very Superstitious, and call'd him the Great *Peeie*, that is, *Prophet* They show'd us their *Indian Peeie* a Youth of about Sixteen Years old, as handsom as Nature cou'd make a Man. They consecrate a beautiful Youth from his Infancy, and all Arts are us'd to compleat him in the finest manner, both in Beauty and Shape: He is bred to all the little Arts and cunning they are capable of; to all the Legerdemain Tricks, and Slight of Hand, whereby he imposes upon the Rabble; and is both a Doctor in Physick and Divinity. And by these Tricks makes the Sick believe he sometimes eases their Pains; by drawing from the afflicted part little Serpents, or odd Flies, or Worms, or any Strange thing; and though they have besides undoubted good Remedies, for almost all their Diseases, they cure the Patient more by Fancy than by Medicines; and make themselves Fear'd, Lov'd, and Reverenc'd. This young *Peeie* had

a very young Wife, who seeing my Brother kiss her, came running and kiss'd me; after this, they kiss'd one another, and made it a very great Jest, it being so Novel; and new Admiration and Laughing went round the Multitude, that they never will forget that Ceremony, never before us'd or known. *Caesar* had a mind to see and talk with their War *Captains*, and we were conducted to one of their Houses; where we beheld several of the great *Captains*, who had been at Council: But so frightful a Vision it was to see 'em no Fancy can create; no such Dreams can represent so dreadful a Spectacle. For my part I took 'em for Hobgoblins, or Fiends, rather than Men; but however their Shapes appear'd, their Souls were very Humane and Noble; but some wanted their Noses, some their Lips, some both Noses and Lips, some their Ears, and others Cut through each Cheek, with long Slashes, through which their Teeth appear'd; they had other several formidable Wounds and Scars, or rather Dismemberings; they had *Comitias*, or little Aprons before 'em; and Girdles of Cotton, with their Knives naked, stuck in it; a Bow at their Backs, and a Quiver of Arrows on their Thighs; and most had Feathers on their Heads of divers Colours. They cry'd, *Amora Tigame* to us, at our entrance, and were pleas'd we said as much to em; they seated us, and gave us Drink of the best Sort; and wonder'd, as much as the others had done before, to see us. *Caesar* was marvelling as much at their Faces, wondering how they shou'd all be so Wounded in War; he was Impatient to know how they all came by those frightful Marks of Rage or Malice, rather than Wounds got in Noble Battel: They told us, by our Interpreter, That when any War was waging, two Men chosen out by some old *Captain*, whose Fighting was past, and who cou'd only teach the Theory of War, these two Men were to stand in Competition for the Generalship, or Great War Captain; and being brought before the old Judges, now past Labour, they are ask'd, What they dare do to shew they are worthy to lead an Army? When he, who is first ask'd, making no Reply, Cuts of his Nose, and throws it contemptably on the Ground; and the other does something to himself that he thinks surpasses him, and perhaps deprives himself of Lips and an Eye; so they Slash on till one gives out, and many have dy'd in this Debate. And 'its by a passive Valour they shew and prove their Activity; a sort of Courage too Brutal to be applauded by our Black Hero; nevertheless he express'd his Esteem of 'em.

In this Voyage *Caesar* begot so good an understanding between the *Indians* and the *English*, that there were no more Fears, or Heart-burnings during our stay; but we had a perfect, open, and free Trade with 'em: Many things Remarkable, and worthy Reciting, we met with in this short Voyage; because *Caesar* made it his Business to search out and provide for our Entertainment, especially to please his dearly Ador'd *Imoinda*, who was a sharer in all our Adventures; we being resolv'd to make her Chains as easy as we cou'd, and to Compliment the Prince in that manner that most oblig'd him.

As we were coming up again, we met with some *Indians* of strange Aspects; that is, of a larger Size, and other sort of Features, than those of our Country: Our *Indian Slaves*, that Row'd us, ask'd 'em some Questions, but they cou'd not understand us; but shew'd us a long Cotton String, with several Knots on it; and told us, they had

been coming from the Mountains so many Moons as there were Knots; they were habited in Skins of a strange Beast, and brought along with 'em Bags of Gold Dust; which, as well as they cou'd give us to understand, came streaming in little small Channels down the high Mountains, when the Rains fell; and offer'd to be the Convoy to any Body, or Persons, that wou'd go to the Mountains. We carry'd these Men up to *Parham*, where they were kept till the Lord Governour came: And because all the Country was mad to be going on this Golden Adventure, the Governour, by his Letters, commanded (for they sent some of the Gold to him) that a Guard shou'd be set at the Mouth of the River of *Amazons*, (a River so call'd, almost as broad as the River of *Thames*) and prohibited all People from going up that River, it conducting to those Mountains of Gold. But we going off for *England* before the Project was further prosecuted, and the Governour being drown'd in a Hurricane, either the Design dy'd, or the *Dutch* have the Advantage of it: And 'tis to be bemoan'd what his Majesty lost by loosing that part of *America*.

Though this digression is a little from my Story, however since it contains some Proofs of the Curiosity and Daring of this great Man, I was content to omit nothing of his Character.

It was thus, for sometime we diverted him; but now *Imoinda* began to shew she was with Child, and did nothing but Sigh and Weep for the Captivity of her Lord, her Self, and the Infant yet Unborn; and believ'd, if it were so hard to gain the Liberty of Two, 'twou'd be more difficult to get that for Three. Her Grievs were so many Darts in the great Heart of *Caesar*; and taking his Opportunity one *Sunday*, when all the Whites were overtaken in Drink, as there were abundance of several Trades, and *Slaves* for Four Years, that Inhabited among the *Negro* Houses; and *Sunday* was their Day of Debauch, (otherwise they were a sort of Spys upon *Caesar*;) he went pretending out of Goodness to 'em, to Feast amongst 'em; and sent all his Musick, and order'd a great Treat for the whole Gang, about Three Hundred *Negros*; and about a Hundred and Fifty were able to bear Arms, such as they had, which were sufficient to do Execution with Spirits accordingly: For the *English* had none but rusty Swords, that no Strength cou'd draw from a Scabbard; except the People of particular Quality, who took care to Oyl 'em and keep 'em in good Order: The Guns also, unless here and there one, or those newly carri'd from *England*, wou'd do no good or harm; for 'tis the Nature of that County to Rust and Eat up Iron, or any Metals, but Gold and Silver. And they are very Unexpert at the Bow, which the *Negros* and *Indians* are perfect Masters off.

*Caesar*, having singl'd out these Men from the Women and Children, made an Harangue to 'em of the Miseries, and Ignominies of Slavery; counting up all their Toyls and Sufferings, under such Loads, Burdens, and Drudgeries, as were fitter for Beasts than Men; Senseless Brutes, than Humane Souls. He told 'em it was not for Days, Months, or Years, but for Eternity; there was no end to be of their Misfortunes: They suffer'd not like Men who might find a Glory, and Fortitude in Oppression; but like Dogs that lov'd the Whip and Bell, and fawn'd the more they were beaten: That they had lost the Divine Quality of Men, and were become insensible Asses,

fit only to bear; nay worse: an Ass, or Dog, or Horse having done his Duty, cou'd lye down in Retreat, and rise to Work again, and while he did his Duty indur'd no Stripes; but Men, Villanous, Senseless Men, such as they, Toyl'd on all the tedious Week till Black *Friday*; and then, whether they Work'd or not, whether they were Faulty or Meriting, they promiscuously, the Innocent with the Guilty, suffer'd the infamous Whip, the sordid Stripes, from their Fellow *Slaves* till their Blood trickled from all Parts of their Body; Blood, whose every drop ought to be Reveng'd with a Life of some of those Tyrants, that impose it; *And why*, said he, *my dear Friends and Fellow-sufferers, shou'd we be Slaves to an unknown People? Have they Vanquish'd us Nobly in Fight? Have they Wone us in Honourable Battel? And are we, by the chance of War, become their Slaves? This wou'd not anger a Noble Heart, this wou'd not animate a Souldiers Soul; no, but we are Bought and Sold like Apes, or Monkeys, to be the Sport of Women, Fools and Cowards; and the Support of Rogues, Runagades, that have abandon'd their own Countries, for Rapin, Murders, Thefts and Villanies: Do you not hear every Day how they upbraid each other with infamy of Life, below the Wildest Salvages; and shall we render Obedience to such a degenerate Race, who have no one Humane Vertue left, to distinguish 'em from the vilest Creatures? Will you, I say, suffer the Lash from such Hands? They all Reply'd, with one accord, No, no, no; Caesar has spoke like a Great Captain; like a Great King.*

After this he wou'd have proceeded, but was interrupted by a tall *Negro* of some more Quality than the rest, his Name was *Tuscan*; who Bowing at the Feet of Caesar, cry'd, *My Lord, we have listen'd with Joy and Attention to what you have said; and, were we only Men, wou'd follow so great a Leader through the World: But oh! consider, we are Husbands and Parents too, and have things more dear to us than Life; our Wives and Children unfit for Travel, in these unpassable Woods, Mountains and Bogs; we have not only difficult Lands to overcome, but Rivers to Wade, and Monsters to Incounter; Ravenous Beasts of Prey—To this, Caesar Reply'd, That Honour was the First Principle in Nature, that was to be Obey'd; but as no Man wou'd pretend to that, without all the Acts of Vertue, Compassion, Charity, Love, Justice and Reason; he found it not inconsistent with that, to take an equal Care of their Wives and Children, as they wou'd of themselves; and that he did not Design, when he led them to Freedom, and Glorious Liberty, that they shou'd leave that better part of themselves to Perish by the Hand of the Tyrant's Whip: But if there were a Woman among them so degenerate from Love and Vertue to chuse Slavery before the pursuit of her Husband, and with the hazard of her Life, to share with him in his Fortunes; that such an one ought to be Abandon'd, and left as a Prey to the common Enemy.*

To which they all Agreed,—and Bowed. After this, he spoke of the Impassable Woods and Rivers; and convinc'd 'em, the more Danger, the more Glory. He told them that he had heard of one *Hannibal* a great Captain, had Cut his Way through Mountains of solid Rocks; and shou'd a few Shrubs oppose them; which they cou'd Fire before 'em? No, 'twas a trifling Excuse to Men resolv'd to die, or overcome. As

for Bogs, they are with a little Labour fill'd and harden'd; and the Rivers cou'd be no Obstacle, since they Swam by Nature; at least by Custom, from their First Hour of their Birth: That when the Children were Weary they must carry them by turns, and the Woods and their own Industry wou'd afford them Food. To this they all assented with Joy.

*Tuscan* then demanded, What he wou'd do? He said, they wou'd Travel towards the Sea; Plant a New Colony, and Defend it by their Valour; and when they cou'd find a Ship, either driven by stress of Weather, or guided by Providence that way, they wou'd Sieze it, and make it a Prize, till it had Transported them to their own Countries; at least, they shou'd be made Free in his Kingdom, and be Esteem'd as his Fellow sufferers, and Men that had the Courage, and the Bravery to attempt, at least, for Liberty; and if they Dy'd in the attempt it wou'd be more brave, than to Live in perpetual Slavery.

They bow'd and kiss'd his Feet at this Resolution, and with one accord Vow'd to follow him to Death. And that Night was appointed to begin their March; they made it known to their Wives, and directed them to tie their Hamaca about their Shoulder, and under their Arm like a Scarf; and to lead their Children that cou'd go, and carry those that cou'd not. The Wives who pay an intire Obedience to their Husbands obey'd, and stay'd for 'em, where they were appointed: The Men stay'd but to furnish themselves with what defensive Arms they cou'd get; and All met at the Rendezvous, where *Caesar* made a new encouraging Speech to 'em, and led 'em out.

But, as they cou'd not march far that Night, on Monday early, when the Overseers went to call 'em all together, to go to Work, they were extreamly surpris'd, to find not one upon the Place, but all fled with what Baggage they had. You may imagine this News was not only suddenly spread all over the *Plantation*, but soon reach'd the Neighbouring ones; and we had by Noon about Six hundred Men, they call the *Militia* of the County, that came to assist us in the persute of the Fugitives: But never did one see so comical an Army march forth to War. The Men, of any fashion, wou'd not concern themselves, though it were almost the common Cause; for such Revoltings are very ill Examples, and have very fatal Consequences oftentimes in many Colonies: But they had a Respect for *Caesar*, and all hands were against the *Parhamites*, as they call'd those of *Parham Plantation*; because they did not, in the first place, love the Lord Governor; and secondly, they wou'd have it, that *Caesar* was Ill us'd, and Baffl'd with; and 'tis not impossible but some of the best in the Country was of his Council in this Flight, and depriving us of all the *Slaves*; so that they of the better sort wou'd not meddle-in the matter. The Deputy Governor, of whom I have had no great occasion to speak, and who was the most Fawning fair-tongu'd Fellow in the World, and one that pretended the most Friendship to *Caesar*, was now the only violent Man against him; and though he had nothing, and so need fear nothing, yet talk'd and look'd bigger than any Man: He was a Fellow, whose Character is not fit to be mention'd with the worst of the *Slaves*. This Fellow wou'd lead his Army forth to meet *Caesar*; or rather to

persue him; most of their Arms were of those sort of cruel Whips they call *Cat with Nine Tayls*; some had rusty useless Guns for show; others old Basket-hilts, whose Blades had never seen the Light in this Age; and others had long Staffs, and Clubs. Mr. *Trefry* went a long, rather to be a Mediator than a Conqueror, in such a Batail; for he foresaw, and knew, if by fighting they put the *Negroes* into dispair, they were a sort of sullen Fellows, that wou'd drown, or kill themselves, before they wou'd yield; and he advis'd that fair means was best: But *Byam* was one that abounded in his own Wit, and wou'd take his own Measures.

It was not hard to find these Fugitives; for as they fled they were forc'd to fire and cut the Woods before 'em, so that Night or Day they persu'd 'em by the light they made, and by the path they had clear'd: But as soon as *Caesar* found he was persu'd, he put himself in a Posture of Defence, placing all the Women and Children in the Reer; and himself, with *Tuscan* by his side, or next to him, all promising to Dye or Conquer. Incourag'd thus, they never stood to Parley, but fell on Pell-mell upon the *English*, and kill'd some, and wounded a good many; they having recourse to their Whips, as the best of their Weapons: And as they observ'd no Order, they perplex'd the Enemy so sorely, with Lashing 'em in the Eyes; and the Women and Children, seeing their Husbands so treated, being of fearful Cowardly Dispositions, and hearing the *English* cry out, *Yield and Live, Yield and be Pardon'd*; they all run in amongst their Husbands and Fathers, and hung about 'em, crying out, *Yield, yield; and leave Caesar to their Revenge*; that by degrees the *Slaves* abandon'd *Caesar*, and left him only *Tuscan* and his Heroick *Imoinda*; who, grown big as she was, did nevertheless press near her Lord, having a Bow, and a Quiver full of poyson'd Arrows, which she manag'd with such dexterity, that she wounded several, and shot the *Governor* into the Shoulder; of which Wound he had like to have Dy'd, but that an *Indian* Woman, his Mistress, suck'd the Wound, and cleans'd it from the Venom: But however, he stir'd not from the Place till he had Parlv'd with *Caesar*, who he found was resolv'd to dye Fighting, and wou'd not be Taken; no more wou'd *Tuscan*, or *Imoinda*. But he, more thirsting after Revenge of another sort, than that of depriving him of Life, now made use of all his Art of talking, and dissembling; and besought *Caesar* to yield himself upon Terms, which he himself should propose, and should be Sacredly assented to and kept by him: He told him, It was not that he any longer fear'd him, or cou'd believe the force of Two Men, and a young Heroin, cou'd overcome all them, with all the *Slaves* now on their side also; but it was the vast Esteem he had for his Person; the desire he had to serve so Gallant a Man; and to hinder himself from the Reproach hereafter, of having been the occasion of the Death of a *Prince*, whose Valour and Magnanimity deserv'd the Empire of the World. He protested to him, he look'd upon this Action, as Gallant and Brave; however tending to the prejudice of his Lord and Master, who wou'd by it have lost so considerable a number of *Slaves*; that this Flight of his shou'd be look'd on as a heat of Youth, and rashness of a too forward Courage, and an unconsider'd impatience of Liberty, and no more; and that he labour'd in vain to accomplish that which they wou'd

effectually perform, as soon as any Ship arriv'd that wou'd touch on his Coast. *So that if you will be pleas'd*, continued he, *to surrender your self, all imaginable Respect shall be paid you; and your Self, your Wife, and Child, if it be here born, shall depart free out of our Land.* But *Caesar* wou'd hear of no Composition; though *Byam* urg'd, If he persu'd, and went on in his Design, he wou'd inevitably Perish, either by great *Snakes*, wild Beasts, or Hunger; and he ought to have regard to his Wife, whose Condition required ease, and not the fatigues of tedious Travel; where she cou'd not be secur'd from being devoured. But *Caesar* told him, there was no Faith in the White Men, or the Gods they Ador'd; who instructed 'em in Principles so false, that honest Men cou'd not live amongst 'em; though no People profess'd so much, none perform'd so little; that he knew what he had to do, when he dealt with Men of Honour; but with them a Man ought to be eternally on his Guard, and never to Eat and Drink with *Christians* without his Weapon of Defence in his Hand; and, for his own Security, never to credit one Word they spoke. As for the rashness and inconsiderateness of his Action he wou'd confess the Governor is in the right; and that he was asham'd of what he had done, in endeavoring to make those Free, who were by Nature *Slaves*, poor wretched Rogues, fit to be us'd as *Christians* Tools; Dogs, treacherous and cowardly, fit for such Masters; and they wanted only but to be whipt into the knowledge of the *Christian Gods* to be the vilest of all creeping things; to learn to Worship such Deities as had not Power to make 'em Just, Brave, or Honest. In fine, after a thousand things of this Nature, not fit here to be recited, he told *Byam*, he had rather Dye than Live upon the same Earth with such Dogs. But *Trefry* and *Byam* pleaded and protested together so much, that *Trefry* believing the *Governor* to mean what he said; and speaking very cordially himself, generously put himself into *Caesar's* Hands, and took him aside, and perswaded him, even with Tears, to Live, by Surrendring himself, and to name his Conditions. *Caesar* was overcome by his Wit and Reasons, and in consideration of *Imoinda*; and demanding what he desir'd, and that it shou'd be ratify'd by their Hands in Writing, because he had perceiv'd that was the common way of contract between Man and Man, amongst the Whites: All this was perform'd, and *Tuscan's* Pardon was put in, and they Surrender to the Governor, who walked peaceably down into the *Plantation* with 'em, after giving order to bury their dead. *Caesar* was very much toyl'd with the bustle of the Day; for he had fought like a Fury, and what Mischief was done he and *Tuscan* perform'd alone; and gave their Enemies a fatal Proof that they durst do any thing, and fear'd no mortal Force.

But they were no sooner arriv'd at the Place, where all the *Slaves* receive their Punishments of Whipping, but they laid Hands on *Caesar* and *Tuscan*, faint with heat and toyl; and, surprising them, Bound them to two several Stakes, and Whipt them in a most deplorable and inhumane Manner, rending the very Flesh from their Bones; especially *Caesar*, who was not perceiv'd to make any Mone, or to alter his Face, only to roul his Eyes on the Faithless *Governor*, and those he believ'd Guilty, with Fierceness and Indignation; and, to compleat his Rage, he saw every one of those *Slaves*, who, but a few Davs before, Ador'd him as something more



than Mortal, now had a Whip to give him some Lashes, while he strove not to break his Fetters; though, if he had, it were impossible: But he pronounced a Woe and Revenge from his Eyes, that darted Fire, that 'twas at once both Awful and Terrible to behold.

When they thought they were sufficiently Reveng'd on him, they unty'd him, almost Fainting, with loss of Blood, from a thousand Wounds all over his Body; from which they had rent his Cloaths, and led him Bleeding and Naked as he was; and loaded him all over with Irons; and then rubbed his Wounds, to compleat their Cruelty, with *Indian Pepper*, which had like to have made him raving Mad; and, in this Condition, made him so fast to the Ground that he cou'd not stir, if his Pains and Wounds wou'd have given him leave. They spar'd *Imoinda*, and did not let her see this Barbarity committed towards her Lord, but carry'd her down to *Parham*, and shut her up; which was not in kindness to her, but for fear she shou'd Dye with the Sight, or Miscarry; and then they shou'd loose a young *Slave*, and perhaps the Mother.

You must know, that when the News was brought on Monday Morning, that *Caesar* had betaken himself to the Woods, and carry'd with him all the *Negroes*. We were possess'd with extream Fear, which no perswasions cou'd Dissipate, that he wou'd secure himself till Night; and then, that he wou'd come down and Cut all our Throats. This apprehension made all the Females of us fly down the River, to be secur'd; and while we were away, they acted this Cruelty: For I suppose I had Authority and Interest enough there, had I suspected any such thing, to have prevented it; but we had not gon many Leagues, but the News overtook us that *Caesar* was taken, and Whipt like a common *Slave*. We met on the River with Colonel *Martin*, a Man of great Gallantry, Wit, and Goodness, and whom I have celebrated in a Character of my *New Comedy*, by his own Name, in memory of so brave a Man: He was Wise and Eloquent; and, from the fineness of his Parts, bore a great Sway over the Hearts of all the *Colony*: He was a Friend to *Caesar*, and resented this false Dealing with him very much. We carried him back to *Parham*, thinking to have made an Accomodation; when we came, the First News we heard was, that the *Governor* was Dead of a Wound *Imoinda* had given him; but it was not so well: But it seems he wou'd have the Pleasure of beholding the Revenge he took on *Caesar*; and before the cruel Ceremony was finish'd, he drop'd down; and then they perceiv'd the Wound he had on his Shoulder, was by a venom'd Arrow; which, as I said, his *Indian* Mistress heal'd, by Sucking the Wound.

We were no sooner Arriv'd, but we went up to the *Plantation* to see *Caesar*, whom we found in a very Miserable and Unexpressable Condition; and I have a Thousand times admired how he liv'd, in so much tormenting Pain. We said all things to him, that Trouble, Pitty, and Good Nature cou'd suggest; Protesting our Innocency of the Fact, and our Abhorance of such Cruelties. Making a Thousand Professions of Services to him, and Begging as many Pardons for the Offenders, till we said so much, that he believ'd we had no Hand in his ill Treatment; but told us, he cou'd never Pardon *Byam*; as for *Trefry*, he confess'd he saw his Grief and Sorrow, for

his Suffering, which he cou'd not hinder, but was like to have been beaten down by the very *Slaves*, for Speaking in his Defence: But for *Byam*, who was their Leader, their Head;—and shou'd, by his Justice, and Honor, have been an Example to 'em.—For him, he wish'd to Live, to take a dire Revenge of him, and said, *It had been well for him, if he had Sacrific'd me, instead of giving me the contemptable Whip*. He refus'd to Talk much, but Begging us to give him our Hands; he took 'em, and Protested never to lift up his, to do us any Harm. He had a great Respect for Colonel *Martin*, and always took his Counsel, like that of a Parent; and assur'd him, he wou'd obey him in any thing, but his Revenge on *Byam*. *Therefore*, said he, *for his own Safety, let him speedily dispatch me; for if I cou'd dispatch my self, I wou'd not, till that Justice were done to my injur'd Person, and the contempt of a Souldier: No, I wou'd not kill my self, even after a Whiping, but will be content to live with that Infamy, and be pointed at by every grining Slave, till I have compleated my Revenge; and then you shall see that Oroonoko scorns to live with the Indignity that was put on Caesar*. All we cou'd do cou'd get no more Words from him; and we took care to have him put immediately into a healing Bath, to rid him of his Pepper; and order'd a Chirurgeon to anoint him with healing Balm, which he suffer'd, and in some time he began to be able to Walk and Eat; we fail'd not to visit him every Day, and, to that end, had him brought to an apartment at *Parham*.

The *Governor* was no sooner recover'd, and had heard of the menaces of *Caesar*, but he call'd his Council; who (not to disgrace them, or Burlesque the Government there) consisted of such notorious Villains as *Newgate* never transported; and possibly originally were such, who understood neither the Laws of *God* or *Man*; and had no sort of Principles to make 'em worthy the Name of Men: But, at the very Council Table, wou'd Contradict and Fight with one another; and Swear so bloodily that 'twas terrible to hear, and see 'em. (Some of 'em were afterwards Hang'd, when the *Dutch* took possession of the place; others sent off in Chains:) But calling these special Rulers of the Nation together, and requiring their Counsel in this weighty Affair, they all concluded, that (Damn 'em) it might be their own Cases; and that *Caesar* ought to be made an Example to all the *Negroes*, to fright 'em from daring to threaten their Betters, their Lords and Masters; and, at this rate, no Man was safe from his own *Slaves*; and concluded, *nemine contradicente* that *Caesar* shou'd be Hang'd.

*Trefry* then thought it time to use his Authority; and told *Byam* his Command did not extend to his Lord's *Plantation*; and that *Parham* was as much exempt from the Law as *White-hall*; and that they ought no more to touch the Servants of the Lord—(who there represented the King's Person) than they cou'd those about the King himself; and that *Parham* was a Sanctuary; and though his Lord were absent in Person, his Power was still in Being there; which he had intrusted with him, as far as the Dominions of his particular *Plantations* reach'd, and all that belong'd to it; the rest of the *Country*, as *Byam* was Lieutenant to his Lord, he might exercise his Tyranny upon. *Trefry* had others as powerful, or more, that

int'rested themselves in *Caesar's* Life, and absolutely said, He shou'd be Defended. So turning the *Governor*, and his wise Council, out of Doors, (for they sate at *Parham-house*) they set a Guard upon our Landing Place, and wou'd admit none but those we call'd Friends to us and *Caesar*.

The *Governor* having remain'd wounded at *Parham*, till his recovery was compleated, *Caesar* did not know but he was still there; and indeed, for the most part, his time was spent there; for he was one that lov'd to Live at other Peoples Expence; and if he were a Day absent, he was Ten present there; and us'd to Play, and Walk, and Hunt, and Fish, with *Caesar*. So that *Caesar* did not at all doubt, if he once recover'd Strength, but he shou'd find an opportunity of being Reveng'd on him: Though, after such a Revenge, he cou'd not hope to Live; for if he escap'd the Fury of the *English* Mob, who perhaps wou'd have been glad of the occasion to have kill'd him, he was resolv'd not to survive his Whiping; yet he had, some tender Hours, a repenting Softness, which he called his fits of Coward; wherein he struggl'd with Love for the Victory of his Heart, which took part with his charming *Imoinda* there; but, for the most part, his time was past in melancholy Thought, and black Designs; he consider'd, if he shou'd do this Deed, and Dye, either in the Attempt, or after it, he left his lovely *Imoinda* a Prey, or at best a *Slave*, to the inrag'd Multitude; his great Heart cou'd not indure that Thought. *Perhaps*, said he, *she may be first Ravished by every Brute; exposed first to their nasty Lusts, and then a shameful Death*. No; he could not Live a Moment under that Apprehension, too insupportable to be born. These were his Thoughts, and his silent Arguments with his Heart, as he told us afterwards; so that now resolving not only to kill *Byam*, but all those he thought had inrag'd him; pleasing his great Heart with the fancy'd Slaughter he shou'd make over the whole Face of the *Plantation*. He first resolv'd on a Deed, that (however Horrid it at first appear'd to us all) when we had heard his Reasons, we thought it Brave and Just: Being able to Walk, and, as he believ'd, fit for the Execution of his great Design, he beg'd *Trefry* to trust him into the Air, believing a Walk wou'd do him good; which was granted him, and taking *Imoinda* with him, as he us'd to do in his more happy and calmer Days, he led her up into a Wood, where, after (with a thousand Sighs, and long Gazing silently on her Face, while Tears gust, in spite of him, from his Eyes) he told her his Design first of Killing her, and then his Enemies, and next himself, and the impossibility of Escaping, and therefore he told her the necessity of Dying; he found the Heroick Wife faster pleading for Death than he was to propose it, when she found his fix'd Resolution; and, on her Knees, besought him, not to leave her a Prey to his Enemies. He (griev'd to Death) yet pleased at her noble Resolution, took her up, and imbracing her, with all the Passion and Languishment of a dying Lover, drew his Knife to kill this Treasure of his Soul, this Pleasure of his Eyes; while Tears trickl'd down his Cheeks, hers were Smiling with Joy she shou'd dye by so noble a Hand, and be sent in her own Country, (for that's their Notion of the next World) by him she so tenderly Lov'd, and so truly Ador'd in this; for Wives have a respect for their Husbands equal to what any other People

pay a Deity; and when a Man finds any occasion to quit his Wife, if he love her, she dyes by his Hand; if not, he sells her, or suffers some other to kill her. It being thus; you may believe the Deed was soon resolv'd on; and 'tis not to be doubted, but the Parting, the eternal Leave taking of Two such Lovers, so greatly Born, so Sensible, so Beautiful, so Young, and so Fond, must be very Moving, as the Relation of it was to me afterwards.

All that Love cou'd say in such cases, being ended; and all the intermitting Irresolutions being adjusted, the Lovely, Young, and Ador'd Victim lays her self down, before the Sacrificer; while he, with a Hand resolv'd, and a Heart breaking within, gave the Fatal Stroke; first, cutting her Throat, and then severing her, yet Smiling, Face from that Delicate Body, pregnant as it was with Fruits of tend'rest Love. As soon as he had done, he laid the Body decently on Leaves and Flowers; of which he made a Bed, and conceal'd it under the same cover-lid of Nature; only her Face he left yet bare to look on: But when he found she was Dead, and past all Retrieve, never more to bless him with her Eyes, and soft Language; his Grief swell'd up to Rage; he Tore, he Rav'd he Roar'd, like some Monster of the Wood, calling on the lov'd Name of *Imoinda*; a thousand times he turn'd the Fatal Knife that did the Deed, toward his own Heart, with a Resolution to go immediately after her; but dire Revenge, which now was a thousand times more fierce in his Soul than before, prevents him; and he wou'd cry out, *No; since I have sacrificed Imoinda to my Revenge, shall I loose that Glory which I have purchas'd so dear, as at the Price of the fairest, dearest, softest Creature that ever Nature made? No, no!* Then, at her Name, Grief wou'd get the ascendant of Rage, and he wou'd lye down by her side, and water her Face with showers of Tears, which never were wont to fall from those Eyes: And however bent he was on his intended Slaughter, he had not power to stir from the Sight of this dear Object, now more Belov'd, and more Ador'd than ever.

He remain'd in this deploring Condition for two Days, and never rose from the Ground where he had made his sad Sacrifice; at last, rousing from her side, and accusing himself with living too long, now *Imoinda* was dead; and that the Deaths of those barbarous Enemies were deferr'd too long, he resolv'd now to finish the great Work; but offering to rise, he found his Strength so decay'd, that he reel'd to and fro, like Boughs assail'd by contrary Winds; so that he was forced to lye down again, and try to summons all his Courage to his Aid; he found his Brains turn round, and his Eyes were dizzy; and Objects appear'd not the same to him they were wont to do; his Breath was short; and all his Limbs surprised with a Faintness he had never felt before: He had not Eat in two Days, which was one occasion of this Feebleness, but excess of Grief was the greatest; yet still he hop'd he shou'd recover Vigour to act his Design; and lay expecting it yet six Days longer; still mourning over the dead Idol of his Heart, and striving every Day to rise, but cou'd not.

In all this time you may believe we were in no little affliction for *Caesar*, and his Wife; some were of Opinion he was escap'd never to return; others thought some Accident had hap'ned to him: But however, we fail'd not to send out an hundred

People several ways to search for him; a Party, of about forty, went that way he took; among whom was *Tuscan*, who was perfectly reconcil'd to *Byam*; they had not gon very far into the Wood, but they smelt an unusual Smell, as of a dead Body; for Stinks must be very noisom that can be distinguish'd among such a quantity of Natural Sweets, as every Inch of that Land produces. So that they concluded they shou'd find him dead, or somebody that was so; they past on towards it, as Loathsom as it was, and made such a rusling among the Leaves that lye thick on the Ground, by continual Falling, that *Caesar* heard he was approach'd; and though he had, during the space of these eight Days, endeavor'd to rise, but found he wanted Strength, yet looking up, and seeing his Pursuers, he rose, and reel'd to a Neighbouring Tree, against which he fix'd his Back; and being within a dozen Yards of those that advanc'd, and saw him; he call'd out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they wou'd be safe: So that they stood still, and hardly believing their Eyes, that wou'd perswade them that it was *Caesar* that spoke to 'em, so much was he alter'd; they ask'd him, What he had done with his Wife? for they smelt a Stink that almost struck them dead. He, pointing to the dead Body, sighing, cry'd, *Behold her there*; they put off the Flowers that cover'd her with their Sticks, and found she was kill'd; and cry'd out, *Oh Monster! that hast murther'd thy Wife*: Then asking him, Why he did so cruel a Deed? He replied, he had no leasure to answer impertinent Questions; *You may go back*, continued he, *and tell the Faithless Governor, he may thank Fortune that I am breathing my last; and that my Arm is too feeble to obey my Heart, in what it had design'd him*: But his Tongue faltering, and trembling, he cou'd scarce end what he was saying. The *English* taking Advantage by his Weakness, cry'd, *Let us take him alive by all means*: He heard 'em; and, as if he had reviv'd from a Fainting, or a Dream, he cry'd out, *No, Gentlemen, you are deceiv'd; you will find no more Caesars to be Whipt; no more find a Faith in me: Feeble as you think me, I have Strength yet left to secure me from a second Indignity*. They swore all a-new, and he only shook his Head, and beheld them with Scorn; then they cry'd out, *Who will venture on this single Man? Will no body?* They stood all silent while *Caesar* replied, *Fatal will be the Attempt to the first Adventurer; let him assure himself*, and, at that Word, held up his Knife in a menacing Posture, *Look ye, ye faithless Crew*, said he, *'tis not Life I seek, nor am I afraid of Dying*; and, at that Word, cut a piece of Flesh from his own Throat, and threw it at 'em, *yet still I wou'd Live if I cou'd, till I had perfected my Revenge. But oh! it cannot be; I feel Life gliding from my Eyes and Heart; and, if I make not haste, I shall yet fall a Victim to the shameful Whip*. At that, he rip'd up his own Belly; and took his Bowels and pull'd 'em out, with what Strength he cou'd; while some, on their Knees imploring, besought him to hold his Hand. But when they saw him tottering, they cry'd out, *Will none venture on him?* A bold *English* cry'd, *Yes, if he were the Devil*; (taking Courage when he saw him almost Dead) and swearing a horrid Oath for his farewell to the World; he rush'd on *Caesar*, with his Arm'd Hand met him so fairly, as stuck him to the Heart, and he fell Dead at his Feet. *Tuscan* seeing that, cry'd out, *I love thee, oh Caesar; and*

*therefore will not let thee Dye, if possible:* And, running to him, took him in his Arms; but, at the same time, warding a Blow that *Caesar* made at his Bosom, he receiv'd it quite through his Arm; and *Caesar* having not the Strength to pluck the Knife forth, though he attempted it, *Tuscan* neither pull'd it out himself, nor suffer'd it to be pull'd out; but came down with it sticking in his Arm; and the reason he gave for it was, because the Air shou'd not get into the Wound: They put their Hands a-cross, and carried *Caesar* between Six of 'em, fainted as he was; and they thought Dead, or just Dying; and they brought him to *Parham*, and laid him on a Couch, and had the Chirurgeon immediately to him, who drest his Wounds, and sow'd up his Belly, and us'd means to bring him to Life, which they effected. We ran all to see him; and, if before we thought him so beautiful a Sight, he was now so alter'd, that his Face was like a Death's Head black'd over; nothing but Teeth, and Eyeholes: For some Days we suffer'd no body to speak to him, but caused Cordials to be poured down his Throat, which sustained his Life; and in six or seven Days he recover'd his Senses: For, you must know, that Wounds are almost to a Miracle cur'd in the *Indies*; unless Wounds in the Legs, which rarely ever cure.

When he was well enough to speak, we talk'd to him; and ask'd him some Questions about his Wife, and the Reasons why he kill'd her; and he then told us what I have related of that Resolution, and of his Parting; and he besought us, we would let him Dye, and was extreemly Afflicted to think it was possible he might Live; he assur'd us, if we did not Dispatch him, he wou'd prove very Fatal to a great many. We said all we cou'd to make him Live, and gave him new Assurances; but he begg'd we wou'd not think so poorly of him, or of his love to *Imoinda*, to imagine we cou'd Flatter him to Life again; but the Chirurgeon assur'd him, he cou'd not Live, and therefore he need not Fear. We were all (but *Caesar*) afflicted at this News; and the Sight was gashly; his Discourse was sad; and the earthly Smell about him so strong, that I was perswaded to leave the Place for some time; (being my self-but Sickly, and very apt to fall into Fits of dangerous Illness upon any extraordinary Melancholy) the Servants, and *Trefry*, and the Chirurgeons, promis'd all to take what possible care they cou'd of the Life of *Caesar*; and I, taking Boat, went with other Company to Colonel *Martin's*, about three Days Journy down the River; but I was no sooner gon, but the *Governor* taking *Trefry*, about some pretended earnest Business, a Days Journy up the River; having communicated his Design to one *Banister*, a wild *Irish* Man, and one of the Council; a Fellow of absolute Barbarity, and fit to execute any Villany, but was Rich. He came up to *Parham*, and forcibly took *Caesar*, and had him carried to the same Post where he was Whip'd; and causing him to be ty'd to it, and a great Fire made before him, he told him, he shou'd Dye like a Dog, as he was. *Caesar* replied, this was the first piece of Bravery that ever *Banister* did; and he never spoke Sence till he pronounc'd that Word; and, if he wou'd keep it, he wou'd declare, in the other World, that he was the only Man, of all the Whites, that ever he heard speak Truth. And turning to the Men that bound him, he said, *My Friends, am I to Dye, or to be Whip'd?* And they cry'd, *Whip'd! no; you shall not escape so well:* And then he replied, smiling, *A*

*Blessing on thee; and assur'd them, they need not tye him, for he wou'd stand fixt, like a Rock; and indure Death so as shou'd encourage them to Dye. But if you Whip me, said he, be sure you tye me fast.*

He had learn'd to take Tobacco; and when he was assur'd he should Dye, he desir'd they would give him a Pipe in his Mouth, ready Lighted, which they did; and the Executioner came, and first cut off his Members, and threw them into the Fire; after that, with an ill-favoured Knife, they cut his Ears, and his Nose, and burn'd them; he still Smoak'd on, as if nothing had touch'd him; then they hack'd off one of his Arms, and still he bore up, and held his Pipe; but at the cutting off the other Arm, his Head sunk, and his Pipe drop'd; and he gave up the Ghost, without a Groan, or a Reproach. My Mother and Sister were by him all the while, but not suffer'd to save him; so rude and wild were the Rabble, and so inhumane were the Justices, who stood by to see the Execution, who after paid dearly enough for their Insolence. They cut *Caesar* in Quarters, and sent them to several of the chief *Plantations*: One Quarter was sent to Colonel *Martin*, who refus'd it; and swore, he had rather see the Quarters of *Banister*, and the *Governor* himself, than those of *Caesar*, on his *Plantations*; and that he cou'd govern his *Negroes* without Terrifying and Grieving them with frightful Spectacles of a mangl'd King.

Thus Dy'd this Great Man; worthy of a better Fate, and a more sublime Wit than mine to write his Praise; yet, I hope, the Reputation of my Pen is considerable enough to make his Glorious Name to survive to all Ages; with that of the Brave, the Beautiful, and the Constant *Imoinda*.

FINIS.

#### 4.4.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. Why, and to what effect, do you think Behn uses such realistic detail, such concrete particularity, describing plants, animals, clothes, tattoos, and more? How do her descriptions compare with those of Raleigh in *The Discovery of Guiana*?
2. What comment, if any, does Behn make about Christianity through her “pagan” hero Oroonoko?
3. What role, if any, do deception and treachery play in this work, and why? What's the impact of their having occurred both in Africa and Suriname, through both relatives and white slave holders?
4. How does Behn deal with love in this novel, with relations between men and women? How does she involve race and culture with love, and why? How does her way of dealing with love compare with Spenser's?
5. What is the effect—dramatic, aesthetic, moral, etc.—of Oroonoko's torture? Why do you think Behn details his dismemberment for the reader rather than have it happen “offstage?”

## 4.5 WILLIAM CONGREVE

(1760-1729)

Although born in Yorkshire, England, William Congreve grew up and was educated in Ireland where his father took a lieutenant's commission. Congreve studied first at Kilkenny then at Trinity College, Dublin in 1686. Before earning his degree, Congreve left Ireland for Yorkshire where he lived a few years on his grandfather's estate before moving to London and entering Middle Temple to study law. He also wrote.

He wrote well and successfully early on. He followed his popular novella *Incognita: Or, Love and Duty Reconcil'd* (1692) with an even more popular stage comedy, *The Old Bachelor* (1693). He wrote four more plays, with *The Mourning Bride* (1697) being a tragedy and the rest, comedies. Through his comedies, Congreve achieved not only financial success but also enduring fame. His *Love for Love* (1695) won him a full share in a new acting company at Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he served as manager that same year. And his *The Way of the World* (1700) epitomized the wit, urbanity, and the pursuit of pleasure that characterized Restoration Comedy. A contemporary critic, Jeremy Collier (1750-1726), vilified such comedies for their perceived profanity and immorality. Congreve's plays often turn on a marriage plot that also turns on fortune-seeking. Their characters often display foppish, fashionable, and even hedonistic tendencies. Nevertheless, they expose societal hypocrisy with the intent to perform art's best function of leading to right behavior.

In responding to Collier's attack, Congreve defended comedy's usefulness as a means to laugh men out of their vices. In a debased age, not tragedies but comedies fulfill Sydney's adjuration to both delight and instruct: "As vicious People are made asham'd of their Follies or Faults, by seeing them expos'd in a ridiculous manner, so are good People at once both warn'd and diverted at their Expense" ("Amendments of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations," 1698). Under the sensationalism lay a realism that, like Defoe's *Moll Flanders*, allowed both audience and protagonist means for redemption in a wicked world. And overall glitters Congreve's extraordinarily beautiful expression, style, and structure.



**Image 4.5 | William Congreve**

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### 4.5.1 *The Way of the World*

(1700)

#### Act I

##### SCENE I.

*A Chocolate-house.*

MIRABELL and FAINALL rising from cards. BETTY waiting.

MIRA.

You are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall.

FAIN.

Have we done?

MIRA.

What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.

FAIN.

No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently: the coldness of a losing gamester lessens the pleasure of the winner. I'd no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune than I'd make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her reputation.

MIRA.

You have a taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your pleasures.

FAIN.

Prithee, why so reserved? Something has put you out of humour.

MIRA.

Not at all: I happen to be grave to-day, and you are gay; that's all.

FAIN.

Confess, Millamant and you quarrelled last night, after I left you; my fair cousin has some humours that would tempt the patience of a Stoic. What, some coxcomb came in, and was well received by her, while you were by?

MIRA.

Witwoud and Petulant, and what was worse, her aunt, your wife's mother, my evil genius—or to sum up all in her own name, my old Lady Wishfort came in.

FAIN.

Oh, there it is then: she has a lasting passion for you, and with reason.—What, then my wife was there?

MIRA.

Yes, and Mrs. Marwood and three or four more, whom I never saw before; seeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whispered one another, then complained aloud of the vapours, and after fell into a profound silence.

FAIN.

They had a mind to be rid of you.

MIRA.

For which reason I resolved not to stir. At last the good old lady broke through her painful taciturnity with an invective against long visits. I would not have understood her, but Millamant joining in the argument, I rose and with a constrained smile told her, I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a visit began to be troublesome; she reddened and I withdrew, without expecting her reply.

FAIN.

You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in compliance with her aunt.

MIRA.

She is more mistress of herself than to be under the necessity of such a resignation.

FAIN.

What? though half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation?

MIRA.

I was then in such a humour, that I should have been better pleased if she had been less discreet.

FAIN.

Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last night was one of their cabal-nights: they have 'em three times a week and meet by turns at one another's apartments, where they come together like the coroner's inquest, to sit upon the murdered reputations of the week. You and I are excluded, and it was once proposed that all the male sex should be excepted; but somebody moved that to avoid scandal there might be one man of the community, upon which motion Witwoud and Petulant were enrolled members.

MIRA.

And who may have been the foundress of this sect? My Lady Wishfort, I warrant, who publishes her detestation of mankind, and full of the vigour of fifty-five, declares for a friend and ratafia; and let posterity shift for itself, she'll breed no more.

FAIN.

The discovery of your sham addresses to her, to conceal your love to her niece, has provoked this separation. Had you dissembled better, things might have continued in the state of nature.

MIRA.

I did as much as man could, with any reasonable conscience; I proceeded to the very last act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a song in her commendation. Nay, I got a friend to put her into a lampoon, and compliment her with the imputation of an affair with a young fellow, which I carried so far, that I told her the malicious town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden; and when she lay in of a dropsy, persuaded her she was reported to be in labour. The devil's in't, if an old woman is to be flattered further, unless a man should endeavour downright personally to debauch her: and that my virtue forbade me. But for the discovery of this amour, I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, Mrs. Marwood.

FAIN.

What should provoke her to be your enemy, unless she has made you advances which you have slighted? Women do not easily forgive omissions of that nature.

MIRA.

She was always civil to me, till of late. I confess I am not one of those coxcombs who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice, and think that she who does not refuse 'em everything can refuse 'em nothing.

FAIN.

You are a gallant man, Mirabell; and though you may have cruelty enough not to satisfy a lady's longing, you have too much generosity not to be tender of her honour. Yet you speak with an indifference which seems to be affected, and confesses you are conscious of a negligence.

MIRA.

You pursue the argument with a distrust that seems to be unaffected, and confesses you are conscious of a concern for which the lady is more indebted to you than is your wife.

FAIN.

Fie, fie, friend, if you grow censorious I must leave you:- I'll look upon the gamesters in the next room.

MIRA.

Who are they?

FAIN.

Petulant and Witwoud.—Bring me some chocolate.

MIRA.

Betty, what says your clock?

BET.

Turned of the last canonical hour, sir.

MIRA.

How pertinently the jade answers me! Ha! almost one a' clock! *Looking on his watch.* Oh, y'are come!

**SCENE II.**

MIRABELL *and* FOOTMAN.

MIRA.

Well, is the grand affair over? You have been something tedious.

SERV.

Sir, there's such coupling at Pancras that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a country-dance. Ours was the last couple to lead up; and no hopes appearing of dispatch, besides, the parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his lungs would have failed before it came to our turn; so we drove round to Duke's Place, and there they were riveted in a trice.

MIRA.

So, so; you are sure they are married?

SERV.

Married and bedded, sir; I am witness.

MIRA.

Have you the certificate?

SERV.

Here it is, sir.

MIRA.

Has the tailor brought Waitwell's clothes home, and the new liveries?

SERV.

Yes, sir.

MIRA.

That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, and adjourn the consummation till farther order; bid Waitwell shake his ears, and Dame Partlet rustle up her feathers, and meet me at one a' clock by Rosamond's pond, that I may see her before she returns to her lady. And, as you tender your ears, be secret.

**SCENE III.**

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

FAIN.

Joy of your success, Mirabell; you look pleased.

MIRA.

Ay; I have been engaged in a matter of some sort of mirth, which is not yet ripe for discovery. I am glad this is not a cabal- night. I wonder, Fainall, that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your wife to be of such a party.

FAIN.

Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who are engaged are women and relations; and for the men, they are of a kind too contemptible to give scandal.

MIRA.

I am of another opinion: the greater the coxcomb, always the more the scandal; for a woman who is not a fool can have but one reason for associating with a man who is one.

FAIN.

Are you jealous as often as you see Witwoud entertained by Millamant?

MIRA.

Of her understanding I am, if not of her person.

FAIN.

You do her wrong; for, to give her her due, she has wit.

MIRA.

She has beauty enough to make any man think so, and complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

FAIN.

For a passionate lover methinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.

MIRA.

And for a discerning man somewhat too passionate a lover, for I like her with all her faults; nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her, and those affectations which in another woman would be odious serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she once used me with that insolence that in revenge I took her to pieces, sifted her, and separated her failings: I studied 'em and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large that I was not without hopes, one day or other, to hate her heartily. To which end I so used myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less and less disturbance, till in a few days it became habitual to me to remember 'em without being displeas'd. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties, and in all probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

FAIN.

Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted with her charms as you are with her defects, and, my life on't, you are your own man again.

MIRA.

Say you so?

FAIN.

Ay, ay; I have experience. I have a wife, and so forth.

#### **SCENE IV.**

*To them* MESSENGER.

MESS.

Is one Squire Witwoud here?

BET.

Yes; what's your business?

MESS.

I have a letter for him, from his brother Sir Wilfull, which I am charged to deliver into his own hands.

BET.

He's in the next room, friend. That way.

**SCENE V.**

MIRABELL, FAINALL, BETTY.

MIRA.

What, is the chief of that noble family in town, Sir Wilfull Witwoud?

FAIN.

He is expected to-day. Do you know him?

MIRA.

I have seen him; he promises to be an extraordinary person. I think you have the honour to be related to him.

FAIN.

Yes; he is half-brother to this Witwoud by a former wife, who was sister to my Lady Wishfort, my wife's mother. If you marry Millamant, you must call cousins too.

MIRA.

I had rather be his relation than his acquaintance.

FAIN.

He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel.

MIRA.

For travel! Why the man that I mean is above forty.

FAIN.

No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of England that all Europe should know we have blockheads of all ages.

MIRA.

I wonder there is not an act of parliament to save the credit of the nation and prohibit the exportation of fools.

FAIN.

By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little loss, than to be quite eaten up with being overstocked.

MIRA.

Pray, are the follies of this knight-errant and those of the squire, his brother, anything related?

FAIN.

Not at all: Witwoud grows by the knight like a medlar grafted on a crab. One will melt in your mouth and t'other set your teeth on edge; one is all pulp and the other all core.

MIRA.

So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without ever being ripe at all.

FAIN.

Sir Wilfull is an odd mixture of bashfulness and obstinacy. But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the monster in *The Tempest*, and much after the same manner. To give bother his due, he has something of good-nature, and does not always want wit.

MIRA.

Not always: but as often as his memory fails him and his commonplace of comparisons. He is a fool with a good memory and some few scraps of other folks' wit. He is one whose conversation can never be approved, yet it is now and then to be endured. He has indeed one good quality: he is not exceptious, for he so passionately affects the reputation of understanding raillery that he will construe an affront into a jest, and call downright rudeness and ill language satire and fire.

FAIN.

If you have a mind to finish his picture, you have an opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the original.

## SCENE VI.

*To them* WITWOUD.

WIT.

Afford me your compassion, my dears; pity me, Fainall, Mirabell, pity me.

MIRA.

I do from my soul.

FAIN.

Why, what's the matter?

WIT.

No letters for me, Betty?



BET.

Did not a messenger bring you one but now, sir?

WIT.

Ay; but no other?

BET.

No, sir.

WIT.

That's hard, that's very hard. A messenger, a mule, a beast of burden, he has brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyric in a funeral sermon, or a copy of commendatory verses from one poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a forerunner of the author as an epistle dedicatory.

MIRA.

A fool, and your brother, Witwoud?

WIT.

Ay, ay, my half-brother. My half-brother he is, no nearer, upon honour.

MIRA.

Then 'tis possible he may be but half a fool.

WIT.

Good, good, Mirabell, LE DROLE! Good, good, hang him, don't let's talk of him.— Fainall, how does your lady? Gad, I say anything in the world to get this fellow out of my head. I beg pardon that I should ask a man of pleasure and the town a question at once so foreign and domestic. But I talk like an old maid at a marriage, I don't know what I say: but she's the best woman in the world.

FAIN.

'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your commendation would go near to make me either vain or jealous.

WIT.

No man in town lives well with a wife but Fainall. Your judgment, Mirabell?

MIRA.

You had better step and ask his wife, if you would be credibly informed.

WIT.

Mirabell!

MIRA.

Ay.

WIT.

My dear, I ask ten thousand pardons. Gad, I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

MIRA.

I thank you heartily, heartily.

WIT.

No, but prithee excuse me:- my memory is such a memory.

MIRA.

Have a care of such apologies, Witwoud; for I never knew a fool but he affected to complain either of the spleen or his memory.

FAIN.

What have you done with Petulant?

WIT.

He's reckoning his money; my money it was: I have no luck to-day.

FAIN.

You may allow him to win of you at play, for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee: since you monopolise the wit that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

MIRA.

I don't find that Petulant confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, Witwoud.

WIT.

Come, come, you are malicious now, and would breed debates. Petulant's my friend, and a very honest fellow, and a very pretty fellow, and has a smattering—faith and troth, a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit: nay, I'll do him justice. I'm his friend, I won't wrong him. And if he had any judgment in the world, he would not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merits of my friend.

FAIN.

You don't take your friend to be over-nicely bred?

WIT.

No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own; no more breeding than a bum-bailly, that I grant you:- 'tis pity; the fellow has fire and life.

MIRA.

What, courage?

WIT.

Hum, faith, I don't know as to that, I can't say as to that. Yes, faith, in a controversy he'll contradict anybody.

MIRA.

Though 'twere a man whom he feared or a woman whom he loved.

WIT.

Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks. We have all our failings; you are too hard upon him, you are, faith. Let me excuse him,—I can defend most of his faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the truth on't,—if he were my brother I could not acquit him—that indeed I could wish were otherwise.

MIRA.

Ay, marry, what's that, Witwoud?

WIT.

Oh, pardon me. Expose the infirmities of my friend? No, my dear, excuse me there.

FAIN.

What, I warrant he's unsincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

WIT.

No, no; what if he be? 'Tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse that. A wit should no more be sincere than a woman constant: one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of beauty.

MIRA.

Maybe you think him too positive?

WIT.

No, no; his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

FAIN.

Too illiterate?

WIT.

That? That's his happiness. His want of learning gives him the more opportunities to show his natural parts.

MIRA.

He wants words?

WIT.

Ay; but I like him for that now: for his want of words gives me the pleasure very often to explain his meaning.

FAIN.

He's impudent?

WIT.

No that's not it.

MIRA.

Vain?

WIT.

No.

MIRA.

What, he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion?

WIT.

Truths? Ha, ha, ha! No, no, since you will have it, I mean he never speaks truth at all, that's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault.

**SCENE VII.**

*To them* COACHMAN.

COACH.

Is Master Petulant here, mistress?

BET.

Yes.

COACH.

Three gentlewomen in a coach would speak with him.

FAIN.

O brave Petulant! Three!

BET.

I'll tell him.

COACH.

You must bring two dishes of chocolate and a glass of cinnamon water.

**SCENE VIII.**

MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOUD.

WIT.

That should be for two fasting strumpets, and a bawd troubled with wind. Now you may know what the three are.

MIRA.

You are very free with your friend's acquaintance.

WIT.

Ay, ay; friendship without freedom is as dull as love without enjoyment or wine without toasting; but to tell you a secret, these are trulls whom he allows coach-hire, and something more by the week, to call on him once a day at public places.

MIRA.

How!

WIT.

You shall see he won't go to 'em because there's no more company here to take notice of him. Why, this is nothing to what he used to do:- before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself -

FAIN.

Call for himself? What dost thou mean?

WIT.

Mean? Why he would slip you out of this chocolate-house, just when you had been talking to him. As soon as your back was turned— whip he was gone; then trip to his lodging, clap on a hood and scarf and a mask, slap into a hackney-coach, and drive hither to the door again in a trice; where he would send in for himself; that I mean, call for himself, wait for himself, nay, and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a letter for himself.

MIRA.

I confess this is something extraordinary. I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming; oh, I ask his pardon.

**SCENE IX.**

PETULANT, MIRABELL, FAINALL, WITWOUD, BETTY.

BET.

Sir, the coach stays.

PET.

Well, well, I come. 'Sbud, a man had as good be a professed midwife as a professed whoremaster, at this rate; to be knocked up and raised at all hours, and in all places. Pox on 'em, I won't come. D'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come. Let 'em snivel and cry their hearts out.

FAIN.

You are very cruel, Petulant.

PET.

All's one, let it pass. I have a humour to be cruel.

MIRA.

I hope they are not persons of condition that you use at this rate.

PET.

Condition? Condition's a dried fig, if I am not in humour. By this hand, if they were your—a—a—your what-d'ee-call-'ems themselves, they must wait or rub off, if I want appetite.

MIRA.

What-d'ee-call-'ems! What are they, Witwoud?

WIT.

Empresses, my dear. By your what-d'ee-call-'ems he means Sultana Queens.

PET.

Ay, Roxolanas.

MIRA.

Cry you mercy.

FAIN.

Witwoud says they are -

PET.

What does he say th'are?

WIT.

I? Fine ladies, I say.

PET.

Pass on, Witwoud. Harkee, by this light, his relations—two co-heiresses his cousins, and an old aunt, who loves cater-wauling better than a conventicle.

WIT.

Ha, ha, ha! I had a mind to see how the rogue would come off. Ha, ha, ha! Gad, I can't be angry with him, if he had said they were my mother and my sisters.

MIRA.

No?

WIT.

No; the rogue's wit and readiness of invention charm me, dear Petulant.

BET.

They are gone, sir, in great anger.

PET.

Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps complexion, saves paint.

FAIN.

This continence is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes court to Millamant, and swear he has abandoned the whole sex for her sake.

MIRA.

Have you not left off your impudent pretensions there yet? I shall cut your throat, sometime or other, Petulant, about that business.

PET.

Ay, ay, let that pass. There are other throats to be cut.

MIRA.

Meaning mine, sir?

PET.

Not I—I mean nobody—I know nothing. But there are uncles and nephews in the world—and they may be rivals. What then? All's one for that.

MIRA.

How? Harkee, Petulant, come hither. Explain, or I shall call your interpreter.

PET.

Explain? I know nothing. Why, you have an uncle, have you not, lately come to town, and lodges by my Lady Wishfort's?

MIRA.

True.

PET.

Why, that's enough. You and he are not friends; and if he should marry and have a child, you may be disinherited, ha!

MIRA.

Where hast thou stumbled upon all this truth?

PET.

All's one for that; why, then, say I know something.

MIRA.

Come, thou art an honest fellow, Petulant, and shalt make love to my mistress, thou shalt, faith. What hast thou heard of my uncle?

PET.

I? Nothing, I. If throats are to be cut, let swords clash. Snug's the word; I shrug and am silent.

MIRA.

Oh, raillery, raillery! Come, I know thou art in the women's secrets. What, you're a cabalist; I know you stayed at Millamant's last night after I went. Was there any mention made of my uncle or me? Tell me; if thou hadst but good nature equal to thy wit, Petulant, Tony Witwoud, who is now thy competitor in fame, would show as dim by thee as a dead whiting's eye by a pearl of orient; he would no more be seen by thee than Mercury is by the sun: come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

PET.

If I do, will you grant me common sense, then, for the future?



MIRA.

Faith, I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that heav'n may grant it thee in the meantime.

PET.

Well, harkee.

FAIN.

Petulant and you both will find Mirabell as warm a rival as a lover.

WIT.

Pshaw, pshaw, that she laughs at Petulant is plain. And for my part, but that it is almost a fashion to admire her, I should— harkee—to tell you a secret, but let it go no further between friends, I shall never break my heart for her.

FAIN.

How?

WIT.

She's handsome; but she's a sort of an uncertain woman.

FAIN.

I thought you had died for her.

WIT.

Umh—no -

FAIN.

She has wit.

WIT.

'Tis what she will hardly allow anybody else. Now, demme, I should hate that, if she were as handsome as Cleopatra. Mirabell is not so sure of her as he thinks for.

FAIN.

Why do you think so?

WIT.

We stayed pretty late there last night, and heard something of an uncle to Mirabell, who is lately come to town, and is between him and the best part of his estate. Mirabell and he are at some distance, as my Lady Wishfort has been told; and you know she hates Mirabell worse than a quaker hates a parrot, or than a fishmonger hates a hard frost. Whether this uncle has seen Mrs. Millamant or not, I cannot

say; but there were items of such a treaty being in embryo; and if it should come to life, poor Mirabell would be in some sort unfortunately fobbed, i'faith.

FAIN.

'Tis impossible Millamant should hearken to it.

WIT.

Faith, my dear, I can't tell; she's a woman and a kind of a humorist.

MIRA.

And this is the sum of what you could collect last night?

PET.

The quintessence. Maybe Witwoud knows more; he stayed longer. Besides, they never mind him; they say anything before him.

MIRA.

I thought you had been the greatest favourite.

PET.

Ay, tete-e-tete; but not in public, because I make remarks.

MIRA.

You do?

PET.

Ay, ay, pox, I'm malicious, man. Now he's soft, you know, they are not in awe of him. The fellow's well bred, he's what you call a—what d'ye-call-'em—a fine gentleman, but he's silly withal.

MIRA.

I thank you, I know as much as my curiosity requires. Fainall, are you for the Mall?

FAIN.

Ay, I'll take a turn before dinner.

WIT.

Ay, we'll all walk in the park; the ladies talked of being there.

MIRA.

I thought you were obliged to watch for your brother Sir Wilfull's arrival.

WIT.

No, no, he comes to his aunt's, my Lady Wishfort; pox on him, I shall be troubled with him too; what shall I do with the fool?

PET.

Beg him for his estate, that I may beg you afterwards, and so have but one trouble with you both.

WIT.

O rare Petulant, thou art as quick as fire in a frosty morning; thou shalt to the Mall with us, and we'll be very severe.

PET.

Enough; I'm in a humour to be severe.

MIRA.

Are you? Pray then walk by yourselves. Let not us be accessory to your putting the ladies out of countenance with your senseless ribaldry, which you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you, and when you have made a handsome woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

PET.

What, what? Then let 'em either show their innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else show their discretion by not hearing what they would not be thought to understand.

MIRA.

But hast not thou then sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most ashamed thyself when thou hast put another out of countenance?

PET.

Not I, by this hand: I always take blushing either for a sign of guilt or ill-breeding.

MIRA.

I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the error of your judgment in defence of your practice.

*Where modesty's ill manners, 'tis but fit  
That impudence and malice pass for wit.*

**Act II****SCENE I.**

*St. James's Park.*

MRS. FAINALL *and* MRS. MARWOOD.

MRS. FAIN.

Ay, ay, dear Marwood, if we will be happy, we must find the means in ourselves, and among ourselves. Men are ever in extremes; either doting or averse. While they are lovers, if they have fire and sense, their jealousies are insupportable: and when they cease to love (we ought to think at least) they loathe, they look upon us with horror and distaste, they meet us like the ghosts of what we were, and as from such, fly from us.

MRS. MAR.

True, 'tis an unhappy circumstance of life that love should ever die before us, and that the man so often should outlive the lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left than never to have been loved. To pass our youth in dull indifference, to refuse the sweets of life because they once must leave us, is as preposterous as to wish to have been born old, because we one day must be old. For my part, my youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my possession.

MRS. FAIN.

Then it seems you dissemble an aversion to mankind only in compliance to my mother's humour.

MRS. MAR.

Certainly. To be free, I have no taste of those insipid dry discourses with which our sex of force must entertain themselves apart from men. We may affect endearments to each other, profess eternal friendships, and seem to dote like lovers; but 'tis not in our natures long to persevere. Love will resume his empire in our breasts, and every heart, or soon or late, receive and readmit him as its lawful tyrant.

MRS. FAIN.

Bless me, how have I been deceived! Why, you profess a libertine.

MRS. MAR.

You see my friendship by my freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your sentiments agree with mine.

MRS. FAIN.

Never.

MRS. MAR.

You hate mankind?

MRS. FAIN.

Heartily, inveterately.

MRS. MAR.

Your husband?

MRS. FAIN.

Most transcendently; ay, though I say it, meritoriously.

MRS. MAR.

Give me your hand upon it.

MRS. FAIN.

There.

MRS. MAR.

I join with you; what I have said has been to try you.

MRS. FAIN.

Is it possible? Dost thou hate those vipers, men?

MRS. MAR.

I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em; the next thing I have to do is eternally to forget 'em.

MRS. FAIN.

There spoke the spirit of an Amazon, a Penthesilea.

MRS. MAR.

And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my aversion further.

MRS. FAIN.

How?

MRS. MAR.

Faith, by marrying; if I could but find one that loved me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

MRS. FAIN.

You would not make him a cuckold?

MRS. MAR.

No; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

MRS. FAIN.

Why had not you as good do it?

MRS. MAR.

Oh, if he should ever discover it, he would then know the worst, and be out of his pain; but I would have him ever to continue upon the rack of fear and jealousy.

MRS. FAIN.

Ingenious mischief! Would thou wert married to Mirabell.

MRS. MAR.

Would I were.

MRS. FAIN.

You change colour.

MRS. MAR.

Because I hate him.

MRS. FAIN.

So do I; but I can hear him named. But what reason have you to hate him in particular?

MRS. MAR.

I never loved him; he is, and always was, insufferably proud.

MRS. FAIN.

By the reason you give for your aversion, one would think it dissembled; for you have laid a fault to his charge, of which his enemies must acquit him.

MRS. MAR.

Oh, then it seems you are one of his favourable enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

MRS. FAIN.

Do I? I think I am a little sick o' the sudden.

MRS. MAR.

What ails you?

MRS. FAIN.

My husband. Don't you see him? He turned short upon me unawares, and has almost overcome me.

**SCENE II.**

*To them* FAINALL and MIRABELL.

MRS. MAR.

Ha, ha, ha! he comes opportunely for you.

MRS. FAIN.

For you, for he has brought Mirabell with him.

FAIN.

My dear.

MRS. FAIN.

My soul.

FAIN.

You don't look well to-day, child.

MRS. FAIN.

D'ye think so?

MIRA.

He is the only man that does, madam.

MRS. FAIN.

The only man that would tell me so at least, and the only man from whom I could hear it without mortification.

FAIN.

Oh, my dear, I am satisfied of your tenderness; I know you cannot resent anything from me; especially what is an effect of my concern.

MRS. FAIN.

Mr. Mirabell, my mother interrupted you in a pleasant relation last night: I would fain hear it out.

MIRA.

The persons concerned in that affair have yet a tolerable reputation. I am afraid Mr. Fainall will be censorious.

MRS. FAIN.

He has a humour more prevailing than his curiosity, and will willingly dispense with the hearing of one scandalous story, to avoid giving an occasion to make another by being seen to walk with his wife. This way, Mr. Mirabell, and I dare promise you will oblige us both.

**SCENE III.**

FAINALL, MRS. MARWOOD.

FAIN.

Excellent creature! Well, sure, if I should live to be rid of my wife, I should be a miserable man.

MRS. MAR.

Ay?

FAIN.

For having only that one hope, the accomplishment of it of consequence must put an end to all my hopes, and what a wretch is he who must survive his hopes! Nothing remains when that day comes but to sit down and weep like Alexander when he wanted other worlds to conquer.

MRS. MAR.

Will you not follow 'em?

FAIN.

Faith, I think not,

MRS. MAR.

Pray let us; I have a reason.

FAIN.

You are not jealous?

MRS. MAR.

Of whom?

FAIN.

Of Mirabell.



MRS. MAR.

If I am, is it inconsistent with my love to you that I am tender of your honour?

FAIN.

You would intimate then, as if there were a fellow-feeling between my wife and him?

MRS. MAR.

I think she does not hate him to that degree she would be thought.

FAIN.

But he, I fear, is too insensible.

MRS. MAR.

It may be you are deceived.

FAIN.

It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

MRS. MAR.

What?

FAIN.

That I have been deceived, madam, and you are false.

MRS. MAR.

That I am false? What mean you?

FAIN.

To let you know I see through all your little arts.—Come, you both love him, and both have equally dissembled your aversion. Your mutual jealousies of one another have made you clash till you have both struck fire. I have seen the warm confession red'ning on your cheeks, and sparkling from your eyes.

MRS. MAR.

You do me wrong.

FAIN.

I do not. 'Twas for my ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross advances made him by my wife, that by permitting her to be engaged, I might continue unsuspected in my pleasures, and take you oftener to my arms in full security. But could you think, because the nodding husband would not wake, that e'er the watchful lover slept?

MRS. MAR.

And wherewithal can you reproach me?

FAIN.

With infidelity, with loving another, with love of Mirabell.

MRS. MAR.

'Tis false. I challenge you to show an instance that can confirm your groundless accusation. I hate him.

FAIN.

And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible, and your resentment follows his neglect. An instance? The injuries you have done him are a proof: your interposing in his love. What cause had you to make discoveries of his pretended passion? To undeceive the credulous aunt, and be the officious obstacle of his match with Millamant?

MRS. MAR.

My obligations to my lady urged me: I had professed a friendship to her, and could not see her easy nature so abused by that dissembler.

FAIN.

What, was it conscience then? Professed a friendship! Oh, the pious friendships of the female sex!

MRS. MAR.

More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men, whether professing love to us or mutual faith to one another.

FAIN.

Ha, ha, ha! you are my wife's friend too.

MRS. MAR.

Shame and ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me? Have I been false to her, through strict fidelity to you, and sacrificed my friendship to keep my love inviolate? And have you the baseness to charge me with the guilt, unmindful of the merit? To you it should be meritorious that I have been vicious. And do you reflect that guilt upon me which should lie buried in your bosom?

FAIN.

You misinterpret my reproof. I meant but to remind you of the slight account you once could make of strictest ties when set in competition with your love to me.

MRS. MAR.

'Tis false, you urged it with deliberate malice. 'Twas spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

FAIN.

Your guilt, not your resentment, begets your rage. If yet you loved, you could forgive a jealousy: but you are stung to find you are discovered.

MRS. MAR.

It shall be all discovered. You too shall be discovered; be sure you shall. I can but be exposed. If I do it myself I shall prevent your baseness.

FAIN.

Why, what will you do?

MRS. MAR.

Disclose it to your wife; own what has past between us.

FAIN.

Frenzy!

MRS. MAR.

By all my wrongs I'll do't. I'll publish to the world the injuries you have done me, both in my fame and fortune: with both I trusted you, you bankrupt in honour, as indigent of wealth.

FAIN.

Your fame I have preserved. Your fortune has been bestowed as the prodigality of your love would have it, in pleasures which we both have shared. Yet, had not you been false I had e'er this repaid it. 'Tis true—had you permitted Mirabell with Millamant to have stolen their marriage, my lady had been incensed beyond all means of reconciliation: Millamant had forfeited the moiety of her fortune, which then would have descended to my wife. And wherefore did I marry but to make lawful prize of a rich widow's wealth, and squander it on love and you?

MRS. MAR.

Deceit and frivolous pretence!

FAIN.

Death, am I not married? What's pretence? Am I not imprisoned, fettered? Have I not a wife? Nay, a wife that was a widow, a young widow, a handsome widow, and would be again a widow, but that I have a heart of proof, and something of a constitution to bustle through the ways of wedlock and this world. Will you yet be reconciled to truth and me?

MRS. MAR.

Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent.—I hate you, and shall for ever.

FAIN.

For loving you?

MRS. MAR.

I loathe the name of love after such usage; and next to the guilt with which you would asperse me, I scorn you most. Farewell.

FAIN.

Nay, we must not part thus.

MRS. MAR.

Let me go.

FAIN.

Come, I'm sorry.

MRS. MAR.

I care not. Let me go. Break my hands, do—I'd leave 'em to get loose.

FAIN.

I would not hurt you for the world. Have I no other hold to keep you here?

MRS. MAR.

Well, I have deserved it all.

FAIN.

You know I love you.

MRS. MAR.

Poor dissembling! Oh, that—well, it is not yet -

FAIN.

What? What is it not? What is it not yet? It is not yet too late -

MRS. MAR.

No, it is not yet too late—I have that comfort.

FAIN.

It is, to love another.

MRS. MAR.

But not to loathe, detest, abhor mankind, myself, and the whole treacherous world.

FAIN.

Nay, this is extravagance. Come, I ask your pardon. No tears—I was to blame, I could not love you and be easy in my doubts. Pray forbear—I believe you; I'm convinced I've done you wrong; and any way, every way will make amends: I'll hate my wife yet more, damn her, I'll part with her, rob her of all she's worth, and we'll retire somewhere, anywhere, to another world; I'll marry thee—be pacified.—'Sdeath, they come: hide your face, your tears. You have a mask: wear it a moment. This way, this way: be persuaded.

**SCENE IV.**

MIRABELL *and* MRS. FAINALL.

MRS. FAIN.

They are here yet.

MIRA.

They are turning into the other walk.

MRS. FAIN.

While I only hated my husband, I could bear to see him; but since I have despised him, he's too offensive.

MIRA.

Oh, you should hate with prudence.

MRS. FAIN.

Yes, for I have loved with indiscretion.

MIRA.

You should have just so much disgust for your husband as may be sufficient to make you relish your lover.

MRS. FAIN.

You have been the cause that I have loved without bounds, and would you set limits to that aversion of which you have been the occasion? Why did you make me marry this man?

MIRA.

Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous actions? To save that idol, reputation. If the familiarities of our loves had produced that consequence of which

you were apprehensive, where could you have fixed a father's name with credit but on a husband? I knew Fainall to be a man lavish of his morals, an interested and professing friend, a false and a designing lover, yet one whose wit and outward fair behaviour have gained a reputation with the town, enough to make that woman stand excused who has suffered herself to be won by his addresses. A better man ought not to have been sacrificed to the occasion; a worse had not answered to the purpose. When you are weary of him you know your remedy.

MRS. FAIN.

I ought to stand in some degree of credit with you, Mirabell.

MIRA.

In justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole design, and put it in your power to ruin or advance my fortune.

MRS. FAIN.

Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended uncle?

MIRA.

Waitwell, my servant.

MRS. FAIN.

He is an humble servant to Foible, my mother's woman, and may win her to your interest.

MIRA.

Care is taken for that. She is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning.

MRS. FAIN.

Who?

MIRA.

Waitwell and Foible. I would not tempt my servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, should consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like Mosca in the FOX, stand upon terms; so I made him sure beforehand.

MRS. FAIN.

So, if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will discover the imposture betimes, and release her by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage.

MIRA.

Yes, upon condition that she consent to my marriage with her niece, and surrender the moiety of her fortune in her possession.

MRS. FAIN.

She talked last night of endeavouring at a match between Millamant and your uncle.

MIRA.

That was by Foible's direction and my instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

MRS. FAIN.

Well, I have an opinion of your success, for I believe my lady will do anything to get an husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to anything to get rid of him.

MIRA.

Yes, I think the good lady would marry anything that resembled a man, though 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin.

MRS. FAIN.

Female frailty! We must all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a false appetite when the true is decayed.

MIRA.

An old woman's appetite is depraved like that of a girl. 'Tis the green-sickness of a second childhood, and, like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to usher in the fall, and withers in an affected bloom.

MRS. FAIN.

Here's your mistress.

**SCENE V.**

*To them* MRS. MILLAMANT, WITWOUD, MINCING.

MIRA.

Here she comes, i'faith, full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders.—Ha, no, I cry her mercy.

MRS. FAIN.

I see but one poor empty sculler, and he tows her woman after him.

MIRA.

You seem to be unattended, madam. You used to have the BEAU MONDE throng after you, and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

WIT.

Like moths about a candle. I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

MILLA.

Oh, I have denied myself airs to-day. I have walked as fast through the crowd -

WIT.

As a favourite just disgraced, and with as few followers.

MILLA.

Dear Mr. Witwoud, truce with your similitudes, for I am as sick of 'em -

WIT.

As a physician of a good air. I cannot help it, madam, though 'tis against myself.

MILLA.

Yet again! Mincing, stand between me and his wit.

WIT.

Do, Mrs. Mincing, like a screen before a great fire. I confess I do blaze to-day; I am too bright.

MRS. FAIN.

But, dear Millamant, why were you so long?

MILLA.

Long! Lord, have I not made violent haste? I have asked every living thing I met for you; I have enquired after you, as after a new fashion.

WIT.

Madam, truce with your similitudes.—No, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

MIRA.

By your leave, Witwoud, that were like enquiring after an old fashion to ask a husband for his wife.

WIT.

Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit; I confess it.



MRS. FAIN.

You were dressed before I came abroad.

MILLA.

Ay, that's true. Oh, but then I had—Mincing, what had I? Why was I so long?

MINC.

O mem, your laship stayed to peruse a packet of letters.

MILLA.

Oh, ay, letters—I had letters—I am persecuted with letters—I hate letters. Nobody knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why. They serve one to pin up one's hair.

WIT.

Is that the way? Pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies.

MILLA.

Only with those in verse, Mr. Witwoud. I never pin up my hair with prose. I think I tried once, Mincing.

MINC.

O mem, I shall never forget it.

MILLA.

Ay, poor Mincing tift and tift all the morning.

MINC.

Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow, mem. And all to no purpose. But when your laship pins it up with poetry, it fits so pleasant the next day as anything, and is so pure and so crips.

WIT.

Indeed, so crips?

MINC.

You're such a critic, Mr. Witwoud.

MILLA.

Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night? Oh, ay, and went away. Now I think on't I'm angry—no, now I think on't I'm pleased:- for I believe I gave you some pain.

MIRA.

Does that please you?

MILLA.

Infinitely; I love to give pain.

MIRA.

You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

MILLA.

Oh, I ask your pardon for that. One's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty one parts with one's power, and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

MIRA.

Ay, ay; suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover—and then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be! Nay, 'tis true; you are no longer handsome when you've lost your lover: your beauty dies upon the instant. For beauty is the lover's gift: 'tis he bestows your charms:— your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation can be flattered by it, and discover beauties in it: for that reflects our praises rather than your face.

MILLA.

Oh, the vanity of these men! Fainall, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now you must know they could not commend one if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift! Lord, what is a lover, that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then, if one pleases, one makes more.

WIT.

Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

MILLA.

One no more owes one's beauty to a lover than one's wit to an echo. They can but reflect what we look and say: vain empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

MIRA.

Yet, to those two vain empty things, you owe two the greatest pleasures of your life.

MILLA.

How so?

MIRA.

To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised, and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

WIT.

But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue that an echo must wait till she dies before it can catch her last words.

MILLA.

Oh, fiction; Fainall, let us leave these men.

MIRA.

Draw off Witwoud. *Aside to* MRS. FAINALL.

MRS. FAIN.

Immediately; I have a word or two for Mr. Witwoud.

#### SCENE VI.

MRS. MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, MINCING.

MIRA.

I would beg a little private audience too. You had the tyranny to deny me last night, though you knew I came to impart a secret to you that concerned my love.

MILLA.

You saw I was engaged.

MIRA.

Unkind! You had the leisure to entertain a herd of fools: things who visit you from their excessive idleness, bestowing on your easiness that time which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in such society? It is impossible they should admire you; they are not capable; or, if they were, it should be to you as a mortification: for, sure, to please a fool is some degree of folly.

MILLA.

I please myself.—Besides, sometimes to converse with fools is for my health.

MIRA.

Your health! Is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools?

MILLA.

Yes, the vapours; fools are physic for it, next to assafoetida.

MIRA.

You are not in a course of fools?

MILLA.

Mirabell, if you persist in this offensive freedom you'll displease me. I think I must resolve after all not to have you:- we shan't agree.

MIRA.

Not in our physic, it may be.

MILLA.

And yet our distemper in all likelihood will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded nor instructed; 'tis so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be told of one's faults, I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, Mirabell—I'm resolved—I think—you may go—ha, ha, ha! What would you give that you could help loving me?

MIRA.

I would give something that you did not know I could not help it.

MILLA.

Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

MIRA.

I say that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman with plain-dealing and sincerity.

MILLA.

Sententious Mirabell! Prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging!

MIRA.

You are merry, madam, but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

MILLA.

What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a lovesick face. Ha, ha, ha! Well I won't laugh; don't be peevish. Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well, Mirabell, if ever you will win me, woo me now.—Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well: I see they are walking away.

MIRA.

Can you not find in the variety of your disposition one moment -

MILLA.

To hear you tell me Foible's married, and your plot like to speed? No.

MIRA.

But how you came to know it -

MILLA.

Without the help of the devil, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me.

**SCENE VII.**

MIRABELL *alone.*

MIRA.

I have something more.—Gone! Think of you? To think of a whirlwind, though 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation, a very tranquillity of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a windmill has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodged in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turned, and by one as well as another; for motion, not method, is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason, and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct.—Oh, here come my pair of turtles. What, billing so sweetly? Is not Valentine's day over with you yet?

**SCENE VIII.**

*To him* WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

MIRA.

Sirrah, Waitwell, why, sure, you think you were married for your own recreation and not for my conveniency.

WAIT.

Your pardon, sir. With submission, we have indeed been solacing in lawful delights; but still with an eye to business, sir. I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your directions as readily as my instructions, sir, your affairs are in a prosperous way.

MIRA.

Give you joy, Mrs. Foible.

FOIB.

O—las, sir, I'm so ashamed.—I'm afraid my lady has been in a thousand inquietudes for me. But I protest, sir, I made as much haste as I could.

WAIT.

That she did indeed, sir. It was my fault that she did not make more.

MIRA.

That I believe.

FOIB.

But I told my lady as you instructed me, sir, that I had a prospect of seeing Sir Rowland, your uncle, and that I would put her ladyship's picture in my pocket to show him, which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamoured of her beauty, that he burns with impatience to lie at her ladyship's feet and worship the original.

MIRA.

Excellent Foible! Matrimony has made you eloquent in love.

WAIT.

I think she has profited, sir. I think so.

FOIB.

You have seen Madam Millamant, sir?

MIRA.

Yes.

FOIB.

I told her, sir, because I did not know that you might find an opportunity; she had so much company last night.

MIRA.

Your diligence will merit more. In the meantime— *gives money*.

FOIB.

O dear sir, your humble servant.

WAIT.

Spouse -

MIRA.

Stand off, sir, not a penny. Go on and prosper, Foible. The lease shall be made good and the farm stocked, if we succeed.

FOIB.

I don't question your generosity, sir, and you need not doubt of success. If you have no more commands, sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my lady is at her toilet, and can't dress till I come. Oh dear, I'm sure that *looking out*. was Mrs. Marwood that went by in a mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your servant, Sir.—B'w'y, Waitwell.

**SCENE IX.**

MIRABELL, WAITWELL.

WAIT.

Sir Rowland, if you please. The jade's so pert upon her preferment she forgets herself.

MIRA.

Come, sir, will you endeavour to forget yourself—and transform into Sir Rowland?

WAIT.

Why, sir, it will be impossible I should remember myself. Married, knighted, and attended all in one day! 'Tis enough to make any man forget himself. The difficulty will be how to recover my acquaintance and familiarity with my former self, and fall from my transformation to a reformation into Waitwell. Nay, I shan't be quite the same Waitwell neither—for now I remember me, I'm married, and can't be my own man again.

*Ay, there's my grief; that's the sad change of life:  
To lose my title, and yet keep my wife.*

**Act III**

**SCENE I.**

*A room in Lady Wishfort's house.*

LADY WISHFORT *at her toilet*, PEG *waiting*.

LADY.

Merciful! No news of Foible yet?

PEG.

No, madam.

LADY.

I have no more patience. If I have not fretted myself till I am pale again, there's no veracity in me. Fetch me the red—the red, do you hear, sweetheart? An errant ash colour, as I'm a person. Look you how this wench stirs! Why dost thou not fetch me a little red? Didst thou not hear me, Mopus?

PEG.

The red ratafia, does your ladyship mean, or the cherry brandy?

LADY.

Ratafia, fool? No, fool. Not the ratafia, fool—grant me patience!—I mean the Spanish paper, idiot; complexion, darling. Paint, paint, paint, dost thou understand that, changeling, dangling thy hands like bobbins before thee? Why dost thou not stir, puppet? Thou wooden thing upon wires!

PEG.

Lord, madam, your ladyship is so impatient.—I cannot come at the paint, madam: Mrs. Foible has locked it up, and carried the key with her.

LADY.

A pox take you both.—Fetch me the cherry brandy then.

## SCENE II.

LADY WISHFORT.

LADY.

I'm as pale and as faint, I look like Mrs. Qualmsick, the curate's wife, that's always breeding. Wench, come, come, wench, what art thou doing? Sipping? Tasting? Save thee, dost thou not know the bottle?

## SCENE III.

LADY WISHFORT, PEG *with a bottle and china cup.*

PEG.

Madam, I was looking for a cup.

LADY.

A cup, save thee, and what a cup hast thou brought! Dost thou take me for a fairy, to drink out of an acorn? Why didst thou not bring thy thimble? Hast thou ne'er a brass thimble clinking in thy pocket with a bit of nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill, fill. So, again. See who that is. *One knocks.* Set down the bottle first. Here, here, under the table:- what, wouldst thou go with the bottle in thy hand like a



tapster? As I'm a person, this wench has lived in an inn upon the road, before she came to me, like Maritornes the Asturian in *Don Quixote*. No Foible yet?

PEG.

No, madam; Mrs. Marwood.

LADY.

Oh, Marwood: let her come in. Come in, good Marwood.

**SCENE IV.**

*To them* MRS MARWOOD.

MRS. MAR.

I'm surprised to find your ladyship in DESHABILLE at this time of day.

LADY.

Foible's a lost thing; has been abroad since morning, and never heard of since.

MRS. MAR.

I saw her but now, as I came masked through the park, in conference with Mirabell.

LADY.

With Mirabell? You call my blood into my face with mentioning that traitor. She durst not have the confidence. I sent her to negotiate an affair, in which if I'm detected I'm undone. If that wheedling villain has wrought upon Foible to detect me, I'm ruined. O my dear friend, I'm a wretch of wretches if I'm detected.

MRS. MAR.

O madam, you cannot suspect Mrs. Foible's integrity.

LADY.

Oh, he carries poison in his tongue that would corrupt integrity itself. If she has given him an opportunity, she has as good as put her integrity into his hands. Ah, dear Marwood, what's integrity to an opportunity? Hark! I hear her. Dear friend, retire into my closet, that I may examine her with more freedom— you'll pardon me, dear friend, I can make bold with you—there are books over the chimney— Quarles and Pryn, and the *SHORT VIEW OF THE STAGE*, with Bunyan's works to entertain you.—Go, you thing, and send her in. *To* PEG.

**SCENE V.**

LADY WISHFORT, FOIBLE.

LADY.

O Foible, where hast thou been? What hast thou been doing?

FOIB.

Madam, I have seen the party.

LADY.

But what hast thou done?

FOIB.

Nay, 'tis your ladyship has done, and are to do; I have only promised. But a man so enamoured—so transported! Well, if worshipping of pictures be a sin—poor Sir Rowland, I say.

LADY.

The miniature has been counted like. But hast thou not betrayed me, Foible? Hast thou not detected me to that faithless Mirabell? What hast thou to do with him in the park? Answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

FOIB.

So, the devil has been beforehand with me; what shall I say?—Alas, madam, could I help it, if I met that confident thing? Was I in fault? If you had heard how he used me, and all upon your ladyship's account, I'm sure you would not suspect my fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst I could have borne: but he had a fling at your ladyship too, and then I could not hold; but, i'faith I gave him his own.

LADY.

Me? What did the filthy fellow say?

FOIB.

O madam, 'tis a shame to say what he said, with his taunts and his fleers, tossing up his nose. Humh, says he, what, you are a-hatching some plot, says he, you are so early abroad, or catering, says he, ferreting for some disbanded officer, I warrant. Half pay is but thin subsistence, says he. Well, what pension does your lady propose? Let me see, says he, what, she must come down pretty deep now, she's superannuated, says he, and -

LADY.

Ods my life, I'll have him—I'll have him murdered. I'll have him poisoned. Where does he eat? I'll marry a drawer to have him poisoned in his wine. I'll send for Robin from Locket's— immediately.

FOIB.

Poison him? Poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, madam, starve him; marry Sir Rowland, and get him disinherited. Oh, you would bless yourself to hear what he said.

LADY.

A villain; superannuated?

FOIB.

Humh, says he, I hear you are laying designs against me too, says he, and Mrs. Millamant is to marry my uncle (he does not suspect a word of your ladyship); but, says he, I'll fit you for that, I warrant you, says he, I'll hamper you for that, says he, you and your old frippery too, says he, I'll handle you -

LADY.

Audacious villain! Handle me? Would he durst? Frippery? Old frippery? Was there ever such a foul-mouthed fellow? I'll be married to-morrow, I'll be contracted to-night.

FOIB.

The sooner the better, madam.

LADY.

Will Sir Rowland be here, say'st thou? When, Foible?

FOIB.

Incontinently, madam. No new sheriff's wife expects the return of her husband after knighthood with that impatience in which Sir Rowland burns for the dear hour of kissing your ladyship's hand after dinner.

LADY.

Frippery? Superannuated frippery? I'll frippery the villain; I'll reduce him to frippery and rags, a tatterdemalion!—I hope to see him hung with tatters, like a Long Lane pent-house, or a gibbet thief. A slander-mouthed railer! I warrant the spendthrift prodigal's in debt as much as the million lottery, or the whole court upon a birthday. I'll spoil his cr with his tailor. Yes, he shall have my niece with her fortune, he shall.

FOIB.

He? I hope to see him lodge in Ludgate first, and angle into Blackfriars for brass farthings with an old mitten.

LADY.

Ay, dear Foible; thank thee for that, dear Foible. He has put me out of all patience. I shall never recompose my features to receive Sir Rowland with any economy of face. This wretch has fretted me that I am absolutely decayed. Look, Foible.

FOIB.

Your ladyship has frowned a little too rashly, indeed, madam. There are some cracks discernible in the white vernish.

LADY.

Let me see the glass. Cracks, say'st thou? Why, I am arrantly flayed: I look like an old peeled wall. Thou must repair me, Foible, before Sir Rowland comes, or I shall never keep up to my picture.

FOIB.

I warrant you, madam: a little art once made your picture like you, and now a little of the same art must make you like your picture. Your picture must sit for you, madam.

LADY.

But art thou sure Sir Rowland will not fail to come? Or will a not fail when he does come? Will he be importunate, Foible, and push? For if he should not be importunate I shall never break decorums. I shall die with confusion if I am forced to advance—oh no, I can never advance; I shall swoon if he should expect advances. No, I hope Sir Rowland is better bred than to put a lady to the necessity of breaking her forms. I won't be too coy neither—I won't give him despair. But a little disdain is not amiss; a little scorn is alluring.

FOIB.

A little scorn becomes your ladyship.

LADY.

Yes, but tenderness becomes me best—a sort of a dyingness. You see that picture has a sort of a—ha, Foible? A swimmingness in the eyes. Yes, I'll look so. My niece affects it; but she wants features. Is Sir Rowland handsome? Let my toilet be removed—I'll dress above. I'll receive Sir Rowland here. Is he handsome? Don't answer me. I won't know; I'll be surprised. I'll be taken by surprise.

FOIB.

By storm, madam. Sir Rowland's a brisk man.

LADY.

Is he? Oh, then, he'll importune, if he's a brisk man. I shall save decorums if Sir Rowland importunes. I have a mortal terror at the apprehension of offending against decorums. Oh, I'm glad he's a brisk man. Let my things be removed, good Foible.

**SCENE VI.**

MRS. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

MRS. FAIN.

O Foible, I have been in a fright, lest I should come too late. That devil, Marwood, saw you in the park with Mirabell, and I'm afraid will discover it to my lady.

FOIB.

Discover what, madam?

MRS. FAIN.

Nay, nay, put not on that strange face. I am privy to the whole design, and know that Waitwell, to whom thou wert this morning married, is to personate Mirabell's uncle, and, as such winning my lady, to involve her in those difficulties from which Mirabell only must release her, by his making his conditions to have my cousin and her fortune left to her own disposal.

FOIB.

O dear madam, I beg your pardon. It was not my confidence in your ladyship that was deficient; but I thought the former good correspondence between your ladyship and Mr. Mirabell might have hindered his communicating this secret.

MRS. FAIN.

Dear Foible, forget that.

FOIB.

O dear madam, Mr. Mirabell is such a sweet winning gentleman. But your ladyship is the pattern of generosity. Sweet lady, to be so good! Mr. Mirabell cannot choose but be grateful. I find your ladyship has his heart still. Now, madam, I can safely tell your ladyship our success: Mrs. Marwood had told my lady, but I warrant I managed myself. I turned it all for the better. I told my lady that Mr. Mirabell railed at her. I laid horrid things to his charge, I'll vow; and my lady is so incensed that she'll be contracted to Sir Rowland to-night, she says; I warrant I worked her up that he may have her for asking for, as they say of a Welsh maidenhead.

MRS. FAIN.

O rare Foible!

FOIB.

Madam, I beg your ladyship to acquaint Mr. Mirabell of his success. I would be seen as little as possible to speak to him— besides, I believe Madam Marwood watches me. She has a month's mind; but I know Mr. Mirabell can't abide her. *Calls.* John, remove my lady's toilet. Madam, your servant. My lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I stay.

MRS. FAIN.

I'll go with you up the back stairs, lest I should meet her.

**SCENE VII.**

MRS. MARWOOD *alone*.

MRS. MAR.

Indeed, Mrs. Engine, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why this wench is the PASSE-PARTOUT, a very master-key to everybody's strong box. My friend Fainall, have you carried it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems it's over with you. Your loathing is not from a want of appetite then, but from a surfeit. Else you could never be so cool to fall from a principal to be an assistant, to procure for him! A pattern of generosity, that I confess. Well, Mr. Fainall, you have met with your match.—O man, man! Woman, woman! The devil's an ass: if I were a painter, I would draw him like an idiot, a driveller with a bib and bells. Man should have his head and horns, and woman the rest of him. Poor, simple fiend! 'Madam Marwood has a month's mind, but he can't abide her.' 'Twere better for him you had not been his confessor in that affair, without you could have kept his counsel closer. I shall not prove another pattern of generosity; he has not obliged me to that with those excesses of himself, and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good lady, panting ripe, with a heart full of hope, and a head full of care, like any chymist upon the day of projection.

**SCENE VIII.**

*To her* LADY WISHFORT.

LADY.

O dear Marwood, what shall I say for this rude forgetfulness? But my dear friend is all goodness.

MRS. MAR.

No apologies, dear madam. I have been very well entertained.

LADY.

As I'm a person, I am in a very chaos to think I should so forget myself. But I have such an olio of affairs, really I know not what to do. *Calls*. Foible!—I expect my nephew Sir Wilfull ev'ry moment too.—Why, Foible!—He means to travel for improvement.

MRS. MAR.

Methinks Sir Wilfull should rather think of marrying than travelling at his years. I hear he is turned of forty.

LADY.

Oh, he's in less danger of being spoiled by his travels. I am against my nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough when he comes back, and has acquired discretion to choose for himself.

MRS. MAR.

Methinks Mrs. Millamant and he would make a very fit match. He may travel afterwards. 'Tis a thing very usual with young gentlemen.

LADY.

I promise you I have thought on't—and since 'tis your judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you I will; I value your judgment extremely. On my word, I'll propose it.

**SCENE IX.**

*To them* FOIBLE.

LADY.

Come, come, Foible—I had forgot my nephew will be here before dinner—I must make haste.

FOIB.

Mr. Witwoud and Mr. Petulant are come to dine with your ladyship.

LADY.

Oh dear, I can't appear till I am dressed. Dear Marwood, shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain em? I'll make all imaginable haste. Dear friend, excuse me.

**SCENE X.**

MRS. MARWOOD, MRS. MILLAMANT, MINCING.

MILLA.

Sure, never anything was so unbred as that odious man. Marwood, your servant.

MRS. MAR.

You have a colour; what's the matter?

MILLA.

That horrid fellow Petulant has provoked me into a flame—I have broke my fan—Mincing, lend me yours.—Is not all the powder out of my hair?

MRS. MAR.

No. What has he done?

MILLA.

Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talked. Nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted everything that has been said. For my part, I thought Witwoud and he would have quarrelled.

MINC.

I vow, mem, I thought once they would have fit.

MILLA.

Well, 'tis a lamentable thing, I swear, that one has not the liberty of choosing one's acquaintance as one does one's clothes.

MRS. MAR.

If we had that liberty, we should be as weary of one set of acquaintance, though never so good, as we are of one suit, though never so fine. A fool and a doily stuff would now and then find days of grace, and be worn for variety.

MILLA.

I could consent to wear 'em, if they would wear alike; but fools never wear out. They are such DRAP DE BERRI things! Without one could give 'em to one's chambermaid after a day or two.

MRS. MAR.

'Twere better so indeed. Or what think you of the playhouse? A fine gay glossy fool should be given there, like a new masking habit, after the masquerade is over, and we have done with the disguise. For a fool's visit is always a disguise, and never admitted by a woman of wit, but to blind her affair with a lover of sense. If you would but appear barefaced now, and own Mirabell, you might as easily put off Petulant and Witwoud as your hood and scarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the town has found it, the secret is grown too big for the pretence. 'Tis like Mrs. Primly's great belly: she may lace it down before, but it burnishes on her hips. Indeed, Millamant, you can no more conceal it than my Lady Strammel can her face, that goodly face, which in defiance of her Rhenish-wine tea will not be comprehended in a mask.

MILLA.

I'll take my death, Marwood, you are more censorious than a decayed beauty, or a discarded toast:- Mincing, tell the men they may come up. My aunt is not dressing here; their folly is less provoking than your malice.



**SCENE XI.**

MRS. MILLAMANT, MRS. MARWOOD.

MILLA.

The town has found it? What has it found? That Mirabell loves me is no more a secret than it is a secret that you discovered it to my aunt, or than the reason why you discovered it is a secret.

MRS. MAR.

You are nettled.

MILLA.

You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

MRS. MAR.

Indeed, my dear, you'll tear another fan, if you don't mitigate those violent airs.

MILLA.

O silly! Ha, ha, ha! I could laugh immoderately. Poor Mirabell! His constancy to me has quite destroyed his complaisance for all the world beside. I swear I never enjoined it him to be so coy. If I had the vanity to think he would obey me, I would command him to show more gallantry: 'tis hardly well-bred to be so particular on one hand and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own way. Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, dear creature, I must laugh; ha, ha, ha! Though I grant you 'tis a little barbarous; ha, ha, ha!

MRS. MAR.

What pity 'tis so much fine raillery, and delivered with so significant gesture, should be so unhappily directed to miscarry.

MILLA.

Heh? Dear creature, I ask your pardon. I swear I did not mind you.

MRS. MAR.

Mr. Mirabell and you both may think it a thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you -

MILLA.

Oh dear, what? For it is the same thing, if I hear it. Ha, ha, ha!

MRS. MAR.

That I detest him, hate him, madam.

MILLA.

O madam, why, so do I. And yet the creature loves me, ha, ha, ha! How can one forbear laughing to think of it? I am a sibyl if I am not amazed to think what he can see in me. I'll take my death, I think you are handsomer, and within a year or two as young. If you could but stay for me, I should overtake you—but that cannot be. Well, that thought makes me melancholic.—Now I'll be sad.

MRS. MAR.

Your merry note may be changed sooner than you think.

MILLA.

D'ye say so? Then I'm resolved I'll have a song to keep up my spirits.

**SCENE XII.**

*To them* MINCING.

MINC.

The gentlemen stay but to comb, madam, and will wait on you.

MILLA.

Desire Mrs.—that is in the next room, to sing the song I would have learnt yesterday. You shall hear it, madam. Not that there's any great matter in it—but 'tis agreeable to my humour.

*SONG.*

*Set by Mr. John Eccles.*

I

Love's but the frailty of the mind  
 When 'tis not with ambition joined;  
 A sickly flame, which if not fed expires,  
 And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

II

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy  
 Or am'rous youth, that gives the joy;  
 But 'tis the glory to have pierced a swain  
 For whom inferior beauties sighed in vain.

## III

Then I alone the conquest prize,  
 When I insult a rival's eyes;  
 If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see  
 That heart, which others bleed for, bleed for me.

**SCENE XIII.**

*To them* PETULANT, WITWOUD.

MILLA.

Is your animosity composed, gentlemen?

WIT.

Raillery, raillery, madam; we have no animosity. We hit off a little wit now and then, but no animosity. The falling out of wits is like the falling out of lovers:- we agree in the main, like treble and bass. Ha, Petulant?

PET.

Ay, in the main. But when I have a humour to contradict -

WIT.

Ay, when he has a humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my cue. Then we contradict one another like two battledores; for contradictions beget one another like Jews.

PET.

If he says black's black—if I have a humour to say 'tis blue—let that pass—all's one for that. If I have a humour to prove it, it must be granted.

WIT.

Not positively must. But it may; it may.

PET.

Yes, it positively must, upon proof positive.

WIT.

Ay, upon proof positive it must; but upon proof presumptive it only may. That's a logical distinction now, madam.

MRS. MAR.

I perceive your debates are of importance, and very learnedly handled.

PET.

Importance is one thing and learning's another; but a debate's a debate, that I assert.

WIT.

Petulant's an enemy to learning; he relies altogether on his parts.

PET.

No, I'm no enemy to learning; it hurts not me.

MRS. MAR.

That's a sign, indeed, it's no enemy to you.

PET.

No, no, it's no enemy to anybody but them that have it.

MILLA.

Well, an illiterate man's my aversion; I wonder at the impudence of any illiterate man to offer to make love.

WIT.

That I confess I wonder at, too.

MILLA.

Ah, to marry an ignorant that can hardly read or write!

PET.

Why should a man be any further from being married, though he can't read, than he is from being hanged? The ordinary's paid for setting the psalm, and the parish priest for reading the ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow in both cases, a man may do it without book. So all's one for that.

MILLA.

D'ye hear the creature? Lord, here's company; I'll begone.

**SCENE XIV.**

SIR WILFULL WITWOUND *in a riding dress*, MRS. MARWOOD, PETULANT, WITWOUND, FOOTMAN.

WIT.

In the name of Bartlemew and his Fair, what have we here?

MRS. MAR.

'Tis your brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

WIT.

Not I: yes, I think it is he. I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the revolution.

FOOT.

Sir, my lady's dressing. Here's company, if you please to walk in, in the meantime.

SIR WIL.

Dressing! What, it's but morning here, I warrant, with you in London; we should count it towards afternoon in our parts down in Shropshire:- why, then, belike my aunt han't dined yet. Ha, friend?

FOOT.

Your aunt, sir?

SIR WIL.

My aunt, sir? Yes my aunt, sir, and your lady, sir; your lady is my aunt, sir. Why, what dost thou not know me, friend? Why, then, send somebody hither that does. How long hast thou lived with thy lady, fellow, ha?

FOOT.

A week, sir; longer than anybody in the house, except my lady's woman.

SIR WIL.

Why, then, belike thou dost not know thy lady, if thou seest her. Ha, friend?

FOOT.

Why, truly, sir, I cannot safely swear to her face in a morning, before she is dressed. 'Tis like I may give a shrewd guess at her by this time.

SIR WIL.

Well, prithee try what thou canst do; if thou canst not guess, enquire her out, dost hear, fellow? And tell her her nephew, Sir Wilfull Witwoud, is in the house.

FOOT.

I shall, sir.

SIR WIL.

Hold ye, hear me, friend, a word with you in your ear: prithee who are these gallants?

FOOT.

Really, sir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all.

**SCENE XV.**

SIR WILFULL WITWOUD, PETULANT, WITWOUD, MRS. MARWOOD.

SIR WIL.

Oons, this fellow knows less than a starling: I don't think a knows his own name.

MRS. MAR.

Mr. Witwoud, your brother is not behindhand in forgetfulness. I fancy he has forgot you too.

WIT.

I hope so. The devil take him that remembers first, I say.

SIR WIL.

Save you, gentlemen and lady.

MRS. MAR.

For shame, Mr. Witwoud; why won't you speak to him?—And you, sir.

WIT.

Petulant, speak.

PET.

And you, sir.

SIR WIL.

No offence, I hope? *Salutes* MARWOOD.

MRS. MAR.

No, sure, sir.

WIT.

This is a vile dog, I see that already. No offence? Ha, ha, ha. To him, to him, Petulant, smoke him.

PET.

It seems as if you had come a journey, sir; hem, hem. *Surveying him round.*

SIR WIL.

Very likely, sir, that it may seem so.

PET.

No offence, I hope, sir?

WIT.

Smoke the boots, the boots, Petulant, the boots; ha, ha, ha!

SIR WILL. Maybe not, sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, sir.

PET.

Sir, I presume upon the information of your boots.

SIR WIL.

Why, 'tis like you may, sir: if you are not satisfied with the information of my boots, sir, if you will step to the stable, you may enquire further of my horse, sir.

PET.

Your horse, sir! Your horse is an ass, sir!

SIR WIL.

Do you speak by way of offence, sir?

MRS. MAR.

The gentleman's merry, that's all, sir. 'Slife, we shall have a quarrel betwixt an horse and an ass, before they find one another out.—You must not take anything amiss from your friends, sir. You are among your friends here, though it—may be you don't know it. If I am not mistaken, you are Sir Wilfull Witwoud?

SIR WIL.

Right, lady; I am Sir Wilfull Witwoud, so I write myself; no offence to anybody, I hope? and nephew to the Lady Wishfort of this mansion.

MRS. MAR.

Don't you know this gentleman, sir?

SIR WIL.

Hum! What, sure 'tis not—yea by'r lady but 'tis—'sheart, I know not whether 'tis or no. Yea, but 'tis, by the Wrekin. Brother Antony! What, Tony, i'faith! What, dost thou not know me? By'r lady, nor I thee, thou art so becravated and so beperiwigged. 'Sheart, why dost not speak? Art thou o'erjoyed?

WIT.

Odso, brother, is it you? Your servant, brother.

SIR WIL.

Your servant? Why, yours, sir. Your servant again— 'sheart, and your friend and servant to that—and a— *puff* and a flap-dragon for your service, sir, and a hare's foot and a hare's scut for your service, sir, an you be so cold and so courtly!

WIT.

No offence, I hope, brother?

SIR WIL.

'Sheart, sir, but there is, and much offence. A pox, is this your inns o' court breeding, not to know your friends and your relations, your elders, and your betters?

WIT.

Why, brother Wilfull of Salop, you may be as short as a Shrewsbury cake, if you please. But I tell you 'tis not modish to know relations in town. You think you're in the country, where great lubberly brothers slabber and kiss one another when they meet, like a call of sergeants. 'Tis not the fashion here; 'tis not, indeed, dear brother.

SIR WIL.

The fashion's a fool and you're a fop, dear brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this— by'r lady I conjectured you were a fop, since you began to change the style of your letters, and write in a scrap of paper gilt round the edges, no bigger than a subpoena. I might expect this when you left off 'Honoured brother,' and 'Hoping you are in good health,' and so forth, to begin with a 'Rat me, knight, I'm so sick of a last night's debauch.' Ods heart, and then tell a familiar tale of a cock and a bull, and a whore and a bottle, and so conclude. You could write news before you were out of your time, when you lived with honest Pumple-Nose, the attorney of Furnival's Inn. You could intreat to be remembered then to your friends round the Wrekin. We could have Gazettes then, and Dawks's Letter, and the Weekly Bill, till of late days.

PET.

'Slife, Witwoud, were you ever an attorney's clerk? Of the family of the Furnivals? Ha, ha, ha!

WIT.

Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own power then. An orphan, and this fellow was my guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that man to come to London. He had the disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound prentice to a feltmaker in Shrewsbury: this fellow would have bound me to a maker of felts.



SIR WIL.

'Sheart, and better than to be bound to a maker of fops, where, I suppose, you have served your time, and now you may set up for yourself.

MRS. MAR.

You intend to travel, sir, as I'm informed?

SIR WIL.

Belike I may, madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt seas, if my mind hold.

PET.

And the wind serve.

SIR WIL.

Serve or not serve, I shan't ask license of you, sir, nor the weathercock your companion. I direct my discourse to the lady, sir. 'Tis like my aunt may have told you, madam? Yes, I have settled my concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see foreign parts. If an how that the peace holds, whereby, that is, taxes abate.

MRS. MAR.

I thought you had designed for France at all adventures.

SIR WIL.

I can't tell that; 'tis like I may, and 'tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a resolution, because when I make it I keep it. I don't stand shill I, shall I, then; if I say't, I'll do't. But I have thoughts to tarry a small matter in town, to learn somewhat of your lingo first, before I cross the seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your French as they say, whereby to hold discourse in foreign countries.

MRS. MAR.

Here's an academy in town for that use.

SIR WIL.

There is? 'Tis like there may.

MRS. MAR.

No doubt you will return very much improved.

WIT.

Yes, refined like a Dutch skipper from a whale-fishing.

**SCENE XVI.**

*To them* LADY WISHFORT *and* FAINALL.

LADY.

Nephew, you are welcome.

SIR WIL.

Aunt, your servant.

FAIN.

Sir Wilfull, your most faithful servant.

SIR WIL.

Cousin Fainall, give me your hand.

LADY.

Cousin Witwoud, your servant; Mr. Petulant, your servant. Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink anything after your journey, nephew, before you eat? Dinner's almost ready.

SIR WIL.

I'm very well, I thank you, aunt. However, I thank you for your courteous offer. 'Sheart, I was afraid you would have been in the fashion too, and have remembered to have forgot your relations. Here's your cousin Tony, belike, I mayn't call him brother for fear of offence.

LADY.

Oh, he's a rallier, nephew. My cousin's a wit: and your great wits always rally their best friends to choose. When you have been abroad, nephew, you'll understand raillery better. FAINALL *and* MRS. MARWOOD *talk apart*.

SIR WIL.

Why, then, let him hold his tongue in the meantime, and rail when that day comes.

**SCENE XVII.**

*To them* MINCING.

MINC.

Mem, I come to acquaint your laship that dinner is impatient.

SIR WIL.

Impatient? Why, then, belike it won't stay till I pull off my boots. Sweetheart, can you help me to a pair of slippers? My man's with his horses, I warrant.

LADY.

Fie, fie, nephew, you would not pull off your boots here? Go down into the hall:- dinner shall stay for you. My nephew's a little unbred: you'll pardon him, madam. Gentlemen, will you walk? Marwood?

MRS. MAR.

I'll follow you, madam,—before Sir Wilfull is ready.

**SCENE XVIII.**

MRS. MARWOOD, FAINALL.

FAIN.

Why, then, Foible's a bawd, an errant, rank match-making bawd. And I, it seems, am a husband, a rank husband, and my wife a very errant, rank wife,—all in the way of the world. 'Sdeath, to be a cuckold by anticipation, a cuckold in embryo! Sure I was born with budding antlers like a young satyr, or a citizen's child, 'sdeath, to be out-witted, to be out-jilted, out-matrimonied. If I had kept my speed like a stag, 'twere somewhat, but to crawl after, with my horns like a snail, and be outstripped by my wife—'tis scurvy wedlock.

MRS. MAR.

Then shake it off: you have often wished for an opportunity to part, and now you have it. But first prevent their plot:- the half of Millamant's fortune is too considerable to be parted with to a foe, to Mirabell.

FAIN.

Damn him, that had been mine—had you not made that fond discovery. That had been forfeited, had they been married. My wife had added lustre to my horns by that increase of fortune: I could have worn 'em tipt with gold, though my forehead had been furnished like a deputy-lieutenant's hall.

MRS. MAR.

They may prove a cap of maintenance to you still, if you can away with your wife. And she's no worse than when you had her:- I dare swear she had given up her game before she was married.

FAIN.

Hum! That may be -

MRS. MAR.

You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected, why should you not keep her longer than you intended?

FAIN.

The means, the means?

MRS. MAR.

Discover to my lady your wife's conduct; threaten to part with her. My lady loves her, and will come to any composition to save her reputation. Take the opportunity of breaking it just upon the discovery of this imposture. My lady will be enraged beyond bounds, and sacrifice niece, and fortune and all at that conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm: if she should flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

FAIN.

Faith, this has an appearance.

MRS. MAR.

I'm sorry I hinted to my lady to endeavour a match between Millamant and Sir Wilfull; that may be an obstacle.

FAIN.

Oh, for that matter, leave me to manage him; I'll disable him for that, he will drink like a Dane. After dinner I'll set his hand in.

MRS. MAR.

Well, how do you stand affected towards your lady?

FAIN.

Why, faith, I'm thinking of it. Let me see. I am married already; so that's over. My wife has played the jade with me; well, that's over too. I never loved her, or if I had, why that would have been over too by this time. Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain; so there's an end of jealousy. Weary of her I am and shall be. No, there's no end of that; no, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my repose. Now for my reputation: as to my own, I married not for it; so that's out of the question. And as to my part in my wife's—why, she had parted with hers before; so, bringing none to me, she can take none from me: 'tis against all rule of play that I should lose to one who has not wherewithal to stake.

MRS. MAR.

Besides you forget, marriage is honourable.

FAIN.

Hum! Faith, and that's well thought on: marriage is honourable, as you say; and if so, wherefore should cuckoldom be a discr, being derived from so honourable a root?

MRS. MAR.

Nay, I know not; if the root be honourable, why not the branches?

FAIN.

So, so; why this point's clear. Well, how do we proceed?

MRS. MAR.

I will contrive a letter which shall be delivered to my lady at the time when that rascal who is to act Sir Rowland is with her. It shall come as from an unknown hand—for the less I appear to know of the truth the better I can play the incendiary. Besides, I would not have Foible provoked if I could help it, because, you know, she knows some passages. Nay, I expect all will come out. But let the mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I am discovered.

FAIN.

If the worst come to the worst, I'll turn my wife to grass. I have already a deed of settlement of the best part of her estate, which I wheedled out of her, and that you shall partake at least.

MRS. MAR.

I hope you are convinced that I hate Mirabell now? You'll be no more jealous?

FAIN.

Jealous? No, by this kiss. Let husbands be jealous, but let the lover still believe: or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his pleasure, and prepare the joy that follows, when he proves his mistress true. But let husbands' doubts convert to endless jealousy; or if they have belief, let it corrupt to superstition and blind credulity. I am single and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the badge, but I'll disown the order. And since I take my leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common motto to their common crest.

*All husbands must or pain or shame endure;  
The wise too jealous are, fools too secure.*

## **Act IV**

### **SCENE I.**

*Scene Continues.*

LADY WISHFORT *and* FOIBLE.

LADY.

Is Sir Rowland coming, say'st thou, Foible? And are things in order?

FOIB.

Yes, madam. I have put wax-lights in the sconces, and placed the footmen in a row in the hall, in their best liveries, with the coachman and postillion to fill up the equipage.

LADY.

Have you pulvilled the coachman and postillion, that they may not stink of the stable when Sir Rowland comes by?

FOIB.

Yes, madam.

LADY.

And are the dancers and the music ready, that he may be entertained in all points with correspondence to his passion?

FOIB.

All is ready, madam.

LADY.

And—well—and how do I look, Foible?

FOIB.

Most killing well, madam.

LADY.

Well, and how shall I receive him? In what figure shall I give his heart the first impression? There is a great deal in the first impression. Shall I sit? No, I won't sit, I'll walk,—ay, I'll walk from the door upon his entrance, and then turn full upon him. No, that will be too sudden. I'll lie,—ay, I'll lie down. I'll receive him in my little dressing-room; there's a couch—yes, yes, I'll give the first impression on a couch. I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow, with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way. Yes; and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start and be surprised, and rise to meet him in a pretty disorder. Yes; oh, nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion. It shows the foot to advantage, and furnishes with blushes and re-composing airs beyond comparison. Hark! There's a coach.

FOIB.

'Tis he, madam.

LADY.

Oh dear, has my nephew made his addresses to Millamant? I ordered him.

FOIB.

Sir Wilfull is set in to drinking, madam, in the parlour.

LADY.

Ods my life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, Foible; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go. When they are together, then come to me, Foible, that I may not be too long alone with Sir Rowland.

**SCENE II.**

MRS. MILLAMANT, MRS. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

FOIB.

Madam, I stayed here to tell your ladyship that Mr. Mirabell has waited this half hour for an opportunity to talk with you; though my lady's orders were to leave you and Sir Wilfull together. Shall I tell Mr. Mirabell that you are at leisure?

MILLA.

No. What would the dear man have? I am thoughtful and would amuse myself; bid him come another time.

There never yet was woman made, Nor shall, but to be cursed. *Repeating and walking about.*

That's hard!

MRS. FAIN.

You are very fond of Sir John Suckling to-day, Millamant, and the poets.

MILLA.

He? Ay, and filthy verses. So I am.

FOIB.

Sir Wilfull is coming, madam. Shall I send Mr. Mirabell away?

MILLA.

Ay, if you please, Foible, send him away, or send him hither, just as you will, dear Foible. I think I'll see him. Shall I? Ay, let the wretch come.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train. *Repeating*

Dear Fainall, entertain Sir Wilfull:— thou hast philosophy to undergo a fool; thou art married and hast patience. I would confer with my own thoughts.

MRS. FAIN.

I am obliged to you that you would make me your proxy in this affair, but I have business of my own.

**SCENE III.**

*To them* SIR WILFULL.

MRS. FAIN.

O Sir Wilfull, you are come at the critical instant. There's your mistress up to the ears in love and contemplation; pursue your point, now or never.

SIR WIL.

Yes, my aunt will have it so. I would gladly have been encouraged with a bottle or two, because I'm somewhat wary at first, before I am acquainted. *This while MILLAMANT walks about repeating to herself. But I hope, after a time, I shall break my mind—that is, upon further acquaintance.—So for the present, cousin, I'll take my leave. If so be you'll be so kind to make my excuse, I'll return to my company -*

MRS. FAIN.

Oh, fie, Sir Wilfull! What, you must not be daunted.

SIR WIL.

Daunted? No, that's not it; it is not so much for that— for if so be that I set on't I'll do't. But only for the present, 'tis sufficient till further acquaintance, that's all— your servant.

MRS. FAIN.

Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favourable an opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together and lock the door.

**SCENE IV.**

SIR WILFULL, MILLAMANT.

SIR WIL.

Nay, nay, cousin. I have forgot my gloves. What d'ye do? 'Sheart, a has locked the door indeed, I think.—Nay, cousin Fainall, open the door. Pshaw, what a vixen trick is this? Nay, now a has seen me too.—Cousin, I made bold to pass through as it were—I think this door's enchanted.

MILLA.

*repeating :—*

I prithee spare me, gentle boy, Press me no more for that slight toy.



SIR WIL.

Anan? Cousin, your servant.

MILLA.

That foolish trifle of a heart - Sir Wilfull!

SIR WIL.

Yes—your servant. No offence, I hope, cousin?

MILLA.

*repeating* :—

I swear it will not do its part, Though thou dost thine, employ'st thy power and art.  
Natural, easy Suckling!

SIR WIL.

Anan? Suckling? No such suckling neither, cousin, nor stripling: I thank heaven  
I'm no minor.

MILLA.

Ah, rustic, ruder than Gothic.

SIR WIL.

Well, well, I shall understand your lingo one of these days, cousin; in the meanwhile  
I must answer in plain English.

MILLA.

Have you any business with me, Sir Wilfull?

SIR WIL.

Not at present, cousin. Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you  
were disposed to fetch a walk this evening; if so be that I might not be troublesome,  
I would have sought a walk with you.

MILLA.

A walk? What then?

SIR WIL.

Nay, nothing. Only for the walk's sake, that's all.

MILLA.

I nauseate walking: 'tis a country diversion; I loathe the country and everything  
that relates to it.

SIR WIL.

Indeed! Hah! Look ye, look ye, you do? Nay, 'tis like you may. Here are choice of pastimes here in town, as plays and the like, that must be confessed indeed -

MILLA.

Ah, L'ETOURDI! I hate the town too.

SIR WIL.

Dear heart, that's much. Hah! that you should hate 'em both! Hah! 'tis like you may! There are some can't relish the town, and others can't away with the country, 'tis like you may be one of those, cousin.

MILLA.

Ha, ha, ha! Yes, 'tis like I may. You have nothing further to say to me?

SIR WIL.

Not at present, cousin. 'Tis like when I have an opportunity to be more private—I may break my mind in some measure—I conjecture you partly guess. However, that's as time shall try. But spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say.

MILLA.

If it is of no great importance, Sir Wilfull, you will oblige me to leave me: I have just now a little business.

SIR WIL.

Enough, enough, cousin. Yes, yes, all a case. When you're disposed, when you're disposed. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's one for that. Yes, yes; if your concerns call you, there's no haste: it will keep cold as they say. Cousin, your servant. I think this door's locked.

MILLA.

You may go this way, sir.

SIR WIL.

Your servant; then with your leave I'll return to my company.

MILLA.

Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha!

Like Phoebus sung the no less am'rous boy.

**SCENE V.**

MRS. MILLAMANT, MIRABELL.

MIRA.

Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.

Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contrived, to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuit be crowned, for you can fly no further?

MILLA.

Vanity! No—I'll fly and be followed to the last moment; though I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last; nay, and afterwards.

MIRA.

What, after the last?

MILLA.

Oh, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow if I were reduced to an inglorious ease, and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

MIRA.

But do not you know that when favours are conferred upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

MILLA.

It may be in things of common application, but never, sure, in love. Oh, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature as the saucy look of an assured man confident of success: the pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatistical an air. Ah, I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

MIRA.

Would you have 'em both before marriage? Or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other till after grace?

MILLA.

Ah, don't be impertinent. My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay-h, adieu. My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye DOUCEURS, ye SOMMEILS

DU MATIN, adieu. I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible—positively, Mirabell, I'll lie a-bed in a morning as long as I please.

MI RA. Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

MILLA.

Ah! Idle creature, get up when you will. And d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be called names.

MIRA.

Names?

MILLA.

Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweet-heart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar—I shall never bear that. Good Mirabell, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis; nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never be seen there together again, as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together, but let us be very strange and well-bred. Let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all.

MIRA.

Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

MILLA.

Trifles; as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please, and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance, or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

MIRA.

Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions:— that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

MILLA.

You have free leave: propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

MIRA.

I thank you. IMPRIMIS, then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant or intimate of your own sex; no she friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle you a FOP-SCRAMBLING to the play in a mask, then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out, and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

MILLA.

Detestable IMPRIMIS! I go to the play in a mask!

MIRA.

ITEM, I article, that you continue to like your own face as long as I shall, and while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oiled skins and I know not what—hog's bones, hare's gall, pig water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewomen in what-d'ye-call-it court. ITEM, I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets, and pennyworths of muslin, china, fans, atlases, etc. ITEM, when you shall be breeding

-

MILLA.

Ah, name it not!

MIRA.

Which may be presumed, with a blessing on our endeavours -

MILLA.

Odious endeavours!

MIRA.

I denounce against all strait lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf, and instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit; but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province, but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee. As likewise to genuine and authorised tea-table talk, such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth. But that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which, I banish

all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes waters, together with ratafia and the most noble spirit of clary. But for cowslip-wine, poppy-water, and all dormitives, those I allow. These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

MILLA.

Oh, horrid provisos! Filthy strong waters! I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious provisos.

MIRA.

Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? And here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

**SCENE VI.**

*To them* MRS. FAINALL.

MILLA.

Fainall, what shall I do? Shall I have him? I think I must have him.

MRS. FAIN.

Ay, ay, take him, take him, what should you do?

MILLA.

Well then—I'll take my death I'm in a horrid fright— Fainall, I shall never say it. Well—I think—I'll endure you.

MRS. FAIN.

Fie, fie, have him, and tell him so in plain terms: for I am sure you have a mind to him.

MILLA.

Are you? I think I have; and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too. Well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you. I won't be kissed, nor I won't be thanked.—Here, kiss my hand though, so hold your tongue now; don't say a word.

MRS. FAIN.

Mirabell, there's a necessity for your obedience: you have neither time to talk nor stay. My mother is coming; and in my conscience if she should see you, would fall into fits, and maybe not recover time enough to return to Sir Rowland, who, as Foible tells me, is in a fair way to succeed. Therefore spare your ecstasies for another occasion, and slip down the back stairs, where Foible waits to consult you.

MILLA.

Ay, go, go. In the meantime I suppose you have said something to please me.

MIRA.

I am all obedience.

**SCENE VII.**

MRS. MILLAMANT, MRS. FAINALL.

MRS. FAIN.

Yonder Sir Wilfull's drunk, and so noisy that my mother has been forced to leave Sir Rowland to appease him; but he answers her only with singing and drinking. What they may have done by this time I know not, but Petulant and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

MILLA.

Well, if Mirabell should not make a good husband, I am a lost thing; for I find I love him violently.

MRS. FAIN.

So it seems; for you mind not what's said to you. If you doubt him, you had best take up with Sir Wilfull.

MILLA.

How can you name that superannuated lubber? foh!

**SCENE VIII.**

*To them WITWOUD from drinking.*

MRS. FAIN.

So, is the fray made up that you have left 'em?

WIT.

Left 'em? I could stay no longer. I have laughed like ten Christ'nings. I am tipsy with laughing—if I had stayed any longer I should have burst,—I must have been let out and pieced in the sides like an unsized camlet. Yes, yes, the fray is composed; my lady came in like a NOLI PROSEQUI, and stopt the proceedings.

MILLA.

What was the dispute?

WIT.

That's the jest: there was no dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for rage; and so fell a sputt'ring at one another like two roasting apples.

**SCENE IX.**

*To them* PETULANT *drunk.*

WIT.

Now, Petulant? All's over, all's well? Gad, my head begins to whim it about. Why dost thou not speak? Thou art both as drunk and as mute as a fish.

PET.

Look you, Mrs. Millamant, if you can love me, dear Nymph, say it, and that's the conclusion—pass on, or pass off—that's all.

WIT.

Thou hast uttered volumes, folios, in less than decimo sexto, my dear Lacedemonian. Sirrah, Petulant, thou art an epitomiser of words.

PET.

Witwoud,—you are an annihilator of sense.

WIT.

Thou art a retailer of phrases, and dost deal in remnants of remnants, like a maker of pincushions; thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a speaker of shorthand.

PET.

Thou art (without a figure) just one half of an ass, and Baldwin yonder, thy half-brother, is the rest. A Gemini of asses split would make just four of you.

WIT.

Thou dost bite, my dear mustard-seed; kiss me for that.

PET.

Stand off—I'll kiss no more males—I have kissed your Twin yonder in a humour of reconciliation till he *hiccup* rises upon my stomach like a radish.

MILLA.

Eh! filthy creature; what was the quarrel?

PET.

There was no quarrel; there might have been a quarrel.



WIT.

If there had been words enow between 'em to have expressed provocation, they had gone together by the ears like a pair of castanets.

PET.

You were the quarrel.

MILLA.

Me?

PET.

If I have a humour to quarrel, I can make less matters conclude premises. If you are not handsome, what then? If I have a humour to prove it? If I shall have my reward, say so; if not, fight for your face the next time yourself—I'll go sleep.

WIT.

Do, wrap thyself up like a woodlouse, and dream revenge. And, hear me, if thou canst learn to write by to-morrow morning, pen me a challenge. I'll carry it for thee.

PET.

Carry your mistress's monkey a spider; go flea dogs and read romances. I'll go to bed to my maid.

MRS. FAIN.

He's horridly drunk—how came you all in this pickle?

WIT.

A plot, a plot, to get rid of the knight—your husband's advice; but he sneaked off.

**SCENE X.**

SIR WILFULL, *drunk*, LADY WISHFORT, WITWOUND, MRS. MILLAMANT, MRS. FAINALL.

LADY.

Out upon't, out upon't, at years of discretion, and comport yourself at this rantipole rate!

SIR WIL.

No offence, aunt.

LADY.

Offence? As I'm a person, I'm ashamed of you. Fogh! How you stink of wine! D'ye think my niece will ever endure such a Borachio? You're an absolute Borachio.

SIR WIL.

Borachio?

LADY.

At a time when you should commence an amour, and put your best foot foremost -

SIR WIL.

'Sheart, an you grutch me your liquor, make a bill.—Give me more drink, and take my purse. *Sings* :—

Prithee fill me the glass,  
Till it laugh in my face,  
With ale that is potent and mellow;  
He that whines for a lass  
Is an ignorant ass,  
For a bumper has not its fellow.

But if you would have me marry my cousin, say the word, and I'll do't. Wilfull will do't, that's the word. Wilfull will do't, that's my crest,—my motto I have forgot.

LADY.

My nephew's a little overtaken, cousin, but 'tis drinking your health. O' my word, you are obliged to him -

SIR WIL.

IN VINO VERITAS, aunt. If I drunk your health to-day, cousin,—I am a Borachio.—But if you have a mind to be married, say the word and send for the piper; Wilfull will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have t'other round. Tony—ods-heart, where's Tony?—Tony's an honest fellow, but he spits after a bumper, and that's a fault.

We'll drink and we'll never ha' done, boys, Put the glass then around with the sun, boys, Let Apollo's example invite us; For he's drunk every night, And that makes him so bright, That he's able next morning to light us.

The sun's a good pimple, an honest soaker, he has a cellar at your antipodes. If I travel, aunt, I touch at your antipodes—your antipodes are a good rascally sort of topsy-turvy fellows. If I had a bumper I'd stand upon my head and drink a health to 'em. A match or no match, cousin with the hard name; aunt, Wilfull will do't. If she has her maidenhead let her look to 't; if she has not, let her keep her own counsel in the meantime, and cry out at the nine months' end.

MILLA.

Your pardon, madam, I can stay no longer. Sir Wilfull grows very powerful. Egh! how he smells! I shall be overcome if I stay. Come, cousin.

**SCENE XI.**

LADY WISHFORT, SIR WILFULL WITWOUD, MR. WITWOUD, FOIBLE.

LADY.

Smells? He would poison a tallow-chandler and his family. Beastly creature, I know not what to do with him. Travel, quotha; ay, travel, travel, get thee gone, get thee but far enough, to the Saracens, or the Tartars, or the Turks—for thou art not fit to live in a Christian commonwealth, thou beastly pagan.

SIR WIL.

Turks? No; no Turks, aunt. Your Turks are infidels, and believe not in the grape. Your Mahometan, your Mussulman is a dry stinkard. No offence, aunt. My map says that your Turk is not so honest a man as your Christian—I cannot find by the map that your Mufti is orthodox, whereby it is a plain case that orthodox is a hard word, aunt, and *hiccup* Greek for claret. *Sings* :—

To drink is a Christian diversion,  
 Unknown to the Turk or the Persian.  
 Let Mahometan fools  
 Live by heathenish rules,  
 And be damned over tea-cups and coffee.  
 But let British lads sing,  
 Crown a health to the King,  
 And a fig for your Sultan and Sophy.

Ah, Tony! FOIBLE *whispers* LADY W.

LADY.

Sir Rowland impatient? Good lack! what shall I do with this beastly tumbril? Go lie down and sleep, you sot, or as I'm a person, I'll have you bastinadoed with broomsticks. Call up the wenches with broomsticks.

SIR WIL.

Ahey! Wenches? Where are the wenches?

LADY.

Dear Cousin Witwoud, get him away, and you will bind me to you inviolably. I have an affair of moment that invades me with some precipitation.—You will oblige me to all futurity.

WIT.

Come, knight. Pox on him, I don't know what to say to him. Will you go to a cock-match?

SIR WIL.

With a wench, Tony? Is she a shake-bag, sirrah? Let me bite your cheek for that.

WIT.

Horrible! He has a breath like a bagpipe. Ay, ay; come, will you march, my Salopian?

SIR WIL.

Lead on, little Tony. I'll follow thee, my Anthony, my Tantony. Sirrah, thou shalt be my Tantony, and I'll be thy pig.

And a fig for your Sultan and Sophy.

LADY.

This will never do. It will never make a match,—at least before he has been abroad.

## SCENE XII.

LADY WISHFORT, WAITWELL *disguised as for* SIR ROWLAND.

LADY.

Dear Sir Rowland, I am confounded with confusion at the retrospection of my own rudeness,—I have more pardons to ask than the pope distributes in the year of jubilee. But I hope where there is likely to be so near an alliance, we may unbend the severity of decorum, and dispense with a little ceremony.

WAIT.

My impatience, madam, is the effect of my transport; and till I have the possession of your adorable person, I am tantalised on the rack, and do but hang, madam, on the tenter of expectation.

LADY.

You have excess of gallantry, Sir Rowland, and press things to a conclusion with a most prevailing vehemence. But a day or two for decency of marriage -

WAIT.

For decency of funeral, madam! The delay will break my heart—or if that should fail, I shall be poisoned. My nephew will get an inkling of my designs and poison me—and I would willingly starve him before I die—I would gladly go out of the world with that satisfaction. That would be some comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be revenged on that unnatural viper.

LADY.

Is he so unnatural, say you? Truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your life and the accomplishment of your revenge. Not that I respect myself; though he has been a perfidious wretch to me.

WAIT.

Perfidious to you?

LADY.

O Sir Rowland, the hours that he has died away at my feet, the tears that he has shed, the oaths that he has sworn, the palpitations that he has felt, the trances and the tremblings, the arduous and the ecstasies, the kneelings and the risings, the heart-heavings and the hand-gripings, the pangs and the pathetic regards of his protesting eyes!—Oh, no memory can register.

WAIT.

What, my rival? Is the rebel my rival? A dies.

LADY.

No, don't kill him at once, Sir Rowland: starve him gradually, inch by inch.

WAIT.

I'll do't. In three weeks he shall be barefoot; in a month out at knees with begging an alms; he shall starve upward and upward, 'till he has nothing living but his head, and then go out in a stink like a candle's end upon a save-all.

LADY.

Well, Sir Rowland, you have the way,—you are no novice in the labyrinth of love,—you have the clue. But as I am a person, Sir Rowland, you must not attribute my yielding to any sinister appetite or indigestion of widowhood; nor impute my complacency to any lethargy of continence. I hope you do not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials?

WAIT.

Far be it from me -

LADY.

If you do, I protest I must recede, or think that I have made a prostitution of decorums, but in the vehemence of compassion, and to save the life of a person of so much importance -

WAIT.

I esteem it so -

LADY.

Or else you wrong my condescension -

WAIT.

I do not, I do not -

LADY.

Indeed you do.

WAIT.

I do not, fair shrine of virtue.

LADY.

If you think the least scruple of causality was an ingredient -

WAIT.

Dear madam, no. You are all camphire and frankincense, all chastity and odour.

LADY.

Or that -

### **SCENE XIII.**

*To them* FOIBLE.

FOIB.

Madam, the dancers are ready, and there's one with a letter, who must deliver it into your own hands.

LADY.

Sir Rowland, will you give me leave? Think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a person who would suffer racks in honour's cause, dear Sir Rowland, and will wait on you incessantly.

### **SCENE XIV.**

WAITWELL, FOIBLE.

WAIT.

Fie, fie! What a slavery have I undergone; spouse, hast thou any cordial? I want spirits.

FOIB.

What a washy rogue art thou, to pant thus for a quarter of an hour's lying and swearing to a fine lady?

WAIT.

Oh, she is the antidote to desire. Spouse, thou wilt fare the worse for't. I shall have no appetite to iteration of nuptials—this eight-and-forty hours. By this hand I'd rather be a chairman in the dog-days than act Sir Rowland till this time to-morrow.

**SCENE XV.**

*To them* LADY *with a letter.*

LADY.

Call in the dancers; Sir Rowland, we'll sit, if you please, and see the entertainment. *Dance.* Now, with your permission, Sir Rowland, I will peruse my letter. I would open it in your presence, because I would not make you uneasy. If it should make you uneasy, I would burn it—speak if it does—but you may see, the superscription is like a woman's hand.

FOIB.

By heaven! Mrs. Marwood's, I know it,—my heart aches—get it from her! *To him.*

WAIT.

A woman's hand? No madam, that's no woman's hand: I see that already. That's somebody whose throat must be cut.

LADY.

Nay, Sir Rowland, since you give me a proof of your passion by your jealousy, I promise you I'll make a return by a frank communication. You shall see it—we'll open it together. Look you here. *Reads.* MADAM, THOUGH UNKNOWN TO YOU (look you there, 'tis from nobody that I know.) I HAVE THAT HONOUR FOR YOUR CHARACTER, THAT I THINK MYSELF OBLIGED TO LET YOU KNOW YOU ARE ABUSED. HE WHO PRETENDS TO BE SIR ROWLAND IS A CHEAT AND A RASCAL. O heavens! what's this?

FOIB.

Unfortunate; all's ruined.

WAIT.

How, how, let me see, let me see. *Reading.* A RASCAL, AND DISGUISED AND SUBORNED FOR THAT IMPOSTURE—O villainy! O villainy!— BY THE CONTRIVANCE OF -

LADY.

I shall faint, I shall die. Oh!

FOIB.

Say 'tis your nephew's hand. Quickly, his plot, swear, swear it! *To him.*

WAIT.

Here's a villain! Madam, don't you perceive it? Don't you see it?

LADY.

Too well, too well. I have seen too much.

WAIT.

I told you at first I knew the hand. A woman's hand? The rascal writes a sort of a large hand: your Roman hand.—I saw there was a throat to be cut presently. If he were my son, as he is my nephew, I'd pistol him.

FOIB.

O treachery! But are you sure, Sir Rowland, it is his writing?

WAIT.

Sure? Am I here? Do I live? Do I love this pearl of India? I have twenty letters in my pocket from him in the same character.

LADY.

How?

FOIB.

Oh, what luck it is, Sir Rowland, that you were present at this juncture! This was the business that brought Mr. Mirabell disguised to Madam Millamant this afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me and would have hid his face.

LADY.

How, how? I heard the villain was in the house indeed; and now I remember, my niece went away abruptly when Sir Wilfull was to have made his addresses.

FOIB.

Then, then, madam, Mr. Mirabell waited for her in her chamber; but I would not tell your ladyship to discompose you when you were to receive Sir Rowland.

WAIT.

Enough, his date is short.

FOIB.

No, good Sir Rowland, don't incur the law.



WAIT.

Law? I care not for law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good cause. My lady shall be satisfied of my truth and innocence, though it cost me my life.

LADY.

No, dear Sir Rowland, don't fight: if you should be killed I must never show my face; or hanged,—oh, consider my reputation, Sir Rowland. No, you shan't fight: I'll go in and examine my niece; I'll make her confess. I conjure you, Sir Rowland, by all your love not to fight.

WAIT.

I am charmed, madam; I obey. But some proof you must let me give you: I'll go for a black box, which contains the writings of my whole estate, and deliver that into your hands.

LADY.

Ay, dear Sir Rowland, that will be some comfort; bring the black box.

WAIT.

And may I presume to bring a contract to be signed this night? May I hope so far?

LADY.

Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. Oh, this is a happy discovery.

WAIT.

Dead or alive I'll come—and married we will be in spite of treachery; ay, and get an heir that shall defeat the last remaining glimpse of hope in my abandoned nephew. Come, my buxom widow:

*E'er long you shall substantial proof receive  
That I'm an arrant knight -*

## **Act V**

### **SCENE I.**

*Scene continues.*

LADY WISHFORT *and* FOIBLE.

LADY.

Out of my house, out of my house, thou viper, thou serpent that I have fostered, thou bosom traitress that I raised from nothing! Begone, begone, begone, go, go; that I took from washing of old gauze and weaving of dead hair, with a bleak blue nose, over a chafing-dish of starved embers, and dining behind a traver's rag, in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage. Go, go, starve again, do, do!

FOIB.

Dear madam, I'll beg pardon on my knees.

LADY.

Away, out, out, go set up for yourself again, do; drive a trade, do, with your threepennyworth of small ware, flaunting upon a packthread, under a brandy-seller's bulk, or against a dead wall by a balladmonger. Go, hang out an old frisoner-gorget, with a yard of yellow colberteen again, do; an old gnawed mask, two rows of pins, and a child's fiddle; a glass necklace with the beads broken, and a quilted night-cap with one ear. Go, go, drive a trade. These were your commodities, you treacherous trull; this was the merchandise you dealt in, when I took you into my house, placed you next myself, and made you governant of my whole family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feathered your nest?

FOIB.

No, no, dear madam. Do but hear me, have but a moment's patience—I'll confess all. Mr. Mirabell seduced me; I am not the first that he has wheedled with his dissembling tongue. Your ladyship's own wisdom has been deluded by him; then how should I, a poor ignorant, defend myself? O madam, if you knew but what he promised me, and how he assured me your ladyship should come to no damage, or else the wealth of the Indies should not have bribed me to conspire against so good, so sweet, so kind a lady as you have been to me.

LADY.

No damage? What, to betray me, to marry me to a cast serving-man; to make me a receptacle, an hospital for a decayed pimp? No damage? O thou frontless impudence, more than a big-bellied actress!

FOIB.

Pray do but hear me, madam; he could not marry your ladyship, madam. No indeed, his marriage was to have been void in law; for he was married to me first, to secure your ladyship. He could not have bedded your ladyship, for if he had consummated with your ladyship, he must have run the risk of the law, and been put upon his clergy. Yes indeed, I enquired of the law in that case before I would meddle or make.

LADY.

What? Then I have been your property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it seems, while you were catering for Mirabell; I have been broker for you? What, have you made a passive bawd of me? This exceeds all precedent. I am brought to fine uses, to become a botcher of second-hand marriages between Abigails and Andrews! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baste you together, you and your Philander. I'll Duke's Place you, as I'm a person. Your turtle is in custody already. You shall coo in the same cage, if there be constable or warrant in the parish.

FOIB.

Oh, that ever I was born! Oh, that I was ever married! A bride? Ay, I shall be a Bridewell bride. Oh!

**SCENE II.**

MRS. FAINALL, FOIBLE.

MRS. FAIN.

Poor Foible, what's the matter?

FOIB.

O madam, my lady's gone for a constable; I shall be had to a justice, and put to Bridewell to beat hemp. Poor Waitwell's gone to prison already.

MRS. FAIN.

Have a good heart, Foible: Mirabell's gone to give security for him. This is all Marwood's and my husband's doing.

FOIB.

Yes, yes; I know it, madam: she was in my lady's closet, and overheard all that you said to me before dinner. She sent the letter to my lady, and that missing effect, Mr. Fainall laid this plot to arrest Waitwell, when he pretended to go for the papers; and in the meantime Mrs. Marwood declared all to my lady.

MRS. FAIN.

Was there no mention made of me in the letter? My mother does not suspect my being in the confederacy? I fancy Marwood has not told her, though she has told my husband.

FOIB.

Yes, madam; but my lady did not see that part. We stifled the letter before she read so far. Has that mischievous devil told Mr. Fainall of your ladyship then?

MRS. FAIN.

Ay, all's out: my affair with Mirabell, everything discovered. This is the last day of our living together; that's my comfort.

FOIB.

Indeed, madam, and so 'tis a comfort, if you knew all. He has been even with your ladyship; which I could have told you long enough since, but I love to keep peace and quietness by my good will. I had rather bring friends together than set 'em at distance. But Mrs. Marwood and he are nearer related than ever their parents thought for.

MRS. FAIN.

Say'st thou so, Foible? Canst thou prove this?

FOIB.

I can take my oath of it, madam; so can Mrs. Mincing. We have had many a fair word from Madam Marwood to conceal something that passed in our chamber one evening when you were at Hyde Park, and we were thought to have gone a-walking. But we went up unawares—though we were sworn to secrecy too: Madam Marwood took a book and swore us upon it: but it was but a book of poems. So long as it was not a bible oath, we may break it with a safe conscience.

MRS. FAIN.

This discovery is the most opportune thing I could wish. Now, Mincing?

**SCENE III.**

*To them* MINCING.

MINC.

My lady would speak with Mrs. Foible, mem. Mr. Mirabell is with her; he has set your spouse at liberty, Mrs. Foible, and would have you hide yourself in my lady's closet till my old lady's anger is abated. Oh, my old lady is in a perilous passion at something Mr. Fainall has said; he swears, and my old lady cries. There's a fearful hurricane, I vow. He says, mem, how that he'll have my lady's fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorced.

MRS. FAIN.

Does your lady or Mirabell know that?

MINC.

Yes mem; they have sent me to see if Sir Wilfull be sober, and to bring him to them. My lady is resolved to have him, I think, rather than lose such a vast sum as six thousand pound. Oh, come, Mrs. Foible, I hear my old lady.

MRS. FAIN.

Foible, you must tell Mincing that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

FOIB.

Yes, yes, madam.

MINC.

Oh, yes mem, I'll vouch anything for your ladyship's service, be what it will.

**SCENE IV.**

MRS. FAINALL, LADY WISHFORT, MRS. MARWOOD.

LADY.

O my dear friend, how can I enumerate the benefits that I have received from your goodness? To you I owe the timely discovery of the false vows of Mirabell; to you I owe the detection of the impostor Sir Rowland. And now you are become an intercessor with my son-in-law, to save the honour of my house and compound for the frailties of my daughter. Well, friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad world, or else I would retire to deserts and solitudes, and feed harmless sheep by groves and purling streams. Dear Marwood, let us leave the world, and retire by ourselves and be shepherdesses.

MRS. MAR.

Let us first dispatch the affair in hand, madam. We shall have leisure to think of retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concerned in the treaty.

LADY.

O daughter, daughter, is it possible thou shouldst be my child, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and as I may say, another me, and yet transgress the most minute particle of severe virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to iniquity, who have been cast in the direct mould of virtue? I have not only been a mould but a pattern for you, and a model for you, after you were brought into the world.

MRS. FAIN.

I don't understand your ladyship.

LADY.

Not understand? Why, have you not been naught? Have you not been sophisticated? Not understand? Here I am ruined to compound for your caprices and your cuckoldoms. I must pawn my plate and my jewels, and ruin my niece, and all little enough -

MRS. FAIN.

I am wronged and abused, and so are you. 'Tis a false accusation, as false as hell, as false as your friend there; ay, or your friend's friend, my false husband.

MRS. MAR.

My friend, Mrs. Fainall? Your husband my friend, what do you mean?

MRS. FAIN.

I know what I mean, madam, and so do you; and so shall the world at a time convenient.

MRS. MAR.

I am sorry to see you so passionate, madam. More temper would look more like innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my zeal to serve your ladyship and family should admit of misconstruction, or make me liable to affronts. You will pardon me, madam, if I meddle no more with an affair in which I am not personally concerned.

LADY.

O dear friend, I am so ashamed that you should meet with such returns. You ought to ask pardon on your knees, ungrateful creature; she deserves more from you than all your life can accomplish. Oh, don't leave me destitute in this perplexity! No, stick to me, my good genius.

MRS. FAIN.

I tell you, madam, you're abused. Stick to you? Ay, like a leech, to suck your best blood; she'll drop off when she's full. Madam, you shan't pawn a bodkin, nor part with a brass counter, in composition for me. I defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their aspersions: I know my own innocence, and dare stand a trial.

**SCENE V.**

LADY WISHFORT, MRS. MARWOOD.

LADY.

Why, if she should be innocent, if she should be wronged after all, ha? I don't know what to think, and I promise you, her education has been unexceptionable. I may say it, for I chiefly made it my own care to initiate her very infancy in the rudiments of virtue, and to impress upon her tender years a young odium and aversion to the very sight of men; ay, friend, she would ha' shrieked if she had but seen a man till she was in her teens. As I'm a person, 'tis true. She was never suffered to play with a male child, though but in coats. Nay, her very babies were of the feminine gender. Oh, she never looked a man in the face but her own father or the chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a woman, by the help of his long garments, and his sleek face, till she was going in her fifteen.

MRS. MAR.

'Twas much she should be deceived so long.

LADY.

I warrant you, or she would never have borne to have been catechised by him, and have heard his long lectures against singing and dancing and such debaucheries, and going to filthy plays, and profane music meetings, where the lewd trebles squeak nothing but bawdy, and the basses roar blasphemy. Oh, she would have swooned at the sight or name of an obscene play-book—and can I think after all this that my daughter can be naught? What, a whore? And thought it excommunication

to set her foot within the door of a playhouse. O dear friend, I can't believe it. No, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it.

MRS. MAR.

Prove it, madam? What, and have your name prostituted in a public court; yours and your daughter's reputation worried at the bar by a pack of bawling lawyers? To be ushered in with an OH YES of scandal, and have your case opened by an old fumbling leacher in a quoil like a man midwife; to bring your daughter's infamy to light; to be a theme for legal punsters and quibblers by the statute; and become a jest, against a rule of court, where there is no precedent for a jest in any record, not even in Doomsday Book. To discompose the gravity of the bench, and provoke naughty interrogatories in more naughty law Latin; while the good judge, tickled with the proceeding, simpers under a grey beard, and fidges off and on his cushion as if he had swallowed cantharides, or sate upon cow-itch.

LADY.

Oh, 'tis very hard!

MRS. MAR.

And then to have my young revellers of the Temple take notes, like prentices at a conventicle; and after talk it over again in Commons, or before drawers in an eating-house.

LADY.

Worse and worse.

MRS. MAR.

Nay, this is nothing; if it would end here 'twere well. But it must after this be consigned by the shorthand writers to the public press; and from thence be transferred to the hands, nay, into the throats and lungs, of hawkers, with voices more licentious than the loud flounder-man's. And this you must hear till you are stunned; nay, you must hear nothing else for some days.

LADY.

Oh 'tis insupportable. No, no, dear friend, make it up, make it up; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, myself and my all, my niece and her all, anything, everything, for composition.

MRS. MAR.

Nay, madam, I advise nothing, I only lay before you, as a friend, the inconveniences which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. Fainall; if he will be satisfied to huddle up all in silence, I shall be glad. You must think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.

**SCENE VI.**

FAINALL, LADY WISHFORT, MRS. MARWOOD.

LADY.

Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear Marwood. No, no, I do not doubt it.

FAIN.

Well, madam, I have suffered myself to be overcome by the importunity of this lady, your friend, and am content you shall enjoy your own proper estate during life, on condition you oblige yourself never to marry, under such penalty as I think convenient.

LADY.

Never to marry?

FAIN.

No more Sir Rowlands,—the next imposture may not be so timely detected.

MRS. MAR.

That condition, I dare answer, my lady will consent to, without difficulty; she has already but too much experienced the perfidiousness of men. Besides, madam, when we retire to our pastoral solitude, we shall bid adieu to all other thoughts.

LADY.

Ay, that's true; but in case of necessity, as of health, or some such emergency -

FAIN.

Oh, if you are prescribed marriage, you shall be considered; I will only reserve to myself the power to choose for you. If your physic be wholesome, it matters not who is your apothecary. Next, my wife shall settle on me the remainder of her fortune, not made over already; and for her maintenance depend entirely on my discretion.

LADY.

This is most inhumanly savage: exceeding the barbarity of a Muscovite husband.

FAIN.

I learned it from his Czarish Majesty's retinue, in a winter evening's conference over brandy and pepper, amongst other secrets of matrimony and policy, as they are at present practised in the northern hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endowed, in right of my wife, with that six thousand pound, which is the moiety of Mrs. Millamant's fortune in your possession, and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last will and testament of your



deceased husband, Sir Jonathan Wishfort) by her disobedience in contracting herself against your consent or knowledge, and by refusing the offered match with Sir Wilfull Witwoud, which you, like a careful aunt, had provided for her.

LADY.

My nephew was NON COMPOS, and could not make his addresses.

FAIN.

I come to make demands—I'll hear no objections.

LADY.

You will grant me time to consider?

FAIN.

Yes, while the instrument is drawing, to which you must set your hand till more sufficient deeds can be perfected: which I will take care shall be done with all possible speed. In the meanwhile I will go for the said instrument, and till my return you may balance this matter in your own discretion.

**SCENE VII.**

LADY WISHFORT, MRS. MARWOOD.

LADY.

This insolence is beyond all precedent, all parallel. Must I be subject to this merciless villain?

MRS. MAR.

'Tis severe indeed, madam, that you should smart for your daughter's wantonness.

LADY.

'Twas against my consent that she married this barbarian, but she would have him, though her year was not out. Ah! her first husband, my son Languish, would not have carried it thus. Well, that was my choice, this is hers; she is matched now with a witness—I shall be mad, dear friend; is there no comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this rebel-rate? Here come two more of my Egyptian plagues too.

**SCENE VIII.**

*To them* MRS. MILLAMANT, SIR WILFULL.

SIR WIL.

Aunt, your servant.

LADY.

Out, caterpillar, call not me aunt; I know thee not.

SIR WIL.

I confess I have been a little in disguise, as they say. 'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What would you have? I hope I committed no offence, aunt—and if I did I am willing to make satisfaction; and what can a man say fairer? If I have broke anything I'll pay for't, an it cost a pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more words. For what's to come, to pleasure you I'm willing to marry my cousin. So, pray, let's all be friends, she and I are agreed upon the matter before a witness.

LADY.

How's this, dear niece? Have I any comfort? Can this be true?

MILLA.

I am content to be a sacrifice to your repose, madam, and to convince you that I had no hand in the plot, as you were misinformed. I have laid my commands on Mirabell to come in person, and be a witness that I give my hand to this flower of knighthood; and for the contract that passed between Mirabell and me, I have obliged him to make a resignation of it in your ladyship's presence. He is without and waits your leave for admittance.

LADY.

Well, I'll swear I am something revived at this testimony of your obedience; but I cannot admit that traitor,—I fear I cannot fortify myself to support his appearance. He is as terrible to me as a Gorgon: if I see him I swear I shall turn to stone, petrify incessantly.

MILLA.

If you disoblige him he may resent your refusal, and insist upon the contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

LADY.

Are you sure it will be the last time? If I were sure of that—shall I never see him again?

MILLA.

Sir Wilfull, you and he are to travel together, are you not?

SIR WIL.

'Sheart, the gentleman's a civil gentleman, aunt, let him come in; why, we are sworn brothers and fellow-travellers. We are to be Pylades and Orestes, he and I. He is to be my interpreter in foreign parts. He has been overseas once already;

and with proviso that I marry my cousin, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me company. 'Sheart, I'll call him in,—an I set on't once, he shall come in; and see who'll hinder him. *Goes to the door and hems.*

MRS. MAR.

This is precious fooling, if it would pass; but I'll know the bottom of it.

LADY.

O dear Marwood, you are not going?

MRS. MAR.

Not far, madam; I'll return immediately.

**SCENE IX.**

LADY WISHFORT, MRS. MILLAMANT, SIR WILFULL, MIRABELL.

SIR WIL.

Look up, man, I'll stand by you; 'sbud, an she do frown, she can't kill you. Besides—harkee, she dare not frown desperately, because her face is none of her own. 'Sheart, an she should, her forehead would wrinkle like the coat of a cream cheese; but mum for that, fellow-traveller.

MIRA.

If a deep sense of the many injuries I have offered to so good a lady, with a sincere remorse and a hearty contrition, can but obtain the least glance of compassion. I am too happy. Ah, madam, there was a time—but let it be forgotten. I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high place I once held, of sighing at your feet; nay, kill me not by turning from me in disdain, I come not to plead for favour. Nay, not for pardon: I am a suppliant only for pity:— I am going where I never shall behold you more.

SIR WIL.

How, fellow-traveller? You shall go by yourself then.

MIRA.

Let me be pitied first, and afterwards forgotten. I ask no more.

SIR WIL.

By'r lady, a very reasonable request, and will cost you nothing, aunt. Come, come, forgive and forget, aunt. Why you must an you are a Christian.

MIRA.

Consider, madam; in reality you could not receive much prejudice: it was an innocent device, though I confess it had a face of guiltiness—it was at most an

artifice which love contrived—and errors which love produces have ever been accounted venial. At least think it is punishment enough that I have lost what in my heart I hold most dear, that to your cruel indignation I have offered up this beauty, and with her my peace and quiet; nay, all my hopes of future comfort.

SIR WIL.

An he does not move me, would I may never be o' the quorum. An it were not as good a deed as to drink, to give her to him again, I would I might never take shipping. Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I shall melt, I can tell you that. My contract went no farther than a little mouth-glue, and that's hardly dry; one doleful sigh more from my fellow-traveller and 'tis dissolved.

LADY.

Well, nephew, upon your account. Ah, he has a false insinuating tongue. Well, sir, I will stifle my just resentment at my nephew's request. I will endeavour what I can to forget, but on proviso that you resign the contract with my niece immediately.

MIRA.

It is in writing and with papers of concern; but I have sent my servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all acknowledgments for your transcendent goodness.

LADY.

Oh, he has witchcraft in his eyes and tongue; when I did not see him I could have bribed a villain to his assassination; but his appearance rakes the embers which have so long lain smothered in my breast. *Aside.*

**SCENE X.**

*To them* FAINALL, MRS. MARWOOD.

FAIN.

Your date of deliberation, madam, is expired. Here is the instrument; are you prepared to sign?

LADY.

If I were prepared, I am not impowered. My niece exerts a lawful claim, having matched herself by my direction to Sir Wilfull.

FAIN.

That sham is too gross to pass on me, though 'tis imposed on you, madam.

MILLA.

Sir, I have given my consent.

MIRA.

And, sir, I have resigned my pretensions.

SIR WIL.

And, sir, I assert my right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, sir, and of your instrument. 'Sheart, an you talk of an instrument sir, I have an old fox by my thigh shall hack your instrument of ram vellum to shreds, sir. It shall not be sufficient for a Mittimus or a tailor's measure; therefore withdraw your instrument, sir, or, by'r lady, I shall draw mine.

LADY.

Hold, nephew, hold.

MILLA.

Good Sir Wilfull, respite your valour.

FAIN.

Indeed? Are you provided of your guard, with your single beef-eater there? But I'm prepared for you, and insist upon my first proposal. You shall submit your own estate to my management, and absolutely make over my wife's to my sole use, as pursuant to the purport and tenor of this other covenant. I suppose, madam, your consent is not requisite in this case; nor, Mr. Mirabell, your resignation; nor, Sir Wilfull, your right. You may draw your fox if you please, sir, and make a bear-garden flourish somewhere else; for here it will not avail. This, my Lady Wishfort, must be subscribed, or your darling daughter's turned adrift, like a leaky hulk to sink or swim, as she and the current of this lewd town can agree.

LADY.

Is there no means, no remedy, to stop my ruin? Ungrateful wretch! Dost thou not owe thy being, thy subsistance, to my daughter's fortune?

FAIN.

I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my possession.

MIRA.

But that you would not accept of a remedy from my hands—I own I have not deserved you should owe any obligation to me; or else, perhaps, I could devise -

LADY.

Oh, what? what? To save me and my child from ruin, from want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay, I'll consent to anything to come, to be delivered from this tyranny.

MIRA.

Ay, madam; but that is too late, my reward is intercepted. You have disposed of her who only could have made me a compensation for all my services. But be it as it may, I am resolved I'll serve you; you shall not be wronged in this savage manner.

LADY.

How? Dear Mr. Mirabell, can you be so generous at last? But it is not possible. Harkee, I'll break my nephew's match; you shall have my niece yet, and all her fortune, if you can but save me from this imminent danger.

MIRA.

Will you? I take you at your word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two criminals to appear.

LADY.

Ay, ay, anybody, anybody.

MIRA.

Foible is one, and a penitent.

#### SCENE XI.

*To them* MRS. FAINALL, FOIBLE, MINCING.

MRS. MAR.

O my shame! MIRABELL *and* LADY *go to* MRS. FAINALL *and* FOIBLE. These corrupt things are brought hither to expose me. *To* FAINALL.

FAIN.

If it must all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the way of the world. That shall not urge me to relinquish or abate one tittle of my terms; no, I will insist the more.

FOIB.

Yes, indeed, madam; I'll take my bible-oath of it.

MINC.

And so will I, mem.

LADY.

O Marwood, Marwood, art thou false? My friend deceive me? Hast thou been a wicked accomplice with that profligate man?

MRS. MAR.

Have you so much ingratitude and injustice to give cr , against your friend, to the aspersions of two such mercenary trulls?

MINC.

Mercenary, mem? I scorn your words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. Fainall in the blue garret; by the same token, you swore us to secrecy upon Messalinas's poems. Mercenary? No, if we would have been mercenary, we should have held our tongues; you would have bribed us sufficiently.

FAIN.

Go, you are an insignificant thing. Well, what are you the better for this? Is this Mr. Mirabell's expedient? I'll be put off no longer. You, thing, that was a wife, shall smart for this. I will not leave thee wherewithal to hide thy shame: your body shall be naked as your reputation.

MRS. FAIN.

I despise you and defy your malice. You have aspersed me wrongfully—I have proved your falsehood. Go, you and your treacherous—I will not name it, but starve together. Perish.

FAIN.

Not while you are worth a groat, indeed, my dear. Madam, I'll be fooled no longer.

LADY.

Ah, Mr. Mirabell, this is small comfort, the detection of this affair.

MIRA.

Oh, in good time. Your leave for the other offender and penitent to appear, madam.

**SCENE XII.**

*To them* WAITWELL with a box of writings.

LADY.

O Sir Rowland! Well, rascal?

WAIT.

What your ladyship pleases. I have brought the black box at last, madam.

MIRA.

Give it me. Madam, you remember your promise.

LADY.

Ay, dear sir.

MIRA.

Where are the gentlemen?

WAIT.

At hand, sir, rubbing their eyes,—just risen from sleep.

FAIN.

'Sdeath, what's this to me? I'll not wait your private concerns.

**SCENE XIII.**

*To them* PETULANT, WITWOUD.

PET.

How now? What's the matter? Whose hand's out?

WIT.

Hey day! What, are you all got together, like players at the end of the last act?

MIRA.

You may remember, gentlemen, I once requested your hands as witnesses to a certain parchment.

WIT.

Ay, I do, my hand I remember—Petulant set his mark.

MIRA.

You wrong him; his name is fairly written, as shall appear. You do not remember, gentlemen, anything of what that parchment contained? *Undoing the box.*

WIT.

No.

PET.

Not I. I writ; I read nothing.

MIRA.

Very well, now you shall know. Madam, your promise.

LADY.

Ay, ay, sir, upon my honour.

MIRA.

Mr. Fainall, it is now time that you should know that your lady, while she was at her own disposal, and before you had by your insinuations wheedled her out of a pretended settlement of the greatest part of her fortune -



FAIN.

Sir! Pretended?

MIRA.

Yes, sir. I say that this lady, while a widow, having, it seems, received some cautions respecting your inconstancy and tyranny of temper, which from her own partial opinion and fondness of you she could never have suspected—she did, I say, by the wholesome advice of friends and of sages learned in the laws of this land, deliver this same as her act and deed to me in trust, and to the uses within mentioned. You may read if you please *holding out the parchment, though perhaps what is written on the back may serve your occasions.*

FAIN.

Very likely, sir. What's here? Damnation! *Reads* A DEED OF CONVEYANCE OF THE WHOLE ESTATE REAL OF ARABELLA LANGUISH, WIDOW, IN TRUST TO EDWARD MIRABELL. Confusion!

MIRA.

Even so, sir: 'tis the way of the world, sir; of the widows of the world. I suppose this deed may bear an elder date than what you have obtained from your lady.

FAIN.

Perfidious fiend! Then thus I'll be revenged. *Offers to run at MRS. FAINALL.*

SIR WIL.

Hold, sir; now you may make your bear-garden flourish somewhere else, sir.

FAIN.

Mirabell, you shall hear of this, sir; be sure you shall. Let me pass, oaf.

MRS. FAIN.

Madam, you seem to stifle your resentment. You had better give it vent.

MRS. MAR.

Yes, it shall have vent, and to your confusion, or I'll perish in the attempt.

**SCENE the Last.**

LADY WISHFORT, MRS. MILLAMANT, MIRABELL, MRS. FAINALL, SIR WILFULL, PETULANT, WITWOUD, FOIBLE, MINCING, WAITWELL.

LADY.

O daughter, daughter, 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy mother's prudence.

MRS. FAIN.

Thank Mr. Mirabell, a cautious friend, to whose advice all is owing.

LADY.

Well, Mr. Mirabell, you have kept your promise, and I must perform mine. First, I pardon for your sake Sir Rowland there and Foible. The next thing is to break the matter to my nephew, and how to do that -

MIRA.

For that, madam, give yourself no trouble; let me have your consent. Sir Wilfull is my friend: he has had compassion upon lovers, and generously engaged a volunteer in this action, for our service, and now designs to prosecute his travels.

SIR WIL.

'Sheart, aunt, I have no mind to marry. My cousin's a fine lady, and the gentleman loves her and she loves him, and they deserve one another; my resolution is to see foreign parts. I have set on't, and when I'm set on't I must do't. And if these two gentlemen would travel too, I think they may be spared.

PET.

For my part, I say little. I think things are best off or on.

WIT.

I'gad, I understand nothing of the matter: I'm in a maze yet, like a dog in a dancing school.

LADY.

Well, sir, take her, and with her all the joy I can give you.

MILLA.

Why does not the man take me? Would you have me give myself to you over again?

MIRA.

Ay, and over and over again. *Kisses her hand.* I would have you as often as possibly I can. Well, heav'n grant I love you not too well; that's all my fear.

SIR WIL.

'Sheart, you'll have time enough to toy after you're married, or, if you will toy now, let us have a dance in the meantime; that we who are not lovers may have some other employment besides looking on.

MIRA.

With all my heart, dear Sir Wilfull. What shall we do for music?

FOIB.

Oh, sir, some that were provided for Sir Rowland's entertainment are yet within call. *A dance.*

LADY.

As I am a person, I can hold out no longer: I have wasted my spirits so to-day already that I am ready to sink under the fatigue; and I cannot but have some fears upon me yet, that my son Fainall will pursue some desperate course.

MIRA.

Madam, disquiet not yourself on that account: to my knowledge his circumstances are such he must of force comply. For my part I will contribute all that in me lies to a reunion. In the meantime, madam to MRS. FAINALL, let me before these witnesses restore to you this deed of trust: it may be a means, well managed, to make you live easily together.

*From hence let those be warned, who mean to wed,  
Lest mutual falsehood stain the bridal-bed:  
For each deceiver to his cost may find  
That marriage frauds too oft are paid in kind.*

*Exeunt Omnes.*

#### 4.5.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. What moral standards, if any, does Mirabell possess? What kind of a hero is he, do you think? How does he compare to Dryden's concept of the hero?
2. What, if anything, is the target of Congreve's satire in this play? How do you know? How does Congreve's satire compare with Pope's?
3. What sense of its audience does this play possess, do you think? How do you know? How does this sense of its audience affect the play's plot, characters, and setting?
4. What exactly is being negotiated for in Mirabell and Millament's proviso scene? How do you know?
5. Does the agreed upon marriage of Mirabell and Millament make this play's ending a happy one? Why, or why not?

## 4.6 DANIEL DEFOE

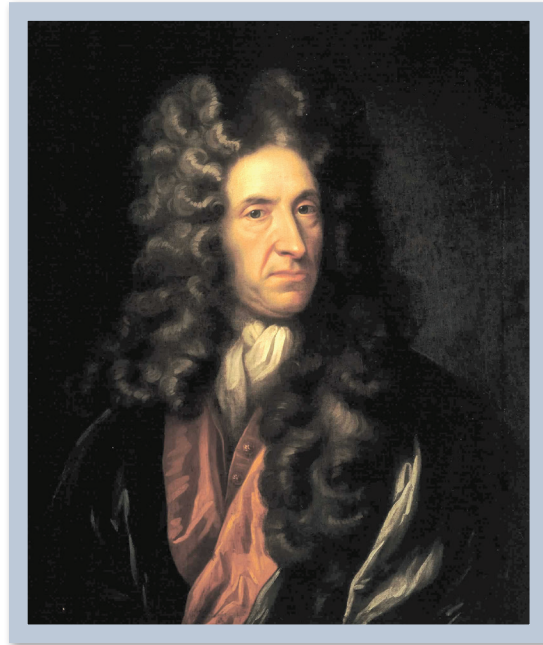
(1660-1731)

Daniel Defoe was born to James Foe, a tallow chandler and “auditor for the Butcher’s Company,” and Alice, who died when Daniel was eight. He changed his name to Defoe in 1695. He studied at the Reverend James Fisher’s school at Dorking, Surrey. As a Dissenter, Defoe could not enter either Oxford or Cambridge, so he studied instead at the Reverend Charles Morton’s small college at Newington Green. There he studied not only the classics but also modern languages, geography, and mathematics. Although expected to enter the ministry, Defoe began work as a hose-factor. To find trade goods, he traveled extensively in Europe. In 1684, he married Mary Tuffley, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, who brought with her a considerable dowry.

In 1685, he joined in the doomed Protestant uprising of James Scott, 1<sup>st</sup> Duke of Monmouth and illegitimate son of Charles II, against the Roman Catholic James II soon after Charles II’s death. Defoe may have escaped the ensuing Bloody Assizes (rebels’ trials) by fleeing abroad; he certainly received a pardon in 1687. His political position became more stable upon the accession of William III and Mary II.

His financial position was more precarious; he declared bankruptcy in 1692 after failed commercial ventures and shipping losses. Governmental appointments, including his spying for William III and Mary II, floated him. His finances saw fortune and loss, and his political appointments and activities became comparably checkered, or pragmatic. Once he turned to writing, he wrote a number of propagandist pieces, including the parodic *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*.

This oblique attack on the Tories caused Defoe to be arrested, convicted of seditious libel, and sentenced to pay a fine, be jailed, and be pilloried for three days. Those in the pillory could suffer the mercy of the mob, or stoning, a fate that Defoe prevented by entertaining the gathered crowds with stories. Defoe established a spy system for Robert Harley, a representative of Queen Anne’s government and became a double agent in service of England’s first Prime Minister, Robert Walpole. He published articles in both Tory and Whig journals, articles for and against both parties. He also published over 500 works, ranging from poems to early novels. His failing finances continued to dog him. In 1730, he left home to hide from a



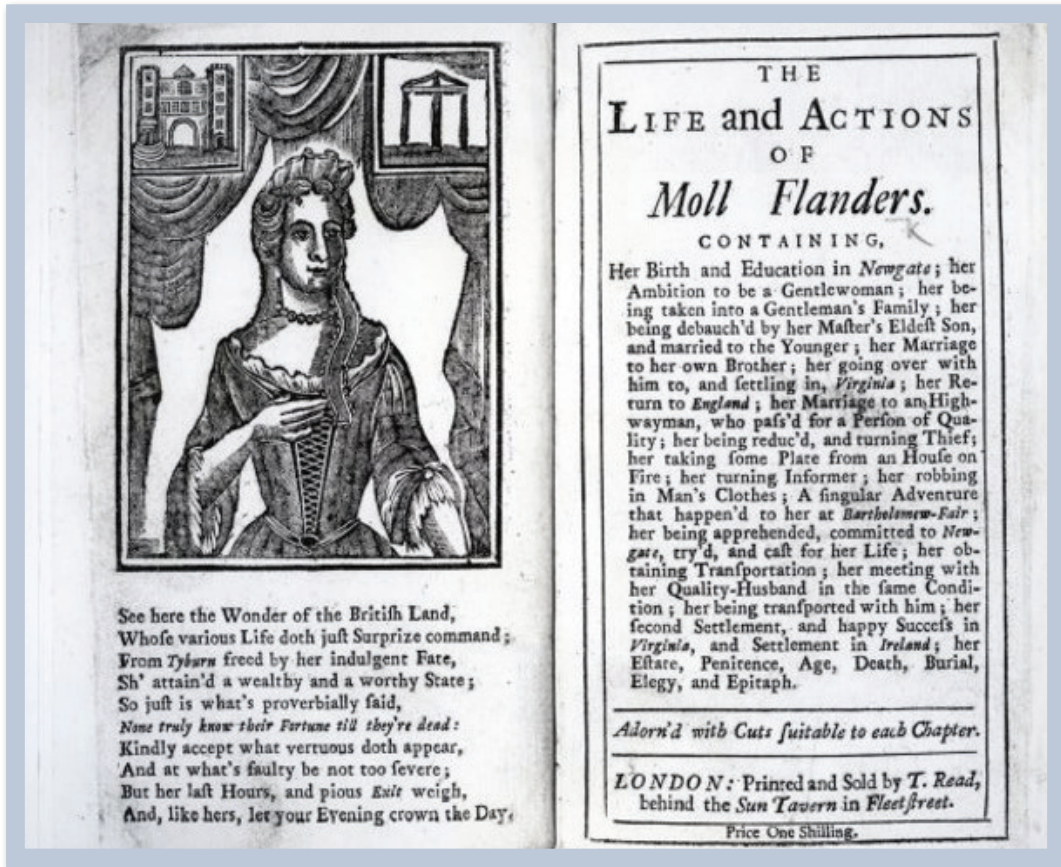
**Image 4.6 | Daniel Defoe**

**Artist |** Godfrey Kneller

**Source |** Wikimedia Commons

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creditor and died alone in a rented room. His life ran like his novels, in which movement seems constant. But when movement stops, as when Moll Flanders is held in Newgate Prison, then one has time for reflection and conscience. Because death stops all, Defoe reminds us to be serious: “What is left ’tis hoped will not offend the chastest reader or the modest hearer; and as the best use is made even of the worst story, the moral ’tis hoped will keep the reader serious” (*Moll Flanders*).



**Image 4.7 | *Moll Flanders***

**Author |** Daniel Defoe

**Source |** British Association for American Studies

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#### 4.6.1 from *Moll Flanders*

##### AUTHOR'S PREFACE

The world is so taken up of late with novels and romances, that it will be hard for a private history to be taken for genuine, where the name and other circumstances of the person are concealed; and on this account we must be content to leave the reader to pass his own opinion upon the ensuing sheets, and take it just as he pleases.

The author is here supposed to be writing her own history, and in the very beginning of her account she gives the reasons why she thinks fit to conceal her true name, after which there is no occasion to say any more about that.

It is true that the original of this story is put into new words, and the style of the famous lady we here speak of is a little altered; particularly she is made to tell her own tale in modester words than she told it at first, the copy which came first to hand having been written in language more like one still in Newgate than one grown penitent and humble, as she afterwards pretends to be.

The pen employed in finishing her story, and making it what you now see it to be, has had no little difficulty to put it into a dress fit to be seen, and to make it speak language fit to be read. When a woman debauched from her youth, nay, even being the offspring of debauchery and vice, comes to give an account of all her vicious practices, and even to descend to the particular occasions and circumstances by which she first became wicked, and of all the progressions of crime which she ran through in threescore years, an author must be hard put to it to wrap it up so clean as not to give room, especially for vicious readers, to turn it to his disadvantage.

All possible care, however, has been taken to give no lewd ideas, no immodest turns in the new dressing-up this story; no, not to the worst part of her expressions. To this purpose some of the vicious part of her life, which could not be modestly told, is quite left out, and several other parts are very much shortened. What is left, 'tis hoped, will not offend the chastest reader or the modestest hearer; and as the best use is to be made even of the worst story, the moral, 'tis hoped, will keep the reader serious even where the story might incline him to be otherwise. To give the history of a wicked life repented of necessarily requires that the wicked part should be made as wicked as the real history of it will bear, to illustrate and give a beauty to the penitent part, which is certainly the best and brightest, if related with equal spirit and life.

It is suggested there cannot be the same life, the same brightness and beauty, in relating the penitent part as is in the criminal part. If there is any truth in that suggestion, I must be allowed to say, 'tis because there is not the same taste and relish in the reading; and, indeed, it is too true that the difference lies not in the real worth of the subject so much as in the gust and palate of the reader.

But as this work is chiefly recommended to those who know how to read it, and how to make the good uses of it which the story all along recommends to them, so it is to be hoped that such readers will be much more pleased with the moral than the fable, with the application than with the relation, and with the end of the writer than with the life of the person written of.

There it in this story abundance of delightful incidents, and all of them usefully applied. There is an agreeable turn artfully given them in the relating, that naturally instructs the reader, either one way or another. The first part of her lewd life with the young gentleman at Colchester has so many happy turns given it to expose the crime, and warn all whose circumstances are adapted to it, of the ruinous end of such things, and the foolish, thoughtless, and abhorred conduct of both the parties, that it abundantly atones for all the lively description she gives of her folly and wickedness.

The repentance of her lover at Bath, and how brought by the just alarm of his fit of sickness to abandon her; the just caution given there against even the

lawful intimacies of the dearest friends, and how unable they are to preserve the most solemn resolutions of virtue without divine assistance; these are parts which, to a just discernment, will appear to have more real beauty in them than all the amorous chain of story which introduces it.

In a word, as the whole relation is carefully garbled of all the levity and looseness that was in it, so it is applied, and with the utmost care, to virtuous and religious uses. None can, without being guilty of manifest injustice, cast any reproach upon it, or upon our design in publish advocates for the stage have, in all ages, made this the great argument to persuade people that their plays are useful, and that they ought to be allowed in the most civilised and in the most religious government; namely, that they are applied to virtuous purposes, and that, by the most lively representations, they fail not to recommend virtue and generous principles, and to discourage and expose all sorts of vice and corruption of manners; and were it true that they did so, and that they constantly adhered to that rule as the test of their acting on the theatre, much might be said in their favour.

Throughout the infinite variety of this book, this fundamental is most strictly adhered to; there is not a wicked action in any part of it, but is first or last rendered unhappy and unfortunate; there is not a superlative villain brought upon the stage, but either he is brought to an unhappy end, or brought to be a penitent; there is not an ill thing mentioned, but it is condemned, even in the relation, nor a virtuous, just thing, but it carries its praise along with it. What can more exactly answer the rule laid down, to recommend even those representations of things which have so many other just objections lying against them? namely, of example of bad company, obscene language, and the like.

Upon this foundation this book is recommended to the reader, as a work from every part of which something may be learned, and some just and religious inference is drawn, by which the reader will have something of instruction if he pleases to make use of it.

All the exploits of this lady of fame, in her depredations upon mankind, stand as so many warnings to honest people to beware of them, intimating to them by what methods innocent people are drawn in, plundered, and robbed, and by consequence how to avoid them. Her robbing a little child, dressed fine by the vanity of the mother, to go to the dancing-school, is a good memento to such people hereafter, as is likewise her picking the gold watch from the young lady's side in the park.

Her getting a parcel from a hare-brained wench at the coaches in St John's Street; her booty at the fire, and also at Harwich, all give us excellent warning in such cases to be more present to ourselves in sudden surprises of every sort.

Her application to a sober life and industrious management at last, in Virginia, with her transported spouse, is a story fruitful of instruction to all the unfortunate creatures who are obliged to seek their re-establishment abroad, whether by the misery of transportation or other disaster; letting them know that diligence and application have their due encouragement, even in the remotest part of the world,

and that no case can be so low, so despicable, or so empty of prospect, but that an unwearied industry will go a great way to deliver us from it, will in time raise the meanest creature to appear again in the world, and give him a new cast for his life.

These are a few of the serious inferences which we are led by the hand to in this book, and these are fully sufficient to justify any man in recommending it to the world, and much more to justify the publication of it.

There are two of the most beautiful parts still behind, which this story gives some idea of, and lets us into the parts of them, but they are either of them too long to be brought into the same volume, and indeed are, as I may call them, whole volumes of themselves, viz.: 1. The life of her governess, as she calls her, who had run through, it seems, in a few years, all the eminent degrees of a gentlewoman, a whore, and a bawd; a mid wife and a midwife-keeper, as they are called; a pawnbroker, a child-taker, a receiver of thieves, and of stolen goods; and, in a word, herself a thief, a breeder-up of thieves, and the like, and yet at last a penitent.

The second is the life of her transported husband, a highwayman, who, it seems, lived a twelve years' life of successful villainy upon the road, and even at last came off so well as to be a volunteer transport, not a convict; and in whose life there is an incredible variety.

But, as I said, these are things too long to bring in here, so neither can I make a promise of their coming out by themselves.

We cannot say, indeed, that this history is carried on quite to the end of the life of this famous Moll Flanders, for nobody can write their own life to the full end of it, unless they can write it after they are dead. But her husband's life, being written by a third hand, gives a full account of them both, how long they lived together in that country, and how they came both to England again, after about eight years, in which time they were grown very rich, and where she lived, it seems, to be very old, but was not so extraordinary a penitent as she was at first; it seems only that indeed she always spoke with abhorrence of her former life, and of every part of it.

In her last scene, at Maryland and Virginia, many pleasant things happened, which makes that part of her life very agreeable, but they are not told with the same elegancy as those accounted for by herself; so it is still to the more advantage that we break off here.

### **The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders**

My true name is so well known in the records or registers at Newgate, and in the Old Bailey, and there are some things of such consequence still depending there, relating to my particular conduct, that it is not to be expected I should set my name or the account of my family to this work; perhaps after my death it may be better known; at present it would not be proper, no, not though a general pardon should be issued, even without exceptions of persons or crimes.

It is enough to tell you, that as some of my worst comrades, who are out of the way of doing me harm (having gone out of the world by the steps and the string, as





**Image 4.8 | Prisons and Inmates**

**Author |** William Hogarth

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I often expected to go), knew me by the name of Moll Flanders, so you may give me leave to go under that name till I dare own who I have been, as well as who I am.

I have been told, that in one of our neighbour nations, whether it be in France, or where else I know not, they have an order from the king, that when any criminal is condemned, either to die, or to the galleys, or to be transported, if they leave any children, as such are generally unprovided for, by the forfeiture of their parents, so they are immediately taken into the care of the government, and put into an hospital called the House of Orphans, where they are bred up, clothed, fed, taught, and when fit to go out, are placed to trades, or to services, so as to be well able to provide for themselves by an honest, industrious behaviour.

Had this been the custom in our country, I had not been left a poor desolate girl without friends, without clothes, without help or helper, as was my fate; and by which I was not only exposed to very great distresses, even before I was capable either of understanding my case, or how to amend it, but brought into a course of life, scandalous in itself, and which in its ordinary course tended to the swift destruction both of soul and body.

But the case was otherwise here. My mother was convicted of felony for a petty theft, scarce worth naming, viz., borrowing three pieces of fine holland of a certain draper in Cheapside. The circumstances are too long to repeat, and I have heard them related so many ways, that I can scarce tell which is the right account.

However it was, they all agree in this, that my mother pleaded her belly, and, being found quick with child, she was respited for about seven months; after which she was called down, as they term it, to her former judgment, but obtained the favour afterward of being transported to the plantations, and left me about half a year old, and in bad hands you may be sure.

This is too near the first hours of my life for me to relate anything of myself but by hearsay; 'tis enough to mention, that, as I was born in such an unhappy place, I had no parish to have recourse to for my nourishment in my infancy; nor can I give the least account how I was kept alive, other than that, as I have been told, some relation of my mother took me away, but at whose expense, or by whose direction, I know nothing at all of it.

The first account that I can recollect, or could ever learn, of myself, was that I had wandered among a crew of those people they call gipsies, or Egyptians; but I believe it was but a little while that I had been among them, for I had not had my skin discoloured, as they do to all children they carry about with them; nor can I tell how I came among them, or how I got from them.

It was at Colchester, in Essex, that those people left me, and I have a notion in my head that I left them there (that is, that I hid myself and would not go any farther with them), but I am not able to be particular in that account; only this I remember, that being taken up by some of the parish officers of Colchester, I gave an account that I came into the town with the gipsies, but that I would not go any farther with them, and that so they had left me, but whither they were gone, that I knew not; for though they sent round the country to inquire after them, it seems they could not be found.

I was now in a way to be provided for; for though I was not a parish charge upon this or that part of the town by law, yet, as my case came to be known, and that I was too young to do any work, being not above three years old, compassion moved the magistrates of the town to take care of me, and I became one of their own as much as if I had been born in the place.

In the provision they made for me, it was my good hap to be put to nurse, as they call it, to a woman who was indeed poor, but had been in better circumstances, and who got a little livelihood by taking such as I was supposed to be, and keeping them with all necessaries, till they were at a certain age, in which it might be supposed they might go to service, or get their own bread.

This woman had also a little school, which she kept to teach children to read and to work; and having, I say, lived before that in good fashion, she bred up the children with a great deal of art, as well as with a great deal of care.

But, which was worth all the rest, she bred them up very religiously also, being herself a very sober, pious woman; secondly, very housewifely and clean; and,

thirdly, very mannerly, and with good behaviour. So that, excepting a plain diet, coarse lodging, and mean clothes, we were brought up as mannerly as if we had been at the dancing-school.

I was continued here till I was eight years old, when I was terrified with news that the magistrates (as I think they called them) had ordered that, I should go to service. I was able to do but very little, wherever I was to go, except it was to run of errands, and be a drudge to some cookmaid, and this they told me often, which put me into a great fright; for I had a thorough aversion to going to service, as they called it, though I was so young; and I told my nurse, that I believed I could get my living without going to service, if she pleased to let me; for she had taught me to work with my needle, and spin worsted, which is the chief trade of that city, and I told her that if she would keep me, I would work for her, and I would work very hard.

I talked to her almost every day of working hard; and, in short, I did nothing but work and cry all day, which grieved the good, kind woman so much, that at last she began to be concerned for me, for she loved me very well.

One day after this, as she came into the room, where all the poor children were at work, she sat down just over against me, not in her usual place as mistress, but as if she had set herself on purpose to observe me and see me work. I was doing something she had set me to, as I remember it was marking some shirts, which she had taken to make, and after a while she began to talk to me. 'Thou foolish child', says she, 'thou art always crying' (for I was crying then). 'Prithee, what dost cry for?' 'Because they will take me away', says I, 'and put me to service, and I can't work house-work.' 'Well, child', says she, 'but though you can't work house-work, you will learn it in time, and they won't put you to hard things at first.' 'Yes, they will', says I; 'and if I can't do it they will beat me, and the maids will beat me to make me do great work, and I am but a little girl, and I can't do it'; and then I cried again, till I could not speak any more.

This moved my good, motherly nurse, so that she resolved I should not go to service yet; so she bid me not cry, and she would speak to Mr Mayor, and I should not go to service till I was bigger.

Well, this did not satisfy me, for to think of going to service at all was such a frightful thing to me, that if she had assured me I should not have gone till I was twenty years old, it would have been the same to me; I should have cried all the time, with the very apprehension of its being to be so at last.

When she saw that I was not pacified yet, she began to be angry with me. 'And what would you have?' says she. 'Don't I tell you that you shall not go to service till you are bigger?' 'Ay', says I, 'but then I must go at last.' 'Why, what', said she, 'is the girl mad? What! Would you be a gentlewoman?' 'Yes', says I, and cried heartily till I roared out again.

This set the old gentlewoman a-laughing at me, as you may be sure it would. 'Well, madam, forsooth', says she, gibing at me, 'you would be a gentlewoman; and how will you come to be a gentlewoman? What! will you do it by your fingers' ends?'

'Yes', says I again, very innocently.

'Why, what can you earn', says she; 'what can you get a day at your work?'

'Threepence', said I, 'when I spin, and fourpence when I work plain work.'

'Alas! poor gentlewoman', said she again, laughing, 'what will that do for thee?'

'It will keep me', says I, 'if you will let me live with you'; and this I said in such a poor, petitioning tone, that it made the poor woman's heart yearn to me, as she told me afterwards.

'But', says she, 'that will not keep you and buy you clothes too; and who must buy the little gentlewoman clothes?' says she, and smiled all the while at me.

'I will work harder then', says I, 'and you shall have it all.'

'Poor child! it won't keep you', said she; 'it will hardly find you in victuals.'

'Then I would have no victuals', says I again, very innocently; 'let me but live with you.'

'Why, can you live without victuals?' says she. 'Yes', again says I, very much like a child, you may be sure, and still I cried heartily.

I had no policy in all this; you may easily see it was all nature; but it was joined with so much innocence and so much passion that, in short, it set the good, motherly creature a-weeping too, and at last she cried as fast as I did, and then took me and led me out of the teaching-room. 'Come', says she, 'you shan't go to service; you shall live with me'; and this pacified me for the present.

After this, she going to wait on the Mayor, my story came up, and my good nurse told Mr Mayor the whole tale; he was so pleased with it, that he would call his lady and his two daughters to hear it, and it made mirth enough among them, you may be sure.

However, not a week had passed over, but on a sudden comes Mrs Mayoress and her two daughters to the house to see my old nurse, and to see her school and the children. When they had looked about them a little, 'Well, Mrs —', says the Mayoress to my nurse, 'and pray which is the little lass that is to be a gentlewoman?' I heard her, and I was terribly frightened, though I did not know why neither; but Mrs Mayoress comes up to me, 'Well, miss', says she, 'and what are you at work upon?' The word miss was a language that had hardly been heard of in our school, and I wondered what sad name it was she called me; however, I stood up, made a curtsy, and she took my work out of my hand, looked on it, and said it was very well; then she looked upon one of my hands. 'Nay, she may come to be a gentlewoman', says she, 'for aught I know; she has a lady's hand, I assure you.' This pleased me mightily; but Mrs Mayoress did not stop there, but put her hand in her pocket, gave me a shilling, and bid me mind my work, and learn to work well, and I might be a gentlewoman for aught she knew.

All this while my good old nurse, Mrs Mayoress, and all the rest of them, did not understand me at all, for they meant one sort of thing by the word gentlewoman, and I meant quite another; for, alas! all I understood by being a gentlewoman, was to be able to work for myself, and get enough to keep me without going to service, whereas they meant to live great and high, and I know not what.

Well, after Mrs Mayoress was gone, her two daughters came in, and they called for the gentlewoman too, and they talked a long while to me, and I answered them in my innocent way; but always, if they asked me whether I resolved to be a gentlewoman, I answered, 'Yes'. At last they asked me what a gentlewoman was? That puzzled me much. However, I explained myself negatively, that it was one that did not go to service, to do house-work; they were mightily pleased, and liked my little prattle to them, which, it seems, was agreeable enough to them, and they gave me money too.

As for my money, I gave it all to my mistress-nurse, as I called her, and told her she should have all I got when I was a gentlewoman as well as now. By this and some other of my talk, my old tutoress began to understand what I meant by being a gentlewoman, and that it was no more than to be able to get my bread by my own work; and at last she asked me whether it was not so.

I told her, yes, and insisted on it, that to do so was to be a gentlewoman; 'for', says I, 'there is such a one', naming a woman that mended lace and washed the ladies' laced heads; 'she', says I, 'is a gentlewoman, and they call her madam.'

'Poor child', says my good old nurse, 'you may soon be such a gentle woman as that, for she is a person of ill fame, and has had two bastards.'

I did not understand anything of that; but I answered, 'I am sure they call her madam, and she does not go to service, nor do house-work'; and therefore I insisted that she was a gentlewoman, and I would be such a gentlewoman as that.

The ladies were told all this again, and they made themselves merry with it, and every now and then Mr Mayor's daughters would come and see me, and ask where the little gentlewoman was, which made me not a little proud of myself besides. I was often visited by these young ladies, and sometimes they brought others with them; so that I was known by it almost all over the town.

I was now about ten years old, and began to look a little womanish, for I was mighty grave, very mannerly, and as I had often heard the ladies say I was pretty, and would be very handsome, you may be sure it made me not a little proud. However, that pride had no ill effect upon me yet; only, as they often gave me money, and I gave it my old nurse, she, honest woman, was so just as to lay it out again for me, and gave me head dresses, and linen, and gloves, and I went very neat, for if I had rags on, I would always be clean, or else I would dabble them in water myself; but, I say, my good nurse, when I had money given me, very honestly laid it out for me, and would always tell the ladies this or that was bought with their money; and this made them give me more, till at last I was indeed called upon by the magistrates to go out to service. But then I was become so good a workwoman myself, and the ladies were so kind to me, that I was past it; for I could earn as much for my nurse as was enough to keep me; so she told them, that if they would give her leave, she would keep the gentlewoman, as she called me, to be her assistant, and teach the children, which I was very well able to do; for I was very nimble at my work, though I was yet very young.

But the kindness of the ladies did not end here, for when they understood that I was no more maintained by the town as before, they gave me money oftener; and,

as I grew up, they brought me work to do for them, such as linen to make, laces to mend, and heads to dress up, and not only paid me for doing them, but even taught me how to do them; so that I was a gentlewoman indeed, as I understood that word; for before I was twelve years old, I not only found myself clothes, and paid my nurse for my keeping, but got money in my pocket too.

The ladies also gave me clothes frequently of their own, or their children's; some stockings, some petticoats, some gowns, some one thing, some another; and these my old woman managed for me like a mother, and kept them for me, obliged me to mend them, and turn them to the best advantage, for she was a rare housewife.

At last one of the ladies took such a fancy to me that she would have me home to her house, for a month, she said, to be among her daughters.

Now, though this was exceeding kind in her, yet, as my good woman said to her, unless she resolved to keep me for good and all, she would do the little gentlewoman more harm than good. 'Well', says the lady, 'that's true; I'll only take her home for a week, then, that I may see how my daughters and she agree, and how I like her temper, and then I'll tell you more; and in the meantime, if anybody comes to see her as they used to do, you may only tell them you have sent her out to my house.'

This was prudently managed enough, and I went to the lady's house; but I was so pleased there with the young ladies, and they so pleased with me, that I had enough to do to come away, and they were as unwilling to part with me.

However, I did come away, and lived almost a year more with my honest old woman, and began now to be very helpful to her; for I was almost fourteen years old, was tall of my age, and looked a little womanish; but I had such a taste of genteel living at the lady's house that I was not so easy in my old quarters as I used to be, and I thought it was fine to be a gentlewoman indeed, for I had quite other notions of a gentlewoman now than I had before; and as I thought that it was fine to be a gentlewoman, so I loved to be among gentlewomen, and therefore I longed to be there again.

When I was about fourteen years and a quarter old, my good old nurse, mother I ought to call her, fell sick and died. I was then in a sad condition indeed, for, as there is no great bustle in putting an end to a poor body's family when once they are carried to the grave, so the poor good woman being buried, the parish children were immediately removed by the churchwardens; the school was at an end, and the day children of it had no more to do but just stay at home till they were sent somewhere else. As for what she left, a daughter, a married woman, came and swept it all away, and removing the goods, they had no more to say to me than to jest with me, and tell me that the little gentlewoman might set up for herself if she pleased.

I was frightened out of my wits almost, and knew not what to do; for I was, as it were, turned out of doors to the wide world, and that which was still worse, the old, honest woman had two-and-twenty shillings of mine in her hand, which was all the estate the little gentlewoman had in the world; and, when I asked the daughter for it, she huffed me, and told me she had nothing to do with it.

It was true the good, poor woman had told her daughter of it, and that it lay in such a place, that it was the child's money, and had called once or twice for me to give it me, but I was unhappily out of the way, and, when I came back, she was past being in a condition to speak of it. However, the daughter was so honest afterwards as to give it me, though at first she used me cruelly about it.

Now was I a poor gentlewoman indeed, and I was just that very night to be turned into the wide world; for the daughter removed all the goods, and I had not so much as a lodging to go to, or a bit of bread to eat. But it seems some of the neighbours took so much compassion of me as to acquaint the lady in whose family I had been; and immediately she sent her maid to fetch me, and away I went with them bag and baggage, and with a glad heart, you may be sure. The fright of my condition had made such an impression upon me that I did not want now to be a gentlewoman, but was very willing to be a servant, and that any kind of servant they thought fit to have me be.

But my new generous mistress had better thoughts for me. I call her generous, for she exceeded the good woman I was with before in everything, as in estate; I say, in everything except honesty; and for that, though this was a lady most exactly just, yet I must not forget to say on all occasions, that the first, though poor, was as uprightly honest as it was possible.

I was no sooner carried away, as I have said, by this good gentlewoman, but the first lady, that is to say, the Mayoress that was, sent her daughters to take care of me; and another family which had taken notice of me when I was the little gentlewoman sent for me after her, so that I was mightily made of; nay, and they were not a little angry, especially the Mayoress, that her friend had taken me away from her; for, as she said, I was hers by right, she having been the first that took any notice of me. But they that had me would not part with me; and as for me, I could not be better than where I was.

Here I continued till I was between seventeen and eighteen years old, and here I had all the advantages for my education that could be imagined; the lady had masters home to teach her daughters to dance, and to speak French, and to write, and others to teach them music; and, as I was always with them, I learned as fast as they; and though the masters were not appointed to teach me, yet I learned by imitation and inquiry all that they learned by instruction and direction; so that, in short, I learned to dance and speak French as well as any of them, and to sing much better, for I had a better voice than any of them. I could not so readily come at playing the harpsichord or the spinet, because I had no instrument of my own to practise on, and could only come at theirs in the intervals when they left it; but yet I learned tolerably well, and the young ladies at length got two instruments, that is to say, a harpsichord and a spinet too, and then they taught me themselves. But as to dancing, they could hardly help my learning country-dances, because they always wanted me to make up even number; and, on the other hand, they were as heartily willing to learn me everything that they had been taught themselves as I could be to take the learning.

By this means I had, as I have said, all the advantages of education that I could have had if I had been as much a gentlewoman as they were with whom I lived; and in some things I had the advantage of my ladies, though they were my superiors, viz., that mine were all the gifts of nature, and which all their fortunes could not furnish. First, I was apparently handsomer than any of them; secondly, I was better shaped; and, thirdly, I sang better, by which I mean, I had a better voice; in all which you will, I hope, allow me to say, I do not speak my own conceit, but the opinion of all that knew the family.

I had, with all these, the common vanity of my sex, viz., that being really taken for very handsome, or, if you please, for a great beauty, I very well knew it, and had as good an opinion of myself as anybody else could have of me, and particularly I loved to hear anybody speak of it, which happened often, and was a great satisfaction to me.

Thus far I have had a smooth story to tell of myself, and in all this part of my life I not only had the reputation of living in a very good family, and a family noted and respected everywhere for virtue and sobriety, and for every valuable thing, but I had the character too of a very sober, modest, and virtuous young woman, and such I had always been; neither had I yet any occasion to think of anything else, or to know what a temptation to wickedness meant.

But that which I was too vain of, was my ruin, or rather my vanity was the cause of it. The lady in the house where I was had two sons, young gentlemen of extraordinary parts and behaviour, and it was my misfortune to be very well with them both, but they managed themselves with me in a quite different manner.

The eldest, a gay gentleman, that knew the town as well as the country, and, though he had levity enough to do an ill-natured thing, yet had too much judgment of things to pay too dear for his pleasures; he began with that unhappy snare to all women, viz. taking notice upon all occasions how pretty I was, as he called it, how agreeable, how well-carriaged, and the like; and this he contrived so subtly, as if he had known as well how to catch a woman in his net as a partridge when he went a-setting, for he would contrive to be talking this to his sisters, when, though I was not by, yet he knew I was not so far off but that I should be sure to hear him. His sisters would return softly to him, 'Hush, brother, she will hear you; she is but in the next room.' Then he would put it off and talk softer, as if he had not known it, and begin to acknowledge he was wrong; and then, as if he had forgot himself, he would speak aloud again, and I, that was so well pleased to hear it, was sure to listen for it upon all occasions.

After he had thus baited his hook, and found easily enough the method how to lay it in my way, he played an open game; and one day, going by his sister's chamber when I was there, he comes in with an air of gaiety. 'Oh, Mrs Betty', said he to me, 'how do you do, Mrs Betty? Don't your cheeks burn, Mrs Betty?' I made a curtsy and blushed, but said nothing. 'What makes you talk so, brother?' said the lady. 'Why', says he, 'we have been talking of her below-stairs this half-hour.' 'Well', says his sister, 'you can say no harm of her, that I am sure, so 'tis no matter what you



have been talking about.' 'Nay', says he, 'tis so far from talking harm of her, that we have been talking a great deal of good, and a great many fine things have been said of Mrs Betty, I assure you; and particularly, that she is the handsomest young woman in Colchester; and, in short, they begin to toast her health in the town.'

'I wonder at you, brother', says the sister. 'Betty wants but one thing, but she had as good want everything, for the market is against our sex just now; and if a young woman has beauty, birth, breeding, wit, sense, manners, modesty, and all to an extreme, yet if she has not money she's nobody, she had as good want them all; nothing but money now recommends a woman; the men play the game all into their own hands.'

Her younger brother, who was by, cried, 'Hold, sister, you run too fast; I am an exception to your rule. I assure you, if I find a woman so accomplished as you talk of, I won't trouble myself about the money.' 'Oh', says the sister, 'but you will take care not to fancy one then without the money.'

'You don't know that neither', says the brother.

'But why, sister', says the elder brother, 'why do you exclaim so about the fortune? You are none of them that want a fortune, whatever else you want.'

'I understand you, brother', replies the lady very smartly; 'you suppose I have the money, and want the beauty; but as times go now, the first will do, so I have the better of my neighbours.'

'Well', says the younger brother, 'but your neighbours may be even with you, for beauty will steal a husband sometimes in spite of money, and, when the maid chances to be handsomer than the mistress, she oftentimes makes as good a market, and rides in a coach before her.'

I thought it was time for me to withdraw, and I did so, but not so far but that I heard all their discourse, in which I heard abundance of fine things said of myself, which prompted my vanity, but, as I soon found, was not the way to increase my interest in the family, for the sister and the younger brother fell grievously out about it; and as he said some very disobliging things to her, upon my account, so I could easily see that she resented them by her future conduct to me, which indeed was very unjust, for I had never had the least thought of what she suspected as to her younger brother; indeed, the elder brother, in his distant, remote way, had said a great many things as in jest, which I had the folly to believe were in earnest, or to flatter myself with the hopes of what I ought to have supposed he never intended.

It happened one day that he came running upstairs, towards the room where his sisters used to sit and work, as he often used to do; and calling to them before he came in, as was his way too, I being there alone, stepped to the door, and said 'Sir, the ladies are not here; they are walked down the garden.' As I stepped forward to say this, he was just got to the door, and, clasping me in his arms, as if it had been by chance, 'Oh, Mrs Betty', says he, 'are you here? That's better still; I want to speak with you more than I do with them'; and then, having me in his arms, he kissed me three or four times.

I struggled to get away, and yet did it but faintly neither, and he held me fast, and still kissed me, till he was out of breath, and, sitting down, says he, 'Dear Betty, I am in love with you.'

His words, I must confess, fired my blood; all my spirits flew about my heart, and put me into disorder enough. He repeated it afterwards several times, that he was in love with me, and my heart spoke as plain as a voice that I liked it; nay, whenever he said 'I am in love with you', my blushes plainly replied 'Would you were, sir.' However, nothing else passed at the time; it was but a surprise, and I soon recovered myself. He had stayed longer with me, but he happened to look out at the window and see his sisters coming up the garden, so he took his leave, kissed me again, told me he was very serious, and I should hear more of him very quickly, and away he went infinitely pleased; and had there not been one misfortune in it, I had been in the right, but the mistake lay here, that Mrs Betty was in earnest, and the gentleman was not.

From this time my head ran upon strange things, and I may truly say I was not myself, to have such a gentleman talk to me of being in love with me, and of my being such a charming creature, as he told me I was. These were things I knew not how to bear; my vanity was elevated to the last degree. It is true I had my head full of pride, but, knowing nothing of the wickedness of the times, I had not one thought of my virtue about me; and, had my young master offered it at first sight, he might have taken any liberty he thought fit with me; but he did not see his advantage, which was my happiness for that time.

It was not long but he found an opportunity to catch me again, and almost in the same posture; indeed, it had more of design in it on his part, though not on my part. It was thus: the young ladies were gone a-visiting with their mother; his brother was out of town; and, as for his father, he had been at London for a week before. He had so well watched me that he knew where I was, though I did not so much as know that he was in the house, and he briskly comes up the stairs, and seeing me at work, comes into the room to me directly, and began just as he did before, with taking me in his arms, and kissing me for almost a quarter of an hour together.

It was his younger sister's chamber that I was in, and, as there was nobody in the house but the maid below-stairs, he was, it may be, the ruder; in short, he began to be in earnest with me indeed. Perhaps he found me a little too easy, for I made no resistance to him while he only held me in his arms and kissed me; indeed, I was too well pleased with it to resist him much.

Well, tired with that kind of work, we sat down, and there he talked with me a great while; he said he was charmed with me, and that he could not rest till he had told me how he was in love with me, and, if I could love him again and would make him happy, I should be the saving of his life, and many such fine things. I said little to him again, but easily discovered that I was a fool, and that I did not in the least perceive what he meant.

Then he walked about the room, and, taking me by the hand, I walked with him; and by-and-by, taking his advantage, he threw me down upon the bed, and kissed

me there most violently; but, to give him his due, offered no manner of rudeness to me—only kissed me a great while. After this he thought he had heard somebody come upstairs, so he got off from the bed, lifted me up, professing a great deal of love for me; but told me it was all an honest affection, and that he meant no ill to me, and with that put five guineas into my hand, and went downstairs.

I was more confounded with the money than I was before with the love, and began to be so elevated that I scarce knew the ground I stood on. I am the more particular in this, that, if it comes to be read by any innocent young body, they may learn from it to guard themselves against the mischiefs which attend an early knowledge of their own beauty. If a young woman once thinks herself handsome, she never doubts the truth of any man that tells her he is in love with her; for if she believes herself charming enough to captivate him, 'tis natural to expect the effects of it.

This gentleman had now fired his inclination as much as he had my vanity, and, as if he had found that he had an opportunity, and was sorry he did not take hold of it, he comes up again in about half-an-hour, and falls to work with me again just as he did before, only with a little less introduction.

And first, when he entered the room, he turned about and shut the door. 'Mrs Betty', said he, 'I fancied before somebody was coming upstairs, but it was not so; however', adds he, 'if they find me in the room with you, they shan't catch me a-kissing of you.' I told him I did not know who should be coming upstairs, for I believed there was nobody in the house but the cook and the other maid, and they never came up those stairs. 'Well, my dear', says he, 'tis good to be sure, however'; and so he sits down, and we began to talk. And now, though I was still on fire with his first visit, and said little, he did as it were put words in my mouth, telling me how passionately he loved me, and that, though he could not till he came to his estate, yet he was resolved to make me happy then, and himself too; that is to say, to marry me, and abundance of such things, which I, poor fool, did not understand the drift of, but acted as if there was no kind of love but that which tended to matrimony; and if he had spoken of that, I had no room, as well as no power, to have said no; but we were not come to that length yet.

We had not sat long, but he got up, and, stopping my very breath with kisses, threw me upon the bed again; but then he went further with me than decency permits me to mention, nor had it been in my power to have denied him at that moment had he offered much more than he did.

However, though he took these freedoms with me, it did not go to that which they call the last favour, which, to do him justice, he did not attempt; and he made that self-denial of his a plea for all his freedoms with me upon other occasions after this. When this was over he stayed but a little while, but he put almost a handful of gold in my hand, and left me a thousand protestations of his passion for me, and of his loving me above all the women in the world.

It will not be strange if I now began to think; but, alas! it was but with very little solid reflection. I had a most unbounded stock of vanity and pride, and but a

very little stock of virtue. I did indeed cast some times with myself what my young master aimed at, but thought of nothing but the fine words and the gold; whether he intended to marry me or not seemed a matter of no great consequence to me; nor did I so much as think of making any capitulation for myself till he made a kind of formal proposal to me, as you shall hear presently.

Thus I gave up myself to ruin without the least concern, and am a fair memento to all young women whose vanity prevails over their virtue. Nothing was ever so stupid on both sides. Had I acted as became me, and resisted as virtue and honour required, he had either desisted his attacks, finding no room to expect the end of his design, or had made fair and honourable proposals of marriage; in which case, whoever blamed him, nobody could have blamed me. In short, if he had known me, and how easy the trifle he aimed at was to be had, he would have troubled his head no further, but have given me four or five guineas, and have lain with me the next time he had come at me. On the other hand, if I had known his thoughts, and how hard he supposed I would be to be gained, I might have made my own terms, and, if I had not capitulated for an immediate marriage, I might for a maintenance till marriage, and might have had what I would; for he was rich to excess, besides what he had in expectation; but I had wholly abandoned all such thoughts, and was taken up only with the pride of my beauty, and of being beloved by such a gentleman. As for the gold, I spent whole hours in looking upon it; I told the guineas over a thousand times a day. Never poor vain creature was so wrapt up with every part of the story as I was, not considering what was before me, and how near my ruin was at the door; and indeed I think I rather wished for that ruin than studied to avoid it.

In the meantime, however, I was cunning enough not to give the least room to any in the family to imagine that I had the least correspondence with him, I scarce ever looked towards him in public, or answered if he spoke to me; when, but for all that, we had every now and then a little encounter, where we had room for a word or two, and now and then a kiss, but no fair opportunity for the mischief intended; and especially considering that he made more circumlocution than he had occasion for; and the work appearing difficult to him, he really made it so.

But as the devil is an unwearied tempter, so he never fails to find an opportunity for the wickedness he invites to. It was one evening that I was in the garden, with his two younger sisters and himself, when he found means to convey a note into my hand, by which he told me that he would to-morrow desire me publicly to go of an errand for him, and that I should see him somewhere by the way.

Accordingly, after dinner, he very gravely says to me, his sisters being all by, 'Mrs Betty, I must ask a favour of you.' 'What's that?' says the second sister. 'Nay, sister', says he very gravely, 'if you can't spare Mrs Betty to-day, any other time will do.' Yes, they said, they could spare her well enough; and the sister begged pardon for asking. 'Well, but', says the eldest sister, 'you must tell Mrs Betty what it is; if it be any private business that we must not hear, you may call her out. There she is.' 'Why, sister', says the gentleman very gravely, 'what do you mean? I only desire her to go into the High Street' (and then he pulls out a turnover) 'to such a shop'; and

then he tells them a long story of two fine neckcloths he had bid money for, and he wanted to have me go and make an errand to buy a neck to that turnover that he showed, and if they would not take my money for the neckcloths, to bid a shilling more, and haggle with them; and then he made more errands, and so continued to have such petty business to do that I should be sure to stay a good while.

When he had given me my errands, he told them a long story of a visit he was going to make to a family they all knew, and where was to be such-and-such gentlemen, and very formally asked his sisters to go with him, and they as formally excused themselves, because of company that they had notice was to come and visit them that afternoon; all which, by the way, he had contrived on purpose.

He had scarce done speaking but his man came up to tell him that Sir W— H—'s coach stopped at the door; so he runs down, and comes up again immediately. 'Alas!' says he aloud, 'there's all my mirth spoiled at once; Sir W— has sent his coach for me, and desires to speak with me.' It seems this Sir W— was a gentleman who lived about three miles off, to whom he had spoke on purpose to lend him his chariot for a particular occasion, and had appointed it to call for him, as it did, about three o'clock.

Immediately he calls for his best wig, hat, and sword, and, ordering his man to go to the other place to make his excuse—that was to say, he made an excuse to send his man away—he prepares to go into the coach. As he was going, he stopped awhile, and speaks mighty earnestly to me about his business, and finds an opportunity to say very softly 'Come away, my dear, as soon as ever you can.' I said nothing, but made a curtsy, as if I had done so to what he said in public. In about a quarter of an hour I went out too; I had no dress other than before, except that I had a hood, a mask, a fan, and a pair of gloves in my pocket: so that there was not the least suspicion in the house. He waited for me in a back-lane which he knew I must pass by, and the coachman knew whither to go, which was to a certain place, called Mile End, where lived a confidant of his, where we went in, and where was all the convenience in the world to be as wicked as we pleased.

When we were together he began to talk very gravely to me, and to tell me he did not bring me there to betray me; that his passion for me would not suffer him to abuse me; that he resolved to marry me as soon as he came to his estate; that in the meantime, if I would grant his request, he would maintain me very honourably; and made me a thousand protestations of his sincerity and of his affection to me; and that he would never abandon me, and, as I may say, made a thousand more preambles than he need to have done.

However, as he pressed me to speak, I told him I had no reason to question the sincerity of his love to me after so many protestations, but—, and there I stopped, as if I left him to guess the rest. 'But what, my dear?' says he. 'I guess what you mean: what if you should be with child? Is not that it? Why, then', says he, 'I'll take care of you, and provide for you, and the child too; and that you may see I am not in jest', says he, 'here's an earnest for you', and with that he pulls out a silk purse with a hundred guineas in it, and gave it me; 'and I'll give you such another', says he, 'every year till I marry you.'

My colour came and went at the sight of the purse, and with the fire of his proposal together, so that I could not say a word, and he easily perceived it; so, putting the purse into my bosom, I made no more resistance to him, but let him do just what he pleased, and as often as he pleased; and thus I finished my own destruction at once, for from this day, being forsaken of my virtue and my modesty, I had nothing of value left to recommend me, either to God's blessing or man's assistance.

But things did not end here. I went back to the town, did the business he directed me to, and was at home before anybody thought me long. As for my gentleman, he stayed out till late at night, and there was not the least suspicion in the family either on his account or on mine.

We had after this frequent opportunities to repeat our crime, and especially at home, when his mother and the young ladies went abroad a-visiting, which he watched so narrowly as never to miss; knowing always beforehand when they went out, and then failed not to catch me all alone, and securely enough; so that we took our fill of our wicked pleasures for near half-a-year; and yet, which was the most to my satisfaction, I was not with child.

But, before this half-year was expired, his younger brother, of whom I have made some mention in the beginning of the story, falls to work with me; and he, finding me alone in the garden one evening, begins a story of the same kind to me, made good, honest professions of being in love with me, and, in short, proposes fairly and honourably to marry me.

I was now confounded, and driven to such an extremity as the like was never known to me. I resisted the proposal with obstinacy, and began to arm myself with arguments. I laid before him the inequality of the match, the treatment I should meet with in the family, the ingratitude it would be to his good father and mother, who had taken me into their house upon such generous principles, and when I was in such a low condition; and, in short, I said everything to dissuade him that I could imagine except telling him the truth, which would indeed have put an end to it all, but that I durst not think of mentioning.

But here happened a circumstance that I did not expect indeed, which put me to my shifts; for this young gentleman, as he was plain and honest, so he pretended to nothing but what was so too; and, knowing his own innocence, he was not so careful to make his having a kindness for Mrs Betty a secret in the house as his brother was. And though he did not let them know that he had talked to me about it, yet he said enough to let his sisters perceive he loved me, and his mother saw it too, which, though they took no notice of to me, yet they did to him, and immediately I found their carriage to me altered more than ever before.

I saw the cloud, though I did not foresee the storm. It was easy, I say, to see their carriage was altered, and that it grew worse and worse every day, till at last I got information that I should in a very little while be desired to remove.

I was not alarmed at the news, having a full satisfaction that I should be provided for; and especially considering that I had reason every day to expect I

should be with child, and that then I should be obliged to remove without any pretences for it.

After some time the younger gentleman took an opportunity to tell me that the kindness he had for me had got vent in the family. He did not charge me with it, he said, for he knew well enough which way it came out. He told me his way of talking had been the occasion of it, for that he did not make his respect for me so much a secret as he might have done, and the reason was, that he was at a point, that if I would consent to have him, he would tell them all openly that he loved me, and that he intended to marry me; that it was true his father and mother might resent it, and be unkind, but he was now in a way to live, being bred to the law, and he did not fear maintaining me; and that, in short, as he believed I would not be ashamed of him, so he was resolved not to be ashamed of me, and that he scorned to be afraid to own me now, whom he resolved to own after I was his wife, and therefore I had nothing to do but to give him my hand, and he would answer for all the rest.

I was now in a dreadful condition indeed, and now I repented heartily my easiness with the eldest brother; not from any reflection of conscience, for I was a stranger to those things, but I could not think of being a whore to one brother and a wife to the other. It came also into my thoughts that the first brother had promised to make me his wife when he came to his estate; but I presently remembered, what I had often thought of, that he had never spoken a word of having me for a wife after he had conquered me for a mistress; and indeed, till now, though I said I thought of it often, yet it gave no disturbance at all, for as he did not seem in the least to lessen his affection to me, so neither did he lessen his bounty, though he had the discretion himself to desire me not to lay out a penny in clothes, or to make the least show extraordinary, because it would necessarily give jealousy in the family, since everybody knew I could come at such things no manner of ordinary way, but by some private friendship, which they would presently have suspected.

I was now in a great strait, and knew not what to do; the main difficulty was this; the younger brother not only laid close siege to me, but suffered it to be seen. He would come into his sister's room, and his mother's room, and sit down, and talk a thousand kind things to me even before their faces; so that the whole house talked of it, and his mother reprov'd him for it, and their carriage to me appeared quite altered. In short, his mother had let fall some speeches, as if she intended to put me out of the family; that is, in English, to turn me out of doors. Now I was sure this could not be a secret to his brother, only that he might think, as indeed nobody else yet did, that the youngest brother had made any proposal to me about it; but as I could easily see that it would go further, so I saw likewise there was an absolute necessity to speak of it to him, or that he would speak of it to me, but knew not whether I should break it to him or let it alone till he should break it to me.

Upon serious consideration, for indeed now I began to consider things very seriously, and never till now, I resolved to tell him it first; and it was not long before I had an opportunity, for the very next day his brother went to London upon some business, and the family being out a-visiting, just as it happened before, and

as indeed was often the case, he came according to his custom to spend an hour or two with Mrs Betty.

When he had sat down a while, he easily perceived there was an alteration in my countenance, that I was not so free and pleasant with him as I used to be, and particularly, that I had been a-crying; he was not long before he took notice of it, and asked me in very kind terms what was the matter, and if anything troubled me. I would have put it off if I could, but it was not to be concealed; so after suffering many importunities to draw that out of me, which I longed as much as possible to disclose, I told him that it was true something did trouble me, and something of such a nature that I could hardly conceal from him, and yet that I could not tell how to tell him of it neither; that it was a thing that not only surprised me, but greatly perplexed me, and that I knew not what course to take, unless he would direct me. He told me with great tenderness, that let it be what it would, I should not let it trouble me, for he would protect me from all the world.

I then began at a distance, and told him I was afraid the ladies had got some secret information of our correspondence; for that it was easy to see that their conduct was very much changed towards me, and that now it was come to pass that they frequently found fault with me, and sometimes fell quite out with me, though I never gave them the least occasion; that whereas I used always to lie with the elder sister, I was lately put to lie by myself, or with one of the maids; and that I had overheard them several times talking very unkindly about me; but that which confirmed it all was, that one of the servants had told me that she had heard I was to be turned out, and that it was not safe for the family that I should be any longer in the house.

He smiled when he heard of this, and I asked him how he could make so light of it, when he must needs know that if there was any discovery I was undone, and that it would hurt him, though not ruin him, as it would me. I upbraided him, that he was like the rest of his sex, that, when they had the character of a woman at their mercy, often times made it their jest, and at least looked upon it as a trifle, and counted the ruin of those they had had their will of as a thing of no value.

He saw me warm and serious, and he changed his style immediately; he told me he was sorry I should have such a thought of him; that he had never given me the least occasion for it, but had been as tender of my reputation as he could be of his own; that he was sure our correspondence had been managed with so much address, that not one creature in the family had so much as a suspicion of it; that if he smiled when I told him my thoughts, it was at the assurance he lately received, that out understanding one another was not so much as guessed at, and that when he had told me how much reason he had to be easy, I should smile as he did, for he was very certain it would give me a full satisfaction.

‘This is a mystery I cannot understand’, says I, ‘or how it should be to my satisfaction that I am to be turned out of doors; for if our correspondence is not discovered, I know not what else I have done to change the faces of the whole family to me, who formerly used me with so much tenderness, as if I had been one of their own children.’



‘Why, look you, child’, says he, ‘that they are uneasy about you, that is true; but that they have the least suspicion of the case as it is, and as it respects you and I, is so far from being true, that they suspect my brother Robin; and, in short, they are fully persuaded he makes love to you; nay, the fool has put it into their heads too himself, for he is continually bantering them about it, and making a jest of himself, I confess I think he is wrong to do so, because he cannot but see it vexes them, and makes them unkind to you; but it is a satisfaction to me, because of the assurance it gives me, that they do not suspect me in the least, and I hope this will be to your satisfaction too.’

‘So it is’, says I, ‘one way; but this does not reach my case at all, nor is this the chief thing that troubles me, though I have been concerned about that too.’ ‘What is it, then?’ says he. With which, I fell into tears, and could say nothing to him at all. He strove to pacify me all he could, but began at last to be very pressing upon me to tell what it was. At last I answered, that I thought I ought to tell him too, and that he had some right to know it; besides, that I wanted his direction in the case, for I was in such perplexity that I knew not what course to take, and then I related the whole affair to him. I told him how imprudently his brother had managed himself, in making himself so public; for that if he had kept it a secret; I could but have denied him positively, without giving any reason for it, and he would in time have ceased his solicitations; but that he had the vanity; first, to depend upon it that I would not deny him, and then had taken the freedom to tell his design to the whole house.

I told him how far I had resisted him, and how sincere and honourable his offers were; ‘but’, says I, ‘my case will be doubly hard; for as they carry it ill to me now, because he desires to have me, they’ll carry it worse when they shall find I have denied him; and they will presently say, there’s something else in it, and that I am married already to somebody else, or that I would never refuse a match so much above me as this was.’

This discourse surprised him indeed very much. He told me that it was a critical point indeed for me to manage, and he did not see which way I should get out of it; but he would consider of it, and let me know next time we met, what resolution he was come to about it; and in the meantime desired I would not give my consent to his brother, nor yet give him a flat denial, but that I would hold him in suspense a while.

I seemed to start at his saying, I should not give him my consent. I told him, he knew very well I had no consent to give; that he had engaged himself to marry me, and that I was thereby engaged to him; that he had all along told me I was his wife, and I looked upon myself as effectually so as if the ceremony had passed; and that it was from his own mouth that I did so, he having all along persuaded me to call myself his wife.

‘Well, my dear’, says he, ‘don’t be concerned at that now; if I am not your husband, I’ll be as good as a husband to you; and do not let those things trouble you now, but let me look a little further into this affair, and I shall be able to say more next time we meet.’

He pacified me as well as he could with this, but I found he was very thoughtful, and that, though he was very kind to me, and kissed me a thousand times, and more I believe, and gave me money too, yet he offered no more all the while we were together, which was above two hours, and which I much wondered at, considering how it used to be, and what opportunity we had.

His brother did not come from London for five or six days, and it was two days more before he got an opportunity to talk with him; but then getting him by himself, he talked very close to him about it, and the same evening found means (for we had a long conference together) to repeat all their discourse to me, which, as near as I can remember, was to the purpose following. He told him he heard strange news of him since he went, viz., that he made love to Mrs Betty. 'Well', says his brother, a little angrily, 'and what then? What has anybody to do with that?' 'Nay', says his brother, 'don't be angry, Robin; I don't pretend to have anything to do with it, but I find they do concern themselves about it, and that they have used the poor girl ill about it, which I should take as done to myself.' 'Whom do you mean by they?' says Robin. 'I mean my mother and the girls', says the elder brother.

'But hark ye', says his brother, 'are you in earnest? Do you really love the girl?' 'Why, then', says Robin, 'I will be free with you; I do love her above all the women in the world, and I will have her, let them say and do what they will. I believe the girl will not deny me.'

It stuck me to the heart when he told me this, for though it was most rational to think I would not deny him, yet I knew in my own conscience I must, and I saw my ruin in my being obliged to do so; but I knew it was my business to talk otherwise then, so I interrupted him in his story thus: 'Ay!', said I, 'does he think I cannot deny him? But he shall find I can deny him for all that.' 'Well, my dear', says he, 'but let me give you the whole story as it went on between us, and then say what you will.' Then he went on and told me that he replied thus: 'But, brother, you know she has nothing, and you may have several ladies with good fortunes.' 'Tis no matter for that', said Robin; 'I love the girl, and I will never please my pocket in marrying, and not please my fancy.' 'And so, my dear', adds he, 'there is no opposing him.'

'Yes, yes', says I; 'I can oppose him; I have learned to say No, now, though I had not learnt it before; if the best lord in the land offered me marriage now, I could very cheerfully say No to him.'

'Well, but, my dear', says he, 'what can you say to him? You know, as you said before, he will ask you many questions about it, and all the house will wonder what the meaning of it should be.'

'Why', says I, smiling, 'I can stop all their mouths at one clap by telling him, and them too, that I am married already to his elder brother.' He smiled a little too at the word, but I could see it startled him, and he could not hide the disorder it put him into. However, he returned, 'Why, though that may be true in some sense, yet I suppose you are but in jest when you talk of giving such an answer as that; it may not be convenient on many accounts.'

'No, no', says I pleasantly, 'I am not so fond of letting that secret come out, without your consent.'

‘But what, then, can you say to them’, says he, ‘when they find you positive against a match which would be apparently so much to your advantage?’ ‘Why’, says I, ‘should I be at a loss? First, I am not obliged to give them any reason; on the other hand, I may tell them I am married already, and stop there, and that will be a full stop too to him, for he can have no reason to ask one question after it.’

‘Ay!’ says he; ‘but the whole house will tease you about that, and if you deny them positively, they will be disobliged at you, and suspicious besides.’

‘Why’, says I, ‘what can I do? What would you have me do? I was in strait enough before, as I told you, and acquainted you with the circumstances, that I might have your advice.’

‘My dear’, says he, ‘I have been considering very much upon it, you may be sure, and though the advice has many mortifications in it to me, and may at first seem strange to you, yet, all things considered, I see no better way for you than to let him go on, and, if you find him hearty and in earnest, marry him.’

I gave him a look full of horror at those words, and turning pale as death, was at the very point of sinking down out of the chair I sat in; when, giving a start, ‘My dear’, says he aloud, ‘what’s the matter with you? Where are you a-going?’, and a great many such things; and with jogging and calling to me fetched me a little to myself, though it was a good while before I fully recovered my senses, and was not able to speak for several minutes.

When I was fully recovered he began again. ‘My dear’, says he, ‘I would have you consider seriously of it. You may see plainly how the family stand in this case, and they would be stark mad if it was my case, as it is my brother’s; and for aught I see it would be my ruin and yours too.’

‘Ay!’ says I, still speaking angrily; ‘are all your protestations and vows to be shaken by the dislike of the family? Did I not always object that to you, and you made a light thing of it, as what you were above, and would not value; and is it come to this now? Is this your faith and honour, your love, and the solidity of your promises?’

He continued perfectly calm, notwithstanding all my reproaches, and I was not sparing of them at all; but he replied at last, ‘My dear, I have not broken one promise with you yet; I did tell you I would marry you when I was come to my estate; but you see my father is a hale, healthy man, and may live these thirty years still, and not be older than several are round us in the town; and you never proposed my marrying you sooner, because you know it might be my ruin; and as to the rest, I have not failed you in anything.’

I could not deny a word of this. ‘But why, then’, says I, ‘can you persuade me to such a horrid step as leaving you, since you have not left me? Will you allow no affection, no love on my side, where there has been so much on your side? Have I made you no returns? Have I given no testimony of my sincerity and of my passion? Are the sacrifices I have made of honour and modesty to you no proof of my being tied to you in bonds too strong to be broken?’

‘But here, my dear’, says he, ‘you may come into a safe station, and appear with honour, and the remembrance of what we have done may be wrapped up in an eternal silence, as if it had never happened; you shall always have my sincere affection, only then it shall be honest, and perfectly just to my brother; you shall be my dear sister, as now you are my dear—’ and there he stopped.

Your dear whore’, says I, ‘you would have said, and you might as well have said it; but I understand you. However, I desire you to remember the long discourses you have had with me, and the many hours’ pains you have taken to persuade me to believe myself an honest woman; that I was your wife intentionally, and that it was as effectual a marriage that had passed between us as if we had been publicly wedded by the parson of the parish. You know these have been your own words to me.’

I found this was a little too close upon him, but I made it up in what follows. He stood stock-still for a while, and said nothing, and I went on thus: ‘You cannot’, says I, ‘without the highest injustice, believe that I yielded upon all these persuasions without a love not to be questioned, not to be shaken again by anything that could happen afterward. If you have such dishonourable thoughts of me, I must ask you what foundation have I given for such a suggestion? If, then, I have yielded to the importunities of my affection, and if I have been persuaded to believe that I am really your wife, shall I now give the lie to all those arguments, and call myself your whore, or mistress, which is the same thing? And will you transfer me to your brother? Can you transfer my affection? Can you bid me cease loving you, and bid me love him? Is it in my power, think you, to make such a change at demand? No, sir’, said I, ‘depend upon it ’tis impossible, and whatever the change on your side may be, I will ever be true; and I had much rather, since it is come that unhappy length, be your whore than your brother’s wife.’

He appeared pleased and touched with the impression of this last discourse, and told me that he stood where he did before; that he had not been unfaithful to me in any one promise he had ever made yet, but that there were so many terrible things presented themselves to his view in the affair before me, that he had thought of the other as a remedy, only that he thought this would not be an entire parting us, but we might love as friends all our days, and perhaps with more satisfaction than we should in the station we were now in; that he durst say, I could not apprehend anything from him as to betraying a secret, which could not but be the destruction of us both if it came out; that he had but one question to ask of me that could lie in the way of it, and, if that question was answered, he could not but think still it was the only step I could take.

I guessed at his question presently, viz. whether I was not with child. As to that, I told him, he need not be concerned about it, for I was not with child. ‘Why, then, my dear’, says he, ‘we have no time to talk further now. Consider of it; I cannot but be of the opinion still, that it will be the best course you can take.’ And with this he took his leave, and the more hastily too, his mother and sisters ringing at the gate just at the moment he had risen up to go.

He left me in the utmost confusion of thought; and he easily perceived it the next day, and all the rest of the week, but he had no opportunity to come at me all that week, till the Sunday after, when I, being indisposed, did not go to church, and he, making some excuse, stayed at home.

And now he had me an hour and half again by myself, and we fell into the same arguments all over again; at last I asked him warmly, what opinion he must have of my modesty, that he could suppose I should so much as entertain a thought of lying with two brothers, and assured him it could never be. I added, if he was to tell me that he would never see me more, than which nothing but death could be more terrible, yet I could never entertain a thought so dishonourable to myself, and so base to him; and therefore, I entreated him, if he had one grain of respect or affection left for me, that he would speak no more of it to me, or that he would pull his sword out and kill me. He appeared surprised at my obstinacy, as he called it; told me I was unkind to myself; and unkind to him in it; that it was a crisis unlooked for upon us both, but that he did not see any other way to save us both from ruin, and therefore he thought it the more unkind; but that if he must say no more of it to me, he added, with an unusual coldness, that he did not know anything else we had to talk of; and so he rose up to take his leave. I rose up too, as if with the same indifference; but when he came to give me as it were a parting kiss, I burst out into such a passion of crying that, though I would have spoke, I could not, and, only pressing his hand, seemed to give him the adieu, but cried vehemently.

He was sensibly moved with this; so he sat down again, and said a great many kind things to me, but still urged the necessity of what he had proposed; all the while insisting, that, if I did refuse, he would notwithstanding provide for me; but letting me plainly see that he would decline me in the main point—nay, even as a mistress; making it a point of honour not to lie with the woman that, for aught he knew, might one time or other come to be his brother's wife.

The bare loss of him as a gallant was not so much my affliction as the loss of his person, whom indeed I loved to distraction; and the loss of all the expectations I had, and which I always built my hopes upon, of having him one day for my husband. These things oppressed my mind so much, that, in short, the agonies of my mind threw me into a high fever, and long it was, that none in the family expected my life.

I was reduced very low indeed, and was often delirious; but nothing lay so near me, as the fear that when I was light-headed, I should say something or other to his prejudice. I was distressed in my mind also to see him, and so he was to see me, for he really loved me most passionately; but it could not be; there was not the least room to desire it on one side or other.

It was near five weeks that I kept my bed; and, though the violence of my fever abated in three weeks, yet it several times returned; and the physicians said two or three times, they could do no more for me, but that they must leave nature and the distemper to fight it out. After the end of five weeks I grew better, but was so weak, so altered, and recovered so slowly, that the physicians apprehended I should go

into a consumption; and, which vexed me most, they gave their opinion that my mind was oppressed, that something troubled me, and, in short, that I was in love. Upon this, the whole house set upon me to press me to tell whether I was in love or not, and with whom; but as I well might, I denied my being in love at all.

They had on this occasion a squabble one day about me at table that had like to put the whole family in an uproar. They happened to be all at table but the father; as for me, I was ill, and in my chamber. At the beginning of the talk, the old gentlewoman, who had sent me somewhat to eat, bid her maid go up and ask me if I would have any more; but the maid brought down word I had not eaten half what she had sent me already. 'Alas', says the old lady, 'that poor girl! I am afraid she will never be well.' 'Well!' says the elder brother; 'how should Mrs Betty be well? They say she is in love.' 'I believe nothing of it' says the old gentlewoman, 'I don't know', says the elder sister, 'what to say to it; they have made such a rout about her being so handsome, and so charming, and I know not what, and that in her hearing too; that has turned the creature's head, I believe, and who knows what possessions may follow such doings? For my part, I don't know what to make of it.'

'Why, sister, you must acknowledge she is very handsome', says the elder brother. 'Ay, and a great deal handsomer than you, sister', says Robin, 'and that's your mortification.' 'Well, well, that is not the question' says his sister; 'the girl is well enough, and she knows it; she need not be told of it to make her vain.'

'We don't talk of her being vain', says the elder brother, 'but of her being in love; maybe she is in love with herself; it seems my sisters think so.'

'I would she was in love with me', says Robin; 'I'd quickly put her out of her pain.' 'What d'ye mean by that, son?' says the old lady; 'how can you talk so?' 'Why, madam', says Robin again, very honestly, 'do you think I'd let the poor girl die for love, and of me, too, that is so near at hand to be had?' 'Fie, brother!', says the second sister, 'how can you talk so? Would you take a creature that has not a groat in the world?' 'Prithee, child', says Robin, 'beauty's a portion, and good humour with it is a double portion; I wish thou hadst half her stock of both for thy portion.' So there was her mouth stopped.

'I find', says the eldest sister, 'if Betty is not in love, my brother is. I wonder he has not broke his mind to Betty; I warrant she won't say No.' 'They that yield when they are asked', says Robin, 'are one step before them that were never asked to yield, and two steps before them that yield before they are asked; and that's an answer to you, sister.'

This fired the sister, and she flew into a passion, and said, things were come to that pass that it was time the wench, meaning me, was out of the family; and but that she was not fit to be turned out, she hoped her father and mother would consider of it, as soon as she could be removed.

Robin replied, that was for the master and mistress of the family, who were not to be taught by one that had so little judgment as his eldest sister.

It ran up a great deal further; the sister scolded, Robin rallied and bantered, but poor Betty lost ground by it extremely in the family. I heard of it, and cried

heartily, and the old lady came up to me, somebody having told her that I was so much concerned about it. I complained to her that it was very hard the doctors should pass such a censure upon me, for which they had no ground; and that it was still harder, considering the circumstances I was under in the family; that I hoped I had done nothing to lessen her esteem for me, or given any occasion for the bickering between her sons and daughters, and had more need to think of a coffin than of being in love, and begged she would not let me suffer in her opinion for anybody's mistakes but my own.

She was sensible of the justice of what I said, but told me, since there had been such a clamour among them, and that her younger son talked after such a rattling way as he did, she desired I would be so faithful to her as to answer her but one question sincerely. I told her I would, and with the utmost plainness and sincerity. Why, then, the question was, whether there was anything between her son Robert and me. I told her with all the protestations of sincerity that I was able to make, and as I might well do, that there was not, nor ever had been; I told her that Mr Robert had rattled and jested, as she knew it was his way, and that I took it always as I supposed he meant it, to be a wild airy way of discourse that had no signification in it; and assured her that there was not the least tittle of what she understood by it between us; and that those who had suggested it had done me a great deal of wrong, and Mr Robert no service at all.

The old lady was fully satisfied, and kissed me, spoke cheerfully to me, and bid me take care of my health and want for nothing, and so took her leave. But when she came down she found the brother and all his sisters together by the ears; they were angry, even to passion, at his upbraiding them with their being homely, and having never had any sweethearts, never having been asked the question, their being so forward as almost to ask first, and the like. He rallied them with Mrs Betty; how pretty, how good-humoured, how she sung better than they did, and danced better, and how much handsomer she was; and in doing this he omitted no ill-natured thing that could vex them. The old lady came down in the height of it, and to stop it, told them the discourse she had had with me, and how I answered, that there was nothing between Mr Robert and I.

'She's wrong there', says Robin, 'for if there was not a great deal between us, we should be closer together than we are. I told her I loved her hugely', says he, 'but I could never make the jade believe I was in earnest. 'I do not know how you should', says his mother; 'nobody in their senses could believe you were in earnest, to talk so to a poor girl whose circumstances you know so well.'

'But prithee, son', adds she, 'since you tell us you could not make her believe you were in earnest, what must we believe about it? For you ramble so in your discourse that nobody knows whether you are in earnest or in jest; but as I find the girl, by your own confession, has answered truly, I wish you would do so too, and tell me seriously, so that I may depend upon it, is there anything in it or no? Are you in earnest or no? Are you distracted, indeed, or are you not? 'Tis a weighty question; I wish you would make us easy about it.'

‘By my faith, madam’, says Robin, ‘tis in vain to mince the matter, or tell any more lies about it; I am in earnest, as much as a man is that’s going to be hanged. If Mrs Betty would say she loved me, and that she would marry me, I’d have her to-morrow morning fasting, and say. “To have and to hold”, instead of eating my breakfast.’

‘Well’, says the mother, ‘then there’s one son lost’; and she said it in a very mournful tone, as one greatly concerned at it. ‘I hope not, madam’ says Robin; ‘no man is lost when a good wife has found him.’ ‘Why, but, child’, says the old lady, ‘she is a beggar.’ ‘Why, then, madam, she has the more need of charity’, says Robin; ‘I’ll take her off the hands of the parish, and she and I’ll beg together.’ ‘It’s bad jesting with such things’, says the mother. ‘I don’t jest, madam’, says Robin; ‘we’ll come and beg your pardon, madam, and your blessing, madam, and my father’s.’ ‘This is all out of the way, son’, says the mother. ‘If you are in earnest you are undone.’ ‘I am afraid not’, says he, ‘for I am really afraid she won’t have me, After all my sister’s huffing, I believe I shall never be able to persuade her to it.’

‘That’s a fine tale, indeed. She is not so far gone neither. Mrs Betty is no fool’, says the youngest sister. ‘Do you think she has learned to say No, any more than other people?’ ‘No, Mrs Mirth-wit’, says Robin, ‘Mrs Betty’s no fool, but Mrs Betty may be engaged some other way, and what then?’ ‘Nay’, says the eldest sister, ‘we can say nothing to that. Who must it be to, then? She is never out of the doors; it must be between you.’ ‘I have nothing to say to that’, says Robin. ‘I have been examined enough; there’s my brother. If it must be between us, go to work with him.’

This stung the elder brother to the quick, and he concluded that Robin had discovered something. However, he kept himself from appearing disturbed. ‘Prithee’, says he, ‘don’t go to sham your stories off upon me; I tell you I deal in no such ware; I have nothing to say to no Mrs Bettys in the parish’; and with that he rose up and brushed off. ‘No’, says the eldest sister, ‘I dare answer for my brother; he knows the world better.’

Thus the discourse ended; but it left the eldest brother quite confounded. He concluded his brother had made a full discovery, and he began to doubt whether I had been concerned in it or not; but with all his management, he could not bring it about to get at me. At last, he was so perplexed that he was quite desperate, and resolved he would see me whatever came of it. In order to this, he contrived it so, that one day after dinner, watching his eldest sister, till he could see her go upstairs, he runs after her. ‘Hark ye, sister’, says he, ‘where is this sick woman? May not a body see her?’ ‘Yes’, says the sister, ‘I believe you may; but let me go in first a little, and I’ll tell you.’ So she ran up to the door, and gave me notice, and presently called to him again. ‘Brother’, says she, ‘you may come in, if you please.’ So in he came, just in the same kind of rant. ‘Well’, says he at the door, as he came in, ‘where’s this sick body that’s in love? How do ye do, Mrs Betty?’ I would have got up out of my chair, but was so weak I could not for a good while; and he saw it, and his sister too; and she said, ‘Come, do not strive to stand up; my brother desires no ceremony, especially now you are so weak.’ ‘No, no, Mrs Betty, pray sit



still', says he; and so sits himself down in a chair over against me, and appeared as if he was mighty merry.

He talked a deal of rambling stuff to his sister and to me; sometimes of one thing, sometimes another, on purpose to amuse her, and every now and then would turn it upon the old story. 'Poor Mrs Betty', says he, 'it is a sad thing to be in love; why, it has reduced you sadly.' At last I spoke a little. 'I am glad to see you so merry, sir', says I; 'but I think the doctor might have found something better to do than to make his game of his patients. If I had been ill of no other distemper, I know the proverb too well to have let him come to me.' 'What proverb?' says he. 'What:

Where love is the case,  
The doctor's an ass

Is not that it, Mrs Betty?' I smiled, and said nothing. 'Nay', says he, 'I think the effect has proved it to be love; for it seems the doctor has done you little service; you mend very slowly, they say. I doubt there's somewhat in it, Mrs Betty; I doubt you are sick of the incurables.' I smiled, and said, 'No, indeed, sir, that's none of my distemper.'

We had a deal of such discourse, and sometimes others that signified as little. By-and-by he asked me to sing them a song, at which I smiled, and said my singing days were over. At last he asked me if he should play upon his flute to me; his sister said she believed my head could not bear it. I bowed, and said, 'Pray, madam, do not hinder it; I love the flute very much.' Then his sister said, 'Well, do, then, brother.' With that he pulled out the key of his closet. 'Dear sister', says he, 'I am very lazy; do step and fetch my flute; it lies in such a drawer', naming a place where he was sure it was not, that she might be a little while a-looking for it.

As soon as she was gone, he related the whole story to me of the discourse his brother had about me, and his concern about it, which was the reason of his contriving this visit. I assured him I had never opened my mouth either to his brother or to anybody else. I told him the dreadful exigence I was in; that my love to him, and his offering to have me forget that affection and remove it to another, had thrown me down; and that I had a thousand times wished I might die rather than recover, and to have the same circumstances to struggle with as I had before. I added that I foresaw that as soon as I was well I must quit the family, and that, as for marrying his brother, I abhorred the thoughts of it after what had been my case with him, and that he might depend upon it I would never see his brother again upon that subject; that if he would break all his vows, and oaths, and engagements with me, be that between his conscience and himself; but he should never be able to say that I, whom he had persuaded to call myself his wife, and who had given him the liberty to use me as a wife, was not as faithful to him as a wife ought to be, whatever he might be to me.

He was going to reply, and had said that he was sorry I could not be persuaded, and was a-going to say more, but he heard his sister a-coming, and so did I; and yet I forced out these few words as a reply, that I could never be persuaded to love one brother and marry the other. He shook his head, and said, 'Then I am ruined',

meaning himself; and that moment his sister entered the room, and told him she could not find the flute. 'Well', says he merrily, 'this laziness won't do'; so he gets up, and goes himself to look for it, but comes back without it too; not but that he could have found it, but he had no mind to play; and, besides, the errand he sent his sister on was answered another way; for he only wanted to speak to me, which he had done, though not much to his satisfaction.

I had, however, a great deal of satisfaction in having spoken my mind to him in freedom, and with such an honest plainness, as I have related; and though it did not at all work the way I desired, that is to say, to oblige the person to me the more, yet it took from him all possibility of quitting me but by a downright breach of honour, and giving up all the faith of a gentleman, which he had so often engaged by, never to abandon me, but to make me his wife as soon as he came to his estate.

It was not many weeks after this before I was about the house again, and began to grow well; but I continued melancholy and retired, which amazed the whole family, except he that knew the reason of it; yet it was a great while before he took any notice of it, and I, as backward to speak as he, carried as respectfully to him, but never offered to speak a word that was particular of any kind whatsoever; and this continued for sixteen or seventeen weeks; so that, as I expected every day to be dismissed the family, on account of what distaste they had taken another way, in which I had no guilt, I expected to hear no more of this gentleman, after all his solemn vows, but to be ruined and abandoned.

At last I broke the way myself in the family for my removing; for being talking seriously with the old lady one day, about my own circumstances, and how my distemper had left a heaviness upon my spirits, the old lady said, 'I am afraid, Betty, what I have said to you about my son has had some influence upon you, and that you are melancholy on his account; pray, will you let me know how the matter stands with you both, if it may not be improper? For, as for Robin, he does nothing but rally and banter when I speak of it to him.' 'Why, truly, madam', said I, 'that matter stands as I wish it did not, and I shall be very sincere with you in it, whatever befalls me. Mr Robert has several times proposed marriage to me, which is what I had no reason to expect, my poor circumstances considered; but I have always resisted him, and that perhaps in terms more positive than became me, considering the regard that I ought to have for every branch of your family; but', said I, 'madam, I could never so far forget my obligations to you and all your house, to offer to consent to a thing which I knew must needs be disobliging to you, and have positively told him that I would never entertain a thought of that kind unless I had your consent, and his father's also, to whom I was bound by so many invincible obligations.'

'And is this possible, Mrs Betty?' says the old lady. 'Then you have been much juster to us than we have been to you; for we have all looked upon you as a kind of a snare to my son, and I had a proposal to make you for your removing, for fear of it; but I had not yet mentioned it you, because I was afraid of grieving you too much, lest it should throw you down again; for we have a respect for you still, though

not so much as to have it be the ruin of my son; but if it be as you say, we have all wronged you very much.'

'As to the truth of what I say, madam', said I, 'I refer to your son himself; if he will do me any justice, he must tell you the story just as I have told it.'

Away goes the old lady to her daughters and tells them the whole story, just as I had told it her; and they were surprised at it, you may be sure, as I believed they would be. One said she could never have thought it; another said Robin was a fool; a third said she would not believe a word of it, and she would warrant that Robin would tell the story another way. But the old lady, who was resolved to go to the bottom of it before I could have the least opportunity of acquainting her son with what had passed, resolved, too, that she would talk with her son immediately, and to that purpose sent for him, for he was gone but to a lawyer's house in the town, and upon her sending he returned immediately.

Upon his coming up to them, for they were all together, 'Sit down, Robin', says the old lady; 'I must have some talk with you.' 'With all my heart, madam', says Robin, looking very merry. 'I hope it is about a good wife, for I am at a great loss in that affair.' 'How can that be?' says his mother. 'Did not you say you resolved to have Mrs Betty?' 'Ay, madam', says Robin; 'but there is one that has forbid the banns. 'Forbid the banns! Who can that be?' 'Even Mrs Betty herself, says Robin. 'How so?' says his mother. 'Have you asked her the question, then?' 'Yes, indeed, madam', says Robin; 'I have attacked her in form five times since she was sick, and am beaten off; the jade is so stout she won't capitulate nor yield upon any terms, except such as I can't effectually grant.' 'Explain yourself, says the mother, 'for I am surprised; I do not understand you. I hope you are not in earnest.'

'Why, madam', says he, 'the case is plain enough upon me, it explains itself; she won't have me, she says; is not that plain enough? I think 'tis plain, and pretty rough too.' 'Well, but', says the mother, 'you talk of conditions that you cannot grant; what does she want—a settlement? Her jointure ought to be according to her portion; what does she bring?' 'Nay, as to fortune', says Robin, 'she is rich enough; I am satisfied in that point; but 'tis I that am not able to come up to her terms, and she is positive she will not have me without.'

Here the sisters put in. 'Madam', says the second sister, 'tis impossible to be serious with him; he will never give a direct answer to anything; you had better let him alone, and talk no more of it; you know how to dispose of her out of his way.' Robin was a little warmed with his sister's rudeness, but he was even with her presently. 'There are two sorts of people, madam', says he, turning to his mother, 'that there is no contending with; that is, a wise body and a fool; 'tis a little hard I should engage with both of them together.'

The younger sister then put in. 'We must be fools indeed', says she, 'in my brother's opinion, that he should make us believe he has seriously asked Mrs Betty to marry him, and she has refused him.'

'Answer, and answer not, says Solomon' replied her brother. 'When your brother had said that he had asked her no less than five times, and that she positively denied

him, methinks a younger sister need not question the truth of it, when her mother did not.' 'My mother, you see, did not understand it' says the second sister. 'There's some difference', says Robin, 'between desiring me to explain it, and telling me she did not believe it.'

'Well, but, son', says the old lady, 'if you are disposed to let us into the mystery of it, what were those hard conditions?' 'Yes, madam', says Robin, 'I had done it before now, if the teasers here had not worried me by way of interruption. The conditions are, that I bring my father and you to consent to it, and without that she protests she will never see me more upon that head; and the conditions, as I said, I suppose I shall never be able to grant. I hope my warm sisters will be answered now, and blush a little.'

This answer was surprising to them all, though less to the mother, because of what I had said to her. As to the daughters, they stood mute a great while; but the mother said, with some passion, 'Well, I heard this before, but I could not believe it; but if it is so, then we have all done Betty wrong, and she has behaved better than I expected.' 'Nay', says the eldest sister, 'if it is so, she has acted handsomely indeed.' 'I confess', says the mother, 'it was none of her fault, if he was enough fool to take a fancy to her; but to give such an answer to him, shows more respect to us than I can tell how to express; I shall value the girl the better for it, as long as I know her.' 'But I shall not', says Robin, 'unless you will give your consent.' 'I'll consider of that awhile' says the mother; 'I assure you, if there were not some other objections, this conduct of hers would go a great way to bring me to consent.' 'I wish it would go quite through with it', says Robin; 'if you had as much thought about making me easy as you have about making me rich, you would soon consent to it.'

'Why, Robin', says the mother again, 'are you really in earnest? Would you fain have her?' 'Really, madam', says Robin, 'I think 'tis hard you should question me again upon that head. I won't say that I will have her. How can I resolve that point, when you see I cannot have her without your consent? But this I will say, I am earnest, that I will never have anybody else, if I can help it. Betty or nobody is the word, and the question, which of the two, shall be in your breast to decide, madam, provided only, that my good-humoured sisters here may have no vote in it.'

All this was dreadful to me, for the mother began to yield, and Robin pressed her home in it. On the other hand, she advised with the eldest son, and he used all the arguments in the world to persuade her to consent; alleging his brother's passionate love for me, and my generous regard to the family, in refusing my own advantages upon such a nice point of honour, and a thousand such things. And as to the father, he was a man in a hurry of public affairs and getting money, seldom at home, thoughtful of the main chance, but left all those things to his wife.

You may easily believe, that when the plot was thus, as they thought, broke out, it was not so difficult or so dangerous for the elder brother, whom nobody suspected of anything, to have a freer access than before; nay, the mother, which was just as he wished, proposed it to him to talk with Mrs Betty. 'It may be, son', said she, 'you may see farther into the thing than I, and see if she has been so

positive as Robin says she has been, or no.' This was as well as he could wish, and he, as it were, yielding to talk with me at his mother's request, she brought me to him into her own chamber, told me her son had some business with me at her request, and then she left us together, and he shut the door after her.

He came back to me and took me in his arms, and kissed me very tenderly; but told me it was now come to that crisis, that I should make myself happy or miserable as long as I lived; that if I could not comply to his desire, we should both be ruined. Then he told me the whole story between Robin, as he called him, and his mother, and his sisters, and himself, as above. 'And now, dear child', says he, 'consider what it will be to marry a gentleman of a good family, in good circumstances, and with the consent of the whole house, and to enjoy all that the world can give you; and what, on the other hand, to be sunk into the dark circumstances of a woman that has lost her reputation; and that though I shall be a private friend to you while I live, yet as I shall be suspected always, so you will be afraid to see me, and I shall be afraid to own you.'

He gave me no time to reply, but went on with me thus: 'What has happened between us, child, so long as we both agree to do so, may be buried and forgotten. I shall always be your sincere friend, without any inclination to nearer intimacy when you become my sister; and we shall have all the honest part of conversation without any reproaches between us of having done amiss. I beg of you to consider it, and do not stand in the way of your own safety and prosperity; and to satisfy you that I am sincere', added he, 'I here offer you five hundred pounds to make you some amends for the freedoms I have taken with you, which we shall look upon as some of the follies of our lives, which 'tis hoped we may repent of.'

He spoke this in so much more moving terms than it is possible for me to express, that you may suppose as he held me above an hour and a half in this discourse; so he answered all my objections, and fortified his discourse with all the arguments that human wit and art could devise.

I cannot say, however, that anything he said made impression enough upon me so as to give me any thought of the matter, till he told me at last very plainly, that if I refused, he was sorry to add that he could never go on with me in that station as we stood before; that, though he loved me as well as ever, and that I was as agreeable to him, yet the sense of virtue had not so forsaken him as to suffer him to lie with a woman that his brother courted to make his wife; that if he took his leave of me, with a denial from me in this affair, whatever he might do for me in the point of support, grounded on his first engagement of maintaining me, yet he would not have me be surprised that he was obliged to tell me he could not allow himself to see me any more; and that, indeed, I could not expect it of him.

I received this last part with some tokens of surprise and disorder, and had much ado to avoid sinking down, for indeed I loved him to an extravagance not easy to imagine; but he perceived my disorder, and entreated me to consider seriously of it; assured me that it was the only way to preserve our mutual affection; that in this station we might love as friends, with the utmost passion, and with a

love of relation untainted, free from our own just reproaches, and free from other people's suspicions; that he should ever acknowledge his happiness owing to me; that he would be debtor to me as long as he lived, and would be paying that debt as long as he had breath. Thus he wrought me up, in short, to a kind of hesitation in the matter; having the dangers on one side represented in lively figures, and, indeed, heightened by my imagination of being turned out to the wide world a mere cast-off whore, for it was no less, and perhaps exposed as such, with little to provide for myself, with no friend, no acquaintance in the whole world, out of that town, and there I could not pretend to stay. All this terrified me to the last degree, and he took care upon all occasions to lay it home to me in the worst colours. On the other hand, he failed not to set forth the easy, prosperous life which I was going to live.

He answered all that I could object from affection, and from former engagements, with telling me the necessity that was before us of taking other measures now; and as to his promises of marriage, the nature of things, he said, had put an end of that, by the probability of my being his brother's wife, before the time to which his promises all referred.

Thus, in a word, I may say, he reasoned me out of my reason; he conquered all my arguments, and I began to see a danger that I was in, which I had not considered of before, and that was, of being dropped by both of them, and left alone in the world to shift for myself.

This, and his persuasion, at length prevailed with me to consent, though with so much reluctance, that it was easy to see I should go to church like a bear to the stake. I had some little apprehensions about me, too, lest my new spouse, who, by the way, I had not the least affection for, should be skilful enough to challenge me on another account, upon our first coming to bed together; but whether he did it with design or not, I know not, but his elder brother took care to make him very much fuddled before he went to bed, so that I had the satisfaction of a drunken bedfellow the first night. How he did it I know not, but I concluded that he certainly contrived it, that his brother might be able to make no judgment of the difference between a maid and a married woman; nor did he ever entertain any notions of it, or disturb his thoughts about it.

I should go back a little here, to where I left off. The elder brother having thus managed me, his next business was to manage his mother, and he never left till he had brought her to acquiesce and be passive, even without acquainting the father, other than by post letters; so that she consented to our marrying privately, leaving her to manage the father afterwards.

Then he cajoled with his brother, and persuaded him what service he had done him, and how he had brought his mother to consent, which, though true, was not indeed done to serve him, but to serve himself; but thus diligently did he cheat him, and had the thanks of a faithful friend for shifting off his whore into his brother's arms for a wife. So naturally do men give up honour and justice, and even Christianity, to secure themselves.

I must now come back to brother Robin, as we always called him, who having got his mother's consent, as above, came big with the news to me, and told me the whole story of it, with a sincerity so visible, that I must confess it grieved me that I must be the instrument to abuse so honest a gentleman. But there was no remedy; he would have me, and I was not obliged to tell him that I was his brother's whore, though I had no other way to put him off; so I came gradually into it, and behold we were married.

Modesty forbids me to reveal the secrets of the marriage-bed, but nothing could have happened more suitable to my circumstances than that, as above, my husband was so fuddled when he came to bed that he could not remember in the morning whether he had had any conversation with me or no, and I was obliged to tell him he had, though, in reality, he had not, that I might be sure he could make no inquiry about anything else.

It concerns the story in hand very little to enter into the further particulars of the family, or of myself, for the five years that I lived with this husband, only to observe that I had two children by him, and that at the end of the five years he died. He had been really a very good husband to me, and we lived very agreeably together; but as he had not received much from them, and had in the little time he lived acquired no great matters, so my circumstances were not great, nor was I much mended by the match. Indeed, I had preserved the elder brother's bonds to me to pay me £500, which he offered me for my consent to marry his brother; and this, with what I had saved of the money he formerly gave me, and about as much more by my husband, left me a widow with about £1200 in my pocket.

My two children were, indeed, taken happily off of my hands by my husband's father and mother, and that was all they got by Mrs Betty. I confess I was not suitably affected with the loss of my husband; nor can I say that I ever loved him as I ought to have done, or was suitable to the good usage I had from him, for he was a tender, kind, good-humoured man as any woman could desire; but his brother being so always in my sight, at least while we were in the country, was a continual snare to me; and I never was in bed with my husband, but I wished myself in the arms of his brother. And though his brother never offered me the least kindness that way after our marriage, but carried it just as a brother ought to do, yet it was impossible for me to do so to him; in short, I committed adultery and incest with him every day in my desires, which, without doubt, was as effectually criminal.

Before my husband died his elder brother was married, and we being then removed to London, were written to by the old lady to come and be at the wedding. My husband went, but I pretended indisposition, so I stayed behind; for, in short, I could not bear the sight of his being given to another woman, though I knew I was never to have him myself.

I was now, as above, left loose to the world, and being still young and handsome, as everybody said of me, and I assure you I thought myself so, and with a tolerable fortune in my pocket, I put no small value upon myself. I was courted by several very considerable tradesmen, and particularly very warmly by one, a linen-draper,

at whose house, after my husband's death, I took a lodging, his sister being my acquaintance. Here I had all the liberty and opportunity to be gay and appear in company that I could desire, my landlord's sister being one of the maddest, gayest things alive, and not so much mistress of her virtue as I thought at first she had been. She brought me into a world of wild company, and even brought home several persons, such as she liked well enough to gratify, to see her pretty widow. Now, as fame and fools make an assembly, I was here wonderfully caressed, had abundance of admirers, and such as called themselves lovers; but I found not one fair proposal among them all. As for their common design, that I understood too well to be drawn into any more snares of that kind. The case was altered with me; I had money in my pocket, and had nothing to say to them. I had been tricked once by that cheat called love, but the game was over; I was resolved now to be married or nothing, and to be well married or not at all.

I loved the company, indeed, of men of mirth and wit, and was often entertained with such, as I was also with others; but I found by just observation, that the brightest men came upon the dullest errand; that is to say, the dullest as to what I aimed at. On the other hand, those who came with the best proposals were the dullest and most disagreeable part of the world. I was not averse to a tradesman; but then I would have a tradesman, forsooth, that was something of a gentleman too; that when my husband had a mind to cary me to the court, or to the play, he might become a sword, and look as like a gentleman as another man; and not like one that had the mark of his apron-strings upon his coat, or the mark of his hat upon his periwig; that should look as if he was set on to his sword, when his sword was put on to him, and that carried his trade in his countenance.

Well, at last I found this amphibious creature, this land-water thing, called a gentleman-tradesman; and as a just plague upon my folly, I was caught in the very snare which, as I might say, I laid for myself.

This was a draper too, for though my comrade would have bargained for me with her brother, yet when they came to the point, it was, it seems, for a mistress, and I kept true to this notion, that a woman should never be kept for a mistress that had money to make herself a wife.

Thus my pride, not my principle, my money, not my virtue, kept me honest; though, as it proved, I found I had much better have been sold by my she-comrade to her brother, than have sold myself as I did to a tradesman, that was a rake, gentleman, shopkeeper, and beggar, all together.

But I was hurried on (by my fancy to a gentleman) to ruin myself in the grossest manner that ever woman did; for my new husband coming to a lump of money at once, fell into such a profusion of expense, that all I had, and all he had, would not have held it out above one year.

He was very fond of me for about a quarter of a year, and what I got by that was, that I had the pleasure of seeing a great deal of my money spent upon myself. 'Come, my dear', says he to me one day, 'shall we go and take a turn into the country for a week?' 'Ay, my dear', says I; 'whither would you go?' 'I care not whither',



says he; 'but I have a mind to look like quality for a week; we'll go to Oxford', says he. 'How' says I, 'shall we go? I am no horsewoman, and 'tis too far for a coach.' 'Too far!' says he; 'no place is too far for a coach-and-six. If I carry you out, you shall travel like a duchess.' 'Hum', says I, 'my dear, 'tis a frolic; but if you have a mind to it, I don't care.' Well, the time was appointed; we had a rich coach, very good horses, a coachman, postillion, and two footmen in very good liveries; a gentleman on horseback, and a page with a feather in his hat upon another horse. The servants all called him my lord, and I was her honour the Countess, and thus we travelled to Oxford, and a pleasant journey we had; for, give him his due, not a beggar alive knew better how to be a lord than my husband. We saw all the rarities at Oxford; talked with two or three fellows of colleges about putting a nephew, that was left to his lordship's care, to the university, and of their being his tutors. We diverted ourselves with bantering several other poor scholars, with the hopes of being at least his lordship's chaplain and putting on a scarf; and thus having lived like quality indeed, as to expense, we went away for Northampton, and, in a word, in about twelve days' ramble came home again, to the tune of about £93 expense.

Vanity is the perfection of a fop. My husband had this excellence, that he valued nothing of expense. As his history, you may be sure, has very little weight in it, 'tis enough to tell you that in about two years and a quarter he broke, got into a sponging-house, being arrested in an action too heavy for him to give bail to, so he sent for me to come to him.

It was no surprise to me, for I had foreseen some time before that all was going to wreck, and had been taking care to reserve something, if I could, for myself; but when he sent for me, he behaved much better than I expected. He told me plainly he had played the fool, and suffered himself to be surprised, which he might have prevented; that now he foresaw he could not stand it, and therefore he would have me go home, and in the night take away everything I had in the house of any value, and secure it; and after that, he told me that if I could get away £100 or £200 in goods out of the shop, I should do it; 'only', says he, 'let me know nothing of it, neither what you take or whither you carry it; for as for me', says he, 'I am resolved to get out of this house and be gone; and if you never hear of me more, my dear', says he, 'I wish you well; I am only sorry for the injury I have done you.' He said some very handsome things to me indeed at parting; for I told you he was a gentleman, and that was all the benefit I had of his being so; that he used me very handsomely, even to the last, only spent all I had, and left me to rob the creditors for something to subsist on.

However, I did as he bade me, that you may be sure; and having thus taken my leave of him, I never saw him more, for he found means to break out of the bailiff's house that night, or the next; how, I knew not, for I could come at no knowledge of anything, more than this, that he came home about three o'clock in the morning, caused the rest of his goods to be removed into the Mint, and the shop to be shut up; and having raised what money he could, he got over to France, from whence I had one or two letters from him, and no more.

I did not see him when he came home, for he having given me such Instructions as above, and I having made the best of my time, I had no more business back again at the house, not knowing but I might have been stopped there by the creditors; for a commission of bankrupt being soon after issued, they might have stopped me by orders from the commissioners. But my husband, having desperately got out from the bailiff's by letting himself down from almost the top of the house to the top of another building, and leaping from thence, which was almost two stories, and which was enough indeed to have broken his neck, he came home and got away his goods before the creditors could come to seize; that is to say, before they could get out the commission, and be ready to send their officers to take possession.

My husband was so civil to me, for still I say he was much of a gentleman, that in the first letter he wrote me, he let me know where he had pawned twenty pieces of fine holland for £30, which were worth above £90, and enclosed me the token for the taking them up, paying the money, which I did, and made in time above £100 of them, having leisure to cut them, and sell them to private families, as opportunity offered.

However, with all this, and all that I had secured before, I found, upon casting things up, my case was very much altered, and my fortune much lessened; for, including the hollands and a parcel of fine muslins, which I carried off before, and some plate and other things, I found I could hardly muster up £500; and my condition was very odd, for though I had no child (I had had one by my gentleman draper, but it was buried), yet I was a widow bewitched, I had a husband and no husband, and I could not pretend to marry again, though I knew well enough my husband would never see England any more, if he lived fifty years. Thus, I say, I was limited from marriage, what offer soever might be made me; and I had not one friend to advise with in the condition I was in, at least not one whom I could trust the secret of my circumstances to; for if the commissioners were to have been informed where I was, I should have been fetched up, and all I had saved be taken away.

Upon these apprehensions, the first thing I did was to go quite out of my knowledge, and go by another name. This I did effectually, for I went into the Mint too, took lodgings in a very private place, dressed me up in the habit of a widow, and called myself Mrs Flanders.

Here, however, I concealed myself, and though my new acquaintance knew nothing of me, yet I soon got a great deal of company about me; and whether it be that women are scarce among the people that generally are to be found there, or that some consolations in the miseries of that place are more requisite than on other occasions, I soon found that an agreeable woman was exceedingly valuable among the sons of affliction there; and that those that could not pay half-a-crown in the pound to their creditors, and run in debt at the sign of the Bull for their dinners, would yet find money for a supper, if they liked the woman.

However, I kept myself safe yet, though I began, like my Lord Rochester's mistress, that loved his company, but would not admit him further, to have the

scandal of a whore without the joy; and upon this score, tired with the place, and with the company too, I began to think of removing.

It was indeed a subject of strange reflection to me, to see men in the most perplexed circumstances, who were reduced some degrees below being ruined, whose families were objects of their own terror and other people's charity, yet while a penny lasted, nay, even beyond it, endeavouring to drown their sorrow in their wickedness; heaping up more guilt upon themselves, labouring to forget former things, which now it was the proper time to remember, making more work for repentance, and sinning on, as a remedy for sin past.

But it is none of my talent to preach; these men were too wicked even for me. There was something horrid and absurd in their way of sinning, for it was all a force even upon themselves; they did not only act against conscience, but against nature, and nothing was more easy than to see how sighs would interrupt their songs, and paleness and anguish sit upon their brows, in spite of the forced smiles they put on; nay, sometimes it would break out at their very mouths, when they had parted with their money for a lewd treat or a wicked embrace. I have heard them, turning about, fetch a deep sigh, and cry, 'What a dog am I! Well, Betty, my dear, I'll drink thy health, though'; meaning the honest wife, that perhaps had not a half-crown for herself and three or four children. The next morning they were at their penitentials again, and perhaps the poor weeping wife comes over to him, either brings him some account of what his creditors are doing, and how she and the children are turned out of doors, or some other dreadful news; and this adds to his self-reproaches; but when he has thought and pored on it till he is almost mad, having no principles to support him, nothing within him or above him to comfort him, but finding it all darkness on every side, he flies to the same relief again, viz. to drink it away, debauch it away, and falling into company of men in just the same condition with himself, he repeats the crime, and thus he goes every day one step onward of his way to destruction.

I was not wicked enough for such fellows as these. Yet, on the contrary, I began to consider here very seriously what I had to do; how things stood with me, and what course I ought to take. I knew I had no friends, no, not one friend or relation in the world; and that little I had left apparently wasted, which when it was gone, I saw nothing but misery and starving was before me. Upon these considerations, I say, and filled with horror at the place I was in, I resolved to be gone.

I had made an acquaintance with a sober, good sort of a woman, who was a widow too, like me, but in better circumstances. Her husband had been a captain of a ship, and having had the misfortune to be cast away coming home from the West Indies, was so reduced by the loss, that though he had saved his life then, it broke his heart, and killed him afterwards; and his widow being pursued by the creditors, was forced to take shelter in the Mint. She soon made things up with the help of friends, and was at liberty again; and finding that I rather was there to be concealed, than by any particular prosecutions, and finding also that I agreed with her, or rather she with me, in a just abhorrence of the place and of the company,

she invited me to go home with her, till I could put myself in some posture of settling in the world to my mind; withal telling me, that it was ten to one but some good captain of a ship might take a fancy to me, and court me, in that part of the town where she lived.

I accepted of her offer, and was with her half a year, and should have been longer, but in that interval what she proposed to me happened to herself, and she married very much to her advantage. But whose fortune soever was upon the increase, mine seemed to be upon the wane, and I found nothing present, except two or three boatswains, or such fellows; but as for the commanders, they were generally of two sorts. 1. Such as, having good business, that is to say, a good ship, resolved not to marry, but with advantage. 2. Such as, being out of employ, wanted a wife to help them to a ship; I mean (1) a wife who, having some money, could enable them to hold a good part of a ship themselves, so to encourage owners to come in; or (2) a wife who, if she had not money, had friends who were concerned in shipping, and so could help to put the young man into a good ship; and neither of these was my case, so I looked like one that was to lie on hand.

This knowledge I soon learned by experience, viz., that the state of things was altered as to matrimony, that marriages were here the consequences of politic schemes, for forming interests, carrying on business, and that love had no share, or but very little, in the matter.

That, as my sister-in-law at Colchester had said, beauty, wit, manners, sense, good humour, good behaviour, education, virtue, piety, or any other qualification, whether of body or mind, had no power to recommend; that money only made a woman agreeable; that men chose mistresses indeed by the gust of their affection, and it was requisite for a whore to be handsome, well-shaped, have a good mien, and a graceful behaviour; but that for a wife, no deformity would shock the fancy, no ill qualities the judgment; the money was the thing; the portion was neither crooked, or monstrous, but the money was always agreeable, whatever the wife was.

On the other hand, as the market ran all on the men's side, I found the women had lost the privilege of saying no; that it was a favour now for a woman to have the question asked, and if any young lady had so much arrogance as to counterfeit a negative, she never had the opportunity of denying twice, much less of recovering that false step, and accepting what she had seemed to decline. The men had such choice everywhere, that the case of the women was very unhappy; for they seemed to ply at every door, and if the man was by great chance refused at one house, he was sure to be received at the next.

Besides this, I observed that the men made no scruple to set themselves out and to go a-fortune-hunting, as they call it, when they had really no fortune themselves to demand it, or merit to deserve it; and they carried it so high, that a woman was scarce allowed to inquire after the character or estate of the person that pretended to her. This I had an example of in a young lady at the next house to me, and with whom I had contracted an intimacy; she was courted by a young captain, and though she had near £2000 to her fortune, she did but inquire of

some of his neighbours about his character, his morals, or substance, and he took occasion at the next visit to let her know, truly, that he took it very ill, and that he should not give her the trouble of his visits any more. I heard of it, and I had begun my acquaintance with her. I went to see her upon it; she entered into a close conversation with me about it, and unbosomed herself very freely. I perceived presently that though she thought herself very ill used, yet she had no power to resent it; that she was exceedingly piqued she had lost him, and particularly that another of less fortune had gained him.

I fortified her mind against such a meanness, as I called it; I told her, that as low as I was in the world, I would have despised a man that should think I ought to take him upon his own recommendation only; also I told her, that as she had a good fortune, she had no need to stoop to the disaster of the times; that it was enough that the men could insult us that had but little money, but if she suffered such an affront to pass upon her without resenting it, she would be rendered low prized upon all occasions; that a woman can never want an opportunity to be revenged of a man that has used her ill, and that there were ways enough to humble such a fellow as that, or else certainly women were the most unhappy creatures in the world.

She was very well pleased with the discourse, and told me seriously that she would be very glad to make him sensible of her resentment, and either to bring him on again or have the satisfaction of her revenge being as public as possible.

I told her, that if she would take my advice, I would tell her how she should obtain her wishes in both those things; and that I would engage I would bring the man to her door again, and make him beg to be let in. She smiled at that, and soon let me see, that if he came to her door, her resentment was not so great to let him stand long there.

However, she listened very willingly to my offer of advice; so I told her that the first thing she ought to do was a piece of justice to herself, namely, that whereas he had reported among the ladies that he had left her, and pretended to give the advantage of the negative to himself, she should take care to have it well spread among the women, which she could not fail of an opportunity to do, that she had inquired into his circumstances, and found he was not the man he pretended to be. 'Let them be told, too, madam', said I, 'that he was not the man you expected, and that you thought it was not safe to meddle with him; that you heard he was of an ill temper, and that he boasted how he had used the women ill upon many occasions, and that particularly he was debauched in his morals', &c. The last of which, indeed, had some truth in it; but I did not find that she seemed to like him much the worse for that part.

She came most readily into all this, and immediately she went to work to find instruments. She had very little difficulty in the search, for telling her story in general to a couple of her gossips, it was the chat of the tea-table all over that part of the town, and I met with it wherever I visited; also, as it was known that I was acquainted with the young lady herself, my opinion was asked very often, and I confirmed it with all the necessary aggravations, and set out his character in the

blackest colours; and as a piece of secret intelligence, I added what the gossips knew nothing of, viz., that I had heard he was in very bad circumstances; that he was under a necessity of a fortune to support his interest with the owners of the ship he commanded; that his own part was not paid for, and if it was not paid quickly, his owners would put him out of the ship, and his chief mate was likely to command it, who offered to buy that part which the captain had promised to take.

I added, for I was heartily piqued at the rogue, as I called him, that I had heard a rumour too, that he had a wife alive at Plymouth, and another in the West Indies, a thing which they all knew was not very uncommon for such kind of gentlemen.

This worked as we both desired it, for presently the young lady at the next door, who had a father and mother that governed both her and her fortune, was shut up, and her father forbid him the house. Also in one place more the woman had the courage, however strange it was, to say no; and he could try nowhere but he was reproached with his pride, and that he pretended not to give the women leave to inquire into his character, and the like.

By this time he began to be sensible of this mistake; and seeing all the women on that side of the water alarmed, he went over to Ratcliff, and got access to some of the ladies there; but though the young women there too were, according to the fate of the day, pretty willing to be asked, yet such was his ill luck, that his character followed him over the water; so that though he might have had wives enough, yet it did not happen among the women that had good fortunes, which was what he wanted.

But this was not all; she very ingeniously managed another thing herself, for she got a young gentleman, who was a relation, to come and visit her two or three times a week in a very fine chariot and good liveries, and her two agents, and I also, presently spread a report all over that this gentleman came to court her; that he was a gentleman of a thousand pounds a year, and that he was fallen in love with her, and that she was going to her aunt's in the city, because it was inconvenient for the gentleman to come to her with his coach to Rotherhithe, the streets being so narrow and difficult.

This took immediately. The captain was laughed at in all companies, and was ready to hang himself; he tried all the ways possible to come at her again, and wrote the most passionate letters to her in the world; and in short, by great application, obtained leave to wait on her again, as he said, only to clear his reputation.

At this meeting she had her full revenge of him; for she told him, she wondered what he took her to be, that she should admit any man to a treaty of so much consequence as that of marriage without inquiring into circumstances; that if he thought she was to be huffed into wedlock, and that she was in the same circumstances which her neighbours might be in, viz. to take up with the first good Christian that came, he was mistaken; that, in a word, his character was really bad, or he was very ill beholden to his neighbours; and that unless he could clear up some points, in which she had justly been prejudiced, she had no more to say to him, but give him the satisfaction of knowing that she was not afraid to say no, either to him, or any man else.

With that she told him what she had heard, or rather raised herself by my means, of his character; his not having paid for the part he pretended to own of the ship he commanded; of the resolution of his owners to put him out of the command, and to put his mate in his stead; and of the scandal raised on his morals; his having been reproached with such-and-such women, and his having a wife at Plymouth, and another in the West Indies, and she asked him whether she had not good reason, if things were not cleared up, to refuse him, and to insist upon having satisfaction in points so significant as they were.

He was so confounded at her discourse that he could not answer a word, and she began to believe that all was true, by his disorder, though she knew that she had been the raiser of those reports herself.

After some time he recovered a little, and from that time was the most humble, modest, and importunate man alive in his courtship.

She asked him if he thought she was so at her last shift that she could or ought to bear such treatment, and if he did not see that she did not want those who thought it worth their while to come farther to her than he did; meaning the gentleman whom she had brought to visit her by way of sham.

She brought him by these tricks to submit to all possible measures to satisfy her, as well of his circumstances as of his behaviour. He brought her undeniable evidence of his having paid for his part of the ship; he brought her certificates from his owners, that the report of their intending to remove him from the command of the ship was false and groundless; in short, he was quite the reverse of what he was before.

Thus I convinced her, that if the men made their advantage of our sex in the affair of marriage, upon the supposition of there being such a choice to be had, and of the women being so easy, it was only owing to this, that the women wanted courage to maintain their ground, and that, according to my Lord Rochester:

A woman's ne'er so ruined but she can  
Revenge herself on her undoer, man.

After these things this young lady played her part so well, that though she resolved to have him, and that indeed having him was the main bent of her design, yet she made his obtaining her to be to him the most difficult thing in the world; and this she did, not by a haughty, reserved carriage, but by a just policy, playing back upon him his own game; for as he pretended, by a kind of lofty carriage, to place himself above the occasion of character, she broke with him upon that subject, and at the same time that she made him submit to all possible inquiry after his affairs, she apparently shut the door against his looking into her own.

It was enough to him to obtain her for a wife. As to what she had, she told him plainly, that as he knew her circumstances, it was but just she should know his and though at the same time he had only known her circumstances by common fame, yet he had made so many protestations of his passion for her, that he could ask no more but her hand to his grand request, and the like ramble according to the custom of lovers. In short, he left himself no room to ask any more questions about

her estate, and she took the advantage of it, for she placed part of her fortune so in trustees, without letting him know anything of it, that it was quite out of his reach, and made him be very well contented with the rest.

It is true she was pretty well besides, that is to say, she had about £1400 in money, which she gave him; and the other, after some time, she brought to light as a perquisite to herself, which he was to accept as a mighty favour, seeing, though it was not to be his, it might ease him in the article of her particular expenses; and I must add, that by this conduct, the gentleman himself became not only more humble in his applications to her to obtain her, but also was much the more an obliging husband when he had her. I cannot but remind the ladies how much they place themselves below the common station of a wife, which, if I may be allowed not to be partial, is low enough already; I say, they place themselves below their common station, and prepare their own mortifications, by their submitting so to be insulted by the men beforehand, which I confess I see no necessity of.

This relation may serve, therefore, to let the ladies see, that the advantage is not so much on the other side as the men think it is; and that though it may be true, the men have but too much choice among us, and that some women may be found who will dishonour themselves, be cheap, and too easy to come at, yet if they will have women worth having, they may find them as uncomfortable as ever, and that those that are otherwise have often such deficiencies, when had, as rather recommend the ladies that are difficult, than encourage the men to go on with their easy courtship, and expect wives equally valuable that will come at first call.

Nothing is more certain than that the ladies always gain of the men by keeping their ground, and letting their pretended lovers see they can resent being slighted, and that they are not afraid of saying no. They insult us mightily, with telling us of the number of women; that the wars, and the sea, and trade, and other incidents have carried the men so much away, that there is no proportion between the numbers of the sexes; but I am far from granting that the number of the women is so great, or the number of the men so small; but if they will have me tell the truth, the disadvantage of the women is a terrible scandal upon the men, and it lies here only; namely, that the age is so wicked, and the sex so debauched, that, in short, the number of such men as an honest woman ought to meddle with is small indeed, and it is but here and there that a man is to be found who is fit for an honest woman to venture upon.

But the consequence even of that too amounts to no more than this, that women ought to be the more nice; for how do we know the just character of the man that makes the offer? To say that the woman should be the more easy on this occasion, is to say we should be the forwarder to venture because of the greatness of the danger, which is very absurd.

On the contrary, the women have ten thousand times the more reason to be wary and backward, by how much the hazard of being betrayed is the greater; and would the ladies act the wary part, they would discover every cheat that offered; for, in short, the lives of very few men now-a-days will bear a character; and if the



ladies do but make a little inquiry, they would soon be able to distinguish the men and deliver themselves. As for women that do not think their own safety worth their own thought, that, impatient of their present state, run into matrimony as a horse rushes into the battle, I can say nothing to them but this, that they are a sort of ladies that are to be prayed for among the rest of distempered people, and they look like people that venture their estates in a lottery where there is a hundred thousand blanks to one prize.

No man of common-sense will value a woman the less for not giving up herself at the first attack, or for not accepting his proposal without inquiring into his person or character; on the contrary, he must think her the weakest of all creatures, as the rate of men now goes; in short, he must have a very contemptible opinion of her capacities, that having but one cast for her life, shall cast that life away at once, and make matrimony, like death, be a leap in the dark.

I would fain have the conduct of my sex a little regulated in this particular, which is the same thing in which, of all the parts of life, I think at this time we suffer most in: 'tis nothing but lack of courage, the fear of not being married at all, and of that frightful state of life called an old maid. This, I say, is the woman's snare; but would the ladies once but get above that fear, and manage rightly, they would more certainly avoid it by standing their ground, in a case so absolutely necessary to their felicity, than by exposing themselves as they do; and if they did not marry so soon, they would make themselves amends by marrying safer. She is always married too soon who gets a bad husband, and she is never married too late who gets a good one; in a word, there is no woman, deformity or lost reputation excepted, but if she manages well may be married safely one time or other; but if she precipitates herself, it is ten thousand to one but she is undone.

But I come now to my own case, in which there was at this time no little nicety. The circumstances I was in made the offer of a good husband the most necessary thing in the world to me, but I found soon that to be made cheap and easy was not the way. It soon began to be found that the widow had no fortune, and to say this was to say all that was ill of me, being well-bred, handsome, witty, modest, and agreeable; all which I had allowed to my character, whether justly or no is not to the purpose; I say, all these would not do without the dross. In short, the widow, they said, had no money.

I resolved, therefore, that it was necessary to change my station, and make a new appearance in some other place, and even to pass by another name if I found occasion.

I communicated my thoughts to my intimate friend, the captain's lady, whom I had so faithfully served in her case with the captain, and who was as ready to serve me in the same kind as I could desire. I made no scruple to lay my circumstances open to her; my stock was but low, for I had made but about £540 at the close of my last affair, and I had wasted some of that; however, I had about £460 left, a great many very rich clothes, a gold watch, and some jewels, though of no extraordinary value, and about £30 or £40 left in linen not disposed of.

My dear and faithful friend, the captain's wife, was so sensible of the service I had done her in the affair above, that she was not only a steady friend to me, but, knowing my circumstances, she frequently made me presents as money came into her hands, such as fully amounted to a maintenance, so that I spent none of my own; and at last she made this unhappy proposal to me, viz., that as we had observed, as above, how the men made no scruple to set themselves out as persons meriting a woman of fortune of their own, it was but just to deal with them in their own way, and, if it was possible, to deceive the deceiver.

The captain's lady, in short, put this project into my head, and told me if I would be ruled by her I should certainly get a husband of fortune, without leaving him any room to reproach me with want of my own. I told her that I would give up myself wholly to her directions, and that I would have neither tongue to speak or feet to step in that affair but as she should direct me, depending that she would extricate me out of every difficulty that she brought me into, which she said she would answer for.

The first step she put me upon was to call her cousin, and go to a relation's house of hers in the country, where she directed me, and where she brought her husband to visit me; and calling me cousin, she worked matters so about, that her husband and she together invited me most passionately to come to town and live with them, for they now lived in a quite different place from where they were before. In the next place, she tells her husband that I had at least £1500 fortune, and that I was like to have a great deal more.

It was enough to tell her husband this; there needed nothing on my side. I was but to sit still and wait the event, for it presently went all over the neighbourhood that the young widow at Captain ----'s was a fortune, that she had at least £1500, and perhaps a great deal more, and that the captain said so; and if the captain was asked at any time about me, he made no scruple to affirm it, though he knew not one word of the matter other than that his wife had told him so; and in this he thought no harm, for he really believed it to be so. With the reputation of this fortune, I presently found myself blessed with admirers enough (and that I had my choice of men), as they said they were, which, by the way, confirms what I was saying before. This being my case, I, who had a subtle game to play, had nothing now to do but to single out from them all the properest man that might be for my purpose; that is to say, the man who was most likely to depend upon the hearsay of fortune, and not inquire too far into the particulars; and unless I did this I did nothing, for my case would not bear much inquiry.

I picked out my man without much difficulty, by the judgment I made of his way of courting me. I had let him run on with his protestations that he loved me above all the world; that if I would make him happy, that was enough; all which I knew was upon supposition that I was very rich, though I never told him a word of it myself.

This was my man; but I was to try him to the bottom; and indeed in that consisted my safety, for if he balked, I knew I was undone, as surely as he was

undone if he took me; and if I did not make some scruple about his fortune, it was the way to lead him to raise some about mine; and first, therefore, I pretended on all occasions to doubt his sincerity; and told him perhaps he only courted me for my fortune. He stopped my mouth in that part with the thunder of his protestations as above, but still I pretended to doubt.

One morning he pulls off his diamond ring, and writes upon the glass of the sash in my chamber this line:

You I love, and you alone.

I read it, and asked him to lend me the ring, with which I wrote under it, thus:  
And so in love says every one.

He takes his ring again, and writes another line thus:

Virtue alone is an estate.

I borrowed it again, and I wrote under it:

But money's virtue, gold is fate.

He coloured as red as fire to see me turn so quick upon him, and in a kind of rage told me he would conquer me, and wrote again thus:

I scorn your gold, and yet I love.

I ventured all upon the last cast of poetry, as you'll see, for I wrote boldly under his last:

I'm poor; let's see how kind you'll prove.

This was a sad truth to me; whether he believed me or no I could not tell; I supposed then that he did not. However, he flew to me, took me in his arms, and, kissing me very eagerly, and with the greatest passion imaginable, he held me fast till he called for a pen and ink, and told me he could not wait the tedious writing on a glass, but pulling out a piece of paper, he began and wrote again:

Be mine with all your poverty.

I took his pen, and followed immediately, thus:

Yet secretly you hope I lie.

He told me that was unkind, because it was not just, and that I put him upon contradicting me, which did not consist with good manners, and, therefore, since I had insensibly drawn him into this poetical scribble, he begged I would not oblige him to break it off. So he writes again:

Let love alone be our debate.

I wrote again:

She loves enough that does not hate.

This he took for a favour, and so laid down the cudgels, that is to say, the pen; I say, he took it for a favour, and a mighty one it was, if he had known all. However, he took it as I meant it, that is, to let him think I was inclined to go on with him, as indeed I had reason to do, for he was the best-humoured merry sort of a fellow that I ever met with; and I often reflected how doubly criminal it was to deceive such a man; but that necessity, which pressed me to a settlement suitable to my condition, was my authority for it; and certainly his affection to me, and the goodness of his temper, however they might argue against using him ill, yet they strongly

argued to me that he would better take the disappointment than some fiery-tempered wretch, who might have nothing to recommend him but those passions which would serve only to make a woman miserable. Besides, though I had jested with him (as he supposed it) so often about my poverty, yet when he found it to be true, he had foreclosed all manner of objection, seeing, whether he was in jest or in earnest, he had declared he took me without any regard to my portion, and, whether I was in jest or in earnest, I had declared myself to be very poor; so that, in a word, I had him fast both ways; and though he might say afterwards he was cheated, yet he could never say that I had cheated him.

He pursued me close after this, and as I saw there was no need to fear losing him, I played the indifferent part with him longer than prudence might otherwise have dictated to me; but I considered how much this caution and indifference would give me the advantage over him when I should come to own my circumstances to him; and I managed it the more warily, because I found he inferred from thence that I either had the more money or the more judgment, and would not venture at all.

I took the freedom one day to tell him that it was true I had received the compliment of a lover from him, namely, that he would take me without inquiring into my fortune, and I would make him a suitable return in this, viz., that I would make as little inquiry into his as consisted with reason, but I hoped he would allow me to ask some questions, which he should answer or not as he thought fit; one of these questions related to our manner of living, and the place where, because I had heard he had a great plantation in Virginia, and I told him I did not care to be transported.

He began from this discourse to let me voluntarily into all his affairs, and to tell me in a frank, open way all his circumstances, by which I found he was very well to pass in the world; but that great part of his estate consisted of three plantations, which he had in Virginia, which brought him in a very good income of about 300 a year, but that if he was to live upon them, would bring him in four times as much. 'Very well', thought I; 'you shall carry me thither, then, as soon as you please, though I won't tell you so beforehand.'

I jested with him about the figure he would make in Virginia; but I found he would do anything I desired, so I turned my tale. I told him I had good reason not to desire to go there to live; because if his plantations were worth so much there, I had not a fortune suitable to a gentleman of £1200 a year, as he said his estate would be.

He replied, he did not ask what my fortune was; he had told me from the beginning he would not, and he would be as good as his word; but whatever it was, he assured me he would never desire me to go to Virginia with him, or go thither himself without me, unless I made it my choice. All this, you may be sure, was as I wished, and indeed nothing could have happened more perfectly agreeable. I carried it on as far as this with a sort of indifferency that he often wondered at, and I mention it the rather to intimate again to the ladies that nothing but want of courage for such an indifferency makes our sex so cheap, and prepares them to

be ill used as they are; would they venture the loss of a pretending fop now and then, who carries it high upon the point of his own merit, they would certainly be slighted less and courted more. Had I discovered really what my great fortune was, and that in all I had not full £500 when he expected £1500, yet I hooked him so fast, and played him so long, that I was satisfied he would have had me in my worst circumstances; and indeed it was less a surprise to him when he learnt the truth than it would have been, because having not the least blame to lay on me, who had carried it with an air of indifference to the last, he could not say one word, except that indeed he thought it had been more, but that, if it had been less, he did not repent his bargain; only that he should not be able to maintain me so well as he intended.

In short, we were married, and very happily married on my side, I assure you, as to the man; for he was the best-humoured man that ever woman had, but his circumstances were not so good as I imagined, as, on the other hand, he had not bettered himself so much as he expected.

When we were married, I was shrewdly put to it to bring him that little stock I had, and to let him see it was no more; but there was a necessity for it, so I took my opportunity one day when we were alone, to enter into a short dialogue with him about it. 'My dear', said I, 'we have been married a fortnight; is it not time to let you know whether you have got a wife with something or with nothing?' 'Your own time for that, my dear', says he; 'I am satisfied I have got the wife I love; I have not troubled you much', says he, 'with my inquiry after it.'

'That's true', said I, 'but I have a great difficulty about it, which I scarce know how to manage.' 'What's that, my dear?' says he. 'Why', says I, 'tis a little hard upon me, and 'tis harder upon you; I am told that Captain' (meaning my friend's husband) 'has told you I had a great deal more than ever I pretended to have, and I am sure I never employed him so to do.'

'Well', says he, 'Captain may have told me so, but what then? If you have not so much, that may lie at his door, but you never told me what you had, so I have no reason to blame you if you have nothing at all.'

'That is so just', said I, 'and so generous that it makes my having but a little a double affliction to me.'

'The less you have, my dear', says he, 'the worse for us both; but I hope your affliction is not caused for fear I should be unkind to you for want of a portion. No, no, if you have nothing, tell me plainly; I may perhaps tell the captain he has cheated me, but I can never say you have, for did not you give it under your hand that you was poor? and so I ought to expect you to be.'

'Well', said I, 'my dear, I am glad I have not been concerned in deceiving you before marriage. If I deceive you since, 'tis ne'er the worse; that I am poor, 'tis too true, but not so poor as to have nothing neither'; so I pulled out some bank bills and gave him about £160. 'There is something, my dear', says I, 'and not quite all neither.'

I had brought him so near to expecting nothing, by what I had said before, that the money, though the sum was small in itself, was doubly welcome; he owned it was

more than he looked for, and that he did not question by my discourse to him, but that my fine clothes, gold watch, and a diamond ring or two, had been all my fortune.

I let him please himself with that £160 two or three days, and then having been abroad that day, and as if I had been to fetch it, I brought him £100 more home in gold, and told him there was a little more portion for him; and, in short, in about a week more, I brought him £180 more, and about £60 in linen, which I made him believe I had been obliged to take with the £100 which I gave him in gold, as a composition for a debt of £660, being little more than five shillings in the pound, and over valued too.

‘And now, my dear’, says I to him, ‘I am very sorry to tell you that I have given you my whole fortune.’ I added that if the person who had my £600 had not abused me, I had been worth £1000 to him, but that, as it was, I had been faithful, and reserved nothing to myself, but if it had been more he should have had it.

He was so obliged by the manner, and so pleased with the sum, for he had been in a terrible fright lest it had been nothing at all, that he accepted it very thankfully. And thus I got over the fraud of passing for a fortune without money, and cheating a man into marrying me on pretence of it; which, by the way, I take to be one of the most dangerous steps a woman can take, and in which she runs the most hazards of being ill-used afterwards.

My husband, to give him his due, was a man of infinite good nature, but he was no fool; and finding his income not suited to the manner of living which he had intended, if I had brought him what he expected, and being under a disappointment in his return of his plantations in Virginia, he discovered many times his inclination of going over to Virginia, to live upon his own; and often would be magnifying the way of living there, how cheap, how plentiful, how pleasant, and the like.

I began presently to understand his meaning, and I took him up very plainly one morning, and told him that I did so; that I found his estate turned to no account at this distance, compared to what it would do if he lived upon the spot, and that I found he had a mind to go and live there; that I was sensible he had been disappointed in a wife, and that finding his expectations not answered that way, I could do no less, to make him amends, than tell him that I was very willing to go to Virginia with him and live there.

He said a thousand kind things to me upon the subject of my making such a proposal to him. He told me, that though he was disappointed in his expectations of a fortune, he was not disappointed in a wife, and that I was all to him that a wife could be, but that this offer was so kind, that it was more than he could express,

To bring the story short, we agreed to go. He told me that he had a very good house there, well furnished; that his mother lived in it, and one sister, which was all the relations he had; that as soon as he came there, they would remove to another house, which was her own for life, and his after her decease; so that I should have all the house to myself; and I found it all exactly as he said.

We put on board the ship which we went in a large quantity of good furniture for our house, with stores of linen and other necessaries, and a good cargo for sale, and away we went.

To give an account of the manner of our voyage, which was long and full of dangers, is out of my way; I kept no journal, neither did my husband. All that I can say is, that after a terrible passage, frightened twice with dreadful storms, and once with what was still more terrible, I mean a pirate, who came on board and took away almost all our provisions; and which would have been beyond all to me, they had once taken my husband, but by entreaties were prevailed with to leave him; I say, after all these terrible things, we arrived in York River in Virginia, and coming to our plantation, we were received with all the tenderness and affection, by my husband's mother, that could be expressed.

We lived here all together, my mother-in-law, at my entreaty, continuing in the house, for she was too kind a mother to be parted with; my husband likewise continued the same at first, and I thought myself the happiest creature alive, when an odd and surprising event put an end to all that felicity in a moment, and rendered my condition the most uncomfortable in the world.

My mother was a mighty cheerful, good-humoured old woman—I may call her so, for her son was above thirty; I say she was very pleasant, good company, and used to entertain me, in particular, with abundance of stories to divert me, as well of the country we were in as of the people.

Among the rest, she often told me how the greatest part of the inhabitants of that colony came thither in very indifferent circumstances from England; that, generally speaking, they were of two sorts; either, first, such as were brought over by masters of ships to be sold as servants; or, second, such as are transported after having been found guilty of crimes punishable with death.

'When they come here', says she, 'we make no difference; the planters buy them, and they work together in the field, till their time is out. When 'tis expired', said she, 'they have encouragement given them to plant for themselves; for they have a certain number of acres of land allotted them by the country, and they go to work to clear and cure the land, and then to plant it with tobacco and corn for their own use; and as the merchants will trust them with tools and necessaries, upon the credit of their crop before it is grown, so they again plant every year a little more than the year before, and so buy whatever they want with the crop that is before them. Hence, child', says she, 'many a Newgate-bird becomes a great man, and we have', continued she, 'several justices of the peace, officers of the trained bands, and magistrates of the towns they live in, that have been burnt in the hand.'

She was going on with that part of the story, when her own part in it interrupted her, and with a great deal of good-humoured confidence, she told me she was one of the second sort of inhabitants herself; that she came away openly, having ventured too far in a particular case, so that she was become a criminal; 'And here's the mark of it, child' says she, and showed me a very fine white arm and hand, but branded in the inside of the hand, as in such cases it must be.

This story was very moving to me, but my mother, smiling, said, 'You need not think such a thing strange, daughter, for some of the best men in the country are burnt in the hand, and they are not ashamed to own it. There's Major ——',

says she, 'he was an eminent pickpocket; there's Justice Ba——r, was a shoplifter, and both of them were burnt in the hand; and I could name you several such as they are.'

We had frequent discourses of this kind, and abundance of instances she gave me of the like. After some time, as she was telling some stories of one that was transported but a few weeks ago, I began in an intimate kind of way to ask her to tell me something of her own story, which she did with the utmost plainness and sincerity; how she had fallen into very ill company in London in her young days, occasioned by her mother sending her frequently to carry victuals to a kinswoman of hers who was a prisoner in Newgate, in a miserable starving condition, who was afterwards condemned to die, but having got respite by pleading her belly, perished afterwards in the prison.

Here my mother-in-law ran out in a long account of the wicked practices in that dreadful place. 'And, child', says my mother, 'perhaps you may know little of it, or, it may be, have heard nothing about it; but depend upon it', says she, 'we all know here that there are more thieves and rogues made by that one prison of Newgate than by all the clubs and societies of villains in the nation; 'tis that cursed place', says my mother, 'that half peoples this colony.'

Here she went on with her own story so long, and in so particular a manner, that I began to be very uneasy; but coming to one particular that required telling her name, I thought I should have sunk down in the place. She perceived I was out of order, and asked me if I was not well, and what ailed me. I told her I was so affected with the melancholy story she had told that it had overcome me, and I begged of her to talk no more of it. 'Why, my dear', says she, very kindly, 'what need these things trouble you? These passages were long before your time, and they give me no trouble at all now; nay, I look back on them with a particular satisfaction, as they have been a means to bring me to this place.' Then she went on to tell me how she fell into a good family, where behaving herself well, and her mistress dying, her master married her, by whom she had my husband and his sister, and that by her diligence and good management after her husband's death, she had improved the plantations to such a degree as they then were, so that most of the estate was of her getting, not of her husband's, for she had been a widow upwards of sixteen years.

I heard this part of the story with very little attention, because I wanted much to retire and give vent to my passions; and let any one judge what must be the anguish of my mind when I came to reflect that this was certainly no more or less than my own mother, and that I had now had two children, and was big with another by my own brother, and lay with him still every night.

I was now the most unhappy of all women in the world. Oh! had the story never been told me, all had been well; it had been no crime to have lain with my husband, if I had known nothing of it.

I had now such a load on my mind that it kept me perpetually waking; to reveal it I could not find would be to any purpose, and yet to conceal it would be next to impossible; nay, I did not doubt but I should talk in my sleep, and tell my husband



of it whether I would or no. If I discovered it, the least thing I could expect was to lose my husband, for he was too nice and too honest a man to have continued my husband after he had known I had been his sister; so that I was perplexed to the last degree.

I leave it to any man to judge what difficulties presented to my view. I was away from my native country, at a distance prodigious, and the return to me impassable. I lived very well, but in a circumstance insufferable in itself. If I had discovered myself to my mother, it might be difficult to convince her of the particulars, and I had no way to prove them. On the other hand, if she had questioned or doubted me, I had been undone, for the bare suggestion would have immediately separated me from my husband, without gaining my mother or him; so that between the surprise on one hand, and the uncertainty on the other, I had been sure to be undone.

In the meantime, as I was but too sure of the fact, I lived therefore in open avowed incest and whoredom, and all under the appearance of an honest wife; and though I was not much touched with the crime of it, yet the action had something in it shocking to nature, and made my husband even nauseous to me. However, upon the most sedate consideration, I resolved that it was absolutely necessary to conceal it all, and not make the least discovery of it either to mother or husband; and thus I lived with the greatest pressure imaginable for three years more. During this time my mother used to be frequently telling me old stories of her former adventures, which, however, were no ways pleasant to me; for by it, though she did not tell it me in plain terms, yet I could understand, joined with what I heard myself, of my first tutors, that in her younger days she had been whore and thief; but I verily believe she had lived to repent sincerely of both, and that she was then a very pious, sober, and religious woman.

Well, let her life have been what it would then, it was certain that my life was very uneasy to me; for I lived, as I have said, but in the worst sort of whoredom, and as I could expect no good of it, so really no good issue came of it, and all my seeming prosperity wore off, and ended in misery and destruction. It was some time, indeed, before it came to this, for everything went wrong with us afterwards, and that which was worse, my husband grew strangely altered, froward, jealous, and unkind, and I was as impatient of bearing his carriage, as the carriage was unreasonable and unjust. These things proceeded so far, and we came at last to be in such ill terms with one another, that I claimed a promise of him, which he entered willingly into with me when I consented to come from England with him, viz., that if I did not like to live there, I should come away to England again when I pleased, giving him a year's warning to settle his affairs.

I say, I now claimed this promise of him, and I must confess I did it not in the most obliging terms that could be neither; but I insisted that he treated me ill, that I was remote from my friends, and could do myself no justice, and that he was jealous without cause, my conversation having been unblamable, and he having no pretence for it, and that to remove to England would take away all occasion from him.

I insisted so peremptorily upon it, that he could not avoid coming to a point, either to keep his word with me or to break it; and this, notwithstanding he used all the skill he was master of, and employed his mother and other agents to prevail with me to alter my resolutions; indeed, the bottom of the thing lay at my heart, and that made all his endeavours fruitless, for my heart was alienated from him. I loathed the thoughts of bedding with him, and used a thousand pretences of illness and humour to prevent his touching me, fearing nothing more than to be with child again, which to be sure would have prevented, or at least delayed, my going over to England.

However, at last I put him so out of humour that he took up a rash and fatal resolution, that, in short, I should not go to England; that though he had promised me, yet it was an unreasonable thing; that it would be ruinous to his affairs, would unhinge his whole family, and be next to an undoing him in the world; that therefore I ought not to desire it of him, and that no wife in the world that valued her family and her husband's prosperity, would insist upon such a thing.

This plunged me again, for when I considered the thing calmly, and took my husband as he really was, a diligent, careful man in the main, and that he knew nothing of the dreadful circumstances that he was in, I could not but confess to myself that my proposal was very unreasonable, and what no wife that had the good of her family at heart would have desired.

But my discontents were of another nature; I looked upon him no longer as a husband, but as a near relation, the son of my own mother, and I resolved somehow or other to be clear of him, but which way I did not know.

It is said by the ill-natured world, of our sex, that if we are set on a thing, it is impossible to turn us from our resolutions; in short, I never ceased poring upon the means to bring to pass my voyage, and came that length with my husband at last, as to propose going without him. This provoked him to the last degree, and he called me not only an unkind wife, but an unnatural mother, and asked me how I could entertain such a thought without horror, as that of leaving my two children (for one was dead) without a mother, and never to see them more. It was true, had things been right, I should not have done it, but now, it was my real desire never to see them, or him either, any more; and as to the charge of unnatural, I could easily answer it to myself, while I knew that the whole relation was unnatural in the highest degree.

However, there was no bringing my husband to anything; he would neither go with me, nor let me go without him, and it was out of my power to stir without his consent, as any one that is acquainted with the constitution of that country knows very well.

We had many family quarrels about it, and they began to grow up to a dangerous height; for as I was quite estranged from him in affection, so I took no heed to my words, but sometimes gave him language that was provoking; in short, I strove all I could to bring him to a parting with me, which was what above all things I desired most.

He took my carriage very ill, and indeed he might well do so, for at last I refused to bed with him, and carrying on the breach upon all occasions to extremity, he told me once he thought I was mad, and if I did not alter my conduct, he would put me under cure; that is to say, into a madhouse. I told him he should find I was far enough from mad, and that it was not in his power, or any other villain's, to murder me. I confess at the same time I was heartily frightened at his thoughts of putting me into a madhouse, which would at once have destroyed all the possibility of bringing the truth out; for that then no one would have given credit to a word of it.

This therefore brought me to a resolution, whatever came of it, to lay open my whole case; but which way to do it, or to whom, was an inextricable difficulty, when another quarrel with my husband happened, which came up to such an extreme as almost pushed me on to tell it him all to his face; but though I kept it in so as not to come to the particulars, I spoke so much as put him into the utmost confusion, and in the end brought out the whole story.

He began with a calm expostulation upon my being so resolute to go to England; I defended it, and one hard word bringing on another, as is usual in all family strife, he told me I did not treat him as if he was my husband, or talk of my children as if I was a mother; and, in short, that I did not deserve to be used as a wife; that he had used all the fair means possible with me; that he had argued with all the kindness and calmness that a husband or a Christian ought to do, and that I made him such a vile return, that I treated him rather like a dog than a man, and rather like the most contemptible stranger than a husband; that he was very loth to use violence with me, but that, in short, he saw a necessity of it now, and that for the future he should be obliged to take such measures as should reduce me to my duty.

My blood was now fired to the utmost, and nothing could appear more provoked. I told him, for his fair means and his foul, they were equally contemned by me; that for my going to England, I was resolved on it, come what would; and that as to treating him not like a husband, and not showing myself a mother to my children, there might be something more in it than he understood at present; but I thought fit to tell him thus much, that he neither was my lawful husband, nor they lawful children, and that I had reason to regard neither of them more than I did.

I confess I was moved to pity him when I spoke it, for he turned pale as death, and stood mute as one thunderstruck, and once or twice I thought he would have fainted; in short, it put him in a fit something like an apoplexy; he trembled, a sweat or dew ran off his face, and yet he was cold as a clod, so that I was forced to fetch something to keep life in him. When he recovered of that, he grew sick and vomited, and in a little after was put to bed, and the next morning was in a violent fever.

However, it went off again, and he recovered, though but slowly, and when he came to be a little better, he told me I had given him a mortal wound with my tongue, and he had only one thing to ask before he desired an explanation. I interrupted him, and told him I was sorry I had gone so far, since I saw what disorder it put him into, but I desired him not to talk to me of explanations, for that would but make things worse.

This heightened his impatience, and, indeed, perplexed him beyond all bearing; for now he began to suspect that there was some mystery yet unfolded, but could not make the least guess at it; all that ran in his brain was, that I had another husband alive, but I assured him there was not the least of that in it; indeed, as to my other husband, he was effectually dead to me, and had told me I should look on him as such, so I had not the least uneasiness on that score.

But now I found the thing too far gone to conceal it much longer, and my husband himself gave me an opportunity to ease myself of the secret, much to my satisfaction. He had laboured with me three or four weeks, but to no purpose, only to tell him whether I had spoken those words only to put him in a passion, or whether there was anything of truth in the bottom of them. But I continued inflexible, and would explain nothing, unless he would first consent to my going to England, which he would never do, he said, while he lived; on the other hand, I said it was in my power to make him willing when I pleased nay, to make him entreat me to go; and this increased his curiosity, and made him importunate to the highest degree.

At length he tells all this story to his mother, and sets her upon me to get it out of me, and she used her utmost skill indeed; but I put her to a full stop at once, by telling her that the mystery of the whole matter lay in herself; that it was my respect to her had made me conceal it; and that, in short, I could go no farther, and therefore conjured her not to insist upon it.

She was struck dumb at this suggestion, and could not tell what to say or to think; but laying aside the supposition as a policy of mine, continued her importunity on account of her son, and, if possible, to make up the breach between us two. As to that, I told her that it was indeed a good design in her, but that it was impossible to be done; and that if I should reveal to her the truth of what she desired, she would grant it to be impossible, and cease to desire it. At last I seemed to be prevailed on by her importunity, and told her I dare trust her with a secret of the greatest importance, and she would soon see that this was so, and that I would consent to lodge it in her breast, if she would engage solemnly not to acquaint her son with it without my consent.

She was long in promising this part, but rather than not come at the main secret she agreed to that too, and after a great many other preliminaries, I began, and told her the whole story. First I told her how much she was concerned in all the unhappy breach which had happened between her son and me, by telling me her own story and her London name; and that the surprise she saw I was in was upon that occasion. Then I told her my own story, and my name, and assured her, by such other tokens as she could not deny, that I was no other, nor more or less, than her own child, her daughter, born of her body in Newgate; the same that had saved her from the gallows by being in her belly, and that she left in such-and-such hands when she was transported.

It is impossible to express the astonishment she was in; she was not inclined to believe the story, or to remember the particulars; for she immediately foresaw

the confusion that must follow in the family upon it; but everything concurred so exactly with the stories she had told me of herself, and which, if she had not told me, she would perhaps have been content to have denied, that she had stopped her own mouth, and she had nothing to do but take me about the neck and kiss me, and cry most vehemently over me, without speaking one word for a long time together. At last she broke out: 'Unhappy child!' says she, 'what miserable chance could bring thee hither? and in the arms of my son, too! Dreadful girl!', says she, 'why, we are all undone! Married to thy own brother! Three children, and two alive, all of the same flesh and blood! My son and my daughter lying together as husband and wife!—all confusion and distraction! Miserable family! What will become of us? What is to be said? What is to be done?' And thus she ran on a great while; nor had I any power to speak, or if I had, did I know what to say, for every word wounded me to the soul. With this kind of amazement we parted for the first time, though my mother was more surprised than I was, because it was more news to her than to me. However, she promised again that she would say nothing of it to her son till we had talked of it again.

It was not long, you may be sure, before we had a second conference upon the same subject; when, as if she had been willing to forget the story she had told me of herself, or to suppose that I had forgot some of the particular, she began to tell them with alterations and omissions; but I refreshed her memory in many things which I supposed she had forgot, and then came in so opportunely with the whole history, that it was impossible for her to go from it; and then she fell into her rhapsodies again, and exclamations at the severity of her misfortunes. When these things were a little over with her, we fell into a close debate about what should be first done before we gave an account of the matter to my husband. But to what purpose could be all our consultations? We could neither of us see our way through it, or how it could be safe to open such a scene to him. It was impossible to make any judgment, or give any guess at what temper he would receive it in, or what measures he would take upon it; and if he should have so little government of himself as to make it public, we easily foresaw that it would be the ruin of the whole family; and if at last he should take the advantage the law would give him, he might put me away with disdain, and leave me to sue for the little portion that I had, and perhaps waste it all in the suit, and then be a beggar; and thus I should see him, perhaps, in the arms of another wife in a few months, and be myself the most miserable creature alive.

My mother was as sensible of this as I; and, upon the whole, we knew not what to do. After some time we came to more sober resolutions, but then it was with this misfortune too, that my mother's opinion and mine were quite different from one another, and indeed inconsistent with one another; for my mother's opinion was, that I should bury the whole thing entirely, and continue to live with him as my husband, till some other event should make the discovery of it more convenient; and that in the meantime she would endeavour to reconcile us together again, and restore our mutual comfort and family peace; that we might lie as we used to do

together, and so let the whole matter remain a secret as close as death; 'for, child', says she, 'we are both undone if it comes out.'

To encourage me to this, she promised to make me easy in my circumstances, and to leave me what she could at her death, secured for me separately from my husband; so that if it should come out afterwards, I should be able to stand on my own feet, and procure justice too from him. This proposal did not agree with my judgment, though it was very fair and kind in my mother; but my thoughts ran quite another way.

As to keeping the thing in our own breasts, and letting it all remain as it was, I told her it was impossible; and I asked her now she could think I could bear the thoughts of lying with my own brother. In the next place I told her that her being alive was the only support of the discovery, and that while she owned me for her child, and saw reason to be satisfied that I was so, nobody else would doubt it; but that if she should die before the discovery, I should be taken for an impudent creature that had forged such a thing to go away from my husband, or should be counted crazed and distracted. Then I told her how he had threatened already to put me into a madhouse, and what concern I had been in about it, and how that was the thing that drove me to the necessity of discovering it to her as I had done.

From all which I told her, that I had, on the most serious reflections I was able to make in the case, come to this resolution, which I hoped she would like, as a medium between both, viz., that she should use her endeavours with her son to give me leave to go for England, as I had desired, and to furnish me with a sufficient sum of money, either in goods along with me, or in bills for my support there, all along suggesting that he might one time or other think it proper to come over to me.

That when I was gone, she should then, in cold blood, discover the case to him gradually, and as her own discretion, should guide; so that he might not be surprised with it, and fly out into any passions and excesses; and that she should concern herself to prevent his slighting the children, or marrying again, unless he had a certain account of my being dead.

This was my scheme, and my reasons were good; I was really alienated from him in the consequence of these things; indeed I mortally hated him as a husband; and it was impossible to remove that riveted aversion I had to him; at the same time, it being an unlawful, incestuous living, added to that aversion, and everything added to make cohabiting with him the most nauseous thing to me in the world; and I think verily it was come to such a height, that I could almost as willingly have embraced a dog, as have let him offer anything of that kind to me, for which reason I could not bear the thoughts of coming between the sheets with him. I cannot say that I was right in carrying it such a length, while at the same time I did not resolve to discover the thing to him; but I am giving an account of what was, not of what ought or ought not to be.

In this directly opposite opinion to one another my mother and I continued a long time, and it was impossible to reconcile our judgments; many disputes we had about it, but we could never either of us yield our own, or bring over the other.

I insisted on my aversion to lying with my own brother, and she insisted upon its being impossible to bring him to consent to my going to England; and in this uncertainty we continued, not differing so as to quarrel, or anything like it, but so as not to be able to resolve what we should do to make up that terrible breach.

At last I resolved on a desperate course, and told my mother my resolution, viz., that, in short, I would tell him of it myself. My mother was frightened to the last degree at the very thoughts of it; but I bid her be easy, told her I would do it gradually and softly, and with all the art and good humour I was mistress of, and time it also as well as I could, taking him in good humour too. I told her I did not question but if I could be hypocrite enough to feign more affection to him than I really had, I should succeed in all my design, and we might part by consent, and with a good agreement, for I might love him well enough for a brother, though I could not for a husband.

All this while he lay at my mother to find out, if possible, what was the meaning of that dreadful expression of mine, as he called it, which I mentioned before; namely, that I was not his lawful wife, nor my children his legal children. My mother put him off, told him she could bring me to no explanations, but found there was something that disturbed me very much, and she hoped she should get it out of me in time, and in the meantime recommended to him earnestly to use me more tenderly, and win me with his usual good carriage; told him of his terrifying and affrighting me with his threats of sending me to a madhouse and the like, and advised him not to make a woman desperate on any account whatever.

He promised her to soften his behaviour, and bid her assure me that he loved me as well as ever, and that he had no such design as that of sending me to a madhouse, whatever he might say in his passion; also he desired my mother to use the same persuasions to me too, and we might live together as we used to do.

I found the effects of this treaty presently. My husband's conduct was immediately altered, and he was quite another man to me; nothing could be kinder and more obliging than he was to me upon all occasions; and I could do no less than make some return to it, which I did as well as I could, but it was but in an awkward manner at best, for nothing was more frightful to me than his caresses, and the apprehensions of being with child again by him was ready to throw me into fits; and this made me see that there was an absolute necessity of breaking the case to him without any more delay, which, however, I did with all the caution and reserve imaginable.

He had continued his altered carriage to me near a month, and we began to live a new kind of life with one another, and could I have satisfied myself to have gone on with it, I believe it might have continued as long as we had continued alive together. One evening, as we were sitting and talking together under a little awning, which served as an arbour at the entrance into the garden, he was in a very pleasant, agreeable humor, and said abundance of kind things to me relating to the pleasure of our present good agreement, and the disorders of our past breach, and what a satisfaction it was to him that we had room to hope we should never have any more of it.

I fetched a deep sigh, and told him there was nobody in the world could be more delighted than I was in the good agreement we had always kept up, or more afflicted with the breach of it; but I was sorry to tell him that there was an unhappy circumstance in our case, which lay too close to my heart, and which I knew not how to break to him, that rendered my part of it very miserable, and took from me all the comfort of the rest.

He importuned me to tell him what it was. I told him I could not tell how to do it; that while it was concealed from him, I alone was unhappy, but if he knew it also, we should be both so; and that, there fore, to keep him in the dark about it was the kindest thing that I could do, and it was on that account alone that I kept a secret from him, the very keeping of which, I thought, would first or last be my destruction.

It is impossible the express his surprise at this relation, and the double importunity which he used with me to discover it to him. He told me I could not be called kind to him, nay, I could not be faithful to him, if I concealed it from him. I told him I thought so too, and yet I could not do it. He went back to what I had said before to him, and told me he hoped it did not relate to what I said in my passion, and that he had resolved to forget all that as the effect of a rash, provoked spirit. I told him I wished I could forget it all too, but that it was not to be done, the impression was too deep, and it was impossible.

He then told me he was resolved not to differ with me in anything, and that therefore he would importune me no more about it, resolving to acquiesce in whatever I did or said; only begged I would then agree, that whatever it was, it should no more interrupt our quiet and our mutual kindness.

This was the most provoking thing he could have said to me, for I really wanted his further importunities, that I might be prevailed with to bring out that which indeed was like death to me to conceal. So I answered him plainly that I could not say I was glad not to be importuned, though I could not tell how to comply. 'But come, my dear', said I, 'what conditions will you make with me upon the opening this affair to you?'

'Any conditions in the world', said he 'that you can in reason desire of me.' 'Well', said I, 'come, give it me under your hand, that if you do not find I am in any fault, or that I am willingly concerned in the causes of the misfortunes that is to follow, you will not blame me, use me the worse, do me any injury, or make me be the sufferer for that which is not my fault.'

'That', says he, 'is the most reasonable demand in the world; not to blame you for that which is not your fault. Give me a pen and ink', says he; so I ran in and fetched pen, ink, and paper, and he wrote the condition down in the very words I had proposed it, and signed it with his name. 'Well', says he, 'what is next, my dear?' 'Why', says I, 'the next is, that you will not blame me for not discovering the secret to you before I knew it.' 'Very just again', says he; 'with all my heart'; so he wrote down that also, and signed it.

'Well, my dear', says I, 'then I have but one condition more to make with you, and that is, that as there is nobody concerned in it but you and I, you shall not



discover it to any person in the world, except your own mother; and that in all the measures you shall take upon the discovery, as I am equally concerned in it with you, though as innocent as yourself, you shall do nothing in a passion, nothing to my prejudice, or to your mother's prejudice, without my knowledge and consent.'

This a little amazed him, and he wrote down the words distinctly, but read them over and over before he signed them, hesitating at them several times, and repeating them: 'My mother's prejudice! and your prejudice? What mysterious thing can this be?' However, at last he signed it.

'Well', says I, 'my dear, I'll ask you no more under your hand; but as you are to hear the most unexpected and surprising thing that perhaps ever befell any family in the world, I beg you to promise me you will receive it with composure and a presence of mind suitable to a man of sense.'

'I'll do my utmost', says he, 'upon condition you will keep me no longer in suspense, for you terrify me with all these preliminaries.'

'Well, then', says I, 'it is this: As I told you before in a heat that I was not your lawful wife, and that our children were not legal children, so I must let you know now in calmness, and in kindness, but with affliction enough, that I am your own sister, and you my own brother, and that we are both the children of our mother now alive, and in the house, who is convinced of the truth of it, in a manner not to be denied or contradicted.'

I saw him turn pale and look wild; and I said, 'Now remember your promise, and receive it with presence of mind; for who could have said more to prepare you for it than I have done?' However, I called a servant, and got him a little glass of rum (which is the usual dram of the country), for he was fainting away.

When he was a little recovered I said to him, 'This story, you may be sure, requires a long explanation, and, therefore, have patience and compose your mind to hear it out, and I'll make it as short as I can'; and with this, I told him what I thought was needful of the fact, and particularly how my mother came to discover it to me, as above. 'And now, my dear', says I, 'you will see reason for my capitulations, and that I neither have been the cause of this matter, nor could be so, and that I could know nothing of it before now.'

'I am fully satisfied of that', says he, 'but 'tis a dreadful surprise to me; however, I know a remedy for it all, and a remedy that shall put an end to all your difficulties, without your going to England.' 'That would be strange', said I, 'as all the rest.' 'No, no', says he, 'I'll make it easy; there's nobody in the way of it all but myself.' He looked a little disordered when he said this, but I did not apprehend anything from it at that time, believing, as it used to be said, that they who do those things never talk of them, or that they who talk of such things never do them.

But things were not come to their height with him, and I observed he became pensive and melancholy; and in a word, as I thought, a little distempered in his head. I endeavoured to talk him into temper, and into a kind of scheme for our government in the affair, and sometimes he would be well, and talk with some courage about it; but the weight of it lay too heavy upon his thoughts, and went so far that he made

two attempts upon himself, and in one of them had actually strangled himself, and had not his mother come into the room in the very moment, he had died; but with the help of a negro servant, she cut him down and recovered him.

Things were now come to a lamentable height. My pity for him now began to revive that affection which at first I really had for him, and I endeavoured sincerely, by all the kind carriage I could, to make up the breach; but, in short, it had gotten too great a head, it preyed upon his spirits, and it threw him into a lingering consumption, though it happened not to be mortal. In this distress I did not know what to do, as his life was apparently declining, and I might perhaps have married again there, very much to my advantage, had it been my business to have stayed in the country; but my mind was restless too; I hankered after coming to England, and nothing would satisfy me without it.

In short, by an unwearied importunity, my husband, who was apparently decaying, as I observed, was at last prevailed with; and so my fate pushing me on, the way was made clear for me, and my mother concurring, I obtained a very good cargo for my coming to England.

When I parted with my brother (for such I am now to call him), we agreed that after I arrived, he should pretend to have an account that I was dead in England, and so might marry again when he would. He promised, and engaged to me to correspond with me as a sister, and to assist and support me as long as I lived; and that if he died before me, he would leave sufficient to his mother to take care of me still, in the name of a sister, and he was in some respects just to this; but it was so oddly managed that I felt the disappointments very sensibly afterwards, as you shall hear in its time.

I came away in the month of August, after I had been eight years in that country; and now a new scene of misfortunes attended me, which perhaps few women have gone through the like.

We had an indifferent good voyage till we came just upon the coast of England, and where we arrived in two-and-thirty days, but were then ruffled with two or three storms, one of which drove us away to the coast of Ireland, and we put in at Kinsale. We remained there about thirteen days, got some refreshment on shore, and put to sea again, though we met with very bad weather again, in which the ship sprung her mainmast, as they called it. But we got at last into Milford Haven, in Wales, where, though it was remote from our port, yet having my foot safe upon the firm ground of the isle of Britain, I resolved to venture it no more upon the waters, which had been so terrible to me; so getting my clothes and money on shore, with my bills of loading and other papers, I resolved to come for London, and leave the ship to get to her port as she could; the port thither she was bound was to Bristol, where my brother's chief correspondent lived.

I got to London in about three weeks, where I heard a little while after that the ship was arrived at Bristol, but at the same time had the misfortune to know that by the violent weather she had been in, and the breaking of her mainmast, she had great damage on board, and that a great part of her cargo was spoiled.

I had now a new scene of life upon my hands, and a dreadful appearance it had. I was come away with a kind of final farewell. What I brought with me was indeed considerable, had it come safe, and by the help of it I might have married again tolerably well; but as it was, I was reduced to between two or three hundred pounds in the whole, and this without any hope of recruit. I was entirely without friends, nay even so much as without acquaintances, for I found it was absolutely necessary not to revive former acquaintance; and as for my subtle friend that set me up formerly for a fortune, she was dead, and her husband also.

The looking after my cargo of goods soon after obliged me to take a journey to Bristol, and during my attendance upon that affair I took the diversion of going to Bath, for as I was still far from being old, so my humour, which was always gay, continued so to an extreme; and being now, as it were, a woman of fortune, though I was a woman without a fortune, I expected something or other might happen in the way that might mend my circumstances, as had been my case before.

Bath is a place of gallantry enough; expensive, and full of snares. I went thither, indeed, in the view of taking what might offer; but I must do myself that justice as to protest I meant nothing but in an honest way, nor had any thoughts about me at first that looked the way which after wards I suffered them to be guided.

Here I stayed the whole latter season, as it is called there, and contracted some unhappy acquaintance, which rather prompted the follies I fell afterwards into than fortified me against them. I lived pleasantly enough, kept good company, that is to say, gay, fine company; but had the discouragement to find this way of living sunk me exceedingly, and that as I had no settled income, so spending upon the main stock was but a certain kind of bleeding to death; and this gave me many sad reflections. However, I shook them off, and still flattered myself that something or other might offer for my advantage.

But I was in the wrong place for it. I was not now at Redriff, where if I had set myself tolerably up, some honest sea captain or other might have talked with me upon the honourable terms of matrimony; but I was at Bath, where men find a mistress sometimes, but very rarely look for a wife; and consequently all the particular acquaintances a woman can expect there must have some tendency that way.

I had spent the first season well enough; for though I had contracted some acquaintance with a gentleman who came to Bath for his diversion, yet I had entered into no felonious treaty. I had resisted some casual offers of gallantry, and had managed that way well enough. I was not wicked enough to come into the crime for the mere vice of it, and I had no extraordinary offers that tempted me with the main thing which I wanted.

However, I went this length the first season, viz. I contracted an acquaintance with a woman in whose house I lodged, who, though she did not keep an ill house, yet had none of the best principles in herself. I had on all occasions behaved myself so well as not to get the least slur upon my reputation, and all the men that I had conversed with were of so good reputation that I had not gotten the least reflection by conversing with them; nor did any of them seem to think there was room for

a wicked correspondence if they had offered it; yet there was one gentleman, as above, who always singled me out for the diversion of my company, as he called it, which, as he was pleased to say, was very agreeable to him, but at that time there was no more in it.

I had many melancholy hours at Bath after all the company was gone; for though I went to Bristol sometimes for the disposing my effects, and for recruits of money, yet I chose to come back to Bath for my residence, because, being on good terms with the woman in whose house I lodged in the summer, I found that during the winter I lived rather cheaper there than I could do anywhere else. Here, I say, I passed the winter as heavily as I had passed the autumn cheerfully; but having contracted a nearer intimacy with the said woman, in whose house I lodged, I could not avoid communicating something of what lay hardest upon my mind, and particularly the narrowness of my circumstances. I told her also, that I had a mother and a brother in Virginia in good circumstances; and as I had really written back to my mother in particular to represent my condition, and the great loss I had received, so I did not fail to let my new friend know that I expected a supply from thence, and so indeed I did; and as the ships went from Bristol to York River, in Virginia, and back again generally in less time than from London, and that my brother corresponded chiefly at Bristol, I thought it was much better for me to wait here for my returns than to go to London.

My new friend appeared sensibly affected with my condition, and indeed was so very kind as to reduce the rate of my living with her to so low a price during the winter, that she convinced me she got nothing by me; and as for lodging, during the winter I paid nothing at all.

When the spring season came on, she continued to be as kind to me as she could, and I lodged with her for a time, till it was found necessary to do otherwise. She had some persons of character that frequently lodged in her house, and in particular the gentleman who, as I said, singled me out for his companion in the winter before; and he came down again with another gentleman in his company and two servants, and lodged in the same house. I suspected that my landlady had invited him thither, letting him know that I was still with her; but she denied it.

It a word, this gentleman came down and continued to single me out for his peculiar confidence. He was a complete gentleman, that must be confessed, and his company was agreeable to me, as mine, if I might believe him, was to him. He made no professions to me but of an extraordinary respect, and he had such an opinion of my virtue, that, as he often professed, he believed, if he should offer anything else, I should reject him with contempt. He soon understood from me that I was a widow; that I had arrived at Bristol from Virginia by the last ships; and that I waited at Bath till the next Virginia fleet should arrive, by which I expected considerable effects. I understood by him that he had a wife, but that the lady was distempered in her head, and was under the conduct of her own relations, which he consented to, to avoid any reflection that might be cast upon him for mismanaging her cure; and in the meantime he came to Bath to divert his thoughts under such a melancholy circumstance.

My landlady, who of her own accord encouraged the correspondence on all occasions, gave me an advantageous character of him, as of a man of honour, and of virtue, as well as of a great estate. And indeed I had reason to say so of him too; for though we lodged both on a floor, and he had frequently come into my chamber, even when I was in bed, and I also into his, yet he never offered anything to me further than a kiss, or so much as solicited me to anything till long after, as you shall hear.

I frequently took notice to my landlady of his exceeding modesty, and she again used to tell me she believed it was so from the beginning; however, she used to tell me that she thought I ought to expect some gratifications from him for my company, for indeed he did as it were engross me. I told her I had not given him the least occasion to think I wanted it, or that I would accept of it from him. She told me she would take that part upon her, and she managed it so dexterously, that the first time we were together alone, after she had talked with him, he began to inquire a little into my circumstances, as how I had subsisted myself since I came on shore, and whether I did not want money. I stood off very boldly. I told him that though my cargo of tobacco was damaged, yet that it was not quite lost; that the merchant that I had been consigned to had so honestly managed for me that I had not wanted, and that I hoped, with frugal management, I should make it hold out till more would come, which I expected by the next fleet; that in the meantime I had retrenched my expenses, and whereas I kept a maid last season, now I lived without; and whereas I had a chamber and a dining-room then on the first floor, I now had but one room, two pair of stairs, and the like; 'but I live', said I, 'as well satisfied now as then'; adding, that his company had made me live much more cheerfully than otherwise I should have done, for which I was much obliged to him; and so I put off all room for any offer at the present. It was not long before he attacked me again, and told me he found that I was backward to trust him with the secret of my circumstances, which he was sorry for; assuring me that he inquired into it with no design to satisfy his own curiosity, but merely to assist me if there was any occasion; but since I would not own myself to stand in need of any assistance, he had but one thing more to desire of me, and that was, that I would promise him that when I was any way straitened, I would frankly tell him of it, and that I would make use of him with the same freedom that he made the offer; adding, that I should always find I had a true friend, though perhaps I was afraid to trust him.

I omitted nothing that was fit to be said by one infinitely obliged, to let him know that I had a due sense of his kindness; and indeed from that time I did not appear so much reserved to him as I had done before, though still within the bounds of the strictest virtue on both sides; but how free soever our conversation was, I could not arrive to that freedom which he desired, viz., to tell him I wanted money, though I was secretly very glad of his offer.

Some weeks passed after this, and still I never asked him for money; when my landlady, a cunning creature, who had often pressed me to it, but found that I could not do it, makes a story of her own inventing, and comes in bluntly to me

when we were together, 'Oh, widow!' says she, 'I have bad news to tell you this morning.' 'What is that?' said I. 'Are the Virginia ships taken by the French?'; for that was my fear. 'No, no', says she, 'but the man you sent to Bristol yesterday for money is come back, and says he has brought none.'

I could by no means like her project; I thought it looked too much like prompting him, which he did not want, and I saw that I should lose nothing by being backward, so took her up short. 'I can't imagine why he should say so' said I; for I assure you he brought me all the money and I sent him for, and here it is 'said I (pulling out my purse with about twelve guineas in it); and added, 'I intend you shall have most of it by-and-by.'

He seemed distasted a little at her talking as she did, as well as I, taking it, as I fancied he would, as something forward of her; but when he saw me give such an answer, he came immediately to himself. The next morning we talked of it again, when I found he was fully satisfied; and, smiling, said he hoped I would not want money, and not tell him of it, and that I had promised him otherwise. I told him I had been very much dissatisfied at my landlady's talking so publicly the day before of what she had nothing to do with; but I supposed she wanted what I owed her, which was about eight guineas, which I had resolved to give her, and had given it her the same night.

He was in a mighty good humour when he heard me say I had paid her, and it went off into some other discourse at that time. But the next morning, he having heard me up before him, he called to me, and I answered. He asked me to come into his chamber; he was in bed when I came in, and he made me come and sit down on his bedside, for he said he had something to say to me. After some very kind expressions, he asked me if I would be very honest to him, and give a sincere answer to one thing he would desire of me. After some little cavil with him at the word 'sincere', and asking him if I had ever given him any answers which were not sincere, I promised him I would. Why, then, his request was, he said, to let him see my purse. I immediately put my hand into my pocket, and laughing at him, pulled it out, and there was in it three guineas and a half. Then he asked me if there was all the money I had. I told him no, laughing again, not by a great deal.

Well, then, he said, he would have me promise to go and fetch him all the money I had, every farthing. I told him I would, and I went into my chamber, and fetched him a little private drawer, where I had about six guineas more, and some silver, and threw it all down upon the bed, and told him there was all my wealth, honestly to a shilling. He looked a little at it, but did not tell it, and huddled it all into the drawer again, and then reaching his pocket, pulled out a key, and bade me open a little walnut-tree box he had upon the table, and bring him such a drawer, which I did. In this drawer there was a great deal of money in gold, I believe near two hundred guineas, but I knew not how much. He took the drawer, and taking me by the hand, made me put it in and take a whole handful; I was backward at that, but he held my hand hard in his hand, and put it into the drawer, and made me take out as many guineas almost as I could well take up at once.

When I had done so, he made me put them into my lap, and took my little drawer, and poured out all my own money among his, and bade me get me gone, and carry it all into my own chamber.

I relate this story the more particularly, because of the good-humour of it, and to show the temper with which we conversed. It was not long after this, but he began every day to find fault with my clothes, with my laces, and head-dresses, and, in a word, pressed me to buy better, which, by the way, I was willing enough to do, though I did not seem to be so. I loved nothing in the world better than fine clothes; but I told him I must housewife the money he had lent me, or else I should not be able to pay him again. He then told me, in a few words, that as he had a sincere respect for me, and knew my circumstances, he had not lent me that money, but given it me, and that he thought I had merited it from him, by giving him my company so entirely as I had done. After this he made me take a maid, and keep house, and his friend being gone, he obliged me to diet him, which I did very willingly, believing, as it appeared, that I should lose nothing by it, nor did the woman of the house fail to find her account in it too.

We had lived thus near three months, when the company beginning to wear away at Bath, he talked of going away, and fain he would have me to go to London with him. I was not very easy in that proposal, not knowing what posture I was to live in there, or how he might use me. But while this was in debate, he fell very sick; he had gone out to a place in Somersetshire, called Shepton, and was there taken very ill, and so ill that he could not travel; so he sent his man back to Bath, to beg me that I would hire a coach and come over to him. Before he went, he had left his money and other things of value with me, and what to do with them I did not know, but I secured them as well as I could, and locked up the lodgings and went to him, where I found him very ill indeed, so I persuaded him to be carried in a litter to Bath, where was more help and better advice to be had.

He consented, and I brought him to Bath, which was about fifteen miles, as I remember. Here he continued very ill of a fever, and kept his bed five weeks, all which time I nursed him and tended him as carefully as if I had been his wife; indeed, if I had been his wife I could not have done more. I sat up with him so much and so often, that at last, indeed, he would not let me sit up any longer, and then I got a pallet-bed into his room, and lay in it just at his bed's feet.

I was indeed sensibly affected with his condition, and with the apprehensions of losing such a friend as he was, and was like to be to me, and I used to sit and cry by him many hours together. At last he grew better, and gave hopes that he would recover, as indeed he did, though very slowly.

Were it otherwise than what I am going to say, I should not be back ward to disclose it, as it is apparent I have done in other cases; but I affirm, through all this conversation, abating the coming into the chamber when I or he was in bed, and the necessary offices of attending him night and day when he was sick, there had not passed the least immodest word or action between us. Oh that it had been so to the last!

After some time he gathered strength and grew well apace, and I would have removed my pallet-bed, but he would not let me, till he was able to venture himself without anybody to sit up with him, when I removed to my own chamber.

He took many occasions to express his sense of my tenderness for him; and when he grew well he made me a present of fifty guineas for my care, and, as he called it, hazarding my life to save his.

And now he made deep protestations of a sincere inviolable affection for me, but with the utmost reserve for my virtue and his own. I told him I was fully satisfied of it. He carried it that length that he protested to me, that if he was naked in bed with me, he would as sacredly preserve my virtue as he would defend it, if I was assaulted by a ravisher. I believed him, and told him I did so; but this did not satisfy him; he would, he said, wait for some opportunity to give me an undoubted testimony of it.

It was a great while after this that I had occasion, on my business, to go to Bristol, upon which he hired me a coach, and would go with me; and now indeed our intimacy increased. From Bristol he carried me to Gloucester, which was merely a journey of pleasure, to take the air; and here it was our hap to have no lodgings in the inn, but in one large chamber with two beds in it. The master of the house going 'vith us to show his rooms, and coming into that room, said very frankly to him, 'Sir, it is none of my business to inquire whether the lady be your spouse or no, but if not, you may lie as honestly in these two beds as if you were in two chambers', and with that he pulls a great curtain which drew quite across the room, and effectually divided the beds. 'Well', says my friend, very readily, 'these beds will do; and as for the rest, we are too near akin to lie together, though we may lodge near one another'; and this put an honest face on the thing too. When we came to go to bed, he decently went out of the room till I was in bed, and then went to bed in the other bed, but lay there talking to me a great while.

At last, repeating his usual saying, that he could lie naked in the bed with me, and not offer me the least injury, he starts out of his bed. And now, my dear', says he, 'you shall see how just I will be to you, and that I can keep my word'; and away he comes to my bed.

I resisted a little, but I must confess I should not have resisted him much, if he had not made those promises at all; so after a little struggle, I lay still and let him come to bed. When he was there he took me in his arms, and so I lay all night with him, but he had no more to do with me, or offered anything to me other than embracing me as I say in his arms, no, not the whole night, but rose up and dressed him in the morning, and left me as innocent for him as I was the day I was born. This was a surprising thing to me, and perhaps may be so to others who know how the laws of nature work; for he was a vigorous, brisk person. Nor did he act thus on a principle of religion at all, but of mere affection; insisting on it that, though I was to him the most agreeable woman in the world, yet, because he loved me, he could not injure me.

I own it was a noble principle, but as it was what I never saw before, so it was perfectly amazing. We travelled the rest of the journey as we did before, and came



back to Bath, where, as he had opportunity to come to me when he would, he often repeated the same moderation, and I frequently lay with him, and although all the familiarities of man and wife were common to us, yet he never once offered to go any further, and he valued himself much upon it I do not say that I was so wholly pleased with it as he thought I was, for I own I was much wickeder than he.

We lived thus near two years, only with this exception, that he went three times to London in that time, and once he continued there four months; but, to do him justice, he always supplied me with money to subsist on very handsomely.

Had we continued thus, I confess we had much to boast of; but, as wise men say, it is ill venturing too near the brink of a command. So we found it; and here again I must do him the justice to own that the first breach was not on his part. It was one night that we were in bed together warm and merry, and having drunk, I think, a little more both of us than usual, though not in the least to disorder us, when, after some other follies which I cannot name, and being clasped close in his arms, I told him (I repeat it with shame and horror of soul) that I could find in my heart to discharge him of his engagement for one night and no more.

He took me at my word immediately, and after that there was no resisting him; neither indeed had I any mind to resist him any more.

Thus the government of our virtue was broken, and I exchanged the place of friend for that unmusical, harsh-sounding title of whore. In the morning we were both at our penitentials; I cried very heartily, he expressed himself very sorry; but that was all either of us could do at that time, and the way being thus cleared, and the bars of virtue and conscience thus removed, we had the less to struggle with.

It was but a dull kind of conversation that we had together for all the rest of that week; I looked on him with blushes, and every now and then started that melancholy objection, 'What if I should be with child now? What will become of me then?' He encouraged me by telling me, that as long as I was true to him, he would be so to me; and since it was gone such a length (which indeed he never intended), yet if I was with child, he would take care of that and me too. This hardened us both. I assured him if I was with child, I would die for want of a midwife rather than name him as the father of it; and he assured me I should never want if I should be with child. These mutual assurances hardened us in the thing, and after this we repeated the crime as often as we pleased, till at length, as I feared, so it came to pass, and I was indeed with child.

After I was sure it was so, and I had satisfied him of it too, we began to think of taking measures for the managing it, and I proposed trusting the secret to my landlady, and asking her advice, which he agreed to. My landlady, a woman (as I found) used to such things, made light of it; she said she knew it would come to that at last, and made us very merry about it. As I said above, we found her an experienced old lady at such work; she undertook everything, engaged to procure a midwife and a nurse, to satisfy all inquiries, and bring us off with reputation, and she did so very dexterously indeed.

When I grew near my time, she desired my gentleman to go away to London, or make as if he did so. When he was gone, she acquainted the parish officers that there was a lady ready to lie in at her house, but that she knew her husband very well, and gave them, as she pretended, an account of his name, which she called Sir Walter Cleave; telling them he was a worthy gentleman, and that she would answer for all inquiries, and the like. This satisfied the parish officers presently, and I lay in in as much credit as I could have done if I had really been my Lady Cleave; and was assisted in my travail by three or four of the best citizens' wives of Bath, which, however, made me a little the more expensive to him. I often expressed my concern to him about that part, but he bid me not be concerned at it.

As he had furnished me very sufficiently with money for the extraordinary expenses of my lying in, I had everything very handsome about me, but did not affect to be so gay or extravagant neither; besides, knowing the world, as I had done, and that such kind of things do not often last long, I took care to lay up as much money as I could for a wet day, as I called it; making him believe it was all spent upon the extraordinary appearance of things in my lying in.

By this means, with what he had given me as above, I had at the end of my lying in two hundred guineas by me, including also what was left of my own.

I was brought to bed of a fine boy indeed, and a charming child it was; and when he heard of it, he wrote me a very kind obliging letter about it, and then told me he thought it would look better for me to come away for London as soon as I was up and well, that he had provided apartments for me at Hammersmith, as if I came only from London, and that after a while I should go back to Bath, and he would go with me.

I liked his offer very well, and hired a coach on purpose, and taking my child and a wet-nurse to tend and suckle it, and a maid-servant with me, away I went for London.

He met me at Reading in his own chariot, and taking me into that, left the servant and the child in the hired coach, and so he brought me to my new lodgings at Hammersmith; with which I had abundance of reason to be very well pleased, for they were very handsome rooms.

And now I was indeed in the height of what I might call prosperity, and I wanted nothing but to be a wife, which, however, could not be in this case, and therefore on all occasions I studied to save what I could, as I said above, against the time of scarcity; knowing well enough that such things as these do not always continue; that men that keep mistresses often change them, grow weary of them, or jealous of them, or something or other; and sometimes the ladies that are thus well used, are not careful by a prudent conduct to preserve the esteem of their persons, or the nice article of their fidelity, and then they are justly cast off with contempt.

But I was secured in this point, for as I had no inclination to change, so I had no manner of acquaintance, so no temptation to look any farther. I kept no company but in the family where I lodged, and with a clergyman's lady at next door; so that when he was absent I visited nobody, nor did he ever find me out of my chamber or

parlour whenever he came down; if I went anywhere to take the air, it was always with him.

The living in this manner with him, and his with me, was certainly the most undesigned thing in the world; he often protested to me that when he became first acquainted with me, and even to the very night when we first broke in upon our rules, he never had the least design of lying with me; that he always had a sincere affection for me, but not the least real inclination to do what he had done. I assured him I never suspected him; that, if I had, I should not so easily have yielded to the freedoms which brought it on, but that it was all a surprise, and was owing to our having yielded too far to our mutual inclinations that night; and indeed I have often observed since, and leave it as a caution to the readers of this story, that we ought to be cautious of gratifying our inclinations in loose and lewd freedoms, lest we find our resolutions of virtue fail us in the juncture when their assistance should be most necessary.

It is true that from the first hour I began to converse with him, I resolved to let him lie with me, if he offered it; but it was because I wanted his help, and knew of no other way of securing him. But when we were that night together, and, as I have said, had gone such a length, I found my weakness; the inclination was not to be resisted, but I was obliged to yield up all even before he asked it.

However, he was so just to me that he never upbraided me with that; nor did he ever express the least dislike of my conduct on any other occasion, but always protested he was as much delighted with my company as he was the first hour we came together.

It is true that he had no wife, that is to say, she was no wife to him, but the reflections of conscience oftentimes snatch a man, especially a man of sense, from the arms of a mistress, as it did him at last, though on another occasion.

On the other hand, though I was not without secret reproaches of my own conscience for the life I led, and that even in the greatest height of the satisfaction I ever took, yet I had the terrible prospect of poverty and starving, which lay on me as a frightful spectre, so that there was no looking behind me; but as poverty brought me into it, so fear of poverty kept me in it, and I frequently resolved to leave it quite off, if I could but come to lay up money enough to maintain me. But these were thoughts of no weight, and whenever he came to me they vanished; for his company was so delightful, that there was no being melancholy when he was there; the reflections were all the subject of those hours when I was alone.

I lived six years in this happy but unhappy condition, in which time I brought him three children, but only the first of them lived; and though I removed twice in that six years, yet I came back the sixth year to my first lodgings at Hammersmith. Here it was that I was one morning surprised with a kind but melancholy letter from my gentleman, intimating that he was very ill; and was afraid he should have another fit of sickness, but that his wife's relations being in the house with him, it would not be practicable to have me with him, which, however, he expressed his great dissatisfaction in, and that he wished I could be allowed to tend and nurse him as I did before.

I was very much concerned at this account, and was very impatient to know how it was with him. I waited a fortnight or thereabouts, and heard nothing, which surprised me, and I began to be very uneasy indeed. I think, I may say, that for the next fortnight I was near to distracted. It was my particular difficulty, that I did not know directly where he was; for I understood at first he was in the lodgings of his wife's mother; but having removed myself to London, I soon found, by the help of the direction I had for writing my letters to him, how to inquire after him, and there I found that he was at a house in Bloomsbury, whither he had removed his whole family; and that his wife and wife's mother were in the same house, though the wife was not suffered to know that she was in the same house with her husband.

Here I also soon understood that he was at the last extremity, which made me almost at the last extremity, too, to have a true account. One night I had the curiosity to disguise myself like a servant-maid, in a round cap and straw hat, and went to the door, as sent by a lady of his neighbourhood, where he lived before, and giving master and mistress's service, I said I was sent to know how Mr — did, and how he had rested that night. In delivering this message I got the opportunity I desired; for, speaking with one of the maids, I held a long gossip's tale with her, and had all the particulars of his illness, which I found was a pleurisy attended with a cough and fever. She told me also who was in the house, and how his wife was, who, by her relation, they were in some hopes might recover her understanding; but as to the gentleman himself, the doctors said there was very little hopes of him, that in the morning they thought he had been dying, and that he was but little better then, for they did not expect that he could live over the next night.

This was heavy news for me, and I began now to see an end of my prosperity, and to see that it was well I had played the good housewife, and saved something while he was alive, for now I had no view of my own living before me.

It lay very heavy upon my mind, too, that I had a son, a fine lovely boy, above five years old, and no provision made for it, at least that I knew of. With these considerations, and a sad heart, I went home that evening and began to cast with myself how I should live, and in what manner to bestow myself, for the residue of my life.

You may be sure I could not rest without inquiring again very quickly what was become of him; and not venturing to go myself, I sent several sham messengers, till after a fortnight's waiting longer, I found that there was hopes of his life, though he was still very ill; then I abated my sending to the house, and in some time after, I learnt in the neighbourhood that he was about house, and then that he was abroad again.

I made no doubt then but that I should soon hear of him, and began to comfort myself with my circumstances being, as I thought, recovered. I waited a week, and two weeks, and with much surprise near two months, and heard nothing, but that, being recovered, he was gone into the country for the air after his distemper. After this it was yet two months more, and then I understood he was come to his city house again, but still I heard nothing from him.

I had written several letters for him, and directed them as usual, and found two or three of them had been called for, but not the rest. I wrote again in a more pressing manner than ever, and in one of them let him know that I must be forced to wait on him myself, representing my circumstances, the rent of lodgings to pay, and the provision for the child wanting, and my own deplorable condition, destitute of subsistence after his most solemn engagement to take care of and provide for me. I took a copy of this letter, and finding it lay at the house near a month, and was not called for, I found means to have the copy of it put into his hands at a coffee-house where I had found he had used to go.

This letter forced an answer from him, by which, though I found I was to be abandoned, yet I found he had sent a letter to me some time before, desiring me to go down to Bath again. Its contents I shall come to presently. It is true that sick-beds are the times when such correspondences as this are looked on with different countenances, and seen with other eyes than we saw them with before: my lover had been at the gates of death, and at the very brink of eternity; and, it seems, struck with a due remorse, and with sad reflections upon his past life of gallantry and levity; and among the rest, his criminal correspondence with me, which was indeed neither more or less than a long-continued life of adultery, had represented itself as it really was, not as it had been formerly thought by him to be, and he looked upon it now with a just abhorrence.

I cannot but observe also, and leave it for the direction of my sex in such cases of pleasure, that whenever sincere repentance succeeds such a crime as this, there never fails to attend a hatred of the object; and the more the affection might seem to be before, the hatred will be more in proportion. It will always be so; indeed it cannot be otherwise; for there cannot be a true and sincere abhorrence of the offence, and the love to the cause of it remain; there will, with an abhorrence of the sin, be found a detestation of the fellow-sinner; you can expect no other.

I found it so here, though good manners, and justice in this gentleman, kept him from carrying it on to any extreme; but the short history of his part in this affair was thus; he perceived by my last letter, and by the rest, which he went for after, that I was not gone to Bath, and that his first letter had not come to my hand, upon which he writes me this following:

Madam, I am surprised that my letter, dated the 8th of last month, did not come to your hand; I give you my word it was delivered at your lodgings, and to the hands of your maid.

I need not acquaint you with what has been my condition for some time past; and how, having been at the edge of the grave, I am, by the unexpected and undeserved mercy of Heaven, restored again. In the condition I have been in, it cannot be strange to you that our unhappy correspondence has not been the least of the burthens which lay upon my conscience. I need say no more; those things that must be repented of, must also be reformed.

I wish you would think of going back to Bath. I enclose you here a bill for £50 for clearing yourself at your lodgings, and carrying you down, and hope it will be

no surprise to you to add, that on this account only, and not for any offence given me on your side, I can *see you no more*. I will take due care of the child; leave him where he is, or take him with you, as you please. I wish you the like reflections, and that they may be to your advantage.—I am, &c.

I was struck with this letter as with a thousand wounds; the reproaches of my own conscience were such as I cannot express, for I was not blind to my own crime; and I reflected that I might with less offence have continued with my brother, since there was no crime in our marriage on that score, neither of us knowing it.

But I never once reflected that I was all this while a married woman, a wife to Mr —, the linen-draper, who, though he had left me by the necessity of his circumstances, had no power to discharge me from the marriage contract which was between us, or to give me a legal liberty to marry again; so that I had been no less than a whore and an adulteress all this while. I then reproached myself with the liberties I had taken, and how I had been a snare to this gentleman, and that indeed I was principal in the crime; that now he was mercifully snatched out of the gulf by a convincing work upon his mind, but that I was left, as if I was abandoned by Heaven, to a continuing in my wickedness.

Under these reflections I continued very pensive and sad for near a month, and did not go down to Bath, having no inclination to be with the woman whom I was with before, lest, as I thought, she should prompt me to some wicked course of life again, as she had done, and besides, I was loth she should know I was cast off as above.

And now I was greatly perplexed about my little boy. It was death to me to part with the child, and yet when I considered the danger of being one time or other left with him to keep without being able to support him, I then resolved to leave him; but then I concluded to be near him myself too, that I might have the satisfaction of seeing him, without the care of providing for him. So I sent my gentleman a short letter that I had obeyed his orders in all things but that of going back to Bath; that however parting from him was a wound to me that I could never recover, yet that I was fully satisfied his reflections were just, and would be very far from desiring to obstruct his reformation.

Then I represented my own circumstances to him in the most moving terms. I told him that those unhappy distresses which first moved him to a generous friendship for me, would, I hoped, move him to a little concern for me now, though the criminal part of our correspondence, which I believe neither of us intended to fall into at that time, was broken off; that I desired to repent as sincerely as he had done, but entreated him to put me in some condition that I might not be exposed to temptations from the frightful prospect of poverty and distress; and if he had the least apprehensions of my being troublesome to him, I begged he would put me in a posture to go back to my mother in Virgiuia, from whence he knew I came, and that would put an end to all his fears on that account. I concluded, that if he would send me £50 more to facilitate my going away, I would send him back a general release, and would promise never to disturb him more with any importunities; unless it

were to hear of the well-doing of the child, who, if I found my mother living, and my circumstances able, I would send for, and take him also off his hands.

This was indeed all a cheat thus far, viz., that I had no intention to go to Virginia, as the account of my former affairs there may convince anybody of; but the business was to get this last £50 of him, if possible, knowing well enough it would be the last penny I was ever to expect. However, the argument I used, namely, of giving him a general release, and never troubling him any more, prevailed effectually, and he sent me a bill for the money by a person who brought with him a general release for me to sign, and which I frankly signed; and thus, though full sore against my will, a final end was put to this affair.

And here I cannot but reflect upon the unhappy consequence of too great freedoms between persons stated as we were, upon the pretence of innocent intentions, love of friendship, and the like; for the flesh has generally so great a share in those friendships, that it is great odds but inclination prevails at last over the most solemn resolutions; and that vice breaks in at the breaches of decency, which really innocent friendship ought to preserve with the greatest strictness. But I leave the readers of these things to their own just reflections, which they will be more able to make effectual than I, who so soon forgot myself, and am therefore but a very indifferent monitor.

I was now a single person again, as I may call myself; I was loosed from all the obligations either of wedlock or mistress-ship in the world, except my husband the linen-draper, whom I having not now heard from in almost fifteen years, nobody could blame me for thinking myself entirely freed from; seeing also he had at his going away told me, that if I did not hear frequently from him, I should conclude he was dead, and I might freely marry again to whom I pleased.

I now began to cast up my accounts. I had by many letters, and much importunity, and with the intercession of my mother too, had a second return of some goods from my brother, as I now call him, in Virginia, to make up the damage of the cargo I brought away with me, and this too was upon the condition of my sealing a general release to him, which, though I thought hard, yet I was obliged to promise. I managed so well in this case, that I got my goods away before the release was signed, and then I always found something or other to say to evade the thing, and to put off the signing it at all; till at length I pretended I must write to my brother before I could do it.

Including this recruit, and before I got the last £50, I found my strength to amount, put all together, to about £400, so that with that I had above £450. I had saved £100 more, but I met with a disaster with that, which was this—that a goldsmith in whose hands I had trusted it broke, so I lost £70 of my money, the man's composition not making above £30 out of his £100. I had a little plate, but not much, and was well enough stocked with clothes and linen.

With this stock I had the world to begin again; but you are to consider that I was not now the same woman as when I lived at Rotherhithe; for, first of all, I was near twenty years older, and did not look the better for my age, nor for my rambles

to Virginia and back again; and though I omitted nothing that might set me out to advantage, except painting, for that I never stooped to, yet there would always be some difference seen between five-and-twenty and two-and-forty.

I cast about innumerable ways for my future state of life, and began to consider very seriously what I should do, but nothing offered. I took care to make the world take me for something more than I was, and had it given out that I was a fortune, and that my estate was in my own hands, the last of which was very true, the first of it was as above. I had no acquaintance, which was one of my worst misfortunes, and the consequence of that was, I had no adviser, and, above all, I had nobody to whom I could in confidence commit the secret of my circumstances; and I found by experience, that to be friendless is the worst condition, next to being in want, that a woman can be reduced to: I say a woman, because 'tis evident men can be their own advisers and their own directors, and know how to work themselves out of difficulties and into business better than women; but if a woman has no friend to communicate her affairs to, and to advise and assist her, 'tis ten to one but she is undone; nay, and the more money she has, the more danger she is in of being wronged and deceived; and this was my case in the affair of the £100 which I left in the hands of the goldsmith, as above, whose credit, it seems, was upon the ebb before, but I, that had nobody to consult with, knew nothing of it, and so lost my money.

When a woman is thus left desolate and void of counsel, she is just like a bag of money or a jewel dropt on the highway, which is a prey to the next comer; if a man of virtue and upright principles happens to find it, he will have it cried, and the owner may come to hear of it again; but how many times shall such a thing fall into hands that will make no scruple of seizing it for their own, to once that it shall come into good hands?

This was evidently my case, for I was now a loose, unguided creature, and had no help, no assistance, no guide for my conduct; I knew what I aimed at, and what I wanted, but knew nothing how to pursue the end by direct means. I wanted to be placed in a settled state of living, and had I happened to meet with a sober, good husband, I should have been as true a wife to him as virtue itself could have formed. If I had been otherwise, the vice came in always at the door of necessity, not at the door of inclination; and I understood too well, by the want of it, what the value of a settled life was, to do anything to forfeit the felicity of it; nay, I should have made the better wife for all the difficulties I had passed through, by a great deal; nor did I in any of the times that I had been a wife give my husbands the least uneasiness on account of my behaviour.

But all this was nothing; I found no encouraging prospect. I waited; I lived regularly, and with as much frugality as became my circumstances; but nothing offered, nothing presented, and the main stock wasted apace. What to do I knew not; the terror of approaching poverty lay hard upon my spirits. I had some money, but where to place it I knew not, nor would the interest of it maintain me, at least not in London.



At length a new scene opened. There was in the house where I lodged a north-country gentlewoman, and nothing was more frequent in her discourse than her account of the cheapness of provisions, and the easy way of living in her country; how plentiful and how cheap everything was, what good company they kept, and the like; till at last I told her she almost tempted me to go and live in her country; for I that was a widow, though I had sufficient to live on, yet had no way of increasing it; and that London was an extravagant place; that I found I could not live here under £100 a year, unless I kept no company, no servant, made no appearance, and buried myself in privacy, as if I was obliged to it by necessity.

I should have observed, that she was always made to believe, as every body else was, that I was a great fortune, or at least that I had three or four thousand pounds, if not more, and all in my own hands; and she was mighty sweet upon me when she thought me inclined in the least to go into her country. She said she had a sister lived near Liverpool; that her brother was a considerable gentleman there, and had a great estate also in Ireland; that she would go down there in about two months, and, if I would give her my company thither, I should be as welcome as herself for a month or more as I pleased, till I should see how I liked the country; and if I thought fit to live there, she would undertake they would take care, though they did not entertain lodgers themselves, they would recommend me to some agreeable family, where I should be placed to my content.

If this woman had known my real circumstances, she would never have laid so many snares, and taken so many weary steps, to catch a poor desolate creature that was good for little when it was caught; and indeed I, whose case was almost desperate, and thought I could not be much worse, was not very anxious about what might befall me, provided they did me no personal injury; so I suffered myself, though not without a great deal of invitation, and great professions of sincere friendship and real kindness—I say, I suffered myself to be prevailed upon to go with her, and accordingly I put myself in a posture for a journey, though I did not absolutely know whither I was to go.

And now I found myself in great distress; what little I had in the world was all in money, except, as before, a little plate, some linen, and my clothes; as for household stuff, I had little or none, for I had lived always in lodgings; but I had not one friend in the world with whom to trust that little I had, or to direct me how to dispose of it. I thought of the bank, and of the other companies in London, but I had no friend to commit the management of it to, and to keep and carry about me bank bills, tallies, orders, and such things, I looked upon as unsafe; that if they were lost, my money was lost, and then I was undone; and, on the other hand, I might be robbed, and perhaps murdered in a strange place for them; and what to do I knew not.

It came into my thoughts one morning that I would go to the bank myself, where I had often been to receive the interests of some bills I had, and where I had found the clerk, to whom I applied myself, very honest to me, and particularly so fair one time, that when I had mistold my money, and taken less than my due, and

was coming away, he set me to rights and gave me the rest, which he might have put into his own pocket.

I went to him and asked if he would trouble himself to be my adviser, who was a poor friendless widow, and knew not what to do. He told me, if I desired his opinion of anything within the reach of his business, he would do his endeavour that I should not be wronged, but that he would also help me to a good, sober person of his acquaintance, who was a clerk in such business too, though not in their house, whose judgment was good, and whose honesty I might depend upon; 'for', added he, 'I will answer for him, and for every step he takes; if he wrongs you, madam, of one farthing, it shall lie at my door; and he delights to assist people in such cases—he does it as an act of charity.'

I was a little at a stand at this discourse; but after some pause I told him I had rather have depended upon him, because I had found him honest, but if that could not be, I would take his recommendation sooner than any one's else. 'I dare say, madam', says he, 'that you will be as well satisfied with my friend as with me, and he is thoroughly able to assist you, which I am not.' It seems he had his hands full of the business of the bank, and had engaged to meddle with no other business than that of his office: he added, that his friend should take nothing of me for his advice or assistance, and this indeed encouraged me.

He appointed the same evening, after the bank was shut, for me to meet him and his friend. As soon as I saw his friend, and he began but to talk of the affair, I was fully satisfied I had a very honest man to deal with; his countenance spoke it; and his character, as I heard afterwards, was everywhere so good, that I had no room for any more doubts upon me.

After the first meeting, in which I only said what I had said before, he appointed me to come the next day, telling me I might in the meantime satisfy myself of him by inquiry, which, however, I knew not how to do, having no acquaintance myself.

Accordingly I met him the next day, when I entered more freely with him into my case. I told him my circumstances at large: that I was a widow come over from America, perfectly desolate and friendless; that I had a little money, and but a little, and was almost distracted for fear of losing it, having no friend in the world to trust with the management of it; that I was going into the North of England to live cheap, that my stock might not waste; that I would willingly lodge my money in the bank, but that I durst not carry the bills about me; and how to correspond about it, or with whom, I knew not.

He told me I might lodge the money in the bank as an account, and its being entered in the books would entitle me to the money at any time; and if I was in the north I might draw bills on the cashier, and receive it when I would; but that then it would be esteemed as running cash, and the bank would give no interest for it; that I might buy stock with it, and so it would lie in store for me, but that then if I wanted to dispose of it, I must come up to town to transfer it, and even it would be with some difficulty I should receive the half-yearly dividend, unless I was here in person, or had some friend I could trust with having the stock in his name to

do it for me, and that would have the same difficulty in it as before; and with that he looked hard at me and smiled a little. At last says he, 'Why do you not get a head-steward, madam, that may take you and your money together, and then you would have the trouble taken off of your hands?' 'Ay, sir, and the money too, it may be', said I; 'for truly I find the hazard that way is as much as 'tis t'other way'; but I remember I said secretly to myself, 'I wish you would ask me the question fairly; I would consider very seriously on it before I said No.'

He went on a good way with me, and I thought once or twice he was in earnest, but, to my real affliction, I found at last he had a wife; but when he owned he had a wife he shook his head, and said with some concern, that indeed he had a wife, and no wife. I began to think he had been in the condition of my late lover, and that his wife had been lunatic, or some such thing. However, we had not much more discourse at that time, but he told me he was in too much hurry of business then, but that if I would come home to his house after their business was over, he would consider what might be done for me, to put my affairs in a posture of security. I told him I would come, and desired to know where he lived. He gave me a direction in writing, and when he gave it me he read it to me, and said, 'There 'tis, madam, if you dare trust yourself with me.' 'Yes, sir', said I; 'I believe I may venture to trust you with myself, for you have a wife, you say, and I don't want a husband; besides, I dare trust you with my money, which is all I have in the world, and if that were gone, I may trust myself anywhere.'

He said some things in jest that were very handsome and mannerly, and would have pleased me very well if they had been in earnest; but that passed over, I took the directions, and appointed to be at his house at seven o'clock the same evening.

When I came he made several proposals for my placing my money in the bank, in order to my having interest for it; but still some difficulty or other came in the way, which he objected as not safe; and I found such a sincere disinterested honesty in him, that I began to think I had certainly found the honest man I wanted, and that I could never put myself into better hands; so I told him with a great deal of frankness that I had never met with a man or woman yet that I could trust, or in whom I could think myself safe, but that I saw he was so disinterestedly concerned for my safety, that would I freely trust him with the management of that little I had, if he would accept to be steward for a poor widow that could give him no salary.

He smiled, and, standing up, with great respect saluted me. He told me he could not but take it very kindly that I had so good an opinion of him; that he would not deceive me; that he would do anything in his power to serve me, and expect no salary; but that he could not by any means accept of a trust that might bring him to be suspected of self-interest, and that if I should die he might have disputes with my executors, which he should be very loth to encumber himself with.

I told him if those were all his objections I would soon remove them, and convince him that there was not the least room for any difficulty; for that, first, as for suspecting him, if ever, now was the time to suspect him, and not to put the trust into his hands; and whenever I did suspect him, he could but throw it up

then, and refuse to go on. Then, as to executors, I assured him I had no heirs, nor any relations in England, and I would have neither heirs or executors but himself, unless I should alter my conditions, and then his trust and trouble should cease together, which, however, I had no prospect of yet; but I told him, if I died as I was, it should be all his own, and he would deserve it by being so faithful to me, as I was satisfied he would be.

He changed his countenance at this discourse, and asked me how I came to have so much goodwill for him; and looking very much pleased, said he might very lawfully wish he was single for my sake. I smiled, and told him, that as he was not, my offer could have no design upon him, and to wish was not to be allowed, 'twas criminal to his wife.

He told me I was wrong; 'for', says he, 'as I said before, I have a wife and no wife, and 'twould be no sin to wish her hanged.' 'I know nothing of your circumstances that way, sir', said I; 'but it cannot be innocent to wish your wife dead.' 'I tell you', says he again, 'she is a wife and no wife; you don't know what I am, or what she is.'

'That's true', said I, 'sir, I don't know what you are; but I believe you to be an honest man, and that's the cause of all my confidence in you.'

'Well, well', says he, 'and so I am; but I am something too, madam; for', says he, 'to be plain with you, I am a cuckold, and she is a whore.' He spoke it in a kind of jest, but it was with such an awkward smile, that I perceived it stuck very close to him, and he looked dismally when he said it.

'That alters the case indeed, sir', said I, 'as to that part you were speaking of; but a cuckold, you know, may be an honest man; it does not alter that case at all. Besides, I think', said I, 'since your wife is so dishonest to you, you are too honest to her to own her for your wife; but that', said I, 'is what I have nothing to do with.' 'Nay', says he, 'I do think to clear my hands of her; for, to be plain with you, madam', added he, 'I am no contented cuckold neither: on the other hand, I assure you it provokes me to the highest degree, but I can't help myself; she that will be a whore, will be a whore.'

I waived the discourse, and began to talk of my business; but I found he could not have done with it, so I let him alone, and he went on to tell me all the circumstances of his case, too long to relate here; particularly, that having been out of England some time before he came to the post he was in, she had had two children in the meantime by an officer in the army; and that when he came to England, and, upon her submission, took her again, and maintained her very well, yet she ran away from him with a linen-draper's apprentice, robbed him of what she could come at, and continued to live from him still; 'so that, madam', says he, 'she is a whore not by necessity, which is the common bait, but by inclination, and for the sake of the vice.'

Well, I pitied him, and wished him well rid of her, and still would have talked of my business, but it would not do. At last he looked steadily at me. 'Look you, madam', says he, 'you came to ask advice of me, and I will serve you as faithfully as if you were my own sister; but I must turn the tables, since you oblige me to do it,

and are so friendly to me, and I think I must ask advice of you. Tell me, what must a poor abused fellow do with a whore? What can I do to do myself justice upon her?’

‘Alas! sir’, says I, ‘tis a case too nice for me to advise in, but it seems to me she has run away from you, so you are rid of her fairly; what can you desire more?’ ‘Ay, she is gone indeed’, said he, ‘but I am not clear of her for all that.’ ‘That’s true’, says I; ‘she may indeed run you into debt, but the law has furnished you with methods to prevent that also; you may cry her down, as they call it.’

‘No, no’, says he, ‘that is not the case; I have taken care of all that; ’tis not that part that I speak of, but I would be rid of her that I might marry again.’

‘Well, sir’, says I, ‘then you must divorce her; if you can prove what you say, you may certainly get that done, and then you are free.’

‘That’s very tedious and expensive’, says he.

‘Why’, says I, ‘if you can get any woman you like to take your word, I suppose your wife would not dispute the liberty with you that she takes herself.’

‘Ay’, says he, ‘but it would be hard to bring an honest woman to do that; and for the other sort’, says he, ‘I have had enough of her to meddle with any more whores.’

It occurred to me presently, ‘I would have taken your word with all my heart, if you had but asked me the question’; but that was to myself.

To him I replied, ‘Why, you shut the door against any honest woman accepting you, for you condemn all that should venture upon you, and conclude that a woman that takes you now can’t be honest.’

‘Why’, says he, ‘I wish you would satisfy me that an honest woman would take me; I’d venture it’; and then turns short upon me, ‘Will you take me, madam?’

‘That’s not a fair question’, says I, ‘after what you have said; however, lest you should think I wait only a recantation of it, I shall answer you plainly, No, not I; my business is of another kind with you; and I did not expect you would have turned my serious application to you, in my distracted case, into a comedy.’

‘Why, madam’, says he, ‘my case is as distracted as yours can be, and I stand in as much need of advice as you do, for I think if I have not relief somewhere I shall be mad myself, and I know not what course to take, I protest to you.’

‘Why, sir’, says I, ‘tis easier to give advice in your case than mine.’ ‘Speak, then’, says he, ‘I beg of you, for now you encourage me.’

‘Why’, says I, ‘if your case is so plain, you may be legally divorced, and then you may find honest women enough to ask the question of fairly; the sex is not so scarce that you can want a wife.’

‘Well, then’, said he, ‘I am in earnest; I’ll take your advice; but shall I ask you one question seriously beforehand?’

‘Any question’, said I; ‘but that you did before.’

‘No, that answer will not do’, said he, ‘for, in short, that is the question I shall ask.’

‘You may ask what questions you please, but you have my answer to that already’ said I; ‘besides, sir’, said I, ‘can you think so ill of me as that I would give

any answer to such a question beforehand? Can any woman alive believe you in earnest, or think you design anything but to banter her?’

‘Well, well’, says he, ‘I do not banter you, I am in earnest; consider of it.’

‘But, sir’, says I, a little gravely, ‘I came to you about my own business; I beg of you to let me know what you will advise me to do?’

‘I will be prepared’, says he, ‘against you come again.’

‘Nay’, says I, ‘you have forbid my coming any more.’

‘Why so?’ said he, and looked a little surprised.

‘Because’, said I, ‘you can’t expect I should visit you on the account you talk of.’

‘Well’, says he, ‘you shall promise to come again, however, and I will not say any more of it till I have the divorce. But I desire you’ll prepare to be better conditioned when that’s done, for you shall be the woman, or I will not be divorced at all, I owe it to your unlooked-for kindness, if to nothing else, but I have other reasons too.’

He could not have said anything in the world that pleased me better; however, I knew that the way to secure him was to stand off while the thing was so remote, as it appeared to be, and that it was time enough to accept of it when he was able to perform it. So I said very respectfully to him, it was time enough to consider of these things when he was in a condition to talk of them; in the meantime, I told him, I was going a great way from him, and he would find objects enough to please him better. We broke off here for the present, and he made me promise him to come again the next day, for my own business, which after some pressing I did; though had he seen farther into me, I wanted no pressing on that account.

I came the next evening accordingly, and brought my maid with me, to let him see that I kept a maid. He would have had me let the maid have stayed, but I would not, but ordered her aloud to come for me again about nine o’clock. But he forbid that, and told me he would see me safe home, which I was not very well pleased with, supposing he might do that to know where I lived, and inquire into my character and circumstances. However, I ventured that, for all the people there knew of me was to my advantage; and all the character he had of me was, that I was a woman of fortune, and that I was a very modest, sober body; which, whether true or not in the main, yet you may see how necessary it is for all women who expect anything in the world, to preserve the character of their virtue, even when perhaps they may have sacrificed the thing itself.

I found, and was not a little pleased with it, that he had provided a supper for me. I found also he lived very handsomely, and had a house very handsomely furnished, and which I was rejoiced at indeed, for I looked upon it as all my own.

We had now a second conference upon the subject-matter of the last. He laid his business very home indeed; he protested his affection to me, and indeed I had no room to doubt it; he declared that it began from the first moment I talked with him, and long before I had mentioned leaving my effects with him. ‘Tis no matter when it began’ thought I; if it will but hold, ’twill be well enough.’ He then told me how much the offer I had made of trusting him with my effects had engaged him. ‘So I intended it should’, thought I, ‘but then I thought you had been a single man

too.' After we had supped, I observed he pressed me very hard to drink two or three glasses of wine, which, however, I declined, but drank one glass or two. He then told me he had a proposal to make to me, which I should promise him I would not take ill if I should not grant it. I told him I hoped he would make no dishonourable proposal to me, especially in his own house, and that, if it was such, I desired he would not mention it, that I might not be obliged to offer any resentment to him that did not become the respect I professed for him, and the trust I had placed in him, in coming to his house; and begged of him he would give me leave to go away, and accordingly began to put on my gloves and prepare to be gone, though at the same time I no more intended it than he intended to let me.

Well, he importuned me not to talk of going; he assured me he was very far from offering any such thing to me that was dishonourable, and, if I thought so, he would choose to say no more of it.

That part I did not relish at all. I told him I was ready to hear anything that he had to say, depending that he would say nothing unworthy of himself, or unfit for me to hear. Upon this, he told me his proposal was this: that I would marry him, though he had not yet obtained the divorce from the whore his wife; and, to satisfy me that he meant honourably, he would promise not to desire me to live with him, or go to bed to him till the divorce was obtained. My heart said Yes to this offer at first word, but it was necessary to play the hypocrite a little more with him; so I seemed to decline the motion with some warmth as unfair, told him that such a proposal could be of no signification but to entangle us both in great difficulties; for, if he should not at last obtain the divorce, yet we could not dissolve the marriage, neither could we proceed in it; so that, if he was disappointed in the divorce, I left him to consider what a condition we should both be in.

In short, I carried on the argument against this so far, that I convinced him it was not a proposal that had any sense in it; then he went from it to another, viz. that I would sign and seal a contract with him, conditioning to marry him as soon as the divorce was obtained, and to be void if he could not get it.

I told him that was more rational than the other; but as this was the first time that ever I could imagine him weak enough to be in earnest, I did not use to say yes at first asking; I would consider of it. I played with this lover as an angler does with a trout: I found I had him fast on the hook; so I jested with his new proposal, and put him off. I told him he knew little of me, and bade him inquire about me; I let him also go home with me to my lodging, though I would not ask him to go in, for I told him it was not decent.

In short, I ventured to avoid signing a contract, and the reason why I did it was because the lady that had invited me to go with her into Lancashire insisted so positively upon it, and promised me such great fortunes and fine things there, that I was tempted to go and try. 'Perhaps', said I, 'I may mend myself very much'; and then I made no scruple of quitting my honest citizen, whom I was not so much in love with as not to leave him for a richer.

In a word, I avoided a contract; but told him I would go into the north, that he would know where to write to me by the business I had intrusted him with; that I would give him a sufficient pledge of my respect for him, for I would leave almost all I had in the world in his hands; and I would thus far give him my word, that as soon as he had sued out the divorce, if he would send me an account of it, I would come up to London, and that then we would talk seriously of the matter.

It was a base design I went with, that I must confess, though I was invited thither with a design much worse, as the sequel will discover. Well, I went with my friend, as I called her, into Lancashire. All the way we went she caressed me with the utmost appearance of a sincere, unassembled affection; treated me, except my coach-hire, all the way; and her brother brought a gentleman's coach to Warrington to receive us, and we were carried from thence to Liverpool with as much ceremony as I could desire.

We were also entertained at a merchant's house in Liverpool three or four days very handsomely; I forbear to tell his name, because of what followed. Then she told me she would carry me to an uncle's house of hers where we should be nobly entertained; and her uncle, as she called him, sent a coach and four horses for us, and we were carried near forty miles I know not whither.

We came, however, to a gentleman's seat, where was a numerous family, a large park, extraordinary company indeed, and where she was called cousin. I told her, if she had resolved to bring me into such company as this, she should have let me have furnished myself with better clothes. The ladies took notice of that, and told me very genteelly they did not value people in their own country so much by their clothes as they did in London; that their cousin had fully informed them of my quality, and that I did not want clothes to set me off; in short, they entertained me not like what I was, but like what they thought I had been, namely, a widow lady of a great fortune.

The first discovery I made here was, that the family were all Roman Catholics, and the cousin too; however nobody in the world could behave better to me, and I had all the civility shown that I could have had if I had been of their opinion. The truth is, I had not so much principle of any kind as to be nice in point of religion; and I presently learned to speak favourably of the Romish Church; particularly, I told them I saw little but the prejudice of education in all the differences that were among Christians about religion, and if it had so happened that my father had been a Roman Catholic, I doubted not but I should have been as well pleased with their religion as my own.

This obliged them in the highest degree, and as I was besieged day and night with good company and pleasant discourse, so I had two or three old ladies that lay at me upon the subject of religion too. I was so complaisant that I made no scruple to be present at their mass, and to conform to all their gestures as they showed me the pattern, but I would not come too cheap; so that I only in the main encouraged them to expect that I would turn Roman Catholic if I was instructed in the Catholic doctrine, as they called it; and so the matter rested.



I stayed here about six weeks; and then my conductor led me back to a country village, about six miles from Liverpool, where her brother, as she called him, came to visit me in his own chariot, with two footmen in a good livery; and the next thing was to make love to me. As it happened to me, one would think I could not have been cheated, and indeed I thought so myself, having a safe card at home, which I resolved not to quit unless I could mend myself very much. However, in all appearance this brother was a match worth my listening to, and the least his estate was valued at was £1000 a year, but the sister said it was worth £1500 a year, and lay most of it in Ireland.

I that was a great fortune, and passed for such, was above being asked how much my estate was; and my false friend, taking it upon a foolish hearsay, had raised it from £500 to £5000, and by the time she came into the country she called it £15,000. The Irishman, for such I understood him to be, was stark mad at this bait; in short, he courted me, made me presents, and ran in debt like a madman for the expenses of his courtship. He had, to give him his due, the appearance of an extraordinary fine gentleman; he was tall, well-shaped, and had an extraordinary address; talked as naturally of his park and his stables, of his horses, his gamekeepers, his woods, his tenants, and his servants, as if he had been in a mansion-house, and I had seen them all about me.

He never so much as asked me about my fortune or estate, but assured me that when we came to Dublin he would jointure me in £600 a year in good land, and that he would enter into a deed of settlement, or contract, here for the performance of it.

This was such language indeed as I had not been used to, and I was here beaten out of all my measures; I had a she-devil in my bosom, every hour telling me how great her brother lived. One time she would come for my orders, how I would have my coach painted, and how lined; and another time, what clothes my page should wear: in short, my eyes were dazzled, I had now lost my power of saying no, and, to cut the story short, I consented to be married; but to be more private, we were carried farther into the country and married by a priest, which I was assured would marry us as effectually as a Church of England parson.

I cannot say but I had some reflections in this affair upon the dishonourable forsaking my faithful citizen, who loved me sincerely, and who was endeavouring to quit himself of a scandalous whore by whom he had been barbarously used, and promised himself infinite happiness in his new choice; which choice was now giving up herself to another in a manner almost as scandalous as hers could be.

But the glittering show of a great estate and of fine things which the deceived creature that was now my deceiver represented every hour to my imagination hurried me away, and gave me no time to think of London, or of anything there, much less of the obligation I had to a person of infinitely more real merit than what was now before me.

But the thing was done; I was now in the arms of my new spouse, who appeared still the same as before; great even to magnificence, and nothing less than a thousand pounds a year could support the ordinary equipage he appeared in.

After we had been married about a month, he began to talk of my going to West Chester in order to embark for Ireland. However, he did not hurry me, for we stayed near three weeks longer, and then he sent to Chester for a coach to meet us at the Black Rock, as they call it, over against Liverpool. Thither we went in a fine boat they call a pinnace, with six oars; his servants, and horses, and baggage going in a ferry-boat. He made his excuse to me, that he had no acquaintance at Chester, but he would go before and get some handsome apartments for me at a private house. I asked him how long we should stay at Chester. He said, not at all, any longer than one night or two, but he would immediately hire a coach to go to Holyhead. Then I told him he should by no means give himself the trouble to get private lodgings for one night or two, for that Chester being a great place, I made no doubt but there would be very good inns and accommodation enough; so we lodged at an inn not far from the Cathedral; I forget what sign it was at.

Here my spouse, talking of my going to Ireland, asked me if I had no affairs to settle at London before we went off. I told him no, not of any great consequence, but what might be done as well by letter from Dublin. 'Madam', says he very respectfully, 'I suppose the greatest part of your estate, which my sister tell me is most of it in money in the Bank of England, lies secure enough; but in case it required transferring, or any way altering its property, it might be necessary to go up to London and settle those things before we went over.'

I seemed to look strange at it, and told him I knew not what he meant; that I had no effects in the Bank of England that I knew of, and I hoped he could not say that I had ever told him I had. No, he said, I had not told him so, but his sister had said the greatest part of my estate lay there; 'and I only mentioned it, my dear', said he, 'that if there was any occasion to settle it, or order anything about it, we might not be obliged to the hazard and trouble of another voyage back again'; for, he added, that he did not care to venture me too much upon the sea.

I was surprised at this talk, and began to consider what the meaning of it must be; and it presently occurred to me that my friend, who called him brother, had represented me in colours which were not my due; and I thought that I would know the bottom of it before I went out of England, and before I should put myself into I know not whose hands in a strange country.

Upon this I called his sister into my chamber the next morning, and letting her know the discourse her brother and I had been upon, I conjured her to tell me what she had said to him, and upon what foot it was that she had made this marriage. She owned that she had told him that I was a great fortune, and said that she was told so at London. 'Told so?', says I warmly; 'did I ever tell you so?' 'No', she said, it was true I never did tell her so, but I had said several times that what I had was in my own disposal. 'I did so', returned I very quick, 'but I never told you I had anything called a fortune; nor that I had £100, or the value of £100, in the world. And how did it consist with my being a fortune', said I, 'that I should come here into the North of England with you, only upon the account of living cheap?' At these words, which I spoke warm and high, my husband came into the room, and I

desired him to come in and sit down, for I had something of moment to say before them both, which it was absolutely necessary he should hear.

He looked a little disturbed at the assurance with which I seemed to speak it, and came and sat down by me, having first shut the door; upon which I began, for I was very much provoked, and turning myself to him, 'I am afraid', says I, 'my dear' (for I spoke with kindness on his side), 'that you have a very great abuse put upon you, and an injury done you never to be repaired in your marrying me, which, however, as I have had no hand in it, I desire I may be fairly acquitted of it, and that the blame may lie where it ought and nowhere else, for I wash my hands of every part of it.' 'What injury can be done me, my dear', says he, 'in marrying you? I hope it is, to my honour and advantage every way.' 'I will soon explain it to you', says I, 'and I fear there will be no reason to think yourself well used; but I will convince you, my dear', says I again, 'that I have had no hand in it.'

He looked now scared and wild, and began, I believed, to suspect what followed; however, looking towards me, and saying only, 'Go on', he sat silent, as if to hear what I had more to say; so I went on. 'I asked you last night', said I, speaking to him, 'if ever I made any boast to you of my estate, or ever told you I had any estate in the Bank of England or anywhere else, and you owned I had not, as is most true; and I desire you will tell me here, before your sister, if ever I gave you any reason from me to think so, or that ever we had any discourse about it'; and he owned again I had not, but said I had appeared always as a woman of fortune, and he depended on it that I was so, and hoped he was not deceived. 'I am not inquiring whether you have been deceived', said I; 'I fear you have, and I too; but I am clearing myself from being concerned in deceiving you. I have been now asking your sister if ever I told her of any fortune or estate I had, or gave her any particulars of it; and she owns I never did. And pray madam', said I, 'be so just to me, to charge me if you can, if ever I pretended to you that I had an estate; and why, if I had, should I ever come down into this country with you on purpose to spare that little I had, and live cheap?' She could not deny one word, but said she had been told in London that I had a great fortune, and that it lay in the Bank of England.

'And now, dear sir', said I, turning myself to my new spouse again, 'be so just to me as to tell me who has abused both you and me so much as to make you believe I was a fortune, and prompt you to court me to this marriage?' He could not speak a word, but pointed to her; and, after some more pause, flew out in the most furious passion that ever I saw a man in my life, cursing her, and calling her all the whores and hard names he could think of; and that she had ruined him, declaring that she had told him I had £15,000, and that she was to have £500 of him for procuring this match for him. He then added, directing his speech to me that she was none of his sister, but had been his whore for two years before; that she had had £100 of him in part of this bargain, and that he was utterly undone if things were as I said; and in his raving he swore he would let her heart's blood out immediately, which frightened her and me too. She cried, said she had been told so in the house where I lodged. But this aggravated him more than before, that she

should put so far upon him, and run things such a length upon no other authority than a hearsay; and then, turning to me again, said very honestly, he was afraid we were both undone; 'for, to be plain, my dear, I have no estate', says he; 'what little I had, this devil has made me run out in putting me into this equipage,' She took the opportunity of his being earnest in talking with me, and got out of the room, and I never saw her more.

I was confounded now as much as he, and knew not what to say. I thought many ways that I had the worst of it; but his saying he was undone, and that he had no estate neither, put me into a mere distraction. 'Why', says I to him, 'this has been a hellish juggle, for we are married here upon the foot of a double fraud: you are undone by the disappointment, it seems; and if I had had a fortune I had been cheated too, for you say you have nothing.'

'You would indeed have been cheated, my dear', says he, 'but you would not have been undone, for £15,000 would have maintained us both very handsomely in this country; and I had resolved to have dedicated every groat of it to you; I would not have wronged you of a shilling, and the rest I would have made up in my affection to you, and tenderness of you, as long as I lived.'

This was very honest indeed, and I really believe he spoke as he intended, and that he was a man that was as well qualified to make me happy, as to his temper and behaviour, as any man ever was; but his having no estate, and being run into debt on this ridiculous account in the country, made all the prospect dismal and dreadful, and I knew not what to say or what to think.

I told him it was very unhappy that so much love and so much good nature as I discovered in him should be thus precipitated into misery; that I saw nothing before us but ruin; for, as to me, it was my unhappiness, that what little I had was not able to relieve us a week, and with that I pulled out a bankbill of £20 and eleven guineas, which I told him I had saved out of my little income, and that by the account that creature had given me of the way of living in that country, I expected it would maintain me three or four years; that if it was taken from me, I was left destitute, and he knew what the condition of a woman must be if she had no money in her pocket; however, I told him, if he would take it, there it was.

He told me with great concern, and I thought I saw tears in his eyes, that he would not touch it; that he abhorred the thoughts of stripping me and making me miserable; that he had fifty guineas left, which was all he had in the world, and he pulled it out and threw it down on the table, bidding me take it, though he were to starve for want of it.

I returned, with the same concern for him, that I could not bear to hear him talk so; that, on the contrary, if he could propose any probable method of living, I would do anything that became me, and that I would live as narrow as he could desire.

He begged of me to talk no more at that rate, for it would make him distracted; he said he was bred a gentleman, though he was reduced to a low fortune, and that there was but one way left which he could think of, and that would not do, unless I could answer him one question, which, however, he said he would not press me

to. I told him I would answer it honestly; whether it would be to his satisfaction or no, that I could not tell.

‘Why, then, my dear, tell me plainly’, says he, ‘will the little you have keep us together in any figure, or in any station or place, or will it not?’

It was my happiness that I had not discovered myself or my circumstances at all—no, not so much as my name; and seeing there was nothing to be expected from him, however good-humoured and however honest he seemed to be, but to live on what I knew would soon be wasted, I resolved to conceal everything but the bank bill and eleven guineas; and I would have been very glad to have lost that and have been set down where he took me up. I had indeed another bank bill about me of £30, which was the whole of what I brought with me, as well to subsist on in the country, as not knowing what might offer; because this creature, the go-between that had thus betrayed us both, had made me believe strange things of marrying to my advantage, and I was not willing to be without money, whatever might happen. This bill I concealed, and that made me the freer of the rest, in consideration of circumstances, for I really pitied him heartily.

But to return to this question, I told him I never willingly deceived him, and I never would. I was very sorry to tell him that the little I had would not subsist us? that it was not sufficient to subsist me alone in the south country, and that this was the reason that made me put myself into the hands of that woman who called him brother, she having assured me that I might board very handsomely at a town called Manchester, where I had not yet been, for about £6 a year; and my whole income not being above £15 a year, I thought I might live easy upon it, and wait for better things.

He shook his head and remained silent, and a very melancholy evening we had; however, we supped together, and lay together that night, and when we had almost supped he looked a little better’ and more cheerful, and called for a bottle of wine. ‘Come, my dear’, says he, ‘though the case is bad, it is to no purpose to be dejected. Come, be as easy as you can; I will endeavour to find out some way or other to live; if you can but subsist yourself, that is better than nothing. I must try the world again; a man ought to think like a man; to be discouraged is to yield to the misfortune.’ With this he filled a glass, and drank to me, holding my hand all the while the wine went down, and protesting his main concern was for me.

It was really a true, gallant spirit he was of, and it was the more grievous to me. ’Tis something of relief even to be undone by a man of honour, rather than by a scoundrel; but here the greatest disappointment was on his side, for he had really spent a great deal of money, and it was very remarkable on what poor terms she proceeded. First, the baseness of the creature herself is to be observed, who, for the getting £100 herself, could be content to let him spend three or four more, though perhaps it was all he had in the world, and more than all; when she had not the least ground more than a little tea-table chat, to say that I had any estate, or was a fortune, or the like. It is true the design of deluding a woman of fortune, if I had been so, was base enough; the putting the face of great things upon poor

circumstances was a fraud, and bad enough; but the case a little differed too, and that in his favour, for he was not a rake that made a trade to delude women, and, as some have done, get six or seven fortunes after one another, and then rifle and run away from them; but he was already a gentleman, unfortunate and low, but had lived well; and though, if I had had a fortune, I should have been enraged at the slut for betraying me; yet really for the man, a fortune would not have been ill bestowed on him, for he was a lovely person indeed, of generous principles, good sense, and of abundance of good humour.

We had a great deal close conversation that night, for we neither of us slept much; he was as penitent for having put all those cheats upon me as if it had been felony, and that he was going to execution; he offered me again every shilling of the money he had about him, and said he would go into the army and seek for more.

I asked him why he would be so unkind to carry me into Ireland, when I might suppose he could not have subsisted me there. He took me in his arms. 'My dear', said he, 'I never designed to go to Ireland at all, much less to have carried you thither, but came hither to be out of the observation of the people, who had heard what I pretended to, and that nobody might ask me for money before I was furnished to supply them.'

'But, where then', said I, 'were we to have gone next?'

'Why, my dear', said he, 'I'll confess the whole scheme to you as I had laid it: I purposed here to ask you something about your estate, as you see I did, and when you, as I expected you would, had entered into some account of the particulars, I would have made an excuse to have put off our voyage to Ireland for some time, and so have gone for London. Then, my dear', says he, 'I resolved to have confessed all the circumstances of my own affairs to you, and let you know I had indeed made use of these artifices to obtain your consent to marry me, but had now nothing to do but to ask your pardon, and to tell you how abundantly I would endeavour to make you forget what was past, by the felicity of the days to come.'

'Truly', said I to him, 'I find you would soon have conquered me; and it is my affliction now that I am not in a condition to let you see how easily I should have been reconciled to you, and have passed by all the tricks you had put upon me, in recompense of so much good humour. But, my dear', said I, 'what can we do now? We are both undone; and what better are we for our being reconciled, seeing we have nothing to live on?'

We proposed a great many things, but nothing could offer where there was nothing to begin with. He begged me at last to talk no more of it, for, he said, I would break his heart; so we talked of other things a little, till at last he took a husband's leave of me, and so went to sleep.

He rose before me in the morning; and, indeed, having lain awake almost all night, I was very sleepy, and lay till near eleven o'clock. In this time he took his horses, and three servants, and all his linen and baggage, and away he went, leaving a short but moving letter for me on the table, as follows:

My Dear, I am a dog; I have abused you; but I have been drawn in to do it by a base creature, contrary to my principle and the general practice of my life. Forgive me, my dear! I ask you pardon with the greatest sincerity; I am the most miserable of men, in having deluded you. I have been so happy to possess you, and am now so wretched as to be forced to fly from you. Forgive me, my dear; once more I say, forgive me! I am not able to see you ruined by me, and myself unable to support you. Our marriage is nothing; I shall never be able to see you again; I here discharge you from it; if you can marry to your advantage, do not decline it on my account. I here swear to you on my faith, and on the word of a man of honour, I will never disturb your repose if I should know of it, which, however, is not likely. On the other hand, if you should not marry, and if good fortune should befall me, it shall be all yours, wherever you are.

I have put some of the stock of money I have left into your pocket; take places for yourself and your maid in the stage-coach, and go for London. I hope it will bear your charges thither, without breaking into your own. Again I sincerely ask your pardon, and will do so as often as I shall ever think of you. Adieu, my dear, for ever!—I am, yours most affectionately, J. E.

Nothing that ever befell me in my life sank so deep into my heart as this farewell. I reproached him a thousand times in my thoughts for leaving me, for I would have gone with him through the world, if I had begged my bread. I felt in my pocket, and there I found ten guineas, his gold watch, and two little rings, one a small diamond ring, worth only about £6, and the other a plain gold ring.

I sat down and looked upon these things two hours together, and scarce spoke a word, till my maid interrupted me by telling me my dinner was ready. I ate but little, and after dinner I fell into a violent fit of crying, every now and then calling him by his name, which was James. ‘O Jemmy!’ said I, ‘come back, come back. I’ll give you all I have; I’ll beg, I’ll starve with you.’ And thus I ran raving about the room several times, and then sat down between whiles, and then walked about again, called upon him to come back, and then cried again; and thus I passed the afternoon, till about seven o’clock, when it was near dusk in the evening, being August, when, to my unspeakable surprise, he comes back into the inn, and comes directly up into my chamber.

I was in the greatest confusion imaginable, and so was he too. I could not imagine what should be the occasion of it, and began to be at odds with myself whether to be glad or sorry; but my affection biassed all the rest, and it was impossible to conceal my joy, which was too great for smiles, for it burst out into tears. He was no sooner entered the room, but he ran to me and took me in his arms, holding me fast, and almost stopping my breath with his kisses, but spoke not a word. At length I began, ‘My dear’, said I, how could you go away from me?’—to which he gave no answer, for it was impossible for him to speak.

When our ecstasies were a little over, he told me he was gone above fifteen miles, but it was not in his power to go any farther without coming back to see me again and to take his leave of me once more.

I told him how I had passed my time, and how loud I had called him to come back again. He told me he heard me very plain upon Delamere Forest, at a place about twelve miles off. I smiled. 'Nay', says he, 'do not think I am in jest, for if ever I heard your voice in my life, I heard you call me aloud, and sometimes I thought I saw you running after me.' Why', said I, 'what did I say?', for I had not named the words to him. You called aloud', says he, 'and said, "O Jemmy! O Jemmy! come back, come back".'

I laughed at him. 'My dear', says he, 'do not laugh, for, depend upon it, I heard your voice as plain as you hear mine now; if you please, I'll go before a magistrate and make oath of it.' I then began to be amazed and surprised, and indeed frightened, and told him what I had really done, and how I had called after him, as above. When we had amused our selves a while about this, I said to him, 'Well, you shall go away from me no more; I'll go all over the world with you rather.' He told me it would be a very difficult thing for him to leave me, but since it must be, he hoped I would make it as easy to me as I could; but as for him, it would be his destruction, that he foresaw.

However, he told me that he had considered he had left me to travel to London alone, which was a long journey; and that as he might as well go that way as any way else, he was resolved to see me hither, or near it; and if he did go away then without taking his leave, I should not take it ill of him; and this he made me promise.

He told me how he had dismissed his three servants, sold their horses, and sent the fellows away to seek their fortunes, and all in a little time, at a town on the road, I know not where; 'and', says he, 'it cost me some tears all alone by myself, to think how much happier they were than their master, for they could go to the next gentleman's house to see for a service, whereas', said he, 'I knew not whither to go, or what to do with myself.'

I told him I was so completely miserable in parting with him, that I could not be worse; and that now he was come again, I would not go from him, if he would take me with him, let him go whither he would. And in the meantime I agreed that we would go together to London; but I could not be brought to consent he should go away at last and not take his leave of me, but told him, jesting, that if he did, I would call him back again as loud as I did before. Then I pulled out his watch, and gave it him back, and his two rings, and his ten guineas; but he would not take them, which made me very much suspect that he resolved to go off upon the road, and leave me.

The truth is, the circumstances he was in, the passionate expressions of his letter, the kind, gentlemanly treatment I had from him in all the affair, with the concern he showed for me in it, his manner of parting with that large share which he gave me of his little stock left all these had joined to make such impressions on me, that I could not bear the thoughts of parting with him.

Two days after this we quitted Chester, I in the stage-coach, and he on horseback. I dismissed my maid at Chester. He was very much against my being without a maid, but she being hired in the country (keeping no servant at London),



I told him it would have been barbarous to have taken the poor wench, and have turned her away as soon as I came to town; and it would also have been a needless charge on the road; so I satisfied him, and he was easy on that score.

He came with me as far as Dunstable, within thirty miles of London, and then he told me fate and his own misfortunes obliged him to leave me, and that it was not convenient for him to go to London, for reasons which it was of no value to me to know, and I saw him preparing to go. The stage-coach we were in did not usually stop at Dunstable, but I desiring it for a quarter of an hour, they were content to stand at an inn-door a while, and we went into the house.

Being in the inn, I told him I had but one favour more to ask him, and that was, that since he could not go any farther, he would give me leave to stay a week or two in the town with him, that we might in that time think of something to prevent such a ruinous thing to us both as a final separation would be; and that I had something of moment to offer to him, which perhaps he might find practicable to our advantage.

This was too reasonable a proposal to be denied, so he called the landlady of the house, and told her his wife was taken ill, and so ill that she could not think of going any farther in a stage-coach, which had tired her almost to death, and asked if she could not get us a lodging for two or three days in a private house, where I might rest me a little, for the journey had been too much for me. The landlady, a good sort of a woman, well-bred, and very obliging, came immediately to see me; told me she had two or three very good rooms in a part of the house quite out of the noise, and if I saw them she did not doubt but I would like them, and I should have one of her maids, that should do nothing else but wait on me. This was so very kind, that I could not but accept of it; so I went to look on the rooms, and liked them very well, and indeed they were extraordinarily furnished, and very pleasant lodgings; so we paid the stage coach, took out our baggage, and resolved to stay here a while.

Here I told him I would live with him now till all my money was spent, but would not let him spend a shilling of his own. We had some kind squabble about that, but I told him it was the last time I was like to enjoy his company, and I desired that he would let me be master in that thing only, and he should govern in everything else; so he acquiesced.

Here one evening, taking a walk into the fields, I told him I would now make the proposal to him I had told him of; accordingly I related to him how I had lived in Virginia, that I had a mother I believed was alive there still, though my husband was dead some years. I told him that had not my effects miscarried, which, by the way, I magnified pretty much, I might have been fortune good enough to him to have kept us from being parted in this manner. Then I entered into the manner of people's settling in those countries, how they had a quantity of land given them by the constitution of the place; and if not, that it might be purchased at so easy a rate that it was not worth naming.

I then gave him a full and distinct account of the nature of planting; how with carrying over but two or three hundred pounds' value in English goods, with some servants and tools, a man of application would presently lay a foundation for a family, and in a few years would raise an estate.

I let him into the nature of the product of the earth, how the ground was cured and prepared, and what the usual increase of it was; and demonstrated to him, that in a very few years, with such a beginning, we should be as certain of being rich as we were now certain of being poor.

He was surprised at my discourse; for we made it the whole subject of our conversation for near a week together, in which time I laid it down in black and white, as we say, that it was morally impossible, with a supposition of any reasonable good conduct, but that we must thrive there and do very well.

Then I told him what measures I would take to raise such a sum as £300, or thereabouts; and I argued with him how good a method it would be to put an end to our misfortunes, and restore our circumstances in the world, to what we had both expected; and I added, that after seven years we might be in a posture to leave our plantation in good hands, and come over again and receive the income of it, and live here and enjoy it; and I gave him examples of some that had done so, and lived now in very good figure in London.

In short, I pressed him so to it, that he almost agreed to it, but still something or other broke it off; till at last he turned the tables, and began to talk almost to the same purpose of Ireland.

He told me that a man that could confine himself to a country life, and that could but find stock to enter upon any land, should have farms there for £50 a year, as good as were let here for £200 a year; that the produce was such, and so rich the land, that if much was not laid up, we were sure to live as handsomely upon it as a gentleman of £3000 a year could do in England; and that he had laid a scheme to leave me in London, and go over and try; and if he found he could lay a handsome foundation of living, suitable to the respect he had for me, as he doubted not he should do, he would come over and fetch me.

I was dreadfully afraid that upon such a proposal he would have taken me at my word, viz. to turn my little income into money, and let him carry it over into Ireland and try his experiment with it; but he was too just to desire it, or to have accepted it if I had offered it; and he anticipated me in that, for he added, that he would go and try his fortune that way, and if he found he could do anything at it to live, then by adding mine to it when I went over, we should live like ourselves; but that he would not hazard a shilling of mine till he had made the experiment with a little, and he assured me that if he found nothing to be done in Ireland, he would then come to me and join in my project for Virginia.

He was so earnest upon his project being to be tried first, that I could not withstand him; however, he promised to let me hear from him in a very little time after his arriving there, to let me know whether his prospect answered his design, that if there was not a probability of success, I might take the occasion to prepare

for our other voyage, and then, he assured me, he would go with me to America with all his heart.

I could bring him to nothing further than this, and which entertained us near a month, during which I enjoyed his company, which was the most entertaining that ever I met with in my life before. In this time he let me into part of the story of his own life, which was indeed surprising, and full of an infinite variety, sufficient to fill up a much brighter history, for its adventures and incidents, than any I ever saw in print; but I shall have occasion to say more of him hereafter.

We parted at last, though with the utmost reluctance on my side; and indeed he took his leave very unwillingly too, but necessity obliged him, for his reasons were very good why he would not come to London, as I understood more fully afterwards.

I gave him a direction how to write to me, though still I reserved the grand secret, which was not to let him ever know my true name, who I was, or where to be found; he likewise let me know how to write a letter to him, so that he said he would be sure to receive it.

I came to London the next day after we parted, but did not go directly to my old lodgings, but for another nameless reason took a private lodging in St John's Street, or, as it is vulgarly called, St Jones's, near Clerkenwell; and here, being perfectly alone, I had leisure to sit down and reflect seriously upon the last seven months' ramble I had made, for I had been abroad no less. The pleasant hours I had with my last husband I looked back on with an infinite deal of pleasure; but that pleasure was very much lessened when I found some time after that I was really with child.

This was a perplexing thing, because of the difficulty which was before me where I should get leave to lie in, it being one of the nicest things in the world at that time of day for a woman that was a stranger, and had no friends, to be entertained in that circumstance without security, which I had not, neither could I procure any.

I had taken care all this while to preserve a correspondence with my friend at the bank, or rather he took care to correspond with me, for he wrote to me once a week; and though I had not spent my money so fast as to want any from him, yet I often wrote also to let him know I was alive. I had left directions in Lancashire, so that I had these letters conveyed to me; and during my recess at St Jones's I received a very obliging letter from him, assuring me that his process for a divorce went on with success, though he met with some difficulties in it that he did not expect.

I was not displeased with the news that his process was more tedious than he expected; for though I was in no condition to have had him yet, not being so foolish to marry him when I knew myself to be with child by another man, as some I know have ventured to do, yet I was not willing to lose him, and, in a word, resolved to have him, if he continued in the same mind, as soon as I was up again; for I saw apparently I should hear no more from my other husband; and as he had all along pressed me to marry, and had assured me he would not be at all disgusted at it, or ever offer to claim me again, so I made no scruple to resolve to do it if I could,

and if my other friend stood to his bargain; and I had a great deal of reason to be assured that he would, by the letters he wrote to me, which were the kindest and most obliging that could be.

I now grew big, and the people where I lodged perceived it, and began to take notice of it to me, and as far as civility would allow, intimated that I must think of removing. This put me to extreme perplexity, and I grew very melancholy, for indeed I knew not what course to take; I had money, but no friends, and was like now to have a child upon my hands to keep, which was a difficulty I had never had upon me yet, as my story hitherto makes appear.

In the course of this affair I fell very ill, and my melancholy really increased my distemper. My illness proved at length to be only an ague, but my apprehensions were really that I should miscarry. I should not say apprehensions, for indeed I would have been glad to miscarry, but I could never entertain so much as a thought of taking anything to make me miscarry; I abhorred, I say, so much as the thought of it.

However, speaking of it, the gentlewoman who kept the house proposed to me to send for a midwife. I scrupled it at first, but after some time consented, but told her I had no acquaintance with any midwife, and so left it to her.

It seems the mistress of the house was not so great a stranger to such cases as mine was as I thought at first she had been, as will appear presently; and she sent for a midwife of the right sort that is to say, the right sort for me.

The woman appeared to be an experienced woman in her business, I mean as a midwife; but she had another calling too, in which she was as expert as most women, if not more. My landlady had told her I was very melancholy, and that she believed that had done me harm; and once, before me, said to her, 'Mrs B—, I believe this lady's trouble is of a kind that is pretty much in your way, and therefore if you can do anything for her, pray do, for she is a very civil gentlewoman'; and so she went out of the room.

I really did not understand her, but my Mother Midnight began very seriously to explain what she meant, as soon as she was gone. 'Madam', says she, 'you seem not to understand what your landlady means; and when you do, you need not let her know at all that you do so.'

'She means that you are under some circumstances that may render your lying-in difficult to you, and that you are not willing to be exposed. I need say no more, but to tell you, that if you think fit to communicate so much of your case to me as is necessary, for I do not desire to pry into those things, I perhaps may be in a condition to assist you, and to make you easy, and remove all your dull thoughts upon that subject.'

Every word this creature said was a cordial to me, and put new life and new spirit into my very heart; my blood began to circulate immediately, and I was quite another body; I ate my victuals again, and grew better presently after it. She said a great deal more to the same purpose, and then having pressed me to be free with

her, and promised in the solemnest manner to be secret, she stopped a little, as if waiting to see what impression it made on me, and what I would say.

I was too sensible of the want I was in of such a woman not to accept her offer; I told her my case was partly as she guessed, and partly not, for I was really married, and had a husband, though he was so remote at that time as that he could not appear publicly.

She took me short, and told me that was none of her business; all the ladies that came under her care were married women to her. 'Every woman', says she, 'that is with child has a father for it', and whether that father was a husband or no husband was no business of hers; her business was to assist me in my present circumstances, whether I had a husband or no; 'for, madam', says she, 'to have a husband that cannot appear is to have no husband, and therefore whether you are a wife or a mistress is all one to me.'

I found presently, that, whether I was a whore or a wife, I was to pass for a whore here; so I let that go. I told her it was true, as she said, but that, however, if I must tell her my case, I must tell it her as it was; so I related it as short as I could, and I concluded it to her. 'I trouble you with this, madam', said I, 'not that, as you said before, it is much to the purpose in your affair; but this is to the purpose, namely, that I am not in any pain about being seen, or being concealed, for 'tis perfectly indifferent to me; but my difficulty is, that I have no acquaintance in this part of the nation.'

'I understand you, madam', says she; 'you have no security to bring to prevent the parish impertinences usual in such cases, and perhaps', says she, 'do not know very well how to dispose of the child when it comes.' 'The last', says I, 'is not so much my concern as the first.' 'Well, madam', answers the midwife, 'dare you put yourself into my hands? I live in such a place; though I do not inquire after you, you may inquire after me. My name is B—; I live in such a street'—naming the street—'at the sign of The Cradle. My profession is a midwife, and I have many ladies that come to my house to lie in. I have given security to the parish in general to secure them from any charge from what shall come into the world under my roof. I have but one question to ask in the whole affair, madam', says she, 'and if that be answered, you shall be entirely easy of the rest.'

I presently understood what she meant, and told her, 'Madam, I believe I understand you. I thank God, though I want friends in this part of the world, I do not want money, so far as may be necessary, though I do not abound in that neither': this I added, because I would not make her expect great things, 'Well, madam', says she, 'that is the thing, indeed, without which nothing can be done in these cases; and yet', says she, 'you shall see that I will not impose upon you, or offer anything that is unkind to you, and you shall know everything beforehand, that you may suit yourself to the occasion, and be either costly or sparing as you see fit.'

I told her she seemed to be so perfectly sensible of my condition, that I had nothing to ask of her but this, that as I had money sufficient, but not a great quantity, she would order it so that I might be at as little superfluous charge as possible.

She replied, that she should bring in an account of the expenses of it in two or three shapes; I should choose as I pleased; and I desired her to do so.

The next day she brought it, and the copy of her three bills was as follows:

	£	s	d
1. For three months' lodging in her house, including my diet, at 10s. a week	6	0	0
2. For a nurse for the month, and use of childbed linen	1	10	0
3. For a minister to christen the child, and to the godfathers and clerk	1	10	0
4. For a supper at the christening if I had five friends at it	1	0	0
For her fees as a midwife, and the taking off the trouble of the parish	3	3	0
To her maidservant attending	0	10	0
	£13	13	0

This was the first bill; the second was in the same terms:

	£	s	d
1. For three months' lodging and diet, &c. at 20s. a week	12	0	0
2. For a nurse for the month, and the use of linen and lace	2	10	0
3. For the minister to christen the child, &c., as above	2	0	0
4. For a supper and for sweetmeats	3	3	0
For her fees as above	3	5	0
To a servant-maid	1	0	0
	£25	18	0

This was the second-rate bill; the third, she said, was for a degree higher, and when the father or friends appeared:

	£	s	d
1. For three months' lodging and diet, having two rooms and a garret for a servant	30	0	0
2. For a nurse for the month, and the finest suit of child-bed linen	4	4	0
3. For the minister to christen the child, &c.	2	10	0
4. For a supper, the gentlemen to send in the wine	3	3	0
For my fees, &c.	10	10	0
The maid, besides their own maid, only	0	10	0
	£53	14	0

I looked upon all the three bills, and smiled, and told her I did not see but that she was very reasonable in her demands, all things considered, and I did not doubt but her accommodations were good.

She told me I should be a judge of that when I saw them. I told her I was sorry to tell her that I feared I must be her lowest-rated customer; 'and perhaps, madam', said I, 'you will make me the less welcome upon that account.' 'No, not at all', said she; 'for where I have one of the third sort, I have two of the second and four of the first, and I get as much by them in proportion as by any; but if you doubt my care of you, I will allow any friend you have to see if you are well waited on or no.'

Then she explained the particulars of her bill. 'In the first place, madam', said she, 'I would have you observe that here is three months keeping you at but 10s. a week; I undertake to say you will not complain of my table. I suppose', says she, 'you do not live cheaper where you are now?' 'No, indeed', said I, 'nor so cheap, for I give 6s. per week for my chamber, and find my own diet, which costs me a great deal more.'

'Then, madam', says she, 'If the child should not live, as it sometimes happens, there is the minister's article saved; and, if you have no friends to come, you may save the expense of a supper; so that take those articles out, madam', says she, 'your lying-in will not cost you above £5.3s more than your ordinary charge of living.'

This was the most reasonable thing that I ever heard of; so I smiled, and told her I would come and be a customer; but I told her also, that as I had two months and more to go, I might perhaps be obliged to stay longer with her than three months, and desired to know if she would not be obliged to remove me before it was proper. 'No,' she said; her house was large, and besides, she never put anybody to remove, that had lain in, till they were willing to go; and if she had more ladies offered, she was not so ill-beloved among her neighbours but she could provide accommodation for twenty, if there was occasion.

I found she was an eminent lady in her way, and, in short, I agreed to put myself into her hands. She then talked of other things, looked about into my accommodations where I was, found fault with my wanting attendance and conveniences, and that I should not be used so at her house. I told her I was shy of speaking, for the woman of the house looked stranger, or at least I thought so, since I had been ill, because I was with child; and I was afraid she would put some affront or other upon me, supposing that I had been able to give but a slight account of myself.

'O dear', says she, 'her ladyship is no stranger to these things; she has tried to entertain ladies in your condition, but could not secure the parish; and besides, such a nice lady, as you take her to be. However, since you are a-going, you shall not meddle with her, but I'll see you are a little better looked after while you are here, and it shall not cost you the more neither.'

I did not understand her; however, I thanked her, so we parted. The next morning she sent me a chicken roasted and hot, and a bottle of sherry, and ordered the maid to tell me, that she was to wait on me every day as long as I stayed there.

This was surprisingly good and kind, and I accepted it very willingly. At night she sent to me again, to know if I wanted anything, and to order the maid to come to her in the morning for dinner. The maid had orders to make me some chocolate

in the morning before she came away, and at noon she brought me the sweetbread of a breast of veal, whole, and a dish of soup for my dinner; and after this manner she nursed me up at a distance, so that I was mightily well pleased, and quickly well, for indeed my dejections before were the principal part of my illness.

I expected, as is usually the case among such people, that the servant she sent me would have been some impudent brazen wench of Drury Lane breeding, and I was very uneasy upon that account; so I would not let her lie in the house the first night, but had my eyes about me as narrowly as if she had been a public thief.

My gentlewoman guessed presently what was the matter, and sent her back with a short note, that I might depend upon the honesty of her maid; that she would be answerable for her upon all accounts; and that she took no servants without very good security. I was then perfectly easy; and indeed the maid's behaviour spoke for itself, for a modester, quieter, soberer girl never came into anybody's family, and I found her so afterwards.

As soon as I was well enough to go abroad, I went with the maid to see the house, and to see the apartment I was to have; and everything was so handsome and so clean, that, in short, I had nothing to say, but was wonderfully pleased with what I had met with, which, considering the melancholy circumstances I was in, was beyond what I looked for.

It might be expected that I should give some account of the nature of the wicked practices of this woman, in whose hands I was now fallen; but it would be but too much encouragement to the vice, to let the world see what easy measures were here taken to rid the women's burthen of a child clandestinely gotten. This grave matron had several sorts of practice, and this was one, that if a child was born, though not in her house (for she had the occasion to be called to many private labours), she had people always ready, who for a piece of money would take the child off their hands, and off from the hands of the parish too; and those children, as she said, were honestly taken care of. What should become of them all, considering so many, as by her account she was concerned with, I cannot conceive.

I had many times discourses upon that subject with her; but she was full of this argument, that she saved the life of many an innocent lamb, as she called them, which would perhaps have been murdered; and of many a woman, who, made desperate by the misfortune, would otherwise be tempted to destroy their children. I granted her that this was true, and a very commendable thing, provided the poor children fell into good hands afterwards, and were not abused and neglected by the nurses. She answered, that she always took care of that, and had no nurses in her business but what were very good people, and such as might be depended upon.

I could say nothing to the contrary, and so was obliged to say, 'Madam, I do not question but you do your part, but what those people do is the main question'; and she stopped my mouth again with saying she took the utmost care about it.

The only thing I found in all her conversation on these subjects, that gave me any distaste, was, that one time in discoursing about my being to far gone with child, she said something that looked as if she could help me off with my burthen



sooner, if I was willing; or, in English, that she could give me something to make me miscarry, if I had a desire to put an end to my troubles that way; but I soon let her see that I abhorred the thoughts of it; and, to do her justice, she put it off so cleverly, that I could not say she really intended it, or whether she only mentioned the practice as a horrible thing; for she couched her words so well, and took my meaning so quickly, that she gave her negative before I could explain myself.

To bring this part into as narrow a compass as possible, I quitted my lodging at St Jones's, and went to my new governess, for so they called her in the house, and there I was indeed treated with so much courtesy, so carefully looked to, and everything so well, that I was surprised at it, and could not at first see what advantage my governess made of it; but I found afterwards that she professed to make no profit of the lodgers' diet, nor indeed could she get much by it, but that her profit lay in the other articles of her management, and she made enough that way, I assure you; for 'tis scarce credible what practice she had, as well abroad as at home, and yet all upon the private account, or, in plain English, the whoring account.

While I was in her house, which was near four months, she had no less than twelve ladies of pleasure brought to bed within doors, and I think she had two-and-thirty, or thereabouts, under her conduct without doors; whereof one, as nice as she was with me, was lodged with my old landlady at St Jones's.

This was a strange testimony of the growing vice of the age, and as bad as I had been myself, it shocked my very sense; I began to nauseate the place I was in, and, above all, the practice; and yet I must say that I never saw, or do I believe there was to be seen, the least indecency in the house the whole time I was there.

Not a man was ever seen to come upstairs, except to visit the lying-in ladies within their month, nor then without the old lady with them, who made it a piece of the honour of her management that no man should touch a woman, no, not his own wife, within the month; nor would she permit any man to lie in the house upon any pretence whatever, no, not though it was with his own wife; and her saying for it was, that she cared not how many children were born in her house, but she would have none got there if she could help it.

It might perhaps be carried farther than was needful, but it was an error of the right hand, if it was an error, for by this she kept up the reputation, such as it was, of her business, and obtained this character, that though she did take care of the women when they were debauched, yet she was not instrumental to their being debauched at all; and yet it was a wicked trade she drove too.

While I was here, and, before I was brought to bed, I received a letter from my trustee at the bank, full of kind, obliging things, and earnestly pressing me to return to London; it was near a fortnight old when it came to me, because it had first been sent into Lancashire, and then returned to me. He concluded with telling me that he had obtained a decree against his wife, and that he would be ready to make good his engagement to me, if I would accept of him, adding a great many protestations of kindness and affection, such as he would have been far from offering if he had known the circumstances I had been in, and which, as it was, I had been very far from deserving.

I returned an answer to this letter, and dated it at Liverpool, but sent it by a messenger, alleging that it came in cover to a friend in town. I gave him joy of his deliverance, but raised some scruples at the lawfulness of his marrying again, and told him I supposed he would consider very seriously upon that point before he resolved on it, the consequence being too great for a man of his judgment to venture rashly upon; so concluded wishing him very well in whatever he resolved, without letting him into anything of my own mind, or giving any answer to his proposal of my coming to London to him, but mentioned at a distance my intention to return the latter end of the year, this being dated in April.

I was brought to bed about the middle of May, and had another brave boy, and myself in as good condition as usual on such occasions. My governess did her part as a midwife with the greatest art and dexterity imaginable, and far beyond all that ever I had had any experience of before.

Her care of me in my travail, and after in my lying-in, was such, that if she had been my own mother it could not have been better. Let none be encouraged in their loose practices from this dexterous lady's management, for she has gone to her place, and I dare say has left nothing behind her that can or will come up to it.

I think I had been brought to bed about twenty days, when I received another letter from my friend at the bank, with the surprising news that he had obtained a final sentence of divorce against his wife, and had served her with it on such a day, and that he had such an answer to give to all my scruples about his marrying again as I could not expect, and as he had no desire of; for that his wife, who had been under some remorse before for her usage of him, as soon as she heard that he had gained his point, had very unhappily destroyed herself that same evening.

He expressed himself very handsomely as to his being concerned at her disaster, but cleared himself of having any hand in it, and that he had only done himself justice in a case in which he was notoriously injured and abused. However, he said that he was extremely afflicted at it, and had no view of any satisfaction left in this world, but only in the hope that I would come and relieve him by my company; and then he pressed me violently indeed to give him some hopes, that I would at least come up to town and let him see me, when he would further enter into discourse about it.

I was exceedingly surprised at the news, and began now seriously to reflect on my circumstances, and the inexpressible misfortune it was to have a child upon my hands; and what to do in it knew not. At last I opened my case at a distance to my governess; I appeared melancholy for several days, and she lay at me continually to know what troubled me. I could not for my life tell her that I had an offer of marriage, after I had so often told her that I had a husband, so that I really knew not what to say to her. I owned I had something which very much troubled me, but at the same time told her I could not speak of it to any one alive.

She continued importuning me several days, but it was impossible, I told her, for me to commit the secret to anybody. This, instead of being an answer to her, increased her importunities; she urged her having been trusted with the greatest

secrets of this nature, that it was her business to conceal everything, and that to discover things of that nature would be her ruin. She asked me if ever I had found her tattling of other people's affairs, and how could I suspect her? She told me, to unfold myself to her was telling it to nobody; that she was silent as death; that it must be a very strange case indeed, that she could not help me out of; but to conceal it was to deprive myself of all possible help, or means of help, and to deprive her of the opportunity of serving me. In short, she had such a bewitching eloquence, and so great a power of persuasion, that there was no concealing anything from her.

So I resolved to unbosom myself to her. I told her the history of my Lancashire marriage, and how both of us had been disappointed; how we came together, and how we parted; how he discharged me, as far as lay in him, and gave me free liberty to marry again, protesting that if he knew it he would never claim me, or disturb or expose me; that I thought I was free, but was dreadfully afraid to venture, for fear of the consequences that might follow in case of a discovery.

Then I told her what a good offer I had; showed her my friend's letters, inviting me to London, and with what affection they were written, but blotted out the name, and also the story about the disaster of his wife, only that she was dead.

She fell a-laughing at my scruples about marrying, and told me the other was no marriage, but a cheat on both sides; and that, as we were parted by mutual consent, the nature of the contract was destroyed, and the obligation was mutually discharged. She had arguments for this at the tip of her tongue; and, in short, reasoned me out of my reason; not but that it was too by the help of my own inclination.

But then came the great and main difficulty, and that was the child; this, she told me, must be removed, and that so as that it should never be possible for any one to discover it. I knew there was no marrying without concealing that I had had a child, for he would soon have discovered by the age of it, that it was born, nay, and gotten too, since my parley with him, and that would have destroyed all the affair.

But it touched my heart so forcibly to think of parting entirely with the child, and, for aught I knew, of having it murdered, or starved by neglect and ill-usage, which was much the same, that I could not think of it without horror. I wish all those women who consent to the disposing their children out of the way, as it is called, for decency sake, would consider that 'tis only a contrived method for murder; that is to say, killing their children with safety.

It is manifest to all that understand anything of children, that we are born into the world helpless, and incapable either to supply our own wants or so much as make them known; and that without help we must perish; and this help requires not only an assisting hand, whether of the mother or somebody else, but there are two things necessary in that assisting hand, that is, care and skill; without both which, half the children that are born would die, nay, though they were not to be denied food, and one-half more of those that remained would be cripples or fools, lose their limbs, and perhaps their sense. I question not but that these are partly the

reasons why affection was placed by nature in the hearts of mothers to their children; without which they would never be able to give themselves up, as 'tis necessary they should, to the care and waking pains needful to the support of children.

Since this care is needful to the life of children, to neglect them is to murder them; again, to give them up to be managed by those people who have none of that needful affection placed by nature in them, is to neglect them in the highest degree; nay, in some it goes farther, and is in order to their being lost; so that 'tis an intentional murder, whether the child lives or dies.

All those things represented themselves to my view, and that in the blackest and most frightful form; and, as I was very free with my governess, whom I had now learned to call mother, I represented to her all the dark thoughts which I had about it, and told her what distress I was in. She seemed graver by much at this part than at the other; but as she was hardened in these things beyond all possibility of being touched with the religious part, and the scruples about the murder, so she was equally impenetrable in that part which related to affection. She asked me if she had not been careful and tender of me in my lying-in, as if I had been her own child. I told her I owned she had. 'Well, my dear', says she, 'and when you are gone, what are you to me? And what would it be to me if you were to be hanged? Do you think there are not women who, as it is their trade, and they get their bread by it, value themselves upon their being as careful of children as their own mothers? Yes, yes, child', says she, 'fear it not; how were we nursed ourselves? Are you sure you were nursed up by your own mother? and yet you look fat and fair, child', says the old beldam; and with that she stroked me over the face. 'Never be concerned, child', says she, going on in her drolling way; 'I have no murderers about me; I employ the best nurses that can be had, and have as few children miscarry under their hands as there would if they were all nursed by mothers; we want neither care nor skill.'

She touched me to the quick when she asked if I was sure that I was nursed by my own mother; on the contrary, I was sure I was not; and I trembled and looked pale at the very expression. Sure, said I to myself, this creature cannot be a witch, or have any conversation with a spirit, that can inform her what I was, before I was able to know it myself; and I looked at her as if I had been frightened; but reflecting that it could not be possible for her to know anything about me, that went off, and I began to be easy, but it was not presently.

She perceived the disorder I was in, but did not know the meaning of it; so she ran on in her wild talk upon the weakness of my supposing that children were murdered because they were not all nursed by the mother, and to persuade me that the children she disposed of were as well used as if the mothers had the nursing of them themselves.

'It may be true, mother', says I, 'for aught I know, but my doubts are very strongly grounded.' 'Come, then', says she, 'let's hear some of them.' 'Why, first', says I, 'you give a piece of money to these people to take the child off the parent's hands, and to take care of it as long as it lives. Now we know, mother', said I, 'that

those are poor people, and their gain consists in being quit of the charge as soon as they can; how can I doubt but that, as it is best for them to have the child die, they are not over solicitous about its life?’

‘This is all vapours and fancy’, says she; ‘I tell you their credit depends upon the child’s life, and they are as careful as any mother of you all.’

‘O mother’, says I, ‘if I was but sure my little baby would be carefully looked to, and have justice done it, I should be happy; but it is impossible I can be satisfied in that point unless I saw it, and to see it would be ruin and destruction, as my case now stands; so what to do I know not.’

‘A fine story!’ says the governess. ‘You would see the child, and you would not see the child; you would be concealed and discovered both together. These are things impossible, my dear, and so you must e’en do as other conscientious mothers have done before you, and be contented with things as they must be, though not as you wish them to be.’

I understood what she meant by conscientious mothers; she would have said conscientious whores, but she was not willing to disoblige me, for really in this case I was not a whore, because legally married, the force of my former marriage excepted.

However, let me be what I would, I was not come up to that pitch of hardness common to the profession; I mean, to be unnatural, and regardless of the safety of my child; and I preserved this honest affection so long, that I was upon the point of giving up my friend at the bank, who lay so hard at me to come to him, and marry him, that there was hardly any room to deny him.

At last my old governess came to me, with her usual assurance. ‘Come, my dear’, says she, ‘I have found out a way how you shall be at a certainty that your child shall be used well, and yet the people that take care of it shall never know you.’

‘O mother’, says I, ‘if you can do so, you will engage me to you for ever.’ ‘Well’, says she, ‘are you willing to be at some small annual expense, more than what we usually give to the people we contract with?’ ‘Ay’, says I, ‘with all my heart, provided I may be concealed.’ ‘As to that’, says she, ‘you shall be secure, for the nurse shall never dare to inquire about you; and you shall once or twice a year go with me and see your child, and see how ’tis used, and be satisfied that it is in good hands, nobody knowing who you are.’

‘Why’, said I, ‘do you think that when I come to see my child, I shall be able to conceal my being the mother of it? Do you think that possible?’

‘Well’, says she, ‘if you discover it, the nurse shall be never the wiser; she shall be forbid to take any notice. If she offers it, she shall lose the money which you are to be supposed to give her, and the child be taken from her too.’

I was very well pleased with this. So the next week a countrywoman was brought from Hertford, or thereabouts, who was to take the child off our hands entirely, for £10 in money. But if I would allow £5 a year more to her, she would be obliged to bring the child to my governess’s house as often as we desired, or we should come down and look at it, and see how well she used it.

The woman was a very wholesome-looking, likely woman, a cottager's wife, but she had very good clothes and linen, and everything well about her; and with a heavy heart and many a tear, I let her have my child. I had been down at Hertford, and looked at her and at her dwelling, which I liked well enough; and I promised her great things if she would be kind to the child, so she knew at first word that I was the child's mother. But she seemed to be so much out of the way, and to have no room to inquire after me, that I thought I was safe enough. So, in short, I consented to let her have the child, and I gave her £10; that is to say, I gave it to my governess, who gave it the poor woman before my face, she agreeing never to return the child to me, or to claim anything more for its keeping, or bringing up; only that I promised, if she took a great deal of care of it, I would give her something more as often as I came to see it; so that I was not bound to pay the £5, only that I promised my governess I would do it. And thus my great care was over, after a manner, which, though it did not at all satisfy my mind, yet was the most convenient for me, as my affairs then stood, of any that could be thought of at that time.

I then began to write to my friend at the bank in a more kindly style, and particularly about the beginning of July I sent him a letter, that I purposed to be in town some time in August. He returned me an answer in the most passionate terms imaginable, and desired me to let him have timely notice, and he would come and meet me two days' journey. This puzzled me scurvily, and I did not know what answer to make to it. Once I was resolved to take the stage-coach to West Chester, on purpose only to have the satisfaction of coming back, that he might see me really come in the same coach; for I had a jealous thought, though I had no ground for it at all, lest he should think I was not really in the country.

I endeavoured to reason myself out of it, but it was in vain; the impression lay so strong on my mind, that it was not to be resisted. At last it came as an addition to my new design of going into the country, that it would be an excellent blind to my old governess, and would cover entirely all my other affairs, for she did not know in the least whether my new lover lived in London or in Lancashire; and when I told her my resolution; she was fully persuaded it was in Lancashire.

Having taken my measures for this journey, I let her know it, and sent the maid that tended me from the beginning to take a place for me in the coach. She would have had me let the maid have waited on me down to the last stage, and come up again in the waggon, but I convinced her it would not be convenient. When I went away, she told me she would enter into no measures for correspondence, for she saw evidently that my affection to my child would cause me to write to her, and to visit her too, when I came to town again. I assured her it would, and so took my leave, well satisfied to have been freed from such a house, however good my accommodations there had been.

I took the place in the coach not to its full extent, but to a place called Stone, in Cheshire, where I not only had no manner of business, but not the least acquaintance with any person in the town. But I knew that with money in the pocket one is at home anywhere; so I lodged there two or three days, till, watching my opportunity,

I found room in another stage-coach, and took passage-back again for London, sending a letter to my gentleman that I should be such a certain day at Stony Stratford, where the coachman told me he was to lodge.

It happened to be a chance coach that I had taken up, which, having been hired on purpose to carry some gentlemen to West Chester, who were going for Ireland, was now returning, and did not tie itself up to exact times or places, as the stages did; so that, having been obliged to lie still on Sunday, he had time to get himself ready to come out, which otherwise he could not have done.

His warning was so short, that he could not reach Stony Stratford time enough to be with me at night, but he met me at a place called Brickhill the next morning, just as we were coming into the town.

I confess I was very glad to see him, for I thought myself a little disappointed over-night. He pleased me doubly too by the figure he came in, for he brought a very handsome gentleman's coach and four horses, with a servant to attend him.

He took me out of the stage-coach immediately, which stopped at an inn in Brickhill; and putting into the same inn, he set up his own coach, and bespoke his dinner. I asked him what he meant by that, for I was for going forward with the journey. He said, No, I had need of a little rest upon the road, and that was a very good sort of a house, though it was but a little town; so we would go no farther that night, whatever came of it.

I did not press him much, for since he had come so far to meet me, and put himself to so much expense, it was but reasonable I should oblige him a little too; so I was easy as to that point.

After dinner we walked to see the town, to see the church, and to view the fields and the country, as is usual for strangers to do; and our landlord was our guide in going to see the church. I observed my gentleman inquired pretty much about the parson, and I took the hint immediately, that he certainly would propose to be married; and it followed presently, that, in short, I would not refuse him; for, to be plain, with my circumstances I was in no condition now to say no; I had no reason now to run any more such hazards.

But while these thoughts ran round in my head, which was the work but of a few moments, I observed my landlord took him aside and whispered to him, though not very softly neither, for so much I overheard: 'Sir, if you shall have occasion——' the rest I could not hear, but it seems it was to this purpose: 'Sir, if you shall have occasion for a minister, I have a friend a little way off that will serve you, and be as private as you please.' My gentleman answered loud enough for me to hear, 'Very well, I believe I shall.'

I was no sooner come back to the inn, but he fell upon me with irresistible words, that since he had had the good fortune to meet me, and everything concurred, it would be hastening his felicity if I would put an end to the matter just there. 'What do you mean?' says I, colouring a little, 'What, in an inn, and on the road! Bless us all', said I, 'how can you talk so?' 'Oh, I can talk so very well', says he; 'I came on purpose to talk so, and I'll show you that I did'; and with that he pulls out a great

bundle of papers. 'You fright me', said I, 'what are all these?' 'Don't be frightened, my dear', said he, and kissed me. This was the first time that he had been so free to call me my dear; then he repeated it, 'Don't be frightened; you shall see what it is all'; then he laid them all abroad. There was first the deed or sentence of divorce from his wife, and the full evidence of her playing the whore; then there was the certificates of the minister and churchwardens of the parish where she lived, proving that she was buried, and intimating the manner of her death; the copy of the coroner's warrant for a jury to sit upon her, and the verdict of the jury, who brought it in *Non compos mentis*. All this was to give me satisfaction, though, by the way, I was not so scrupulous, had he known all, but that I might have taken him without it; however, I looked them all over as well as I could, and told him that this was all very clear indeed, but that he need not have brought them out with him, for it was time enough. Well, he said, it might be time enough for me, but no time but the present time was time enough for him.

There were other papers rolled up, and I asked him what they were. Why, ay', says he, 'that's the question I wanted to have you ask me'; so he takes out a little shagreen case, and gives me out of it a very fine diamond ring. I could not refuse it, if I had a mind to do so, for he put it upon my finger; so I only made him a curtsy. Then he takes out another ring: 'And this', says he, 'is for another occasion', and puts that into his pocket. 'Well, but let me see it, though', says I, and smiled; 'I guess what it is; I think you are mad.' 'I should have been mad if I had done less', says he; and still he did not show it me, and I had a great mind to see it; so, says I, 'Well, but let me see it.' 'Hold', says he; 'first look here'; then he took up the roll again, and read it, and, behold! it was a licence for us to be married. 'Why', says I, 'are you distracted? You were fully satisfied, sure, that I would yield at first word, or resolved to take no denial.' 'The last is certainly the case', said he. 'But you may be mistaken', said I. 'No, no', says he; 'I must not be denied, I can't be denied'; and with that he fell to kissing me so violently I could not get rid of him.

There was a bed in the room, and we were walking to and again, eager in the discourse; at last, he takes me by surprise in his arms, and threw me on the bed, and himself with me, and holding me still fast in his arms, but without the least offer of any indecency, courted me to consent with such repeated entreaties and arguments, protesting his affection and vowing he would not let me go till I had promised him, that at last I said, 'Why, you resolve not to be denied indeed, I think.' 'No, no', says he, 'I must not be denied, I won't be denied, I can't be denied.' Well, well', said I, and, giving him a slight kiss, 'then you shan't be denied; let me get up.'

He was so transported with my consent, and the kind manner of it, that I began to think once he took it for a marriage, and would not stay for the form; but I wronged him, for he took me by the hand, pulled me up again, and then, giving me two or three kisses, thanked me for my kind yielding to him; and was so overcome with the satisfaction of it that I saw tears stand in his eyes.

I turned from him, for it filled my eyes with tears too, and asked him leave to retire a little to my chamber. If I had a grain of true repentance for an abominable



life of twenty-four years past, it was then. 'Oh, what a felicity is it to mankind', said I to myself, 'that they cannot see into the hearts of one another! How happy had it been if I had been wife to a man of so much honesty and so much affection from the beginning!'

Then it occurred to me, 'What an abominable creature am I! And how is this innocent gentleman going to be abused by me! How little does he think, that having divorced a whore, he is throwing himself into the arms of another!—that he is going to marry one that has lain with two brothers, and has had three children by her own brother! one that was born in Newgate, whose mother was a whore, and is now a transported thief!—one that has lain with thirteen men, and has had a child since he saw me! Poor gentleman!', said I, 'what is he going to do?' After this reproaching myself was over, it followed thus: 'Well, if I must be his wife, if it please God to give me grace, I'll be a true wife to him, and love him suitably to the strange excess of his passion for me; I will make him amends, by what he shall see, for the abuses I put upon him, which he does not see.'

He was impatient for my coming out of my chamber, but, finding me long, he went downstairs and talked with my landlord about the parson.

My landlord, an officious though well-meaning fellow, had sent away for the clergyman, and when my gentleman began to speak to him of sending for him, 'Sir', says he to him, 'my friend is in the house'; so without any more words he brought them together. When he came to the minister, he asked him if he would venture to marry a couple of strangers that were both willing. The parson said that Mr — had said something to him of it; that he hoped it was no clandestine business; that he seemed to be a grave gentleman, and he supposed madam was not a girl, so that the consent of friends should be wanted. 'To put you out of doubt of that', says my gentleman, 'read this paper'; and out he pulls the licence. 'I am satisfied', says the minister, 'where is the lady?' 'You shall see her presently', says my gentleman.

When he had said thus he comes upstairs, and I was by that time come out of my room; so he tells me the minister was below, and that upon showing him the licence he was free to marry us with all his heart, 'but he asks to see you'; so he asked if I would let him come up.

'Tis time enough', said I, 'in the morning, is it not?' 'Why', said he, 'my dear, he seemed to scruple whether it was not some young girl stolen from her parents, and I assured him we were both of age to command our own consent; and that made him ask to see you.' 'Well', said I, 'do as you please'; so up they bring the parson, and a merry, good sort of gentleman he was. He had been told, it seems, that we had met there by accident; that I came in a Chester coach, and my gentleman in his own coach to meet me; that we were to have met last night at Stony-Stratford, but that he could not reach so far. 'Well, sir', says the parson, 'every ill turn has some good in it. The disappointment, sir', says he to my gentleman, 'was yours, and the good turn is mine, for if you had met at Stony-Stratford I had not had the honour to marry you. Landlord, have you a Common Prayer Book?'

I started as if I had been frightened. 'Sir', says I, 'what do you mean? What, to marry in an inn, and at night too!' 'Madam', says the minister, 'if you will have it be in the church, you shall; but I assure you your marriage will be as firm here as in the church; we are not tied by the canons to marry nowhere but in the church; and, as for the time of day, it does not at all weigh in this case; our princes are married in their chambers, and at eight or ten o'clock at night.'

I was a great while before I could be persuaded, and pretended not to be willing at all to be married but in the church. But it was all grimace; so I seemed at last to be prevailed on, and my landlord and his wife and daughter were called up. My landlord was father and clerk and all together, and we were married, and very merry we were; though I confess the self-reproaches which I had upon me before lay close to me, and extorted every now and then a deep sigh from me, which my bridegroom took notice of, and endeavoured to encourage me, thinking, poor man, that I had some little hesitations at the step I had taken so hastily.

We enjoyed ourselves that evening completely, and yet all was kept so private in the inn that not a servant in the house knew of it, for my landlady and her daughter waited on me, and would not let any of the maids come upstairs. My landlady's daughter I called my bridemaid; and, sending for a shopkeeper the next morning, I gave the young woman a good suit of knots, as good as the town would afford, and finding it was a lacemaking town, I gave her mother a piece of bone-lace for a head.

One reason that my landlord was so close was that he was unwilling that the minister of the parish should hear of it; but for all that somebody heard of it, so as that we had the bells set a-ringing the next morning early, and the music, such as the town would afford, under our window. But my landlord brazened it out that we were married before we came thither, only that, being his former guests, we would have our wedding-supper at his house.

We could not find in our hearts to stir the next day; for, in short, having been disturbed by the bells in the morning, and having perhaps not slept over much before, we were so sleepy afterwards that we lay in bed till almost twelve o'clock.

I begged my landlady that we might have no more music in the town, nor ringing of bells, and she managed it so well that we were very quiet; but an odd passage interrupted all my mirth for a good while. The great room of the house looked into the street, and I had walked to the end of the room, and it being a pleasant, warm day, I had opened the window, and was standing at it for some air, when I saw three gentlemen ride by, and go into an inn just against us.

It was not to be concealed, nor did it leave me any room to question it, but the second of the three was my Lancashire husband. I was frightened to death; I never was in such a consternation in my life; I thought I should have sunk into the ground; my blood ran chill in my veins, and I trembled as if I had been in a cold fit of an angue. I say, there was no room to question the truth of it; I knew his clothes, I knew his horse, and I knew his face.

The first reflection I made was that my husband was not by to see my disorder, and that I was very glad of. The gentlemen had not been long in the house but they

came to the window of their room, as is usual; but my window was shut, you may be sure. However, I could not keep from peeping at them, and there I saw him again, heard him call to one of the servants for something he wanted, and received all the terrifying confirmations of its being the same person that were possible to be had.

My next concern was to know what was his business there; but that was impossible. Sometimes my imagination formed an idea of one frightful thing, sometimes of another; sometimes I thought he had discovered me, and was come to upbraid me with ingratitude and breach of honour; then I fancied he was coming upstairs to insult me; and innumerable thoughts came into my head, of what was never in his head, nor ever could be, unless the devil had revealed it to him.

I remained in the fright near two hours, and scarce ever kept my eye from the window or door of the inn where they were. At last, hearing a great clutter in the passage of their inn, I ran to the window, and, to my great satisfaction, I saw them all three go out again and travel on westward. Had they gone towards London, I should have been still in a fright, lest I should meet him again, and that he should know me; but he went the contrary way, and so I was eased of that disorder.

We resolved to be going the next day, but about six o'clock at night we were alarmed with a great uproar in the street, and people riding as if they had been out of their wits; and what was it but a hue-and-cry after three highwaymen, that had robbed two coaches and some travellers near Dunstable Hill, and notice had, it seems, been given that they had been seen at Brickhill, at such a house, meaning the house where those gentlemen had been.

The house was immediately beset and searched, but there were witnesses enough that the gentlemen had been gone above three hours. The crowd having gathered about, we had the news presently; and I was heartily concerned now another way. I presently told the people of the house, that I durst say those were honest persons, for that I knew one of the gentle men to be a very honest person, and of a good estate in Lancashire.

The constable who came with the hue-and-cry was immediately informed of this, and came over to me to be satisfied from my own mouth; and I assured him that I saw the three gentlemen as I was at the window; that I saw them afterwards at the windows of the room they dined in; that I saw them take horse, and I would assure him I knew one of them to be such a man, that he was a gentleman of a very good estate, and an undoubted character in Lancashire, from whence I was just now upon my journey.

The assurance with which I delivered this gave the mob gentry a check, and gave the constable such satisfaction, that he immediately sounded a retreat, told his people these were not the men, but that he had an account they were very honest gentlemen; and so they went all back again. What the truth of the matter was I knew not, but certain it was that the coaches were robbed at Dunstable Hill, and £560 in money taken; besides, some of the lace merchants that always travel that way had been visited too. As to the three gentlemen, that remains to be explained hereafter.

Well, this alarm stopped us another day, though my spouse told me it was always safest travelling after a robbery, for that the thieves were sure to be gone far enough off when they had alarmed the country: but I was uneasy, and indeed principally lest my old acquaintance should be upon the road still, and should chance to see me.

I never lived four pleasanter days together in my life. I was a mere bride all this while, and my new spouse strove to make me easy in everything. O could this state of life have continued! How had all my past troubles been forgot, and my future sorrows been avoided! But I had a past life of a most wretched kind to account for, some of it in this world is well as in another.

We came away the fifth day; and my landlord, because he saw me uneasy, mounted himself, his son, and three honest country fellows with good fire-arms, and, without telling us of it, followed the coach, and would see us safe into Dunstable.

We could do no less than treat them very handsomely at Dunstable, which cost my spouse about ten or twelve shillings, and something he gave the men for their time too, but my landlord would take nothing for himself.

This was the most happy contrivance for me that could have fallen out; for, had I come to London unmarried, I must either have come to him for the first night's entertainment, or have discovered to him that I had not one acquaintance in the whole city of London, that could receive a poor bride for the first night's lodging with her spouse. But now I made no scruple of going directly home with him, and there I took possession at once of a house well furnished, and a husband in very good circumstances, so that I had a prospect of a very happy life, if I knew how to manage it; and I had leisure to consider of the real value of the life I was likely to live. How different it was to be from the loose part I had acted before, and how much happier a life of virtue and sobriety is, than that which we call a life of pleasure!

O had this particular scene of life lasted, or had I learnt from that time I enjoined it, to have tasted the true sweetness of it, and had I not fallen into that poverty which is the sure bane of virtue, how happy had I been, not only here, but perhaps for ever! for while I lived thus, I was really a penitent for all my life past. I looked back on it with abhorrence, and might truly be said to hate myself for it. I often reflected how my lover at Bath, struck by the hand of God, repented and abandoned me, and refused to see me any more, though he loved me to an extreme; but I, prompted by that worst of devils, poverty, returned to the vile practice, and made the advantage of what they call a handsome face be the relief to my necessities, and beauty be a pimp to vice.

Now I seemed landed in a safe harbour, after the stormy voyage of life past was at an end, and I began to be thankful for my deliverance. I sat many an hour by myself, and wept over the remembrance of past follies, and the dreadful extravagances of a wicked life, and sometimes I flattered myself that I had sincerely repented.

But there are temptations which it is not in the power of human nature to resist, and few know what would be their case, if driven to the same exigencies. As

covetousness is the root of all evil, so poverty is the worst of all snares, But I waive that discourse till I come to the experiment.

I lived with this husband in the utmost tranquillity; he was a quiet, sensible, sober man; virtuous, modest, sincere, and in his business diligent and just. His business was in a narrow compass, and his income sufficient to a plentiful way of living in the ordinary way. I do not say to keep an equipage, and make a figure, as the world calls it, nor did I expect it, or desire it; for, as I abhorred the levity and extravagance of my former life, so I chose now to live retired, frugal, and within ourselves. I kept no company, made no visits; minded my family, and obliged my husband; and this kind of life became a pleasure to me.

We lived in an uninterrupted course of ease and content for five years, when a sudden blow from an almost invisible hand blasted all my happiness, and turned me out into the world in a condition the reverse of all that had been before it.

My husband, having trusted one of his fellow-clerks with a sum of money, too much for our fortunes to bear the loss of, the clerk failed, and the loss fell very heavy on my husband; yet it was not so great but that, if he had had courage to have looked his misfortunes in the face, his credit was so good that, as I told him, he would easily recover it; for to sink under trouble is to double the weight, and he that will die in it, shall die in it.

It was in vain to speak comfortably to him; the wound had sunk too deep; it was a stab that touched the vitals; he grew melancholy and disconsolate, and from thence lethargic, and died. I foresaw the blow, and was extremely oppressed in my mind, for I saw evidently that if he died I was undone.

I had had two children by him, and no more, for it began to be time for me to leave bearing children, for I was now eight-and-forty, and I suppose if he had lived I should have had no more.

I was now left in a dismal and disconsolate case indeed, and in several things worse than ever. First, it was past the flourishing time with me, when I might expect to be courted for a mistress; that agreeable part had declined some time, and the ruins only appeared of what had been; and that which was worse than all was this, that I was the most dejected, disconsolate creature alive. I that had encouraged my husband, and endeavoured to support his spirits under his trouble, could not support my own; I wanted that spirit in trouble which I told him was so necessary for bearing the burthen.

But my case was indeed deplorable, for I was left perfectly friendless and helpless, and the loss my husband had sustained had reduced his circumstances so low, that though indeed I was not in debt, yet I could easily foresee that what was left would not support me long; that it wasted daily for subsistence, so that it would be soon all spent, and then I saw nothing before me but the utmost distress; and this represented itself so lively to my thoughts, that it seemed as if it was come, before it was really very near; also my very apprehensions doubled the misery, for I fancied every sixpence that I paid for a loaf of bread was the last I had in the world, and that to-morrow I was to fast, and be starved to death.

In this distress I had no assistant, no friend to comfort or advise me; I sat and cried and tormented myself night and day, wringing my hands, and sometimes raving like a distracted woman; and indeed I have often wondered it had not affected my reason, for I had the raptures to such a degree, that my understanding was sometimes quite lost in fancies and imaginations,

I lived two years in this dismal condition, wasting that little I had, weeping continually over my dismal circumstances, and, as it were, only bleeding to death, without the least hope or prospect of help; and now I had cried so long, and so often, that tears were exhausted, and I began to be desperate, for I grew poor apace.

For a little relief, I had put off my house and took lodgings; and as I was reducing my living, so I sold off most of my goods, which put a little money in my pocket, and I lived near a year upon that, spending very sparingly, and eking things out to the utmost; but still when I looked before me, my heart would sink within me at the inevitable approach of misery and want. O let none read this part without seriously reflecting on the circumstances of a desolate state, and how they would grapple with want of friends and want of bread; it will certainly make them think not of sparing what they have only, but of looking up to heaven for support, and of the wise man's prayer, 'Give me not poverty, lest I steal,'

Let them remember that a time of distress is a time of dreadful temptation, and all the strength to resist is taken away; poverty presses, the soul is made desperate by distress, and what can be done? It was one evening, when being brought, as I may say, to the last gasp, I think I may truly say I was distracted and raving, when prompted by I know not what spirit, and, as it were, doing I did not know what, or why, I dressed me (for I had still pretty good clothes), and went out. I am very sure I had no manner of design in my head when I went out; I neither knew or considered where to go, or on what business; but as the devil carried me out, and laid his bait for me, so he brought me, to be sure, to the place, for I knew not whither I was going, or what I did.

Wandering thus about, I knew not whither, I passed by an apothecary's shop in Leadenhall Street, where I saw lie on a stool just before the counter a little bundle wrapped in a white cloth; beyond it stood a maid servant with her back to it, looking up towards the top of the shop, where the apothecary's apprentice, as I suppose, was standing upon the counter, with his back also to the door, and a candle in his hand, looking and reaching up to the upper shelf, for something he wanted, so that both were engaged, and nobody else in the shop.

This was the bait; and the devil who laid the snare prompted me, as if he had spoke, for I remember, and shall never forget it, 'twas like a voice spoken over my shoulder, 'Take the bundle; be quick; do it this moment.' It was no sooner said but I stepped into the shop, and with my back to the wench, as if I had stood up for a cart that was going by, I put my hand behind me and took the bundle, and went off with it, the maid or fellow not perceiving me, or any one else.

It is impossible to express the horror of my soul all the while I did it. When I went away I had no heart to run, or scarce to mend my pace. I crossed the street

indeed, and went down the first turning I came to, and I think it was a street that went through into Fenchurch Street; from thence I crossed and turned through so many ways and turnings, that I could never tell which way it was, nor where I went; I felt not the ground I stepped on, and the farther I was out of danger, the faster I went, till, tired and out of breath, I was forced to sit down on a little bench at a door, and then found I was got into Thames Street, near Billingsgate. I rested me a little and went on; my blood was all in a fire; my heart beat as if I was in a sudden fright. In short, I was under such a surprise that I knew not whither I was agoing, or what to do.

After I had tired myself thus with walking a long way about, and so eagerly, I began to consider, and make home to my lodging, where I came about nine o'clock at night.

What the bundle was made up for, or on what occasion laid where I found it, I knew not, but when I came to open it, I found there was a suit of childbedlinen in it, very good, and almost new, the lace very fine; there was a silver porringer of a pint, a small silver mug, and six spoons, with some other linen, a good smock, and three silk handkerchiefs, and in the mug a paper, 18s. 6d. in money.

All the while I was opening these things I was under such dreadful impressions of fear, and in such terror of mind, though I was perfectly safe, that I cannot express the manner of it. I sat me down, and cried most vehemently. 'Lord', said I, 'what am I now?—a thief! Why, I shall be taken next time, and be carried to Newgate, and be tried for my life!' And with that I cried again a long time, and I am sure, as poor as I was, if I had durst for fear, I would certainly have carried the things back again; but that went off after a while. Well, I went to bed for that night, but slept little; the horror of the fact was upon my mind, and I knew not what I said or did all night, and all the next day. Then I was impatient to hear some news of the loss; and would fain know how it was, whether they were a poor body's goods, or a rich. 'Perhaps', said I, 'it may be some poor widow like me, that had packed up these goods to go and sell them for a little bread for herself and a poor child, and are now starving and breaking their hearts for want of that little they would have fetched.' And this thought tormented me worse than all the rest, for three or four days.

But my own distresses silenced all these reflections, and the prospect of my own starving, which grew every day more frightful to me, hardened my heart by degrees. It was then particularly heavy upon my mind, that I had been reformed, and had, as I hoped, repented of all my past wickedness; that I had lived a sober, grave, retired life for several years, but now I should be driven by the dreadful necessity of my circumstances to the gates of destruction, soul and body; and two or three times I fell upon my knees, praying to God, as well as I could, for deliverance; but I cannot but say, my prayers had no hope in them. I knew not what to do; it was all fear without, and dark within; and I reflected on my past life as not repented of, that Heaven was now beginning to punish me, and would make me as miserable as I had been wicked.

Had I gone on here I had perhaps been a true penitent; but I had an evil counsellor within, and he was continually prompting me to relieve myself by the worst means; so one evening he tempted me again by the same wicked impulse that had said 'Take that bundle' to go out again and seek for what might happen.

I went out now by daylight, and wandered about I knew not whither, and in search of I knew not what, when the devil put a snare in my way of a dreadful nature indeed, and such a one as I have never had before or since. Going through Aldersgate Street, there was a pretty little child had been at a dancing-school, and was agoing home all alone; and my prompter, like a true devil, set me upon this innocent creature. I talked to it, and it prattled to me again, and I took it by the hand and led it along till I came to a paved alley that goes into Bartholomew Close, and I led it in there. The child said that was not its way home. I said, 'Yes, my dear, it is; I'll show you the way home.' The child had a little necklace on of gold beads, and I had my eye upon that, and in the dark of the alley I stooped, pretending to mend the child's clog that was loose, and took off her necklace, and the child never felt it, and so led the child on again. Here, I say, the devil put me upon killing the child in the dark alley, that it might not cry, but the very thought frightened me so that I was ready to drop down; but I turned the child about and bade it go back again, for that was not its way home; the child said, so she would; and I went through into Bartholomew Close, and then turned round to another passage that goes into Long Lane, so away into Charterhouse Yard, and out into St John's Street; then crossing into Smithfield, went down Chick Lane, and into Field Lane, to Holborn Bridge, when, mixing with the crowd of people usually passing there, it was not possible to have been found out; and thus I made my second sally into the world.

The thoughts of this booty put out all the thoughts of the first, and the reflections I had made wore quickly off; poverty hardened my heart, and my own necessities made me regardless of anything. The last affair left no great concern upon me, for as I did the poor child no harm, I only thought I had given the parents a just reproof for their negligence, in leaving the poor lamb to come home by itself, and it would teach them to take more care another time.

This string of beads was worth about £12 or £14. I suppose it might have been formerly the mother's, for it was too big for the child's wear, but that, perhaps, the vanity of the mother to have her child look fine at the dancing-school had made her let the child wear it; and no doubt the child had a maid sent to take care of it, but she, like a careless jade, was taken up perhaps with some fellow that had met her, and so the poor baby wandered till it fell into my hands.

However, I did the child no harm; I did not so much as fright it, for I had a great many tender thoughts about me yet, and did nothing but what, as I may say, mere necessity drove me to.

I had a great many adventures after this, but I was young in the business, and did not know how to manage, otherwise than as the devil put things into my head; and, indeed, he was seldom backward to me. One adventure I had which was very lucky to me. I was going through Lombard Street in the dusk of the evening, just



by the end of Three King Court, when on a sudden comes a fellow running by me as swift as lightning, and throws a bundle that was in his hand just behind me, as I stood up against the corner of the house at the turning into the alley. Just as he threw it in, he said, 'God bless you, mistress, let it lie there a little', and away he runs. After him comes two more, and immediately a young fellow without his hat, crying, 'Stop thief!' They pursued the two last fellows so close, that they were forced to drop what they had got, and one of them was taken into the bargain; the other got off free.

I stood stock-still all this while, till they came back, dragging the poor fellow they had taken, and lugging the things they had found, extremely well satisfied that they had recovered the booty and taken the thief; and thus they passed by me, for I looked only like one who stood up while the crowd was gone.

Once or twice I asked what was the matter, but the people neglected answering me, and I was not very importunate; but after the crowd was wholly passed, I took my opportunity to turn about and take up what was behind me and walk away. This, indeed, I did with less disturbance than I had done formerly, for these things I did not steal, but they were stolen to my hand. I got safe to my lodgings with this cargo, which was a piece of fine black lustring silk, and a piece of velvet; the latter was but part of a piece of about eleven yards; the former was a whole piece of near fifty yards. It seems it was a mercer's shop that they had rifled. I say rifled, because the goods were so considerable that they had lost; for the goods that they recovered were pretty many, and I believe came to about six or seven several pieces of silk. How they came to get so many I could not tell; but as I had only robbed the thief, I made no scruple at taking these goods, and being very glad of them too.

I had pretty good luck thus far, and I made several adventures more, though without small purchase, yet with good success, but I went in daily dread that some mischief would befall me, and that I should certainly come to be hanged at last. The impression this made on me was too strong to be slighted, and it kept me from making attempts that, for aught I knew, might have been very safely performed; but one thing I cannot omit, which was a bait to me many a day. I walked frequently out into the villages round the town to see if nothing would fall in my way there; and going by a house near Stepney, I saw on the window-board two rings, one a small diamond ring, and the other a plain gold ring, to be sure laid there by some thoughtless lady, that had more money than forecast, perhaps only till she washed her hands.

I walked several times by the window to observe if I could see whether there was anybody in the room or no, and I could see nobody, but still I was not sure. It came presently into my thoughts to rap at the glass, as if I wanted to speak with somebody, and if anybody was there they would be sure to come to the window, and then I would tell them to remove those rings, for that I had seen two suspicious fellows take notice of them. This was a ready thought. I rapped once or twice, and nobody came, when I thrust hard against the square of glass, and broke it with little

noise, and took out the two rings, and walked away; the diamond ring was worth about £3, and the other about 9s.

I was now at a loss for a market for my goods, and especially for my two pieces of silk. I was very loth to dispose of them for a trifle, as the poor unhappy thieves in general do, who, after they have ventured their lives for perhaps a thing of value, are forced to sell it for a song when they have done; but I was resolved I would not do thus, whatever shift I made; however, I did not well know what course to take. At last I resolved to go to my old governess, and acquaint myself with her again. I had punctually supplied the £5 a year to her for my little boy as long as I was able, but at last was obliged to put a stop to it. However, I had written a letter to her, wherein I had told her that my circumstances were reduced; that I had lost my husband, and that I was not able to do it any longer, and begged the poor child might not suffer too much for its mother's misfortunes.

I now made her a visit, and I found that she drove something of the old trade still, but that she was not in such flourishing circumstances as before; for she had been sued by a certain gentleman who had had his daughter stolen from him, and who, it seems, she had helped to convey away; and it was very narrowly that she escaped the gallows. The expense also had ravaged her, so that her house was but meanly furnished, and she was not in such repute for her practice as before; however, she stood upon her legs, as they say, and as she was a bustling woman, and had some stock left, she was turned pawnbroker, and lived pretty well.

She received me very civilly, and with her usual obliging manner told me she would not have the less respect for me for my being reduced; that she had taken care my boy was very well looked after, though I could not pay for him, and that the woman that had him was easy, so that I needed not to trouble myself about him till I might be better able to do it effectually.

I told her I had not much money left, but that I had some things that were money's worth, if she could tell me how I might turn them into money. She asked what it was I had. I pulled out the string of gold beads, and told her it was one of my husband's presents to me; then I showed her the two parcels of silk, which I told her I had from Ireland, and brought up to town with me, and the little diamond ring. As to the small parcel of plate and spoons, I had found means to dispose of them myself before; and as for the childbed-linen I had, she offered me to take it herself, believing it to have been my own. She told me that she was turned pawnbroker, and that she would sell those things for me as pawned to her; and so she sent presently for proper agents that bought them, being in her hands, without any scruple, and gave good prices too.

I now began to think this necessary woman might help me a little in my low condition to some business, for I would gladly have turned my hand to any honest employment if I could have got it; but honest business did not come within her reach. If I had been younger perhaps she might have helped me, but my thoughts were off of that kind of livelihood, as being quite out of the way after fifty, which was my case, and so I told her.

She invited me at last to come, and be at her house till I could find something to do, and it should cost me very little, and this I gladly accepted of; and now living a little easier, I entered into some measures to have my little son by my last husband taken off; and this she made easy too, reserving a payment only of £5 a year, if I could pay it. This was such a help to me, that for a good while I left off the wicked trade that I had so newly taken up; and gladly I would have got work, but that was very hard to do for one that had no acquaintance.

However, at last I got some quilting work for ladies' beds, petticoats, and the like; and this I liked very well, and worked very hard, and with this I began to live; but the diligent devil, who resolved I should continue in his service, continually prompted me to go out and take a walk, that is to say, to see if anything would offer in the old way.

One evening I blindly obeyed his summons, and fetched a long circuit through the streets, but met with no purchase; but not content with that, I went out the next evening too, when, going by an alehouse, I saw the door of a little room open, next the very street, and on the table a silver tankard, things much in use in public-houses at that time. It seems some company had been drinking there, and the careless boys had forgot to take it away.

I went into the box frankly, and setting the silver tankard on the corner of the bench, I sat down before it, and knocked with my foot; a boy came presently, and I bade him fetch me a pint of warm ale, for it was cold weather; the boy ran, and I heard him go down the cellar to draw the ale. While the boy was gone, another boy came, and cried, 'D'ye call?' I spoke with a melancholy air, and said, 'No; the boy is gone for a pint of ale for me.'

While I sat here, I heard the woman in the bar say, 'Are they all gone in the five?' which was the box I sat in, and the boy said, 'Yes.' 'Who fetched the tankard away?' says the woman. 'I did', says another boy; 'that's it', pointing, it seems, to another tankard, which he had fetched from another box by mistake; or else it must be, that the rogue forgot that he had not brought it in, which certainly he had not.

I heard all this much to my satisfaction, for I found plainly that the tankard was not missed, and yet they concluded it was fetched away; so I drank my ale, called to pay, and as I went away I said, 'Take care of your plate, child', meaning a silver pint mug which he brought me to drink in. The boy said, 'Yes, madam, very welcome', and away I came.

I came home to my governess, and now I thought it was a time to try her, that if I might be put to the necessity of being exposed she might offer me some assistance. When I had been at home some time, and had an opportunity of talking to her, I told her I had a secret of the greatest consequence in the world to commit to her, if she had respect enough for me to keep it a secret. She told me she had kept one of my secrets faithfully; why should I doubt her keeping another? I told her the strangest thing in the world had befallen me, even without any design, and so told her the whole story of the tankard. 'And have you brought it away with you,

my dear?’ says she. ‘To be sure I have’, says I, and showed it her. ‘But what shall I do now?’ says I; ‘must not I carry it again?’

‘Carry it again!’ says she. ‘Ay, if you want to go to Newgate.’ ‘Why’, says I, ‘they can’t be so base to stop me, when I carry it to them again?’ You don’t know those sort of people, child’, says she; ‘they’ll not only carry you to Newgate, but hang you too, without any regard to the honesty of returning it; or bring in an account of all the other tankards as they have lost, for you to pay for.’ ‘What must I do, then?’ says I. ‘Nay’, says she, ‘as you have played the cunning part and stole it, you must e’en keep it; there’s no going back now. Besides, child’, says she, ‘don’t you want it more than they do. I wish you could light of such a bargain once a week.’

This gave me a new notion of my governess, and that, since she was turned pawnbroker, she had a sort of people about her that were none of the honest ones that I had met with there before.

I had not been long there but I discovered it more plainly than before, for every now and then I saw hilts of swords, spoons, forks, tankards, and all such kind of ware brought in, not to be pawned, but to be sold downright; and she bought them all without asking any questions, but had good bargains, as I found by her discourse.

I found also that in following this trade she always melted down the plate she bought, that it might not be challenged; and she came to me and told me one morning that she was going to melt, and if I would, she would put my tankard in, that it might not be seen by anybody. I told her, with all my heart; so she weighed it, and allowed me the full value in silver again; but I found she did not do so to the rest of her customers.

Some time after this, as I was at work, and very melancholy, she begins to ask me what the matter was. I told her my heart was very heavy; I had little work and nothing to live on, and knew not what course to take. She laughed, and told me I must go out again and try my fortune; it might be that I might meet with another piece of plate. ‘O mother!’, says I, ‘that is a trade that I have no skill in, and if I should be taken I am undone at once.’ Says she, ‘I could help you to a schoolmistress that shall make you as dexterous as herself.’ I trembled at that proposal, for hitherto I had had no confederates nor any acquaintance among that tribe. But she conquered all my modesty, and all my fears; and in a little time, by the help of this confederate, I grew as impudent a thief and as dexterous, as ever Moll Cutpurse was, though, if fame does not belie her, not half so handsome.

The comrade she helped me to dealt in three sorts of craft, viz. shop-lifting, stealing of shops-books and pocket-books, and taking off gold watches from the ladies’ sides; and this last she did so dexterously that no woman ever arrived to the perfection of that art, like her. I liked the first and the last of these things very well, and I attended her some time in the practice, just as a deputy attends a midwife, without any pay.

At length she put me to, practice. She had shown me her art, and I had several times unhooked a watch from her own side with great dexterity. At last she showed

me a prize, and this was a young lady with child, who had a charming watch. The thing was to be done as she came out of the church. She goes on one side of the lady, and pretends, just as she came to the steps, to fall, and fell against the lady with so much violence as put her into a great fright, and both cried out terribly. In the very moment that she jostled the lady, I had hold of the watch, and holding it the right way, the start she gave drew the hook out, and she never felt it. I made off immediately, and left my schoolmistress to come out of her fright gradually, and the lady too; and presently the watch was missed. 'Ay', says my comrade, 'then it was those rogues that thrust me down, I warrant ye; I wonder the gentlewoman did not miss her watch before, then we might have taken them.'

She humoured the thing so well that nobody suspected her, and I was got home a full hour before her. This was my first adventure in company. The watch was indeed a very fine one, and had many trinkets about it, and my governess allowed us £20 for it, of which I had half. And thus I was entered a complete thief, hardened to a pitch above all the reflections of conscience or modesty, and to a degree which I never thought possible in me.

Thus the devil, who began, by the help of an irresistible poverty, to push me into this wickedness, brought me to a height beyond the common rate, even when my necessities were not so terrifying; for I had now got into a little vein of work, and, as I was not at a loss to handle my needle, it was very probable I might have got my bread honestly enough.

I must say, that if such a prospect of work had presented itself at first, when I began to feel the approach of my miserable circumstances— I say, had such a prospect of getting bread by working presented itself then, I had never fallen into this wicked trade, or into such a wicked gang as I was now embarked with; but practice had hardened me, and I grew audacious to the last degree; and the more so, because I had carried it on so long, and had never been taken; for, in a word, my new partner in wickedness and I went on together so long, without being ever detected, that we not only grew bold, but we grew rich, and we had at one time one-and-twenty gold watches in our hands.

I remember that one day being a little more serious than ordinary, and finding I had so good a stock beforehand as I had, for I had near £200 in money for my share, it came strongly into my mind, no doubt from some kind spirit, if such there be, that as at first poverty excited me, and my distresses drove me to these dreadful shifts, so seeing those distresses were now relieved, and I could also get something towards a maintenance by working, and had so good a bank to support me, why should I not now leave off, while I was well? that I could not expect to go always free; and if I was once surprised, I was undone.

This was doubtless the happy minute, when, if I had hearkened to the blessed hint, from whatsoever hand it came, I had still a cast for an easy life. But my fate was otherwise determined; the busy devil that drew me in had too fast hold of me to let me go back; but as poverty brought me in, so avarice kept me in, till there was no going back. As to the arguments which my reason dictated for persuading me to

lay down, avarice stepped in and said, "Go on; you have had very good luck; go on till you have gotten four or five hundred pounds, and then you shall leave off, and then you may live easy without working at all."

Thus I, that was once in the devil's clutches, was held fast there as with a charm, and had no power to go without the circle, till I was engulfed in labyrinths of trouble too great to get out at all.

However, these thoughts left some impression upon me, and made me act with some more caution than before and more than my directors used for themselves. My comrade, as I called her (she should have been called my teacher), with another of her scholars, was the first in the misfortune; for, happening to be upon the hunt for purchase, they made an attempt upon a linen-draper in Cheapside, but were snapped by a hawk's-eyed journeyman, and seized with two pieces of cambric, which were taken also upon them.

This was enough to lodge them both in Newgate, were they had the misfortune to have some of their former sins brought to remembrance. Two other indictments being brought against them, and the facts being proved upon them, they were both condemned to die. They both pleaded their bellies, and were both voted quick with child; though my tutoress was no more with child than I was.

I went frequently to see them, and condole with them, expecting that it would be my turn next; but the place gave me so much horror, reflecting that it was the place of my unhappy birth, and of my mother's misfortunes, that I could not bear it, so I left off going to see them.

And, oh! could I but have taken warning by their disasters, I had been happy still, for I was yet free, and had nothing brought against me; but it could not be, my measure was not yet filled up.

My comrade, having the brand of an old offender, was executed; the young offender was spared, having obtained a reprieve, but lay starving a long while in prison, till at last she got her name into what they call a circuit pardon, and so came off.

This terrible example of my comrade frightened me heartily, and for a good while I made no excursions; but one night, in the neighbourhood of my governess's house, they cried 'Fire!' My governess looked out, for we were all up, and cried immediately that such a gentlewoman's house was all of a light fire atop, and so indeed it was. Here she gives me a jog. 'Now, child', says she, 'there is a rare opportunity, the fire being so near that you may go to it before the street is blocked up with the crowd.' She presently gave me my cue. 'Go, child', says she, 'to the house, and run in and tell the lady, or anybody you see, that you come to help them, and that you came from such a gentlewoman; that is, one of her acquaintance farther up the street.'

Away I went, and, coming to the house, I found them all in confusion, you may be sure. I ran in, and finding one of the maids, 'Alas! sweetheart', said I, 'how came this dismal accident? Where is your mistress? Is she safe? And where are the children? I come from Madam — to help you.' Away runs the maid, 'Madam, madam', says she, screaming as loud as she could yell, 'here is a gentlewoman come

from Madam — to help us,' The poor woman, half out of her wits, with a bundle under her arm, and two little children, comes towards me, 'Madam', says I, 'let me carry the poor children to Madam —; she desires you to send them; she'll take care of the poor lambs', and so I takes one of them out of her hand, and she lifts the other up into my arms. 'Ay, do, for God's sake' says she, 'carry them. Oh I thank her for her kindness.' 'Have you anything else to secure, madam?' says I; 'she will take care of it.' 'Oh dear!', says she, 'God bless her; take this bundle of plate and carry it to her too. Oh, she is a good woman! Oh, we are utterly ruined, undone! 'And away she runs from me out of her wits, and the maids after her, and away comes I with the two children and the bundle.

I was no sooner got into the street but I saw another woman come to me. 'Oh!', says she, 'mistress', in a piteous tone, 'you will let fall the child. Come, come, this is a sad time; let me help you'; and immediately lays hold of my bundle to carry it for me. 'No', says I; 'if you will help me, take the child by the hand, and lead it for me but to the upper end of the street; I'll go with you and satisfy you for your pains.'

She could not avoid going, after what I said; but the creature, in short, was one of the same business with me, and wanted nothing but the bundle; however, she went with me to the door, for she could not help it. When we were come there I whispered her, 'Go, child', said I, 'I understand your trade; you may meet with purchase enough.'

She understood me and walked off. I thundered at the door with the children, and as the people were raised before by the noise of the fire, I was soon let in, and I said, 'Is madam awake? Pray tell her Mrs — desires the favour of her to take the two children in; poor lady, she will be undone, their house is all of a flame.' They took the children in very civilly, pitied the family in distress, and away came I with my bundle. One of the maids asked me if I was not to leave the bundle too. I said, 'No, sweetheart, 'tis to go to another place; it does not belong to them,'

I was a great way out of the hurry now, and so I went on and brought the bundle of plate, which was very considerable, straight home to my old governess. She told me she would not look into it, but bade me go again and look for more.

She gave me the like cue to the gentlewoman of the next house to that which was on fire, and I did my endeavour to go, but by this time the alarm of fire was so great, and so many engines playing, and the street so thronged with people, that I could not get near the house whatever I could do; so I came back again to my governess's, and taking the bundle up into my chamber, I began to examine it. It is with horror that I tell what a treasure I found there; 'tis enough to say that, besides most of the family plate, which was considerable, I found a gold chain, an old-fashioned thing, the locket of which was broken, so that I suppose it had not been used some years, but the gold was not the worse for that; also a little box of burying rings, the lady's wedding-ring, and some broken bits of old lockets of gold, a gold watch, and a purse with about £24 value in old pieces of gold coin, and several other things of value.

This was the greatest and the worst prize that ever I was concerned in; for indeed, though, as I have said above, I was hardened now beyond the power of all reflection in other cases, yet it really touched me to the very soul when I looked into this treasure, to think of the poor disconsolate gentlewoman who had lost so much besides, and who would think, to be sure, that she had saved her plate and best things; how she would be surprised when she should find that she had been deceived, and that the person that took her children and her goods had not come, as was pretended, from the gentlewoman in the next street, but that the children had been put upon her without her own knowledge.

I say, I confess the inhumanity of this action moved me very much, and made me relent exceedingly, and tears stood in my eyes upon that subject; but with all my sense of its being cruel and inhuman, I could never find in my heart to make any restitution. The reflection wore off, and I quickly forgot the circumstances that attended it.

Nor was this all; for though by this job I was become considerably richer than before, yet the resolution I had formerly taken of leaving off this horrid trade when I had gotten a little more, did not return, but I must still get more; and the avarice had such success, that I had no more thoughts of coming to a timely alteration of life, though without it I could expect no safety, no tranquillity in the possession of what I had gained; a little more, and a little more, was the case still.

At length, yielding to the importunities of my crime, I cast off all remorse, and all the reflections on that head turned to no more than this, that I might perhaps come to have one booty more that might complete all; but though I certainly had that one booty, yet every hit looked towards another, and was so encouraging to me to go on with the trade, that I had no gust to the laying it down.

In this condition, hardened by success, and resolving to go on, I fell into the snare in which I was appointed to meet with my last reward for this kind of life. But even this was not yet, for I met with several successful adventures more in this way.

My governess was for a while really concerned for the misfortune of my comrade that had been hanged, for she knew enough of my governess to have sent her the same way, and which made her very uneasy; indeed she was in a very great fright.

It is true that when she was gone, and had not told what she knew, my governess was easy as to that point, and perhaps glad she was hanged, for it was in her power to have obtained a pardon at the expense of her friends; but the loss of her, and the sense of her kindness in not making her market of what she knew, moved my governess to mourn very sincerely for her. I comforted her as well as I could, and she in return hardened me to merit more completely the same fate.

However, as I have said, it made me the more wary, and particularly I was very shy of shoplifting, especially among the mercers and drapers, who are a set of fellows that have their eyes very much about them. I made a venture or two among the lace folks and the milliners, and particularly at one shop where two young women were newly set up, and had not been bred to the trade, There I carried off a



piece of bone-lace, worth six or seven pounds, and a paper of thread. But this was but once; it was a trick that would not serve again.

It was always reckoned a safe job when we heard of a new shop, and especially when the people were such as were not bred to shops. Such may depend upon it that they will be visited once or twice at their beginning, and they must be very sharp indeed if they can prevent it.

I made another adventure or two after this, but they were but trifles. Nothing considerable offering for a good while, I began to think that I must give over trade in earnest; but my governess, who was not willing to lose me, and expected great things of me, brought me one day into company with a young woman and a fellow that went for her husband, though, as it appeared afterwards, she was not his wife, but they were partners in the trade they carried on, and in something else too. In short, they robbed together, lay together, were taken together, and at last were hanged together.

I came into a kind of league with these two by the help of my governess, and they carried me out into three or four adventures, where I rather saw them commit some coarse and unhandy robberies, in which nothing but a great stock of impudence on their side, and gross negligence on the people's side who were robbed, could have made them successful, So I resolved from that time forward to be very cautious how I adventured with them; and, indeed, when two or three unlucky projects were proposed by them, I declined the offer, and persuaded them against it. One time they particularly proposed robbing a watchmaker of three gold watches, which they had eyed in the daytime, and found the place where he laid them. One of them had so many keys of all kinds, that he made no question to open the place where the watchmaker had laid them; and so we made a kind of an appointment; but when I came to look narrowly into the thing, I found they proposed breaking open the house, and this I would not embark in, so they went without me. They did get into the house by main force, and broke up the locked place where the watches were, but found but one of the gold watches, and a silver one, which they took, and got out of the house again very clear. But the family being alarmed, cried out!, 'Thieves!', and the man was pursued and taken; the young woman had got off too, but unhappily was stopped at a distance, and the watches found upon her. And thus I had a second escape, for they were convicted, and both hanged, being old offenders, though but young people; and as I said before that they robbed together, so now they hanged together, and there ended my new partnership.

I began now to be very wary, having so narrowly escaped a scouring, and having such an example before me; but I had a new tempter, who prompted me every day—I mean my governess; and now a prize presented, which as it came by her management, so she expected a good share of the booty. There was a good quantity of Flanders lace lodged in a private house, where she had heard of it, and Flanders lace being prohibited, it was a good booty to any custom-house officer that could come at it. I had a full account from my governess, as well of the quantity as of the very place where it was concealed; so I went to a custom-house officer, and told

him I had a discovery to make to him, if he would assure me that I should have my due share of the reward. This was so just an offer, that nothing could be fairer; so he agreed, and taking a constable and me with him, we beset the house. As I told him I could go directly to the place, he left it to me; and the hole being very dark, I squeezed myself into it, with a candle in my hand, and so reached the pieces out to him, taking care as I gave him some so to secure as much about myself as I could conveniently dispose of. There was near £300 worth of lace in the whole, and I secured about £50 worth of it myself. The people of the house were not owners of the lace, but a merchant who had entrusted them with it; so that they were not so surprised as I thought they would be.

I left the officer overjoyed with his prize, and fully satisfied with what he had got, and appointed to meet him at a house of his own directing, where I came after I had disposed of the cargo I had about me, of which he had not the least suspicion. When I came he began to capitulate, believing I did not understand the right I had in the prize, and would fain have put me off with £20; but I let him know that I was not so ignorant as he supposed I was; and yet I was glad, too, that he offered to bring me to a certainty. I asked £100, and he rose up to £30; I fell to £80, and he rose again to £40; in a word, he offered £50, and I consented, only demanding a piece of lace, which I thought came to about £8 or £9, as if it had been for my own wear, and he agreed to it. So I got £50 in money paid me that same night, and made an end of the bargain; nor did he ever know who I was, or where to inquire for me, so that if it had been discovered that part of the goods were embezzled, he could have made no challenge upon me for it.

I very punctually divided this spoil with my governess, and I passed with her from this time for a very dexterous manager in the nicest cases. I found that this last was the best and easiest sort of work that was in my way, and I made it my business to inquire out prohibited goods, and after buying some, usually betrayed them, but none of these discoveries amounted to anything considerable, not like that I related just now; but I was cautious of running the great risks which I found others did, and in which they miscarried every day.

The next thing of moment was an attempt at a gentlewoman's gold watch. It happened in a crowd, at a meeting-house, where I was in very great danger of being taken. I had full hold of her watch, but giving a great jostle as if somebody had thrust me against her, and in the juncture giving the watch a fair pull, I found it would not come, so I let it go that moment, and cried as if I had been killed, that somebody had trod upon my foot, and that there was certainly pickpockets there, for somebody or other had given a pull at my watch; for you are to observe that on these adventures we always went very well dressed, and I had very good clothes on, and a gold watch by my side, as like a lady as other folks.

I had no sooner said so but the other gentlewoman cried out 'A pickpocket', too, for somebody, she said, had tried to pull her watch away.

When I touched her watch I was close to her, but when I cried out I stopped as it were short, and the crowd bearing her forward a little, she made a noise too,

but it was at some distance from me, so that she did not in the least suspect me & but when she cried out, 'A pickpocket', somebody cried out, 'Ay, and here has been another; this gentlewoman has been attempted too.'

At that very instant, a little farther in the crowd, and very luckily too, they cried out 'A pickpocket' again, and really seized a young fellow in the very fact. This, though unhappy for the wretch, was very opportunely for my case, though I had carried it handsomely enough before; but now it was out of doubt, and all the loose part of the crowd ran that way, and the poor boy was delivered up to the rage of the street, which is a cruelty I need not describe, and which, however, they are always glad of, rather than be sent to Newgate, where they lie often a long time, and sometimes they are hanged, and the best they can look for, if they are convicted, is to be transported.

This was a narrow escape to me, and I was so frightened that I ventured no more at gold watches a great while. There were indeed many circumstances in this adventure which assisted to my escape; but the chief was, that the woman whose watch I had pulled at was a fool; that is to say, she was ignorant of the nature of the attempt, which one would have thought she should not have been, seeing she was wise enough to fasten her watch so that it could not be slipped up; but she was in such a fright that she had no thought about her; for she, when she felt the pull, screamed out, and pushed herself forward, and put all the people about her into disorder, but said not a word of her watch, or of a pickpocket, for at least two minutes, which was time enough for me, and to spare; for as I had cried out behind her, as I have said, and bore myself back in the crowd as she bore forward, there were several people, at least seven or eight, the throng being still moving on, that were got between me and her in that time, and then I crying out 'A pickpocket' rather sooner than she, she might as well be the person suspected as I, and the people were confused in their inquiry; whereas, had she, with a presence of mind needful on such an occasion, as soon as she felt the pull, not screamed out as she did, but turned immediately round and seized the next body that was behind her, she had infallibly taken me.

This is a direction not of the kindest sort to the fraternity, but 'tis certainly a key to the clue of a pickpocket's motions; and whoever can follow it, will as certainly catch the thief as he will be sure to miss if he does not.

I had another adventure, which puts this matter out of doubt, and which may be an instruction for posterity in the case of a pickpocket. My good old governess, to give a short touch at her history, though she had left off the trade, was, as I may say, born a pickpocket, and, as I understood afterward, had run through all the several degrees of that art, and yet had been taken but once, when she was so grossly detected that she was convicted, and ordered to be transported; but being a woman of a rare tongue, and withal having money in her pocket, she found means, the ship putting into Ireland for provisions, to get on shore there, where she practised her old trade some years; when falling into another sort of company, she turned midwife and procuress, and played a hundred pranks, which she gave me a

little history of, in confidence between us as we grew more intimate; and it was to this wicked creature that I owed all the dexterity I arrived to, in which there were few that ever went beyond me, or that practised so long without any misfortune.

It was after those adventures in Ireland, and when she was pretty well known in that country, that she left Dublin, and came over to England, where the time of her transportation being not expired, she left her former trade, for fear of falling into bad hands again, for then she was sure to have gone to wreck. Here she set up the same trade she had followed in Ireland, in which she soon, by her admirable management and a good tongue, arrived to the height which I have already described, and indeed began to be rich, though her trade fell again afterwards.

I mention thus much of the history of this woman here, the better to account for the concern she had in the wicked life I was now leading, into all the particulars of which she led me, as it were, by the hand, and gave me such directions, and I so well followed them, that I grew the greatest artist of my time, and worked myself out of every danger with such dexterity, that when several more of my comrades ran them selves into Newgate, by that time they had been half a year at the trade, I had now practised upwards of five years, and the people at Newgate did not so much as know me; they had heard much of me indeed, and often expected me there, but I always got off, though many times in the extremest danger.

One of the greatest dangers I was now in, was that I was too well known among the trade, and some of them, whose hatred was owing rather to envy than any injury I had done them, began to be angry that I should always escape when they were always caught and hurried to Newgate. These were they that gave me the name of Moll Flanders; for it was no more of affinity with my real name, or with any of the names I had ever gone by, than black is of kin to white, except that once, as before, I called myself Mrs. Flanders, when I sheltered myself in the Mint; but that these rogues never knew, nor could I ever learn how they came to give me the name, or what the occasion of it was.

I was soon informed that some of these who were gotten fast into Newgate had vowed to impeach me; and as I knew that two or three of them were but too able to do it, I was under a great concern, and kept within doors for a good while. But my governess, who was partner in my success, and who now played a sure game, for she had no share in the hazard—I say, my governess was something impatient of my leading such a useless, unprofitable life, as she called it; and she laid a new contrivance for my going abroad, and this was to dress me up in men's clothes, and so put me into a new kind of practice.

I was tall and personable, but a little too smooth-faced for a man; however, as I seldom went abroad but in the night, it did well enough; but it was long before I could behave in my new clothes. It was impossible to be so nimble, so ready, so dexterous at these things in a dress contrary to nature; and as I did everything clumsily, so I had neither the success or easiness of escape that I had before, and I resolved to leave it off; but that resolution was confirmed soon after by the following accident.

As my governess had disguised me like a man, so she joined me with a man, a young fellow that was nimble enough at his business, and for about three weeks we did very well together. Our principal trade was watching shopkeepers' counters, and slipping off any kinds of goods we could see carelessly laid anywhere, and we made several good bargains, as we called them, at this work. And as we kept always together, so we grew very intimate, yet he never knew that I was not a man, nay, though several times went home with him to his lodgings, according as our business directed, and four or five times lay with him all night. But our design lay another way, and it was absolutely necessary to me to conceal my sex from him, as appeared afterwards. The circumstances of our living, coming in late, and having such business to do as required that nobody should be trusted with coming into our lodgings, were such as made it impossible to me to refuse lying with him, unless I would have owned my sex; and as it was, I effectually concealed myself.

But his ill, and my good, fortune soon put an end to this life, which I must own I was sick of too. We had made several prizes in this new way of business, but the last would have been extraordinary. There was a shop in a certain street which had a warehouse behind it that looked into another street, the house making the corner.

Through the window of the warehouse we saw lying on the counter or showboard, which was just before it, five pieces of silks, besides other stuffs, and though it was almost dark, yet the people, being busy in the fore-shop, had not had time to shut up those windows, or else had forgot it.

This the young fellow was so overjoyed with, that he could not restrain himself. It lay within his reach, he said, and he swore violently to me that he would have it, if he broke down the house for it. I dissuaded him a little, but saw there was no remedy; so he ran rashly upon it, slipped out a square out of the sash window dexterously enough, and got four pieces of the silks, and came with them towards me, but was immediately pursued with a terrible clutter and noise. We were standing together indeed, but I had not taken any of the goods out of his hand, when I said to him hastily, 'You are undone!' He ran like lightning, and I too, but the pursuit was hotter after him, because he had the goods. He dropped two of the pieces, which stopped them a little, but the crowd increased, and pursued us both. They took him soon after with the other two pieces, and then the rest followed me. I ran for it and got into my governess's house, whither some quick-eyed people followed me so warmly as to fix me there. They did not immediately knock at the door, by which I got time to throw off my disguise and dress me in my own clothes; besides, when they came there, my governess, who had her tale ready, kept her door shut, and called out to them and told them there was no man come in there. The people affirmed there did a man come in there, and swore they would break open the door.

My governess, not at all surprised, spoke calmly to them, told them they should very freely come and search her house, if they would bring a constable, and let in none but such as the constable would admit, for it was unreasonable to let in a whole crowd. This they could not refuse, though they were a crowd. So a constable

was fetched immediately, and she very freely opened the door; the constable kept the door, and the men he appointed searched the house, my governess going with them from room to room. When she came to my room she called to me, and said aloud, 'Cousin, pray open the door; here's some gentlemen that must come and look into your room.'

I had a little girl with me, which was my governess's grandchild, as she called her; and I bade her open the door, and there sat I at work with a great litter of things about me, as if I had been at work all day, being undressed, with only night-clothes on my head, and a loose morninggown about me. My governess made a kind of excuse for their disturbing me, telling partly the occasion of it, and that she had no remedy but to open the doors to them, and let them satisfy themselves, for all she could say would not satisfy them. I sat still, and bid them search if they pleased, for if there was anybody in the house, I was sure they were not in my room; and for the rest of the house, I had nothing to say to that, I did not understand what they looked for.

Everything looked so innocent and so honest about me, that they treated me civiller than I expected; but it was not till they had searched the room to a nicety, even under the bed, and in the bed, and everywhere else, where it was possible anything could be hid. When they had done, and could find nothing, they asked my pardon and went down.

When they had thus searched the house from bottom to top, and then from top to bottom, and could find nothing, they appeased the mob pretty well; but they carried my governess before the justice. Two men swore that they saw the man whom they pursued go into her house. My governess rattled and made a great noise that her house should be insulted, and that she should be used thus for nothing; that if a man did come in, he might go out again presently for aught she knew, for she was ready to make oath that no man had been within her doors all that day as she knew of, which was very true; that it might be, that as she was abovestairs, any fellow in a fright might find the door open, and run in for shelter when he was pursued, but that she knew nothing of it; and if it had been so, he certainly went out again, perhaps at the other door, for she had another door into an alley, and so had made his escape.

This was indeed probable enough, and the justice satisfied himself with giving her an oath that she had not received or admitted any man into her house to conceal him, or protect or hide him from justice. This oath she might justly take, and did so, and so she was dismissed.

It is easy to judge what a fright I was in upon this occasion, and it was impossible for my governess ever to bring me to dress in that disguise again; for, as I told her, I should certainly betray myself.

My poor partner in this mischief was now in a bad case, for he was carried away before my Lord Mayor, and by his worship committed to Newgate, and the people that took him were so willing, as well as able, to prosecute him, that they offered

themselves to enter into recognisances to appear at the sessions, and pursue the charge against him.

However, he got his indictment deferred, upon promise to discover his accomplices, and particularly the man that was concerned with him in this robbery; and he failed not to do his endeavour, for he gave in my name, whom he called Gabriel Spencer, which was the name I went by to him; and here appeared the wisdom of my concealing myself from him, without which I had been undone.

He did all he could to discover this Gabriel Spencer; he described me; he discovered the place where he said I lodged; and, in a word, all the particulars that he could of my dwelling; but having concealed the main circumstances of my sex from him, I had a vast advantage, and he could never hear of me. He brought two or three families into trouble by his endeavouring to find me out, but they knew nothing of me, any more than that he had a fellow with him that they had seen, but knew nothing of. And as to my governess, though she was the means of his coming to me, yet it was done at second-hand, and he knew nothing of her neither.

This turned to his disadvantage; for having promised discoveries, but not being able to make it good, it was looked upon as trifling, and he was the more fiercely pursued by the shopkeeper.

I was, however, terribly uneasy all this while, and that I might be quite out of the way, I went away from my governess for a while; but not knowing whither to wander, I took a maid-servant with me, and took the stage-coach to Dunstable, to my old landlord and landlady, where I lived so handsomely with my Lancashire husband. Here I told her a formal story, that I expected my husband every day from Ireland, and that I had sent a letter to him that I would meet him at Dunstable at her house, and that he would certainly land, if the wind was fair, in a few days; so that I was come to spend a few days with them till he could come, for he would either come post, or in the West Chester coach, I knew not which; but whichever it was, he would be sure to come to that house to meet me.

My landlady was mighty glad to see me, and my landlord made such a stir with me, that if I had been a princess I could not have been better used, and here I might have been welcome a month or two if I had thought fit.

But my business was of another nature. I was very uneasy (though so well disguised that it was scarce possible to detect me) lest this fellow should find me out; and though he could not charge me with the robbery, having persuaded him not to venture, and having done nothing of it myself, yet he might have charged me with other things, and have bought his own life at the expense of mine.

This filled me with horrible apprehensions. I had no resource, no friend, no confidant but my old governess, and I knew no remedy but to put my life into her hands; and so I did, for I let her know where to send to me, and had several letters from her while I stayed here. Some of them almost scared me out of my wits; but at last she sent me the joyful news that he was hanged, which was the best news to me that I had heard a great while.

I had stayed here five weeks, and lived very comfortably indeed, the secret anxiety of my mind excepted. But when I received this letter I looked pleasantly again, and told my landlady that I had received a letter from my spouse in Ireland, that I had the good news of his being very well, but had the bad news that his business would not permit him to come away so soon as he expected, and so I was like to go back again without him.

My landlady complimented me upon the good news, however, that I had heard he was well. 'For I have observed, madam', says she, 'you han't been so pleasant as you used to be; you have been over head and ears in care for him, I dare say', says the good woman; 'tis easy to be seen there's an alteration in you for the better' says she. 'Well, I am sorry the squire can't come yet' says my landlord; 'I should have been heartily glad to have seen him. When you have certain news of his coming, you'll take a step hither again, madam', says he; 'you shall be very welcome whenever you please to come.'

With all these fine compliments we parted, and I came merry enough to London, and found my governess as well pleased as I was. And now she told me she would never recommend any partner to me again, for she always found, she said, that I had the best luck when I ventured by myself. And so indeed I had, for I was seldom in any danger when I was by myself, or if I was, I got out of it with more dexterity than when I was entangled with the dull measures of other people, who had perhaps less forecast, and were more impatient than I; for though I had as much courage to venture as any of them, yet I used more caution before I undertook a thing, and had more presence of mind to bring myself off.

I have often wondered even at my own hardiness another way, that when all my companions were surprised, and fell so suddenly into the hand of justice, yet I could not all this while enter into one serious resolution to leave off this trade, and especially considering that I was now very far from being poor; that the temptation of necessity, which is the general introduction of all such wickedness, was now removed; that I had near £500 by me in ready money, on which I might have lived very well, if I had thought fit to have retired; but, I say, I had not so much as the least inclination to leave off; no, not so much as I had before, when I had but £200 beforehand, and when I had no such frightful examples before my eyes as these were. From hence 'tis evident, that when once we are hardened in crime, no fear can affect us, no example give us any warning.

I had indeed one comrade, whose fate went very near me for a good while, though I wore it off too in time. That case was indeed very unhappy. I had made a prize of a piece of very good damask in a mercer's shop, and went clear off myself, but had conveyed the piece to this companion of mine, when we went out of the shop, and she went one way, I went another. We had not been long out of the shop but the mercer missed the piece of stuff, and sent his messengers, one one way, and one another, and they presently seized her that had the piece, with the damask upon her; as for me, I had very luckily stepped into a house where there was a lace chamber, up one pair of stairs, and had the satisfaction, or the terror, indeed,



of looking out of the window, and seeing the poor creature dragged away to the justice, who immediately committed her to Newgate.

I was careful to attempt nothing in the lace chamber, but tumbled their goods pretty much to spend time; then bought a few yards of edging, and paid for it, and came away very sad-hearted indeed, for the poor woman who was in tribulation for what I only had stolen.

Here again my old caution stood me in good stead; though I often robbed with these people, yet I never let them know who I was, nor could they ever find out my lodging, though they often endeavoured to watch me to it. They all knew me by the name of Moll Flanders, though even some of them rather believed I was she than knew me to be so. My name was public among them indeed, but how to find me out they knew not, nor so much as how to guess at my quarters, whether they were at the east end of the town or the west; and this wariness was my safety upon all these occasions.

I kept close a great while upon the occasion of this woman's disaster. I knew that if I should do anything that should miscarry, and should be carried to prison, she would be there, and ready to witness against me, and perhaps save her life at my expense. I considered that I began to be very well known by name at the Old Bailey, though they did not know my face, and that if I should fall into their hands, I should be treated as an old offender; and for this reason I was resolved to see what this poor creature's fate should be before I stirred, though several times in her distress I conveyed money to her for her relief.

At length she came to her trial. She pleaded she did not steal the things, but that one Mrs Flanders, as she heard her called (for she did not know her), gave the bundle to her after they came out of the shop, and bade her carry it home. They asked her where this Mrs Flanders was, but she could not produce her, neither could she give the least account of me; and the mercer's men swearing positively that she was in the shop when the goods were stolen, that they immediately missed them, and pursued her, and found them upon her, thereupon the jury brought her in guilty; but the court considering that she really was not the person that stole the goods, and that it was very possible she could not find out this Mrs Flanders, meaning me, though it would save her life, which indeed was true, they allowed her to be transported; which was the utmost favour she could obtain, only that the court told her, if she could in the meantime produce the said Mrs Flanders, they would intercede for her pardon; that is to say, if she could find me out, and hang me, she should not be transported. This I took care to make impossible to her, and so she was shipped off in pursuance of her sentence a little while after.

I must repeat it again, that the fate of this poor woman troubled me exceedingly, and I began to be very pensive, knowing that I was really the instrument of her disaster; but my own life, which was so evidently in danger, took off my tenderness: and seeing she was not put to death, I was easy at her transportation, because she was then out of the way of doing me any mischief, whatever should happen.

The disaster of this woman was some months before that of the last-recited story, and was indeed partly the occasion of my governess proposing to dress me up in men's clothes, that I might go about unobserved; but I was soon tired of that disguise, as I have said, for it exposed me to too many difficulties.

I was now easy as to all fear of witnesses against me, for all those that had either been concerned with me, or that knew me by the name of Moll Flanders, were either hanged or transported; and if I should have had the misfortune to be taken, I might call myself anything else, as well as Moll Flanders and, no old sins could be placed to my account; so I began to run a-tick again, with the more freedom, and several successful adventures I made, though not such as I had made before.

We had at that time another fire happened not a great way off from the place where my governess lived, and I made an attempt there as before; but as I was not soon enough before the crowd of people came in, and could not get to the house I aimed at, instead of a prize, I got a mischief, which had almost put a period to my life and all my wicked doings together; for the fire being very furious, and the people in a great fright in removing their goods, and throwing them out of window, a wench from out of a window threw a feather-bed just upon me. It is true, the bed being soft, it broke no bones; but as the weight was great, and made greater by the fall, it beat me down, and laid me dead for a while: nor did the people concern themselves much to deliver me from it, or to recover me at all; but I lay like one dead and neglected a good while, till somebody going to remove the bed out of the way, helped me up. It was indeed a wonder the people in the house had not thrown other goods out after it, and which might have fallen upon it, and then I had been inevitably killed; but I was reserved for further afflictions.

This accident, however, spoiled my market for that time, and I came home to my governess very much hurt and frightened, and it was a good while before she could set me upon my feet again.

It was now a merry time of the year, and Bartholomew Fair was begun. I had never made any walks that way, nor was the fair of much advantage to me; but I took a turn this year into the cloisters, and there I fell into one of the raffling shops. It was a thing of no great consequence to me, but there came a gentleman extremely well dressed and very rich, and as 'tis frequent to talk to everybody in those shops, he singled me out, and was very particular with me. First he told me he would put in for me to raffle, and did so; and some small matter coming to his lot, he presented it to me I think it was a feather muff; then he continued to keep talking to me with a more than common appearance of respect, but still very civil, and much like a gentleman.

He held me in talk so long, till at last he drew me out of the raffling place to the shop-door, and then to take a walk in the cloister, still talking of a thousand things cursorily without anything to the purpose. At last he told me that he was charmed with my company, and asked me if I durst trust myself in a coach with him; he told me he was a man of honour, and would not offer anything to me unbecoming him.

I seemed to decline it a while, but suffered myself to be importuned a little, and then yielded.

I was at a loss in my thoughts to conclude at first what this gentleman designed; but I found afterward he had had some drink in his head, and that he was not very unwilling to have some more. He carried me to the Spring Garden, at Knightsbridge, where we walked in the gardens, and he treated me very handsomely; but I found he drank freely. He pressed me also to drink, but I declined it.

Hitherto he kept his word with me, and offered me nothing amiss. We came away in the coach again, and he brought me into the streets, and by this time it was near ten o'clock at night, when he stopped the coach at a house where, it seems, he was acquainted, and where they made no scruple to show us upstairs into a room with a bed in it. At first I seemed to be unwilling to go up, but after a few words I yielded to that too, being indeed willing to see the end of it, and in hopes to make something of it at last. As for the bed, &c., I was not much concerned about that part.

Here he began to be a little freer with me than he had promised; and I by little and little yielded to everything, so that, in a word, he did what he pleased with, me; I need say no more. All this while he drank freely too, and about one in the morning we went into the coach again. The air and the shaking of the coach made the drink get more up in his head, and he grew uneasy, and was for acting over again what he had been doing before; but as I thought my game now secure, I resisted, and brought him to be a little still, which had not lasted five minutes but he fell fast asleep.

I took this opportunity to search him to a nicety. I took a gold watch, with a silk purse of gold, his fine full-bottom periwig and silver-fringed gloves, his sword and fine snuff-box, and gently opening the coachdoor, stood ready to jump out while the coach was going on; but the coach stopping in the narrow street beyond Temple Bar to let another coach pass, I got softly out, fastened the door again, and gave my gentleman and the coach the slip together.

This was an adventure indeed unlooked for, and perfectly undesigned by me; though I was not so past the merry part of life as to forget how to behave, when a fop so blinded by his appetite should not know an old woman from a young. I did not indeed look so old as I was by ten or twelve years; yet I was not a young wench of seventeen, and it was easy enough to be distinguished. There is nothing so absurd, so surfeiting, so ridiculous, as a man heated by wine in his head, and a wicked gust in his inclination together; he is in the possession of two devils at once, and can no more govern himself by his reason than a mill can grind without water; vice tramples upon all that was in him that had any good in it; nay, his very sense is blinded by its own rage, and he acts absurdities even in his view; such as drinking more, when he is drunk already; picking up a common woman, without any regard to what she is or who she is; whether sound or rotten, clean or unclean; whether ugly or handsome, old or young; and so blinded as not really to distinguish. Such a man is worse than lunatic; prompted by his vicious head, he no more knows what

he is doing than this wretch of mine knew when I picked his pocket of his watch and his purse of gold.

These are the men of whom Solomon says, 'They go like an ox to the slaughter, till a dart strikes through their liver—an admirable description, by the way, of the foul disease, which is a poisonous deadly contagion mingling with the blood, whose centre or fountain is in the liver; from whence, by the swift circulation of the whole mass, that dreadful nauseous plague strikes immediately through his liver, and his spirits are infected, his vitals stabbed through as with a dart.

It is true this poor unguarded wretch was in no danger from me, though I was greatly apprehensive at first what danger I might be in from him; but he was really to be pitied in one respect, that he seemed to be a good sort of a man in himself: a gentleman that had no harm in his design; a man of sense, and of a fine behaviour, a comely handsome person, a sober and solid countenance, a charming beautiful face, and everything that could be agreeable; only had unhappily had some drink the night before; had not been in bed, as he told me when we were together; was hot, and his blood fired with wine, and in that condition his reason, as it were asleep, had given him up.

As for me, my business was his money, and what I could make of him; and after that, if I could have found out any way to have done it, I would have sent him safe home to his house and to his family, for 'twas ten to one but he had an honest, virtuous wife and innocent children, that were anxious for his safety, and would have been glad to have gotten him home, and taken care of him, till he was restored to himself; and then with what shame and regret would he look back upon himself! how would he reproach himself with associating himself with a whore! picked up in the worst of all holes, the cloister, among the dirt and filth of the town! how would he be trembling for fear he had got the pox, for fear a dart had struck through his liver, and hate himself every time he looked back upon the madness and brutality of his debauch! how would he, if he had any principles of honour, abhor the thought of giving any ill distemper, if he had it, as for aught he knew he might, to his modest and virtuous wife, and thereby sowing the contagion in the life-blood of his posterity!

Would such gentlemen but consider the contemptible thoughts which the very women they are concerned with, in such cases as these, have of them, it would be a surfeit to them. As I said above, they value not the pleasure, they are raised by no inclination to the man, the passive jade thinks of no pleasure but the money; and when he is, as it were, drunk in the ecstasies of his wicked pleasure, her hands are in his pockets for what she can find there, and of which he can no more be sensible in the moment of his folly than he can fore-think of it when he goes about it.

I knew a woman that was so dexterous with a fellow, who indeed deserved no better usage, that while he was busy with her another way, conveyed his purse with twenty guineas in it out of his fob-pocket, where he had put it for fear of her, and put another purse with gilded counters in it into the room of it. After he had done he says to her, 'Now han't you picked my pocket?' She jested with him, and told

him she supposed he had not much to lose; he put his hand to his fob, and with his fingers felt that his purse was there, which fully satisfied him, and so she brought off his money. And this was a trade with her; she kept a sham gold watch and a purse of counters in her pocket to be ready on all such occasions, and I doubt not practised it with success.

I came home with this last booty to my governess,, and really when I told her the story, it so affected her that she was hardly able to forbear tears, to think how such a gentleman ran a daily risk of being undone, every time a glass of wine got into his head.

But as to the purchase I got, and how entirely I stripped him, she told me it pleased her wonderfully. 'Nay, child', says she, 'the usage may, for aught I know, do more to reform him than all the sermons that ever he will hear in his life.' And if the remainder of the story be true, so it did.

I found the next day she was wonderful inquisitive about this gentleman; the description I gave her of him, his dress, his person, his face, all concurred to make her think of a gentleman whose character she knew. She mused a while, and I going on in the particulars, says she. 'I lay £100 I know the man.'

'I am sorry if you do', says I, 'for I would not have him exposed on any account in the world; he has had injury enough already, and I would not be instrumental to do him any more.' 'No, no', says she; 'I will do him no injury, but you may let me satisfy my curiosity a little, for if it is he, I warrant you I find it out.' I was a little startled at that, and I told her, with an apparent concern in my face, that by the same rule he might find me out, and then I was undone. She returned warmly, 'Why, do you think I will betray you, child? No, no', says she, 'not for all he is worth in the world. I have kept your counsel in worse things than these? sure you may trust me in this.' So I said no more.

She laid her scheme another way, and without acquainting me with it, but she was resolved to find it out. So she goes to a certain friend of hers, who was acquainted in the family that she guessed at, and told her she had some extraordinary business with such a gentleman (who, by the way, was no less than a baronet and of a very good family), and that she knew not how to come at him without somebody to introduce her. Her friend promised her readily to do it, and accordingly goes to the house to see if the gentleman was in town.

The next day she comes to my governess and tells her that Sir — was at home, but that he had met with a disaster and was very ill, and there was no speaking to him. 'What disaster?' says my governess hastily, as if she was surprised at it. 'Why', says her friend, 'he had been at Hampstead to visit a gentleman of his acquaintance, and as he came back again, he was set upon and robbed; and having got a little drink too, as they suppose, the rogues abused him, and he is very ill.' 'Robbed!' says my governess, 'and what did they take from him?' 'Why', says her friend, 'they took his gold watch and his gold snuff-box, his fine periwig, and what money he had in his pocket, which was considerable, to be sure, for Sir — never goes without a purse of guineas about him.'

'Pshaw!', says my old governess, jeering, 'I warrant you he has got drunk now, and got a whore, and she has picked his pocket, and so he comes home to his wife and tells her he has been robbed; that's an old sham; a thousand such tricks are put upon the poor women every day.'

'Fie!' says her friend; 'I find you don't know Sir —; why, he is as civil a gentleman, there is not a finer man, nor a soberer, modester person in the whole city; he abhors such things; there's nobody that knows him will think such a thing of him.' 'Well, well', says my governess, 'that's none of my business; if it was, I warrant I should find there was something of that in it; your modest men in common opinion are sometimes no better than other people, only they keep a better character, or, if you please, are the better hypocrites.'

'No, no', says her friend, 'I can assure you Sir — is no hypocrite; he is really an honest, sober gentleman, and he has certainly been robbed.' 'Nay', says my governess, 'it may be he has; it is no business of mine, I tell you; I only want to speak with him; my business is of another nature.' 'But', says her friend, 'let your business be of what nature it will, you cannot see him yet, for he is not fit to be seen, for he is very ill, and bruised very much.' 'Ay', says my governess, 'nay, then he has fallen into bad hands, to be sure.' And then she asked gravely, 'Pray, where is he bruised?' 'Why, in his head', says her friend, 'and one of his hands, and his face, for they used him barbarously.' 'Poor gentleman', says my governess. 'I must wait, then, till he recovers'; and adds, 'I hope it will not be long.'

Away she comes to me, and tells me this story. 'I have found out your fine gentleman, and a fine gentleman he was', says she; 'but, mercy on him, he is in a sad pickle now. I wonder what the d— you have done to him; why, you have almost killed him.' I looked at her with disorder enough. 'I killed him!' says I; 'you must mistake the person; I am sure I did nothing to him; he was very well when I left him', said I, 'only drunk and fast asleep.' 'I know nothing of that', says she; 'but he is in a sad pickle now'; and so she told me all that her friend had said. 'Well, then', says I, 'he fell into bad hands after I left him, for I left him safe enough.'

About ten days after, my governess goes again to her friend, to introduce her to this gentleman; she had inquired other ways in the meantime, and found that he was about again, so she got leave to speak with him.

She was a woman of an admirable address, and wanted nobody to introduce her; she told her tale much better than I shall be able to tell it for her, for she was mistress of her tongue, as I said already. She told him that she came, though a stranger, with a single design of doing him a service, and he should find she had no other end in it; that as she came purely on so friendly an account, she begged a promise from him, that if he did not accept what she should officiously propose, he would not take it ill that she meddled with what was not her business; she assured him that as what she had to say was a secret that belonged to him only, so whether he accepted her offer or not, it should remain a secret to all the world, unless he exposed it himself; nor should his refusing her service in it make her so little show her respect as to do him the least injury, so that he should be entirely at liberty to act as he thought fit.

He looked very shy at first, and said he knew nothing that related to him that required much secrecy; that he had never done any man any wrong, and cared not what anybody might say of him; that it was no part of his character to be unjust to anybody, nor could he imagine in what any man could render him any service; but that if it was as she said, he could not take it ill from any one that should endeavour to serve him; and so, as it were, left her at liberty either to tell him or not to tell him, as she thought fit.

She found him so perfectly indifferent, that she was almost afraid to enter into the point with him; but, however, after some other circumlocutions, she told him, that by a strange and unaccountable accident she came to have a particular knowledge of the late unhappy adventure he had fallen into, and that in such a manner that there was nobody in the world but herself and him that were acquainted with it, no, not the very person that was with him.

He looked a little angrily at first. 'What adventure?' said he. 'Why, sir', said she, 'of your being robbed coming from Knightsbr—; Hampstead, sir, I should say', says she. 'Be not surprised, sir', says she, 'that I am able to tell you every step you took that day from the cloister in Smithfield to the Spring Garden at Knightsbridge, and thence to the — in the Strand, and how you were left asleep in the coach afterwards. I say, let not this surprise you, for, sir, I do not come to make a booty of you, I ask nothing of you, and I assure you the woman that was with you knows nothing who you are, and never shall; and yet perhaps I may serve you further still, for I did not come barely to let you know that I was informed of these things, as if I wanted a bribe to conceal them; assure yourself, sir', said she, 'that whatever you think fit to do or say to me, it shall be all a secret, as it is, as much as if I were in my grave.'

He was astonished at her discourse, and said gravely to her, 'Madam, you are a stranger to me, but it is very unfortunate that you should be let into the secret of the worst action of my life, and a thing that I am justly ashamed of, in which the only satisfaction I had was, that I thought it was known only to God and my own conscience.' 'Pray, sir', says she, 'do not reckon the discovery of it to me to be any part of your misfortune. It was a thing, I believe, you were surprised into, and perhaps the woman used some art to prompt you to it. However, you will never find any just cause', said she, 'to repent that I came to hear of it; nor can your mouth be more silent in it than I have been, and ever shall be.'

'Well', says he, 'but let me do some justice to the woman too; whoever she is, I do assure you she prompted me to nothing, she rather declined me. It was my own folly and madness that brought me into it all; ay, and brought her into it too; I must give her her due so far. As to what she took from me, I could expect no less from her in the condition I was in, and to this hour I know not whether she robbed me or the coachman; if she did it, I forgive her. I think all gentlemen that do so should be used in the same manner; but I am more concerned for some other things than I am for all that she took from me.'

My governess now began to come into the whole matter, and he opened himself freely to her. First, she said to him, in answer to what he had said about me, 'I am glad, sir, you are so just to the person that you were with. I assure you she is a gentlewoman, and no woman of the town; and however you prevailed with her as you did, I am sure 'tis no her practice. You ran a great venture indeed, sir; but if that be part of your care, you may be perfectly easy, for I do assure you no man has touched her before you, since her husband, and he has been dead now almost eight years.'

It appeared that this was his grievance, and that he was in a very great fright about it; however, when my governess said this to him, he appeared very well pleased, and said, 'Well, madam, to be plain with you, if I was satisfied of that, the temptation was great, and perhaps she was poor, and wanted it.' 'If she had not been poor, sir', says she, 'I assure you she would never have yielded to you; and as her poverty first prevailed with you to let you do as you did, so the same poverty prevailed with her to pay herself at last, when she saw you was in such a condition, that if she had not done it, perhaps the next coachman or chairman might have done it more to your hurt.'

'Well', says he, 'much good may it do her. I say again, all the gentlemen that do so ought to be used in the same manner, and then they would be cautious of themselves. I have no concern about it, but on the score which you hinted at before.' Here he entered into some freedoms with her on the subject of what passed between us, which are not so proper for a woman to write, and the great terror that was upon his mind with relation to his wife, for fear he should have received any injury from me, and should communicate it farther; and asked her at last if she could not procure him an opportunity to speak with me. My governess gave him further assurances of my being a woman clear from any such thing, and that he was as entirely safe in that respect as he was with his own lady; but, as for seeing me, she said, it might be of dangerous consequence; but, however, that she would talk with me, and let him know, endeavouring at the same time to persuade him not to desire it, and that it could be of no service to him, seeing she hoped he had no desire to renew the correspondence, and that on my account it was a kind of putting my life in his hands.

He told her he had a great desire to see me, that he would give her any assurances that were in his power not to take any advantages of me, and that in the first place he would give me a general release from all demands of any kind. She insisted how it might tend to further divulging the secret, and might be injurious to him, entreating him not to press for it; so at length he desisted.

They had some discourse upon the subject of the things he had lost, and he seemed to be very desirous of his gold watch, and told her, if she could procure that for him, he would willingly give as much for it as it was worth. She told him she would endeavour to procure it for him, and leave the valuing it to himself,

Accordingly the next day she carried the watch, and he gave her thirty guineas for it, which was more than I should have been able to make of it, though it seems



it cost much more. He spoke something of his periwig, which it seems cost him threescore guineas, and his snuff-box; and in a few days more she carried them too, which obliged him very much, and he gave her thirty more. The next day I sent him his fine sword and cane gratis, and demanded nothing of him, but had no mind to see him, unless he might be satisfied I knew who he was, which he was not willing to.

Then he entered into a long talk with her of the manner how she came to know all this matter. She formed a long tale of that part; how she had it from one that I had told the whole story to, and that was to help me dispose of the goods; and this confidante brought things to her, she being by profession a pawnbroker; and she, hearing of his worship's disaster, guessed at the thing in general; that having gotten the things into her hands, she had resolved to come and try as she had done. She then gave him repeated assurances that it should never go out of her mouth, and though she knew the woman very well, yet she had not let her know, meaning me, anything of who the person was, which, by the way, was false; but, however, it was not to his damage, for I never opened my mouth of it to anybody.

I had a great many thoughts in my head about my seeing him again, and was often sorry that I had refused it. I was persuaded that if I had seen him, and let him know that I knew him, I should have made some advantage of him, and perhaps have had some maintenance from him; and though it was a life wicked enough, yet it was not so full of danger as this I was engaged in. However, those thoughts wore off, and I declined seeing him again, for that time; but my governess saw him often, and he was very kind to her, giving her something almost every time he saw her. One time in particular she found him very merry, and, as she thought, he had some wine in his head then, and he pressed her again to let him see the woman that, as he said, had bewitched him so that night, my governess, who was from the beginning for my seeing him, told him he was so desirous of it that she could almost yield to it, if she could prevail upon me; adding that if he would please to come to her house in the evening, she would endeavour it, upon his repeated assurances of forgetting what was past.

Accordingly she came to me, and told me all the discourse; in short, she soon biassed me to consent, in a case which I had some regret in my mind for declining before; so I prepared to see him. I dressed me to all the advantage possible, I assure you, and for the first time used a little art; I say for the first time, for I had never yielded to the baseness of paint before, having always had vanity enough to believe I had no need of it.

At the hour appointed he came; and as she observed before, so it was plain still, that he had been drinking, though very far from what we call being in drink. He appeared exceeding pleased to see me, and entered into a long discourse with me upon the whole affair. I begged his pardon very often for my share of it, protested I had not any such design when first I met him, that I had not gone out with him but that I took him for a very civil gentleman, and that he made me so many promises of offering no incivility to me.

He alleged the wine he drank, and that he scarce knew what he did, and that if it had not been so, he should never have taken the freedom with me he had done. He protested to me that he never touched any woman but me since he was married to his wife, and it was a surprise upon him; complimented me upon being so particularly agreeable to him, and the like; and talked so much of that kind, till I found he had talked himself almost into a temper to do the thing again. But I took him up short. I protested I had never suffered any man to touch me since my husband died, which was near eight years. He said he believed it; and added that madam had intimated as much to him, and that it was his opinion of that part which made him desire to see me again; and, since he had once broken in upon his virtue with me and found no ill consequences, he could be safe in venturing again; and so, in short, he went on to what I expected, and to what will not bear relating.

My old governess had foreseen it, as well as I, and therefore led him into a room which had not a bed in it, and yet had a chamber within it which had a bed, whither we withdrew for the rest of the night; and, in short, after some time being together, he went to bed, and lay there all night. I withdrew, but came again undressed before it was day, and lay with him the rest of the time.

Thus, you see, having committed a crime once is a sad handle to the committing of it again; all the reflections wear off when the temptation renews itself. Had I not yielded to see him again, the corrupt desire in him had worn off, and 'tis very probable he had never fallen into it with anybody else, as I really believe he had not done before.

When he went away, I told him I hoped he was satisfied he had not been robbed again. He told me he was fully satisfied in that point, and putting his hand in his pocket, gave me five guineas, which was the first money I had gained that way for many years.

I had several visits of the like kind from him, but he never came into a settled way of maintenance, which was what I would have been best pleased with. Once, indeed, he asked me how I did to live, I answered him pretty quick, that I assured him I had never taken that course that I took with him, but that indeed I worked at my needle, and could just maintain myself; that sometimes it was as much as I was able to do, and I shifted hard enough.

He seemed to reflect upon himself that he should be the first person to lead me into that which he assured me he never intended to do himself; and it touched him a little, he said, that he should be the cause of his own sin and mine too. He would often make just reflections also upon the crime itself, and upon the particular circumstances of it, with respect to himself; how wine introduced the inclinations, how the devil led him to the place, and found out an object to tempt him, and he made the moral always himself.

When these thoughts were upon him he would go away, and perhaps not come again in a month's time or longer; but then, as the serious part wore off, the lewd part would wear in, and then he came prepared for the wicked part. Thus we lived for some time; though he did not keep, as they call it, yet he never failed doing

things that were handsome, and sufficient to maintain me without working, and, which was better, without following my old trade.

But this affair had its end too; for after about a year, I found that he did not come so often as usual, and at last he left it off altogether without any dislike or bidding adieu; and so there was an end of that short scene of life, which added no great store to me, only to make more work for repentance.

During this interval I confined myself pretty much at home; at least, being thus provided for, I made no adventures, no, not for a quarter of a year after; but then finding the fund fail, and being loth to spend upon the main stock, I began to think of my old trade, and to look abroad into the street; and my first step was lucky enough.

I had dressed myself up in a very mean habit, for as I had several shapes to appear in, I was now in an ordinary stuff gown, a blue apron, and a straw hat; and I placed myself at the door of the Three Cups Inn in St John's Street. There were several carriers used the inn, and the stage-coaches for Earner, for Totteridge, and other towns that way stood always in the street in the evening, when they prepared to set out, so that I was ready for anything that offered. The meaning was this; people come frequently with bundles and small parcels to those inns, and call for such carriers or coaches as they want, to carry them into the country; and there generally attend women, porters' wives or daughters, ready to take in such things for the people that employ them.

It happened very oddly that I was standing at the inn-gate, and a woman that stood there before, and which was the porter's wife belonging to the Barnet stage-coach, having observed me, asked if I waited for any of the coaches. I told her, yes, I waited for my mistress, that was coming to go to Barnet. She asked me who was my mistress, and I told her any madam's name that came next me; but it seemed I happened upon a name, a family of which name lived at Hadley, near Barnet.

I said no more to her, or she to me, a good while; but by-and-by, somebody calling her at a door a little way off, she desired me that if anybody called for the Barnet coach, I would step and call her at the house, which it seems was an alehouse. I said 'Yes', very readily, and away she went.

She was no sooner gone but comes a wench and a child, puffing and sweating, and asks for the Barnet coach. I answered presently, 'Here.' 'Do you belong to the Barnet coach?' says she. 'Yes, sweetheart', said I; 'what do you want?' 'I want room for two passengers', says she. 'Where are they, sweetheart?' said I. 'Here's this girl; pray let her go into the coach', says she; 'and I'll go and fetch my mistress.' 'Make haste, then, sweetheart', says I, 'for we may be full else.' The maid had a great bundle under her arm; so she put the child into the coach, and I said, 'You had best put your bundle into the coach too.' 'No', said she; 'I am afraid somebody should slip it away from the child.' 'Give it me, then' said I. 'Take it, then', says she; 'and be sure you take care of it.' 'I'll answer for it', said I, 'if it were £20 value.' 'There, take it, then', says she, and away she goes.

As soon as I got the bundle, and the maid was out of sight, I goes on towards the alehouse, where the porter's wife was, so that if I had met her, I had then only been

going to give her the bundle and to call her to her business, as if I was going away, and could stay no longer; but as I did not meet her, I walked away, and turning into Charterhouse Lane, made off through Charterhouse Yard, into Long Lane, then into Bartholomew, Close, so into Little Britain, and through the Bluecoat Hospital, to Newgate Street.

To prevent being known, I pulled off my blue apron, and wrapt the bundle in it, which was made up in a piece of painted calico; I also wrapt up my straw hat in it, and so put the bundle upon my head; and it was very well that I did thus, for coming through the Bluecoat Hospital, who should I meet but the wench that had given me the bundle to hold. It seems she was going with her mistress, whom she had been to fetch, to the Barnet coaches.

I saw she was in haste, and I had no business to stop her; so away she went, and I brought my bundle safe to my governess. There was no money, plate, or jewels in it, but a very good suit of Indian damask, a gown and petticoat, a laced head and ruffles of very good Flanders lace, and some other things, such as I knew very well the value of.

This was not indeed my own invention, but was given me by one that practised it with success, and my governess liked it extremely; and indeed tried it again several times, though never twice near the same place; for the next time I tried in Whitechapel, just by the corner of Petticoat Lane, where the coaches stand that go out to Stratford and Bow, and that side of the country; and another time at the Flying Horse without Bishopsgate, where the Cheston coaches then lay; and I had always the good luck to come off with some booty.

Another time I placed myself at a warehouse by the water-side, where the coasting vessels from the north come, such as Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sunderland, and other places. Here, the warehouse being shut, comes a young fellow with a letter; and he wanted a box and a hamper that was come from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, I asked him if he had the marks of it; so he shows me the letter, by virtue of which he was to ask for it, and which gave an account of the contents, the box being full of linen and the hamper full of glass ware. I read the letter, and took care to see the name, and the marks, the name of the person that sent the goods, and the name of the person they were sent to; then I bade the messenger come in the morning, for that the warehouse-keeper would not be there any more that night.

Away went I, and wrote a letter from Mr, John Richardson of Newcastle to his dear cousin, Jemmy Cole, in London, with an account that he had sent by such a vessel (for I remembered all the particulars to a tittle) so many pieces of huckaback linen, and so many ells of Dutch holland, and the like, in a box, and a hamper of flint glasses from Mr Henzill's glass-house; and that the box was marked I. C. No. I, and the hamper was directed by a label on the cording.

About an hour after, I came to the warehouse, found the warehouse-keeper, and had the goods delivered me without any scruple; the value of the linen being about £22.

I could fill up this whole discourse with the variety of such adventures, which daily invention directed to, and which I managed with the utmost dexterity, and always with success.

At length—as when does the pitcher come safe home that goes so often to the well?—I fell into some broils, which though they could not affect me fatally, yet made me known, which was the worst thing next to being found guilty that could befall me.

I had taken up the disguise of a widow's dress; it was without any real design in view, but only waiting for anything that might offer, as I often did. It happened that while I was going along a street in Covent Garden, there was a great cry of 'Stop thief! stop thief!' Some artists had, it seems, put a trick upon a shopkeeper, and being pursued, some of them fled one way and some another; and one of them was, they said, dressed up in widow's weeds, upon which the mob gathered about me, and some said I was the person, others said no. Immediately came the mercer's journeyman, and he swore aloud I was the person, and so seized on me. However, when I was brought back by the mob to the mercer's shop, the master of the house said freely that I was not the woman, and would have let me go immediately, but another fellow said gravely, 'Pray stay till Mr —', meaning the journeyman, 'comes back, for he knows her'; so they kept me near half-an-hour.

They had called a constable, and he stood in the shop as my jailer. In talking with the constable I inquired where he lived, and what trade he was; the man not apprehending in the least what happened afterwards, readily told me his name, and where he lived; and told me, as a jest, that I might be sure to hear of his name when I came to the Old Bailey. The servants likewise used me saucily, and had much ado to keep their hands off me; the master indeed was civiller to me than they; but he would not let me go, though he owned I was not in his shop before.

I began to be a little surly with him, and told him I hoped he would not take it ill if I made myself amends upon him another time; and desired I might send for friends to see me have right done. No, he said, he could give no such liberty; I might ask it when I came before the justice of the peace; and seeing I threatened him, he would take care of me in the meantime, and would lodge me safe in Newgate. I told him it was his time now, but it would be mine by-and-by, and governed my passion as well as I was able. However, I spoke to the constable to call me a porter, which he did, and then I called for pen, ink, and paper, but they would let me have none. I asked the porter his name, and where he lived, and the poor man told it me very willingly. I bade him observe and remember how I was treated there; that he saw I was detained there by force. I told him I should want him in another place, and it should not be the worse for him to speak. The porter said he would serve me with all his heart. 'But, madam', says he, 'let me hear them refuse to let you go, then I may be able to speak the plainer.'

With that, I spoke aloud to the master of the shop, and said, 'Sir, you know in your own conscience that I am not the person you look for, and that I was not in your shop before; therefore I demand that you detain me here no longer, or tell me

the reason of your stopping me.' The fellow grew surlier upon this than before, and said he would do neither till he thought fit. 'Very well', said I to the constable and to the porter; 'you will be pleased to remember this, gentlemen, another time.' The porter said, 'Yes, madam'; and the constable began not to like it, and would have persuaded the mercer to dismiss him, and let me go, since, as he said, he owned I was not the person. 'Good sir', says the mercer to him tauntingly, 'are you a justice of peace or a constable? I charged you with her; pray do your duty.' The constable told him, a little moved, but very handsomely, 'I know my duty, and what I am, sir; I doubt you hardly know what you are doing.' They had some other hard words, and in the meantime the journeymen, impudent and unmanly to the last degree, used me barbarously, and one of them, the same that first seized upon me, pretended he would search me, and began to lay hands on me. I spit in his face, called out to the constable, and bade him take notice of my usage. 'And pray, Mr Constable', said I, 'ask that villain's name', pointing to the man. The constable reproved him decently, told him that he did not know what he did, for he knew that his master acknowledged I was not the person; 'and', says the constable, 'I am afraid your master is bringing himself, and me too, into trouble, if this gentlewoman comes to prove who she is, and where she was, and it appears that she is not the woman you pretend to.' 'D---n her', says the fellow again, with an impudent, hardened face; 'she is the lady, you may depend upon it; I'll swear she is the same body that was in the shop, and that I gave the piece of satin that is lost into her own hand. You shall hear more of it when Mr William and Mr Anthony (those were other journeymen) come back; they will know her again as well as I.'

Just as the insolent rogue was talking thus to the constable, comes back Mr William and Mr Anthony, as he called them, and a great rabble with them, bringing along with them the true widow that I was pretended to be; and they came sweating and blowing into the shop, and with a great deal of triumph, dragging the poor creature in a most butcherly manner up towards their master, who was in the backshop; and they cried out aloud, 'Here's the widow, sir; we have caught her at last.' 'What do you mean by that?' says the master. 'Why, we have her already; there she sits, and Mr --- says he can swear this is she.' The other man, whom they called Mr. Anthony, replied, 'Mr --- may say what he will and swear what he will, but this is the woman, and there's the remnant of satin she stole; I took it out of her clothes with my own hand.'

I now began to take a better heart, but smiled, and said nothing; the master looked pale; the constable turned about and looked at me. 'Let 'em alone, Mr Constable', said I; 'let 'em go on.' The case was plain and could not be denied, so the constable was charged with the right thief, and the mercer told me very civilly he was sorry for the mistake, and hoped I would not take it ill; that they had so many things of this nature put upon them every day that they could not be blamed for being very sharp in doing themselves justice. 'Not take it ill, sir!' said I. 'How can I take it well? If you had dismissed me when your insolent fellow seized on me in the street and brought me to you, and when you yourself acknowledged

I was not the person, I would have put it by, and not have taken it ill, because of the many ill things I believe you have put upon you daily; but your treatment of me since has been insufferable, and especially that of your servant; I must and will have reparation for that.'

Then he began to parley with me, said he would make me any reason able satisfaction, and would fain have had me told him what it was I expected. I told him I should not be my own judge; the law should decide it for me; and as I was to be carried before a magistrate, I should let him hear there what I had to say. He told me there was no occasion to go before the justice now; I was at liberty to go where I pleased; and calling to the constable, told him he might let me go, for I was discharged. The constable said calmly to him, 'Sir, you asked me just now if I knew whether I was a constable or a justice, and bade me do my duty, and charged me with this gentlewoman as a prisoner. Now, sir, I find you do not understand what is my duty, for you would make me a justice indeed; but I must tell you it is not in my power; I may keep a prisoner when I am charged with him, but 'tis the law and the magistrate alone that can discharge that prisoner; therefore, 'tis a mistake, sir; I must carry her before a justice now, whether you think well of it or not.' The mercer was very high with the constable at first; but the constable happening to be not a hired officer, but a good, substantial kind of man (I think he was a corn-chandler), and a man of good sense, stood to his business, would not discharge me without going to a justice of the peace, and I insisted upon it too. When the mercer saw that, 'Well', says he to the constable, 'you may carry her where you please; I have nothing to say to her.' 'But, sir', says the constable, 'you will go with us, I hope, for 'tis you that charged me with her.' 'No, not I', says the mercer; 'I tell you I have nothing to say to her.' 'But pray, sir, do', says the constable; 'I desire it of you for your own sake, for the justice can do nothing without you.' 'Prithee, fellow', says the mercer, 'go about your business; I tell you I have nothing to say to the gentlewoman. I charge you in the king's name to dismiss her.' 'Sir', says the constable, 'I find you don't know what it is to be a constable; I beg of you, don't oblige me to be rude to you.' 'I think I need not; you are rude enough already', says the mercer. 'No, sir', says the constable, 'I am not rude; you have broken the peace in bringing an honest woman out of the street, when she was about her lawful occasions, confining her in your shop, and ill-using her here by your servants; and now can you say I am rude to you? I think I am civil to you in not commanding you in the king's name to go with me, and charging every man I see that passes your door to aid and assist me in carrying you by force; this you know I have power to do, and yet I forbear it, and once more entreat you to go with me.' Well, he would not for all this, and gave the constable ill language. However, the constable kept his temper, and would not be provoked; and then I put in and said, 'Come, Mr. Constable, let him alone; I shall find ways enough to fetch him before a magistrate, I don't fear that; but there's that fellow', says I, 'he was the man that seized on me as I ways innocently going along the street, and you are a witness of his violence with me since; give me leave to charge you with him, and carry him before a justice.' 'Yes, madam', says

the constable; and, turning to the fellow, 'Come, young gentleman', says he to the journeyman, 'you must go along with us; I hope you are not above the constable's power, though your master is.'

The fellow looked like a condemned thief, and hung back, then looked at his master, as if he could help him; and he, like a fool, encouraged the fellow to be rude, and he truly resisted the constable, and pushed him back with a good force when he went to lay hold on him, at which the constable knocked him down, and called out for help. Immediately the shop was filled with people, and the constable seized the master and man, and all his servants.

The first ill consequence of this fray was, that the woman who was really the thief made off, and got clear away in the crowd, and two others that they had stopped also; whether they were really guilty or not, that I can say nothing to.

By this time some of his neighbours having come in, and seeing how things went, had endeavoured to bring the mercer to his senses, and he began to be convinced that he was in the wrong; and so at length we went all very quietly before the justice, with a mob of about five hundred people at our heels; and all the way we went I could hear the people ask what was the matter, and others reply and say, a mercer had stopped a gentlewoman instead of a thief, and had afterwards taken the thief, and now the gentlewoman had taken the mercer, and was carrying him before the justice. This pleased the people strangely, and made the crowd increase, and they cried out as they went, 'Which is the rogue? which is the mercer?' and especially the women. Then when they saw him they cried out, 'That's he, that's he'; and every now and then came a good dab of dirt at him; and thus we marched a good while, till the mercer thought fit to desire the constable to call a coach to protect himself from the rabble; so we rode the rest of the way, the constable and I, and the mercer and his man.

When we came to the justice, which was an ancient gentleman in Bloomsbury, the constable giving first a summary account of the matter, the justice bade me speak, and tell what I had to say. And first he asked my name, which I was very loth to give, but there was no remedy; so I told him my name was Mary Flanders, that I was a widow, my husband being a sea-captain, died on a voyage to Virginia; and some other circumstances I told which he could never contradict, and that I lodged at present in town, with such a person, naming my governess; but that I was preparing to go over to America, where my husband's effects lay, and that I was going that day to buy some clothes to put myself into second mourning, but had not yet been in any shop, when that fellow, pointing to the mercer's journeyman, came rushing upon me with such fury as very much frightened me, and carried me back to his master's shop, where, though his master acknowledged I was not the person, yet he would not dismiss me, but charged a constable with me.

Then I proceeded to tell how the journeymen treated me; how they would not suffer me to send for any of my friends; how afterwards they found the real thief, and took the goods they had lost upon her, and all the particulars as before.



Then the constable related his case; his dialogue with the mercer about discharging me, and at last his servant's refusing to go with him, when I had charged him with him, and his master encouraging him to do so, and at last his striking the constable, and the like, all as I have told it already.

The justice then heard the mercer and his man. The mercer indeed made a long harangue of the great loss they have daily by the lifters and thieves; that it was easy for them to mistake, and that when he found it, he would have dismissed me, &c., as above. As to the journeyman, he had very little to say, but that he pretended other of the servants told him that I was really the person.

Upon the whole, the justice first of all told me very courteously I was discharged; that he was very sorry that the mercer's man should, in his eager pursuit, have so little discretion as to take up an innocent person for a guilty; that if he had not been so unjust as to detain me afterwards, he believed I would have forgiven the first affront; that, however, it was not in his power to award me any reparation, other than by openly reproofing them, which he should do; but he supposed I would apply to such methods as the law directed; in the meantime he would bind him over.

But as to the breach of the peace committed by the journeyman, he told me he should give me some satisfaction for that, for he should commit him to Newgate for assaulting the constable, and for assaulting of me also.

Accordingly he sent the fellow to Newgate for that assault, and his master gave bail, and so we came away; but I had the satisfaction of seeing the mob wait upon them both, as they came out, hallooing and throwing stones and dirt at the coaches they rode in; and so I came home.

After this hustle, coming home and telling my governess the story, she falls a-laughing at me. 'Why are you so merry?' says I; 'the story has not so much laughing-room in it as you imagine. I am sure I have had a great deal of hurry and fright too, with a pack of ugly rogues.' 'Laugh!' says my governess; 'I laugh, child, to see what a lucky creature you are; why, this job will be the best bargain to you that ever you made in your life, if you manage it well. I warrant you, you shall make the mercer pay £500 for damages, besides what you shall get of the journeyman.'

I had other thoughts of the matter than she had; and especially, because I had given in my name to the justice of peace; and I knew that my name was so well known among the people at Hick's Hall, the Old Bailey, and such places, that if this cause came to be tried openly, and my name came to be inquired into, no court would give much damages, for the reputation of a person of such a character. However, I was obliged to begin a prosecution in form, and accordingly my governess found me out a very creditable sort of man to manage it, being an attorney of very good business, and of good reputation, and she was certainly in the right of this; for had she employed a pettifogging hedge solicitor, or a man not known, I should have brought it to but little.

I met this attorney, and gave him all the particulars at large, as they are recited above; and he assured me it was a case, as he said, that he did not question but that a jury would give very considerable damages; so taking his full instructions, he

began the prosecution, and the mercer being arrested, gave bail. A few days after his giving bail, he comes with his attorney to my attorney, to let him know that he desired to accommodate the matter; that it was all carried on in the heat of an unhappy passion; that his client, meaning me, had a sharp provoking tongue, and that I used them ill, gibing at them and jeering them, even while they believed me to be the very person, and that I had provoked them, and the like.

My attorney managed as well on my side; made them believe I was a widow of fortune, that I was able to do myself justice, and had great friends to stand by me too, who had all made me promise to sue to the utmost, if it cost me a thousand pounds, for that the affronts I had received were insufferable.

However, they brought my attorney to this, that he promised he would not blow the coals; that if I inclined to an accommodation, he would not hinder me, and that he would rather persuade me to peace than to war; for which they told him he should be no loser; all which he told me very honestly, and told me that if they offered him any bribe, I should certainly know it; but, upon the whole, he told me very honestly that, if I would take his opinion, he would advise me to make it up with them, for that as they were in a great fright, and were desirous above all things to make it up, and knew that, let it be what it would, they must bear all the costs, he believed they would give me freely more than any jury would give upon a trial. I asked him what he thought they would be brought to; he told me he could not tell as to that, but he would tell me more when I saw him again.

Some time after this they came again, to know if he had talked with me. He told them he had; that he found me not so averse to an accommodation as some of my friends were, who resented the disgrace offered me, and set me on; that they blowed the coals in secret, prompting me to revenge, or to do myself justice, as they called it; so that he could not tell what to say to it; he told them he would do his endeavour to persuade me, but he ought to be able to tell me what proposal they made. They pretended they could not make any proposal, because it might be made use of against them; and he told them, that by the same rule he could not make any offers, for that might be pleaded in abatement of what damages a jury might be inclined to give. However, after some discourse, and mutual promises that no advantage should be taken on either side by what was transacted then, or at any other of those meetings, they came to a kind of a treaty; but so remote, and so wide from one another, that nothing could be expected from it; for my attorney demanded £500 and charges, and they offered £50 without charges; so they broke off, and the mercer proposed to have a meeting with me myself; and my attorney agreed to that very readily.

My attorney gave me notice to come to this meeting in good clothes, and with some state, that the mercer might see I was something more than I seemed to be that time they had me. Accordingly I came in a new suit of second mourning, according to what I had said at the justice's. I set myself out, too, as well as a widow's dress would admit; my governess also furnished me with a good pearl necklace, that shut in behind with a locket of diamonds, which she had in pawn; and I had a very good

gold watch by my side; so that I made a very good figure; and, as I stayed till I was sure they were come, I came in a coach to the door, with my maid with me.

When I came into the room the mercer was surprised. He stood up and made his bow, which I took a little notice of, and but a little, and went and sat down where my own attorney had appointed me to sit, for it was his house. After a while the mercer said, he did not know me again, and began to make some compliments. I told him I believed he did not know me, at first; and that, if he had, he would not have treated me as he did.

He told me he was very sorry for what had happened, and that it was to testify the willingness he had to make all possible reparation that he had appointed this meeting; that he hoped I would not carry things to extremity, which might be not only too great a loss to him, but might be the ruin of his business and shop, in which case I might have the satisfaction of repaying an injury with an injury ten times greater; but that I would then get nothing, whereas he was willing to do me any justice that was in his power, without putting himself or me to the trouble or charge of a suit at law.

I told him I was glad to hear him talk so much more like a man of sense than he did before; that it was true, acknowledgment in most cases of affronts was counted reparation sufficient; but this had gone too far to be made up so; that I was not revengeful, nor did I seek his ruin, or any man's else, but that all my friends were unanimous not to let me so far neglect my character as to adjust a thing of this kind without reparation; that to be taken up for a thief was such an indignity as could not be put up with; that my character was above being treated so by any that knew me, but because in my condition of a widow I had been careless of myself, I might be taken for such a creature; but that for the particular usage I had from him afterward, and then I repeated all as before; it was so provoking, I had scarce patience to repeat it.

He acknowledged all, and was mighty humble indeed; he came up to £100 and to pay all the law charges, and added that he would make me a present of a very good suit of clothes. I came down to £300, and demanded that I should publish an advertisement of the particulars in the common newspapers.

This was a clause he never could comply with. However, at last he came up, by good management of my attorney, to £150 and a suit of black silk clothes; and there, as it were, at my attorney's request, I complied, he paying my attorney's bill and charges, and gave us a good supper into the bargain.

When I came to receive the money, I brought my governess with me, dressed like an old duchess, and a gentleman very well dressed, who, we pretended, courted me, but I called him cousin, and the lawyer was only to hint privately to them that this gentleman courted the widow.

He treated us handsomely indeed, and paid the money cheerfully enough; so that it cost him £200 in all, or rather more. At our last meeting, when all was agreed, the case of the journeyman came up, and the mercer begged very hard for him; told me he was a man that had kept a shop of his own, and been in good

business, had a wife and several children, and was very poor, that he had nothing to make satisfaction with, but should beg my pardon on his knees. I had no spleen at the saucy rogue, nor were his submission anything to me, since there was nothing to be got by him, so I thought it was as good to throw that in generously as not; so I told him I did not desire the ruin of any man, and therefore at his request I would forgive the wretch, it was below me to seek any revenge.

When we were at supper he brought the poor fellow in to make his acknowledgment, which he would have done with as much mean humility as his offence was with insulting pride; in which he was an instance of complete baseness of spirit, imperious, cruel, and relentless when upper most, abject and low-spirited when down. However, I abated his cringes, told him I forgave him, and desired he might withdraw, as if I did not care for the sight of him, though I had forgiven him.

I was now in good circumstances indeed, if I could have known my time for leaving off, and my governess often said I was the richest of the trade in England; and so I believe I was, for I had £700 by me in money, besides clothes, rings, some plate, and two gold watches, and all of them stolen; for I had innumerable jobs, besides these I have mentioned. Oh! had I even now had the grace of repentance, I had still leisure to have looked back upon my follies, and have made some reparation; but the satisfaction I was to make for the public mischiefs I had done was yet left behind; and I could not forbear going abroad again, as I called it now, any more than I could when my extremity really drove me out for bread.

It was not long after the affair with the mercer was made up, that I went out in an equipage quite different from any I had ever appeared in before. I dressed myself like a beggar-woman, in the coarsest and most despicable rags I could get, and I walked about peering and peeping into every door and window I came near; and, indeed, I was in such a plight now that I knew as ill how to behave in as ever I did in any. I naturally abhorred dirt and rags; I had been bred up tight and cleanly, and could be no other, whatever condition I was in, so that this was the most uneasy disguise to me that ever I put on. I said presently to myself that this would not do, for this was a dress that everybody was shy and afraid of; and I thought everybody looked at me as if they were afraid I should come near them, lest I should take something from them, or afraid to come near me, lest they should get something from me. I wandered about all the evening the first time I went out, and made nothing of it, and came home again wet, draggled, and tired. However, I went out again the next night, and then I met with a little adventure, which had like to have cost me dear. As I was standing near a tavern door, there comes a gentleman on horseback, and lights at the door, and wanting to go into the tavern, he calls one of the drawers to hold his horse. He stayed pretty long in the tavern, and the drawer heard his master call, and thought he would be angry with him. Seeing me stand by him, he called to me. 'Here, woman', says he, 'hold this horse awhile, till I go in; if the gentleman comes, he'll give you something.' 'Yes', says I, and takes the horse, and walks off with him soberly, and carried him to my governess.

This had been a booty to those that had understood it; but never was poor thief more at a loss to know what to do with anything that was stolen; for when I came home, my governess was quite confounded, and what to do with the creature we neither of us knew. To send him to a stable was doing nothing, for it was certain that notice would be given in the *Gazette*, and the horse described, so that we durst not go to fetch it again.

All the remedy we had for this unlucky adventure was to go and set up the horse at an inn, and send a note by a porter to the tavern, that the gentleman's horse that was lost at such a time, was left at such an inn, and that he might be had there; that the poor woman that held him, having led him about the street, not being able to lead him back again, had left him there. We might have waited till the owner had published, and offered a reward, but we did not care to venture the receiving the reward.

So this was a robbery and no robbery, for little was lost by it, and nothing was got by it, and I was quite sick of going out in a beggar's dress; it did not answer at all, and besides, I thought it ominous and threatening.

While I was in this disguise, I fell in with a parcel of folks of a worse kind than any I ever sorted with, and I saw a little into their ways too. These were coiners of money, and they made some very good offers to me, as to profit; but the part they would have had me embark in was the most dangerous. I mean that of the very working of the die, as they call it, which, had I been taken, had been certain death, and that at a stake; I say, to be burnt to death at a stake; so that though I was to appearance but a beggar, and they promised mountains of gold and silver to me to engage, yet it would not do. 'Tis true, if I had been really a beggar, or had been desperate as when I began, I might, perhaps, have closed with it; for what care they to die, that cannot tell how to live? But at present that was not my condition, at least, I was for no such terrible risks as those; besides, the very thought of being burnt at a stake struck terror to my very soul, chilled my blood, and gave me the vapours to such a degree, as I could not think of it without trembling.

This put an end to my disguise too, for though I did not like the proposal, yet I did not tell them so, but seemed to relish it, and promised to meet again. But I durst see them no more; for if I had seen them, and not complied, though I had declined it with the greatest assurances of secrecy in the world, they would have gone near to have murdered me, to make sure work, and make themselves easy, as they call it. What kind of easiness that is, they may best judge that understand how easy men are that can murder people to prevent danger.

This and horse-stealing were things quite out of my way, and I might easily resolve I would have no more to say to them. My business seemed to lie another way, and though it had hazard enough in it too, yet it was more suitable to me, and what had more of art in it, and more chances for a coming off if a surprise should happen.

I had several proposals made also to me about that time, to come into a gang of housebreakers; but that was a thing I had no mind to venture at neither, any more than I had at the coining trade.

I offered to go along with two men and a woman, that made it their business to get into houses by stratagem. I was willing enough to venture, but there were three of them already, and they did not care to part, nor I to have too many in a gang; so I did not close with them, and they paid dear for their next attempt.

But at length I met with a woman that had often told me what adventures she had made, and with success, at the waterside, and I closed with her, and we drove on our business pretty well. One day we came among some Dutch people at St Catharine's, where we went on pretence to buy goods that were privately got on shore. I was two or three times in a house where we saw a good quantity of prohibited goods, and my companion once brought away three pieces of Dutch black silk that turned to good account, and I had my share of it; but in all the journeys I made by myself, I could not get an opportunity to do anything, so I laid it aside, for I had been there so often that they began to suspect something.

This baulked me a little, and I resolved to push at something or other, for I was not used to come back so often without purchase; so the next day I dressed myself up fine, and took a walk to the other end of the town. I passed through the Exchange in the Strand, but had no notion of finding anything to do there, when on a sudden I saw a great clutter in the place, and all the people, shopkeepers as well as others, standing up and staring; and what should it be but some great duchess coming into the Exchange, and they said the queen was coming. I set myself close up to a shop-side with my back to the counter, as if to let the crowd pass by, when, keeping my eye on a parcel of lace which the shopkeeper was showing to some ladies that stood by me, the shopkeeper and her maid were so taken up with looking to see who was a-coming, and what shop they would go to, that I found means to slip a paper of lace into my pocket, and come clear off with it; so the lady-milliner paid dear enough for her gaping after the queen.

I went off from the shop, as if driven along by the throng, and, mingling myself with the crowd, went out at the other door of the Exchange, and so got away before they missed their lace; and, because I would not be followed, I called a coach, and shut myself up in it. I had scarce shut the coach doors, but I saw the milliner's maid and five or six more come running out into the street, and crying out as if they were frightened. They did not cry 'Stop, thief!', because nobody ran away, but I could hear the word, 'robbed' and 'lace' two or three times, and saw the wench wringing her hands, and run staring to and again, like one scared. The coachman that had taken me up was getting up into the box, but was not quite up, and the horses had not begun to move, so that I was terrible uneasy, and I took the packet of lace and laid it ready to have dropped it out at the flap of the coach, which opens before, just behind the coachman; but to my great satisfaction, in less than a minute the coach began to move, that is to say, as soon as the coachman had got up and spoken to his horses; so he drove away, and I brought off my purchase, which was worth near £20.

The next day I dressed me up again, but in quite different clothes, and walked the same way again, but nothing offered till I came into St James's Park. I saw abundance of fine ladies in the park, walking in the Mall, and among the rest there

was a little miss, a young lady of about twelve or thirteen years old, and she had a sister, as I supposed, with her, that might be about nine. I observed the biggest had a fine gold watch on, and a good necklace of pearl, and they had a footman in livery with them; but, as it is not usual for the footmen to go behind the ladies in the Mall, so I observed the footman stopped at their going into the Mall, and the biggest of the sisters spoke to him, to bid him be just there when they came back.

When I heard her dismiss the footman, I stepped up to him, and asked him what little lady that was? and held a little chat with him, about what a pretty child it was with her, and how genteel and well carriaged the eldest would be: how womanish, and how grave; and the fool of a fellow told me presently who she was; that she was Sir Thomas — — 's eldest daughter, of Essex, and that she was a great fortune; that her mother was not come to town yet; but she was with Sir William — — 's lady at her lodgings in Suffolk Street, and a great deal more; that they had a maid and a woman to wait on them, besides Sir Thomas's coach, the coachman, and himself; and that young lady was governess to the whole family, as well here as at home; and told me abundance of things, enough for my business.

I was well dressed, and had my gold watch as well as she; so I left the footman, and I puts myself in a rank with this lady, having stayed till she had taken one turn in the Mall, and was going forward again; by and by I saluted her by her name, with the title of Lady Betty. I asked her when she heard from her father; when my lady her mother would be in town, and how she did.

I talked so familiarly to her of her whole family, that she could not suspect but that I knew them all intimately. I asked her why she would come abroad without Mrs Chime with her (that was the name of her woman) to take care of Mrs Judith, that was her sister. Then I entered into a long chat with her about her sister; what a fine little lady she was, and asked her if she had learned French; and a thousand such little things, when on a sudden the guards came, and the crowd ran to see the king go by to the Parliament House.

The ladies ran all to the side of the Mall, and I helped my lady to stand upon the edge of the boards on the side of the Mall, that she might be high enough to see; and took the little one and lifted her quite up; during which, I took care to convey the gold watch so clean away from the Lady Betty, that she never missed it till the crowd was gone, and she was gotten into the middle of the Mall.

I took my leave in the very crowd, and said, as if in haste, 'Dear Lady Betty, take care of your little sister.' And so the crowd did as it were thrust me away, and that I was unwilling to take my leave.

The hurry in such cases is immediately over, and the place clear as soon as the king is gone by; but as there is always a great running and clutter just as the king passes, so having dropped the two little ladies, and done my business with them, without any miscarriage, I kept hurrying on among the crowd, as if I ran to see the king, and so I kept before the crowd till I came to the end of the Mall, when the king going on toward the Horse Guards, I went forward to the passage, which went then through against the end of the Haymarket, and there I bestowed a coach upon

myself, and made off; and I confess I have not yet been so good as my word, viz. to go and visit my Lady Betty.

I was once in the mind to venture staying with Lady Betty till she missed the watch, and so have made a great outcry about it with her, and have got her into her coach, and put myself in the coach with her, and have gone home with her; for she appeared so fond of me, and so perfectly deceived by my so readily talking to her of all her relations and family, that I thought it was very easy to push the thing further, and to have got at least the necklace of pearl; but when I considered that, though the child would not perhaps have suspected me, other people might, and that if I was searched I should be discovered, I thought it was best to go off with what I had got.

I came accidentally afterwards to hear, that when the young lady missed her watch, she made a great outcry in the park, and sent her footman up and down to see if he could find me, she having described me so perfectly that he knew it was the same person that had stood and talked so long with him, and asked him so many questions about them; but I was gone far enough out of their reach before she could come at her footman to tell him the story.

I made another adventure after this, of a nature different from all I had been concerned in yet, and this was at a gaming-house near Covent Garden.

I saw several people go in and out; and I stood in the passage a good while with another woman with me, and seeing a gentleman go up that seemed to be of more than ordinary fashion, I said to him, 'Sir, pray don't they give women leave to go up?' 'Yes, madam', says he, 'and to play too, if they please.' 'I mean so, sir', said I. And with that he said he would introduce me if I had a mind; so I followed him to the door, and he looking in, 'There, madam', says he, 'are the gamesters, if you have a mind to venture.' I looked in, and said to my comrade aloud, 'Here's nothing but men; I won't venture.' At which one of the gentlemen cried out, 'You need not be afraid, madam, here's none but fair gamesters; you are very welcome to come and set what you please.' So I went a little nearer and looked on, and some of them brought me a chair, and I sat down and saw the box and dice go round apace; then I said to my comrade, 'The gentlemen play too high for us; come, let us go.'

The people were all very civil, and one gentleman encouraged me, and said, 'Come, madam, if you please to venture, if you dare trust me, I'll answer for it you shall have nothing put upon you here.' 'No, sir', said I, smiling; 'I hope the gentlemen would not cheat a woman.' But still I declined venturing, though I pulled out a purse with money in it, that they might see I did not want money.

After I had sat awhile, one gentleman said to me, jeering, 'Come, madam, I see you are afraid to venture for yourself; I always had good luck with the ladies, you shall set for me, if you won't set for yourself.' I told him, 'Sir, I should be very loth to lose your money', though I added, 'I am pretty lucky too; but the gentlemen play so high, that I dare not venture my own.'

'Well, well', says he, 'there's ten guineas, madam; set them for me'; so I took the money and set, himself looking on. I run out the guineas by one and two at a time,



and then the box coming to the next man to me, my gentleman gave me ten guineas more, and made me set five of them at once, and the gentleman who had the box threw out, so there was five guineas of his money again. He was encouraged at this, and made me take the box, which was a bold venture: however, I held the box so long that I gained him his whole money, and had a handful of guineas in my lap; and, which was the better luck, when I threw out, I threw but at one or two of those that had set me, and so went off easy.

When I was come this length, I offered the gentleman all the gold, for it was his own; and so would have had him play for himself, pretending that I did not understand the game well enough. He laughed, and said if I had but good luck, it was no matter whether I understood the game or no; but I should not leave off. However, he took out the fifteen guineas that he had put in first, and bade me play with the rest. I would have him to have seen how much I had got, but he said, 'No, no, don't tell them, I believe you are very honest, and 'tis bad luck to tell them'; so I played on.

I understood the game well enough, though I pretended I did not, and played cautiously, which was to keep a good stock in my lap, out of which I every now and then conveyed some into my pocket, but in such a manner as I was sure he could not see it.

I played a great while, and had very good luck for him; but the last time I held the box they set me high, and I threw boldly at all, and held the box till I had gained near fourscore guineas, but lost above half of it back at the last throw; so I got up, for I was afraid I should lose it all back again, and said to him, 'Pray come, sir, now, and take it and play for yourself; I think I have done pretty well for you.' He would have had me play on, but it grew late, and I desired to be excused. When I gave it up to him, I told him I hoped he would give me leave to tell it now, that I might see what he had gained, and how lucky I had been for him; when I told them, there were threescore and three guineas. 'Ay', says I, 'if it had not been for that unlucky throw, I had got you a hundred guineas.' So I gave him all the money, but he would not take it till I had put my hand into it, and taken some for myself, and bid me please myself. I refused it, and was positive I would not take it myself; if he had a mind to do anything of that kind, it should be all his own doings.

The rest of the gentlemen, seeing us striving, cried, 'Give it her all'; but I absolutely refused that. Then one of them said, 'D—n ye, Jack, halve it with her; don't you know you should be always on even terms with the ladies.' So, in short, he divided it with me, and I brought away thirty guineas, besides about forty-three which I had stole privately, which I was sorry for, because he was so generous.

Thus I brought home seventy-three guineas, and let my old governess see what good luck I had at play. However, it was her advice that I should not venture again, and I took her counsel, for I never went there any more; for I knew as well as she, if the itch of play came in, I might soon lose that, and all the rest of what I had got.

Fortune had smiled upon me to that degree, and I had thriven so much, and my governess too, for she always had a share with me, that really the old gentlewoman

began to talk of leaving off while we were well, and being satisfied with what we had got; but I know not what fate guided me, I was as backward to it now, as she was when I proposed it to her before, and so in an ill hour we gave over the thoughts of it for the present, and, in a word, I grew more hardened and audacious than ever, and the success I had made my name as famous as any thief of my sort ever had been.

I had sometimes taken the liberty to play the same game over again, which is not according to practice, which however succeeded not amiss; but generally I took up new figures, and contrived to appear in new shapes every time I went abroad.

It was now a rumbling time of the year, and the gentlemen being most of them gone out of town, Tunbridge, and Epsom, and such places, were full of people. But the city was thin, and I thought our trade felt it a little, as well as others; so that at the latter end of the year I joined myself with a gang, who usually go every year to Stew-bridge Fair, and from thence to Bury Fair, in Suffolk. We promised ourselves great things here, but when I came to see how things were, I was weary of it presently; for except mere picking of pockets, there was little worth meddling with; neither if a booty had been made, was it so easy carrying it off, nor was there such a variety of occasion for business in our way, as in London; all that I made of the whole journey was a gold watch at Bury Fair, and a small parcel of linen at Cambridge, which gave me occasion to take leave of the place. It was an old bite, and I thought might do with a country shopkeeper, though in London it would not.

I bought at a linendraper's shop, not in the fair, but in the town of Cambridge, as much fine Holland, and other things, as came to about £7; when I had done I bade them be sent to such an inn, where I had taken up my being the same morning, as if I was to lodge there that night.

I ordered the draper to send them home to me, about such an hour, to the inn where I lay, and I would pay him his money. At the time appointed the draper sends the goods, and I placed one of our gang at the chamber door, and when the innkeeper's maid brought the messenger to the door, who was a young fellow, an apprentice, almost a man, she tells him her mistress was asleep, but if he would leave the things, and call in about an hour, I should be awake, and he might have the money. He left the parcel very readily, and goes his way, and in about half-an-hour my maid and I walked off, and that very evening I hired a horse, and a man to ride before me, and went to Newmarket, and from thence got my passage in a coach that was not quite full to Bury St Edmunds, where, as I told you, I could make but little of my trade, only at a little country operahouse I got a gold watch from a lady's side, who was not only intolerably merry, but a little fuddled, which made my work much easier.

I made off with this little booty to Ipswich, and from thence to Harwich, where I went into an inn, as if I had newly arrived from Holland, not doubting but I should make some purchase among the foreigners that came on shore there; but I found them generally empty of things of value, except what was in their portmanteaus and Dutch hampers, which were always guarded by footmen; however, I fairly got

one of their portmanteaus one evening out of the chamber where the gentleman lay, the footman being fast asleep on the bed, and I suppose very drunk.

The room in which I lodged lay next to the Dutchman's, and having dragged the heavy thing with much ado out of the chamber into mine, I went out into the street to see if I could find any possibility of carrying it off. I walked about a great while, but could see no probability either of getting out the thing, or of conveying away the goods that were in it, the town being so small, and I a perfect stranger in it; so I was returning with a resolution to carry it back again, and leave it where I found it. Just at that very moment I heard a man make a noise to some people to make haste, for the boat was going to put off, and the tide would be spent. I called the fellow: 'What boat is it, friend', said I, 'that you belong to?' 'The Ipswich wherry, madam', says he. 'When do you go off?' says I. 'This moment, madam', says he; 'do you want to go thither?' 'Yes', said I, 'if you can stay till I fetch my things.' 'Where are your things, madam?' says he. 'At such an inn', said I. 'Well, I'll go with you, madam', says he, very civilly, 'and bring them for you.' 'Come away then', says I, and takes him with me.

The people of the inn were in a great hurry, the packet-boat from Holland being just come in, and two coaches just come also with passengers from London for another packet-boat that was going off for Holland, which coaches were to go back next day with the passengers that were just landed. In this hurry it was that I came to the bar, and paid my reckoning, telling my landlady I had gotten my passage by sea in a wherry.

These wherries are large vessels, with good accommodation for carrying passengers from Harwich to London; and though they are called wherries, which is a word used in the Thames for a small boat, rowed with one or two men, yet these are vessels able to carry twenty passengers, and ten or fifteen tons of goods, and fitted to bear the sea. All this I had found out by inquiring the night before into the several ways of going to London.

My landlady was very courteous, took my money for the reckoning, but was called away, all the house being in a hurry. So I left her, took the fellow up into my chamber, gave him the trunk, or portmanteau, for it was like a trunk, and wrapped it about with an old apron, and he went directly to his boat with it, and I after him, nobody asking us the least question about it. As for the drunken Dutch footman, he was still asleep, and his master with other foreign gentlemen at supper, and very merry below; so I went clean off with it to Ipswich, and going in the night, the people of the house knew nothing but that I was gone to London by the Harwich wherry, as I had told my landlady.

I was plagued at Ipswich with the custom-house officers, who stopped my trunk, as I called it, and would open and search it. I was willing, I told them, that they should search it, but my husband had the key, and that he was not yet come from Harwich; this I said, that if upon searching it they should find all the things be such as properly belonged to a man rather than a woman, it should not seem

strange to them. However, they being positive to open the trunk, I consented to have it broken open, that is to say, to have the lock taken off, which was not difficult.

They found nothing for their turn, for the trunk had been searched before; but they discovered several things much to my satisfaction, as particularly a parcel of money in French pistoles, and some Dutch ducatoons, or rix-dollars, and the rest was chiefly two periwigs, wearing-linen, razors, wash-balls, perfumes, and other useful things necessary for a gentleman, which all passed for my husband's, and so I was quit of them.

It was now very early in the morning, and not light, and I knew not well what course to take; for I made no doubt but I should be pursued in the morning, and perhaps be taken with the things about me; so I resolved upon taking new measures. I went publicly to an inn in the town with my trunk, as I called it, and having taken the substance out, I did not think the lumber of it worth my concern; however, I gave it the landlady of the house with a charge to take care of it, and lay it up safe till I should come again, and away I walked into the street.

When I was got into the town a great way from the inn, I met with an ancient woman who had just opened her door, and I fell into chat with her, and asked her a great many wild questions or things all remote to my purpose and design; but in my discourse I found by her how the town was situated, that I was in a street which went out towards Hadley, but that such a street went towards the water-side, such a street went into the heart of the town, and at last, such a street went towards Colchester, and so the London road lay there.

I had soon my ends of this old woman, for I only wanted to know which was the London road, and away I walked as fast as I could; not that I intended to go on foot, either to London or to Colchester, but I wanted to get quietly away from Ipswich.

I walked about two or three miles, and then I met a plain countryman, who was busy about some husbandry work, I did not know what, and I asked him a great many questions, first, not much to the purpose, but at last told him I was going for London, and the coach was full, and I could not get a passage, and asked him if he could not tell me where to hire a horse that would carry double, and an honest man to ride before me to Colchester, so that I might get a place there in the coaches. The honest clown looked earnestly at me, and said nothing for above half a minute, when, scratching his poll, 'A horse, say you, and to Colchester, to carry double? Why yes, mistress, alack-a-day, you may have horses enough for money.' 'Well, friend', says I, 'that I take for granted; I don't expect it without money.' 'Why, but mistress', says he, 'how much are you willing to give?' 'Nay', says I again, 'friend, I don't know what your rates are in the country here, for I am a stranger; but if you can get one for me, get it as cheap as you can, and I'll give you somewhat for your pains.'

'Why, that's honestly said, too', says the countryman. 'Not so honest, neither', said I to myself, 'if thou knewest all.' 'Why, mistress', says he, 'I have a horse that will carry double, and I don't much care if I go myself with you, an' you like.' 'Will you?' says I; 'well, I believe you are an honest man; if you will, I shall be glad of it; I'll pay you in reason.' 'Why, look ye, mistress', says he, 'I won't be out of reason

with you; then if I carry you to Colchester, it will be worth five shillings for myself and my horse, for I shall hardly come back to-night.'

In short, I hired the honest man and his horse; but when we came to a town upon the road (I do not remember the name of it, but it stands upon a river), I pretended myself very ill, and I could go no farther that night, but if he would stay there with me, because I was a stranger, I would pay him for himself and his horse with all my heart.

This I did because I knew the Dutch gentlemen and their servants would be upon the road that day, either in the stage-coaches or riding post, and I did not know but the drunken fellow, or somebody else that might have seen me at Harwich, might see me again, and I thought that in one day's stop they would be all gone by.

We lay all that night there, and the next morning it was not very early when I set out, so that it was near ten o'clock by the time I got to Colchester. It was no little pleasure that I saw the town where I had so many pleasant days, and I made many inquiries after the good old friends I had once had there, but could make little out; they were all dead or removed. The young ladies had been all married or gone to London; the old gentleman, and the old lady that had been my early benefactress, all dead; and, which troubled me most, the young gentleman my first lover, and afterwards my brother-in-law, was dead; but two sons, men grown, were left of him, but they too were transplanted to London.

I dismissed my old man here, and stayed incognito for three or four days in Colchester, and then took a passage in a waggon, because I would not venture being seen in the Harwich coaches. But I needed not have used so much caution, for there was nobody in Harwich but the woman of the house could have known me; nor was it rational to think that she, considering the hurry she was in, and that she never saw me but once, and that by candle-light, should have ever discovered me.

I was now returned to London, and though by the accident of the last adventure I got something considerable, yet I was not fond of any more country rambles; nor should I have ventured abroad again if I had carried the trade on to the end of my days. I gave my governess a history of my travels; she liked the Harwich journey well enough, and in discoursing of these things between ourselves she observed that a thief, being a creature that watches the advantages of other people's mistakes, 'tis impossible but that to one that is vigilant and industrious many opportunities must happen, and therefore she thought that one so exquisitely keen in the trade as I was, would scarce fail of something wherever I went.

On the other hand, every branch of my story, if duly considered, may be useful to honest people, and afford a due caution to people of some sort or other to guard against the like surprises, and to have their eyes about them when they have to do with strangers of any kind, for 'tis very seldom that some snare or other is not in their way. The moral, indeed, of all my history is left to be gathered by the senses and judgment of the reader; I am not qualified to preach to them. Let the experience

of one creature completely wicked, and completely miserable, be a storehouse of useful warning to those that read.

I am drawing now towards a new variety of life. Upon my return, being hardened by a long race of crime, and success unparalleled, I had, as I have said, no thoughts of laying down a trade, which, if I was to judge by the example of others, must, however, end at last in misery and sorrow.

It was on the Christmas Day following, in the evening, that, to finish a long train of wickedness, I went abroad to see what might offer in my way; when, going by a working silversmith's in Forster Lane, I saw a tempting bait indeed, and not to be resisted by one of my occupation, for the shop had nobody in it, and a great deal of loose plate lay in the window, and at the seat of the man, who, I suppose, worked at one side of the shop.

I went boldly in, and was just going to lay my hand upon a piece of plate, and might have done it, and carried it clear off, for any care that the men who belonged to the shop had taken of it; but an officious fellow in a house on the other side of the way, seeing me go in, and that there was nobody in the shop, comes running over the street, and without asking me what I was, or who, seizes upon me, and cries out for the people of the house.

I had not touched anything in the shop, and seeing a glimpse of somebody running over, I had so much presence of mind as to knock very hard with my foot on the floor of the house, and was just calling out too, when the fellow laid hands on me.

However, as I had always most courage when I was in most danger, so when he laid hands on me, I stood very high upon it, that I came in to buy half-a-dozen of silver spoons; and to my good fortune, it was a silversmith's that sold plate, as well as worked plate for other shops. The fellow laughed at that part, and put such a value upon the service that he had done his neighbour, that he would have it be, that I came not to buy, but to steal; and raising a great crowd, I said to the master of the shop, who by this time was fetched home from some neighbouring place, that it was in vain to make a noise, and enter into talk there of the case; the fellow had insisted that I came to steal, and he must prove it, and I desired we might go before a magistrate without any more words; for I began to see I should be too hard for the man that had seized me.

The master and mistress of the shop were really not so violent as the man from t'other side of the way; and the man said, 'Mistress, you might come into the shop with a good design for aught I know, but it seemed a dangerous thing for you to come into such a shop as mine is, when you see nobody there; and I cannot do so little justice to my neighbour, who was so kind, as not to acknowledge he had reason on his side; though, upon the whole, I do not find you attempted to take anything, and I really know not what to do in it.' I pressed him to go before a magistrate with me, and if anything could be proved on me, that was like a design, I should willingly submit, but if not, I expected reparation.

Just while we were in this debate, and a crowd of people gathered about the door, came by Sir T. B., an alderman of the city, and justice of the peace, and the goldsmith hearing of it, entreated his worship to come in and decide the case.

Give the goldsmith his due, he told his story with a great deal of justice and moderation, and the fellow that had come over, and seized upon me, told his with as much heat and foolish passion, which did me good still. It came then to my turn to speak, and I told his worship that I was a stranger in London, being newly come out of the north; that I lodged in such a place, that I was passing this street, and went into a goldsmith's shop to buy half-a-dozen of spoons. By great good luck I had an old silver spoon in my pocket, which I pulled out, and told him I had carried that spoon to match it with half-a-dozen of new ones, that it might match some I had in the country; that seeing nobody in the shop, I knocked with my foot very hard to make the people hear, and had also called aloud with my voice; 'tis true, there was loose plate in the shop, but that nobody could say I had touched any of it; that a fellow came running into the shop out of the street, and laid hands on me in a furious manner, in the very moment while I was calling for the people of the house; that if he had really had a mind to have done his neighbour any service, he should have stood at a distance, and silently watched to see whether I had touched anything or no, and then have taken me in the fact. 'That is very true', says Mr Alderman, and turning to the fellow that stopped me, he asked him if it was true that I knocked with my foot? He said, yes, I had knocked, but that might be because of his coming. 'Nay', says the alderman, taking him short, 'now you contradict yourself, for just now you said she was in the shop with her back to you, and did not see you till you came upon her.' Now it was true that my back was partly to the street, but yet as my business was of a kind that required me to have eyes every way, so I really had a glance of him running over, as I said before, though he did not perceive it.

After a full hearing, the alderman gave it as his opinion, that his neighbour was under a mistake, and that I was innocent, and the goldsmith acquiesced in it too, and his wife, and so I was dismissed; but, as I was going to depart, Mr Alderman said, 'But hold, madam, if you were designing to buy spoons, I hope you will not let my friend here lose his customer by the mistake.' I readily answered, 'No, sir, I'll buy the spoons still, if he can match my odd spoon, which I brought for a pattern', and the goldsmith showed me some of the very same fashion. So he weighed the spoons, and they came to 35s., so I pulls out my purse to pay him, in which I had near twenty guineas, for I never went without such a sum about me, whatever might happen, and I found it of use at other times as well as now.

When Mr Alderman saw my money, he said, 'Well, madam, now I am satisfied you were wronged, and it was for this reason that I moved you should buy the spoons, and stayed till you had bought them, for, if you had not had money to pay for them, I should have suspected that you did not come into the shop to buy, for the sort of people who come upon those designs that you have been charged with, are seldom troubled with much gold in their pockets, as I see you are.'

I smiled, and told his worship, that then I owed something of his favour to my money, but I hope he saw reason also in the justice he had done me before. He said, yes, he had, but this had confirmed his opinion, and he was fully satisfied now of my having been injured. So I came well off from an affair in which I was at the very brink of destruction.

It was but three days after this, that, not at all made cautious by my former danger, as I used to be, and still pursuing the art which I had so long been employed in, I ventured into a house where I saw the doors open, and furnished myself, as I thought verily without being perceived, with two pieces of flowered silks, such as they call brocaded silk, very rich. It was not a mercer's shop, nor a warehouse of a mercer, but looked like a private dwelling-house, and was, it seems, inhabited by a man that sold goods for a weaver to the mercers, like a broker or factor.

That I may make short of the black part of this story, I was attacked by two wenches that came open-mouthed at me just as I was going out at the door, and one of them pulled me back into the room, while the other shut the door upon me. I would have given them good words, but there was no room for it, two fiery dragons could not have been more furious; they tore my clothes, bullied and roared, as if they would have murdered me; the mistress of the house came next, and then the master, and all outrageous.

I gave the master very good words, told him the door was open, and things were a temptation to me, that I was poor and distressed, and poverty was what many could not resist, and begged him, with tears, to have pity on me. The mistress of the house was moved with compassion, and inclined to have let me go, and had almost persuaded her husband to it also, but the saucy wenches were run even before they were sent, and had fetched a constable, and then the master said he could not go back, I must go before a justice, and answered his wife, that he might come into trouble himself if he should let me go.

The sight of a constable, indeed, struck me, and I thought I should have sunk into the ground. I fell into faintings, and indeed the people themselves thought I would have died, when the woman argued again for me, and entreated her husband, seeing they had lost nothing, to let me go. I offered him to pay for the two pieces, whatever the value was, though I had not got them, and argued that as he had his goods, and had really lost nothing, it would be cruel to pursue me to death, and have my blood for the bare attempt of taking them. I put the constable in mind, too, that I had broke no doors, nor carried anything away; and when I came to the justice, and pleaded there that I had neither broken anything to get in, nor carried anything out, the justice was inclined to have released me; but the first saucy jade that stopped me, affirming that I was going out with the goods, but that she stopped me and pulled me back, the justice upon that point committed me, and I was carried to Newgate, that horrid place! My very blood chills at the mention of its name; the place where so many of my comrades had been locked up, and from whence they went to the fatal tree; the place where my mother suffered so deeply, where I was brought into the world, and from whence I expected no redemption,



but by an infamous death: to conclude, the place that had so long expected me, and which with so much art and success I had so long avoided.

I was now fixed indeed; 'tis impossible to describe the terror of my mind, when I was first brought in, and when I looked round upon all the horrors of that dismal place. I looked on myself as lost, and that I had nothing to think of but of going out of the world, and that with the utmost infamy: the hellish noise, the roaring, swearing and clamour, the stench and nastiness, and all the dreadful afflicting things that I saw there, joined to make the place seem an emblem of hell itself, and a kind of an entrance into it.

Now I reproached myself with the many hints I had had, as I have mentioned above, from my own reason, from the sense of my good circumstances, and of the many dangers I had escaped, to leave off while I was well, and how I had withstood them all, and hardened my thoughts against all fear. It seemed to me that I was hurried on by an inevitable fate to this day of misery, and that now I was to expiate all my offences at the gallows; that I was now to give satisfaction to justice with my blood, and that I was to come to the last hour of my life and of my wickedness together. These things poured themselves in upon my thoughts in a confused manner, and left me overwhelmed with melancholy and despair.

Then I repented heartily of all my life past, but that repentance yielded me no satisfaction, no peace, no, not in the least, because, as I said to myself, it was repenting after the power of further sinning was taken away. I seemed not to mourn that I had committed such crimes, and for the fact, as it was an offence against God and my neighbour, but that I was to be punished for it. I was a penitent, as I thought, not that I had sinned, but that I was to suffer, and this took away all the comfort of my repentance in my own thoughts.

I got no sleep for several nights or days after I came into that wretched place, and glad I would have been for some time to have died there, though I did not consider dying as it ought to be considered neither; indeed, nothing could be filled with more horror to my imagination than the very place, nothing was more odious to me than the company that was there. Oh! if I had but been sent to any place in the world, and not to Newgate, I should have thought myself happy.

In the next place, how did the hardened wretches that were there before me triumph over me! What! Mrs Flanders come to Newgate at last? What! Mrs Mary, Mrs Molly, and after that plain Moll Flanders! They thought the devil had helped me, they said, that I had reigned so long; they expected me there many years ago, they said, and was I come at last? Then they flouted me with dejections, welcomed me to the place, wished me joy, bid me have a good heart, not be cast down, things might not be so bad as I feared, and the like; then called for brandy, and drank to me, but put it all up to my score, for they told me I was but just come to the college, as they called it, and sure I had money in my pocket, though they had none.

I asked one of this crew how long she had been there. She said four months. I asked her how the place looked to her when she first came into it. 'Just as it did now to me', says she, 'dreadful and frightful'; that she thought she was in hell; 'and

I believe so still', adds she, 'but it is natural to me now, I don't disturb myself about it.' 'I suppose', says I, 'you are in no danger of what is to follow?' 'Nay', says she, 'you are mistaken there, I am sure, for I am under sentence, only I pleaded my belly, but am no more with child than the judge that tried me, and I expect to be called down next session.' This 'calling down' is calling down to their former judgment, when a woman has been respited for her belly, but proves not to be with child, or if she has been with child, and has been brought to bed. 'Well', says I, 'and are you thus easy?' 'Ay', says she, 'I can't help myself; what signifies being sad? If I am hanged, there's an end of me.' And away she turned, dancing, and sings as she goes, the following piece of Newgate wit:

'If I swing by the string,  
I shall hear the bell ring,  
And then there's an end of poor Jenny.'

I mention this because it would be worth the observation of any prisoner, who shall hereafter fall into the same misfortune, and come to that dreadful place of Newgate, how time, necessity, and conversing with the wretches that are there familiarises the place to them; how at last they become reconciled to that which at first was the greatest dread upon their spirits in the world, and are as impudently cheerful and merry in their misery as they were when out of it.

I cannot say, as some do, this devil is not so black as he is painted; for indeed no colours can represent that place to the life, nor any soul conceive aright of it but those who have been sufferers there. But how hell should become by degrees so natural, and not only tolerable, but even agreeable, is a thing unintelligible but by those who have experienced it, as I have.

The same night that I was sent to Newgate, I sent the news of it to my old governess, who was surprised at it, you may be sure, and spent the night almost as ill out of Newgate, as I did in it.

The next morning she came to see me; she did what she could to comfort me, but she saw that was to no purpose; however, as she said, to sink under the weight was but to increase the weight; she immediately applied herself to all the proper methods to prevent the effects of it, which we feared, and first she found out the two fiery jades that had surprised me. She tampered with them, persuaded them, offered them money, and, in a word, tried all imaginable ways to prevent a prosecution; she offered one of the wenches £100 to go away from her mistress, and not to appear against me, but she was so resolute, that though she was but a servant-maid at £3 a year wages, or thereabouts, she refused it, and would have refused, as my governess said she believed, if she had offered her £500. Then she attacked the other maid; she was not so hardhearted as the other, and sometimes seemed inclined to be merciful; but the first wench kept her up, and would not so much as let my governess talk with her, but threatened to have her up for tampering with the evidence.

Then she applied to the master, that is to say, the man whose goods had been stolen, and particularly to his wife, who was inclined at first to have some compassion for me; she found the woman the same still, but the man alleged he was bound to prosecute, and that he should forfeit his recognizance.

My governess offered to find a friend that should get his recognizance off of the file, as they call it, and that he should not suffer; but it was not possible to convince him that he could be safe any way in the world but by appearing against me; so I was to have three witnesses of fact against me, the master and his two maids; that is to say, I was as certain to be cast for my life as I was that I was alive, and I had nothing to do but to think of dying. I had but a sad foundation to build upon for that, as I said before, for all my repentance appeared to me to be only the effect of my fear of death; not a sincere regret for the wicked life that I had lived; and which had brought this misery upon me, or for the offending my Creator, who was now suddenly to be my judge.

I lived many days here under the utmost horror; I had death, as it were, in view, and thought of nothing, night or day, but of gibbets and halters, evil spirits and devils; it is not to be expressed how I was harassed, between the dreadful apprehensions of death, and the terror of my conscience reproaching me with my past horrible life.

The ordinary of Newgate came to me, and talked a little in his way, but all his divinity ran upon confessing my crime, as he called it (though he knew not what I was in for), making a full discovery, and the like, without which he told me God would never forgive me; and he said so little to the purpose that I had no manner of consolation from him; and then to observe the poor creature preaching confession and repentance to me in the morning, and find him drunk with brandy by noon, this had something in it so shocking, that I began to nauseate the man, and his work too by degrees, for the sake of the man; so that I desired him to trouble me no more.

I know not how it was, but by the indefatigable application of my diligent governess I had no bill preferred against me the first session, I mean to the grand jury, at Guildhall; so I had another month or five weeks before me, and without doubt this ought to have been accepted by me as so much time given me for reflection upon what was past, and preparation for what was to come. I ought to have esteemed it as a space given me for repentance, and have employed it as such, but it was not in me. I was sorry, as before, for being in Newgate, but had few signs of repentance about me.

On the contrary, like the water in the hollows of mountains, which petrifies and turns into stone whatever it is suffered to drop upon; so the continual conversing with such a crew of hell-hounds had the same common operation upon me as upon other people. I degenerated into stone; I turned first stupid and senseless, and then brutish and thoughtless, and at last raving mad as any of them; in short, I became as naturally pleased and easy with the place as if indeed I had been born there.

It is scarce possible to imagine that our natures should be capable of so much degeneracy as to make that pleasant and agreeable, that in itself is the most

complete misery. Here was a circumstance than I think it is scarce possible to mention a worse: I was as exquisitely miserable as it was possible for any one to be that had life and health, and money to help them, as I had.

I had a weight of guilt upon me, enough to sink any creature who had the least power of reflection left, and had any sense upon them of the happiness of this life, or the misery of another. I had at first some remorse indeed, but no repentance; I had now neither remorse or repentance. I had a crime charged on me, the punishment of which was death; the proof so evident, that there was no room for me so much as to plead not guilty, I had the name of an old offender, so that I had nothing to expect but death, neither had I myself any thoughts of escaping; and yet a certain strange lethargy of soul possessed me. I had no trouble, no apprehensions, no sorrow about me; the first surprise was gone; I was, I may well say, I know not how; my senses, my reason, nay, my conscience, were all asleep; my course of life for forty years had been a horrid complication of wickedness, whoredom, adultery, incest, lying, theft; and, in a word, everything but murder and treason had been my practice, from the age of eighteen, or thereabouts, to threescore; and now I was engulfed in the misery of punishment, and had an infamous death at the door; and yet I had no sense of my condition, no thought of heaven or hell, at least that went any farther than a bare flying touch, like the stitch or pain that gives a hint and goes off. I neither had a heart to ask God's mercy, or indeed to think of it. And in this, I think, I have given a brief description of the completest misery on earth.

All my terrifying thoughts were past, the horrors of the place were become familiar, and I felt no more uneasiness at the noise and clamours of the prison, than they did who made that noise; in a word, I was become a mere Newgate-bird, as wicked and as outrageous as any of them; nay, I scarce retained the habit and custom of good breeding and manners which all along till now ran through my conversation; so thorough a degeneracy had possessed me, that I was no more the something that I had been, than if I had never been otherwise than what I was now.

In the middle of this hardened part of my life, I had another sudden surprise, which called me back a little to that thing called sorrow, which, indeed, I began to be past the sense of before. They told me one night that there was brought into the prison late the night before three highwaymen, who had committed a robbery somewhere on Hounslow Heath, I think it was, and were pursued to Uxbridge by the country, and there taken after a gallant resistance, in which many of the country people were wounded, and some killed.

It is not to be wondered that we prisoners were all desirous enough to see these brave, topping gentlemen, that were talked up to be such as their fellows had not been known, and especially because it was said they would in the morning be removed into the press-yard, having given money to the head master of the prison, to be allowed the liberty of that better place. So we that were women placed ourselves in the way, that we would be sure to see them; but nothing could express the amazement and surprise I was in, when the first man that came out, I knew to be my Lancashire husband, the same with whom I lived so well at Dunstable,

and the same who I afterwards saw at Brickhill, when I was married to my last husband, as has been related.

I was struck dumb at the sight, and knew neither what to say, or what to do; he did not know me, and that was all the present relief I had: I quitted my company, and retired as much as that dreadful place suffers anybody to retire, and cried vehemently for a great while. 'Dreadful creature that I am', said I; 'how many poor people have I made miserable! How many desperate wretches have I sent to the devil! This gentleman's misfortunes I placed all to my own account. He had told me at Chester he was ruined by that match, and that his fortunes were made desperate on my account; for that thinking I had been a fortune, he was run into debt more than he was able to pay; that he would go into the army, and carry a musket, or buy a horse and take a tour, as he called it; and though I never told him that I was a fortune, and so did not actually deceive him myself, yet I did encourage the having it thought so, and so I was the occasion originally of his mischief.

The surprise of this thing only struck deeper in my thoughts, and gave me stronger reflections than all that had befallen me before. I grieved day and night, and the more for that they told me he was the captain of the gang, and that he had committed so many robberies; that Hind, or Whitney, or the Golden Farmer were fools to him; that he would surely be hanged, if there were no more men left in the country; and that there would be abundance of people come in against him.

I was overwhelmed with grief for him; my own case gave me no disturbance compared to this, and I loaded myself with reproaches on his account. I bewailed my misfortunes, and the ruin he was now come to, at such a rate that I relished nothing now as I did before and the first reflections I made upon the horrid life I had lived began to return upon me; and as these things returned, my abhorrence of the place, and of the way of living in it, returned also; in a word, I was perfectly changed and become another body.

While I was under these influences of sorrow for him, came notice to me that the next sessions there would be a bill preferred to the grand jury against me, and that I should be tried for my life. My temper was touched before, the wretched boldness of spirit which I had acquired abated, and conscious guilt began to flow in my mind. In short, I began to think, and to think indeed is one real advance from hell to heaven. All that hardened state and temper of soul, which I said so much of before, is but a deprivation of thought; he that is restored to his thinking, is restored to himself.

As soon as I began, I say, to think, the first thing that occurred to me broke out thus: 'Lord! what will become of me? I shall be cast, to be sure, and there is nothing beyond that but death! I have no friends; what shall I do? I shall be certainly cast! Lord, have mercy upon me! What will become of me?' This was a sad thought, you will say, to be the first, after so long time, that had started in my soul of that kind, and yet even this was nothing but fright at what was to come; there was not a word of sincere repentance in it all. However, I was dreadfully dejected, and disconsolate to the last degree; and as I had no friend to communicate my distressed thoughts

to, it lay so heavy upon me that it threw me into fits and swoonings several times a day. I sent for my old governess, and she, give her her due, acted the part of a true friend. She left no stone unturned to prevent the grand jury finding the bill. She went to several of the jurymen, talked with them, and endeavoured to possess them with favourable dispositions, on account that nothing was taken away, and no house broken, &c.; but all would not do; the two wenches swore home to the fact, and the jury found the bill for robbery and housebreaking, that is, for felony and burglary.

I sank down when they brought the news of it, and after I came to myself I thought I should have died with the weight of it. My governess acted a true mother to me; she pitied me, she cried with me and for me, but she could not help me; and, to add to the terror of it, 'twas the discourse all over the house that I should die for it. I could hear them talk it among themselves very often, and see them shake their heads, and say they were sorry for it, and the like, as is usual in the place. But still nobody came to tell me their thoughts, till at last one of the keepers came to me privately, and said, with a sigh, 'Well, Mrs Flanders, you will be tried a Friday' (this was but a Wednesday); 'what do you intend to do?' I turned as white as a clout, and said, 'God knows what I shall do; for my part, I know not what to do.' 'Why', says he, 'I won't flatter you; I would have you prepare for death, for I doubt you will be cast; and as you are an old offender, I doubt you will find but little mercy, They say', added he, 'your case is very plain, and that the witnesses swear so home against you, there will be no standing it.'

This was a stab into the very vitals of one under such a burthen, and I could not speak a word, good or bad, for a great while. At last I burst out into tears, and said to him, 'Oh, sir, what must I do?; 'Do!' says he; 'send for a minister, and talk with him; for, indeed, Mrs Flanders, unless you have very good friends, you are no woman for this world.'

This was plain dealing indeed, but it was very harsh to me; at least I thought it so. He left me in the greatest confusion imaginable, and all that night I lay awake. And now I began to say my prayers, which I had scarce done before since my last husband's death, or from a little while after. And truly I may well call it saying my prayers, for I was in such a confusion, and had such horror upon my mind, that though I cried, and repeated several times the ordinary expression of 'Lord, have mercy upon me!' I never brought myself to any sense of being a miserable sinner, as indeed I was, and of confessing my sins to God, and begging pardon for the sake of Jesus Christ. I was overwhelmed with the sense of my condition, being tried for my life, and being sure to be executed, and on this account I cried out all night, 'Lord! what will become of me? Lord what shall I do? Lord, have mercy upon me! 'and the like.

My poor afflicted governess was now as much concerned as I, and a great deal more truly penitent, though she had no prospect of being brought to a sentence. Not but that she deserved it as much as I, and so she said herself; but she had not done anything for many years, other than receiving what I and others had stolen,

and encouraging us to steal it. But she cried and took on, like a distracted body, wringing her hands, and crying out that she was undone, that she believed there was a curse from heaven upon her, that she should be damned, that she had been the destruction of all her friends, that she brought such a one, and such a one to the gallows; and there she reckoned up ten or eleven people, some of which I have given an account of, that came to untimely ends; and that now she was the occasion of my ruin, for she had persuaded me to go on, when I would have left off. I interrupted her there. 'No, mother, no', said I; 'don't speak of that, for you would have had me left off when I got the mercer's money again, and when I came home from Harwich, and I would not hearken to you; therefore you have not been to blame; it is I only have ruined myself, I have brought myself to this misery'; and thus we spent many hours together.

Well, there was no remedy; the prosecution went on, and on the Thursday I was carried down to the sessions-house, where I was arraigned, as they called it, and the next day I was appointed to be tried. At the arraignment I pleaded 'Not guilty', and well I might, for I was indicted for felony and burglary; that is, for feloniously stealing two pieces of brocaded silk, value £46, the goods of Anthony Johnson, and for breaking open the doors; whereas I knew very well they could not pretend I had broken up the doors, or so much as lifted up a latch.

On the Friday I was brought to my trial. I had so exhausted my spirits with crying for two or three days before, that I slept better the Thursday night than I expected, and had more courage for my trial than I thought possible for me to have.

When the trial began, and the indictment was read, I would have spoke, but they told me the witnesses must be heard first, and then I should have time to be heard. The witnesses were the two wenches, a couple of hard-mouthed jades indeed, for though the thing was truth in the main, yet they aggravated it to the utmost extremity, and swore I had the goods wholly in my possession, that I hid them among my clothes, that I was going off with them, that I had one foot over the threshold when they discovered themselves, and then I put t'other over, so that I was quite out of the house in the street with the goods before they took me, and then they seized me, and took the goods upon me. The fact in general was true, but I insisted upon it, that they stopped me before I had set my foot clear of the threshold. But that did not argue much, for I had taken the goods, and was bringing them away, if I had not been taken.

I pleaded that I had stole nothing, they had lost nothing, that the door was open, and I went in with design to buy. If, seeing nobody in the house, I had taken any of them up in my hand, it could not be concluded that I intended to steal them, for that I never carried them farther than the door, to look on them with the better light.

The Court would not allow that by any means, and made a kind of a jest of my intending to buy the goods, that being no shop for the selling of anything; and as to carrying them to the door to look at them, the maids made their impudent mocks upon that, and spent their wit upon it very much; told the Court I had looked at

them sufficiently, and approved them very well, for I had packed them up, and was a-going with them.

In short, I was found guilty of felony, but acquitted of the burglary, which was but small comfort to me, the first bringing me to a sentence of death, and the last would have done no more. The next day I was carried down to receive the dreadful sentence, and when they came to ask me what I had to say why sentence should not pass, I stood mute a while, but some body prompted me aloud to speak to the judges, for that they could represent things favourably for me. This encouraged me, and I told them I had nothing to say to stop the sentence, but that I had much to say to bespeak the mercy of the Court; that I hoped they would allow something in such a case for the circumstances of it; that I had broken no doors, had carried nothing off; that nobody had lost anything; that the person whose goods they were was pleased to say he desired mercy might be shown (which indeed he very honestly did); that, at the worst, it was the first offence, and that I had never been before any court of justice before; and, in a word, I spoke with more courage than I thought I could have done, and in such a moving tone, and though with tears, yet not so many tears as to obstruct my speech, that I could see it moved others to tears that heard me.

The judges sat grave and mute, gave me an easy hearing, and time to say all that I would, but, saying neither yes or no to it, pronounced the sentence of death upon me, a sentence to me like death itself, which founded me. I had no more spirit left in me. I had no tongue to speak, or eyes to look up either to God or man.

My poor governess was utterly disconsolate, and she that was my comforter before, wanted comfort now herself; and sometimes mourning, some times raging, was as much out of herself as any mad woman in Bedlam. Nor was she only disconsolate as to me, but she was struck with horror at the sense of her own wicked life, and began to look back upon it with a taste quite different from mine, for she was penitent to the highest degree for her sins, as well as sorrowful for the misfortune. She sent for a minister, too, a serious, pious, good man, and applied herself with such earnestness, by his assistance, to the work of sincere repentance, that I believe, and so did the minister too, that she was a true penitent; and, which is still more, she was not only so for the occasion, and at that juncture, but she continued so, as I was informed, to the day of her death.

It is rather to be thought of than expressed what was now my condition. I had nothing before me but death; and as I had no friends to assist me, I expected nothing but to find my name in the dead warrant, which was to come for the execution, next Friday, of five more and myself.

In the meantime my poor distressed governess sent me a minister, who at her request came to visit me. He exhorted me seriously to repent of all my sins, and to dally no longer with my soul; not flattering myself with hopes of life, which, he said, he was informed there was no room to expect, but unfeignedly to look up to God with my whole soul, and to cry for pardon in the name of Jesus Christ. He backed his discourses with proper quotations of Scripture, encouraging the greatest sinner



to repent, and turn from their evil way; and when he had done, he kneeled down and prayed with me.

It was now that, for the first time, I felt any real signs of repentance. I now began to look back upon my past life with abhorrence, and having a kind of view into the other side of time, the things of life, as I believe they do with everybody at such a time, began to look with a different aspect, and quite another shape, than they did before. The views of felicity, the joy, the griefs of life, were quite other things; and I had nothing in my thoughts but what was so infinitely superior to what I had known in life, that it appeared to be the greatest stupidity to lay a weight upon anything, though the most valuable in this world.

The word eternity represented itself with all its incomprehensible additions, and I had such extended notions of it that I know not how to express them. Among the rest, how absurd did every pleasant thing look, I mean, that we had counted pleasant before, when I reflected that these sordid trifles were the things for which we forfeited eternal felicity.

With these reflections came in of mere course severe reproaches for my wretched behaviour in my past life; that I had forfeited all hope of happiness in the eternity that I was just going to enter into; and, on the contrary, was entitled to all that was miserable; and all this with the frightful addition of its being also eternal.

I am not capable of reading lectures of instruction to anybody, but I relate this in the very manner in which things then appeared to me, as far as I am able, but infinitely short of the lively impressions which they made on my soul at that time; indeed, those impressions are not to be explained by words, or, if they are, I am not mistress of words to express them. It must be the work of every sober reader to make just reflections, as their own circumstances may direct; and this is what every one at some time or other may feel something of; I mean, a clearer sight into things to come than they had here, and a dark view of their own concern in them.

But I go back to my own case. The minister pressed me to tell him, as far as I thought convenient, in what state I found myself as to the sight I had of things beyond life. He told me he did not come as ordinary of the place, whose business it is to extort confessions from prisoners, for the further detecting of other offenders; that his business was to move me to such freedom of discourse as might serve to disburthen my own mind, and furnish him to administer comfort to me as far as was in his power; and assured me, that whatever I said to him should remain with him, and be as much a secret as if it was known only to God and myself; and that he desired to know nothing of me, but to qualify him to give proper advice to me, and to pray to God for me.

This honest, friendly way of treating me unlocked all the sluices of my passions. He broke into my very soul by it; and I unravelled all the wickedness of my life to him. In a word, I gave him an abridgment of this whole history; I gave him the picture of my conduct for fifty years in miniature.

I hid nothing from him, and he in return exhorted me to a sincere repentance, explained to me what he meant by repentance, and then drew out such a scheme of

infinite mercy, proclaimed from heaven to sinners of the greatest magnitude, that he left me nothing to say, that looked like despair, or doubting of being accepted; and in this condition he left me the first night.

He visited me again the next morning, and went on with his method of explaining the terms of divine mercy, which according to him consisted of nothing more difficult than that of being sincerely desirous of it, and willing to accept it; only a sincere regret for, and hatred of, those things which rendered me so just an object of divine vengeance. I am not able to repeat the excellent discourses of this extraordinary man; all that I am able to do, is to say that he revived my heart, and brought me into such a condition that I never knew anything of in my life before. I was covered with shame and tears for things past, and yet had at the same time a secret surprising joy at the prospect of being a true penitent, and obtaining the comfort of a penitent I mean the hope of being forgiven; and so swift did thoughts circulate, and so high did the impressions they had made upon me run, that I thought I could freely have gone out that minute to execution, without any uneasiness at all, casting my soul entirely into the arms of infinite mercy as a penitent.

The good gentleman was so moved with a view of the influence which he saw these things had on me, that he blessed God he had come to visit me, and resolved not to leave me till the last moment.

It was no less than twelve days after our receiving sentence before any were ordered for execution, and then the dead warrant, as they call it, came down, and I found my name was among them. A terrible blow this was to my new resolutions; indeed my heart sank within me, and I swooned away twice, one after another, but spoke not a word. The good minister was sorely afflicted for me, and did what he could to comfort me, with the same arguments and the same moving eloquence that he did before, and left me not that evening so long as the prison-keepers would suffer him to stay in the prison, unless he would be locked up with me all night, which he was not willing to be.

I wondered much that I did not see him all the next day, it being but the day before the time appointed for execution; and I was greatly discouraged and dejected, and indeed almost sank for want of that comfort which he had so often, and with such success, yielded me in his former visits. I waited with great impatience, and under the greatest oppression of spirits imaginable, till about four o'clock, when he came to my apartment; for I had obtained the favour, by the help of money, nothing being to be done in that place without it, not to be kept in the condemned hole, among the rest of the prisoners who were to die, but to have a little dirty chamber to myself.

My heart leaped within me for joy when I heard his voice at the door, even before I saw him; but let any one judge what kind of motion I found in my soul, when, after having made a short excuse for his not coming, he showed me that his time had been employed on my account, that he had obtained a favourable report from the Recorder in my case, and, in short, that he had brought me a reprieve.

He used all the caution that he was able in letting me know what it would have been double cruelty to have concealed; for as grief had overset me before, so did joy overset me now, and I fell into a more dangerous swooning than at first, and it was not without difficulty that I was recovered at all.

The good man having made a very Christian exhortation to me not to let the joy of my reprieve put the remembrance of my past sorrow out of my mind, and told me that he must leave me, to go and enter the reprieve in the books, and show it to the sheriffs, he stood up just before his going away, and in a very earnest manner prayed to God for me, that my repentance might be made unfeigned and sincere; and that my coming back, as it were, into life again might not be a returning to the follies of life, which I had made such solemn resolutions to forsake. I joined heartily in that petition, and must needs say I had deeper impressions upon my mind all that night, of the mercy of God in sparing my life, and a greater detestation of my sins, from a sense of that goodness, than I had in all my sorrow before.

This may be thought inconsistent in itself, and wide from the business of this book; particularly, I reflect that many of those who may be pleased and diverted with the relation of the wicked part of my story may not relish this, which is really the best part of my life, the most advantageous to myself, and the most instructive to others. Such, however, will I hope, allow me liberty to make my story complete. It would be a severe satire on such to say they do not relish the repentance as much as they do the crime; and they had rather the history were a complete tragedy, as it was very likely to have been.

But I go on with my relation. The next morning there was a sad scene indeed in the prison. The first thing I was saluted with in the morning was the tolling of the great bell at St Sepulchre's, which ushered in the day. As soon as it began to toll, a dismal groaning and crying was heard from the condemned hole, where there lay six poor souls, who were to be executed that day, some for one crime, some for another, and two for murder.

This was followed by a confused clamour in the house, among the several prisoners, expressing their awkward sorrows for the poor creatures that were to die, but in a manner extremely differing one from another. Some cried for them; some brutishly huzzaed, and wished them a good journey; some damned and cursed those that had brought them to it, many pitying them, and some few, but very few, praying for them.

There was hardly room for so much composure of mind as was required for me to bless the merciful Providence that had, as it were, snatched me out of the jaws of this destruction. I remained, as it were, dumb and silent, overcome with the sense of it, and not able to express what I had in my heart; for the passions on such occasions as these are certainly so agitated as not to be able presently to regulate their own motions.

All the while the poor condemned creatures were preparing for death, and the ordinary, as they call him, was busy with them, disposing them to submit to their sentence—I say, all this while I was seized with a fit of trembling, as much as I

could have been if I had been in the same condition as I was the day before; I was so violently agitated by this surprising fit that I shook as if it had been an ague, so that I could not speak or look but like one distracted. As soon as they were all put into the carts and gone, which, however, I had not courage enough to see—I say, as soon as they were gone, I fell into a fit of crying involuntarily, as a mere distemper, and yet so violent, and it held me so long, that I knew not what course to take, nor could I stop, or put a check to it, no, not with all the strength and courage I had.

This fit of crying held me near two hours, and, as I believe, held me till they were all out of the world, and then a most humble, penitent, serious kind of joy succeeded; a real transport it was, or passion of thankfulness, and in this I continued most part of the day.

In the evening the good minister visited me again, and fell to his usual good discourses. He congratulated my having a space yet allowed me for repentance, whereas the state of those six poor creatures was determined, and they were now past the offers of salvation; he pressed me to retain the same sentiments of the things of life that I had when I had a view of eternity; and, at the end of all, told me that I should not conclude that all was over, that a reprieve was not a pardon, that he could not answer for the effects of it; however, I had this mercy, that I had more time given me, and it was my business to improve that time.

This discourse left a kind of sadness on my heart, as if I might expect the affair would have a tragical issue still, which, however, he had no certainty of; yet I did not at that time question him about it, he having said he would do his utmost to bring it to a good end, and that he hoped he might, but he would not have me be secure; and the consequence showed that he had reason for what he said.

It was about a fortnight after this, that I had some just apprehensions that I should be included in the dead warrant at the ensuing sessions; and it was not without great difficulty, and at last an humble petition for transportation, that I avoided it, so ill was I beholding to fame, and so prevailing was the report of being an old offender; though in that they did not do me strict justice, for I was not in the sense of the law an old offender, whatever I was in the eye of the judge, for I had never been before them in a judicial way before; so the judges could not charge me with being an old offender, but the Recorder was pleased to represent my case as he thought fit.

I had now a certainty of life indeed, but with the hard conditions of being ordered for transportation, which was, I say, a hard condition in itself, but not when comparatively considered; and therefore I shall make no comments upon the sentence, nor upon the choice I was put to. We all shall choose anything rather than death, especially when 'tis attended with an uncomfortable prospect beyond it, which was my case.

The good minister, whose interest, though a stranger to me, had obtained me the reprieve, mourned sincerely for his part. He was in hopes, he said, that I should have ended my days under the influence of good instruction, that I might not have forgot my former distresses, and that I should not have been turned loose again

among such a wretched crew as are thus sent abroad, where, he said, I must have more than ordinary secret assistance from the grace of God, if I did not turn as wicked again as ever.

I have not for a good while mentioned my governess, who had been dangerously sick, and, being in as near a view of death by her disease as I was by my sentence, was a very great penitent; I say, I have not mentioned her, nor indeed did I see her in all this time; but being now recovering, and just able to come abroad, she came to see me.

I told her my condition, and what a different flux and reflux of fears and hopes I had been agitated with; I told her what I had escaped, and upon what terms; and she was present when the minister expressed his fears of my relapsing again into wickedness upon my falling into the wretched company that are generally transported. Indeed I had a melancholy reflection upon it in my own mind, for I knew what a dreadful gang was always sent away together, and said to my governess that the good minister's fears were not without cause. 'Well, well', says she, 'but I hope you will not be tempted with such a horrid example as that.' And as soon as the minister was gone, she told me she would not have me discouraged, for perhaps ways and means might be found to dispose of me in a particular way, by myself, of which she would talk further with me afterward.

I looked earnestly at her, and thought she looked more cheerfully than she usually had done, and I entertained immediately a thousand notions of being delivered, but could not for my life imagine the methods, or think of one that was feasible; but I was too much concerned in it to let her go from me without explaining herself, which, though she was very loth to do, yet, as I was still pressing, she answered me in a few words, thus: 'Why, you have money, have you not? Did you ever know one in your life that was transported and had a hundred pounds in his pocket, I'll warrant ye, child?' says she.

I understood her presently, but told her I saw no room to hope for anything but a strict execution of the order, and as it was a severity that was esteemed a mercy, there was no doubt but it would be strictly observed. She said no more but this: 'We will try what can be done'; and so we parted. I lay in the prison near fifteen weeks after this. What the reason of it was I know not, but at the end of this time I was put on board of a ship in the Thames, and with me a gang of thirteen as hardened vile creatures as ever Newgate produced in my time; and it would really well take up a history longer than mine to describe the degrees of impudence and audacious villainy that those thirteen were arrived to, and the manner of their behaviour in the voyage; of which I have a very diverting account by me, which the captain of the ship who carried them over gave me, and which he caused his mate to write down at large.

It may, perhaps, be thought trifling to enter here into a relation of all the little incidents which attended me in this interval of my circumstances; I mean between the final order for my transportation and the time of going on board the ship; and I

am too near the end of my story to allow room for it; but something relating to me and my Lancashire husband I must not omit.

He had, as I have observed already, been carried from the master's side of the ordinary prison into the press-yard, with three of his comrades, for they found another to add to them after some time; here, for what reason I knew not, they were kept without being brought to a trial almost three months. It seems they found means to bribe or buy off some who were to come in against them, and they wanted evidence to convict them. After some puzzle on this account, they made shift to get proof enough against two of them to carry them off; but the other two, of which my Lancashire husband was one, lay still in suspense. They had, I think, one positive evidence against each of them, but the law obliging them to have two witnesses, they could make nothing of it. Yet they were resolved not to part with the men neither, not doubting but evidence would at last come in; and in order to this, I think publication was made that such prisoners were taken, and any one might come to the prison and see them.

I took this opportunity to satisfy my curiosity, pretending I had been robbed in the Dunstable coach, and that I would go to see the two high waymen. But when I came into the press-yard, I so disguised myself, and muffled my face up so that he could see little of me, and knew nothing of who I was; but when I came back, I said publicly that I knew them very well.

Immediately it was all over the prison that Moll Flanders would turn evidence against one of the highwaymen, and that I was to come off by it from the sentence of transportation.

They heard of it, and immediately my husband desired to see this Mrs Flanders that knew him so well, and was to be an evidence against him; and accordingly I had leave to go to him. I dressed myself up as well as the best clothes that I suffered myself ever to appear in there would allow me, and went to the press-yard, but had a hood over my face. He said little to me at first, but asked me if I knew him. I told him, 'Yes, very well'; but, as I concealed my face, so I counterfeited my voice too, that he had no guess at who I was. He asked me where I had seen him, I told him between Dunstable and Brickhill; but turning to the keeper that stood by, I asked if I might not be admitted to talk with him alone. He said, 'Yes, yes', and so very civilly withdrew.

As soon as he was gone, and I had shut the door, I threw off my hood, and bursting out into tears, 'My dear', said I, 'do you not know me?' He turned pale, and stood speechless, like one thunderstruck, and, not able to conquer the surprise, said no more but this, 'Let me sit down'; and sitting down by the table, leaning his head on his hand, fixed his eyes on the ground as one stupid. I cried so vehemently, on the other hand, that it was a good while ere I could speak any more; but after I had given vent to my passion, I repeated the same words, 'My dear, do you not know me?' At which he answered, 'Yes', and said no more a good while.

After some time continuing in the surprise, as above, he cast up his eyes towards me, and said, 'How could you be so cruel?' I did not really understand

what he meant; and I answered, 'How can you call me cruel?' 'To come to me', says he, 'in such a place at this, is it not to insult me? I have not robbed you, at least not on the highway.'

I perceived by this, that he knew nothing of the miserable circumstances I was in, and thought that, having got intelligence of his being there, I had come to upbraid him with his leaving me. But I had too much to say to him to be affronted, and told him in a few words, that I was far from coming to insult him, but at best I came to condole mutually; that he would be easily satisfied that I had no such view, when I should tell him that my condition was worse than his, and that many ways. He looked a little concerned at the expression of my condition being worse than his, but, with a kind of a smile, said, 'How can that be? When you see me fettered, and in Newgate, and two of my companions executed already, can you say your condition is worse than mine?'

'Come, my dear', says I, 'we have a long piece of work to do, if I should be to relate, or you to hear, my unfortunate history; but if you will hear it, you will soon conclude with me that my condition is worse than yours.' 'How is that possible', says he, 'when I expect to be cast for my life the very next sessions?' 'Yes', says I, 'tis very possible, when I shall tell you that I have been cast for my life three sessions ago, and am now under sentence of death; is not my case worse than yours?'

Then, indeed, he stood silent again, like one struck dumb, and after a little while he starts up. 'Unhappy couple!' says he; 'how can this be possible?' I took him by the hand. 'Come, my dear', said I, 'sit down, and let us compare our sorrows. I am a prisoner in this very house, and in a much worse circumstance than you, and you will be satisfied I do not come to insult you when I tell you the particulars.' And with this we sat down together, and I told him so much of my story as I thought convenient, bringing it at last to my being reduced to great poverty, and representing myself as fallen into some company that led me to relieve my distresses by a way that I had been already unacquainted with, and that, they making an attempt on a tradesman's house, I was seized upon, for having been but just at the door, the maid-servant pulling me in; that I neither had broke any lock or taken anything away, and that, notwithstanding that, I was brought in guilty and sentenced to die; but that the judges having been made sensible of the hardship of my circumstances, had obtained leave for me to be transported.

I told him I fared the worse for being taken in the prison for one Moll Flanders, who was a famous successful thief, that all of them had heard of, but none of them had ever seen; but that, as he knew, was none of my name. But I placed all to the account of my ill fortune, and that under this name I was dealt with as an old offender, though this was the first thing they had ever known of me. I gave him a long account of what had befallen me since I saw him, but told him I had seen him since he might think I had; then gave him an account how I had seen him at Brickhill; how he was pursued, and how, by giving an account that I knew him, and that he was a very honest gentleman, the hue-and-cry was stopped, and the high constable went back again.

He listened most attentively to all my story, and smiled at the particulars, being all of them infinitely below what he had been at the head of; but when I came to the story of Little Brickhill he was surprised. 'And was it you, my dear', said he, 'that gave the check to the mob at Brickhill?' 'Yes', said I: 'it was I indeed.' Then I told him the particulars which I had observed of him there. Why, then', said he, 'it was you that saved my life at that time, and I am glad I owe my life to you, for I will pay the debt to you now, and I'll deliver you from the present condition you are in, or I will die in the attempt.'

I told him, by no means; it was a risk too great, not worth his running the hazard of, and for a life not worth his saving. 'Twas no matter for that, he said; it was a life worth all the world to him; a life that had given him a new life; 'for', says he, 'I was never in real danger, but that time, till the last minute when I was taken.' Indeed, his danger then lay in his believing he had not been pursued that way; for they had gone off from Hockley quite another way, and had come over the enclosed country into Brickhill, and were sure they had not been seen by anybody.

Here he gave a long history of his life, which indeed would make a very strange history, and be infinitely diverting. He told me that he took the road about twelve years before he married me; that the woman which called him brother, was not any kin to him, but one that belonged to their gang, and who, keeping correspondence with them, lived always in town, having great acquaintance; that she gave them perfect intelligence of persons going out of town, and that they had made several good booties by her correspondence; that she thought she had fixed a fortune for him, when she brought me to him, but happened to be disappointed, which he really could not blame her for; that if I had had an estate, which she was informed I had, he had resolved to leave off the road and live a new life, but never to appear in public till some general pardon had been passed, or till he could, for money, have got his name into some particular pardon, so that he might have been perfectly easy; but that, as it had proved other wise, he was obliged to take up the old trade again.

He gave a long account of some of his adventures, and particularly one where he robbed the West Chester coaches near Lichfield, when he got a very great booty; and after that, how he robbed five graziers in the west, going to Burford Fair, in Wiltshire, to buy sheep. He told me he got so much money on those two occasions that, if he had known where to have found me, he would certainly have embraced my proposal of going with me to Virginia, or to have settled in a plantation, or some other of the English colonies in America.

He told me he wrote three letters to me, directed according to my order, but heard nothing from me. This indeed I knew to be true, but the letters coming to my hand in the time of my latter husband, I could do nothing in it, and therefore gave no answer, that so he might believe they had miscarried.

Being thus disappointed, he said he carried on the old trade ever since, though, when he had gotten so much money, he said, he did not run such desperate risks as he did before. Then he gave me some account of several hard and desperate encounters which he had with gentlemen on the road, who parted too hardly with



their money, and showed me some wounds he had received; and he had one or two very terrible wounds indeed, particularly one by a pistol-bullet, which broke his arm, and another with a sword, which ran him quite through the body, but that missing his vitals, he was cured again; one of his comrades having kept with him so faithfully, and so friendly, as that he assisted him in riding near eighty miles before his arm was set, and then got a surgeon in a considerable city, remote from the place where it was done, pretending they were gentleman travelling towards Carlisle, that they had been attacked on the road by highwaymen, and that one of them had shot him into the arm.

This, he said, his friend managed so well that they were not suspected, but lay still till he was cured. He gave me also so many distinct accounts of his adventures, that it is with great reluctance that I decline the relating them; but this is my own story, not his.

I then inquired into the circumstances of his present case, and what it was he expected when he came to be tried. He told me, that they had no evidence against him; for that, of the three robberies which they were all charged with, it was his good fortune that he was but in one of them, and that there was but one witness to be had to that fact, which was not sufficient; but that it was expected some others would come in, and that he thought, when he first saw me, I had been one that came of that errand; but that if nobody came in against him he hoped he should be cleared; that he had some intimation, that if he would submit to transport himself, he might be admitted to it without a trial; but that he could not think of it with any temper, and thought he could much easier submit to be hanged.

I blamed him for that; first, because if he was transported, there might be an hundred ways for him, that was a gentleman, and a bold enterprising man, to find his way back again, and perhaps some ways and means to come back before he went. He smiled at that part, and said he should like the last the best of the two, for he had a kind of horror upon his mind at his being sent to the plantations, as the Romans sent slaves to work in the mines; that he thought the passage into another state much more tolerable at the gallows, and that this was the general notion of all the gentlemen who were driven by the exigence of their fortunes to take the road; that at the place of execution there was at least an end of all the miseries of the present state; and as for what was to follow, a man was, in his opinion, as likely to repent sincerely in the last fortnight of his life, under the agonies of a jail and the condemned hole, as he would ever be in the woods and wildernesses of America; that servitude and hard labour were things gentlemen could never stoop to; that it was but the way to force them to be their own executioners, which was much worse; and that he could not have any patience when he did but think of it.

I used the utmost of my endeavour to persuade him, and joined that known woman's rhetoric to it—I mean that of tears. I told him the infamy of a public execution was certainly a greater pressure upon the spirits of a gentleman than any mortifications that he could meet with abroad; that he had at least in the other a chance for his life, whereas here he had none at all; that it was the easiest thing in the

world for him to manage the captain of a ship, who were, generally speaking, men of good humour; and a small matter of conduct, especially if there was any money to be had, would make way for him to buy himself off when he came to Virginia.

He looked wishfully at me, and I guessed he meant that he had no money; but I was mistaken, his meaning was another way. 'You hinted just now, my dear', said he, 'that there might be a way of coming back before I went, by which I understood you that it might be possible to buy it off here. I had rather give £200 to prevent going, than £100 to be set at liberty when I came there.' 'That is, my dear', said I, 'because you do not know the place as well as I do.' 'That may be' said he; 'and yet I believe, as well as you know it, you would do the same, unless it is because, as you told me, you have a mother there.'

I told him, as to my mother, she must be dead many years before; and as for any other relations that I might have there, I knew them not; that since my misfortunes had reduced me to the condition I had been in for some years, I had not kept up any correspondence with them; and that he would easily believe I should find but a cold reception from them if I should be put to make my first visit in the condition of a transported felon; that therefore, if I went thither, I resolved not to see them; but that I had many views in going there, which took off all the uneasy part of it; and if he found himself obliged to go also, I should easily instruct him how to manage himself, so as never to go a servant at all, especially since I found he was not destitute of money, which was the only friend in such a condition.

He smiled, and said he did not tell me he had money. I took him up short, and told him I hoped he did not understand by my speaking that I should expect any supply from him if he had money; that, on the other hand, though I had not a great deal, yet I did not want, and while I had any I would rather add to him than weaken him, seeing, whatever he had, I knew in the case of transportation he would have occasion of it all.

He expressed himself in a most tender manner upon that head. He told me what money he had was not a great deal, but that he would never hide any of it from me if I wanted it, and assured me he did not speak with any such apprehensions; that he was only intent upon what I had hinted to him; that here he knew what to do, but there he should be the most helpless wretch alive.

I told him he frightened himself with that which had no terror in it; that if he had money, as I was glad to hear he had, he might not only avoid the servitude supposed to be the consequence of transportation, but begin the world upon such a new foundation as he could not fail of success in, with but the common application usual in such cases; that he could not but call to mind I had recommended it to him many years before, and proposed it for restoring our fortunes in the world; and I would tell him now, that to convince him both of the certainty of it, and of my being fully acquainted with the method, and also fully satisfied in the probability of success, he should first see me deliver myself from the necessity of going over at all, and then that I would go with him freely, and of my own choice, and perhaps carry enough with me to satisfy him; that I did not offer it for want of being able to

live without assistance from him, but that I thought our mutual misfortunes had been such as were sufficient to reconcile us both to quitting this part of the world, and living where nobody could upbraid us with what was past, and without the agonies of a condemned hole to drive us to it, where we should look back on all our past disasters with infinite satisfaction, when we should consider that our enemies should entirely forget us, and that we should live as new people in a new world, nobody having anything to say to us, or we to them.

I pressed this home to him with so many arguments and answered all his own passionate objections so effectually, that he embraced me, and told me I treated him with such a sincerity as overcame him; that he would take my advice, and would strive to submit to his fate in hope of having the comfort of so faithful a counsellor and such a companion in his misery. But still he put me in mind of what I had mentioned before, namely, that there might be some way to get off before he went, and that it might be possible to avoid going at all, which he said would be much better. I told him he should see, and be fully satisfied that I would do my utmost in that part too, and if it did not succeed, yet that I would make good the rest.

We parted after this long conference with such testimonies of kindness and affection as I thought were equal, if not superior, to that at our parting at Dunstable; and now I saw more plainly the reason why he then declined coming with me toward London, and why, when we parted there, he told me it was not convenient to come to London with me, as he would otherwise have done. I have observed that the account of his life would have made a much more pleasing history than this of mine; and, indeed, nothing in it was more strange than this part, viz. that he carried on that desperate trade full five-and-twenty years, and had never been taken, the success he had met with had been so very uncommon, and such that sometimes he had lived handsomely and retired in one place for a year or two at a time, keeping himself and a manservant to wait on him, and has often sat in the coffeehouses and heard the very people whom he had robbed give account of their being robbed, and of the places and circumstances, so that he could easily remember that it was the same.

In this manner it seems he lived near Liverpool at the time he unluckily married me for a fortune. Had I been the fortune he expected, I verily believe he would have taken up and lived honestly.

He had with the rest of his misfortunes the good luck not to be actually upon the spot when the robbery was done which they were committed for, and so none of the persons robbed could swear to him. But it seems as he was taken with the gang, one hard-mouthed countryman swore home to him; and according to the publication they had made, they expected more evidence against him, and for that reason he was kept in hold.

However, the offer which was made to him of transportation was made, as I understood, upon the intercession of some great person who pressed him hard to accept of it; and as he knew there were several that might come in against him I thought his friend was in the right, and I lay at him night and day to delay it no longer.

At last, with much difficulty, he gave his consent; and as he was not therefore admitted to transportation in court, and on his petition, as I was, so he found himself under a difficulty to avoid embarking himself, as I had said he might have done; his friend having given security for him that he should transport himself, and not return within the term.

This hardship broke all my measures, for the steps I took afterwards for my own deliverance were hereby rendered wholly ineffectual, unless I would abandon him, and leave him to go to America by himself, than which he protested he would much rather go directly to the gallows.

I must now return to my own case. The time of my being transported was near at hand; my governess, who continued my fast friend, had tried to obtain a pardon, but it could not be done unless with an expense too heavy for my purse, considering that to be left empty, unless I had resolved to return to my old trade, had been worse than transportation, because there I could live, here I could not. The good minister stood very hard on another account to prevent my being transported also; but he was answered that my life had been given me at his first solicitations, and therefore he ought to ask no more. He was sensibly grieved at my going, because, as he said, he feared I should lose the good impressions which a prospect of death had at first made on me, and which were since increased by his instructions; and the pious gentleman was exceedingly concerned on that account.

On the other hand, I was not so solicitous about it now, but I concealed my reasons for it from the minister, and to the last he did not know but that I went with the utmost reluctance and affliction.

It was in the month of February that I was, with thirteen other convicts, delivered to a merchant that traded to Virginia, on board a ship riding, in Deptford Reach. The officer of the prison delivered us on board, and the master of the vessel gave a discharge for us.

We were for that night clapped under hatches, and kept so close that I thought I should have been suffocated for want of air; and the next morning the ship weighed, and fell down the river to a place called Bugby's Hole, which was done, as they told us, by the agreement of the merchant, that all opportunity of escape should be taken from us. However, when the ship came thither and cast anchor, we were permitted to come upon the deck, but not upon the quarter-deck, that being kept particularly for the captain and for passengers.

When, by the noise of the men over my head and the motion of the ship, I perceived they were under sail, I was at first greatly surprised, fearing we should go away, and that our friends would not be admitted to see us; but I was easy soon after, when I found they had come to an anchor, and that we had notice given by some of the men that the next morning we should have the liberty to come upon deck, and to have our friends come to see us.

All that night I lay upon the hard deck as the other prisoners did, but we had afterwards little cabins allowed for such as had any bedding to lay in them, and room to stow any box or trunk for clothes, and linen if we had it (which might well

be put in), for some of them had neither shirt or shift, linen or woollen, but what was on their backs, or one farthing of money to help themselves; yet I did not find but they fared well enough in the ship, especially the women, who got money of the seamen for washing their clothes, &c., sufficient to purchase anything they wanted.

When the next morning we had the liberty to come upon deck, I asked one of the officers whether I might not be allowed to send a letter on shore to let my friends know where we lay, and to get some necessary things sent to me. This was the boatswain, a very civil, courteous man, who told me I should have any liberty that I desired, that he could allow me with safety. I told him I desired no other; and he answered, the ship's boat would go up to London next tide, and he would order my letter to be carried.

Accordingly, when the boat went off, the boatswain came and told me the boat was going off, that he went in it himself, and if my letter was ready, he would take care of it. I had prepared pen, ink, and paper beforehand, and had gotten a letter ready directed to my governess, and enclosed another to my fellow-prisoner, which, however, I did not let her know was my husband, not to the last. In that to my governess, I let her know where the ship lay, and pressed her to send me what things she had got ready for me for my voyage. When I gave the boatswain the letter, I gave him a shilling with it, which I told him was for the charge of a porter, which I had entreated him to send with the letter as soon as he came on shore, that if possible I might have an answer brought back by the same hand, that I might know what was become of my things; 'For, sir', says I, 'if the ship should go away before I have them, I am undone.'

I took care, when I gave him the shilling, to let him see I had a little better furniture about me than the ordinary prisoners; that I had a purse, and in it a pretty deal of money; and I found that the very sight of it immediately furnished me with very different treatment from what I should otherwise have met with; for though he was courteous indeed before, in a kind of natural compassion to me, as a woman in distress, yet he was more than ordinarily so afterwards, and procured me to be better treated in the ship than, I say, I might otherwise have been; as shall appear in its place.

He very honestly delivered my letter to my governess's own hands, and brought me back her answer; and when he gave it me, gave me the shilling again. 'There', says he, 'there's your shilling again too, for I delivered the letter myself.' I could not tell what to say, I was surprised at the thing; but after some pause I said, 'Sir, you are too kind; it had been but reasonable that you had paid yourself coachhire then.'

'No, no', says he, 'I am overpaid. What is that gentlewoman? Is she your sister?'

'No, sir', said I, 'she is no relation to me, but she is a dear friend, and all the friends I have in the world.' 'Well', says he, 'there are few such friends. Why, she cries after you like a child.' 'Ay', says I again, 'she would give a hundred pounds, I believe, to deliver me from this dreadful condition.'

'Would she so?' says he. 'For half the money I believe I could put you in a way how to deliver yourself.' But this he spoke softly that nobody could hear.

‘Alas! sir’, said I, ‘but then that must be such a deliverance as, if I should be taken again, would cost me my life.’ ‘Nay’, said he, ‘if you were once out of the ship, you must look to yourself afterwards; that I can say nothing to.’ So we dropped the discourse for that time.

In the meantime, my governess, faithful to the last moment, conveyed my letter to the prison to my husband, and got an answer to it, and the next day came down herself, bringing me, in the first place, a sea-bed, as they call it, and all its ordinary furniture. She brought me also a sea-chest—that is, a chest, such as are made for seamen, with all the conveniences in it, and filled with everything almost that I could want; and in one of the corners of the chest, where there was a private drawer, was my bank of money—that is to say, so much of it as I had resolved to carry with me; for I ordered part of my stock to be left behind, to be sent afterwards in such goods as I should want when I came to settle; for money in that country is not of much use, where all things are bought for tobacco; much more is it a great loss to carry in from hence.

But my case was particular; it was by no means proper for me to go without money or goods, and for a poor convict that was to be sold as soon as I came on shore, to carry a cargo of goods would be to have notice taken of it, and perhaps to have them seized; so I took part of my stock with me thus, and left the rest with my governess.

My governess brought me a great many other things, but it was not proper for me to appear too well, at least till I knew what kind of a captain we should have. When she came into the ship, I thought she would have died indeed; her heart sank at the sight of me, and at the thoughts of parting with me in that condition; and she cried so intolerably, I could not for a long time have any talk with her.

I took that time to read my fellow-prisoner’s letter, which greatly perplexed me. He told me it would be impossible for him to be discharged time enough for going in the same ship, and which was more than all, he began to question whether they would give him leave to go in what ship he pleased, though he did voluntarily transport himself; but that they would see him put on board such a ship as they should direct, and that he would be charged upon the captain as other convict prisoners were; so that he began to be in despair of seeing me till he came to Virginia, which made him almost desperate; seeing that, on the other hand, if I should not be there, if any accident of the sea, or of mortality, should take me away, he should be the most undone creature in the world.

This was very perplexing, and I knew not what course to take. I told my governess the story of the boatswain, and she was mighty eager with me to treat with him; but I had no mind to it, till I heard whether my husband, or fellow-prisoner, so she called him, could be at liberty to go with me or no. At last I was forced to let her into the whole matter, except only that of his being my husband. I told her that I had made a positive agreement with him to go, if he could get the liberty of going in the same ship, and I found he had money.

Then I told her what I proposed to do when we came there, how we could plant, settle, and, in short, grow rich without any more adventures; and, as a great secret, I told her we were to marry as soon as he came on board.

She soon agreed cheerfully to my going when she heard this, and she made it her business from that time to get him delivered in time, so that he might go in the same ship with me, which at last was brought to pass, though with great difficulty, and not without all the forms of a transported convict, which he really was not, for he had not been tried, and which was a great mortification to him. As our fate was now determined, and we were both on board, actually bound to Virginia, in the despicable quality of transported convicts, destined to be sold for slaves, I for five years, and he under bonds and security not to return to England any more, as long as he lived, he was very much dejected and cast down; the mortification of being brought on board as he was, like a prisoner, piqued him very much, since it was first told him he should transport himself, so that he might go as a gentleman at liberty. It is true he was not ordered to be sold when he came there as we were, and for that reason he was obliged to pay for his passage to the captain, which we were not; as to the rest, he was as much at a loss as a child what to do with himself, but by directions.

However, I lay in an uncertain condition full three weeks, not knowing whether I should have my husband with me or no, and therefore not resolved how or in what manner to receive the honest boatswain's proposal, which indeed he thought a little strange.

At the end of this time, behold my husband came on board. He looked with a dejected, angry countenance; his great heart was swelled with rage and disdain, to be dragged along with three keepers of Newgate, and put on board like a convict, when he had not so much as been brought to a trial. He made loud complaints of it by his friends, for it seems he had some interest; but they got some check in their application, and were told he had had favour enough, and that they had received such an account of him, since the last grant of his transportation, that he ought to think himself very well treated that he was not prosecuted anew. This answer quieted him, for he knew too much what might have happened, and what he had room to expect; and now he saw the goodness of that advice to him, which prevailed with him to accept of the offer of transportation. And after his chagrin at these hell-hounds, as he called them, was a little over, he looked more composed, began to be cheerful, and as I was telling him how glad I was to have him once more out of their hands, he took me in his arms, and acknowledged with great tenderness that I had given him the best advice possible. 'My dear', says he, 'thou hast twice saved my life; from henceforward it shall be employed for you, and I'll always take your advice.'

Our first business was to compare our stock. He was very honest to me, and told me his stock was pretty good when he came into the prison, but that living there as he did like a gentleman, and, which was much more, the making of friends and soliciting his case, had been very expensive; and, in a word, all his stock left was £108, which he had about him in gold.

I gave him an account of my stock as faithfully, that is to say, what I had taken with me; for I was resolved, whatever should happen, to keep what I had left in reserve; that in case I should die, what I had was enough to give him, and what was left in my governess's hands would be her own, which she had well deserved of me indeed.

My stock which I had with me was £246 some odd shillings; so that we had £354 between us, but a worse gotten estate was never put together to begin the world with.

Our greatest misfortune as to our stock was that it was in money, an unprofitable cargo to be carried to the plantations. I believe his was really all he had left in the world, as he told me it was; but I, who had between £700 and £800 in bank when this disaster befell me, and who had one of the faithfulest friends in the world to manage it for me, considering she was a woman of no principles, had still £300 left in her hand, which I had reserved, as above; besides, I had some very valuable things with me, as particularly two gold watches, some small pieces of plate, and some rings all stolen goods. With this fortune, and in the sixty-first year of my age I launched out into a new world, as I may call it, in the condition only of a poor convict, ordered to be transported in respite from the gallows. My clothes were poor and mean, but not ragged or dirty, and none knew in the whole ship that I had anything of value about me.

However, as I had a great many very good clothes and linen in abundance, which I had ordered to be packed up in two great boxes, I had them shipped on board, not as my goods, but as consigned to my real name in Virginia; and had the bills of loading in my pocket; and in these boxes was my plate and watches, and everything of value, except my money, which I kept by itself in a private drawer in my chest, and which could not be found, or opened, if found, without splitting the chest to pieces.

The ship began now to fill; several passengers came on board, who were embarked on no criminal account, and these had accommodations assigned them in the great cabin and other parts of the ship, whereas we, as convicts, were thrust down below, I know not where. But when my husband came on board, I spoke to the boatswain, who had so early given me hints of his friendship. I told him he had befriended me in many things, and I had not made any suitable return to him, and with that I put a guinea into his hand. I told him that my husband was now come on board; that though we were under the present misfortunes, yet we had been persons of a different character from the wretched crew that we came with, and desired to know whether the captain might not be moved to admit us to some conveniences in the ship, for which we would make him what satisfaction he pleased, and that we would gratify him for his pains in procuring this for us. He took the guinea, as I could see, with great satisfaction, and assured me of his assistance.

Then he told us he did not doubt but that the captain, who was one of the best-humoured gentlemen in the world, would be easily brought to accommodate us, as well as we could desire, and, to make me easy, told me he would go up the next tide



on purpose to speak to him about it. The next morning happening to sleep a little longer than ordinary, when I got up and began to look abroad, I saw the boatswain among the men in his ordinary business. I was a little melancholy at seeing him there, and going forward to speak to him, he saw me, and came towards me, but, not giving him time to speak first, I said, smiling, 'I doubt, sir, you have forgot us, for I see you are very busy.' He returned presently, 'Come along with me, and you shall see.' So he took me into the great cabin, and there sat a good sort of a gentlemanly man writing, and a great many papers before him.

'Here', says the boatswain to him that was a-writing, 'is the gentlewoman that the captain spoke to you of.' And turning to me, he said, 'I have been so far from forgetting your business, that I have been up at the captain's house, and have represented faithfully what you said of your being furnished with conveniences for yourself and your husband; and the captain has sent this gentleman, who is mate of the ship, down on purpose to show you everything, and to accommodate you to your content, and bid me assure you that you shall not be treated like what you were expected to be, but with the same respect as other passengers are treated.'

The mate then spoke to me, and, not giving me time to thank the boatswain for his kindness, confirmed what the boatswain had said, and added that it was the captain's delight to show himself kind and charitable, especially to those that were under any misfortunes; and with that he showed me several cabins built up, some in the great cabin, and some partitioned off, out of the steerage, but opening into the great cabin, on purpose for passengers, and gave me leave to choose where I would. I chose a cabin in the steerage, in which were very good conveniences to set our chest and boxes, and a table to eat on.

The mate then told me that the boatswain had given so good a character of me and of my husband, that he had orders to tell me we should eat with him, if we thought fit, during the whole voyage, on the common terms of passengers; that we might lay in some fresh provisions if we pleased; or if not, he should lay in his usual store, and that we should have share with him. This was very reviving news to me, after so many hardships and afflictions. I thanked him, and told him the captain should make his own terms with us, and asked him leave to go and tell my husband of it, who was not very well, and was not yet out of his cabin. Accordingly I went, and my husband, whose spirits were still so much sunk with the indignity (as he understood it) offered him, that he was scarce yet himself, was so revived with the account I gave him of the reception we were like to have in the ship, that he was quite another man, and new vigour and courage appeared in his very countenance. So true is it, that the greatest spirits, when overwhelmed by their afflictions, are subject to the greatest dejections.

After some little pause to recover himself, my husband came up with me, and gave the mate thanks for the kindness which he had expressed to us, and sent suitable acknowledgments by him to the captain, offering to pay him by advance, whatever he demanded for our passage, and for the conveniences he had helped us to. The mate told him that the captain would be on board in the afternoon,

and that he would leave all that to him. Accordingly, in the afternoon, the captain came, and we found him the same courteous, obliging man that the boatswain had represented him; and he was so well pleased with my husband's conversation, that, in short, he would not let us keep the cabin we had chosen, but gave us one that, as I said before, opened into the great cabin.

Nor were his conditions exorbitant, or the man craving and eager to make a prey of us, but for fifteen guineas we had our whole passage and provisions, ate at the captain's table, and were very handsomely entertained.

The captain lay himself in the other part of the great cabin, having let his roundhouse, as they call it, to a rich planter, who went over with his wife and three children, who ate by themselves. He had some other ordinary passengers, who quartered in the steerage; and as for our old fraternity, they were kept under the hatches, and came very little on the deck.

I could not refrain acquainting my governess with what had happened; it was but just that she, who was really concerned for me, should have part in my good fortune. Besides, I wanted her assistance to supply me with several necessaries, which before I was shy of letting anybody see me have; but now I had a cabin, and room to set things in, I ordered abundance of good things for our comfort in the voyage; as brandy, sugar lemons, &c., to make punch, and treat our benefactor, the captain; and abundance of things for eating and drinking; also a larger bed, and bedding proportioned to it; so that, in a word, we resolved to want for nothing.

All this while I had provided nothing for our assistance when we should come to the place, and begin to call ourselves planters; and I was far from being ignorant of what was needful on that occasion; particularly all sorts of tools for the planter's work, and for building; and all kinds of house furniture, which, if to be bought in the country, must necessarily cost double the price.

I discoursed that point with my governess, and she went and waited upon the captain, and told him that she hoped ways might be found out for her two unfortunate cousins, as she called us, to obtain our freedom when we came into the country, and so entered into a discourse with him about the means and terms also, of which I shall say more in its place; and, after thus sounding the captain, she let him know, though we were unhappy in the circumstance that occasioned our going, yet that we were not unfurnished to set ourselves to work in the country, and were resolved to settle and live there as planters. The captain readily offered his assistance, told her the method of entering upon such business, and how easy, nay, how certain it was for industrious people to recover their fortunes in such a manner. 'Madam', says he, 'tis no reproach to any man in that country to have been sent over in worse circumstances than I perceive your cousins are in, provided they do but apply with good judgment to the business of the place when they come there.'

She then inquired of him what things it was necessary we should carry over with us, and he, like a knowing man, told her thus: 'Madam, your cousins first must procure somebody to buy them as servants, in conformity to the conditions of their transportation, and then, in the name of that person, they may go about what

they will; they may either purchase some plantations already begun, or they may purchase land of the government of the country, and begin where they please, and both will be done reasonably.' She bespoke his favour in the first article, which he promised to her to take upon himself, and indeed faithfully performed it. And as to the rest, he promised to recommend us to such as should give us the best advice, and not to impose upon us, which was as much as could be desired.

She then asked him if it would not be necessary to furnish us with a stock of tools and materials for the business of planting; and he said, 'Yes, by all means.' Then she begged his assistance in that, and told him she would furnish us with everything that was convenient, whatever it cost her. He accordingly gave her a list of things necessary for a planter, which, by his account, came to about fourscore or a hundred pounds. And, in short, she went about as dexterously to buy them as if she had been an old Virginia merchant; only that she bought, by my direction, above twice as much of everything as he had given her a list of.

These she put on board in her own name, took his bills of loading for them, and endorsed those bills of loading to my husband, insuring the cargo afterwards in her own name; so that we were provided for all events and for all disasters.

I should have told you that my husband gave her all his own stock of £108, which, as I have said, he had about him in gold, to lay out thus, and I gave her a good sum besides; so that I did not break into the stock which I had left in her hands at all, but after all we had near £200 in money, which was more than enough for our purpose.

In this condition, very cheerful, and indeed joyful at being so happily accommodated, we set sail from Bugby's Hole to Gravesend, where the ship lay about ten days more, and where the captain came on board for good and all. Here the captain offered us a civility which, indeed, we had no reason to expect, namely, to let us go on shore and refresh ourselves, upon giving our words that we would not go from him, and that we would return peaceably on board again. This was such an evidence of his confidence in us that it overcame my husband, who, in a mere principle of gratitude, told him, as he could not in any capacity make a suitable return for such a favour, so he could not think of accepting it, nor could he be easy that the captain should run such a risk. After some mutual civilities, I gave my husband a purse, in which was eighty guineas, and he put it into the captain's hand. 'There, captain', says he, 'there's part of a pledge for our fidelity, if we deal dishonestly with you on any account, 'tis your own.' And on this we went on shore.

Indeed, the captain had assurance enough of our resolutions to go, for that, having made such provision to settle there, it did not seem rational that we would choose to remain here at the peril of life, for such it must have been. In a word, we went all on shore with the captain, and supped together in Gravesend, where we were very merry, stayed all night, lay at the house where we supped, and came all very honestly on board again with him in the morning. Here we bought ten dozen bottles of good beer, some wine, some fowls, and such things as we thought might be acceptable on board.

My governess was with us all this while, and went round with us into the Downs, as did also the captain's wife, with whom she went back. I was never so sorrowful at parting with my own mother as I was at parting with her, and I never saw her more. We had a fair easterly wind the third day after we came to the Downs, and we sailed from thence the 10th of April. Nor did we touch any more at any place, till being driven on the coast of Ireland by a very hard gale of wind, the ship came to an anchor in a little bay, near a river whose name I remember not, but they said the river came down from Limerick, and that it was the largest river in Ireland.

Here, being detained by bad weather for some time, the captain, who continued the same kind, good-humoured man as at first, took us two on shore with him again. He did it now in kindness to my husband indeed, who bore the sea very ill, especially when it blew so hard. Here we bought again store of fresh provisions, beef, pork, mutton, and fowls, and the captain stayed to pickle up five or six barrels of beef, to lengthen out the ship's store. We were here not above five days, when the weather turning mild, and a fair wind, we set sail again, and in two-and-forty days came safe to the coast of Virginia.

When we drew near to the shore the captain called me to him, and told me that he found by my discourse I had some relations in the place, and that I had been there before, and so he supposed I understood the custom in their disposing the convict prisoners when they arrived. I told him I did not; and that, as to what relations I had in the place, he might be sure I would make myself known to none of them while in the circumstances of a prisoner, and that, as to the rest, we left ourselves entirely to him to assist us, as he was pleased to promise us he would do. He told me I must get somebody in the place to come and buy me as a servant, and who must answer for me to the governor of the country if he demanded me. I told him we should do as he should direct; so he brought a planter to treat with him, as it were, for the purchase of me for a servant, my husband not being ordered to be sold, and there I was formally sold to him, and went ashore with him. The captain went with us and carried us to a certain house, whether it was to be called a tavern or not I know not, but we had a bowl of punch there made of rum, &c., and were very merry. After some time, the planter gave us a certificate of discharge, and an acknowledgment of having served him faithfully, and I was free from him the next morning to go whither I would.

For this piece of service the captain demanded of me six thousand weight of tobacco, which he said he was accountable for to his freighter, and which we immediately bought for him, and made him a present of twenty guineas besides, with which he was abundantly satisfied. It is not proper to enter here into the particulars of what part of the colony of Virginia we settled in, for divers reasons; it may suffice to mention that we went into the great river of Potomac, the ship being bound thither; and there we intended to have settled at first, though afterwards we altered our minds.

The first thing I did of moment after having gotten all our goods on shore, and placed them in a storehouse, which, with a lodging, we hired at the small place or

village where we landed; I say, the first thing was to inquire after my mother, and after my brother (that fatal person whom I married as a husband, as I have related at large). A little inquiry furnished me with information that Mrs —, that is my mother, was dead; that my brother, or husband, was alive, and, which was worse, I found he was removed from the plantation where I lived, and lived with one of his sons in a plantation just by the place where we landed, and had hired a warehouse.

I was a little surprised at first, but as I ventured to satisfy myself that he could not know me, I was not only perfectly easy, but had a great mind to see him, if it was possible, without his seeing me. In order to do that, I found out by inquiry the plantation where he lived, and with a woman of the place whom I got to help me, like what we call a charwoman, I rambled about towards the place as if I had only a mind to see the country and look about me. At last I came so near that I saw the dwelling-house. I asked the woman whose plantation that was; she said it belonged to such a man, and looking out a little to our right hands, 'There', says she, 'is the gentleman that owns the plantation, and his father with him.' 'What are their Christian names?' said I. 'I know not', said she, 'what the old gentleman's name is, but his son's name is Humphry; and I believe', says she, 'the father's is so too.' You may guess, if you can, what a confused mixture of joy and fright possessed my thoughts upon this occasion, for I immediately knew that this was nobody else but my own son, by that father she showed me, who was my own brother. I had no mask, but I ruffled my hoods so about my face that I depended upon it that after above twenty years' absence, and withal not expecting anything of me in that part of the world, he would not be able to know me. But I need not have used all that caution, for he was grown dim-sighted by some distemper which had fallen upon his eyes, and could but just see well enough to walk about, and not run against a tree or into a ditch. As they drew near to us I said, 'Does he know you, Mrs Owen?' (so they called the woman,) 'Yes', she said, 'if he hears me speak, he will know me; but he can't see well enough to know me or anybody else'; and so she told me the story of his sight, as I have related. This made me secure, and so I threw open my hoods again, and let them pass by me. It was a wretched thing for a mother thus to see her own son, a handsome, comely young gentleman in flourishing circumstances, and durst not make herself known to him, and durst not take any notice of him. Let any mother of children that reads this consider it, and but think with what anguish of mind I restrained myself; what yearnings of soul I had in me to embrace him, and weep over him; and how I thought all my entrails turned within me, that my very bowels moved, and I knew not what to do, as I now know not how to express those agonies! When he went from me I stood gazing and trembling, and looking after him as long as I could see him; then sitting down on the grass, just at a place I had marked, I made as if I lay down to rest me, but turned from her, and lying on my face wept, and kissed the ground that he had set his foot on.

I could not conceal my disorder so much from the woman, but that she perceived it, and thought I was not well, which I was obliged to pretend was true; upon which she pressed me to rise, the ground being damp and dangerous, which I did, and walked away.

As I was going back again, and still talking of this gentleman and his son, a new occasion of melancholy offered itself, thus. The woman began, as if she would tell me a story to divert me; 'There goes', says she, 'a very odd tale among the neighbours where this gentleman formerly lived.' 'What was that?' said I. 'Why', says she, 'that old gentleman going to England, when he was a young man, fell in love with a young lady there, one of the finest women that ever was seen here, and married her, and brought her over hither to his mother, who was then living. He lived here several years with her', continued she, 'and had several children by her, of which the young gentleman that was with him now was one; but, after some time, the old gentlewoman, his mother, talking to her of something relating to herself and of her circumstances in England, which were bad enough, the daughter-in-law began to be very much surprised and uneasy; and, in short, in examining farther into things, it appeared past all contradiction that she, the old gentlewoman, was her own mother, and that consequently that son was her own brother, which struck the family with horror, and put them into such confusion, that it had almost ruined them all. The young woman would not live with him, he for a time went distracted, and at last the young woman went away for England, and has never been heard of since.'

It is easy to believe that I was strangely affected with this story, but 'tis impossible to describe the nature of my disturbance. I seemed astonished at the story, and asked her a thousand questions about the particulars, which I found she was thoroughly acquainted with. At last I began to inquire into the circumstances of the family, how the old gentlewoman, I mean my mother, died, and how she left what she had; for my mother had promised me, very solemnly, that when she died she would do something for me, and leave it so, as that, if I was living, I should, one way or other, come at it, without its being in the power of her son, my brother and husband, to prevent it. She told me she did not know exactly how it was ordered, but she had been told that my mother had left a sum of money, and had tied her plantation for the payment of it, to be made good to the daughter, if ever she could be heard of, either in England or else where; and that the trust was left with this son, whom we saw with his father.

This was news too good for me to make light of, and you may be sure filled my heart with a thousand thoughts, what course I should take, and in what manner I should make myself known, or whether I should ever make myself known or no.

Here was a perplexity that I had not indeed skill to manage myself in, neither knew I what course to take, It lay heavy upon my mind night and day. I could neither sleep or converse, so that my husband perceived it, wondered what ailed me, and strove to divert me, but it was all to no purpose. He pressed me to tell him what it was troubled me, but I put it off, till at last importuning me continually, I was forced to form a story which yet had a plain truth to lay it upon too. I told him I was troubled because I found we must shift our quarters and alter our scheme of settling, for that I found I should be known if I stayed in that part of the country for that my mother being dead, several of my relations were come into that part where we then was, and that I must either discover myself to them, which in our present

circumstances was not proper on many accounts, or remove; and which to do I knew not, and that this it was that made me melancholy.

He joined with me in this, that it was by no means proper for me to make myself known to anybody in the circumstances in which we then were; and therefore he told me he would be willing to remove to any part of the country, or even to any other country if I thought fit. But now I had another difficulty, which was, that if I removed to another colony, I put myself out of the way of ever making a due search after those things which my mother had left; again, I could never so much as think of breaking the secret of my former marriage to my new husband; it was not a story would bear telling, nor could I tell what might be the consequences of it: it was impossible, too, without making it public all over the country, as well who I was, as what I now was also.

This perplexity continued a great while, and made my spouse very uneasy; for he thought I was not open with him, and did not let him into every part of my grievance; and he would often say he wondered what he had done, that I would not trust him, whatever it was, especially if it was grievous and afflicting. The truth is, he ought to have been trusted with everything, for no man could deserve better of a wife; but this was a thing I knew not how to open to him, and yet having nobody to disclose any part of it to, the burthen was too heavy for my mind; for, let them say what they please of our sex not being able to keep a secret, my life is a plain conviction to me of the contrary; but be it our sex, or the men's sex, a secret of moment should always have a confidant, a bosom friend to whom we may communicate the joy of it, or the grief of it, be it which it will, or it will be a double weight upon the spirits, and perhaps become even insupportable in itself; and this I appeal to human testimony for the truth of.

And this is the cause why many times men as well as women, and men of the greatest and best qualities other ways, yet have found themselves weak in this part, and have not been able to bear the weight of a secret joy or of a secret sorrow, but have been obliged to disclose it, even for the mere giving vent to themselves, and to unbend the mind, oppressed with the weights which attended it. Nor was this any token of folly at all, but a natural consequence of the thing; and such people, had they struggled longer with the oppression, would certainly have told it in their sleep, and disclosed the secret, let it have been of what fatal nature soever, without regard to the person to whom it might be exposed. This necessity of nature is a thing which works sometimes with such vehemency in the minds of those who are guilty of any atrocious villainy, such as a secret murder in particular, that they have been obliged to discover it, though the consequence has been their own destruction. Now, though it may be true that the divine justice ought to have the glory of all those discoveries and confessions, yet 'tis as certain that Providence, which ordinarily works by the hands of nature, makes use here of the same natural causes to produce those extraordinary effects.

I could give several remarkable instances of this in my long conversation with crime and with criminals. I knew one fellow that, while I was a prisoner in

Newgate, was one of those they called then night-fliers. I know not what word they may have understood it by since, but he was one who by connivance was admitted to go abroad every evening, when he played his pranks, and furnished those honest people they call thief-catchers with business to find out the next day, and restore for a reward what they had stolen the evening before. This fellow was as sure to tell in his sleep all that he had done, and every step he had taken, what he had stolen, and where, as sure as if he had engaged to tell it waking, and therefore he was obliged, after he had been out, to lock himself up, or be locked up by some of the keepers that had him in fee, that nobody should hear him; but, on the other hand, if he had told all the particulars, and given a full account of his rambles, and success to any comrade, any brother thief, or to his employers, as I may justly call them, then all was well, and he slept as quietly as other people.

As the publishing this account of my life is for the sake of the just moral of every part of it, and for instruction, caution, warning, and improvement to every reader, so this will not pass, I hope, for an unnecessary digression, concerning some people being obliged to disclose the greatest secrets either of their own or other people's affairs.

Under the oppression of this weight, I laboured in the case I have been naming; and the only relief I found for it was to let my husband into so much of it as I thought would convince him of the necessity there was for us to think of settling in some other part of the world; and the next consideration before us was, which part of the English settlements we should go to. My husband was a perfect stranger to the country, and had not yet so much as a geographical knowledge of the situation of the several places; and I, that, till I wrote this, did not know what the word geographical signified, had only a general knowledge from long conversation with people that came from or went to several places; but this I knew, that Maryland, Pennsylvania, East and West Jersey, New York, and New England lay all north of Virginia, and that they were consequently, all colder climates, to which, for that very reason, I had an aversion. For that as I naturally loved warm weather, so now I grew into years, I had a stronger inclination to shun a cold climate. I therefore considered of going to Carolina, which is the most southern colony of the English on the continent; and hither I proposed to go, the rather because I might with ease come from thence at any time, when it might be proper to inquire after my mother's effects, and to demand them.

With this resolution, I proposed to my husband our going away from where we was, and carrying our effects with us to Carolina, where we resolved to settle; for my husband readily agreed to the first part, viz., it was not at all proper to stay where we was, since I had assured him we should be known there; and the rest I concealed from him.

But now I found a new difficulty upon me. The main affair grew heavy upon my mind still, and I could not think of going out of the country without somehow or other making inquiry into the grand affair of what my mother had done for me; nor could I with any patience bear the thought of going away, and not make myself



known to my old husband (brother), or to my child, his son; only I would fain have had it done without my new husband having any knowledge of it, or they having any knowledge of him.

I cast about innumerable ways in my thoughts how this might be done. I would gladly have sent my husband away to Carolina, and have come after myself, but this was impracticable; he would not stir without me, being himself unacquainted with the country, and with the methods of settling anywhere. Then I thought we would both go first, and that when we were settled I should come back to Virginia; but even then I knew he would never part with me, and be left there alone. The case was plain; he was bred a gentleman, and was not only unacquainted; but indolent, and when we did settle, would much rather go into the woods with his gun, which they call there hunting, and which is the ordinary work of the Indians; I say, he would much rather do that than attend to the natural business of the plantation.

These were, therefore, difficulties unsurmountable, and such as I knew not what to do in. I had such strong impressions on my mind about discovering myself to my old husband, that I could not withstand them; and the rather, because it ran in my thoughts, that if I did not while he lived, I might in vain endeavour to convince my son afterward that I was really the same person, and that I was his mother, and so might both lose the assistance and comfort of the relation, and lose whatever it was my mother had left me; and yet, on the other hand, I could never think it proper to discover the circumstances I was in, as well relating to the having a husband with me as to my being brought over as a criminal; on both which accounts it was absolutely necessary to me to remove from the place where I was, and come again to him, as from another place and in another figure.

Upon those considerations, I went on with telling my husband the absolute necessity there was of our not settling in Potomac River, that we should presently be made public there; whereas if we went to any other place in the world, we could come in with as much reputation as any family that came to plant; that, as it was always agreeable to the inhabitants to have families come among them to plant, who brought substance with them, so we should be sure of agreeable reception, and without any possibility of a discovery of our circumstances.

I told him too, that as I had several relations in the place where we was, and that I durst not now let myself be known to them, because they would soon come to know the occasion of my coming over, which would be to expose myself to the last degree; so I had reason to believe that my mother, who died here, had left me something, and perhaps considerable, which it might be very well worth my while to inquire after; but that this too could not be done without exposing us publicly, unless we went from hence; and then, wherever we settled, I might come, as it were, to visit and to see my brother and nephews, make myself known, inquire after what was my due, be received with respect, and, at the same time, have justice done me; whereas, if I did it now, I could expect nothing but with trouble, such as exacting it by force, receiving it with curses and reluctance, and with all kinds of affronts, which he would not perhaps bear to see; that in case of being obliged to legal proofs

of being really her daughter, I might be at a loss, be obliged to have recourse to England, and, it may be, to fail at last, and so lose it. With these arguments, and having thus acquainted my husband with the whole secret, so far as was needful to him, we resolved to go and seek a settlement in some other colony, and at first Carolina was the place pitched upon.

In order to this we began to make inquiry for vessels going to Carolina, and in a very little while got information, that on the other side the bay, as they call it, namely, in Maryland, there was a ship which came from Carolina, loaden with rice and other goods, and was going back again thither. On this news we hired a sloop to take in our goods, and taking, as it were, a final farewell of Potomac River, we went with all our cargo over to Maryland.

This was a long and unpleasant voyage, and my spouse said it was worse to him than all the voyage from England, because the weather was bad, the water rough, and the vessel small and inconvenient. In the next place, we were full a hundred miles up Potomac River, in a part they call Westmorland County; and, as that river is by far the greatest in Virginia, and I have heard say it is the greatest river in the world that falls into another river, and not directly into the sea, so we had base weather in it, and were frequently in great danger; for though they call it but a river, 'tis frequently so broad, that when we were in the middle we could not see land on either side for many leagues together. Then we had the great bay of Chesapeake to cross, which is, where the river Potomac falls into it, near thirty miles broad, so that our voyage was full two hundred miles, in a poor, sorry sloop, with all our treasure, and if any accident had happened to us we might at last have been very miserable; supposing we had lost our goods and saved our lives only, and had then been left naked and destitute, and in a wild, strange place, not having one friend or acquaintance in all that part of the world. The very thoughts of it gives me some horror, even since the danger is past.

Well, we came to the place in five days' sailing; I think they call it Philip's Point; and behold, when we came thither, the ship bound to Carolina was loaded and gone away but three days before. This was a disappointment; but, however, I, that was to be discouraged with nothing, told my husband that since we could not get passage to Carolina, and that the country we was in was very fertile and good, we would see if we could find out anything for our turn where we was, and that if he liked things we would settle here.

We immediately went on shore, but found no conveniences just at that place, either for our being on shore, or preserving our goods on shore, but was directed by a very honest Quaker, whom we found there, to go to a place about sixty miles east; that is to say, nearer the mouth of the bay, where he said he lived, and where we should be accommodated, either to plant or to wait for any other place to plant in that might be more convenient; and he invited us with so much kindness that we agreed to go, and the Quaker himself went with us.

Here we bought us two servants, viz. an English woman-servant, just come on shore from a ship of Liverpool, and a negro man servant, things absolutely

necessary for all people that pretended to settle in that country. This honest Quaker was very helpful to us, and when we came to the place that he proposed, found us out a convenient storehouse for our goods, and lodging for ourselves and servants; and about two months or thereabout, afterwards, by his direction, we took up a large piece of land from the government of that country, in order to form our plantation, and so we laid the thoughts of going to Carolina wholly aside, having been very well received here, and accommodated with a convenient lodging till we could prepare things, and have land enough cured, and materials provided, for building us a house, all which we managed by the direction of the Quaker; so that in one year's time we had near fifty acres of land cleared, part of it enclosed, and some of it planted with tobacco, though not much; besides, we had garden-ground, and corn sufficient to supply our servants with roots and herbs and bread.

And now I persuaded my husband to let me go over the bay again, and inquire after my friends. He was the willinger to consent to it now, because he had business upon his hands sufficient to employ him, besides his gun to divert him, which they call hunting there, and which he greatly delighted in; and indeed we used to look at one another, sometimes with a great deal of pleasure, reflecting how much better that was, not than Newgate only, but than the most prosperous of our circumstances in the wicked trade we had been both carrying on.

Our affair was now in a very good posture; we purchased of the proprietors of the colony as much land for £35, paid in ready money, as would make a sufficient plantation to us as long as we could either of us live; and as for children, I was past anything of that kind.

But our good fortune did not end here. I went, as I have said, over the bay, to the place where my brother, once a husband, lived; but I did not go to the same village where I was before, but went up another great river, on the east side of the river Potomac, called Rappahannoc River, and by this means came on the back of his plantation, which was large, and by the help of a navigable creek, that ran into the Rappahannoc, I came very near it.

I was now fully resolved to go up point-blank to my brother (husband), and to tell him who I was; but not knowing what temper I might find him in, or how much out of temper, rather, I might .make him by such a rash visit, I resolved to write a letter to him first, to let him know who I was, and that I was come not to give him any trouble upon the old relation, which I hoped was entirely forgot, but that I applied to him as a sister to a brother, desiring his assistance in the case of that provision which our mother, at her decease, had left for my support, and which I did not doubt but he would do me justice in, especially considering that I was come thus far to look after it.

I said some very tender, kind things in the letter about his son, which I told him he knew to be my own child, and that as I was guilty of nothing in marrying him, any more than he was in marrying me, neither of us having then known our being at all related to one another, so I hoped he would allow me the most passionate desire of once seeing my own and only child, and of showing something of the

infirmities of a mother in preserving a violent affection for him, who had never been able to retain any thought of me one way or other.

I did believe that, having received this letter, he would immediately give it to his son to read, his eyes being, I knew, so dim that he could not see to read it; but it fell out better than so, for as his sight was dim, so he had allowed his son to open all letters that came to his hand for him, and the old gentleman being from home, or out of the way when my messenger came, my letter came directly to my son's hand, and he opened and read it.

He called the messenger in, after some little stay, and asked him where the person was who gave him that letter. The messenger told him the place, which was about seven miles off; so he bid him stay, and ordering a horse to be got ready, and two servants, away he came to me with the messenger. Let any one judge the consternation I was in when my messenger came back and told me the old gentleman was not at home, but his son was come along with him, and was just coming up to me. I was perfectly confounded, for I knew not whether it was peace or war, nor could I tell how to behave; however, I had but a very few moments to think, for my son was at the heels of the messenger, and, coming up into my lodgings, asked the fellow at the door something. I suppose it was, for I did not hear it, which was the gentlewoman that sent him; for the messenger said, 'There she is, sir'; at which he comes directly up to me, kisses me, took me in his arms, embraced me with so much passion that he could not speak, but I could feel his breast heave and throb like a child, that cries, but sobs, and cannot cry it out.

I can neither express or describe the joy that touched my very soul when I found, for it was easy to discover that part, that he came not as a stranger, but as a son to a mother, and indeed a son who had never before known what a mother of his own was; in short, we cried over one another a considerable while, when at last he broke out first. 'My dear mother', says he, 'are you still alive? I never expected to have seen your face.' As for me, I could say nothing a great while.

After we had both recovered ourselves a little, and were able to talk, he told me how things stood. He told me he had not showed my letter to his father, or told him anything about it; that what his grandmother left me was in his hands, and that he would do me justice to my full satisfaction; that as to his father, he was old and infirm both in body and mind; that he was very fretful and passionate, almost blind, and capable of nothing; and he questioned whether he would know how to act in an affair which was of so nice a nature as this; and that therefore he had come himself, as well to satisfy himself in seeing me, which he could not restrain himself from, as also to put it into my power to make a judgment, after I had seen how things were, whether I would discover myself to his father or no.

This was really so prudently and wisely managed, that I found my son was a man of sense, and needed no direction from me. I told him I did not wonder that his father was as he had described him, for that his head was a little touched before I went away; and principally his disturbance was because I could not be persuaded to live with him as my husband, after I knew that he was my brother; that as he

knew better than I what his father's present condition was, I should readily join with him in such measures as he would direct; that I was indifferent as to seeing his father, since I had seen him first, and he could not have told me better news than to tell me that what his grandmother had left me was entrusted in his hands, who, I doubted not, now he knew who I was, would, as he said, do me justice. I inquired then, how long my mother had been dead, and where she died, and told so many particulars of the family, that I left him no room to doubt the truth of my being really and truly his mother.

My son then inquired where I was, and how I had disposed myself. I told him I was on the Maryland side of the bay, at the plantation of a particular friend, who came from England in the same ship with me; that as for that side of the bay where he was, I had no habitation. He told me I should go home with him, and live with him, if I pleased, as long as I lived; that as to his father, he knew nobody, and would never so much as guess at me. I considered of that a little, and told him, that though it was really no little concern to me to live at a distance from him, yet I could not say it would be the most comfortable thing in the world to me to live in the house with him, and to have that unhappy object always before me, which had been such a blow to my peace before; that, though I should be glad to have his company (my son), or to be as near him as possible, yet I could not think of being in the house where I should be also under constant restraint for fear of betraying myself in my discourse, nor should I be able to refrain some expressions in my conversing with him as my son, that might discover the whole affair, which would by no means be convenient.

He acknowledged that I was right in all this. 'But then, dear mother', says he, 'you shall be as near me as you can.' So he took me with him on horseback to a plantation, next to his own, and where I was as well entertained as I could have been in his own. Having left me there, he went away home, telling me he would talk of the main business the next day; and having first called me his aunt, and given a charge to the people, who it seems were his tenants, to treat me with all possible respect, about two hours after he was gone, he sent me a maid-servant and a negro boy to wait on me, and provisions ready dressed for my supper; and thus I was as if I had been in a new world, and began almost to wish that I had not brought my Lancashire husband from England at all.

However, that wish was not hearty neither, for I loved my Lancashire husband entirely, as I had ever done from the beginning; and he merited it as much as it was possible for a man to do; but that by the way.

The next morning my son came to visit me again, almost as soon as I was up. After a little discourse, he first of all pulled out a deerskin bag, and gave it me, with five-and-fifty Spanish pistoles in it, and told me that was to supply my expenses from England, for though it was not his business to inquire, yet he ought to think I did not bring a great deal of money out with me, it not being usual to bring much money into that country. Then he pulled out his grandmother's will, and read it over to me, whereby it appeared that she left a plantation on York River to me, with

the stock of servants and cattle upon it, and had given it in trust to this son of mine for my use, whenever he should hear of me, and to my heirs, if I had any children, and in default of heirs, to whomsoever I should by will dispose of it; but gave the income of it, till I should be heard of, to my said son; and if I should not be living, then it was to him, and his heirs.

This plantation, though remote from him, he said he did not let out, but managed it by a head-clerk, as he did another that was his father's, that lay hard by it, and went over himself three or four times a year to look after it. I asked him what he thought the plantation might be worth. He said, if I would let it out, he would give me about £60 a year for it; but if I would live on it, then it would be worth much more, and he believed would bring me in about £150 a year. But, seeing I was likely either to settle on the other side the bay, or might perhaps have a mind to go back to England, if I would let him be my steward he would manage it for me, as he had done for himself, and that he believed he should be able to send me as much tobacco from it as would yield me about £100 a year, sometimes more.

This was all strange news to me, and things I had not been used to; and really my heart began to look up more seriously than I think it ever did before, and to look with great thankfulness to the hand of Providence, which had done such wonders for me, who had been myself the greatest wonder of wickedness perhaps that had been suffered to live in the world. And I must again observe, that not on this occasion only, but even on all other occasions of thankfulness, my past wickedness and abominable life never looked so monstrous to me, and I never so completely abhorred it, and reproached myself with it, as when I had a sense upon me of Providence doing good to me, while I had been making those vile returns on my part.

But I leave the reader to improve these thoughts, as no doubt they will see cause, and I go on to the fact. My son's tender carriage and kind offers fetched tears from me, almost all the while he talked with me. Indeed, I could scarce discourse with him but in the intervals of my passion; however, at length I began, and expressing myself with wonder at my being so happy to have the trust of what I had left, put into the hands of my own child, I told him, that as to the inheritance of it, I had no child but him in the world, and was now past having any if I should marry, and therefore would desire him to get a writing drawn, which I was ready to execute, by which I would, after me, give it wholly to him and to his heirs. And in the meantime, smiling, I asked him what made him continue a bachelor so long. His answer was kind and ready, that Virginia did not yield any great plenty of wives, and that since I talked of going back to England, I should send him a wife from London.

This was the substance of our first day's conversation, the pleasantest day that ever passed over my head in my life, and which gave me the truest satisfaction. He came every day after this, and spent great part of his time with me, and carried me about to several of his friends' houses, where I was entertained with great respect. Also I dined several times at his own house, when he took care always to see his half-dead father so out of the way that I never saw him, or he me. I made him one present, and it was all I had of value, and that was one of the gold watches, of which, I said,

I had two in my chest, and this I happened to have with me, and gave it him at his third visit. I told him I had nothing of any value to bestow but that, and I desired he would now and then kiss it for my sake. I did not, indeed, tell him that I stole it from a gentlewoman's side, at a meeting-house in London. That's by the way.

He stood a little while hesitating, as if doubtful whether to take it or no. But I pressed it on him, and made him accept it, and it was not much less worth than his leather pouch full of Spanish gold; no, though it were to be reckoned as if at London, whereas it was worth twice as much there. At length he took it, kissed it, told me the watch should be a debt upon him that he would be paying as long as I lived.

A few days after, he brought the writings of gift and the scrivener with him, and I signed them very freely, and delivered them to him with a hundred kisses; for sure nothing ever passed between a mother and a tender, dutiful child with more affection. The next day he brings me an obligation under his hand and seal, whereby he engaged himself to manage the plantation for my account, and to remit the produce to my order wherever I should be; and withal, obliged himself to make up the produce £100 a year to me. When he had done so, he told me that as I came to demand before the crop was off, I had a right to the produce of the current year; and so he paid £100 in Spanish pieces of eight, and desired me to give him a receipt for it as in full for that year, ending at Christmas following; this being about the latter end of August.

I stayed here above five weeks, and indeed had much ado to get away then. Nay, he would have come over the bay with me, but I would by no means allow it. However, he would send me over in a sloop of his own, which was built like a yacht, and served him as well for pleasure as business. This I accepted of, and so, after the utmost expression both of duty and affection, he let me come away, and I arrived safe in two days at my friend's the Quaker's.

I brought over with me, for the use of our plantation, three horses, with harness and saddles, some hogs, two cows, and a thousand other things, the gift of the kindest and tenderest child that ever woman had. I related to my husband all the particulars of this voyage, except that I called my son my cousin; and first, I told him that I had lost my watch, which he seemed to take as a misfortune; but then I told him how kind my cousin had been, that my mother had left me such a plantation, and that he had preserved it for me, in hopes some time or other he should hear from me; then I told him that I had left it to his management, that he would render me a faithful account of its produce; and then I pulled him out the £100 in silver, as the first year's produce; and then pulling out the deerskin purse with the pistoles, 'And here, my dear', says I, 'is the gold watch.' Says my husband, 'So is Heaven's goodness sure to work the same effects, in all sensible minds, where mercies touch the heart!', lifted up both his hands, and with an ecstasy of joy, 'What is God a-doing', says he, 'for such an ungrateful dog as I am!' Then I let him know what I had brought over in the sloop, besides all this; I mean the horses, hogs, and cows, and other stores for our plantation; all which added to his surprise, and filled his heart with thankfulness; and from this time forward I believe he was as sincere

a penitent and as thoroughly a reformed man as ever God's goodness brought back from a profligate, a highwayman, and a robber. I could fill a larger history than this with the evidences of this truth, but that I doubt that part of the story will not be equally diverting as the wicked part.

But this is to be my own story, not my husband's. I return therefore to my own part. We went on with our own plantation, and managed it with the help and direction of such friends as we got there, and especially the honest Quaker, who proved a faithful, generous, and steady friend to us; and we had very good success, for having a flourishing stock to begin with, as I have said, and this being now increased by the addition of £150 sterling in money, we enlarged our number of servants, built us a very good house, and cured every year a great deal of land. The second year I wrote to my old governess, giving her part with us of the joy of our success and ordered her how to lay out the money I had left with her, which was £250 as above, and to send it to us in goods, which she performed with her usual kindness and fidelity, and all this arrived safe to us.

Here we had a supply of all sorts of clothes, as well for my husband as for myself; and I took especial care to buy for him all those things that I knew he delighted to have; as two good long wigs, two silver-hilted swords, three or four fine fowling-pieces, a fine saddle with holsters and pistols very handsome, with a scarlet cloak; and, in a word, everything I could think of to oblige him, and to make him appear, as he really was, a very fine gentleman. I ordered a good quantity of such household stuff as we wanted, with linen for us both. As for myself, I wanted very little of clothes or linen, being very well furnished before. The rest of my cargo consisted in iron-work of all sorts, harness for horses, tools, clothes for servants, and woollen-cloth, stuffs, serges, stockings, shoes, hats, and the like, such as servants wear; and whole pieces also, to make up for servants, all by direction of the Quaker; and all this cargo arrived safe, and in good condition, with three women-servants, lusty wenches, which my old governess had picked up for me, suitable enough to the place, and to the work we had for them to do, one of which happened to come double, having been got with child by one of the seamen in the ship, as she owned afterwards, before the ship got so far as Gravesend; so she brought us out a stout boy, about seven months after our landing.

My husband, you may suppose, was a little surprised at the arriving of this cargo from England; and talking with me one day after he saw the particulars, 'My dear', says he, 'what is the meaning of all this? I fear, you will run us too deep in debt: when shall we be able to make returns for it all?' I smiled, and told him that it was all paid for; and then I told him that, not knowing what might befall us in the voyage, and considering what our circumstances might expose us to, I had not taken my whole stock with me, that I had reserved so much in my friend's hands, which now we were come over safe, and settled in a way to live, I had sent for, as he might see.

He was amazed, and stood awhile telling upon his fingers, but said nothing. At last he began thus: 'Hold, let's see', says he, telling upon his fingers still, and first



on his thumb; 'there's £246 in money at first, then two gold watches, diamond rings, and plate', says he, upon the fore finger. Then upon the next finger, 'Here's a plantation on York River, £100 a year, then £150 in money, then a sloop-load of horses, cows, hogs, and stores'; and so on to the thumb again. 'And now', says he, 'a cargo cost £250 in England, and worth here twice the money.' 'Well', says I, 'what do you make of all that?' 'Make of it?' says he. 'Why, who says I was deceived when I married a wife in Lancashire? I think I have married a fortune, and a very good fortune too', says he.

In a word, we were now in very considerable circumstances, and every year increasing; for our new plantation grew upon our hands insensibly, and in eight years which we lived upon it, we brought it to such a pitch that the produce was at least £300 sterling a year: I mean, worth so much in England.

After I had been a year at home again, I went over the bay to see my son, and to receive another year's income of my plantation; and I was surprised to hear, just at my landing there, that my old husband was dead, and had not been buried above a fortnight. This, I confess, was not disagreeable news, because now I could appear as I was, in a married condition; so I told my son before I came from him that I believed I should marry a gentleman who had a plantation near mine; and though I was legally free to marry, as to any obligation that was on me before, yet that I was shy of it lest the plot should some time or other be revived, and it might make a husband uneasy. My son, the same kind, dutiful, and obliging creature as ever, treated me now at his own house, paid me my hundred pounds, and sent me home again loaded with presents.

Some time after this, I let my son know I was married, and invited him over to see us, and my husband wrote a very obliging letter to him also, inviting him to come and see him; and he came accordingly some months after, and happened to be there just when my cargo from England came in, which I let him believe belonged all to my husband's estate, and not to me.

It must be observed that when the old wretch, my brother (husband) was dead, I then freely gave my husband an account of all that affair, and of this cousin, as I called him before, being my own son by that mistaken match. He was perfectly easy in the account, and told me he should have been easy if the old man, as we called him, had been alive. 'For', said he, 'it was no fault of yours, nor of his; it was a mistake impossible to be prevented.' He only reproached him with desiring me to conceal it, and to live with him as a wife, after I knew that he was my brother; that, he said, was a vile part. Thus all these little difficulties were made easy, and we lived together with the greatest kindness and comfort imaginable. We are now grown old; I am come back to England, being almost, seventy years of age, my husband sixty-eight, having performed much more than the limited terms of my transportation; and now, notwithstanding all the fatigues and all the miseries we have both gone through, we are both in good heart and health. My husband remained there some time after me to settle our affairs, and at first I had intended to go back to him, but at his desire I altered that resolution, and he is come over

to England also, where we resolve to spend the remainder of our years in sincere penitence for the wicked lives we have lived.

#### 4.6.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. What role does acting play in Moll's development as a character, and why?
2. What's the effect of Defoe's writing about criminal acts in such detail, with such concrete details? Why does he do that, do you think?
3. Why does Moll continue to commit crimes even when she's no longer impoverished? What motivates her, and why? What's Defoe's purpose here, do you think?
4. What relationship, if any, does money have to goodness in this book? Why does Moll end in a state of such prosperity, do you think?
5. What is Defoe's attitude towards art, towards the uses and abuses of art, do you think? How does his attitude compare with Chaucer's, Spenser's, Sydney's, or Milton's? How do you know?

### 4.7 ANNE FINCH, COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA

(1661-1720)

Anne Finch published a collection of poetry; she wrote in various poetic forms, including elegies, pastorals, epistles, and ballads. She also wrote drama and an epilogue.

Anne Finch's parents, Sir William Kingsmill and Anne Haslewood, both hailed from the landed gentry. Both died before Ann reached the age of three. She was then left in the care of a stepfather, an uncle, and a grandmother. Her father had taken the unusual step of providing for his daughter's education in his will. Ann received an excellent education in English poetry and drama, the classics, and modern languages. She later advocated women's education as a neglected right and means to elevate women's position in society.

Probably due to her parents' connections to royalty, Finch in 1683 entered the household of Mary of Modena Duchess of York, the second (and Roman Catholic)



**Image 4.9 | Anne Finch**

**Artist |** Unknown

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wife of James Stuart, Duke of York, the heir to the throne. The next year, she married Heanage Finch (1657-1726), a soldier and member of the Duke of York's retinue.

Their marriage thrived. Her husband encouraged Finch's writing, editing and transcribing her work and seeing to its private—though anonymous—circulation among friends. Her husband also remained loyal to the Stuarts after the deposition of James II and the ascension of William III and Mary II to the throne. Consequently estranged from the court, Finch and her husband removed to Eastwell Park in Kent, the country seat of his nephew, the 4<sup>th</sup> Earl of Winchilsea. Ann remained there with only sporadic visits to London and the Spa at Tunbridge Wells, to seek cure for ailments deemed due to “nerves.”

Despite living in comparative retirement, Finch remained active as a writer, sharing her work among friends. Her Pindaric Ode “The Spleen” was included in *Gildon's Miscellany*, published in 1701. Finch's husband became the 5<sup>th</sup> Earl of Winchilsea after his nephew's death in 1712; the couple then returned to London, where Finch entered the public world of letters, socializing with writers like Alexander Pope, Jonathan Swift, and John Gay (1685-1732). Swift lauded Finch's poetry in his own “Apollo Outwitted” (1711).

Finch often wrote in the classical style, using classical forms that she imbued with her own experience and views— particularly on the position of women in society. In and through her poetry, Finch contested the gendered occupations and opportunities to which women were limited, belying the objectifications and relative positions that defined and confined women. She achieved poetic fame both during and after her lifetime. The nineteenth century Romantics, including William Wordsworth (1770-1850), embraced Finch's imagination and originality, particularly in her depictions of nature.

#### 4.7.1 “The Introduction”

Did I, my lines intend for public view,  
 How many censures, would their faults pursue,  
 Some would, because such words they do affect,  
 Cry they're insipid, empty, and uncorrect.  
 And many have attained, dull and untaught,  
 The name of wit only by finding fault.  
 True judges might condemn their want of wit,  
 And all might say, they're by a woman writ.  
 Alas! a woman that attempts the pen,  
 Such an intruder on the rights of men,  
 Such a presumptuous creature, is esteemed,  
 The fault can by no virtue be redeemed.  
 They tell us we mistake our sex and way;  
 Good breeding, fashion, dancing, dressing, play  
 Are the accomplishments we should desire;  
 To write, or read, or think, or to inquire

Would cloud our beauty, and exhaust our time,  
And interrupt the conquests of our prime;  
Whilst the dull manage of a servile house  
Is held by some our outmost art, and use.  
Sure 'twas not ever thus, nor are we told  
Fables, of women that excelled of old;  
To whom, by the diffusive hand of Heaven  
Some share of wit, and poetry was given.  
On that glad day, on which the Ark returned,  
The holy pledge, for which the land had mourned,  
The joyful tribes, attend it on the way,  
The Levites do the sacred charge convey,  
Whilst various instruments, before it play;  
Here, holy virgins in the concert join  
The louder notes, to soften, and refine,  
And with alternate verse complete the hymn divine.  
Lo! the young Poet, after God's own heart,  
By Him inspired, and taught the Muses' art,  
Returned from conquest, a bright chorus meets,  
That sing his slain ten thousand in the streets.  
In such loud numbers they his acts declare,  
Proclaim the wonders of his early war,  
That Saul upon the vast applause does frown,  
And feels its mighty thunder shake the crown.  
What, can the threatened judgment now prolong?  
Half of the kingdom is already gone;  
The fairest half, whose influence guides the rest,  
Have David's empire o'er their hearts confessed.  
A woman here, leads fainting Israel on,  
She fights, she wins, she triumphs with a song,  
Devout, majestic, for the subject fit,  
And far above her arms, exalts her wit;  
Then, to the peaceful, shady palm withdraws,  
And rules the rescued nation, with her laws.  
How are we fall'n, fall'n by mistaken rules?  
And education's, more than nature's fools,  
Debarred from all improvements of the mind,  
And to be dull, expected and designed;  
And if some one would soar above the rest,  
With warmer fancy, and ambition pressed,  
So strong th' opposing faction still appears,  
The hopes to thrive can ne'er outweigh the fears,  
Be cautioned then my Muse, and still retired;

Nor be despised, aiming to be admired;  
 Conscious of wants, still with contracted wing,  
 To some few friends, and to thy sorrows sing;  
 For groves of laurel thou wert never meant;  
 Be dark enough thy shades, and be thou there content.

#### 4.7.2 "A Nocturnal Reverie"

In such a night, when every louder wind  
 Is to its distant cavern safe confined;  
 And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,  
 And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings;  
 Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,  
 She, hollowing clear, directs the wand'rer right:  
 In such a night, when passing clouds give place,  
 Or thinly veil the heav'ns' mysterious face;  
 When in some river, overhung with green,  
 The waving moon and the trembling leaves are seen;  
 When freshened grass now bears itself upright,  
 And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,  
 Whence springs the woodbind, and the bramble-rose,  
 And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;  
 Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,  
 Yet checkers still with red the dusky brakes  
 When scatter'd glow-worms, but in twilight fine,  
 Shew trivial beauties, watch their hour to shine;  
 Whilst Salisb'ry stands the test of every light,  
 In perfect charms, and perfect virtue bright:  
 When odors, which declined repelling day,  
 Through temp'rate air uninterrupted stray;  
 When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,  
 And falling waters we distinctly hear;  
 When through the gloom more venerable shows  
 Some ancient fabric, awful in repose,  
 While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,  
 And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:  
 When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,  
 Comes slowly grazing through th' adjoining meads,  
 Whose stealing pace, and lengthened shade we fear,  
 Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear:  
 When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,  
 And unmolested kine rechew the cud;  
 When curlews cry beneath the village walls,  
 And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;

Their shortlived jubilee the creatures keep,  
 Which but endures, whilst tyrant man does sleep;  
 When a sedate content the spirit feels,  
 And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;  
 But silent musings urge the mind to seek  
 Something, too high for syllables to speak;  
 Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,  
 Finding the elements of rage disarmed,  
 O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,  
 Joys in th' inferior world, and thinks it like her own:  
 In such a night let me abroad remain,  
 Till morning breaks, and all's confused again;  
 Our cares, our toils, our clamors are renewed,  
 Or pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

### 4.7.3 "To the Nightingale"

Exert thy voice, sweet harbinger of spring!  
     This moment is thy time to sing,  
     This moment I attend to praise,  
 And set my numbers to they lays.  
     Free as thine shall be my song;  
     As they music, short, or long.  
 Poets, wild as thee, were born,  
     Pleasing best when unconfined,  
     When to please is least designed,  
 Soothing but their cares to rest;  
     Cares do still their thoughts molest,  
     And still th' unhappy poet's breast,  
 Like thine, when best he sings, is placed against a thorn.  
 She begins, Let all be still!  
     Muse, they promise now fulfill!  
 Sweet, oh! sweet, still sweeter yet  
 Can thy words such accents fit,  
 Canst thou syllables refine,  
 Melt a sense that shall retain  
 Still some spirit of the brain,  
 Till with sounds like these it join.  
     'Twill not be! then change thy note;  
     Let division shake thy throat.  
 Hark! Division now she tries;  
 Yet as far the Muse outflies.  
     Cease then, prithee, cease thy tune;  
     Trifler, wilt thou sing till *June*?

Till thy business all lies waste,  
And the time of building's past!  
    Thus we poets that have speech,  
Unlike what they forests teach,  
    If a fluent vein be shown  
    That's transcendant to our own,  
Criticize, reform, or preach,  
Or censure what we cannot reach.

#### 4.7.4 Reading and Review Questions

1. Why, and to what effect, does Finch anticipate the censure that male critics will probably bring against her writing? How does she characterize these critics? How does she herself obliquely, allusively, and directly characterize women? How does her characterization of women's compare with Cavendish's?
2. To what extent, if any, does Finch elevate the role and purpose of poetry in human life? Why? How does her view of poetry compare with Spenser's, Sidney's, and Milton's?
3. In what ways, and to what effect, does Finch personify nature in "A Nocturnal Reverie" or "To the Nightingale?" Does she rely on literary tropes, or conventions? Does she rely on observation? Both or neither?
4. Finch seems to reverse the archetypes of night and day, shade and light, in "The Introduction" and "A Nocturnal Reverie." What values is she preferring, and why?
5. What profitable work does the unconfined song of the Nightingale effect, for whom and how?

## 4.8 JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667-1745)

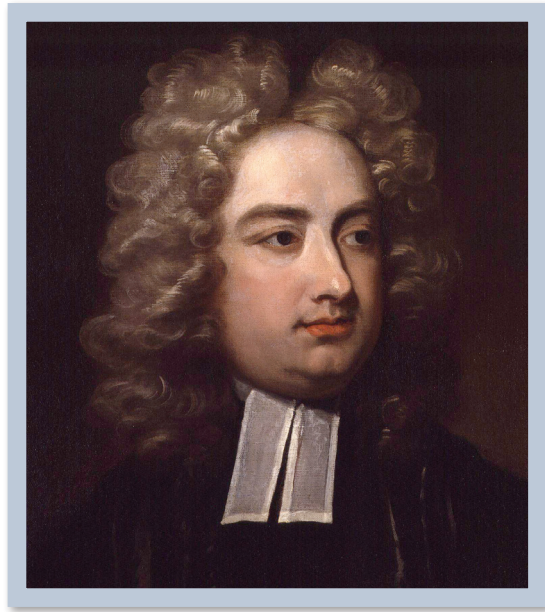
Born in Dublin posthumously to an Anglican father Jonathan Swift and Anglican mother, Jonathan Swift depended on the generosity of his uncle for both his upbringing and education. He studied at Kilkenny School and then at Trinity College, Dublin, from which he graduated in 1689.

After a frustratingly unproductive stint in England as personal secretary to Sir William Temple (1628-1699), a family friend and diplomat with connections to the Royal Court, Swift returned to Ireland where he was ordained as an Anglican priest. After an appointment to a church in Northern Ireland, followed by again unproductive work in England with Temple and then with Charles Berkeley, 2<sup>nd</sup> Earl of Berkeley (1649-1710), Swift took

an ecclesiastical living near Dublin. He also began a long, probably platonic relationship with a woman named Esther Johnson (1681-1728) with whom he lived in close emotional contact for the rest of her life. The letters he wrote her, collected in *Journal to Stella* (1766), give an intimate view of Swift's political and religious activities and friendships.

At Temple's encouragement, Swift wrote laudatory poetry. On his own initiative, he wrote satire, beginning with *A Tale of a Tub* (1704) which he published anonymously, a satire on excesses in religion, politics, human pride, literature, science—and much else. Swift's hopes for his church career were tied to politics, and he eventually allied himself with the Tory party and its resistance to Dissenters and nonconformists. On their behalf, Swift wrote propagandist satire in *The Examiner*. He became particularly close to the activities and political ambitions of Robert Harley and Henry St. John, 1<sup>st</sup> Viscount Bolingbroke, the most prominent Tory rulers. Their debacle and loss of power cost Swift a hoped-for Bishopric in the English Church. Queen Anne, personally offended by *A Tale of a Tub* which she thought obscene, effectively exiled Swift to Ireland by appointing him as the Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin.

His political and moral acumen persisted strong, leading him to write the *Drapier's Letters to the People of Ireland* (1724-35), pamphlets against British corruption and exploitation of the Irish economy. These pamphlets made Swift a



**Image 4.10 | Jonathan Swift**

**Artist |** Charles Jervas

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hero to the Irish. Although published anonymously, the Irish populace knew their writer's identity; despite charges of sedition against the writer and offers of reward for identifying the writer, the Irish never informed against Swift. He further vilified British exploitation of Irish resources in *A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People of Ireland from Being a Burden to Their Parents* (1729). It offers a literal rendition of this exploitation by suggesting the Irish sell their children as food to the wealthy.

His *Gulliver's Travels* (1726) vilified humankind for its misdirected pride and various atrocities against humanity. The force, range, and bitterness of this text's indictment against humans who wrongly assume their own rationality strike home even today. Generations of critics resisted its satire, considering it the work of a madman. Indeed, Swift did decline into senility and dependency (Samuel Johnson later claimed that Swift in this condition was displayed as an object of entertainment). *Gulliver's Travels'* prose style shifts markedly among its four books, suggesting a possible mental incoherence. The beauties and wonders of Lilliput are pushed aside in Brobdingnag, with its stinking giants, and Houyhnhnm land, with the vicious and howling Yahoos. But Swift had a very serious point to make about human nature, one that he seemed to want to drive home (and against which his readers, and parishioners, may have been dully resistant). So he was artful and deft but also heavy-handed and blunt. By having the Houyhnhnms ("superior" horses) reject Gulliver for being a complete Yahoo (humans), Swift shows that humans are not rational animals but only capable of rationality. The distinction, and its consequences, was too important for Swift not to want to drive it home however he could. After his death, Swift was buried near Esther Johnson in St. Patrick's.

#### 4.8.1 *Gulliver's Travels*

##### PART I

##### Chapter I

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire: I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years. My father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father: where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Pannel, commander;

with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate-street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language; wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage was at first very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him, that in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this

time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just day-light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downwards as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, Hekinah degul: the others repeated the same words several times, but then I knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud Tolgo phonac; when in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which, pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body, (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain; and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being

already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, Langro dehum san (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me); whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak.

He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand, and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The hurgo (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets.

They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second

hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, Hekinah degul. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, Borach mevolah; and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of Hekinah degul. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them--for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour--soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality, to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant; whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this, the hurgo and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words Peplom selan; and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree, that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people; who, conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side, to avoid the torrent, which fell with such noise and violence from me. But before this, they

had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems, that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground, after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council, that I should be tied in the manner I have related, (which was done in the night while I slept;) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows, while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while, to adjust something that was out

of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and, rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side, the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

## Chapter II

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang,

(1) and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburdened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think of, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action; for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he has maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheel-barrow, by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance that, perhaps, at first sight, may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character, in point of cleanliness, to the world; which, I am told, some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horse-back towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on its hinder feet: but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress, and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders.

His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three



yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread upon the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers: but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca, but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach. I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket; and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time, the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double: which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation, they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued,

if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house, without license from the court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me; or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon despatch me; but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcass might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above-mentioned; which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages, nine hundred yards round the city, to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which, his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury:--for this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes; seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes, after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt, were to express my desire "that he would please give me my liberty;" which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could comprehend it, was, "that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must LUMOS KELMIN PESSO DESMAR LON EMPOSO;" that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness. And he advised me to "acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects." He desired "I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk

of so prodigious a person.” I said, “His majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him.” This I delivered part in words, and part in signs. He replied, “that, by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; and he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me, should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them.” I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper, about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they saw; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is, word for word, as follows:

“IMPRIMIS, In the right coat-pocket of the great man-mountain” (for so I interpret the words QUINBUS FLESTRIN,) “after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse-cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty’s chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the pallisados before your majesty’s court: wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket, on the right side of his middle cover” (so I translate the word RANFULO, by which they meant my breeches,) “we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar, were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped: we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece: but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was

enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter: these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and though we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by the lucid substance. He put this engine into our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us, (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did any thing without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said, it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

“Having thus, in obedience to your majesty’s commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty’s subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and requiring a strong hand to lift them: the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

“This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty’s commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty’s auspicious reign.

CLEFRIN FRELOCK, MARSII FRELOCK.”

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea water, was, in most parts, exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled

their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect: he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars; by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide,) I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: he asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse, with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes,) a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

### **Chapter III**

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came, by degrees, to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking the language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both

for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens,) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset several times together, upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater, when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect; and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horses twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up, one by one, in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command; and with great difficulty persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, when she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune, that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt; and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could: however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more, in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feat, there arrived an express to inform his majesty, that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round, as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was

flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found that it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it: and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but, the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of his army which quarters in and about his metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a Colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four abreast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which however could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me: and, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was GALBET, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person attended by two under-secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws; which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and



my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the article upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

“Golbasto Momarem Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue, most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand BLUSTRUGS (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter: his most sublime majesty proposes to the man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform:--

“1st, The man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions, without our license under our great seal.

“2d, He shall not presume to come into our metropolis, without our express order; at which time, the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within doors.

“3d, The said man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk, or lie down, in a meadow or field of corn.

“4th, As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

“5th, If an express requires extraordinary despatch, the man-mountain shall be obliged to carry, in his pocket, the messenger and horse a six days journey, once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

“6th, He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

“7th, That the said man-mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in



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helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

“8th, That the said man-mountain shall, in two moons’ time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

“Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724<sup>[1]</sup> of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.”

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high-admiral: whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself, in person, did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgements by prostrating myself at his majesty’s feet: but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, “that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.”

The reader may please to observe, that, in the last article of the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determinate number, he told me that his majesty’s mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

#### **Chapter IV**

The first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have license to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently, and sidling, through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain in the streets, although the orders were very strict, that all people

should keep in their houses, at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only view them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls: the houses are from three to five stories: the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city where the two great streets meet. It is enclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and, the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about a hundred yards distant from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press; containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through along series of princes; with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion; their plants and animals; their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public or to myself during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hours audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down that he might the more conveniently reach my ear, but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said “he might pretend to some merit in it;” but, however, added, “that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For,” said he, “as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils: a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion, by a most potent enemy, from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for about seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of TRAMECKSAN and SLAMECKSAN, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty has determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly that his majesty’s imperial heels are lower at least by a DRURR than any of his court (DRURR is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat, nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the TRAMECKSAN, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high heels; at least we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain, that a hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty’s dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion. It is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty’s grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller

end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy: but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefusca did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: ‘that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end.’

And which is the convenient end, seems, in my humble opinion to be left to every man’s conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu’s court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war has been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much a greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.”

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor; and to let him know, “that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.”

## Chapter V

The empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-east of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered, by some of the enemy’s ships, who had received no intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy’s whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me, that in the middle, at high-water, it was seventy

GLUMGLUFFS deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty GLUMGLUFFS at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu, where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and, beside the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, further than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men of war after me.

The Blefuscuans, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant king of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a NARDAC upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it, by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested, "that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery." And, when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me. He mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared, at least by their silence, to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions which, by a side-wind, reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace, which was soon concluded, upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons, and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have, at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies, to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend, before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general license to wait on the Blefusudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, “that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection;” from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me, by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongue, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour; yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech, in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles which is mutual among them, and from the custom, in each empire, to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which, in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked, upon account of their being too servile; neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a NARDAC of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice), never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which, being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word BURGLUM repeated incessantly: several of the emperor’s court, making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty’s apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with



buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of large thimbles, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could: but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable; and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if, by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had, the evening before, drunk plentifully of a most delicious wine called GLIMIGRIM, (the Blefuscudians call it FLUNEC, but ours is esteemed the better sort,) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world, I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now day-light, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the emperor: because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, “that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form:” which, however, I could not obtain; and I was privately assured, “that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use: and, in the presence of her chief confidants could not forbear vowing revenge.”

## Chapter VI

Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet, in the mean time, I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less: their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards till you come to the smallest, which to my sight, were almost invisible; but nature has adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high: I mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader’s imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which, for many ages, has flourished in all its branches among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans, nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians, nor from up to down, like the Chinese, but aslant, from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion, that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again; in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine; but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention, relates to informers. All crimes against the state, are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused makes his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he has been at in making his defence; or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no defence against superior cunning; and, since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at, or has no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember, when I was once interceding with the emperor for a criminal who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust, the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed. (2)

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof, that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, has a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality or condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use: he likewise acquires the title

of SNILPALL, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments, they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe, that the common size of human understanding is fitted to some station or other; and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and, at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance, in a virtuous disposition, would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man, whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions, into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For, as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries: for they reason thus; that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he has received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it, that men and women are joined together, like other animals, by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason they will never allow that a child

is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world; which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts, in their love encounters, were otherwise employed. Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children; and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities, as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth, are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendant, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice, to which our children are subject.

Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us: but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year,

and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments, beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that among peoples of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex, and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burthen of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them, are supported by hospitals; for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may, perhaps, divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months, and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me

clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat: but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them), they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table: a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually ate at a mouthful, and I confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired “that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness,” as he was pleased to call it, “of dining with me.” They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state, upon my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but ate more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe, that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor “the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at a great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent. below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of SPRUGS” (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle) “and, upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.”

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, further than that her grace was pleased

to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door, and, after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for, if there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four,) and place them on a table, where I had fixed a movable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table, full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make the best of it) Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me INCOGNITO, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own; though I then had the honour to be a NARDAC, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows, that he is only a GLUMGLUM, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made the treasurer show his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was, indeed, too much governed by that favourite.

## Chapter VII

Before I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto, all my life, a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers, but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them, in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it,

into my coat-pocket: and, giving orders to a trusty servant, to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table, according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired "I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life." His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me:-

"You are to know," said he, "that several committees of council have been lately called, in the most private manner, on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

"You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam" (GALBET, or high-admiral) "has been your mortal enemy, almost ever since your arrival. His original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason and other capital crimes."

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt him; when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:--

"Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; wherein I venture my head for your service.

"Articles of Impeachment against QUINBUS FLESTRIN, (the Man-Mountain.)  
ARTICLE I.

"Whereas, by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that, whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high-treason; notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, etc. against the duty, etc.

ARTICLE II.

"That the said Quinbus Flestrin, having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death, not only all the Big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire who would not immediately forsake the Big-endian heresy, he, the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition



to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.

ARTICLE III.

“That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the Court of Blefuscu, to sue for peace in his majesty’s court, he, the said Flestrin, did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert, the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in an open war against his said majesty.

ARTICLE IV.

“That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he has received only verbal license from his imperial majesty; and, under colour of the said license, does falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so lately an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.’

“There are some other articles; but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

“In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity; often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire to your house at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men, armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you; but his majesty resolving, if possible, to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

“Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did; and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial; however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give orders to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that by this expedient justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his

majesty; that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet, and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper, but, rising up in fury, said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor; that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who were able to extinguish the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror), might, at another time, raise an inundation by the same means, to drown the whole palace; and the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back; that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and, as treason begins in the heart, before it appears in overt-acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The treasurer was of the same opinion: he showed to what straits his majesty's revenue was reduced, by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable; that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes, was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowls, after which they fed the faster, and grew sooner fat; that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were, in their own consciences, fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

"But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other way may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected, concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said, that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient for you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consequently, decay, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcass be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might, in two or three days, cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts, to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

"Thus, by the great friendship of the secretary, the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined, that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret; but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting, except Bolgolam the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress, was

perpetually instigated by her majesty to insist upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you, on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

“In three days your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty does not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty’s surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

“I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came.”

His lordship did so; and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practice of former times,) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch’s resentment, or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published throughout the kingdom; nor did any thing terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty’s mercy; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet, as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial, for, although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance, for, while I had liberty the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I received from him, and the high title of NARDAC he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself, that his majesty’s present seventies acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last, I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving of mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less

obnoxious than myself, I should, with great alacrity and readiness, have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's license to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and, drawing it after me, between wading and swimming arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me: they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them "to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know, I there waited his majesty's command." I had an answer in about an hour, "that his majesty, attended by the royal family, and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me." I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hands. I told his majesty, "that I was come according to my promise, and with the license of the emperor my master, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power, consistent with my duty to my own prince;" not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret, while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

### **Chapter VIII**

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wailing two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship. Whereupon, I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left, after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat. I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a

sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards off the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man of war; but I found all my labour to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward, as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on, till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, until we arrived within forty yards of the shore; and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor “that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place whence I might return into my native country; and begged his majesty’s orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his license to depart;” which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterward given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the license he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu, “the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice; and if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of NARDAC, and declared a traitor.” The envoy further added, “that in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.”

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, “that as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that, although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That, however, both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had

found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given orders to fit up, with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped, in a few weeks, both empires would be freed from so insupportable an encumbrance.”

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput; and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein, although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, “that since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself on the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs.” Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows, for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees, for oars and masts, wherein I was, however, much assisted by his majesty’s ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them, after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty’s commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me: so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred SPRUGS a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves, to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcasses of a hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board, I had a good bundle of hay, and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour “not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.”

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about

four-leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island, about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and as I conjectured at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I ate my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands. which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in, upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26th; but my heart leaped within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the North and South seas; the captain, Mr. John Biddel, of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor.

We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south; there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in a few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundreds SPRUGS each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons

of quality and others: and before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family, for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries, would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-Lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the Adventure, a merchant ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the Second Part of my Travels.

## **PART II**

### **Chapter I**

Having been condemned, by nature and fortune, to active and restless life, in two months after my return, I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs, on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale, till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together: during which time, we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2nd of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for the southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was likely to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the



sea, than trying or hulling. We reefed the fore-sail and set him, and hauled aft the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore down-haul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the laniard of the whip-staff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our topmast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the top-mast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizen, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west part of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th, we came in full view of a great island, or continent (for we knew not whether;) on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to halloo after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and, the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the

length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six-feet high, and the upper stone about twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet: but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven, that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness, in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind, I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions, which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me, to appear as inconsiderable in this nation, as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their

bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right, when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune, to have let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery.

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me: whereupon the huge creature trod short, and, looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered awhile, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me behind, by the middle, between his fore-finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in a humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in: for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal, which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them, as I afterwards learned, whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me. He then placed me softly on the ground upon all fours, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backward and forward, to let those

people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could: I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve,) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and, opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, beside twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer, by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me; but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me: but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had a while seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman,) in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were, the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master

made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners,) and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forward towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him,) his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb: but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him, and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me; though I stood at the farther end of the table, above fifty feet off; and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger, for the cat took not the least notice of me when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal, is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved, in this dangerous juncture, to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me: I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers' houses; one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and another a greyhound, somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London-Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frightened, and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle which was a kind of hollow

vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist: but all in vain; so that she was forced to apply the last remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue both of that and the dug, so varied with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down, the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying glass; where we find by experiment that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough, and coarse, and ill-coloured.

I remember when I was at Lilliput, the complexion of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand, and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said, "he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours altogether disagreeable:" although I must beg leave to say for myself, that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sunburnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me, "one had freckles; another too wide a mouth; a third too large a nose;" nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed: for I must do them the justice to say, they are a comely race of people, and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he was but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamt I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked, and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down; I durst not presume to call; and if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances,

two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling back-wards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his fore-feet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet; and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly despatched it.

Soon after my mistress came into the room, who seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs to show I was not hurt; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I showed her my hanger all bloody, and wiping it on the lapet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand, that I desired to be set down on the floor; which after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself farther, than by pointing to the door, and bowing several times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at last perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down. I went on one side about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to groveling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that, in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages. Of less moment which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

## Chapter II

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night: the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I staid with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my school-mistress, to teach me the language: when I pointed to any thing, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of GRILDRIG, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call NANUNCULUS, the Italians HOMUNCELETINO, and the English MANNIKIN. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country: we never parted while I was there; I called her my GLUMDALCLITCH, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude, if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent, but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a SPLACNUCK, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewise imitated in all its actions; seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer, who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him HE WAS WELCOME, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better; at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser; and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master, to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which



was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief when I observed my master and his friend whispering together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it, to be exposed for money as a public spectacle, to the meanest of the people. She said, her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers; but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm, that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty: and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England, since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it, for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it was but of half an hour: for the horse went about forty feet at every step and trotted so high, that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting awhile with the inn-keeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the GRULTRUD, or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a SPLACNUCK (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long,) and in every part of the body resembling a human creature, could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded; she asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said THEY WERE WELCOME,

and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health, I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me a part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation; for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of every body's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise it came with so much violence, that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpkin, but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next market-day; and in the meantime he prepared a convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs, or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons with their wives and children (for the country is very populous;) and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family; so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath,) although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situate near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village, or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys, of not above seven or eight score miles a-day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my

own desire, to give me air, and show me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges: and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London-bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages, and private families.

On the 26th day of October we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language LORBRULGRUD, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and pallsadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a-day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word, that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learnt their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion: out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

### Chapter III

The frequent labours I underwent every day, made, in a few weeks, a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a SARDRAL, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me, after I was set on the table, which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country and my travels, which I answered as distinctly, and in as few words as I could. She asked, "whether I could be content to live at court?" I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered "that I was my master's slave: but, if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service." She then asked my master, "whether he was willing to sell me at a good price?" He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of

eight hundred moidores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, "since I was now her majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favour, that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor."

Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness; and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty, "that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature, found by chance in his fields: which obligation was amply recompensed, by the gain he had made in showing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired, by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phoenix of the creation, so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless; for I already found my spirits revive, by the influence of her most august presence."

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation. The latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen after a cold manner "how long it was since she grew fond of a SPLACNUCK?" for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who has an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutoire, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words: and Glumdalclitch who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet when

he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination, he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers: no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in their weekly waiting, according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had a while examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an overmatch for me, and field mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished; and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously, that I was only RELPLUM SCALCATH, which is interpreted literally LUSUS NATURAE; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty, "that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses, were all in proportion, and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments." To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, "that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson." The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who by

good fortune was not yet gone out of town. Having therefore first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me; and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court: she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box, that might serve me for a bedchamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and according to my direction, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber.

The board, that made the ceiling, was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt, when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in. The smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty ate, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toy-shop for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the eldest sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself, and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature: for the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up, at one mouthful, as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a

very nauseous sight. She would crunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread into her mouth as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember when Glumdalclitch carried me, out of curiosity, to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of those enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom, that every Wednesday (which, as I have observed, is their Sabbath) the king and queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times, my little chair and table were placed at his left hand, before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that, after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asked me, "whether I was a whig or tory?" Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff, near as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed "how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I: and yet," says he, "I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray!" And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times, with indignation, to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating, to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither, indeed, could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together;

and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison; so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf; who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usually in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed: however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipt, and as a farther punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me: neither was he ever restored to favour; for soon after the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremities such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a-laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf, watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the side-board, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine



ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathsome excrement, or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large optics were not so acute as mine, in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose, or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf, to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as schoolboys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in a box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges: I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all; and having since shown them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

#### **Chapter IV**

I now intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there staid till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reaches about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth: whence I cannot but conclude, that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable, by reason of the volcanoes upon

the tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides, it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one sea-port in the whole kingdom: and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue, are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish; for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifest, that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large, that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes, for curiosity, they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud; I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think, indeed, the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near a hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts, on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three GLOMGLUNGS (which make about fifty-four English miles,) and two and a half in breadth; as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended a hundred feet: I paced the diameter and circumference several times barefoot, and, computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but a heap of buildings, about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster-hall, but not altogether so high: however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacle that ever a European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck, larger than five wool-packs; and another, with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high.

But the most hateful sight of all, was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of a European louse through a microscope, and their snouts with which they rooted like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments, which I unluckily left behind me in the ship, although, indeed, the sight was so nauseous, that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Besides the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me, of about twelve feet square, and ten high, for the convenience of travelling; because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant, in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order; for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their majesties' favour, than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides, from my three windows. I had, in this closet, a field-bed and a hammock, hung from the ceiling, two chairs and a table, neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And having been long used to sea-voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling-closet; which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan, and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand, that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation, to which, during my life, I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed,

that whatever this famous tower wants in height, is amply made up in beauty and strength: for the walls are near a hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors, cut in marble, larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide, by ten paces, as the cupola at St. Paul's: for I measured the latter on purpose, after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom,) and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain that I had done them an injury, by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But, when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended, for state, by a military guard of five hundred horse, which, indeed, I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

## Chapter V

I should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents; some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple trees, I must needs show my wit, by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours. Whereupon, the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day, Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime, there

suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it, struck to the ground: and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself, by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature, in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe; which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious as to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts,) and having left my box at home, to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel that belonged to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did? but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who, by this time, had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation, that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures, that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole, through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe, in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember,

a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day, I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily, at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself gave me so many boxes with his wings, on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's-length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner, by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins; which I do not mention, or intend, to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable, than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget, that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput, took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way, as most of my sex: but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point, I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour (when my nurse carried me to visit then) was, to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence: for they would strip themselves to the skin, and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet, directly before their naked bodies, which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust: their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than packthreads, to say nothing farther concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at least two hogsheads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour,

a pleasant, frolicsome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks, wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased, that I entreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day, a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man, who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and, as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow, with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great JET D'EAU at Versailles was not equal to it for the time it lasted: and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I was at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered, that I understood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man of war among us; and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions, in ten days, finished a pleasure-boat with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which, being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor, along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident, which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up, to place me in the boat: but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passing between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backward and forward, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room; or box; but the monkey looking in at every side, put me in such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe, that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it: whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon



three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his forepaws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to every body but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men; which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat: but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a-vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health; and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made, that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me, "what my thoughts and speculations were, while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach." He desired to know, "what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country." I told his majesty, "that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosity from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger," (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand on the hilt, as I spoke) "when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in." This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else beside a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about

him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return; where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story: and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small foot-path in a field, and Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must needs try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired; and my nurse confined me to my box, till we returned home; where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court: so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

## Chapter VI

I used to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which indeed was at first very terrible to behold; for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a-week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distances with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife toward the points, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth, that it was almost useless: neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement, wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity; and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and to bore little holes with a fine awl, round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane chairs in England. When they were finished, I made a present

of them to her majesty; who kept them in her cabinet, and used to show them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs, that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse, about five feet long, with her majesty's name deciphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch, by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more for show than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them: but the noise was so great that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window curtains; after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learned in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a-week to teach her: I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head, that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinet was near sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round sticks, about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with pieces of a mouse's skin, that by rapping on them I might neither damage the tops of the keys nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed, about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it, that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig, to the great satisfaction of both their majesties; but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent; and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor consequently play the bass and treble together, as other artists do; which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet: he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, "that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of; that reason



**Image 4.12 | The King of Brobdingnag and Gulliver**

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did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with it; that among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service." The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had

ever before. He desired "I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs, by my former discourses), he should be glad to hear of any thing that might deserve imitation."

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign, beside our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament; partly made up of an illustrious body called the House of Peers; persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, whence there can be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe; to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces, by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked, "What methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable parts of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be the motive in those advancements? What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests; or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly?"

He then desired to know, "What arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood? How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension? because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere."

And he desired to know, "Whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry?" He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked, "What time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party, in religion or politics, were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons

educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws, which they assumed the liberty of interpreting, and glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading, or delivering their opinions? And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate?"

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said, "he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a-year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate, like a private person." He asked me, "who were our creditors; and where we found money to pay them?" He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; "that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings." He asked, what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade, or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet?" Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army, in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, "if we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not be better defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half-a-dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats?"

He laughed at my "odd kind of arithmetic," as he was pleased to call it, "in reckoning the numbers of our people, by a computation drawn from the several sects among us, in religion and politics." He said, "he knew no reason why those, who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials."

He observed, "that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they received, to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others?"

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century; protesting “it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition, could produce.”

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: “My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved, that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied, by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which, in its original, might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue; that priests are advanced for their piety or learning; soldiers, for their conduct or valour; judges, for their integrity; senators, for the love of their country; or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself,” continued the king, “who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wrung and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.”

## Chapter VII

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given: but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners, to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn, by many degrees, than the strictness of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis, with so much justice, recommends to an historian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.



But great allowances should be given to a king, who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that most prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we, and the politer countries of Europe, are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further to show the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage, which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself further into his majesty's favour, I told him of "an invention, discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into a heap of which, the smallest spark of fire falling, would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead, with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged, would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea, and when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes, of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above a hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands." This I humbly offered to his majesty, as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in turn for so many marks that I had received, of his royal favour and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. "He was amazed, how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I" (these were his expressions) "could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation which I had painted as the common effects of those destructive machines; whereof," he said, "some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom, than be privy to such a secret; which he commanded me, as I valued any life, never to mention any more."

A strange effect of narrow principles and views! that a prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice, unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people! Neither do I say this, with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character, I am sensible, will, on this account, be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader: but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For, I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say, “there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government,” it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, “that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.”

The learning of this people is very defective, consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts; so that among us, it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentals, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law in that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two and twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation: and to write a comment upon any law, is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, does not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen’s joiner had contrived in one of Glumdalclitch’s rooms, a kind of wooden machine five-and-twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder; the steps were

each fifty feet long. It was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read, was put up leaning against the wall: I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom: after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as a pasteboard, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest, I was much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bed chamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, showing "how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts: how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry." He added, "that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those in ancient times." He said "it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it has been confirmed by huge bones and skulls, casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of men in our days." He argued, "that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made, in the beginning of a size more large and robust; not so liable to destruction from every little accident, of a tile falling from a house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook." From this way of reasoning, the author drew several moral applications, useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And I believe, upon a strict inquiry, those quarrels might be shown as ill-grounded among us as they are among that people.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of a hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay

or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen after the manner of Venice, by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise, in a great field near the city of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot, and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier, mounted on a large steed, might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air.

Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing! it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories; for, in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject; the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars; the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grand-father, in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, has been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

## Chapter VIII

I had always a strong impulse that I should some time recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed, was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders, that if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud. He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed: but I think I should rather have died than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages, like tame canary-birds, and perhaps, in time, sold about the kingdom, to persons of quality, for curiosities. I was indeed treated with much kindness: I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot as ill became the dignity of humankind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people, with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common; the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country; and about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen, in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried, as usual, in my travelling-box, which as I have already described, was a very convenient closet, of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed, by silken ropes from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired; and would often sleep in my hammock, while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure with a board that drew backward and forward through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he has near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the seaside. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued: I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea, with a page, whom I was very fond of, and who had sometimes been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some forboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box, about half an hours walk from the palace, towards the rocks on the seashore. I ordered him to set me down, and lifting up one of my sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down, to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterward the motion was easy enough. I called out several times, as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head, like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in; that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock, like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body, and devour it: for the sagacity and smell of this bird enables him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time, I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down, like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been that

held the ring of my box in his beak), and then, all on a sudden, felt myself falling perpendicularly down, for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness, that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara; after which, I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high, that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now suppose, that the eagle which flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop, while he defended himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least upset by the first violent blast, or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death: nor could any thing have preserved the windows, but the strong lattice wires placed on the outside, against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it; where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant, who used to carry me on horseback, would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed; and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not

able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again, directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no windows, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet, like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up, by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice, in the English tongue, "If there be any body below, let them speak." I answered, "I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged, by all that was moving, to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in." The voice replied, "I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover, large enough to pull me out." I answered, "that was needless, and would take up too much time; for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin." Some of them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad: others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head, that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshire man, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost: a fine hammock, a handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet; that my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton; that if he would let one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before

him, and show him my goods. The captain, hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving; however (I suppose to pacify me) he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And, indeed, I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made, because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind, which I would rather have forgot.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left, and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking, I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk inconsistently: and, when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift, in that monstrous wooden chest. He said "that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long-boat to discover what it was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows and wire lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest, as they called it, toward the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet." He said, "they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity." I asked, "whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air, about the time he first discovered me." To which he answered, that discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said, he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size:" which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, "how far he reckoned we might be from land?" He said, "by the best computation he could make, we were at least a hundred leagues." I assured him, "that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I



had not left the country whence I came above two hours before I dropped into the sea." Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him, "I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life." He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely, "whether I were not troubled in my mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished, at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest; as great criminals, in other countries, have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel, without provisions: for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore, in the first port where we arrived." He added, "that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to his sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper."

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did, from the last time I left England, to the moment he first discovered me. And, as truth always forces its way into rational minds, so this honest worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But further to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket; for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet. I opened it in his own presence, and showed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from which I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumb-nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins, from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp stings, like joiner's tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring, which one day she made me a present of, in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return for his civilities; which he absolutely refused. I showed him a corn that I had cut off with my own hand, from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigness of Kentish pippin, and grown so hard, that when I returned England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon, in a mistake, from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the tooth-ache, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, "he hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper, and making it public." My answer was, "that we were overstocked

with books of travels: that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth, than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers; that my story could contain little beside common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts."

He said "he wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud;" asking me "whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing?" I told him, "it was what I had been used to for above two years past, and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But, when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the streets, to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand." I told him, "I had likewise observed another thing, that, when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld." For indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass, after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, "that while we were at supper, he observed me to look at every thing with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain." I answered, "it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver three-pence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell;" and so I went on, describing the rest of his household-stuff and provisions, after the same manner. For, although he queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me, while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness, as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, "that he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day;" and, continuing in his mirth, protested "he would have gladly given a hundred pounds, to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages:" and the comparison of Phaeton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven north-eastward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and longitude of 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New Holland, kept our course west-south-west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but

I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water; but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight: but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Redriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in, (like a goose under a gate,) for fear of striking my head. My wife run out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies and I a giant. I told my wife, "she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing." In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding: but my wife protested "I should never go to sea any more;" although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages.

### **PART III**

#### **Chapter I**

I had not been at home above ten days, when Captain William Robinson, a Cornish man, commander of the Hopewell, a stout ship of three hundred tons, came to my house. I had formerly been surgeon of another ship where he was master, and a fourth part owner, in a voyage to the Levant. He had always treated me more like a brother, than an inferior officer; and, hearing of my arrival, made me a visit, as I apprehended only out of friendship, for nothing passed more than what is usual after long absences. But repeating his visits often, expressing his joy to find I me in good health, asking, "whether I were now settled for life?" adding, "that he intended a voyage to the East Indies in two months," at last he plainly invited me, though with some apologies, to be surgeon of the ship; "that I should have another surgeon under me, beside our two mates; that my salary should be double to the usual pay; and that having experienced my knowledge in sea-affairs

to be at least equal to his, he would enter into any engagement to follow my advice, as much as if I had shared in the command.”

He said so many other obliging things, and I knew him to be so honest a man, that I could not reject this proposal; the thirst I had of seeing the world, notwithstanding my past misfortunes, continuing as violent as ever. The only difficulty that remained, was to persuade my wife, whose consent however I at last obtained, by the prospect of advantage she proposed to her children.

We set out the 5th day of August, 1706, and arrived at Fort St. George the 11th of April, 1707. We staid there three weeks to refresh our crew, many of whom were sick. From thence we went to Tonquin, where the captain resolved to continue some time, because many of the goods he intended to buy were not ready, nor could he expect to be dispatched in several months. Therefore, in hopes to defray some of the charges he must be at, he bought a sloop, loaded it with several sorts of goods, wherewith the Tonquinese usually trade to the neighbouring islands, and putting fourteen men on board, whereof three were of the country, he appointed me master of the sloop, and gave me power to traffic, while he transacted his affairs at Tonquin.

We had not sailed above three days, when a great storm arising, we were driven five days to the north-north-east, and then to the east: after which we had fair weather, but still with a pretty strong gale from the west. Upon the tenth day we were chased by two pirates, who soon overtook us; for my sloop was so deep laden, that she sailed very slow, neither were we in a condition to defend ourselves.

We were boarded about the same time by both the pirates, who entered furiously at the head of their men; but finding us all prostrate upon our faces (for so I gave order), they pinioned us with strong ropes, and setting guard upon us, went to search the sloop.

I observed among them a Dutchman, who seemed to be of some authority, though he was not commander of either ship. He knew us by our countenances to be Englishmen, and jabbering to us in his own language, swore we should be tied back to back and thrown into the sea. I spoken Dutch tolerably well; I told him who we were, and begged him, in consideration of our being Christians and Protestants, of neighbouring countries in strict alliance, that he would move the captains to take some pity on us. This inflamed his rage; he repeated his threatenings, and turning to his companions, spoke with great vehemence in the Japanese language, as I suppose, often using the word CHRISTIANOS.

The largest of the two pirate ships was commanded by a Japanese captain, who spoke a little Dutch, but very imperfectly. He came up to me, and after several questions, which I answered in great humility, he said, “we should not die.” I made the captain a very low bow, and then, turning to the Dutchman, said, “I was sorry to find more mercy in a heathen, than in a brother christian.” But I had soon reason to repent those foolish words:

for that malicious reprobate, having often endeavoured in vain to persuade both the captains that I might be thrown into the sea (which they would not yield to, after

the promise made me that I should not die), however, prevailed so far, as to have a punishment inflicted on me, worse, in all human appearance, than death itself. My men were sent by an equal division into both the pirate ships, and my sloop new manned. As to myself, it was determined that I should be set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and a sail, and four days' provisions; which last, the Japanese captain was so kind to double out of his own stores, and would permit no man to search me. I got down into the canoe, while the Dutchman, standing upon the deck, loaded me with all the curses and injurious terms his language could afford.

About an hour before we saw the pirates I had taken an observation, and found we were in the latitude of 46 N. and longitude of 183. When I was at some distance from the pirates, I discovered, by my pocket-glass, several islands to the south-east. I set up my sail, the wind being fair, with a design to reach the nearest of those islands, which I made a shift to do, in about three hours. It was all rocky: however I got many birds' eggs; and, striking fire, I kindled some heath and dry sea-weed, by which I roasted my eggs. I ate no other supper, being resolved to spare my provisions as much as I could. I passed the night under the shelter of a rock, strewing some heath under me, and slept pretty well.

The next day I sailed to another island, and thence to a third and fourth, sometimes using my sail, and sometimes my paddles. But, not to trouble the reader with a particular account of my distresses, let it suffice, that on the fifth day I arrived at the last island in my sight, which lay south-south-east to the former.

This island was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round, before I could find a convenient place to land in; which was a small creek, about three times the wideness of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only a little intermingled with tufts of grass, and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my small provisions and after having refreshed myself, I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there were great numbers; I gathered plenty of eggs upon the rocks, and got a quantity of dry sea-weed, and parched grass, which I designed to kindle the next day, and roast my eggs as well as I could, for I had about me my flint, steel, match, and burning-glass. I lay all night in the cave where I had lodged my provisions. My bed was the same dry grass and sea-weed which I intended for fuel. I slept very little, for the disquiets of my mind prevailed over my weariness, and kept me awake. I considered how impossible it was to preserve my life in so desolate a place, and how miserable my end must be: yet found myself so listless and desponding, that I had not the heart to rise; and before I could get spirits enough to creep out of my cave, the day was far advanced. I walked awhile among the rocks: the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun so hot, that I was forced to turn my face from it: when all on a sudden it became obscure, as I thought, in a manner very different from what happens by the interposition of a cloud. I turned back, and perceived a vast opaque body between me and the sun moving forwards towards the island: it seemed to be about two miles high, and hid the sun six or seven minutes; but I did not observe the air to be much colder, or the sky more darkened, than if I had stood under the shade of

a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright, from the reflection of the sea below. I stood upon a height about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost to a parallel with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping; but what those people were doing I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motion of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope that this adventure might, some way or other, help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But at the same time the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment, to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men, who were able (as it should seem) to raise or sink, or put it into progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophise upon this phenomenon, I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for awhile to stand still. Yet soon after, it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it encompassed with several gradations of galleries, and stairs, at certain intervals, to descend from one to the other. In the lowest gallery, I beheld some people fishing with long angling rods, and others looking on. I waved my cap (for my hat was long since worn out) and my handkerchief toward the island; and upon its nearer approach, I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice; and then looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gather to that side which was most in my view. I found by their pointing towards me and to each other, that they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men running in great haste, up the stairs, to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture, that these were sent for orders to some person in authority upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and, in less than half an hour, the island was moved and raised in such a manner, that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less than a hundred yards distance from the height where I stood. I then put myself in the most supplicating posture, and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over against me, seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habit. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian: and therefore I returned an answer in that language, hoping at least that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock, and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself, and was drawn up by pulleys.

## Chapter II

Ay my alighting, I was surrounded with a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither indeed was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all reclined, either to the right, or the left; one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars; interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords, and many other instruments of music, unknown to us in Europe. I observed, here and there, many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder, fastened like a flail to the end of a stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried peas, or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders, they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who are able to afford it always keep a flapper (the original is CLIMENOLE) in their family, as one of their domestics; nor ever walk abroad, or make visits, without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes; because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post; and in the streets, of justling others, or being justled himself into the kennel.

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs to the top of the island, and from thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending, they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their memories were again roused by their flappers; for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace, and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the king seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne, was a large table filled with globes and spheres, and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise, by the concurrence of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem; and we attended at least an hour, before he could solve it. There stood by him, on each side,

a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right ear; at which he startled like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapped me gently on the right ear; but I made signs, as well as I could, that I had no occasion for such an instrument; which, as I afterwards found, gave his majesty, and the whole court, a very mean opinion of my understanding. The king, as far as I could conjecture, asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by his order to an apartment in his palace (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospitality to strangers), where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality, whom I remembered to have seen very near the king's person, did me the honour to dine with me. We had two courses, of three dishes each. In the first course, there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboides, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of fiddles; sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language, and those noble persons, by the assistance of their flappers, delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread and drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the king's order, attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs, that he was sent to teach me the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them; I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences; for my tutor would order one of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or to stand, or walk, and the like. Then I took down the sentence in writing. He showed me also, in one of his books, the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, the zodiac, the tropics, and polar circles, together with the denominations of many plains and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words, with their interpretations, in alphabetical order. And thus, in a few days, by the help of a very faithful memory, I got some insight into their language. The word, which I interpret the flying or floating island, is in the original LAPUTA, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. LAP, in the old obsolete language, signifies high; and UNTUH, a governor; from which they say, by corruption, was derived LAPUTA, from LAPUNTUH. But I do not approve of this derivation, which seems



to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned among them a conjecture of my own, that Laputa was QUASI LAP OUTED; LAP, signifying properly, the dancing of the sunbeams in the sea, and OUTED, a wing; which, however, I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.

Those to whom the king had entrusted me, observing how ill I was clad, ordered a tailor to come next morning, and take measure for a suit of clothes. This operator did his office after a different manner from those of his trade in Europe. He first took my altitude by a quadrant, and then, with a rule and compasses, described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body, all which he entered upon paper; and in six days brought my clothes very ill made, and quite out of shape, by happening to mistake a figure in the calculation. But my comfort was, that I observed such accidents very frequent, and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of clothes, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary; and when I went next to court, was able to understand many things the king spoke, and to return him some kind of answers. His majesty had given orders, that the island should move north-east and by east, to the vertical point over Lagado, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below, upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning, about eleven o'clock, the king himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers, and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning, till my tutor informed me. He said that, the people of their island had their ears adapted to hear "the music of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to bear their part, in whatever instrument they most excelled."

In our journey towards Lagado, the capital city, his majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, from whence he might receive the petitions of his subjects. And to this purpose, several packthreads were let down, with small weights at the bottom. On these packthreads the people strung their petitions, which mounted up directly, like the scraps of paper fastened by school boys at the end of the string that holds their kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics, gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science, and music; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed in the king's kitchen all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served to his majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built, the walls bevil, without one right angle in any apartment; and this defect arises from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanic; those instructions they give being too refined for the intellects of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper, in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common actions and behaviour of life, I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects, except those of mathematics and music. They are very bad reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion, which is seldom their case. Imagination, fancy, and invention, they are wholly strangers to, nor have any words in their language, by which those ideas can be expressed; the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two forementioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired, and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into public affairs, giving their judgments in matters of state, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have indeed observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences; unless those people suppose, that because the smallest circle has as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities than the handling and turning of a globe; but I rather take this quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be most curious and conceited in matters where we have least concern, and for which we are least adapted by study or nature.

These people are under continual inquietudes, never enjoying a minutes peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies: for instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must, in course of time, be absorbed, or swallowed up; that the face of the sun, will, by degrees, be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world; that the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For if, in its perihelion, it should approach within a certain degree of the sun (as by their calculations they have reason to dread) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red hot glowing iron, and in its absence from the sun, carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long, through which, if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus, or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire, and reduced to ashes: that the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated;

which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these, and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear.

The women of the island have abundance of vivacity: they, contemn their husbands, and are exceedingly fond of strangers, whereof there is always a considerable number from the continent below, attending at court, either upon affairs of the several towns and corporations, or their own particular occasions, but are much despised, because they want the same endowments. Among these the ladies choose their gallants: but the vexation is, that they act with too much ease and security; for the husband is always so rapt in speculation, that the mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarities before his face, if he be but provided with paper and implements, and without his flapper at his side.

The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world; and although they live here in the greatest plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversions of the metropolis, which they are not allowed to do without a particular license from the king; and this is not easy to be obtained, because the people of quality have found, by frequent experience, how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told that a great court lady, who had several children,--is married to the prime minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island,--went down to Lagado on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the king sent a warrant to search for her; and she was found in an obscure eating-house all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken, much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again, with all her jewels, to the same gallant, and has not been heard of since.

This may perhaps pass with the reader rather for an European or English story, than for one of a country so remote. But he may please to consider, that the caprices of womankind are not limited by any climate or nation, and that they are much more uniform, than can be easily imagined.

In about a month's time, I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the king's questions, when I had the honour to attend him. His majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws,

government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been; but confined his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.

### Chapter III

I desired leave of this prince to see the curiosities of the island, which he was graciously pleased to grant, and ordered my tutor to attend me. I chiefly wanted to know, to what cause, in art or in nature, it owed its several motions, whereof I will now give a philosophical account to the reader.

The flying or floating island is exactly circular, its diameter 7837 yards, or about four miles and a half, and consequently contains ten thousand acres. It is three hundred yards thick. The bottom, or under surface, which appears to those who view it below, is one even regular plate of adamant, shooting up to the height of about two hundred yards. Above it lie the several minerals in their usual order, and over all is a coat of rich mould, ten or twelve feet deep. The declivity of the upper surface, from the circumference to the centre, is the natural cause why all the dews and rains, which fall upon the island, are conveyed in small rivulets toward the middle, where they are emptied into four large basins, each of about half a mile in circuit, and two hundred yards distant from the centre. From these basins the water is continually exhaled by the sun in the daytime, which effectually prevents their overflowing. Besides, as it is in the power of the monarch to raise the island above the region of clouds and vapours, he can prevent the falling of dews and rain whenever he pleases. For the highest clouds cannot rise above two miles, as naturalists agree, at least they were never known to do so in that country.

At the centre of the island there is a chasm about fifty yards in diameter, whence the astronomers descend into a large dome, which is therefore called FLANDONA GAGNOLE, or the astronomer's cave, situated at the depth of a hundred yards beneath the upper surface of the adamant. In this cave are twenty lamps continually burning, which, from the reflection of the adamant, cast a strong light into every part. The place is stored with great variety of sextants, quadrants, telescopes, astrolabes, and other astronomical instruments. But the greatest curiosity, upon which the fate of the island depends, is a loadstone of a prodigious size, in shape resembling a weaver's shuttle. It is in length six yards, and in the thickest part at least three yards over. This magnet is sustained by a very strong axle of adamant passing through its middle, upon which it plays, and is poised so exactly that the weakest hand can turn it. It is hooped round with a hollow cylinder of adamant, four feet yards in diameter, placed horizontally, and supported by eight adamantine feet, each six yards high. In the middle of the concave side, there is a groove twelve inches deep, in which the extremities of the axle are lodged, and turned round as there is occasion.

The stone cannot be removed from its place by any force, because the hoop and its feet are one continued piece with that body of adamant which constitutes the bottom of the island.

By means of this loadstone, the island is made to rise and fall, and move from one place to another. For, with respect to that part of the earth over which the monarch presides, the stone is endued at one of its sides with an attractive power, and at the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the magnet erect, with its attracting end towards the earth, the island descends; but when the repelling extremity points downwards, the island mounts directly upwards. When the position of the stone is oblique, the motion of the island is so too: for in this magnet, the forces always act in lines parallel to its direction.

By this oblique motion, the island is conveyed to different parts of the monarch's dominions. To explain the manner of its progress, let A B represent a line drawn across the dominions of Balnibarbi, let the line C D represent the loadstone, of which let D be the repelling end, and C the attracting end, the island being over C: let the stone be placed in position C D, with its repelling end downwards; then the island will be driven upwards obliquely towards D. When it is arrived at D, let the stone be turned upon its axle, till its attracting end points towards E, and then the island will be carried obliquely towards E; where, if the stone be again turned upon its axle till it stands in the position E F, with its repelling point downwards, the island will rise obliquely towards F, where, by directing the attracting end towards G, the island may be carried to G, and from G to H, by turning the stone, so as to make its repelling extremity to point directly downward. And thus, by changing the situation of the stone, as often as there is occasion, the island is made to rise and fall by turns in an oblique direction, and by those alternate risings and fallings (the obliquity being not considerable) is conveyed from one part of the dominions to the other.

But it must be observed, that this island cannot move beyond the extent of the dominions below, nor can it rise above the height of four miles. For which the astronomers (who have written large systems concerning the stone) assign the following reason: that the magnetic virtue does not extend beyond the distance of four miles, and that the mineral, which acts upon the stone in the bowels of the earth, and in the sea about six leagues distant from the shore, is not diffused through the whole globe, but terminated with the limits of the king's dominions; and it was easy, from the great advantage of such a superior situation, for a prince to bring under his obedience whatever country lay within the attraction of that magnet.

When the stone is put parallel to the plane of the horizon, the island stands still; for in that case the extremities of it, being at equal distance from the earth, act with equal force, the one in drawing downwards, the other in pushing upwards, and consequently no motion can ensue.

This loadstone is under the care of certain astronomers, who, from time to time, give it such positions as the monarch directs.

They spend the greatest part of their lives in observing the celestial bodies, which they do by the assistance of glasses, far excelling ours in goodness. For, although their largest telescopes do not exceed three feet, they magnify much more than those of a hundred with us, and show the stars with greater clearness. This

advantage has enabled them to extend their discoveries much further than our astronomers in Europe; for they have made a catalogue of ten thousand fixed stars, whereas the largest of ours do not contain above one third part of that number. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars; whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost, five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half; so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the centre of Mars; which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies.

They have observed ninety-three different comets, and settled their periods with great exactness. If this be true (and they affirm it with great confidence) it is much to be wished, that their observations were made public, whereby the theory of comets, which at present is very lame and defective, might be brought to the same perfection with other arts of astronomy.

The king would be the most absolute prince in the universe, if he could but prevail on a ministry to join with him; but these having their estates below on the continent, and considering that the office of a favourite has a very uncertain tenure, would never consent to the enslaving of their country.

If any town should engage in rebellion or mutiny, fall into violent factions, or refuse to pay the usual tribute, the king has two methods of reducing them to obedience. The first and the mildest course is, by keeping the island hovering over such a town, and the lands about it, whereby he can deprive them of the benefit of the sun and the rain, and consequently afflict the inhabitants with dearth and diseases: and if the crime deserve it, they are at the same time pelted from above with great stones, against which they have no defence but by creeping into cellars or caves, while the roofs of their houses are beaten to pieces. But if they still continue obstinate, or offer to raise insurrections, he proceeds to the last remedy, by letting the island drop directly upon their heads, which makes a universal destruction both of houses and men. However, this is an extremity to which the prince is seldom driven, neither indeed is he willing to put it in execution; nor dare his ministers advise him to an action, which, as it would render them odious to the people, so it would be a great damage to their own estates, which all lie below; for the island is the king's demesne.

But there is still indeed a more weighty reason, why the kings of this country have been always averse from executing so terrible an action, unless upon the utmost necessity. For, if the town intended to be destroyed should have in it any tall rocks, as it generally falls out in the larger cities, a situation probably chosen at first with a view to prevent such a catastrophe; or if it abound in high spires, or pillars of stone, a sudden fall might endanger the bottom or under surface of the island, which, although it consist, as I have said, of one entire adamant, two hundred yards thick, might happen to crack by too great a shock, or burst by approaching too near the fires from the houses below, as the backs, both of iron and stone, will often

do in our chimneys. Of all this the people are well apprised, and understand how far to carry their obstinacy, where their liberty or property is concerned. And the king, when he is highest provoked, and most determined to press a city to rubbish, orders the island to descend with great gentleness, out of a pretence of tenderness to his people, but, indeed, for fear of breaking the adamant bottom; in which case, it is the opinion of all their philosophers, that the loadstone could no longer hold it up, and the whole mass would fall to the ground.

By a fundamental law of this realm, neither the king, nor either of his two eldest sons, are permitted to leave the island; nor the queen, till she is past child-bearing.

#### **Chapter IV**

Although I cannot say that I was ill treated in this island, yet I must confess I thought myself too much neglected, not without some degree of contempt; for neither prince nor people appeared to be curious in any part of knowledge, except mathematics and music, wherein I was far their inferior, and upon that account very little regarded.

On the other side, after having seen all the curiosities of the island, I was very desirous to leave it, being heartily weary of those people. They were indeed excellent in two sciences for which I have great esteem, and wherein I am not unversed; but, at the same time, so abstracted and involved in speculation, that I never met with such disagreeable companions. I conversed only with women, tradesmen, flappers, and court-pages, during two months of my abode there; by which, at last, I rendered myself extremely contemptible; yet these were the only people from whom I could ever receive a reasonable answer.

I had obtained, by hard study, a good degree of knowledge in their language: I was weary of being confined to an island where I received so little countenance, and resolved to leave it with the first opportunity.

There was a great lord at court, nearly related to the king, and for that reason alone used with respect. He was universally reckoned the most ignorant and stupid person among them. He had performed many eminent services for the crown, had great natural and acquired parts, adorned with integrity and honour; but so ill an ear for music, that his detractors reported, "he had been often known to beat time in the wrong place;" neither could his tutors, without extreme difficulty, teach him to demonstrate the most easy proposition in the mathematics. He was pleased to show me many marks of favour, often did me the honour of a visit, desired to be informed in the affairs of Europe, the laws and customs, the manners and learning of the several countries where I had travelled. He listened to me with great attention, and made very wise observations on all I spoke. He had two flappers attending him for state, but never made use of them, except at court and in visits of ceremony, and would always command them to withdraw, when we were alone together.

I entreated this illustrious person, to intercede in my behalf with his majesty, for leave to depart; which he accordingly did, as he was pleased to tell me, with regret:

for indeed he had made me several offers very advantageous, which, however, I refused, with expressions of the highest acknowledgment.

On the 16th of February I took leave of his majesty and the court. The king made me a present to the value of about two hundred pounds English, and my protector, his kinsman, as much more, together with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his in Lagado, the metropolis. The island being then hovering over a mountain about two miles from it, I was let down from the lowest gallery, in the same manner as I had been taken up.

The continent, as far as it is subject to the monarch of the flying island, passes under the general name of BALNIBARBI; and the metropolis, as I said before, is called LAGADO. I felt some little satisfaction in finding myself on firm ground. I walked to the city without any concern, being clad like one of the natives, and sufficiently instructed to converse with them. I soon found out the person's house to whom I was recommended, presented my letter from his friend the grandee in the island, and was received with much kindness. This great lord, whose name was Munodi, ordered me an apartment in his own house, where I continued during my stay, and was entertained in a most hospitable manner.

The next morning after my arrival, he took me in his chariot to see the town, which is about half the bigness of London; but the houses very strangely built, and most of them out of repair. The people in the streets walked fast, looked wild, their eyes fixed, and were generally in rags. We passed through one of the town gates, and went about three miles into the country, where I saw many labourers working with several sorts of tools in the ground, but was not able to conjecture what they were about: neither did observe any expectation either of corn or grass, although the soil appeared to be excellent. I could not forbear admiring at these odd appearances, both in town and country; and I made bold to desire my conductor, that he would be pleased to explain to me, what could be meant by so many busy heads, hands, and faces, both in the streets and the fields, because I did not discover any good effects they produced; but, on the contrary, I never knew a soil so unhappily cultivated, houses so ill contrived and so ruinous, or a people whose countenances and habit expressed so much misery and want.

This lord Munodi was a person of the first rank, and had been some years governor of Lagado; but, by a cabal of ministers, was discharged for insufficiency. However, the king treated him with tenderness, as a well-meaning man, but of a low contemptible understanding.

When I gave that free censure of the country and its inhabitants, he made no further answer than by telling me, "that I had not been long enough among them to form a judgment; and that the different nations of the world had different customs;" with other common topics to the same purpose. But, when we returned to his palace, he asked me "how I liked the building, what absurdities I observed, and what quarrel I had with the dress or looks of his domestics?" This he might safely do; because every thing about him was magnificent, regular, and polite. I answered,



“that his excellency’s prudence, quality, and fortune, had exempted him from those defects, which folly and beggary had produced in others.” He said, “if I would go with him to his country-house, about twenty miles distant, where his estate lay, there would be more leisure for this kind of conversation.” I told his excellency “that I was entirely at his disposal;” and accordingly we set out next morning.

During our journey he made me observe the several methods used by farmers in managing their lands, which to me were wholly unaccountable; for, except in some very few places, I could not discover one ear of corn or blade of grass. But, in three hours travelling, the scene was wholly altered; we came into a most beautiful country; farmers’ houses, at small distances, neatly built; the fields enclosed, containing vineyards, corn-grounds, and meadows. Neither do I remember to have seen a more delightful prospect. His excellency observed my countenance to clear up; he told me, with a sigh, “that there his estate began, and would continue the same, till we should come to his house: that his countrymen ridiculed and despised him, for managing his affairs no better, and for setting so ill an example to the kingdom; which, however, was followed by very few, such as were old, and wilful, and weak like himself.”

We came at length to the house, which was indeed a noble structure, built according to the best rules of ancient architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks, avenues, and groves, were all disposed with exact judgment and taste. I gave due praises to every thing I saw, whereof his excellency took not the least notice till after supper; when, there being no third companion, he told me with a very melancholy air “that he doubted he must throw down his houses in town and country, to rebuild them after the present mode; destroy all his plantations, and cast others into such a form as modern usage required, and give the same directions to all his tenants, unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride, singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps increase his majesty’s displeasure; that the admiration I appeared to be under would cease or diminish, when he had informed me of some particulars which, probably, I never heard of at court, the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations, to have regard to what passed here below.”

The sum of his discourse was to this effect: “That about forty years ago, certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion, and, after five months continuance, came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits acquired in that airy region: that these persons, upon their return, began to dislike the management of every thing below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanics, upon a new foot. To this end, they procured a royal patent for erecting an academy of projectors in Lagado; and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people, that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges the professors contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instruments, and tools for all trades and manufactures; whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten; a palace may

be built in a week, of materials so durable as to last for ever without repairing. All the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase a hundred fold more than they do at present; with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection; and in the mean time, the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair: that as for himself, being not of an enterprising spirit, he was content to go on in the old forms, to live in the houses his ancestors had built, and act as they did, in every part of life, without innovation: that some few other persons of quality and gentry had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant, and ill common-wealth's men, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country."

His lordship added, "That he would not, by any further particulars, prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go." He only desired me to observe a ruined building, upon the side of a mountain about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account: "That he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family, as well as a great number of his tenants; that about seven years ago, a club of those projectors came to him with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain, on the long ridge whereof a long canal must be cut, for a repository of water, to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill, because the wind and air upon a height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion, and because the water, descending down a declivity, would turn the mill with half the current of a river whose course is more upon a level." He said, "that being then not very well with the court, and pressed by many of his friends, he complied with the proposal; and after employing a hundred men for two years, the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment, with equal assurance of success, as well as equal disappointment."

In a few days we came back to town; and his excellency, considering the bad character he had in the academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his, to bear me company thither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity and easy belief; which, indeed, was not without truth; for I had myself been a sort of projector in my younger days.

## Chapter V

This academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He has been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me, he did not doubt, that, in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine, at a reasonable rate: but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me "to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers." I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I went into another chamber, but was ready to hasten back, being almost overcome with a horrible stink. My conductor pressed me forward, conjuring me in a whisper "to give no offence, which would be highly resented;" and therefore I durst not so much as stop my nose. The projector of this cell was the most ancient student of the academy; his face and beard were of a pale yellow; his hands and clothes daubed over with filth. When I was presented to him, he gave me a close embrace, a compliment I could well have excused. His employment, from his first coming into the academy, was an operation to reduce human excrement to its original food, by separating the several parts, removing the tincture which it receives from the gall, making the odour exhale, and scumming off the saliva. He had a weekly allowance, from the society, of a vessel filled with human ordure, about the bigness of a Bristol barrel.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder; who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downward to the foundation; which he justified to me, by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken. This artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method is this: in an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables,

whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where, in a few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung: it is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However it is not doubted, that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me, "not to disturb his webs." He lamented "the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silkworms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave, as well as spin." And he proposed further, "that by employing spiders, the charge of dyeing silks should be wholly saved;" whereof I was fully convinced, when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us "that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads."

There was an astronomer, who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I was complaining of a small fit of the colic, upon which my conductor led me into a room where a great physician resided, who was famous for curing that disease, by contrary operations from the same instrument. He had a large pair of bellows, with a long slender muzzle of ivory: this he conveyed eight inches up the anus, and drawing in the wind, he affirmed he could make the guts as lank as a dried bladder. But when the disease was more stubborn and violent, he let in the muzzle while the bellows were full of wind, which he discharged into the body of the patient; then withdrew the instrument to replenish it, clapping his thumb strongly against the orifice of then fundament; and this being repeated three or four times, the adventitious wind would rush out, bringing the noxious along with it, (like water put into a pump), and the patient recovered. I saw him try both experiments upon a dog, but could not discern any effect from the former. After the latter the animal was ready to burst, and made so violent a discharge as was very offensive to me and my companion.

The dog died on the spot, and we left the doctor endeavouring to recover him, by the same operation.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them "the universal artist." He told us "he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the

improvement of human life." He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble, for pillows and pin-cushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs; the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped, in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep, all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw, was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, "Perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge, by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself, that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study." He then led me to the frame, about the sides, whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered, on every square, with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions; but without any order. The professor then desired me "to observe; for he was going to set his engine at work." The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads, to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn, the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio, already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials, to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be

still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me “that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.”

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person, for his great communicativeness; and promised, “if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine;” the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper, as in the figure here annexed. I told him, “although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner; yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire, without a rival.”

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was, to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, because, in reality, all things imaginable are but norms.

The other project was, a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lunge by corrosion, and, consequently, contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, “that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on.” And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people.

However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man’s business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us, who, when they met in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house, he cannot be at a loss.

Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art, is full of all things, ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language, to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition, and demonstration, were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This, the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following, eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the QUANTUM or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards, before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence, as the prescription requires.

## Chapter VI

In the school of political projectors, I was but ill entertained; the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them, with many other wild, impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive; and confirmed in me the old observation, “that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational, which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.”

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the Academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies, in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance: whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed, that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body; can there be any thing more evident, than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? It is allowed, that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with

grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatus, vertigos, and deliriums; with scrofulous tumours, full of fetid purulent matter; with sour frothy ructations: with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion, besides many others, needless to mention.

This doctor therefore proposed, “that upon the meeting of the senate, certain physicians should attend it the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day’s debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines; and before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them, at the next meeting.”

This project could not be of any great expense to the public; and might in my poor opinion, be of much use for the despatch of business, in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again because it is a general complaint, that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories; the same doctor proposed, “that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business, with the utmost brevity and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick in the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breech; or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee day, repeat the same operation, till the business were done, or absolutely refused.” He likewise directed, “that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.”

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs, thus cut off, be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assured us, “that if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible.” For he argued thus: “that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those, who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern



its motion: and as to the difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that "it was a perfect trifle."

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money, without grieving the subject. The first affirmed, "the justest method would be, to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly; and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbours." The second was of an opinion directly contrary; "to tax those qualities of body and mind, for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less, according to the degrees of excelling; the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast." The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments, according to the number and nature of the favours they have received; for which, they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness, were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person's giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all; because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature, were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employment; every man first taking an oath, and giving security, that he would vote for the court, whether he won or not; after which, the losers had, in their turn, the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus, hope and expectation would be kept alive; none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

Another professor showed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons; their times of eating; upon which side they lay in bed; with which hand they wipe their posteriors; take a strict view of their excrements, and, from the colour, the odour, the taste, the consistence, the crudeness or maturity of digestion, form a judgment of their thoughts and designs; because men are never so serious, thoughtful, and intent, as when they are at stool, which he found by frequent experiment; for, in such conjunctures, when he used, merely as a trial, to consider which was the best way of murdering the king, his ordure would have a tincture of green; but quite different, when he thought only of raising an insurrection, or burning the metropolis.

The whole discourse was written with great acuteness, containing many observations, both curious and useful for politicians; but, as I conceived, not

altogether complete. This I ventured to tell the author, and offered, if he pleased, to supply him with some additions. He received my proposition with more compliance than is usual among writers, especially those of the projecting species, professing “he would be glad to receive further information.”

I told him, “that in the kingdom of Tribnia, (3) by the natives called Langdon, (4) where I had sojourned some time in my travels, the bulk of the people consist in a manner wholly of discoverers, witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments, all under the colours, the conduct, and the pay of ministers of state, and their deputies. The plots, in that kingdom, are usually the workmanship of those persons who desire to raise their own characters of profound politicians; to restore new vigour to a crazy administration; to stifle or divert general discontents; to fill their coffers with forfeitures; and raise, or sink the opinion of public credit, as either shall best answer their private advantage. It is first agreed and settled among them, what suspected persons shall be accused of a plot; then, effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and papers, and put the owners in chains. These papers are delivered to a set of artists, very dexterous in finding out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters: for instance, they can discover a close stool, to signify a privy council; a flock of geese, a senate; a lame dog, an invader; the plague, a standing army; a buzzard, a prime minister; the gout, a high priest; a gibbet, a secretary of state; a chamber pot, a committee of grandees; a sieve, a court lady; a broom, a revolution; a mouse-trap, an employment; a bottomless pit, a treasury; a sink, a court; a cap and bells, a favourite; a broken reed, a court of justice; an empty tun, a general; a running sore, the administration. (5)

“When this method fails, they have two others more effectual, which the learned among them call acrostics and anagrams. First, they can decipher all initial letters into political meanings. Thus N, shall signify a plot; B, a regiment of horse; L, a fleet at sea; or, secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet in any suspected paper, they can lay open the deepest designs of a discontented party. So, for example, if I should say, in a letter to a friend, ‘Our brother Tom has just got the piles,’ a skilful decipherer would discover, that the same letters which compose that sentence, may be analysed into the following words, ‘Resist--, a plot is brought home--The tour.’ And this is the anagrammatic method.”

The professor made me great acknowledgments for communicating these observations, and promised to make honourable mention of me in his treatise.

I saw nothing in this country that could invite me to a longer continuance, and began to think of returning home to England.

## Chapter VII

The continent, of which this kingdom is apart, extends itself, as I have reason to believe, eastward, to that unknown tract of America westward of California; and north, to the Pacific Ocean, which is not above a hundred and fifty miles from Lagado; where there is a good port, and much commerce with the great island

of Luggnagg, situated to the north-west about 29 degrees north latitude, and 140 longitude. This island of Luggnagg stands south-eastward of Japan, about a hundred leagues distant. There is a strict alliance between the Japanese emperor and the king of Luggnagg; which affords frequent opportunities of sailing from one island to the other. I determined therefore to direct my course this way, in order to my return to Europe. I hired two mules, with a guide, to show me the way, and carry my small baggage. I took leave of my noble protector, who had shown me so much favour, and made me a generous present at my departure.

My journey was without any accident or adventure worth relating. When I arrived at the port of Maldonada (for so it is called) there was no ship in the harbour bound for Luggnagg, nor likely to be in some time. The town is about as large as Portsmouth. I soon fell into some acquaintance, and was very hospitably received. A gentleman of distinction said to me, "that since the ships bound for Luggnagg could not be ready in less than a month, it might be no disagreeable amusement for me to take a trip to the little island of Glubbudrib, about five leagues off to the south-west." He offered himself and a friend to accompany me, and that I should be provided with a small convenient bark for the voyage.

Glubbudrib, as nearly as I can interpret the word, signifies the island of sorcerers or magicians. It is about one third as large as the Isle of Wight, and extremely fruitful: it is governed by the head of a certain tribe, who are all magicians. This tribe marries only among each other, and the eldest in succession is prince or governor. He has a noble palace, and a park of about three thousand acres, surrounded by a wall of hewn stone twenty feet high. In this park are several small enclosures for cattle, corn, and gardening.

The governor and his family are served and attended by domestics of a kind somewhat unusual. By his skill in necromancy he has a power of calling whom he pleases from the dead, and commanding their service for twenty-four hours, but no longer; nor can he call the same persons up again in less than three months, except upon very extraordinary occasions.

When we arrived at the island, which was about eleven in the morning, one of the gentlemen who accompanied me went to the governor, and desired admittance for a stranger, who came on purpose to have the honour of attending on his highness. This was immediately granted, and we all three entered the gate of the palace between two rows of guards, armed and dressed after a very antic manner, and with something in their countenances that made my flesh creep with a horror I cannot express. We passed through several apartments, between servants of the same sort, ranked on each side as before, till we came to the chamber of presence; where, after three profound obeisances, and a few general questions, we were permitted to sit on three stools, near the lowest step of his highness's throne. He understood the language of Balnibarbi, although it was different from that of this island. He desired me to give him some account of my travels; and, to let me see that I should be treated without ceremony, he dismissed all his attendants with a turn of his finger; at which, to my great astonishment, they vanished in an instant, like

visions in a dream when we awake on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some time, till the governor assured me, “that I should receive no hurt:” and observing my two companions to be under no concern, who had been often entertained in the same manner, I began to take courage, and related to his highness a short history of my several adventures; yet not without some hesitation, and frequently looking behind me to the place where I had seen those domestic spectres. I had the honour to dine with the governor, where a new set of ghosts served up the meat, and waited at table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the morning. I stayed till sunset, but humbly desired his highness to excuse me for not accepting his invitation of lodging in the palace. My two friends and I lay at a private house in the town adjoining, which is the capital of this little island; and the next morning we returned to pay our duty to the governor, as he was pleased to command us.

After this manner we continued in the island for ten days, most part of every day with the governor, and at night in our lodging. I soon grew so familiarized to the sight of spirits, that after the third or fourth time they gave me no emotion at all: or, if I had any apprehensions left, my curiosity prevailed over them. For his highness the governor ordered me “to call up whatever persons I would choose to name, and in whatever numbers, among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any questions I should think fit to ask; with this condition, that my questions must be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me the truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world.”

I made my humble acknowledgments to his highness for so great a favour. We were in a chamber, from whence there was a fair prospect into the park. And because my first inclination was to be entertained with scenes of pomp and magnificence, I desired to see Alexander the Great at the head of his army, just after the battle of Arbela: which, upon a motion of the governor’s finger, immediately appeared in a large field, under the window where we stood. Alexander was called up into the room: it was with great difficulty that I understood his Greek, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his honour “that he was not poisoned, but died of a bad fever by excessive drinking.”

Next, I saw Hannibal passing the Alps, who told me “he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp.”

I saw Caesar and Pompey at the head of their troops, just ready to engage. I saw the former, in his last great triumph. I desired that the senate of Rome might appear before me, in one large chamber, and an assembly of somewhat a later age in counterview, in another. The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demigods; the other, a knot of pedlars, pick-pockets, highwayman, and bullies.

The governor, at my request, gave the sign for Caesar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind, in

every lineament of his countenance. I observed, with much pleasure, that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other; and Caesar freely confessed to me, “that the greatest actions of his own life were not equal, by many degrees, to the glory of taking it away.” I had the honour to have much conversation with Brutus; and was told, “that his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, Sir Thomas More, and himself were perpetually together:” a sextumvirate, to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the reader with relating what vast numbers of illustrious persons were called up to gratify that insatiable desire I had to see the world in every period of antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed mine eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty to oppressed and injured nations. But it is impossible to express the satisfaction I received in my own mind, after such a manner as to make it a suitable entertainment to the reader.

### **Chapter VIII**

Having a desire to see those ancients who were most renowned for wit and learning, I set apart one day on purpose. I proposed that Homer and Aristotle might appear at the head of all their commentators; but these were so numerous, that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court, and outward rooms of the palace. I knew, and could distinguish those two heroes, at first sight, not only from the crowd, but from each other. Homer was the taller and comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow. I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before; and I had a whisper from a ghost who shall be nameless, “that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals, in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity.” I introduced Didymus and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But Aristotle was out of all patience with the account I gave him of Scotus and Ramus, as I presented them to him; and he asked them, “whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves?”

I then desired the governor to call up Descartes and Gassendi, with whom I prevailed to explain their systems to Aristotle. This great philosopher freely acknowledged his own mistakes in natural philosophy, because he proceeded in many things upon conjecture, as all men must do; and he found that Gassendi, who had made the doctrine of Epicurus as palatable as he could, and the vortices of Descartes, were equally to be exploded. He predicted the same fate to ATTRACTION, whereof the present learned are such zealous asserters. He said, “that new systems of nature were but new fashions, which would vary in every age; and even those,

who pretend to demonstrate them from mathematical principles, would flourish but a short period of time, and be out of vogue when that was determined.”

I spent five days in conversing with many others of the ancient learned. I saw most of the first Roman emperors. I prevailed on the governor to call up Heliogabalus’s cooks to dress us a dinner, but they could not show us much of their skill, for want of materials. A helot of Agesilaus made us a dish of Spartan broth, but I was not able to get down a second spoonful.

The two gentlemen, who conducted me to the island, were pressed by their private affairs to return in three days, which I employed in seeing some of the modern dead, who had made the greatest figure, for two or three hundred years past, in our own and other countries of Europe; and having been always a great admirer of old illustrious families, I desired the governor would call up a dozen or two of kings, with their ancestors in order for eight or nine generations. But my disappointment was grievous and unexpected. For, instead of a long train with royal diadems, I saw in one family two fiddlers, three spruce courtiers, and an Italian prelate. In another, a barber, an abbot, and two cardinals. I have too great a veneration for crowned heads, to dwell any longer on so nice a subject. But as to counts, marquises, dukes, earls, and the like, I was not so scrupulous. And I confess, it was not without some pleasure, that I found myself able to trace the particular features, by which certain families are distinguished, up to their originals. I could plainly discover whence one family derives a long chin; why a second has abounded with knaves for two generations, and fools for two more; why a third happened to be crack-brained, and a fourth to be sharpers; whence it came, what Polydore Virgil says of a certain great house, *NEC VIR FORTIS, NEC FOEMINA CASTA*; how cruelty, falsehood, and cowardice, grew to be characteristics by which certain families are distinguished as much as by their coats of arms; who first brought the pox into a noble house, which has lineally descended scrofulous tumours to their posterity. Neither could I wonder at all this, when I saw such an interruption of lineages, by pages, lackeys, valets, coachmen, gamesters, fiddlers, players, captains, and pickpockets.

I was chiefly disgusted with modern history. For having strictly examined all the persons of greatest name in the courts of princes, for a hundred years past, I found how the world had been misled by prostitute writers, to ascribe the greatest exploits in war, to cowards; the wisest counsel, to fools; sincerity, to flatterers; Roman virtue, to betrayers of their country; piety, to atheists; chastity, to sodomites; truth, to informers: how many innocent and excellent persons had been condemned to death or banishment by the practising of great ministers upon the corruption of judges, and the malice of factions: how many villains had been exalted to the highest places of trust, power, dignity, and profit: how great a share in the motions and events of courts, councils, and senates might be challenged by bawds, whores, pimps, parasites, and buffoons. How low an opinion I had of human wisdom and integrity, when I was truly informed of the springs and motives of great enterprises and revolutions in the world, and of the contemptible accidents to which they owed their success.

Here I discovered the roguery and ignorance of those who pretend to write anecdotes, or secret history; who send so many kings to their graves with a cup of poison; will repeat the discourse between a prince and chief minister, where no witness was by; unlock the thoughts and cabinets of ambassadors and secretaries of state; and have the perpetual misfortune to be mistaken. Here I discovered the true causes of many great events that have surprised the world; how a whore can govern the back-stairs, the back-stairs a council, and the council a senate. A general confessed, in my presence, “that he got a victory purely by the force of cowardice and ill conduct;” and an admiral, “that, for want of proper intelligence, he beat the enemy, to whom he intended to betray the fleet.” Three kings protested to me, “that in their whole reigns they never did once prefer any person of merit, unless by mistake, or treachery of some minister in whom they confided; neither would they do it if they were to live again:” and they showed, with great strength of reason, “that the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that positive, confident, restiff temper, which virtue infused into a man, was a perpetual clog to public business.”

I had the curiosity to inquire in a particular manner, by what methods great numbers had procured to themselves high titles of honour, and prodigious estates; and I confined my inquiry to a very modern period: however, without grating upon present times, because I would be sure to give no offence even to foreigners (for I hope the reader need not be told, that I do not in the least intend my own country, in what I say upon this occasion,) a great number of persons concerned were called up; and, upon a very slight examination, discovered such a scene of infamy, that I cannot reflect upon it without some seriousness. Perjury, oppression, subornation, fraud, pandarism, and the like infirmities, were among the most excusable arts they had to mention; and for these I gave, as it was reasonable, great allowance. But when some confessed they owed their greatness and wealth to sodomy, or incest; others, to the prostituting of their own wives and daughters; others, to the betraying of their country or their prince; some, to poisoning; more to the perverting of justice, in order to destroy the innocent, I hope I may be pardoned, if these discoveries inclined me a little to abate of that profound veneration, which I am naturally apt to pay to persons of high rank, who ought to be treated with the utmost respect due to their sublime dignity, by us their inferiors.

I had often read of some great services done to princes and states, and desired to see the persons by whom those services were performed. Upon inquiry I was told, “that their names were to be found on no record, except a few of them, whom history has represented as the vilest of rogues and traitors.” As to the rest, I had never once heard of them. They all appeared with dejected looks, and in the meanest habit; most of them telling me, “they died in poverty and disgrace, and the rest on a scaffold or a gibbet.”

Among others, there was one person, whose case appeared a little singular. He had a youth about eighteen years old standing by his side. He told me, “he had for many years been commander of a ship; and in the sea fight at Actium had

the good fortune to break through the enemy's great line of battle, sink three of their capital ships, and take a fourth, which was the sole cause of Antony's flight, and of the victory that ensued; that the youth standing by him, his only son, was killed in the action." He added, "that upon the confidence of some merit, the war being at an end, he went to Rome, and solicited at the court of Augustus to be preferred to a greater ship, whose commander had been killed; but, without any regard to his pretensions, it was given to a boy who had never seen the sea, the son of Libertina, who waited on one of the emperor's mistresses. Returning back to his own vessel, he was charged with neglect of duty, and the ship given to a favourite page of Publicola, the vice-admiral; whereupon he retired to a poor farm at a great distance from Rome, and there ended his life." I was so curious to know the truth of this story, that I desired Agrippa might be called, who was admiral in that fight. He appeared, and confirmed the whole account: but with much more advantage to the captain, whose modesty had extenuated or concealed a great part of his merit.

I was surprised to find corruption grown so high and so quick in that empire, by the force of luxury so lately introduced; which made me less wonder at many parallel cases in other countries, where vices of all kinds have reigned so much longer, and where the whole praise, as well as pillage, has been engrossed by the chief commander, who perhaps had the least title to either.

As every person called up made exactly the same appearance he had done in the world, it gave me melancholy reflections to observe how much the race of human kind was degenerated among us within these hundred years past; how the pox, under all its consequences and denominations had altered every lineament of an English countenance; shortened the size of bodies, unbraced the nerves, relaxed the sinews and muscles, introduced a sallow complexion, and rendered the flesh loose and rancid.

I descended so low, as to desire some English yeoman of the old stamp might be summoned to appear; once so famous for the simplicity of their manners, diet, and dress; for justice in their dealings; for their true spirit of liberty; for their valour, and love of their country. Neither could I be wholly unmoved, after comparing the living with the dead, when I considered how all these pure native virtues were prostituted for a piece of money by their grand-children; who, in selling their votes and managing at elections, have acquired every vice and corruption that can possibly be learned in a court.

## **Chapter IX**

The day of our departure being come, I took leave of his highness, the Governor of Glubbudbrib, and returned with my two companions to Maldonada, where, after a fortnight's waiting, a ship was ready to sail for Luggnagg. The two gentlemen, and some others, were so generous and kind as to furnish me with provisions, and see me on board. I was a month in this voyage. We had one violent storm, and were under a necessity of steering westward to get into the trade wind, which holds for above sixty leagues. On the 21st of April, 1708, we sailed into the river of



Clumegnig, which is a seaport town, at the south-east point of Luggnagg. We cast anchor within a league of the town, and made a signal for a pilot. Two of them came on board in less than half an hour, by whom we were guided between certain shoals and rocks, which are very dangerous in the passage, to a large basin, where a fleet may ride in safety within a cable's length of the town-wall.

Some of our sailors, whether out of treachery or inadvertence, had informed the pilots "that I was a stranger, and great traveller;" whereof these gave notice to a custom-house officer, by whom I was examined very strictly upon my landing. This officer spoke to me in the language of Balnibarbi, which, by the force of much commerce, is generally understood in that town, especially by seamen and those employed in the customs. I gave him a short account of some particulars, and made my story as plausible and consistent as I could; but I thought it necessary to disguise my country, and call myself a Hollander; because my intentions were for Japan, and I knew the Dutch were the only Europeans permitted to enter into that kingdom. I therefore told the officer, "that having been shipwrecked on the coast of Balnibarbi, and cast on a rock, I was received up into Laputa, or the flying island (of which he had often heard), and was now endeavouring to get to Japan, whence I might find a convenience of returning to my own country." The officer said, "I must be confined till he could receive orders from court, for which he would write immediately, and hoped to receive an answer in a fortnight." I was carried to a convenient lodging with a sentry placed at the door; however, I had the liberty of a large garden, and was treated with humanity enough, being maintained all the time at the king's charge. I was invited by several persons, chiefly out of curiosity, because it was reported that I came from countries very remote, of which they had never heard.

I hired a young man, who came in the same ship, to be an interpreter; he was a native of Luggnagg, but had lived some years at Maldonada, and was a perfect master of both languages. By his assistance, I was able to hold a conversation with those who came to visit me; but this consisted only of their questions, and my answers.

The despatch came from court about the time we expected. It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to TRALDRAGDUBH, or TRILDROGDTRIB (for it is pronounced both ways as near as I can remember), by a party of ten horse. All my retinue was that poor lad for an interpreter, whom I persuaded into my service, and, at my humble request, we had each of us a mule to ride on. A messenger was despatched half a day's journey before us, to give the king notice of my approach, and to desire, "that his majesty would please to appoint a day and hour, when it would by his gracious pleasure that I might have the honour to lick the dust before his footstool." This is the court style, and I found it to be more than matter of form: for, upon my admittance two days after my arrival, I was commanded to crawl upon my belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but, on account of my being a stranger, care was taken to have it made so clean, that the dust was not offensive. However, this was a peculiar grace, not allowed to any but persons of the highest rank, when they desire an admittance. Nay, sometimes the floor is strewed

with dust on purpose, when the person to be admitted happens to have powerful enemies at court; and I have seen a great lord with his mouth so crammed, that when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne; he was not able to speak a word. Neither is there any remedy; because it is capital for those, who receive an audience to spit or wipe their mouths in his majesty's presence. There is indeed another custom, which I cannot altogether approve of: when the king has a mind to put any of his nobles to death in a gentle indulgent manner, he commands the floor to be strewed with a certain brown powder of a deadly composition, which being licked up, infallibly kills him in twenty-four hours. But in justice to this prince's great clemency, and the care he has of his subjects' lives (wherein it were much to be wished that the Monarchs of Europe would imitate him), it must be mentioned for his honour, that strict orders are given to have the infected parts of the floor well washed after every such execution, which, if his domestics neglect, they are in danger of incurring his royal displeasure. I myself heard him give directions, that one of his pages should be whipped, whose turn it was to give notice about washing the floor after an execution, but maliciously had omitted it; by which neglect a young lord of great hopes, coming to an audience, was unfortunately poisoned, although the king at that time had no design against his life. But this good prince was so gracious as to forgive the poor page his whipping, upon promise that he would do so no more, without special orders.

To return from this digression. When I had crept within four yards of the throne, I raised myself gently upon my knees, and then striking my forehead seven times against the ground, I pronounced the following words, as they had been taught me the night before, INCKPLING GLOFFTHROBB SQUUT SERUMMBLHIOP MLASHNALT ZWIN TNODBALKUFFH SLHIOPHAD GURDLUBH ASHT. This is the compliment, established by the laws of the land, for all persons admitted to the king's presence. It may be rendered into English thus: "May your celestial majesty outlive the sun, eleven moons and a half!" To this the king returned some answer, which, although I could not understand, yet I replied as I had been directed: FLUFT DRIN YALERICK DWULDOM PRASTRAD MIRPUSH, which properly signifies, "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend;" and by this expression was meant, that I desired leave to bring my interpreter; whereupon the young man already mentioned was accordingly introduced, by whose intervention I answered as many questions as his majesty could put in above an hour. I spoke in the Balnibarbian tongue, and my interpreter delivered my meaning in that of Luggnagg.

The king was much delighted with my company, and ordered his BLIFFMARKLUB, or high-chamberlain, to appoint a lodging in the court for me and my interpreter; with a daily allowance for my table, and a large purse of gold for my common expenses.

I staid three months in this country, out of perfect obedience to his majesty; who was pleased highly to favour me, and made me very honourable offers. But I thought it more consistent with prudence and justice to pass the remainder of my days with my wife and family.

## Chapter X

The Luggnaggians are a polite and generous people; and although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all Eastern countries, yet they show themselves courteous to strangers, especially such who are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintance, and among persons of the best fashion; and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality, “whether I had seen any of their STRULDBRUGS, or immortals?” I said, “I had not;” and desired he would explain to me “what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature.” He told me “that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family, with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die.” The spot, as he described it, “was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its colour; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five and twenty, then turned to a deep blue: at five and forty it grew coal black, and as large as an English shilling; but never admitted any further alteration.” He said, “these births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred struldbrugs, of both sexes, in the whole kingdom; of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and, among the rest, a young girl born; about three years ago: that these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance; and the children of the STRULDBRUGS themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people.”

I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressible delight, upon hearing this account: and the person who gave it me happening to understand the Balnibarbian language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions, perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out, as in a rapture, “Happy nation, where every child hath at least a chance for being immortal! Happy people, who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue, and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages! but happiest, beyond all comparison, are those excellent STRULDBRUGS, who, being born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehensions of death!” I discovered my admiration that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court; the black spot on the forehead being so remarkable a distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it: and it was impossible that his majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able counsellors. Yet perhaps the virtue of those reverend sages was too strict for the corrupt and libertine manners of a court: and we often find by experience, that young men are too opinionated and volatile to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors. However, since the king was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I was resolved, upon the very first occasion, to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely and at large, by the help of my interpreter; and whether he would

please to take my advice or not, yet in one thing I was determined, that his majesty having frequently offered me an establishment in this country, I would, with great thankfulness, accept the favour, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings the STRULDBRUGS, if they would please to admit me.”

The gentleman to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of Balnibarbi, said to me, with a sort of a smile which usually arises from pity to the ignorant, “that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had spoke.” He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable, neither could I observe by their countenances, what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence, the same person told me, “that his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious remarks I had made on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life, and they were desirous to know, in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself, if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a STRULDBRUG.”

I answered, “it was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me, who had been often apt to amuse myself with visions of what I should do, if I were a king, a general, or a great lord: and upon this very case, I had frequently run over the whole system how I should employ myself, and pass the time, if I were sure to live for ever.

“That, if it had been my good fortune to come into the world a STRULDBRUG, as soon as I could discover my own happiness, by understanding the difference between life and death, I would first resolve, by all arts and methods, whatsoever, to procure myself riches. In the pursuit of which, by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect, in about two hundred years, to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place, I would, from my earliest youth, apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly, I would carefully record every action and event of consequence, that happened in the public, impartially draw the characters of the several successions of princes and great ministers of state, with my own observations on every point. I would exactly set down the several changes in customs, language, fashions of dress, diet, and diversions. By all which acquirements, I should be a living treasure of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation.

“I would never marry after threescore, but live in a hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them, from my own remembrance, experience, and observation, fortified by numerous examples, of the usefulness of virtue in public and private life. But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood; among whom, I would elect a dozen from the most ancient, down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes, I would provide them with convenient lodges round my own estate, and have some of them always at my table; only mingling a few of the most valuable among you

mortals, whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and treat your posterity after the same manner; just as a man diverts himself with the annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

“These STRULDBRUGS and I would mutually communicate our observations and memorials, through the course of time; remark the several gradations by which corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind; which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature so justly complained of in all ages.

“Add to this, the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of states and empires; the changes in the lower and upper world; ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings; famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks; the ocean leaving one coast dry, and overwhelming another; the discovery of many countries yet unknown; barbarity overrunning the politest nations, and the most barbarous become civilized. I should then see the discovery of the longitude, the perpetual motion, the universal medicine, and many other great inventions, brought to the utmost perfection.

“What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own predictions; by observing the progress and return of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon, and stars!”

I enlarged upon many other topics, which the natural desire of endless life, and sublunary happiness, could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted, as before, to the rest of the company, there was a good deal of talk among them in the language of the country, not without some laughter at my expense. At last, the same gentleman who had been my interpreter, said, “he was desired by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of STRULDBRUGS was peculiar to their country, for there were no such people either in Balnibarbi or Japan, where he had the honour to be ambassador from his majesty, and found the natives in both those kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible: and it appeared from my astonishment when he first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms above mentioned, where, during his residence, he had conversed very much, he observed long life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind. That whoever had one foot in the grave was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the oldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat. Only in this island of Luggnagg the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the STRULDBRUGS before their eyes.

“That the system of living contrived by me, was unreasonable and unjust; because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health, and vigour, which no man could

be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not, whether a man would choose to be always in the prime of youth, attended with prosperity and health; but how he would pass a perpetual life under all the usual disadvantages which old age brings along with it. For although few men will avow their desires of being immortal, upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before mentioned, of Balnibarbi and Japan, he observed that every man desired to put off death some time longer, let it approach ever so late: and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me, whether in those countries I had travelled, as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition.”

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the STRULDBRUGS among them. He said, “they commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others have gone to a harbour of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle-age, and even that is very imperfect; and for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition, than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

“If a STRULDBRUG happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore; for the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence, that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

“As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates; only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period, they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

“At ninety, they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect, they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

The language of this country being always upon the flux, the STRULDBRUGS of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (farther than by a few general words) with their neighbours the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.”

This was the account given me of the STRULDBRUGS, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told, “that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world,” they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired “I would give them SLUMSKUDASK,” or a token of remembrance; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people. When one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were four-score years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld; and the women more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe, that from what I had hear and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed; and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with pleasure, from such a life. The king heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly; wishing I could send a couple of STRULDBRUGS to my own country, to arm our people against the fear of death; but this, it seems, is forbidden by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expense of transporting them.

I could not but agree, that the laws of this kingdom relative to the STRULDBRUGS were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting, in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary consequence of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power, which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the public.

## Chapter XI

I thought this account of the STRULDBRUGS might be some entertainment to the reader, because it seems to be a little out of the common way; at least I do not remember to have met the like in any book of travels that has come to my hands: and if I am deceived, my excuse must be, that it is necessary for travellers who describe the same country, very often to agree in dwelling on the same particulars, without deserving the censure of having borrowed or transcribed from those who wrote before them.

There is indeed a perpetual commerce between this kingdom and the great empire of Japan; and it is very probable, that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the STRULDBRUGS; but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to the language, that I was not qualified to make any inquiries. But I hope the Dutch, upon this notice, will be curious and able enough to supply my defects.

His majesty having often pressed me to accept some employment in his court, and finding me absolutely determined to return to my native country, was pleased to give me his license to depart; and honoured me with a letter of recommendation, under his own hand, to the Emperor of Japan. He likewise presented me with four hundred and forty-four large pieces of gold (this nation delighting in even numbers), and a red diamond, which I sold in England for eleven hundred pounds.

On the 6th of May, 1709, I took a solemn leave of his majesty, and all my friends. This prince was so gracious as to order a guard to conduct me to Glanguenstald, which is a royal port to the south-west part of the island. In six days I found a vessel ready to carry me to Japan, and spent fifteen days in the voyage.

We landed at a small port-town called Xamoschi, situated on the south-east part of Japan; the town lies on the western point, where there is a narrow strait leading northward into along arm of the sea, upon the north-west part of which, Yedo, the metropolis, stands. At landing, I showed the custom-house officers my letter from the king of Luggnagg to his imperial majesty. They knew the seal perfectly well; it was as broad as the palm of my hand. The impression was, A KING LIFTING UP A LAME BEGGAR FROM THE EARTH. The magistrates of the town, hearing of my letter, received me as a public minister. They provided me with carriages and servants, and bore my charges to Yedo; where I was admitted to an audience, and delivered my letter, which was opened with great ceremony, and explained to the Emperor by an interpreter, who then gave me notice, by his majesty's order, "that I should signify my request, and, whatever it were, it should be granted, for the



sake of his royal brother of Luggnagg." This interpreter was a person employed to transact affairs with the Hollanders. He soon conjectured, by my countenance, that I was a European, and therefore repeated his majesty's commands in Low Dutch, which he spoke perfectly well. I answered, as I had before determined, "that I was a Dutch merchant, shipwrecked in a very remote country, whence I had travelled by sea and land to Luggnagg, and then took shipping for Japan; where I knew my countrymen often traded, and with some of these I hoped to get an opportunity of returning into Europe: I therefore most humbly entreated his royal favour, to give order that I should be conducted in safety to Nangasac." To this I added another petition, "that for the sake of my patron the king of Luggnagg, his majesty would condescend to excuse my performing the ceremony imposed on my countrymen, of trampling upon the crucifix: because I had been thrown into his kingdom by my misfortunes, without any intention of trading." When this latter petition was interpreted to the Emperor, he seemed a little surprised; and said, "he believed I was the first of my countrymen who ever made any scruple in this point; and that he began to doubt, whether I was a real Hollander, or not; but rather suspected I must be a Christian. However, for the reasons I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the king of Luggnagg by an uncommon mark of his favour, he would comply with the singularity of my humour; but the affair must be managed with dexterity, and his officers should be commanded to let me pass, as it were by forgetfulness. For he assured me, that if the secret should be discovered by my countrymen the Dutch, they would cut my throat in the voyage." I returned my thanks, by the interpreter, for so unusual a favour; and some troops being at that time on their march to Nangasac, the commanding officer had orders to convey me safe thither, with particular instructions about the business of the crucifix.

On the 9th day of June, 1709, I arrived at Nangasac, after a very long and troublesome journey. I soon fell into the company of some Dutch sailors belonging to the *Amboyna*, of Amsterdam, a stout ship of 450 tons. I had lived long in Holland, pursuing my studies at Leyden, and I spoke Dutch well. The seamen soon knew whence I came last: they were curious to inquire into my voyages and course of life. I made up a story as short and probable as I could, but concealed the greatest part. I knew many persons in Holland. I was able to invent names for my parents, whom I pretended to be obscure people in the province of Gelderland. I would have given the captain (one Theodorus Vangrult) what he pleased to ask for my voyage to Holland; but understanding I was a surgeon, he was contented to take half the usual rate, on condition that I would serve him in the way of my calling. Before we took shipping, I was often asked by some of the crew, whether I had performed the ceremony above mentioned? I evaded the question by general answers; "that I had satisfied the Emperor and court in all particulars." However, a malicious rogue of a skipper went to an officer, and pointing to me, told him, "I had not yet trampled on the crucifix;" but the other, who had received instructions to let me pass, gave the rascal twenty strokes on the shoulders with a bamboo; after which I was no more troubled with such questions.

Nothing happened worth mentioning in this voyage. We sailed with a fair wind to the Cape of Good Hope, where we staid only to take in fresh water. On the 10th of April, 1710, we arrived safe at Amsterdam, having lost only three men by sickness in the voyage, and a fourth, who fell from the foremast into the sea, not far from the coast of Guinea. From Amsterdam I soon after set sail for England, in a small vessel belonging to that city.

On the 16th of April we put in at the Downs. I landed next morning, and saw once more my native country, after an absence of five years and six months complete. I went straight to Redriff, where I arrived the same day at two in the afternoon, and found my wife and family in good health.

## **PART IV**

### **Chapter I**

I continued at home with my wife and children about five months, in a very happy condition, if I could have learned the lesson of knowing when I was well. I left my poor wife big with child, and accepted an advantageous offer made me to be captain of the *Adventurer*, a stout merchantman of 350 tons: for I understood navigation well, and being grown weary of a surgeon's employment at sea, which, however, I could exercise upon occasion, I took a skilful young man of that calling, one Robert Purefoy, into my ship. We set sail from Portsmouth upon the 7th day of September, 1710; on the 14th we met with Captain Pocock, of Bristol, at Teneriffe, who was going to the bay of Campechy to cut logwood. On the 16th, he was parted from us by a storm; I heard since my return, that his ship foundered, and none escaped but one cabin boy. He was an honest man, and a good sailor, but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his destruction, as it has been with several others; for if he had followed my advice, he might have been safe at home with his family at this time, as well as myself.

I had several men who died in my ship of calentures, so that I was forced to get recruits out of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, where I touched, by the direction of the merchants who employed me; which I had soon too much cause to repent: for I found afterwards, that most of them had been buccaneers. I had fifty hands onboard; and my orders were, that I should trade with the Indians in the South-Sea, and make what discoveries I could. These rogues, whom I had picked up, debauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship, and secure me; which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, threatening to throw me overboard, if I offered to stir. I told them, "I was their prisoner, and would submit." This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me, only fastening one of my legs with a chain, near my bed, and placed a sentry at my door with his piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead if I attempted my liberty. They sent me own victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves. Their design was to turn pirates and, plunder the Spaniards, which they could not do till they got more men. But first they resolved to sell the goods the ship, and then go to Madagascar for recruits,

several among them having died since my confinement. They sailed many weeks, and traded with the Indians; but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in my cabin, and expecting nothing less than to be murdered, as they often threatened me.

Upon the 9th day of May, 1711, one James Welch came down to my cabin, and said, "he had orders from the captain to set me ashore." I expostulated with him, but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new captain was. They forced me into the long-boat, letting me put on my best suit of clothes, which were as good as new, and take a small bundle of linen, but no arms, except my hanger; and they were so civil as not to search my pockets, into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessaries. They rowed about a league, and then set me down on a strand. I desired them to tell me what country it was. They all swore, "they knew no more than myself;" but said, "that the captain" (as they called him) "was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get rid of me in the first place where they could discover land." They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell.

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself, and consider what I had best do. When I was a little refreshed, I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys, which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages, and whereof I had some about me. The land was divided by long rows of trees, not regularly planted, but naturally growing; there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats. I walked very circumspectly, for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind, or on either side. I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracts of human feet, and some of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket to observe them better. Some of them coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form. Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled, and others lank; they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs, and the fore parts of their legs and feet; but the rest of their bodies was bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They had no tails, nor any hair at all on their buttocks, except about the anus, which, I presume, nature had placed there to defend them as they sat on the ground, for this posture they used, as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind feet. They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked. They would often spring, and bound, and leap, with prodigious agility. The females were not so large as the males; they had long lank hair on their heads, but none on their faces, nor any thing more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies, except about the anus and pudenda. The dugs hung between their fore feet, and often reached

almost to the ground as they walked. The hair of both sexes was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld, in all my travels, so disagreeable an animal, or one against which I naturally conceived so strong an antipathy. So that, thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up, and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far, when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways, every feature of his visage, and stared, as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer, lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief I could not tell; but I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart, he drew back, and roared so loud, that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling and making odious faces; but I ran to the body of a tree, and leaning my back against it, kept them off by waving my hanger. Several of this cursed brood, getting hold of the branches behind, leaped up into the tree, whence they began to discharge their excrements on my head; however, I escaped pretty well by sticking close to the stem of the tree, but was almost stifled with the filth, which fell about me on every side.

In the midst of this distress, I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could; at which I ventured to leave the tree and pursue the road, wondering what it was that could put them into this fright. But looking on my left hand, I saw a horse walking softly in the field; which my persecutors having sooner discovered, was the cause of their flight. The horse started a little, when he came near me, but soon recovering himself, looked full in my face with manifest tokens of wonder; he viewed my hands and feet, walking round me several times. I would have pursued my journey, but he placed himself directly in the way, yet looking with a very mild aspect, never offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for some time; at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck with a design to stroke it, using the common style and whistle of jockeys, when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal seemed to receive my civilities with disdain, shook his head, and bent his brows, softly raising up his right fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four times, but in so different a cadence, that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself, in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up; who applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before, neighing several times by turns, and varying the sound, which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backward and forward, like persons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me, as it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see such actions and behaviour in brute beasts; and concluded with myself, that if the inhabitants of this country were endued

with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth. This thought gave me so much comfort, that I resolved to go forward, until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple gray, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant; whereupon I turned back, and came near to him to expect his farther commands: but concealing my fear as much as I could, for I began to be in some pain how this adventure might terminate; and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The gray steed rubbed my hat all round with his right fore-hoof, and discomposed it so much that I was forced to adjust it better by taking it off and settling it again; whereat, both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be much surprised: the latter felt the lappet of my coat, and finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with new signs of wonder. He stroked my right hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour; but he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pastern, that I was forced to roar; after which they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other, and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher, when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded they must needs be magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and seeing a stranger in the way, resolved to divert themselves with him; or, perhaps, were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature, and complexion, from those who might probably live in so remote a climate. Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: "Gentlemen, if you be conjurers, as I have good cause to believe, you can understand my language; therefore I make bold to let your worships know that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by his misfortunes upon your coast; and I entreat one of you to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village where I can be relieved. In return of which favour, I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet," taking them out of my pocket. The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention, and when I had ended, they neighed frequently towards each other, as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed that their language expressed the passions very well, and the words might, with little pains, be resolved into an alphabet more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word YAHOO, which was repeated by each of them several times: and although it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant, yet while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practise this word upon my tongue; and as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced YAHOO in a loud voice, imitating at the same time, as near as I could, the neighing

of a horse; at which they were both visibly surprised; and the gray repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent; wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word, much harder to be pronounced; but reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, HOUYHNHNM. I did not succeed in this so well as in the former; but after two or three farther trials, I had better fortune; and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some further discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leaves, with the same compliment of striking each other's hoof; and the gray made me signs that I should walk before him; wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace, he would cry HHUUN HHUUN: I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand, as well as I could, "that I was weary, and not able to walk faster;" upon which he would stand awhile to let me rest.

## Chapter II

Having travelled about three miles, we came to a long kind of building, made of timber stuck in the ground, and wattled across; the roof was low and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted; and took out some toys, which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America, and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first; it was a large room with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger, extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams, which I very much wondered at; but wondered more to see the rest employed in domestic business; these seemed but ordinary cattle. However, this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilise brute animals, must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world.

The gray came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment which the others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room there were three others, reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors, opposite to each other, in the manner of a vista. We went through the second room towards the third. Here the gray walked in first, beckoning me to attend: I waited in the second room, and got ready my presents for the master and mistress of the house; they were two knives, three bracelets of false pearls, a small looking-glass, and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice, but I heard no other returns than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller than his. I began to think that this house must belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance. But, that a man of quality should be served all by horses, was

beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes. I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone: this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides to awake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded, that all these appearances could be nothing else but necromancy and magic. But I had no time to pursue these reflections; for the gray horse came to the door, and made me a sign to follow him into the third room where I saw a very comely mare, together with a colt and foal, sitting on their haunches upon mats of straw, not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare soon after my entrance rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look; and turning to the horse, I heard the word YAHOO often repeated betwixt them; the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it was the first I had learned to pronounce. But I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification; for the horse, beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the HHUUN, HHUUN, as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him, led me out into a kind of court, where was another building, at some distance from the house. Here we entered, and I saw three of those detestable creatures, which I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots, and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow, dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong withes fastened to a beam; they held their food between the claws of their fore feet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals, and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together, and by our countenances diligently compared both by master and servant, who thereupon repeated several times the word YAHOO. My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal, a perfect human figure: the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide; but these differences are common to all savage nations, where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted, by the natives suffering their infants to lie grovelling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs, nuzzling with their face against the mothers' shoulders. The fore-feet of the YAHOO differed from my hands in nothing else but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences; which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings; the same in every part of our bodies except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses, was to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a YAHOO, for which I was obliged to my clothes, whereof they had no conception. The sorrel nag offered me a root, which

he held (after their manner, as we shall describe in its proper place) between his hoof and pastern; I took it in my hand, and, having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the YAHOO'S' kennel a piece of ass's flesh; but it smelt so offensively that I turned from it with loathing: he then threw it to the YAHOO, by whom it was greedily devoured. He afterwards showed me a wisp of hay, and a fetlock full of oats; but I shook my head, to signify that neither of these were food for me. And indeed I now apprehended that I must absolutely starve, if I did not get to some of my own species; for as to those filthy YAHOO'S, although there were few greater lovers of mankind at that time than myself, yet I confess I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts; and the more I came near them the more hateful they grew, while I stayed in that country. This the master horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the YAHOO back to his kennel. He then put his fore-hoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprised, although he did it with ease, and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural, and made other signs, to know what I would eat; but I could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend; and if he had understood me, I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment. While we were thus engaged, I observed a cow passing by, whereupon I pointed to her, and expressed a desire to go and milk her. This had its effect; for he led me back into the house, and ordered a mare-servant to open a room, where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels, after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowlful, of which I drank very heartily, and found myself well refreshed.

About noon, I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle drawn like a sledge by four YAHOO'S. There was in it an old steed, who seemed to be of quality; he alighted with his hind-feet forward, having by accident got a hurt in his left fore-foot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse ate warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches, upon bosses of straw. In the middle was a large rack, with angles answering to every partition of the manger; so that each horse and mare ate their own hay, and their own mash of oats and milk, with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest, and that of the master and mistress extremely cheerful and complaisant to their guest. The gray ordered me to stand by him; and much discourse passed between him and his friend concerning me, as I found by the stranger's often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word YAHOO.

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master gray observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my fore-feet. He put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify, that I should reduce them to their former shape, which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves, and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned farther talk; and I saw the company was



pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood; and while they were at dinner, the master taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others, which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done, the master horse took me aside, and by signs and words made me understand the concern he was in that I had nothing to eat. Oats in their tongue are called HLUNNH. This word I pronounced two or three times; for although I had refused them at first, yet, upon second thoughts, I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient, with milk, to keep me alive, till I could make my escape to some other country, and to creatures of my own species. The horse immediately ordered a white mare servant of his family to bring me a good quantity of oats in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire, as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain. I ground and beat them between two stones; then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire and eat warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but grew tolerable by time; and having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made how easily nature is satisfied. And I cannot but observe, that I never had one hours sickness while I stayed in this island. It is true, I sometimes made a shift to catch a rabbit, or bird, by springs made of YAHOO'S hairs; and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled, and ate as salads with my bread; and now and then, for a rarity, I made a little butter, and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt, but custom soon reconciled me to the want of it; and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink, except where it is necessary for preserving flesh in long voyages, or in places remote from great markets; for we observe no animal to be fond of it but man, and as to myself, when I left this country, it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in anything that I ate.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the readers were personally concerned whether we fare well or ill. However, it was necessary to mention this matter, lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years in such a country, and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening, the master horse ordered a place for me to lodge in; it was but six yards from the house and separated from the stable of the YAHOO'S. Here I got some straw, and covering myself with my own clothes, slept very sound. But I was in a short time better accommodated, as the reader shall know hereafter, when I come to treat more particularly about my way of living.

### **Chapter III**

My principal endeavour was to learn the language, which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him), and his children, and every servant of his house, were

desirous to teach me; for they looked upon it as a prodigy, that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to every thing, and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone, and corrected my bad accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment, a sorrel nag, one of the under-servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking, they pronounced through the nose and throat, and their language approaches nearest to the High-Dutch, or German, of any I know in Europe; but is much more graceful and significant. The emperor Charles V. made almost the same observation, when he said “that if he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High-Dutch.”

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a YAHOO; but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness, astonished him; which were qualities altogether opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes, reasoning sometimes with himself, whether they were a part of my body: for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn “whence I came; how I acquired those appearances of reason, which I discovered in all my actions; and to know my story from my own mouth, which he hoped he should soon do by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences.” To help my memory, I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down, with the translations. This last, after some time, I ventured to do in my master’s presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing; for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks time, I was able to understand most of his questions; and in three months, could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know “from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the YAHOOOS (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible), with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes.” I answered, “that I came over the sea, from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel made of the bodies of trees: that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself.” It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied, “that I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not;” for they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood. “He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no HOUYHNHNM alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust YAHOOOS to manage it.”

The word HOUYHNHNM, in their tongue, signifies a HORSE, and, in its etymology, the PERFECTION OF NATURE. I told my master, “that I was at a loss

for expression, but would improve as fast as I could; and hoped, in a short time, I should be able to tell him wonders." He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt, and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighbourhood came often to our house, upon the report spread of "a wonderful YAHOO, that could speak like a HOUYHNHM, and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmerings of reason." These delighted to converse with me: they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that, in five months from my arrival I understood whatever was spoken, and could express myself tolerably well.

The HOUYHNHNS, who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right YAHOO, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master upon an accident which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader, that every night, when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened, one morning early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet.



**Image 4.13 | Houyhnhnms**

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When he came I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awaked at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered, for, going as soon as I was dressed to pay my attendance upon his honour, he asked me “the meaning of what his servant had reported, that I was not the same thing when I slept, as I appeared to be at other times; that his valet assured him, some part of me was white, some yellow, at least not so white, and some brown.”

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself, as much as possible, from that cursed race of YAHOOOS; but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance from the hides of YAHOOOS, or other brutes; whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master, “that in the country whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency as to avoid the inclemencies of air, both hot and cold; of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to command me: only desiring his excuse, if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal.” He said, “my discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part; for he could not understand, why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given; that neither himself nor family were ashamed of any parts of their bodies; but, however, I might do as I pleased.” Whereupon I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off. I did the same with my waistcoat. I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches. I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the bottom; fastening it like a girdle about my middle, to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times; after which, he said, it was plain I must be a perfect YAHOO; but that I differed very much from the rest of my species in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair in several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more; and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of YAHOO, an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt: I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and make the same order in his family and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise, “that the secret of my having a false covering to my body, might be known to none but himself, at least as long as my present clothing should last; for as to what the sorrel nag, his valet, had observed, his honour might command him to conceal it.”

All this my master very graciously consented to; and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances

that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the meantime, he desired “I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason, than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or not;” adding, “that he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him.”

Thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me: he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility; “because,” as he told them, privately, “this would put me into good humour, and make me more diverting.”

Every day, when I waited on him, beside the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could, and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation; but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose:

“That I came from a very far country, as I already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we travelled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his honour’s house. I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained, by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. That upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable YAHOOs.” He asked me, “who made the ship, and how it was possible that the HOUYHNHNMS of my country would leave it to the management of brutes?” My answer was, “that I durst proceed no further in my relation, unless he would give me his word and honour that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised.” He agreed; and I went on by assuring him, that the ship was made by creatures like myself; who, in all the countries I had travelled, as well as in my own, were the only governing rational animals; and that upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the HOUYHNHNMS act like rational beings, as he, or his friends, could be, in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a YAHOO; to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature. I said farther, “that if good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe, that I said the thing that was not, that I invented the story out of my own head; and (with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended) our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a HOUYHNHNMS should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a YAHOO the brute.”

#### **Chapter IV**

My master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance; because doubting, or not believing, are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances.

And I remember, in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of lying and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment. For he argued thus: “that the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts; now, if any one said the thing which was not, these ends were defeated, because I cannot properly be said to understand him; and I am so far from receiving information, that he leaves me worse than in ignorance; for I am led to believe a thing black, when it is white, and short, when it is long.” And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood, and so universally practised, among human creatures.

To return from this digression. When I asserted that the YAHOOs were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know, “whether we had HOUYHNHNMS among us, and what was their employment?” I told him, “we had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, where YAHOO servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds.” “I understand you well,” said my master: “it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that whatever share of reason the YAHOOs pretend to, the HOUYHNHNMS are your masters; I heartily wish our YAHOOs would be so tractable.” I begged “his honour would please to excuse me from proceeding any further, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing.” But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst.

I told him “he should be obeyed.” I owned “that the HOUYHNHNMS among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animals we had; that they excelled in strength and swiftness; and when they belonged to persons of quality, were employed in travelling, racing, or drawing chariots; they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases, or became foundered in the feet; but then they were sold, and used to all kind of drudgery till they died; after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune, being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labour, and fed them worse.” I described, as well as I could, our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip; of harness and wheels. I added, “that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance, called iron, at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways, on which we often travelled.”

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered “how we dared to venture upon a HOUYHNHNMS’S back; for he was sure, that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest YAHOO; or by lying down and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death.” I answered “that our horses were trained up, from three or four years old, to the several uses

we intended them for; that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages; that they were severely beaten, while they were young, for any mischievous tricks; that the males, designed for the common use of riding or draught, were generally castrated about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle; that they were indeed sensible of rewards and punishments; but his honour would please to consider, that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the YAHOOOS in this country.”

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions, to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language does not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to express his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the HOUYHNHNM race; particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating horses among us, to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to render them more servile. He said, “if it were possible there could be any country where YAHOOOS alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal; because reason in time will always prevail against brutal strength. But, considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill-contrived for employing that reason in the common offices of life;” whereupon he desired to know whether those among whom I lived resembled me, or the YAHOOOS of his country?” I assured him, “that I was as well shaped as most of my age; but the younger, and the females, were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk.” He said, “I differed indeed from other YAHOOOS, being much more cleanly, and not altogether so deformed; but, in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse: that my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet; as to my fore feet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them; that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them uncovered; neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape, or so strong as that on my feet behind: that I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped, I must inevitably fail.” He then began to find fault with other parts of my body: “the flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head: that I was not able to feed myself, without lifting one of my fore-feet to my mouth: and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind; that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones, without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day, with tediousness and trouble: and lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the YAHOOOS, whom the weaker avoided, and the stronger drove from them. So that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy, which every creature discovered against us; nor consequently how we could tame and render them serviceable. However,

he would," as he said, "debate the matter no farther, because he was more desirous to know my own story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life, before I came hither."

I assured him, "how extremely desirous I was that he should be satisfied on every point; but I doubted much, whether it would be possible for me to explain myself on several subjects, whereof his honour could have no conception; because I saw nothing in his country to which I could resemble them; that, however, I would do my best, and strive to express myself by similitudes, humbly desiring his assistance when I wanted proper words;" which he was pleased to promise me.

I said, "my birth was of honest parents, in an island called England; which was remote from his country, as many days' journey as the strongest of his honour's servants could travel in the annual course of the sun; that I was bred a surgeon, whose trade it is to cure wounds and hurts in the body, gotten by accident or violence; that my country was governed by a female man, whom we called queen; that I left it to get riches, whereby I might maintain myself and family, when I should return; that, in my last voyage, I was commander of the ship, and had about fifty YAHOOOS under me, many of which died at sea, and I was forced to supply them by others picked out from several nations; that our ship was twice in danger of being sunk, the first time by a great storm, and the second by striking against a rock." Here my master interposed, by asking me, "how I could persuade strangers, out of different countries, to venture with me, after the losses I had sustained, and the hazards I had run?" I said, "they were fellows of desperate fortunes, forced to fly from the places of their birth on account of their poverty or their crimes. Some were undone by lawsuits; others spent all they had in drinking, whoring, and gaming; others fled for treason; many for murder, theft, poisoning, robbery, perjury, forgery, coining false money, for committing rapes, or sodomy; for flying from their colours, or deserting to the enemy; and most of them had broken prison; none of these durst return to their native countries, for fear of being hanged, or of starving in a jail; and therefore they were under the necessity of seeking a livelihood in other places."

During this discourse, my master was pleased to interrupt me several times. I had made use of many circumlocutions in describing to him the nature of the several crimes for which most of our crew had been forced to fly their country. This labour took up several days' conversation, before he was able to comprehend me. He was wholly at a loss to know what could be the use or necessity of practising those vices. To clear up which, I endeavoured to give some ideas of the desire of power and riches; of the terrible effects of lust, intemperance, malice, and envy. All this I was forced to define and describe by putting cases and making suppositions. After which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation. Power, government, war, law, punishment, and a thousand other things, had no terms wherein that language could express them, which made the difficulty almost insuperable, to give my master any conception of what I meant. But being of an excellent understanding, much improved by contemplation and converse, he at



last arrived at a competent knowledge of what human nature, in our parts of the world, is capable to perform, and desired I would give him some particular account of that land which we call Europe, but especially of my own country.

### Chapter V

The reader may please to observe, that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master, contains a summary of the most material points which were discoursed at several times for above two years; his honour often desiring fuller satisfaction, as I farther improved in the HOUYHNHM tongue. I laid before him, as well as I could, the whole state of Europe; I discoursed of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences; and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted. But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it in order as well as I can, without any regard to time or other circumstances, while I strictly adhere to truth. My only concern is, that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity, as well as by a translation into our barbarous English.

In obedience, therefore, to his honour's commands, I related to him the Revolution under the Prince of Orange; the long war with France, entered into by the said prince, and renewed by his successor, the present queen, wherein the greatest powers of Christendom were engaged, and which still continued: I computed, at his request, "that about a million of YAHOOES might have been killed in the whole progress of it; and perhaps a hundred or more cities taken, and five times as many ships burnt or sunk."

He asked me, "what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another?" I answered "they were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief. Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war, in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions has cost many millions of lives: for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling be a vice or a virtue; whether it be better to kiss a post, or throw it into the fire; what is the best colour for a coat, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean; with many more.

Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long a continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

"Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too strong; and sometimes, because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things

which we have, or have the things which we want, and we both fight, till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war, to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and complete. If a prince sends forces into a nation, where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another, to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he has driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish, the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood, or marriage, is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer the kindred is, the greater their disposition to quarrel; poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honourable of all others; because a soldier is a YAHOO hired to kill, in cold blood, as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can.

“There is likewise a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations, for so much a day to each man; of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance: such are those in many northern parts of Europe.”

“What you have told me,” said my master, “upon the subject of war, does indeed discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to: however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger; and that nature has left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief. For, your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then as to the claws upon your feet before and behind, they are so short and tender, that one of our YAHOOs would drive a dozen of yours before him. And therefore, in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think you have said the thing which is not.”

I could not forbear shaking my head, and smiling a little at his ignorance. And being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea fights, ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side, dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet, flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewn with carcasses, left for food to dogs and wolves and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him, “that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies drop down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators.”

I was going on to more particulars, when my master commanded me silence. He said, “whoever understood the nature of YAHOO, might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind to which he was wholly a stranger before.

He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might, by degrees, admit them with less detestation: that although he hated the YAHOO of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a GINNAYH (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident, that, instead of reason we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill shapen body, not only larger but more distorted.”

He added, “that he had heard too much upon the subject of war, both in this and some former discourses. There was another point, which a little perplexed him at present. I had informed him, that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by law; that I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass, that the law, which was intended for every man’s preservation, should be any man’s ruin. Therefore he desired to be further satisfied what I meant by law, and the dispensers thereof, according to the present practice in my own country; because he thought nature and reason were sufficient guides for a reasonable animal, as we pretended to be, in showing us what he ought to do, and what to avoid.”

I assured his honour, “that the law was a science in which I had not much conversed, further than by employing advocates, in vain, upon some injustices that had been done me: however, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able.”

I said, “there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbour has a mind to my cow, he has a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I, who am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages: first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary’s lawyer with a double fee, who will then betray his client by insinuating that he

hath justice on his side. The second way is for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary: and this, if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers, who are grown old or lazy; and having been biassed all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty, by doing any thing unbecoming their nature or their office.

“It is a maxim among these lawyers that whatever has been done before, may legally be done again: and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of decreeing accordingly.

“In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause; but are loud, violent, and tedious, in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned; they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow; but whether the said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years, come to an issue.

“It is likewise to be observed, that this society has a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide, whether the field left me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me, or to a stranger three hundred miles off.

“In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state, the method is much more short and commendable: the judge first sends to sound the disposition of those in power, after which he can easily hang or save a criminal, strictly preserving all due forms of law.”

Here my master interposing, said, “it was a pity, that creatures endowed with such prodigious abilities of mind, as these lawyers, by the description I gave of them, must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge.” In answer to which I assured his honour, “that in all points out of their own trade, they were usually the most ignorant and stupid generation among us, the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind in every other subject of discourse as in that of their own profession.”

## Chapter VI

My master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals; neither could he comprehend what I meant in saying, they did it for hire. Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals; “that when a YAHOO had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to; the finest clothing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our YAHOOOS thought they could never have enough of it to spend, or to save, as they found themselves inclined, from their natural bent either to profusion or avarice; that the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man’s labour, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former; that the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages, to make a few live plentifully.”

I enlarged myself much on these, and many other particulars to the same purpose; but his honour was still to seek; for he went upon a supposition, that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest. Therefore he desired I would let him know, “what these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to want them?” Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink as for sauces and innumerable other conveniences. I assured him “that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round before one of our better female YAHOOOS could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in.” He said “that must needs be a miserable country which cannot furnish food for its own inhabitants. But what he chiefly wondered at was, how such vast tracts of ground as I described should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink.” I replied “that England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink, and the same proportion in every other convenience of life. But, in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, whence, in return, we brought the materials of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, flattering, suborning, forswearing, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, freethinking, and the like occupations:” every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand.

“That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries to supply the want of water or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry by putting us out of our senses, diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes and banished our fears, suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs, till we fell into a profound sleep; although it must be confessed, that we always awaked sick and dispirited; and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

“But beside all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities or conveniences of life to the rich and to each other. For instance, when I am at home, and dressed as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship of a hundred tradesmen; the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife.”

I was going on to tell him of another sort of people, who get their livelihood by attending the sick, having, upon some occasions, informed his honour that many of my crew had died of diseases. But here it was with the utmost difficulty that I brought him to apprehend what I meant. “He could easily conceive, that a HOUYHNHNM, grew weak and heavy a few days before his death, or by some accident might hurt a limb; but that nature, who works all things to perfection, should suffer any pains to breed in our bodies, he thought impossible, and desired to know the reason of so unaccountable an evil.”

I told him “we fed on a thousand things which operated contrary to each other; that we ate when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst; that we sat whole nights drinking strong liquors, without eating a bit, which disposed us to sloth, inflamed our bodies, and precipitated or prevented digestion; that prostitute female YAHOO acquired a certain malady, which bred rottenness in the bones of those who fell into their embraces; that this, and many other diseases, were propagated from father to son; so that great numbers came into the world with complicated maladies upon them; that it would be endless to give him a catalogue of all diseases incident to human bodies, for they would not be fewer than five or six hundred, spread over every limb and joint -in short, every part, external and intestine, having diseases appropriated to itself. To remedy which, there was a sort of people bred up among us in the profession, or pretence, of curing the sick. And because I had some skill in the faculty, I would, in gratitude to his honour, let him know the whole mystery and method by which they proceed.

“Their fundamental is, that all diseases arise from repletion; whence they conclude, that a great evacuation of the body is necessary, either through the natural passage or upwards at the mouth. Their next business is from herbs, minerals, gums, oils, shells, salts, juices, seaweed, excrements, barks of trees, serpents, toads, frogs, spiders, dead men’s flesh and bones, birds, beasts, and fishes, to form a composition, for smell and taste, the most abominable, nauseous, and detestable, they can possibly contrive, which the stomach immediately rejects with loathing, and this they call a vomit; or else, from the same store-house, with some other poisonous additions,

they command us to take in at the orifice above or below (just as the physician then happens to be disposed) a medicine equally annoying and disgusting to the bowels; which, relaxing the belly, drives down all before it; and this they call a purge, or a clyster. For nature (as the physicians allege) having intended the superior anterior orifice only for the intromission of solids and liquids, and the inferior posterior for ejection, these artists ingeniously considering that in all diseases nature is forced out of her seat, therefore, to replace her in it, the body must be treated in a manner directly contrary, by interchanging the use of each orifice; forcing solids and liquids in at the anus, and making evacuations at the mouth.

“But, besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures; these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them; and with these our female YAHOOOS are always infested.

“One great excellency in this tribe, is their skill at prognostics, wherein they seldom fail; their predictions in real diseases, when they rise to any degree of malignity, generally portending death, which is always in their power, when recovery is not: and therefore, upon any unexpected signs of amendment, after they have pronounced their sentence, rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to approve their sagacity to the world, by a seasonable dose.

“They are likewise of special use to husbands and wives who are grown weary of their mates; to eldest sons, to great ministers of state, and often to princes.”

I had formerly, upon occasion, discoursed with my master upon the nature of government in general, and particularly of our own excellent constitution, deservedly the wonder and envy of the whole world. But having here accidentally mentioned a minister of state, he commanded me, some time after, to inform him, “what species of YAHOO I particularly meant by that appellation.”

I told him, “that a first or chief minister of state, who was the person I intended to describe, was the creature wholly exempt from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger; at least, makes use of no other passions, but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles; that he applies his words to all uses, except to the indication of his mind; that he never tells a truth but with an intent that you should take it for a lie; nor a lie, but with a design that you should take it for a truth; that those he speaks worst of behind their backs are in the surest way of preferment; and whenever he begins to praise you to others, or to yourself, you are from that day forlorn. The worst mark you can receive is a promise, especially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which, every wise man retires, and gives over all hopes.

“There are three methods, by which a man may rise to be chief minister. The first is, by knowing how, with prudence, to dispose of a wife, a daughter, or a sister; the second, by betraying or undermining his predecessor; and the third is, by a furious zeal, in public assemblies, against the corruption’s of the court. But a wise prince would rather choose to employ those who practise the last of these methods; because such zealots prove always the most obsequious and subservient to the will and passions of their master. That these ministers, having all employments at

their disposal, preserve themselves in power, by bribing the majority of a senate or great council; and at last, by an expedient, called an act of indemnity” (whereof I described the nature to him), “they secure themselves from after-reckonings, and retire from the public laden with the spoils of the nation.

“The palace of a chief minister is a seminary to breed up others in his own trade: the pages, lackeys, and porters, by imitating their master, become ministers of state in their several districts, and learn to excel in the three principal ingredients, of insolence, lying, and bribery. Accordingly, they have a subaltern court paid to them by persons of the best rank; and sometimes by the force of dexterity and impudence, arrive, through several gradations, to be successors to their lord.

“He is usually governed by a decayed wench, or favourite footman, who are the tunnels through which all graces are conveyed, and may properly be called, in the last resort, the governors of the kingdom.”

One day, in discourse, my master, having heard me mention the nobility of my country, was pleased to make me a compliment which I could not pretend to deserve: “that he was sure I must have been born of some noble family, because I far exceeded in shape, colour, and cleanliness, all the YAHOOs of his nation, although I seemed to fail in strength and agility, which must be imputed to my different way of living from those other brutes; and besides I was not only endowed with the faculty of speech, but likewise with some rudiments of reason, to a degree that, with all his acquaintance, I passed for a prodigy.”

He made me observe, “that among the HOUYHNHNMS, the white, the sorrel, and the iron-gray, were not so exactly shaped as the bay, the dapple-gray, and the black; nor born with equal talents of mind, or a capacity to improve them; and therefore continued always in the condition of servants, without ever aspiring to match out of their own race, which in that country would be reckoned monstrous and unnatural.”

I made his honour my most humble acknowledgments for the good opinion he was pleased to conceive of me, but assured him at the same time, “that my birth was of the lower sort, having been born of plain honest parents, who were just able to give me a tolerable education; that nobility, among us, was altogether a different thing from the idea he had of it; that our young noblemen are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury; that, as soon as years will permit, they consume their vigour, and contract odious diseases among lewd females; and when their fortunes are almost ruined, they marry some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution (merely for the sake of money), whom they hate and despise. That the productions of such marriages are generally scrofulous, rickety, or deformed children; by which means the family seldom continues above three generations, unless the wife takes care to provide a healthy father, among her neighbours or domestics, in order to improve and continue the breed. That a weak diseased body, a meagre countenance, and sallow complexion, are the true marks of noble blood; and a healthy robust appearance is so disgraceful in a man of quality, that the world concludes his real father to have been a groom or a



coachman. The imperfections of his mind run parallel with those of his body, being a composition of spleen, dullness, ignorance, caprice, sensuality, and pride.

“Without the consent of this illustrious body, no law can be enacted, repealed, or altered: and these nobles have likewise the decision of all our possessions, without appeal.”

## Chapter VII

The reader may be disposed to wonder how I could prevail on myself to give so free a representation of my own species, among a race of mortals who are already too apt to conceive the vilest opinion of humankind, from that entire congruity between me and their YAHOOS. But I must freely confess, that the many virtues of those excellent quadrupeds, placed in opposite view to human corruptions, had so far opened my eyes and enlarged my understanding, that I began to view the actions and passions of man in a very different light, and to think the honour of my own kind not worth managing; which, besides, it was impossible for me to do, before a person of so acute a judgment as my master, who daily convinced me of a thousand faults in myself, whereof I had not the least perception before, and which, with us, would never be numbered even among human infirmities. I had likewise learned, from his example, an utter detestation of all falsehood or disguise; and truth appeared so amiable to me, that I determined upon sacrificing every thing to it.

Let me deal so candidly with the reader as to confess that there was yet a much stronger motive for the freedom I took in my representation of things. I had not yet been a year in this country before I contracted such a love and veneration for the inhabitants, that I entered on a firm resolution never to return to humankind, but to pass the rest of my life among these admirable HOUYHNHNMS, in the contemplation and practice of every virtue, where I could have no example or incitement to vice. But it was decreed by fortune, my perpetual enemy, that so great a felicity should not fall to my share. However, it is now some comfort to reflect, that in what I said of my countrymen, I extenuated their faults as much as I durst before so strict an examiner; and upon every article gave as favourable a turn as the matter would bear. For, indeed, who is there alive that will not be swayed by his bias and partiality to the place of his birth?

I have related the substance of several conversations I had with my master during the greatest part of the time I had the honour to be in his service; but have, indeed, for brevity sake, omitted much more than is here set down.

When I had answered all his questions, and his curiosity seemed to be fully satisfied, he sent for me one morning early, and commanded me to sit down at some distance (an honour which he had never before conferred upon me). He said, “he had been very seriously considering my whole story, as far as it related both to myself and my country; that he looked upon us as a sort of animals, to whose share, by what accident he could not conjecture, some small pittance of reason had fallen, whereof we made no other use, than by its assistance, to aggravate

our natural corruptions, and to acquire new ones, which nature had not given us; that we disarmed ourselves of the few abilities she had bestowed; had been very successful in multiplying our original wants, and seemed to spend our whole lives in vain endeavours to supply them by our own inventions; that, as to myself, it was manifest I had neither the strength nor agility of a common YAHOO; that I walked infirmly on my hinder feet; had found out a contrivance to make my claws of no use or defence, and to remove the hair from my chin, which was intended as a shelter from the sun and the weather: lastly, that I could neither run with speed, nor climb trees like my brethren,” as he called them, “the YAHOOOS in his country.

“That our institutions of government and law were plainly owing to our gross defects in reason, and by consequence in virtue; because reason alone is sufficient to govern a rational creature; which was, therefore, a character we had no pretence to challenge, even from the account I had given of my own people; although he manifestly perceived, that, in order to favour them, I had concealed many particulars, and often said the thing which was not.

“He was the more confirmed in this opinion, because, he observed, that as I agreed in every feature of my body with other YAHOOOS, except where it was to my real disadvantage in point of strength, speed, and activity, the shortness of my claws, and some other particulars where nature had no part; so from the representation I had given him of our lives, our manners, and our actions, he found as near a resemblance in the disposition of our minds.” He said, “the YAHOOOS were known to hate one another, more than they did any different species of animals; and the reason usually assigned was, the odiousness of their own shapes, which all could see in the rest, but not in themselves. He had therefore begun to think it not unwise in us to cover our bodies, and by that invention conceal many of our deformities from each other, which would else be hardly supportable. But he now found he had been mistaken, and that the dissensions of those brutes in his country were owing to the same cause with ours, as I had described them. For if,” said he, “you throw among five YAHOOOS as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will, instead of eating peaceably, fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to have all to itself; and therefore a servant was usually employed to stand by while they were feeding abroad, and those kept at home were tied at a distance from each other: that if a cow died of age or accident, before a HOUYHNHNM could secure it for his own YAHOOOS, those in the neighbourhood would come in herds to seize it, and then would ensue such a battle as I had described, with terrible wounds made by their claws on both sides, although they seldom were able to kill one another, for want of such convenient instruments of death as we had invented. At other times, the like battles have been fought between the YAHOOOS of several neighbourhoods, without any visible cause; those of one district watching all opportunities to surprise the next, before they are prepared. But if they find their project has miscarried, they return home, and, for want of enemies, engage in what I call a civil war among themselves.

“That in some fields of his country there are certain shining stones of several colours, whereof the YAHOOOS are violently fond: and when part of these stones is fixed in the earth, as it sometimes happens, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out; then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels; but still looking round with great caution, for fear their comrades should find out their treasure.” My master said, “he could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a YAHOO; but now he believed it might proceed from the same principle of avarice which I had ascribed to mankind. That he had once, by way of experiment, privately removed a heap of these stones from the place where one of his YAHOOOS had buried it; whereupon the sordid animal, missing his treasure, by his loud lamenting brought the whole herd to the place, there miserably howled, then fell to biting and tearing the rest, began to pine away, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor work, till he ordered a servant privately to convey the stones into the same hole, and hide them as before; which, when his YAHOO had found, he presently recovered his spirits and good humour, but took good care to remove them to a better hiding place, and has ever since been a very serviceable brute.”

My master further assured me, which I also observed myself, “that in the fields where the shining stones abound, the fiercest and most frequent battles are fought, occasioned by perpetual inroads of the neighbouring YAHOOOS.”

He said, “it was common, when two YAHOOOS discovered such a stone in a field, and were contending which of them should be the proprietor, a third would take the advantage, and carry it away from them both;” which my master would needs contend to have some kind of resemblance with our suits at law; wherein I thought it for our credit not to undeceive him; since the decision he mentioned was much more equitable than many decrees among us; because the plaintiff and defendant there lost nothing beside the stone they contended for: whereas our courts of equity would never have dismissed the cause, while either of them had any thing left.

My master, continuing his discourse, said, “there was nothing that rendered the YAHOOOS more odious, than their undistinguishing appetite to devour every thing that came in their way, whether herbs, roots, berries, the corrupted flesh of animals, or all mingled together: and it was peculiar in their temper, that they were fonder of what they could get by rapine or stealth, at a greater distance, than much better food provided for them at home. If their prey held out, they would eat till they were ready to burst; after which, nature had pointed out to them a certain root that gave them a general evacuation.

“There was also another kind of root, very juicy, but somewhat rare and difficult to be found, which the YAHOOOS sought for with much eagerness, and would suck it with great delight; it produced in them the same effects that wine has upon us. It would make them sometimes hug, and sometimes tear one another; they would howl, and grin, and chatter, and reel, and tumble, and then fall asleep in the mud.”

I did indeed observe that the YAHOOOS were the only animals in this country subject to any diseases; which, however, were much fewer than horses have among

us, and contracted, not by any ill-treatment they meet with, but by the nastiness and greediness of that sordid brute. Neither has their language any more than a general appellation for those maladies, which is borrowed from the name of the beast, and called HNEA-YAHOO, or YAHOO'S EVIL; and the cure prescribed is a mixture of their own dung and urine, forcibly put down the YAHOO'S throat. This I have since often known to have been taken with success, and do here freely recommend it to my countrymen for the public good, as an admirable specific against all diseases produced by repletion.

“As to learning, government, arts, manufactures, and the like,” my master confessed, “he could find little or no resemblance between the YAHOO'S of that country and those in ours; for he only meant to observe what parity there was in our natures. He had heard, indeed, some curious HOUYHNHNMS observe, that in most herds there was a sort of ruling YAHOO (as among us there is generally some leading or principal stag in a park), who was always more deformed in body, and mischievous in disposition, than any of the rest; that this leader had usually a favourite as like himself as he could get, whose employment was to lick his master's feet and posteriors, and drive the female YAHOO'S to his kennel; for which he was now and then rewarded with a piece of ass's flesh. This favourite is hated by the whole herd, and therefore, to protect himself, keeps always near the person of his leader. He usually continues in office till a worse can be found; but the very moment he is discarded, his successor, at the head of all the YAHOO'S in that district, young and old, male and female, come in a body, and discharge their excrements upon him from head to foot. But how far this might be applicable to our courts, and favourites, and ministers of state, my master said I could best determine.”

I durst make no return to this malicious insinuation, which debased human understanding below the sagacity of a common hound, who has judgment enough to distinguish and follow the cry of the ablest dog in the pack, without being ever mistaken.

My master told me, “there were some qualities remarkable in the YAHOO'S, which he had not observed me to mention, or at least very slightly, in the accounts I had given of humankind.” He said, “those animals, like other brutes, had their females in common; but in this they differed, that the she YAHOO would admit the males while she was pregnant; and that the hes would quarrel and fight with the females, as fiercely as with each other; both which practices were such degrees of infamous brutality, as no other sensitive creature ever arrived at.

“Another thing he wondered at in the YAHOO'S, was their strange disposition to nastiness and dirt; whereas there appears to be a natural love of cleanliness in all other animals.” As to the two former accusations, I was glad to let them pass without any reply, because I had not a word to offer upon them in defence of my species, which otherwise I certainly had done from my own inclinations. But I could have easily vindicated humankind from the imputation of singularity upon the last article, if there had been any swine in that country (as unluckily for me there were not), which, although it may be a sweeter quadruped than a YAHOO,

cannot, I humbly conceive, in justice, pretend to more cleanliness; and so his honour himself must have owned, if he had seen their filthy way of feeding, and their custom of wallowing and sleeping in the mud.

My master likewise mentioned another quality which his servants had discovered in several Yahoos, and to him was wholly unaccountable. He said, “a fancy would sometimes take a YAHOO to retire into a corner, to lie down, and howl, and groan, and spurn away all that came near him, although he were young and fat, wanted neither food nor water, nor did the servant imagine what could possibly ail him. And the only remedy they found was, to set him to hard work, after which he would infallibly come to himself.” To this I was silent out of partiality to my own kind; yet here I could plainly discover the true seeds of spleen, which only seizes on the lazy, the luxurious, and the rich; who, if they were forced to undergo the same regimen, I would undertake for the cure.

His honour had further observed, “that a female YAHOO would often stand behind a bank or a bush, to gaze on the young males passing by, and then appear, and hide, using many antic gestures and grimaces, at which time it was observed that she had a most offensive smell; and when any of the males advanced, would slowly retire, looking often back, and with a counterfeit show of fear, run off into some convenient place, where she knew the male would follow her.

“At other times, if a female stranger came among them, three or four of her own sex would get about her, and stare, and chatter, and grin, and smell her all over; and then turn off with gestures, that seemed to express contempt and disdain.”

Perhaps my master might refine a little in these speculations, which he had drawn from what he observed himself, or had been told him by others; however, I could not reflect without some amazement, and much sorrow, that the rudiments of lewdness, coquetry, censure, and scandal, should have place by instinct in womankind.

I expected every moment that my master would accuse the YAHOOOS of those unnatural appetites in both sexes, so common among us. But nature, it seems, has not been so expert a school-mistress; and these politer pleasures are entirely the productions of art and reason on our side of the globe.

### **Chapter VIII**

As I ought to have understood human nature much better than I supposed it possible for my master to do, so it was easy to apply the character he gave of the YAHOOOS to myself and my countrymen; and I believed I could yet make further discoveries, from my own observation. I therefore often begged his honour to let me go among the herds of YAHOOOS in the neighbourhood; to which he always very graciously consented, being perfectly convinced that the hatred I bore these brutes would never suffer me to be corrupted by them; and his honour ordered one of his servants, a strong sorrel nag, very honest and good-natured, to be my guard; without whose protection I durst not undertake such adventures. For I have already told the reader how much I was pestered by these odious animals, upon my first arrival; and I afterwards failed very narrowly, three or four times, of falling

into their clutches, when I happened to stray at any distance without my hanger. And I have reason to believe they had some imagination that I was of their own species, which I often assisted myself by stripping up my sleeves, and showing my naked arms and breasts in their sight, when my protector was with me. At which times they would approach as near as they durst, and imitate my actions after the manner of monkeys, but ever with great signs of hatred; as a tame jackdaw with cap and stockings is always persecuted by the wild ones, when he happens to be got among them.

They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy. However, I once caught a young male of three years old, and endeavoured, by all marks of tenderness, to make it quiet; but the little imp fell a squalling, and scratching, and biting with such violence, that I was forced to let it go; and it was high time, for a whole troop of old ones came about us at the noise, but finding the cub was safe (for away it ran), and my sorrel nag being by, they durst not venture near us. I observed the young animal's flesh to smell very rank, and the stink was somewhat between a weasel and a fox, but much more disagreeable. I forgot another circumstance (and perhaps I might have the reader's pardon if it were wholly omitted), that while I held the odious vermin in my hands, it voided its filthy excrements of a yellow liquid substance all over my clothes; but by good fortune there was a small brook hard by, where I washed myself as clean as I could; although I durst not come into my master's presence until I were sufficiently aired.

By what I could discover, the YAHOOs appear to be the most unteachable of all animals: their capacity never reaching higher than to draw or carry burdens. Yet I am of opinion, this defect arises chiefly from a perverse, restive disposition; for they are cunning, malicious, treacherous, and revengeful. They are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and, by consequence, insolent, abject, and cruel. It is observed, that the red haired of both sexes are more libidinous and mischievous than the rest, whom yet they much exceed in strength and activity.

The HOUYHNHNMS keep the YAHOOs for present use in huts not far from the house; but the rest are sent abroad to certain fields, where they dig up roots, eat several kinds of herbs, and search about for carrion, or sometimes catch weasels and LUHIMUHS (a sort of wild rat), which they greedily devour. Nature has taught them to dig deep holes with their nails on the side of a rising ground, wherein they lie by themselves; only the kennels of the females are larger, sufficient to hold two or three cubs.

They swim from their infancy like frogs, and are able to continue long under water, where they often take fish, which the females carry home to their young. And, upon this occasion, I hope the reader will pardon my relating an odd adventure.

Being one day abroad with my protector the sorrel nag, and the weather exceeding hot, I entreated him to let me bathe in a river that was near. He consented, and I immediately stripped myself stark naked, and went down softly into the stream. It happened that a young female YAHOO, standing behind a bank, saw the whole proceeding, and inflamed by desire, as the nag and I conjectured,

came running with all speed, and leaped into the water, within five yards of the place where I bathed. I was never in my life so terribly frightened. The nag was grazing at some distance, not suspecting any harm. She embraced me after a most fulsome manner. I roared as loud as I could, and the nag came galloping towards me, whereupon she quitted her grasp, with the utmost reluctancy, and leaped upon the opposite bank, where she stood gazing and howling all the time I was putting on my clothes.

This was a matter of diversion to my master and his family, as well as of mortification to myself. For now I could no longer deny that I was a real YAHOO in every limb and feature, since the females had a natural propensity to me, as one of their own species. Neither was the hair of this brute of a red colour (which might have been some excuse for an appetite a little irregular), but black as a sloe, and her countenance did not make an appearance altogether so hideous as the rest of her kind; for I think she could not be above eleven years old.

Having lived three years in this country, the reader, I suppose, will expect that I should, like other travellers, give him some account of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, which it was indeed my principal study to learn.

As these noble HOUYHNHNMS are endowed by nature with a general disposition to all virtues, and have no conceptions or ideas of what is evil in a rational creature, so their grand maxim is, to cultivate reason, and to be wholly governed by it. Neither is reason among them a point problematical, as with us, where men can argue with plausibility on both sides of the question, but strikes you with immediate conviction; as it must needs do, where it is not mingled, obscured, or discoloured, by passion and interest. I remember it was with extreme difficulty that I could bring my master to understand the meaning of the word opinion, or how a point could be disputable; because reason taught us to affirm or deny only where we are certain; and beyond our knowledge we cannot do either. So that controversies, wranglings, disputes, and positiveness, in false or dubious propositions, are evils unknown among the HOUYHNHNMS. In the like manner, when I used to explain to him our several systems of natural philosophy, he would laugh, "that a creature pretending to reason, should value itself upon the knowledge of other people's conjectures, and in things where that knowledge, if it were certain, could be of no use." Wherein he agreed entirely with the sentiments of Socrates, as Plato delivers them; which I mention as the highest honour I can do that prince of philosophers -I have often since reflected, what destruction such doctrine would make in the libraries of Europe; and how many paths of fame would be then shut up in the learned world.

Friendship and benevolence are the two principal virtues among the HOUYHNHNMS; and these not confined to particular objects, but universal to the whole race; for a stranger from the remotest part is equally treated with the nearest neighbour, and wherever he goes, looks upon himself as at home. They preserve decency and civility in the highest degrees, but are altogether ignorant of ceremony. They have no fondness for their colts or foals, but the care they take in

educating them proceeds entirely from the dictates of reason. And I observed my master to show the same affection to his neighbour's issue, that he had for his own. They will have it that nature teaches them to love the whole species, and it is reason only that makes a distinction of persons, where there is a superior degree of virtue.

When the matron HOUYHNHNMS have produced one of each sex, they no longer accompany with their consorts, except they lose one of their issue by some casualty, which very seldom happens; but in such a case they meet again; or when the like accident befalls a person whose wife is past bearing, some other couple bestow on him one of their own colts, and then go together again until the mother is pregnant. This caution is necessary, to prevent the country from being overburdened with numbers. But the race of inferior HOUYHNHNMS, bred up to be servants, is not so strictly limited upon this article: these are allowed to produce three of each sex, to be domestics in the noble families.

In their marriages, they are exactly careful to choose such colours as will not make any disagreeable mixture in the breed. Strength is chiefly valued in the male, and comeliness in the female; not upon the account of love, but to preserve the race from degenerating; for where a female happens to excel in strength, a consort is chosen, with regard to comeliness.

Courtship, love, presents, jointures, settlements have no place in their thoughts, or terms whereby to express them in their language. The young couple meet, and are joined, merely because it is the determination of their parents and friends; it is what they see done every day, and they look upon it as one of the necessary actions of a reasonable being. But the violation of marriage, or any other unchastity, was never heard of; and the married pair pass their lives with the same friendship and mutual benevolence, that they bear to all others of the same species who come in their way, without jealousy, fondness, quarrelling, or discontent.

In educating the youth of both sexes, their method is admirable, and highly deserves our imitation. These are not suffered to taste a grain of oats, except upon certain days, till eighteen years old; nor milk, but very rarely; and in summer they graze two hours in the morning, and as many in the evening, which their parents likewise observe; but the servants are not allowed above half that time, and a great part of their grass is brought home, which they eat at the most convenient hours, when they can be best spared from work.

Temperance, industry, exercise, and cleanliness, are the lessons equally enjoined to the young ones of both sexes: and my master thought it monstrous in us, to give the females a different kind of education from the males, except in some articles of domestic management; whereby, as he truly observed, one half of our natives were good for nothing but bringing children into the world; and to trust the care of our children to such useless animals, he said, was yet a greater instance of brutality.

But the HOUYHNHNMS train up their youth to strength, speed, and hardiness, by exercising them in running races up and down steep hills, and over hard stony grounds; and when they are all in a sweat, they are ordered to leap over head and ears into a pond or river. Four times a year the youth of a certain district



meet to show their proficiency in running and leaping, and other feats of strength and agility; where the victor is rewarded with a song in his or her praise. On this festival, the servants drive a herd of YAHOOES into the field, laden with hay, and oats, and milk, for a repast to the HOUYHNHNMS; after which, these brutes are immediately driven back again, for fear of being noisome to the assembly.

Every fourth year, at the vernal equinox, there is a representative council of the whole nation, which meets in a plain about twenty miles from our house, and continues about five or six days. Here they inquire into the state and condition of the several districts; whether they abound or be deficient in hay or oats, or cows, or YAHOOES; and wherever there is any want (which is but seldom) it is immediately supplied by unanimous consent and contribution. Here likewise the regulation of children is settled: as for instance, if a HOUYHNHNM has two males, he changes one of them with another that has two females; and when a child has been lost by any casualty, where the mother is past breeding, it is determined what family in the district shall breed another to supply the loss.

## Chapter IX

One of these grand assemblies was held in my time, about three months before my departure, whither my master went as the representative of our district. In this council was resumed their old debate, and indeed the only debate that ever happened in their country; whereof my master, after his return, give me a very particular account.

The question to be debated was, “whether the YAHOOES should be exterminated from the face of the earth?” One of the members for the affirmative offered several arguments of great strength and weight, alleging, “that as the YAHOOES were the most filthy, noisome, and deformed animals which nature ever produced, so they were the most restive and indocible, mischievous and malicious; they would privately suck the teats of the HOUYHNHNMS’ cows, kill and devour their cats, trample down their oats and grass, if they were not continually watched, and commit a thousand other extravagancies.” He took notice of a general tradition, “that YAHOOES had not been always in their country; but that many ages ago, two of these brutes appeared together upon a mountain; whether produced by the heat of the sun upon corrupted mud and slime, or from the ooze and froth of the sea, was never known; that these YAHOOES engendered, and their brood, in a short time, grew so numerous as to overrun and infest the whole nation; that the HOUYHNHNMS, to get rid of this evil, made a general hunting, and at last enclosed the whole herd; and destroying the elder, every HOUYHNHNM kept two young ones in a kennel, and brought them to such a degree of tameness, as an animal, so savage by nature, can be capable of acquiring, using them for draught and carriage; that there seemed to be much truth in this tradition, and that those creatures could not be YINHNIAMSHY (or ABORIGINES of the land), because of the violent hatred the HOUYHNHNMS, as well as all other animals, bore them, which, although their evil disposition sufficiently deserved, could never have arrived at so high a degree

if they had been ABORIGINES, or else they would have long since been rooted out; that the inhabitants, taking a fancy to use the service of the YAHOOOS, had, very imprudently, neglected to cultivate the breed of asses, which are a comely animal, easily kept, more tame and orderly, without any offensive smell, strong enough for labour, although they yield to the other in agility of body, and if their braying be no agreeable sound, it is far preferable to the horrible howlings of the YAHOOOS.”

Several others declared their sentiments to the same purpose, when my master proposed an expedient to the assembly, whereof he had indeed borrowed the hint from me. “He approved of the tradition mentioned by the honourable member who spoke before, and affirmed, that the two YAHOOOS said to be seen first among them, had been driven thither over the sea; that coming to land, and being forsaken by their companions, they retired to the mountains, and degenerating by degrees, became in process of time much more savage than those of their own species in the country whence these two originals came. The reason of this assertion was, that he had now in his possession a certain wonderful YAHOO (meaning myself) which most of them had heard of, and many of them had seen. He then related to them how he first found me; that my body was all covered with an artificial composure of the skins and hairs of other animals; that I spoke in a language of my own, and had thoroughly learned theirs; that I had related to him the accidents which brought me thither; that when he saw me without my covering, I was an exact YAHOO in every part, only of a whiter colour, less hairy, and with shorter claws. He added, how I had endeavoured to persuade him, that in my own and other countries, the YAHOOOS acted as the governing, rational animal, and held the HOUYHNHNMS in servitude; that he observed in me all the qualities of a YAHOO, only a little more civilized by some tincture of reason, which, however, was in a degree as far inferior to the HOUYHNHNM race, as the YAHOOOS of their country were to me; that, among other things, I mentioned a custom we had of castrating HOUYHNHNMS when they were young, in order to render them tame; that the operation was easy and safe; that it was no shame to learn wisdom from brutes, as industry is taught by the ant, and building by the swallow (for so I translate the word LYHANNH, although it be a much larger fowl); that this invention might be practised upon the younger YAHOOOS here, which besides rendering them tractable and fitter for use, would in an age put an end to the whole species, without destroying life; that in the mean time the HOUYHNHNMS should be exhorted to cultivate the breed of asses, which, as they are in all respects more valuable brutes, so they have this advantage, to be fit for service at five years old, which the others are not till twelve.”

This was all my master thought fit to tell me, at that time, of what passed in the grand council. But he was pleased to conceal one particular, which related personally to myself, whereof I soon felt the unhappy effect, as the reader will know in its proper place, and whence I date all the succeeding misfortunes of my life.

The HOUYHNHNMS have no letters, and consequently their knowledge is all traditional. But there happening few events of any moment among a people so well united, naturally disposed to every virtue, wholly governed by reason, and cut

off from all commerce with other nations, the historical part is easily preserved without burdening their memories. I have already observed that they are subject to no diseases, and therefore can have no need of physicians. However, they have excellent medicines, composed of herbs, to cure accidental bruises and cuts in the pastern or frog of the foot, by sharp stones, as well as other maims and hurts in the several parts of the body.

They calculate the year by the revolution of the sun and moon, but use no subdivisions into weeks. They are well enough acquainted with the motions of those two luminaries, and understand the nature of eclipses; and this is the utmost progress of their astronomy.

In poetry, they must be allowed to excel all other mortals; wherein the justness of their similes, and the minuteness as well as exactness of their descriptions, are indeed inimitable. Their verses abound very much in both of these, and usually contain either some exalted notions of friendship and benevolence or the praises of those who were victors in races and other bodily exercises. Their buildings, although very rude and simple, are not inconvenient, but well contrived to defend them from all injuries of wind and heat. They have a kind of tree, which at forty years old loosens in the root, and falls with the first storm: it grows very straight, and being pointed like stakes with a sharp stone (for the HOUYHNHNMS know not the use of iron), they stick them erect in the ground, about ten inches asunder, and then weave in oat straw, or sometimes wattles, between them. The roof is made after the same manner, and so are the doors.

The HOUYHNHNMS use the hollow part, between the pastern and the hoof of their fore-foot, as we do our hands, and this with greater dexterity than I could at first imagine. I have seen a white mare of our family thread a needle (which I lent her on purpose) with that joint. They milk their cows, reap their oats, and do all the work which requires hands, in the same manner. They have a kind of hard flints, which, by grinding against other stones, they form into instruments, that serve instead of wedges, axes, and hammers. With tools made of these flints, they likewise cut their hay, and reap their oats, which there grow naturally in several fields; the YAHOOOS draw home the sheaves in carriages, and the servants tread them in certain covered huts to get out the grain, which is kept in stores. They make a rude kind of earthen and wooden vessels, and bake the former in the sun.

If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age, and are buried in the obscurest places that can be found, their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure; nor does the dying person discover the least regret that he is leaving the world, any more than if he were upon returning home from a visit to one of his neighbours. I remember my master having once made an appointment with a friend and his family to come to his house, upon some affair of importance: on the day fixed, the mistress and her two children came very late; she made two excuses, first for her husband, who, as she said, happened that very morning to SHNUWNH. The word is strongly expressive in their language, but not easily rendered into English; it signifies, "to retire to his first mother." Her excuse

for not coming sooner, was, that her husband dying late in the morning, she was a good while consulting her servants about a convenient place where his body should be laid; and I observed, she behaved herself at our house as cheerfully as the rest. She died about three months after.

They live generally to seventy, or seventy-five years, very seldom to fourscore. Some weeks before their death, they feel a gradual decay; but without pain. During this time they are much visited by their friends, because they cannot go abroad with their usual ease and satisfaction. However, about ten days before their death, which they seldom fail in computing, they return the visits that have been made them by those who are nearest in the neighbourhood, being carried in a convenient sledge drawn by YAHOO; which vehicle they use, not only upon this occasion, but when they grow old, upon long journeys, or when they are lamed by any accident: and therefore when the dying HOUYHNHNMS return those visits, they take a solemn leave of their friends, as if they were going to some remote part of the country, where they designed to pass the rest of their lives.

I know not whether it may be worth observing, that the HOUYHNHNMS have no word in their language to express any thing that is evil, except what they borrow from the deformities or ill qualities of the YAHOO. Thus they denote the folly of a servant, an omission of a child, a stone that cuts their feet, a continuance of foul or unseasonable weather, and the like, by adding to each the epithet of YAHOO. For instance, HHNM YAHOO; WHNAHOLM YAHOO, YNLHMNDWIHLMA YAHOO, and an ill-contrived house YNHOLMHNMROHLNW YAHOO.

I could, with great pleasure, enlarge further upon the manners and virtues of this excellent people; but intending in a short time to publish a volume by itself, expressly upon that subject, I refer the reader thither; and, in the mean time, proceed to relate my own sad catastrophe.

## Chapter X

I had settled my little economy to my own heart's content. My master had ordered a room to be made for me, after their manner, about six yards from the house: the sides and floors of which I plastered with clay, and covered with rush-mats of my own contriving. I had beaten hemp, which there grows wild, and made of it a sort of ticking; this I filled with the feathers of several birds I had taken with springes made of YAHOO'S hairs, and were excellent food. I had worked two chairs with my knife, the sorrel nag helping me in the grosser and more laborious part.

When my clothes were worn to rags, I made myself others with the skins of rabbits, and of a certain beautiful animal, about the same size, called NNUHNOH, the skin of which is covered with a fine down. Of these I also made very tolerable stockings. I soled my shoes with wood, which I cut from a tree, and fitted to the upper-leather; and when this was worn out, I supplied it with the skins of YAHOO dried in the sun. I often got honey out of hollow trees, which I mingled with water, or ate with my bread. No man could more verify the truth of these two maxims, "That nature is very easily satisfied;" and, "That necessity is the mother of invention." I

enjoyed perfect health of body, and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy. I had no occasion of bribing, flattering, or pimping, to procure the favour of any great man, or of his minion; I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression: here was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire: here were no gibbers, censurers, backbiters, pickpockets, highwaymen, housebreakers, attorneys, bawds, buffoons, gamesters, politicians, wits, splenetics, tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuosos; no leaders, or followers, of party and faction; no encouragers to vice, by seducement or examples; no dungeon, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts, or pillories; no cheating shopkeepers or mechanics; no pride, vanity, or affectation; no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or poxes; no ranting, lewd, expensive wives; no stupid, proud pedants; no importunate, overbearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions; no scoundrels raised from the dust upon the merit of their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues; no lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing-masters.

I had the favour of being admitted to several HOUYHNNMS, who came to visit or dine with my master; where his honour graciously suffered me to wait in the room, and listen to their discourse. Both he and his company would often descend to ask me questions, and receive my answers. I had also sometimes the honour of attending my master in his visits to others. I never presumed to speak, except in answer to a question; and then I did it with inward regret, because it was a loss of so much time for improving myself; but I was infinitely delighted with the station of an humble auditor in such conversations, where nothing passed but what was useful, expressed in the fewest and most significant words; where, as I have already said, the greatest decency was observed, without the least degree of ceremony; where no person spoke without being pleased himself, and pleasing his companions; where there was no interruption, tediousness, heat, or difference of sentiments. They have a notion, that when people are met together, a short silence does much improve conversation: this I found to be true; for during those little intermissions of talk, new ideas would arise in their minds, which very much enlivened the discourse. Their subjects are, generally on friendship and benevolence, on order and economy; sometimes upon the visible operations of nature, or ancient traditions; upon the bounds and limits of virtue; upon the unerring rules of reason, or upon some determinations to be taken at the next great assembly: and often upon the various excellences of poetry. I may add, without vanity, that my presence often gave them sufficient matter for discourse, because it afforded my master an occasion of letting his friends into the history of me and my country, upon which they were all pleased to descant, in a manner not very advantageous to humankind: and for that reason I shall not repeat what they said; only I may be allowed to observe, that his honour, to my great admiration, appeared to understand the nature of YAHOOOS much better than myself. He went through all our vices and follies, and discovered many, which I had never mentioned to

him, by only supposing what qualities a YAHOO of their country, with a small proportion of reason, might be capable of exerting; and concluded, with too much probability, “how vile, as well as miserable, such a creature must be.”

I freely confess, that all the little knowledge I have of any value, was acquired by the lectures I received from my master, and from hearing the discourses of him and his friends; to which I should be prouder to listen, than to dictate to the greatest and wisest assembly in Europe. I admired the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants; and such a constellation of virtues, in such amiable persons, produced in me the highest veneration. At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural awe, which the YAHOOs and all other animals bear toward them; but it grew upon me by degrees, much sooner than I imagined, and was mingled with a respectful love and gratitude, that they would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my species.

When I thought of my family, my friends, my countrymen, or the human race in general, I considered them, as they really were, YAHOOs in shape and disposition, perhaps a little more civilized, and qualified with the gift of speech; but making no other use of reason, than to improve and multiply those vices whereof their brethren in this country had only the share that nature allotted them. When I happened to behold the reflection of my own form in a lake or fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself, and could better endure the sight of a common YAHOO than of my own person. By conversing with the HOUYHNHNMS, and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture, which is now grown into a habit; and my friends often tell me, in a blunt way, “that I trot like a horse;” which, however, I take for a great compliment. Neither shall I disown, that in speaking I am apt to fall into the voice and manner of the HOUYHNHNMS, and hear myself ridiculed on that account, without the least mortification.

In the midst of all this happiness, and when I looked upon myself to be fully settled for life, my master sent for me one morning a little earlier than his usual hour. I observed by his countenance that he was in some perplexity, and at a loss how to begin what he had to speak. After a short silence, he told me, “he did not know how I would take what he was going to say: that in the last general assembly, when the affair of the YAHOOs was entered upon, the representatives had taken offence at his keeping a YAHOO (meaning myself) in his family, more like a HOUYHNHNM than a brute animal; that he was known frequently to converse with me, as if he could receive some advantage or pleasure in my company; that such a practice was not agreeable to reason or nature, or a thing ever heard of before among them; the assembly did therefore exhort him either to employ me like the rest of my species, or command me to swim back to the place whence I came: that the first of these expedients was utterly rejected by all the HOUYHNHNMS who had ever seen me at his house or their own; for they alleged, that because I had some rudiments of reason, added to the natural pravity of those animals, it was to be feared I might be able to seduce them into the woody and mountainous parts of the country, and

bring them in troops by night to destroy the HOUYHNHNMS' cattle, as being naturally of the ravenous kind, and averse from labour."

My master added, "that he was daily pressed by the HOUYHNHNMS of the neighbourhood to have the assembly's exhortation executed, which he could not put off much longer. He doubted it would be impossible for me to swim to another country; and therefore wished I would contrive some sort of vehicle, resembling those I had described to him, that might carry me on the sea; in which work I should have the assistance of his own servants, as well as those of his neighbours." He concluded, "that for his own part, he could have been content to keep me in his service as long as I lived; because he found I had cured myself of some bad habits and dispositions, by endeavouring, as far as my inferior nature was capable, to imitate the HOUYHNHNMS."

I should here observe to the reader, that a decree of the general assembly in this country is expressed by the word HNHLOAYN, which signifies an exhortation, as near as I can render it; for they have no conception how a rational creature can be compelled, but only advised, or exhorted; because no person can disobey reason, without giving up his claim to be a rational creature.

I was struck with the utmost grief and despair at my master's discourse; and being unable to support the agonies I was under, I fell into a swoon at his feet. When I came to myself, he told me "that he concluded I had been dead;" for these people are subject to no such imbecilities of nature. I answered in a faint voice, "that death would have been too great a happiness; that although I could not blame the assembly's exhortation, or the urgency of his friends; yet, in my weak and corrupt judgment, I thought it might consist with reason to have been less rigorous; that I could not swim a league, and probably the nearest land to theirs might be distant above a hundred: that many materials, necessary for making a small vessel to carry me off, were wholly wanting in this country; which, however, I would attempt, in obedience and gratitude to his honour, although I concluded the thing to be impossible, and therefore looked on myself as already devoted to destruction; that the certain prospect of an unnatural death was the least of my evils; for, supposing I should escape with life by some strange adventure, how could I think with temper of passing my days among YAHOOOS, and relapsing into my old corruptions, for want of examples to lead and keep me within the paths of virtue? that I knew too well upon what solid reasons all the determinations of the wise HOUYHNHNMS were founded, not to be shaken by arguments of mine, a miserable YAHOO; and therefore, after presenting him with my humble thanks for the offer of his servants' assistance in making a vessel, and desiring a reasonable time for so difficult a work, I told him I would endeavour to preserve a wretched being; and if ever I returned to England, was not without hopes of being useful to my own species, by celebrating the praises of the renowned HOUYHNHNMS, and proposing their virtues to the imitation of mankind."

My master, in a few words, made me a very gracious reply; allowed me the space of two months to finish my boat; and ordered the sorrel nag, my fellow-servant (for

so, at this distance, I may presume to call him), to follow my instruction; because I told my master, "that his help would be sufficient, and I knew he had a tenderness for me."

In his company, my first business was to go to that part of the coast where my rebellious crew had ordered me to be set on shore. I got upon a height, and looking on every side into the sea; fancied I saw a small island toward the north-east. I took out my pocket glass, and could then clearly distinguish it above five leagues off, as I computed; but it appeared to the sorrel nag to be only a blue cloud: for as he had no conception of any country beside his own, so he could not be as expert in distinguishing remote objects at sea, as we who so much converse in that element.

After I had discovered this island, I considered no further; but resolved it should if possible, be the first place of my banishment, leaving the consequence to fortune.

I returned home, and consulting with the sorrel nag, we went into a copse at some distance, where I with my knife, and he with a sharp flint, fastened very artificially after their manner, to a wooden handle, cut down several oak wattles, about the thickness of a walking-staff, and some larger pieces. But I shall not trouble the reader with a particular description of my own mechanics; let it suffice to say, that in six weeks time with the help of the sorrel nag, who performed the parts that required most labour, I finished a sort of Indian canoe, but much larger, covering it with the skins of YAHOOOS, well stitched together with hempen threads of my own making. My sail was likewise composed of the skins of the same animal; but I made use of the youngest I could get, the older being too tough and thick; and I likewise provided myself with four paddles. I laid in a stock of boiled flesh, of rabbits and fowls, and took with me two vessels, one filled with milk and the other with water.

I tried my canoe in a large pond, near my master's house, and then corrected in it what was amiss; stopping all the chinks with YAHOOOS' tallow, till I found it staunch, and able to bear me and my freight; and, when it was as complete as I could possibly make it, I had it drawn on a carriage very gently by YAHOOOS to the sea-side, under the conduct of the sorrel nag and another servant.

When all was ready, and the day came for my departure, I took leave of my master and lady and the whole family, my eyes flowing with tears, and my heart quite sunk with grief. But his honour, out of curiosity, and, perhaps, (if I may speak without vanity,) partly out of kindness, was determined to see me in my canoe, and got several of his neighbouring friends to accompany him. I was forced to wait above an hour for the tide; and then observing the wind very fortunately bearing toward the island to which I intended to steer my course, I took a second leave of my master: but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable, that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But, if these



censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the HOUYHNHNMS, they would soon change their opinion.

I paid my respects to the rest of the HOUYHNHNMS in his honour's company; then getting into my canoe, I pushed off from shore.

### Chapter XI

I began this desperate voyage on February 15, 1714-15, at nine o'clock in the morning. The wind was very favourable; however, I made use at first only of my paddles; but considering I should soon be weary, and that the wind might chop about, I ventured to set up my little sail; and thus, with the help of the tide, I went at the rate of a league and a half an hour, as near as I could guess. My master and his friends continued on the shore till I was almost out of sight; and I often heard the sorrel nag (who always loved me) crying out, "HNUY ILLA NYHA, MAJAH YAHOO;" "Take care of thyself, gentle YAHOO."

My design was, if possible, to discover some small island uninhabited, yet sufficient, by my labour, to furnish me with the necessaries of life, which I would have thought a greater happiness, than to be first minister in the politest court of Europe; so horrible was the idea I conceived of returning to live in the society, and under the government of YAHOOOS. For in such a solitude as I desired, I could at least enjoy my own thoughts, and reflect with delight on the virtues of those inimitable HOUYHNHNMS, without an opportunity of degenerating into the vices and corruptions of my own species.

The reader may remember what I related, when my crew conspired against me, and confined me to my cabin; how I continued there several weeks without knowing what course we took; and when I was put ashore in the long-boat, how the sailors told me, with oaths, whether true or false, "that they knew not in what part of the world we were." However, I did then believe us to be about 10 degrees southward of the Cape of Good Hope, or about 45 degrees southern latitude, as I gathered from some general words I overheard among them, being I supposed to the south-east in their intended voyage to Madagascar. And although this were little better than conjecture, yet I resolved to steer my course eastward, hoping to reach the south-west coast of New Holland, and perhaps some such island as I desired lying westward of it. The wind was full west, and by six in the evening I computed I had gone eastward at least eighteen leagues; when I spied a very small island about half a league off, which I soon reached. It was nothing but a rock, with one creek naturally arched by the force of tempests. Here I put in my canoe, and climbing a part of the rock, I could plainly discover land to the east, extending from south to north. I lay all night in my canoe; and repeating my voyage early in the morning, I arrived in seven hours to the south-east point of New Holland. This confirmed me in the opinion I have long entertained, that the maps and charts place this country at least three degrees more to the east than it really is; which thought I communicated many years ago to my worthy friend, Mr. Herman Moll, and gave him my reasons for it, although he has rather chosen to follow other authors.

I saw no inhabitants in the place where I landed, and being unarmed, I was afraid of venturing far into the country. I found some shellfish on the shore, and ate them raw, not daring to kindle a fire, for fear of being discovered by the natives. I continued three days feeding on oysters and limpets, to save my own provisions; and I fortunately found a brook of excellent water, which gave me great relief.

On the fourth day, venturing out early a little too far, I saw twenty or thirty natives upon a height not above five hundred yards from me. They were stark naked, men, women, and children, round a fire, as I could discover by the smoke. One of them spied me, and gave notice to the rest; five of them advanced toward me, leaving the women and children at the fire. I made what haste I could to the shore, and, getting into my canoe, shoved off: the savages, observing me retreat, ran after me: and before I could get far enough into the sea, discharged an arrow which wounded me deeply on the inside of my left knee: I shall carry the mark to my grave. I apprehended the arrow might be poisoned, and paddling out of the reach of their darts (being a calm day), I made a shift to suck the wound, and dress it as well as I could.

I was at a loss what to do, for I durst not return to the same landing-place, but stood to the north, and was forced to paddle, for the wind, though very gentle, was against me, blowing north-west. As I was looking about for a secure landing-place, I saw a sail to the north-north-east, which appearing every minute more visible, I was in some doubt whether I should wait for them or not; but at last my detestation of the YAHOO race prevailed: and turning my canoe, I sailed and paddled together to the south, and got into the same creek whence I set out in the morning, choosing rather to trust myself among these barbarians, than live with European YAHOOs. I drew up my canoe as close as I could to the shore, and hid myself behind a stone by the little brook, which, as I have already said, was excellent water.

The ship came within half a league of this creek, and sent her long boat with vessels to take in fresh water (for the place, it seems, was very well known); but I did not observe it, till the boat was almost on shore; and it was too late to seek another hiding-place. The seamen at their landing observed my canoe, and rummaging it all over, easily conjectured that the owner could not be far off. Four of them, well armed, searched every cranny and lurking-hole, till at last they found me flat on my face behind the stone. They gazed awhile in admiration at my strange uncouth dress; my coat made of skins, my wooden-soled shoes, and my furred stockings; whence, however, they concluded, I was not a native of the place, who all go naked. One of the seamen, in Portuguese, bid me rise, and asked who I was. I understood that language very well, and getting upon my feet, said, "I was a poor YAHOO banished from the HOUYHNHNMS, and desired they would please to let me depart." They admired to hear me answer them in their own tongue, and saw by my complexion I must be a European; but were at a loss to know what I meant by YAHOOs and HOUYHNHNMS; and at the same time fell a-laughing at my strange tone in speaking, which resembled the neighing of a horse. I trembled all the while betwixt fear and hatred. I again desired leave to depart, and was gently

moving to my canoe; but they laid hold of me, desiring to know, “what country I was of? whence I came?” with many other questions. I told them “I was born in England, whence I came about five years ago, and then their country and ours were at peace. I therefore hoped they would not treat me as an enemy, since I meant them no harm, but was a poor YAHOO seeking some desolate place where to pass the remainder of his unfortunate life.”

When they began to talk, I thought I never heard or saw any thing more unnatural; for it appeared to me as monstrous as if a dog or a cow should speak in England, or a YAHOO in HOUYHNNMLAND. The honest Portuguese were equally amazed at my strange dress, and the odd manner of delivering my words, which, however, they understood very well. They spoke to me with great humanity, and said, “they were sure the captain would carry me GRATIS to Lisbon, whence I might return to my own country; that two of the seamen would go back to the ship, inform the captain of what they had seen, and receive his orders; in the mean time, unless I would give my solemn oath not to fly, they would secure me by force. I thought it best to comply with their proposal. They were very curious to know my story, but I gave them very little satisfaction, and they all conjectured that my misfortunes had impaired my reason. In two hours the boat, which went laden with vessels of water, returned, with the captain’s command to fetch me on board. I fell on my knees to preserve my liberty; but all was in vain; and the men, having tied me with cords, heaved me into the boat, whence I was taken into the ship, and thence into the captain’s cabin.

His name was Pedro de Mendez; he was a very courteous and generous person. He entreated me to give some account of myself, and desired to know what I would eat or drink; said, “I should be used as well as himself;” and spoke so many obliging things, that I wondered to find such civilities from a YAHOO. However, I remained silent and sullen; I was ready to faint at the very smell of him and his men. At last I desired something to eat out of my own canoe; but he ordered me a chicken, and some excellent wine, and then directed that I should be put to bed in a very clean cabin. I would not undress myself, but lay on the bed-clothes, and in half an hour stole out, when I thought the crew was at dinner, and getting to the side of the ship, was going to leap into the sea, and swim for my life, rather than continue among YAHOOOS. But one of the seamen prevented me, and having informed the captain, I was chained to my cabin.

After dinner, Don Pedro came to me, and desired to know my reason for so desperate an attempt; assured me, “he only meant to do me all the service he was able;” and spoke so very movingly, that at last I descended to treat him like an animal which had some little portion of reason. I gave him a very short relation of my voyage; of the conspiracy against me by my own men; of the country where they set me on shore, and of my five years residence there. All which he looked upon as if it were a dream or a vision; whereat I took great offence; for I had quite forgot the faculty of lying, so peculiar to YAHOOOS, in all countries where they preside, and, consequently, their disposition of suspecting truth in others of their own species. I

asked him, “whether it were the custom in his country to say the thing which was not?” I assured him, “I had almost forgot what he meant by falsehood, and if I had lived a thousand years in HOUYHNHMLAND, I should never have heard a lie from the meanest servant; that I was altogether indifferent whether he believed me or not; but, however, in return for his favours, I would give so much allowance to the corruption of his nature, as to answer any objection he would please to make, and then he might easily discover the truth.”

The captain, a wise man, after many endeavours to catch me tripping in some part of my story, at last began to have a better opinion of my veracity. But he added, “that since I professed so inviolable an attachment to truth, I must give him my word and honour to bear him company in this voyage, without attempting any thing against my life; or else he would continue me a prisoner till we arrived at Lisbon.” I gave him the promise he required; but at the same time protested, “that I would suffer the greatest hardships, rather than return to live among YAHOO.”

Our voyage passed without any considerable accident. In gratitude to the captain, I sometimes sat with him, at his earnest request, and strove to conceal my antipathy against human kind, although it often broke out; which he suffered to pass without observation. But the greatest part of the day I confined myself to my cabin, to avoid seeing any of the crew. The captain had often entreated me to strip myself of my savage dress, and offered to lend me the best suit of clothes he had. This I would not be prevailed on to accept, abhorring to cover myself with any thing that had been on the back of a YAHOO. I only desired he would lend me two clean shirts, which, having been washed since he wore them, I believed would not so much defile me. These I changed every second day, and washed them myself.

We arrived at Lisbon, Nov. 5, 1715. At our landing, the captain forced me to cover myself with his cloak, to prevent the rabble from crowding about me. I was conveyed to his own house; and at my earnest request he led me up to the highest room backwards. I conjured him “to conceal from all persons what I had told him of the HOUYHNHNS; because the least hint of such a story would not only draw numbers of people to see me, but probably put me in danger of being imprisoned, or burnt by the Inquisition.” The captain persuaded me to accept a suit of clothes newly made; but I would not suffer the tailor to take my measure; however, Don Pedro being almost of my size, they fitted me well enough. He accoutred me with other necessaries, all new, which I aired for twenty-four hours before I would use them.

The captain had no wife, nor above three servants, none of which were suffered to attend at meals; and his whole deportment was so obliging, added to very good human understanding, that I really began to tolerate his company. He gained so far upon me, that I ventured to look out of the back window. By degrees I was brought into another room, whence I peeped into the street, but drew my head back in a fright. In a week’s time he seduced me down to the door. I found my terror gradually lessened, but my hatred and contempt seemed to increase. I was at last bold enough to walk the street in his company, but kept my nose well stopped with rue, or sometimes with tobacco.

In ten days, Don Pedro, to whom I had given some account of my domestic affairs, put it upon me, as a matter of honour and conscience, “that I ought to return to my native country, and live at home with my wife and children.” He told me, “there was an English ship in the port just ready to sail, and he would furnish me with all things necessary.” It would be tedious to repeat his arguments, and my contradictions. He said, “it was altogether impossible to find such a solitary island as I desired to live in; but I might command in my own house, and pass my time in a manner as recluse as I pleased.”

I complied at last, finding I could not do better. I left Lisbon the 24th day of November, in an English merchantman, but who was the master I never inquired. Don Pedro accompanied me to the ship, and lent me twenty pounds. He took kind leave of me, and embraced me at parting, which I bore as well as I could. During this last voyage I had no commerce with the master or any of his men; but, pretending I was sick, kept close in my cabin. On the fifth of December, 1715, we cast anchor in the Downs, about nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon I got safe to my house at Rotherhith. (7)

My wife and family received me with great surprise and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead; but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt; and the more, by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them. For although, since my unfortunate exile from the HOUYHNHM country, I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of YAHOO, and to converse with Don Pedro de Mendez, yet my memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted HOUYHNHMS. And when I began to consider that, by copulating with one of the YAHOO species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms, and kissed me; at which, having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell into a swoon for almost an hour. At the time I am writing, it is five years since my last return to England. During the first year, I could not endure my wife or children in my presence; the very smell of them was intolerable; much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room. To this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread, or drink out of the same cup, neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand. The first money I laid out was to buy two young stone-horses, which I keep in a good stable; and next to them, the groom is my greatest favourite, for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable. My horses understand me tolerably well; I converse with them at least four hours every day. They are strangers to bridle or saddle; they live in great amity with me and friendship to each other.

#### 4.8.2 “A Modest Proposal”

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and

importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants: who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of other projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in the computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment; at most not above the value of 2s., which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us! sacrificing the poor innocent babes I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couples whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couples who are able to maintain their own children, although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom; but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remains one hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for, which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood

by stealing, till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts, although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier, during which time, they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers, as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no salable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and half-a-crown at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle or swine; and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in the sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, increaseth to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom: and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, laborers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have eight shillings net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive, and dressing them hot from the knife, as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by their parents, if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our schoolboys by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves; and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice (although indeed very unjustly), as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, however so well intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London above twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend, that in his country when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad



without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young laborers, they are now in as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose with a design to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintenance of an hundred thousand children, from two years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a-piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased fifty thousand pounds per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, beside the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns; where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating: and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they

were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit instead of expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that one thousand families in this city, would be constant customers for infants flesh, besides others who might have it at merry meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about twenty thousand carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand.

I can think of no one objection, that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged, that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and 'twas indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual Kingdom of Ireland, and for no other that ever was, is, or, I think, ever can be upon Earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: *Of taxing our absentees at five shillings a pound: Of using neither cloaths, nor household furniture, except what is of our own growth and manufacture: Of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury: Of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women: Of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence and temperance: Of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from Laplanders, and the inhabitants of Topinambo: Of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken: Of being a little cautious not to sell our country and consciences for nothing: Of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy towards their tenants. Lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers, who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.*

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, 'till he hath at least some glimpse of hope, that there will ever be some hearty and sincere attempt to put them into practice.

But, as to my self, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal, which, as it is wholly new, so it hath something solid and real, of no expence and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, and flesh being of too tender a consistence, to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country, which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for an hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt two millions of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and laborers, with their wives and children who are beggars in effect: I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food, at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

### 4.8.3 Reading and Review Questions

1. In order to understand its particular targets and historical context, satire often requires an extensive reading of notes. Is Swift's satire effective without an understanding of its particular targets and historical context? Why, or why not?
2. How rounded or dimensional is Gulliver as a character? What kind of a character is Gulliver? How does Swift's character(s) compare with Shakespeare's?

3. Why does Gulliver not overtly condemn the King of Lilliput, whom he describes as merciful in only wanting to put out Gulliver’s eyes for not having wiped out Blefescu? Why does he, by contrast, overtly deplore the King of Brobdingnag’s short-sightedness in rejecting the invention of dynamite?
4. Why is it the King of Brobdingnag who concludes that Gulliver’s fellow natives (the British) are “the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth?” How, and why, does Gulliver dismiss this conclusion?
5. What is the moral point of the Yahoos, do you think? Why does Swift make such a point of forcing Gulliver to acknowledge himself to be a Yahoo? What is the moral point of his being expelled from the island by the Houyhnhnms? What is the moral point of his being then recovered by Pedro de Mendes.

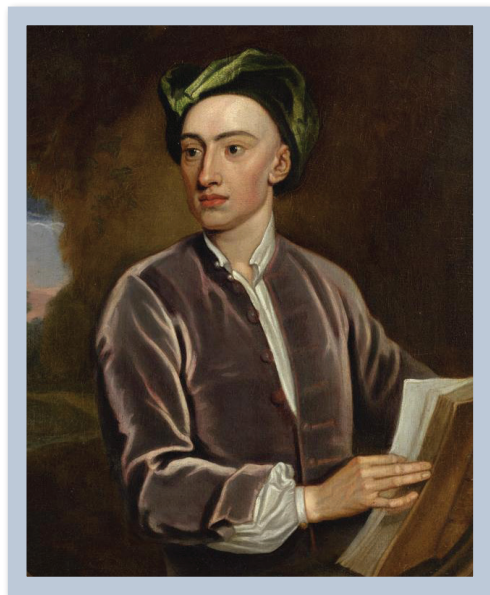
## 4.9 ALEXANDER POPE

(1688-1744)

Alexander Pope was born into a well-to-do Roman Catholic family. He attended Roman Catholic schools in Binfield and at Hyde Park Corner. He did not attend either Oxford or Cambridge, both of which required graduates to take an oath to the Monarch and Church of England. Around the age of twelve, he became infected with Pott’s disease, which caused a permanent curvature to his spine and stunted his growth at 4 ft 6 in. He suffered lifelong pain from this debilitating disease, to which some scholars attribute the venomous sensibility of his later satires.

Pope started writing very early in his life. He self-studied classical, French, English, and Italian literature. Beginning with *Pastorals* (1709), Pope modeled his work on the classical writers of Rome, particular Horace, Ovid, and Lucretius (99-55 BCE), and wrote in several classical genres, including satire, epic, and epistle.

He expressed his views on literary decorum in his important *An Essay on Criticism* (1711). His other poems included the verse mock-epic *The Rape of the Lock*. His use of the mock-epic suggests that older genres, like the epic, were no



**Image 4.14 | Alexander Pope**

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longer appropriate to the kind of matter with which his society now had to deal. It didn't have epic matters, like the founding of states; it didn't have epic heroes. So, the more appropriate form to use was the mock-epic, with an anti-hero. Pope's mock-epic was inspired by an actual conflict between two families and took issue with the trivial and overly-materialistic concerns of upper-class society with its lack of true moral judgment or self-perspective. Its concerns focus more on form and expression than on gender issues, despite the "violation" of its female protagonist's lock of hair. He wrote from the female point-of-view in *Eloisa to Abelard* (1717), a poem considering human agency and spiritual integrity. His poems, including the more personal *Windsor Forest*—a locale where he grew up— all are marked by wit; extraordinary artfulness; deft and agile use of the heroic couplet form; seamless union of sound and sense; adroit and apt imagery; and refined, polished, even perfect, expression. As he convincingly notes in *An Essay on Criticism*: "True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,/ As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance" (362-63).

In 1719, he settled permanently at Twickenham, a small villa on the Thames. And he devoted his life to letters, producing important multi-volume translations of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—the sales of which made him financially secure; an edition of William Shakespeare for which he wrote critical introductions; and "An Essay on Man," which asserts his views on man's place in the world (and on the hierarchical Great Chain of Being), particularly in relation to God.

His rich and active friendships with writers were exemplified in his joining the Scriblerus Club, whose other members included Jonathan Swift and John Gay. Pope marked his literary territory and alliances through satirical attacks on writers such as Joseph Addison (1672-1719), in *An Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* (1735); and Lewis Theobald (1688-1744) and Colley Cibber (1671-1757), in his two editions of *The Dunciad* (1728, 1743).

Although Romantic literature of the nineteenth century rebelled against the formal limitations and artificiality of neoclassical works, Pope's writing was admired by Wordsworth. Pope continues to stand as one of the greatest neoclassical writers of the eighteenth century.

#### 4.9.1 "An Essay on Criticism"

##### PART 1

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill  
Appear in writing or in judging ill;  
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence  
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.  
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,  
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;  
A fool might once himself alone expose,  
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.  
 In poets as true genius is but rare,  
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share;  
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,  
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.  
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,  
 And censure freely who have written well.  
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,  
 But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely we shall find  
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind;  
 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;  
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.  
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,  
 Is by ill colouring but the more disgrac'd,  
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd;  
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,  
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.  
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,  
 And then turn critics in their own defence:  
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,  
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.  
 All fools have still an itching to deride,  
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.  
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,  
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd,  
 Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last;  
 Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,  
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.  
 Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle  
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;  
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,  
 Their generation's so equivocal:  
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,  
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,  
 And justly bear a critic's noble name,  
 Be sure your self and your own reach to know,

How far your genius, taste, and learning go;  
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,  
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,  
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:  
As on the land while here the ocean gains,  
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;  
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,  
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;  
Where beams of warm imagination play,  
The memory's soft figures melt away.  
One science only will one genius fit;  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:  
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,  
But oft in those, confin'd to single parts.  
Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,  
By vain ambition still to make them more;  
Each might his sev'ral province well command,  
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow NATURE, and your judgment frame  
By her just standard, which is still the same:  
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,  
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,  
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,  
At once the source, and end, and test of art.  
Art from that fund each just supply provides,  
Works without show, and without pomp presides:  
In some fair body thus th' informing soul  
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,  
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;  
Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.  
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,  
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;  
For wit and judgment often are at strife,  
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.  
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;  
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;  
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,  
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,  
Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd;  
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd  
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,  
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:  
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,  
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;  
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,  
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.  
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,  
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.  
The gen'rous critic fann'd the poet's fire,  
And taught the world with reason to admire.  
Then criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,  
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd;  
But following wits from that intention stray'd;  
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;  
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,  
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.  
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art  
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,  
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,  
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.  
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,  
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:  
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,  
Write dull receipts how poems may be made:  
These leave the sense, their learning to display,  
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,  
Know well each ANCIENT'S proper character;  
His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;  
Religion, country, genius of his age:  
Without all these at once before your eyes,  
Cavil you may, but never criticise.  
Be Homer's works your study and delight,  
Read them by day, and meditate by night;  
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,  
And trace the Muses upward to their spring;



Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;  
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind  
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,  
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,  
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:  
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,  
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.  
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design,  
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,  
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.  
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;  
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet, no precepts can declare,  
For there's a happiness as well as care.  
Music resembles poetry, in each  
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,  
And which a master-hand alone can reach.  
If, where the rules not far enough extend,  
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)  
Some lucky LICENCE answers to the full  
Th' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.  
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,  
May boldly deviate from the common track.  
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,  
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;  
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,  
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains  
The heart, and all its end at once attains.  
In prospects, thus, some objects please our eyes,  
Which out of nature's common order rise,  
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.  
But tho' the ancients thus their rules invade,  
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)  
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend  
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;  
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need,  
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.  
The critic else proceeds without remorse,  
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts  
 Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.  
 Some figures monstrous and misshap'd appear,  
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,  
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,  
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.  
 A prudent chief not always must display  
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,  
 But with th' occasion and the place comply,  
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.  
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,  
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,  
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,  
 Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,  
 Destructive war, and all-involving age.  
 See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!  
 Hear, in all tongues consenting pæans ring!  
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,  
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind!  
 Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;  
 Immortal heirs of universal praise!  
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,  
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow!  
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,  
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!  
 Oh may some spark of your celestial fire  
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,  
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;  
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)  
 To teach vain wits a science little known,  
 T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

## Part 2

Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.  
 Whatever Nature has in worth denied,  
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride;  
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind;

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
And fills up all the mighty void of sense!  
If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day;  
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,  
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.  
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,  
While from the bounded level of our mind,  
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind,  
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise  
New, distant scenes of endless science rise!  
So pleas'd at first, the tow'ring Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;  
Th' eternal snows appear already past,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;  
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey  
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,  
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit  
With the same spirit that its author writ,  
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,  
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;  
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,  
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.  
But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,  
Correctly cold, and regularly low,  
That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;  
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.  
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts  
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;  
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,  
But the joint force and full result of all.  
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,  
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)  
No single parts unequally surprise;

All comes united to th' admiring eyes;  
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;  
 The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,  
 Since none can compass more than they intend;  
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.  
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,  
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:  
 Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,  
 For not to know such trifles, is a praise.  
 Most critics, fond of some subservient art,  
 Still make the whole depend upon a part:  
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,  
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,  
 A certain bard encount'ring on the way,  
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,  
 As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage;  
 Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,  
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.  
 Our author, happy in a judge so nice,  
 Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's advice,  
 Made him observe the subject and the plot,  
 The manners, passions, unities, what not?  
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,  
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.  
 "What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;  
 "Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite."  
 "Not so by Heav'n" (he answers in a rage)  
 "Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."  
 So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.  
 "Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,  
 Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,  
 Form short ideas; and offend in arts  
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,  
 And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;  
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;  
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.  
 Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace  
 The naked nature and the living grace,  
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,  
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.  
 True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,  
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd,  
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,  
 That gives us back the image of our mind.  
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,  
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.  
 For works may have more wit than does 'em good,  
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,  
 And value books, as women men, for dress:  
 Their praise is still—"the style is excellent":  
 The sense, they humbly take upon content.  
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,  
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.  
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;  
 The face of Nature we no more survey,  
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:  
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,  
 Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,  
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.  
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still  
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;  
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,  
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:  
 For different styles with different subjects sort,  
 As several garbs with country, town, and court.  
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,  
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;  
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,  
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.  
 Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,  
 These sparks with awkward vanity display  
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday!

And but so mimic ancient wits at best,  
 As apes our grandsires, in their doublets dress'd.  
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;  
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old;  
 Be not the first by whom the new are tried,  
 Not yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;  
 And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:  
 In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,  
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,  
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,  
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.  
 These equal syllables alone require,  
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line,  
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,  
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes.  
 Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze",  
 In the next line, it "whispers through the trees":  
 If "crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep",  
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep".  
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.  
 Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;  
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,  
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.  
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;  
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,

Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.  
 Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,  
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!  
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove  
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;  
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:  
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,  
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!  
 The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,  
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,  
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.  
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,  
 That always shows great pride, or little sense;  
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,  
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.  
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move,  
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve;  
 As things seem large which we through mists descry,  
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;  
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize.  
 Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied  
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.  
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,  
 And force that sun but on a part to shine;  
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,  
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;  
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,  
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;  
 (Though each may feel increases and decays,  
 And see now clearer and now darker days.)  
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,  
 But blame the false, and value still the true.  
 Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,  
 But catch the spreading notion of the town;  
 They reason and conclude by precedent,  
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.  
 Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then  
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.

Of all this servile herd, the worst is he  
 That in proud dulness joins with quality,  
 A constant critic at the great man's board,  
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.  
 What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,  
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?  
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines,  
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!  
 Before his sacred name flies every fault,  
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err;  
 As oft the learn'd by being singular;  
 So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng  
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:  
 So Schismatics the plain believers quit,  
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;  
 But always think the last opinion right.  
 A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,  
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;  
 While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,  
 Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.  
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;  
 And still tomorrow's wiser than today.  
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;  
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.  
 Once school divines this zealous isle o'erspread;  
 Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read;  
 Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,  
 And none had sense enough to be confuted:  
 Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,  
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.  
 If Faith itself has different dresses worn,  
 What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?  
 Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,  
 The current folly proves the ready wit;  
 And authors think their reputation safe  
 Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,  
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind;



Fondly we think we honour merit then,  
When we but praise ourselves in other men.  
Parties in wit attend on those of state,  
And public faction doubles private hate.  
Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,  
In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;  
But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;  
For rising merit will buoy up at last.  
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,  
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise;  
Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,  
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.  
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue,  
But like a shadow, proves the substance true;  
For envied wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known  
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.  
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,  
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;  
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,  
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;  
His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.  
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,  
And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes.  
No longer now that golden age appears,  
When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years:  
Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost,  
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;  
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,  
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.  
So when the faithful pencil has design'd  
Some bright idea of the master's mind,  
Where a new world leaps out at his command,  
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;  
When the ripe colours soften and unite,  
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;  
When mellowing years their full perfection give,  
And each bold figure just begins to live,  
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,  
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,  
Atones not for that envy which it brings.  
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,  
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:  
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,  
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.  
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?  
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;  
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,  
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;  
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,  
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;  
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;  
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,  
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!  
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,  
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:  
Though triumphs were to gen'als only due,  
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.  
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,  
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;

And while self-love each jealous writer rules,  
Contending wits become the sport of fools:  
But still the worst with most regret commend,  
For each ill author is as bad a friend.  
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,  
Are mortals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!  
Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,  
Nor in the critic let the man be lost!  
Good nature and good sense must ever join;  
To err is human; to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,  
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain,  
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,  
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.  
No pardon vile obscenity should find,  
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;  
But dulness with obscenity must prove  
As shameful sure as impotence in love.

In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,  
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:  
 When love was all an easy monarch's care;  
 Seldom at council, never in a war:  
 Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ;  
 Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit:  
 The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,  
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away:  
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,  
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.  
 The following licence of a foreign reign  
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;  
 Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,  
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;  
 Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,  
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute:  
 Pulpits their sacred satire learned to spare,  
 And Vice admired to find a flatt'rer there!  
 Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,  
 And the press groan'd with licenc'd blasphemies.  
 These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,  
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!  
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,  
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;  
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,  
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

### Part 3

Learn then what morals critics ought to show,  
 For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.  
 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;  
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:  
 That not alone what to your sense is due,  
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;  
 And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:  
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,  
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;  
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past,  
 And make each day a critic on the last.

'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;  
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;  
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not;  
 And things unknown proposed as things forgot.  
 Without good breeding, truth is disapprov'd;  
 That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;  
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.  
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,  
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.  
 Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;  
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,  
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak,  
 And stares, *Tremendous* ! with a threatening eye,  
 Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry!  
 Fear most to tax an honourable fool,  
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;  
 Such, without wit, are poets when they please,  
 As without learning they can take degrees.  
 Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,  
 And flattery to fulsome dedicators,  
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,  
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.  
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,  
 And charitably let the dull be vain:  
 Your silence there is better than your spite,  
 For who can rail so long as they can write?  
 Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,  
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.  
 False steps but help them to renew the race,  
 As after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.  
 What crowds of these, impenitently bold,  
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,  
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,  
 Even to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,  
 Strain out the last, dull droppings of their sense,  
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,  
 There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,  
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,  
 And always list'ning to himself appears.  
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,  
 From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.  
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;  
 Garth did not write his own *Dispensary* .  
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,  
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?  
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,  
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard:  
 Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead:  
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.  
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks;  
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;  
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks;  
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,  
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,  
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?  
 Unbias'd, or by favour or by spite;  
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;  
 Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred, sincere;  
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe?  
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,  
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?  
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;  
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;  
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;  
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics; such the happy few,  
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.  
 The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,  
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore:  
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,  
 Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.  
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,  
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,  
 Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,  
 Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,  
And without methods talks us into sense,  
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey  
The truest notions in the easiest way.  
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,  
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,  
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire;  
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.  
Our critics take a contrary extreme,  
They judge with fury, but they write with fle'me:  
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations  
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,  
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!  
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,  
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find  
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd;  
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,  
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,  
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,  
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,  
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.  
An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,  
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;  
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;  
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,  
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd;  
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,  
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;  
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,  
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.  
With tyranny, then superstition join'd,  
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;  
Much was believ'd, but little understood,  
And to be dull was constru'd to be good;

A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,  
And the monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great, injur'd name,  
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)  
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,  
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,  
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays!  
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,  
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head!  
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;  
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;  
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;  
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.  
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow  
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:  
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,  
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

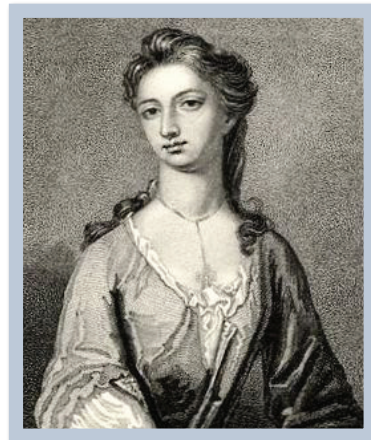
But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,  
Their ancient bounds the banished Muses pass'd;  
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;  
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France.  
The rules a nation born to serve, obeys,  
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.  
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,  
And kept unconquer'd, and uncivilis'd,  
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,  
We still defied the Romans, as of old.  
Yet some there were, among the sounder few  
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,  
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,  
And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.  
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell  
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."  
Such was Roscommon—not more learn'd than good,  
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;  
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,  
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.  
Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,  
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;

To failings mild, but zealous for desert;  
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.  
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,  
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:  
 The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,  
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,  
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,  
 But in low numbers short excursions tries:  
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,  
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:  
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame,  
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame,  
 Averse alike to flatter, or offend,  
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

## 4.9.2 The Rape of the Lock

### CANTO I.

WHAT dire Offence from am'rous Causes springs,  
 What mighty Quarrels rise from trivial Things,  
 I sing—This Verse to *C—l*, Muse! is due;  
 This, ev'n *Belinda* may vouchsafe to view:  
 Slight is the Subject, but not so the Praise,  
 If She inspire, and He approve my Lays.  
 Say what strange Motive, Goddess! cou'd compel  
 A well-bred *Lord* t'assault a gentle *Belle*?  
 Oh say what stranger Cause, yet unexplor'd,  
 Cou'd make a gentle *Belle* reject a *Lord*?  
 And dwells such Rage in softest Bosoms then?  
 And lodge such daring Souls in Little Men?  
*Solthro'* white Curtains did his Beams display,  
 And op'd those Eyes which brighter shine than they;  
 Now *Shock* had giv'n himself the rowzing Shake,  
 And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;  
 Thrice the wrought Slipper knock'd against the Ground,  
 And striking Watches the tenth Hour resound.  
*Belinda* still her downy Pillow prest,  
 Her Guardian *Sylph* prolong'd the balmy Rest.  
 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent Bed  
 The Morning Dream that hover'd o'er her Head.  
 A Youth more glitt'ring than a *Birth-night Beau*,  
 (That ev'n in Slumber caus'd her Cheek to glow)  
 Seem'd to her Ear his winning Lips to lay,



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And thus in Whispers said, or seem'd to say.  
Fairest of Mortals, thou distinguish'd Care  
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!  
If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant Thought,  
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught,  
Of airy Elves by Moonlight Shadows seen,  
The silver Token, and the circled Green,  
Or Virgins visited by Angel-Pow'rs,  
With Golden Crowns and Wreaths of heav'nly Flow'rs,  
Hear and believe! thy own Importance know,  
Nor bound thy narrow Views to Things below.  
Some secret Truths from Learned Pride conceal'd,  
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:  
What tho' no Credit doubting Wits may give?  
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.  
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,  
The light *Militia* of the lower Sky;  
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the Wing,  
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.  
Think what an Equipage thou hast in Air,  
And view with scorn *Two Pages* and a *Chair*.  
As now your own, our Beings were of old,  
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous Mold;  
Thence, by a soft Transition, we repair  
From earthly Vehicles to these of Air.  
Think not, when Woman's transient Breath is fled,  
That all her Vanities at once are dead:  
Succeeding Vanities she still regards,  
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the Cards.  
Her Joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,  
And Love of *Ombre*, after Death survive.  
For when the Fair in all their Pride expire,  
To their first Elements the Souls retire:  
The Sprights of fiery Termagants in Flame  
Mount up, and take a *Salamander's* Name.  
Soft yielding Minds to Water glide away,  
And sip with *Nymphs*, their Elemental Tea.  
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,  
In search of Mischief still on Earth to roam.  
The light Coquettes in *Sylphs* aloft repair,  
And sport and flutter in the Fields of Air.  
Know farther yet; Whoever fair and chaste  
Rejects Mankind, is by some *Sylph* embrac'd:

For Spirits, freed from mortal Laws, with ease  
Assume what Sexes and what Shapes they please.  
What guards the Purity of melting Maids,  
In Courtly Balls, and Midnight Masquerades,  
Safe from the treach'rous Friend, and daring Spark,  
The Glance by Day, the Whisper in the Dark;  
When kind Occasion prompts their warm Desires,  
When Musick softens, and when Dancing fires?  
'Tis but their *Sylph*, the wise Celestials know,  
Tho' *Honour* is the Word with Men below.  
Some Nymphs there are, too conscious of their Face,  
For Life predestin'd to the Gnomes Embrace.  
Who swell their Prospects and exalt their Pride,  
When Offers are disdain'd, and Love deny'd.  
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant Brain;  
While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping Train,  
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,  
And in soft Sounds, Your Grace salutes their Ear.  
'Tis these that early taint the Female Soul,  
Instruct the Eyes of young Coquettes to roll,  
Teach Infants Cheeks a bidden Blush to know,  
And little Hearts to flutter at a *Beau*.  
Oft when the World imagine Women stray,  
The *Sylphs* thro' mystick Mazes guide their Way,  
Thro' all the giddy Circle they pursue,  
And old Impertinence expel by new.  
What tender Maid but must a Victim fall  
To one Man's Treat, but for another's Ball?  
When *Floriospeaks*, what Virgin could withstand,  
If gentle *Damon* did not squeeze her Hand?  
With varying Vanities, from ev'ry Part,  
They shift the moving Toyshop of their Heart;  
Where Wigs with Wigs, with Sword-knots Sword-knots strive,  
Beaus banish Beaus, and Coaches Coaches drive.  
This erring Mortals Levity may call,  
Oh blind to Truth! the *Sylphs* contrive it all.  
Of these am I, who thy Protection claim,  
A watchful Sprite, and *Ariel* is my Name.  
Late, as I rang'd the Crystal Wilds of Air,  
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star  
I saw, alas! some dread Event impend,  
E're to the Main this Morning's Sun descend.  
But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:

Warn'd by thy *Sylph*, oh Pious Maid beware!  
 This to disclose is all thy Guardian can.  
 Beware of all, but most beware of Man!  
 He said; when *Shock*, who thought she slept too long,  
 Leapt up, and wak'd his Mistress with his Tongue.  
 'Twas then *Belinda!* if Report say true,  
 Thy Eyes first open'd on a *Billet-doux*;  
*Wounds, Charms, and Ardors*, were no sooner read,  
 But all the Vision vanish'd from thy Head.  
 And now, unveil'd, the *Toilet* stands display'd,  
 Each Silver Vase in mystic Order laid.  
 First, rob'd in White, the Nymph intent adores  
 With Head uncover'd, the *Cosmetic Pow'rs*.  
 A heav'nly Image in the Glass appears,  
 To that she bends, to that her Eyes she rears;  
 Th' inferior Priestess, at her Altar's side,  
 Trembling, begins the sacred Rites of Pride.  
 Unnumber'd Treasures ope at once, and here  
 The various Off'rings of the World appear;  
 From each she nicely culls with curious Toil,  
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring Spoil.  
 This Casket *India's* glowing Gems unlocks,  
 And all *Arabia* breaths from yonder Box.  
 The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,  
 Transform'd to Combs, the speckled and the white.  
 Here Files of Pins extend their shining Rows,  
 Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, *Billet-doux*.  
 Now awful Beauty puts on all its Arms;  
 The Fair each moment rises in her Charms,  
 Repairs her Smiles, awakens ev'ry Grace,  
 And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face;  
 Sees by Degrees a purer Blush arise,  
 And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes.  
 The busy *Sylphs* surround their darling Care;  
 These set the Head, and those divide the Hair,  
 Some fold the Sleeve, while others plait the Gown;  
 And *Betty's* prais'd for Labours not her own.

## CANTO II.

NOT with more Glories, in th' Etherial Plain,  
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled Main,  
 Than issuing forth, the Rival of his Beams  
 Lanch'd on the Bosom of the Silver *Thames*.

Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,  
But ev'ry Eye was fix'd on her alone.  
On her white Breast a sparkling *Cross* she wore,  
Which *Jews* might kiss, and Infidels adore.  
Her lively Looks a sprightly Mind disclose,  
Quick as her Eyes, and as unfix'd as those:  
Favours to none, to all she Smiles extends,  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers strike,  
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.  
Yet graceful Ease, and Sweetness void of Pride,  
Might hide her Faults, if *Belles* had Faults to hide:  
If to her share some Female Errors fall,  
Look on her Face, and you'll forget 'em all.  
This Nymph, to the Destruction of Mankind,  
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind  
In equal Curls, and well conspir'd to deck  
With shining Ringlets her smooth Iv'ry Neck.  
Love in these Labyrinths his Slaves detains,  
And mighty Hearts are held in slender Chains.  
With hairy Sprindges we the Birds betray,  
Slight Lines of Hair surprize the Finny prey,  
Fair Tresses Man's Imperial Race insnare,  
And Beauty draws us with a single Hair.  
Th' Adventrous *Baron* the bright Locks admir'd,  
He saw, he wish'd, and to the Prize aspir'd:  
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,  
By Force to ravish, or by Fraud betray;  
For when Success a Lover's Toil attends,  
Few ask, if Fraud or Force attain'd his Ends.  
For this, e're *Phaebus* rose, he had implor'd  
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd,  
But chiefly *Love*—to *Love* an Altar built,  
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.  
There lay the Sword-knot *Sylvia's* Hands had sown,  
With *Flavia's* Busk that oft had rapp'd his own:  
A Fan, a Garter, half a Pair of Gloves;  
And all the Trophies of his former Loves.  
With tender *Billet-doux* he lights the Pyre,  
And breaths three am'rous Sighs to raise the Fire.  
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent Eyes  
Soon to obtain, and long possess the Prize:  
The Pow'rs gave Ear, and granted half his Pray'r,

The rest, the Winds dispers'd in empty Air.  
 But now secure the painted Vessel glides,  
 The Sun-beams trembling on the floating Tydes,  
 While melting Musick steals upon the Sky,  
 And soften'd Sounds along the Waters die.  
 Smooth flow the Waves, the Zephyrs gently play,  
*Belinda* smil'd, and all the World was gay.  
 All but the *Sylph*—With careful Thoughts opprest,  
 Th' impending Woe sate heavy on his Breast.  
 He summons strait his *Denizens* of Air;  
 The *lucid* Squadrons round the Sails repair:  
 Soft o'er the Shrouds Aerial Whispers breath,  
 That seem'd but *Zephyrs* to the Train beneath.  
 Some to the Sun their Insect-Wings unfold,  
 Waft on the Breeze, or sink in Clouds of Gold.  
 Transparent Forms, too fine for mortal Sight,  
 Their fluid Bodies half dissolv'd in Light.  
 Loose to the Wind their airy Garments flew,  
 Thin glitt'ring Textures of the filmy Dew;  
 Dipt in the richest Tincture of the Skies,  
 Where Light disports in ever-mingling Dies,  
 While ev'ry Beam new transient Colours flings,  
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their Wings.  
 Amid the Circle, on the gilded Mast,  
 Superior by the Head, was *Ariel* plac'd;  
 His Purple Pinions opening to the Sun,  
 He rais'd his Azure Wand, and thus begun.  
 Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your *Chief* give Ear,  
*Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Daemons* hear!  
 Ye know the Spheres and various Tasks assign'd,  
 By Laws Eternal, to th' Aerial Kind.  
 Some in the Fields of purest *Aether* play,  
 And bask and whiten in the Blaze of Day.  
 Some guide the Course of wandring Orbs on high,  
 Or roll the Planets thro' the boundless Sky.  
 Some less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale Light  
 Hover, and catch the shooting Stars by Night;  
 Or suck the Mists in grosser Air below,  
 Or dip their Pinions in the painted Bow,  
 Or brew fierce Tempests on the wintry Main,  
 Or on the Glebe distill the kindly Rain.  
 Others on Earth o'er human Race preside,  
 Watch all their Ways, and all their Actions guide:

Of these the Chief the Care of Nations own,  
 And guard with Arms Divine the *British Throne*.  
 Our humbler Province is to tend the Fair,  
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious Care.  
 To save the Powder from too rude a Gale,  
 Nor let th' imprison'd Essences exhale,  
 To draw fresh Colours from the vernal Flow'rs,  
 To steal from Rainbows ere they drop in Show'rs  
 A brighter Wash; to curl their waving Hairs,  
 Assist their Blushes, and inspire their Airs;  
 Nay oft, in Dreams, Invention we bestow,  
 To change a *Flounce*, or add a *Furbelo*.  
 This Day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair  
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful Spirit's Care;  
 Some dire Disaster, or by Force, or Slight,  
 But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in Night.  
 Whether the Nymph shall break *Diana's Law*,  
 Or some frail *China Jar* receive a Flaw,  
 Or stain her Honour, or her new Brocade,  
 Forget her Pray'rs, or miss a Masquerade,  
 Or lose her Heart, or Necklace, at a Ball;  
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.  
 Haste then ye Spirits! to your Charge repair;  
 The flutt'ring Fan be *Zephyretta's* Care;  
 The Drops to thee, *Brillante*, we consign;  
 And *Momentilla*, let the Watch be thine;  
 Do thou, *Crispissa*, tend her fav'rite Lock;  
 Ariel himself shall be the Guard of *Shock*.  
 To Fifty chosen *Sylphs*, of special Note,  
 We trust th' important Charge, the *Petticoat*:  
 Oft have we known that sev'nfold Fence to fail,  
 Tho' stiff with Hoops, and arm'd with Ribs of Whale.  
 Form a strong Line about the Silver Bound,  
 And guard the wide Circumference around.  
 Whatever Spirit, careless of his Charge,  
 His Post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,  
 Shall feel sharp Vengeance soon o'ertake his Sins,  
 Be stopt in *Vials*, or transfixt with Pins;  
 Or plung'd in Lakes of bitter Washes lie,  
 Or wedg'd whole Ages in a *Bodkin's* Eye:  
*Gums* and *Pomatum*s shall his Flight restrain,  
 While clog'd he beats his silken Wings in vain;  
 Or *Alom-Stypticks* with contracting Power

Shrink his thin Essence like a rivell'd Flower.  
 Or as *Ixion* fix'd, the Wretch shall feel  
 The giddy Motion of the whirling Mill,  
 In Fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,  
 And tremble at the Sea that froaths below!  
 He spoke; the Spirits from the Sails descend;  
 Some, Orb in Orb, around the Nymph extend,  
 Some thrid the mazy Ringlets of her Hair,  
 Some hang upon the Pendants of her Ear;  
 With beating Hearts the dire Event they wait,  
 Anxious, and trembling for the Birth of Fate.

### CANTO III.

CLOSE by those Meads for ever crown'd with Flow'rs,  
 Where *Thames* with Pride surveys his rising Tow'rs,  
 There stands a Structure of Majestick Frame,  
 Which from the neighb'ring *Hampton* takes its Name.  
 Here *Britain's* Statesmen oft the Fall foredoom  
 Of Foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;  
 Here Thou, great *Anna!* whom three Realms obey,  
 Dost sometimes Counsel take—and sometimes *Tea*.  
 Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,  
 To taste awhile the Pleasures of a Court;  
 In various Talk th' instructive hours they past,  
 Who gave a *Ball*, or paid the *Visit* last:  
 One speaks the Glory of the *British Queen*,  
 And one describes a charming *Indian Screen*;  
 A third interprets Motions, Looks, and Eyes;  
 At ev'ry Word a Reputation dies.  
*Snuff*, or the *Fan*, supply each Pause of Chat,  
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.  
 Mean while declining from the Noon of Day,  
 The Sun obliquely shoots his burning Ray;  
 The hungry Judges soon the Sentence sign,  
 And Wretches hang that Jury-men may Dine;  
 The Merchant from th' Exchange returns in Peace,  
 And the long Labours of the Toilette cease —  
 Belinda now, whom Thirst of Fame invites,  
 Burns to encounter two adventrous Knights,  
 At *Ombre* singly to decide their Doom;  
 And swells her Breast with Conquests yet to come.  
 Strait the three Bands prepare in Arms to join,  
 Each Band the number of the Sacred Nine.

Soon as she spreads her Hand, th' Aerial Guard  
 Descend, and sit on each important Card:  
 First *Ariel* perch'd upon a *Matadore*,  
 Then each, according to the Rank they bore;  
 For *Sylphs*, yet mindful of their ancient Race,  
 Are, as when Women, wondrous fond of Place.  
 Behold, four *Kings* in Majesty rever'd,  
 With hoary Whiskers and a forky Beard;  
 And four fair *Queens* whose hands sustain a Flow'r,  
 Th' expressive Emblem of their softer Pow'r;  
 Four *Knives* in Garbs succinct, a trusty Band,  
 Caps on their heads, and Halberds in their hand;  
 And Particolour'd Troops, a shining Train,  
 Draw forth to Combat on the Velvet Plain.  
 The skilful Nymph reviews her Force with Care;  
*Let Spades be Trumps*, she said, and Trumps they were.  
 Now move to War her Sable *Matadores*,  
 In Show like Leaders of the swarthy *Moors*.  
*Spadillio* first, unconquerable Lord!  
 Led off two captive Trumps, and swept the Board.  
 As many more *Manillio* forc'd to yield,  
 And march'd a Victor from the verdant Field.  
 Him *Basto* follow'd, but his Fate more hard  
 Gain'd but one Trump and one *Plebeian* Card.  
 With his broad Sabre next, a Chief in Years,  
 The hoary Majesty of *Spades* appears;  
 Puts forth one manly Leg, to sight reveal'd;  
 The rest his many-colour'd Robe conceal'd.  
 The Rebel-*Knave*, that dares his Prince engage,  
 Proves the just Victim of his Royal Rage.  
 Ev'n mighty *Pam* that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,  
 And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of *Lu*,  
 Sad Chance of War! now, destitute of Aid,  
 Falls undistinguish'd by the Victor *Spade*!  
 Thus far both Armies to *Belinda* yield;  
 Now to the *Baron* Fate inclines the Field.  
 His warlike *Amazon* her Host invades,  
 Th' Imperial Consort of the Crown of *Spades*.  
 The *Club*'s black Tyrant first her Victim dy'd,  
 Spite of his haughty Mien, and barb'rous Pride:  
 What boots the Regal Circle on his Head,  
 His Giant Limbs in State unwieldy spread?  
 That long behind he trails his pompous Robe,



And of all Monarchs only grasps the Globe?  
The *Baron* now his *Diamonds* pours apace;  
Th' embroider'd *King* who shows but half his Face,  
And his refulgent *Queen*, with Pow'rs combin'd,  
Of broken Troops an easie Conquest find.  
*Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts*, in wild Disorder seen,  
With Throngs promiscuous strow the level Green.  
Thus when dispers'd a routed Army runs,  
Of *Asia's* Troops, and *Africk's* Sable Sons,  
With like Confusion different Nations fly,  
In various Habits and of various Dye,  
The pierc'd Battalions dis-united fall,  
In Heaps on Heaps; one Fate o'erwhelms them all.  
The *Knave of Diamonds* now exerts his Arts,  
And wins (oh shameful Chance!) the *Queen of Hearts*.  
At this, the Blood the *Virgin's* Cheek forsook,  
A livid Paleness spreads o'er all her Look;  
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching Ill,  
Just in the Jaws of Ruin, and *Codille*.  
And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)  
On one nice *Trick* depends the gen'ral Fate,  
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen  
Lurk'd in her Hand, and mourn'd his captive *Queen*.  
He springs to Vengeance with an eager pace,  
And falls like Thunder on the prostrate Ace.  
The Nymph exulting fills with Shouts the Sky,  
The Walls, the Woods, and long Canals reply.  
Oh thoughtless Mortals! ever blind to Fate,  
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!  
Sudden these Honours shall be snatch'd away,  
And curs'd for ever this Victorious Day.  
For lo! the Board with Cups and Spoons is crown'd,  
The Berries crackle, and the Mill turns round.  
On shining Altars of *Japan* they raise  
The silver Lamp, and fiery Spirits blaze.  
From silver Spouts the grateful Liquors glide,  
And *China's* Earth receives the smoking Tyde.  
At once they gratify their Scent and Taste,  
While frequent Cups prolong the rich Repast.  
Strait hover round the Fair her Airy Band;  
Some, as she sip'd, the fuming Liquor fann'd,  
Some o'er her Lap their careful Plumes display'd,  
Trembling, and conscious of the rich Brocade.

*Coffee*, (which makes the Politician wise,  
 And see thro' all things with his half shut Eyes)  
 Sent up in Vapours to the *Baron's* Brain  
 New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.  
 Ah cease rash Youth! desist e'er 'tis too late,  
 Fear the just Gods, and think of *Scylla's* Fate!  
 Chang'd to a Bird, and sent to flit in Air,  
 She dearly pays for *Nisus's* injur'd Hair!  
 But when to Mischief Mortals bend their Mind,  
 How soon fit Instruments of Ill they find?  
 Just then, *Clarissa* drew with tempting Grace  
 A two-edg'd Weapon from her shining Case;  
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,  
 Present the Spear, and arm him for the Fight.  
 He takes the Gift with rev'rence, and extends  
 The little Engine on his Finger's Ends,  
 This just behind *Belinda's* Neck he spread,  
 As o'er the fragrant Steams she bends her Head:  
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprights repair,  
 A thousand Wings, by turns, blow back the Hair,  
 And thrice they twitch'd the Diamond in her Ear,  
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the Foe drew near.  
 Just in that instant, anxious *Ariel* sought  
 The close Recesses of the Virgin's Thought;  
 As on the Nosegay in her Breast reclin'd,  
 He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her Mind,  
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her Art,  
 An Earthly Lover lurking at her Heart.  
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his Pow'r expir'd,  
 Resign'd to Fate, and with a Sigh retir'd.  
 The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring *Forfex* wide,  
 T'inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.  
 Ev'n then, before the fatal Engine clos'd,  
 A wretched *Sylph* too fondly interpos'd;  
 Fate urg'd the Sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,  
 (But Airy Substance soon unites again)  
 The meeting Points the sacred Hair dissever  
 From the fair Head, for ever and for ever!  
 Then flash'd the living Lightnings from her Eyes,  
 And Screams of Horror rend th' affrighted Skies.  
 Not louder Shrieks by Dames to Heav'n are cast,  
 When Husbands or when Monkeys breath their last,  
 Or when rich *China* Vessels, fal'n from high,

In glittering Dust and painted Fragments lie!  
 Let Wreaths of Triumph now my Temples twine,  
 (The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!  
 While Fish in Streams, or Birds delight in Air,  
 Or in a Coach and Six the *British* Fair,  
 As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,  
 Or the small Pillow grace a Lady's Bed,  
 While *Visits* shall be paid on solemn Days,  
 When numerous Wax-lights in bright Order blaze,  
 While Nymphs take Treats, or Assignations give,  
 So long my Honour, Name, and Praise shall live!  
 What Time wou'd spare, from Steel receives its date,  
 And Monuments, like Men, submit to Fate!  
 Steel did the Labour of the Gods destroy,  
 And strike to Dust th' Imperial Tow'rs of *Troy*;  
 Steel cou'd the Works of mortal Pride confound,  
 And hew Triumphal Arches to the Ground.  
 What Wonder then, fair Nymph! thy Hairs shou'd feel  
 The conqu'ring Force of unresisted Steel?

#### **CANTO IV.**

BUT anxious Cares the pensive Nymph opprest,  
 And secret Passions labour'd in her Breast.  
 Not youthful Kings in Battel seiz'd alive,  
 Not scornful Virgins who their Charms survive,  
 Not ardent Lovers robb'd of all their Bliss,  
 Not ancient Ladies when refus'd a Kiss,  
 Not Tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,  
 Not *Cynthia* when her *Manteau's* pinn'd awry,  
 E'er felt such Rage, Resentment and Despair,  
 As Thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.  
 For, that sad moment, when the *Sylphs* withdrew,  
 And *Ariel* weeping from *Belinda* flew,  
*Umbriel*, a dusky melancholy Spright,  
 As ever sully'd the fair face of Light,  
 Down to the Central Earth, his proper Scene,  
 Repairs to search the gloomy Cave of *Spleen*.  
 Swift on his sooty Pinions flitts the *Gnome*,  
 And in a Vapour reach'd the dismal Dome.  
 No cheerful Breeze this sullen Region knows,  
 The dreaded *East* is all the Wind that blows.  
 Here, in a Grotto, sheltred close from Air,  
 And screen'd in Shades from Day's detested Glare,

She sighs for ever on her pensive Bed,  
Pain at her side, and Languor at her Head.  
Two Handmaids wait the Throne: Alike in Place,  
But differing far in Figure and in Face.  
Here stood *Ill-nature* like an *ancient Maid*,  
Her wrinkled Form in Black and White array'd;  
With store of Pray'rs, for Mornings, Nights, and Noons.  
Her Hand is fill'd; her Bosom with Lampoons.  
There *Affectation* with a sickly Mien  
Shows in her Cheek the Roses of Eighteen,  
Practis'd to Lisp, and hang the Head aside,  
Faints into Airs, and languishes with Pride;  
On the rich Quilt sinks with becoming Woe,  
Wrapt in a Gown, for Sickness, and for Show.  
The Fair ones feel such Maladies as these,  
When each new Night-Dress gives a new Disease.  
A constant *Vapour* o'er the Palace flies;  
Strange Phantoms rising as the Mists arise;  
Dreadful, as Hermit's Dreams in haunted Shades,  
Or bright as Visions of expiring Maids.  
Now glaring Fiends, and Snakes on rolling Spires,  
Pale Spectres, gaping Tombs, and Purple Fires:  
Now Lakes of liquid Gold, *Elysian* Scenes,  
And Crystal Domes, and Angels in Machines.  
Unnumber'd Throngs on ev'ry side are seen  
Of Bodies chang'd to various Forms by *Spleen*.  
Here living *Teapots* stand, one Arm held out,  
One bent; the Handle this, and that the Spout:  
A Pipkin there like Homer's *Tripod* walks;  
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks;  
Men prove with Child, as pow'rful Fancy works,  
And Maids turn'd Bottels, call aloud for Corks.  
Safe past the *Gnome* thro' this fantastick Band,  
A Branch of healing *Spleenwort* in his hand.  
Then thus address the Pow'r—Hail wayward Queen;  
Who rule the Sex to Fifty from Fifteen,  
Parent of Vapors and of Female Wit,  
Who give th' *Hysterick* or *Poetic* Fit,  
On various Tempers act by various ways,  
Make some take Physick, others scribble Plays;  
Who cause the Proud their Visits to delay,  
And send the Godly in a Pett, to pray.  
A Nymph there is, that all thy Pow'r disdains,

And thousands more in equal Mirth maintains.  
But oh! if e'er thy *Gnome* could spoil a Grace,  
Or raise a Pimple on a beauteous Face,  
Like Citron-Waters Matron's Cheeks inflame,  
Or change Complexions at a losing Game;  
If e'er with airy Horns I planted Heads,  
Or ruffled Petticoats, or tumbled Beds,  
Or caus'd Suspicion when no Soul was rude,  
Or discompos'd the Head-dress of a Prude,  
Or e'er to costive Lap-Dog gave Disease,  
Which not the Tears of brightest Eyes could ease:  
Hear me, and touch *Belinda* with Chagrin;  
That single Act gives half the World the Spleen.  
The Goddess with a discontented Air  
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his Pray'r.  
A wondrous Bag with both her Hands she binds,  
Like that where once *Ulysses* held the Winds;  
There she collects the Force of Female Lungs,  
Sighs, Sobs, and Passions, and the War of Tongues.  
A Vial next she fills with fainting Fears,  
Soft Sorrows, melting Grievs, and flowing Tears.  
The *Gnome* rejoicing bears her Gift away,  
Spreads his black Wings, and slowly mounts to Day.  
Sunk in *Thalestris*' Arms the Nymph he found,  
Her Eyes dejected and her Hair unbound.  
Full o'er their Heads the swelling Bag he rent,  
And all the Furies issued at the Vent.  
*Belinda* burns with more than mortal Ire,  
And fierce *Thalestris* fans the rising Fire.  
O wretched Maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,  
(While *Hampton*'s Echchos, wretched Maid reply'd)  
Was it for this you took such constant Care  
The *Bodkin*, *Comb*, and *Essence* to prepare;  
For this your Locks in Paper-Durance bound,  
For this with tort'ring Irons wreath'd around?  
For this with Fillets strain'd your tender Head,  
And bravely bore the double Loads of *Lead*?  
Gods! shall the Ravisher display your Hair,  
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!  
*Honour* forbid! at whose unrival'd Shrine  
Ease, Pleasure, Virtue, All, our Sex resign.  
Methinks already I your Tears survey,  
Already hear the horrid things they say,

Already see you a degraded Toast,  
 And all your Honour in a Whisper lost!  
 How shall I, then, your helpless Fame defend?  
 'Twill then be Infamy to seem your Friend!  
 And shall this Prize, th' inestimable Prize,  
 Expos'd thro' Crystal to the gazing Eyes,  
 And heighten'd by the Diamond's circling Rays,  
 On that Rapacious Hand for ever blaze?  
 Sooner shall Grass in *Hide-Park Circus* grow,  
 And Wits take Lodgings in the Sound of *Bow*;  
 Sooner let Earth, Air, Sea, to *Chaos* fall,  
 Men, Monkies, Lap-dogs, Parrots, perish all!  
 She said; then raging to *Sir Plume* repairs,  
 And bids her *Beau* demand the precious Hairs:  
 (*Sir Plume*, of *Amber Snuff-box* justly vain,  
 And the nice Conduct of a clouded Cane)  
 With earnest Eyes, and round unthinking Face,  
 He first the Snuff-box open'd, then the Case,  
 And thus broke out— "My Lord, why, what the Devil?  
 "Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!  
 "Plague on't! 'tis past a Jest—nay prithee, Pox!  
 "Give her the Hair—he spoke, and rapp'd his Box.  
 It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)  
 Who speaks so well shou'd ever speak in vain.  
 Butby this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear.  
 (Which never more shall join its parted Hair,  
 Which never more its Honours shall renew,  
 Clipt from the lovely Head where once it grew)  
 That while my Nostrils draw the vital Air,  
 This Hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.  
 He spoke, and speaking in proud Triumph spread  
 The long-contended Honours of her Head.  
 But *Umbriel*, hateful *Gnome*! forbears not so;  
 He breaks the Vial whence the Sorrows flow.  
 Then see! the *Nymph* in beauteous Grief appears,  
 Her Eyes half languishing, half drown'd in Tears;  
 On her heav'd Bosom hung her drooping Head,  
 Which, with a Sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.  
 For ever curs'd be this detested Day,  
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite Curl away!  
 Happy! ah ten times happy, had I been,  
 If *Hampton-Court* these Eyes had never seen!  
 Yet am not I the first mistaken Maid,

By Love of *Courts* to num'rous Ills betray'd.  
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd  
 In some lone Isle, or distant Northern Land;  
 Where the gilt *Chariot* never mark'd the way,  
 Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taste *Bohea*!  
 There kept my Charms conceal'd from mortal Eye,  
 Like Roses that in Desarts bloom and die.  
 What mov'd my Mind with youthful Lords to rome?  
 O had I stay'd, and said my Pray'rs at home!  
 'Twas this, the Morning *Omens* did foretel;  
 Thrice from my trembling hand the *Patch-box* fell;  
 The tott'ring *China* shook without a Wind,  
 Nay, *Poll* sate mute, and *Shock* was most Unkind!  
 A *Sylph* too warn'd me of the Threats of Fate,  
 In mystic Visions, now believ'd too late!  
 See the poor Remnants of this slighted Hair!  
 My hands shall rend what ev'n thy own did spare.  
 This, in two sable Ringlets taught to break,  
 Once gave new Beauties to the snowie Neck.  
 The Sister-Lock now sits uncouth, alone,  
 And in its Fellow's Fate foresees its own;  
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal Sheers demands;  
 And tempts once more thy sacrilegious Hands.  
 Oh hadst thou, Cruel! been content to seize  
 Hairs less in sight, or any Hairs but these!

### CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying Audience melt in Tears,  
 But *Fate* and *Jove* had stopp'd the *Baron's* Ears.  
 In vain *Thalestris* with Reproach assails,  
 For who can move when fair *Belinda* fails?  
 Not half so fixt the *Trojan* cou'd remain,  
 While *Anna* begg'd and *Dido* rag'd in vain.  
 To Arms, to Arms! the bold *Thalestris* cries,  
 And swift as Lightning to the Combate flies.  
 All side in Parties, and begin th' Attack;  
 Fans clap, Silks russle, and tough Whalebones crack;  
 Heroes and Heroins Shouts confus'dly rise,  
 And base, and treble Voices strike the Skies.  
 No common Weapons in their Hands are found,  
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal Wound.  
 So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage,  
 And heav'nly Breasts with human Passions rage;

'Gainst *Pallas*, *Mars*; *Latona*, *Hermes*, Arms;  
 And all *Olympus* rings with loud Alarms.  
*Jove's* Thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all around;  
 Blue *Neptune* storms, the bellowing Deeps resound;  
 Earth shakes her nodding Tow'rs, the Ground gives way;  
 And the pale Ghosts start at the Flash of Day!  
 Triumphant *Umbriel* on a Sconce's Height  
 Clapt his glad Wings, and sate to view the Fight,  
 Propt on their Bodkin Spears the Sprights survey  
 The growing Combat, or assist the Fray.  
 While thro' the Press enrag'd *Thalestris* flies,  
 And scatters Deaths around from both her Eyes,  
 A *Beau* and *Witling* perish'd in the Throng,  
 One dy'd in *Metaphor*, and one in *Song*.  
*O cruel Nymph! a living Death I bear*,  
 Cry'd *Dapperwit*, and sunk beside his Chair.  
 A mournful Glance Sir *Fopling* upwards cast,  
 Those Eyes are made so killing —was his last:  
 Thus on *Meander's* flow'ry Margin lies  
 Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.  
 As bold Sir *Plume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,  
*Chloe* stept in, and kill'd him with a Frown;  
 She smil'd to see the doughty Hero slain,  
 But at her Smile, the Beau reviv'd again.  
 Now *Jove* suspends his golden Scales in Air,  
 Weighs the Mens Wits against the Lady's Hair;  
 The doubtful Beam long nods from side to side;  
 At length the Wits mount up, the Hairs subside.  
 See fierce *Belinda* on the *Baron* flies,  
 With more than usual Lightning in her Eyes;  
 Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal Fight to try,  
 Who sought no more than on his Foe to die.  
 But this bold Lord, with manly Strength indu'd,  
 She with one Finger and a Thumb subdu'd:  
 Just where the Breath of Life his Nostrils drew,  
 A Charge of *Snuff* the wily Virgin threw;  
 The *Gnomes* direct, to ev'ry Atome just,  
 The pungent Grains of titillating Dust.  
 Sudden, with starting Tears each Eye o'erflows,  
 And the high Dome re-ecchoes to his Nose.  
 Now meet thy Fate, th' incens'd *Virago* cry'd,  
 And drew a deadly *Bodkin* from her Side.  
 (The same, his ancient Personage to deck,



Her great great Grandsire wore about his Neck  
 In three *Seal-Rings*; which after melted down,  
 Form'd a vast Buckle for his Widow's Gown:  
 Her infant Grandame's *Whistle* next it grew,  
 The *Bells* she gingled, and the *Whistle* blew;  
 Then in a *Bodkin* grac'd her Mother's Hairs,  
 Which long she wore, and now *Belinda* wears.)  
 Boast not my Fall (he cry'd) insulting Foe!  
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.  
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty Mind;  
 All that I dread, is leaving you behind!  
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,  
 And burn in *Cupid's* Flames,— but burn alive.  
*Restore the Lock!* she cries; and all around  
*Restore the Lock!* the vaulted Roofs rebound.  
 Not fierce *Othello* in so loud a Strain  
 Roar'd for the Handkerchief that caus'd his Pain.  
 But see how oft Ambitious Aims are cross'd,  
 And Chiefs contend 'till all the Prize is lost!  
 The Lock, obtain'd with Guilt, and kept with Pain,  
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:  
 With such a Prize no Mortal must be blest,  
 So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?  
 Some thought it mounted to the Lunar Sphere,  
 Since all things lost on Earth, are treasur'd there.  
 There Heroe's Wits are kept in pondrous Vases,  
 And Beau's in *Snuff-boxes* and *Tweezer-Cases*.  
 There broken Vows, and Death-bed Alms are found,  
 And Lovers Hearts with Ends of Riband bound;  
 The Courtiers Promises, and Sick Man's Pray'rs,  
 The Smiles of Harlots, and the Tears of Heirs,  
 Cages for Gnats, and Chains to Yoak a Flea;  
 Dry'd Butterflies, and Tomes of Casuistry.  
 But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,  
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick Poetic Eyes:  
 (So *Rome's* great Founder to the Heav'ns withdrew,  
 To *Proculus* alone confess'd in view.)  
 A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid Air,  
 And drew behind a radiant *Trail of Hair*.  
 Not *Berenice's* Locks first rose so bright,  
 The Skies bespangling with dishevel'd Light.  
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,  
 And pleas'd pursue its Progress thro' the Skies.

This the *Beau-monde* shall from the *Mall* survey,  
 And hail with Musick its propitious Ray.  
 This, the blest Lover shall for *Venus* take,  
 And send up Vows from *Rosamonda's* Lake.  
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless Skies,  
 When next he looks thro' *Galilaeo's* Eyes;  
 And hence th' Egregious Wizard shall foredoom  
 The Fate of *Louis*, and the Fall of *Rome*.  
 Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn the ravish'd Hair  
 Which adds new Glory to the shining Sphere!  
 Not all the Tresses that fair Head can boast  
 Shall draw such Envy as the Lock you lost.  
 For, after all the Murders of your Eye,  
 When, after Millions slain, your self shall die;  
 When those fair Suns shall sett, as sett they must,  
 And all those Tresses shall be laid in Dust;  
*This Lock*, the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,  
 And mid'st the Stars inscribe *Belinda's* Name!  
 FINIS.

#### 4.9.3 "Windsor-Forest"

To the Right Honourable *GEORGE* Lord *LANSDOWN*.

THY Forests, *Windsor!* and thy green Retreats,  
 At once the Monarch's and the Muse's Seats,  
 Invite my Lays. Be present, Sylvan Maids!  
 Unlock your Springs, and open all your Shades.  
*Granville* commands: Your Aid O Muses bring!  
 What Muse for *Granville* can refuse to sing?

The Groves of *Eden*, vanish'd now so long,  
 Live in Description, and look green in Song:  
*These*, were my Breast inspir'd with equal Flame,  
 Like them in Beauty, should be like in Fame.  
 Here Hills and Vales, the Woodland and the Plain,  
 Here Earth and Water seem to strive again,  
 Not *Chaos*-like together crush'd and bruis'd,  
 But as the World, harmoniously confus'd:  
 Where Order in Variety we see,  
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.  
 Here waving Groves a checquer'd Scene display,  
 And part admit and part exclude the Day;  
 As some coy Nymph her Lover's warm Address

Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.  
 There, interspers'd in Lawns and opening Glades,  
 Thin Trees arise that shun each others Shades.  
 Here in full Light the russet Plains extend;  
 There wrapt in Clouds the blueish Hills ascend:  
 Ev'n the wild Heath displays her Purple Dies,  
 And 'midst the Desart fruitful Fields arise,  
 That crown'd with tufted Trees and springing Corn,  
 Like verdant Isles the sable Waste adorn.  
 Let *India* boast her Plants, nor envy we  
 The weeping Amber or the balmy Tree,  
 While by our Oaks the precious Loads are born,  
 And Realms commanded which those Trees adorn.  
 Not proud *Olympus* yields a nobler Sight,  
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring Height,  
 Than what more humble Mountains offer here,  
 Where, in their Blessings, all those Gods appear.  
 See *Pan* with Flocks, with Fruits *Pomona* crown'd,  
 Here blushing *Flora* paints th' enamel'd Ground,  
 Here *Ceres*' Gifts in waving Prospect stand,  
 And nodding tempt the joyful Reaper's Hand,  
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the Plains,  
 And Peace and Plenty tell, a STUART reigns.

Not thus the Land appear'd in Ages past,  
 A dreary Desart and a gloomy Waste,  
 To Savage Beasts and Savage Laws a Prey,  
 And Kings more furious and severe than they:  
 Who claim'd the Skies, dispeopled Air and Floods,  
 The lonely Lords of empty Wilds and Woods.  
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the Dens and Caves  
 (For wiser Brutes were backward to be Slaves)  
 What could be free, when lawless Beasts obey'd,  
 And ev'n the Elements a Tyrant sway'd?  
 In vain kind Seasons swell'd the teeming Grain,  
 Soft Show'rs distill'd, and Suns grew warm in vain;  
 The Swain with Tears to Beasts his Labour yields,  
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd Fields.  
 No wonder Savages or Subjects slain  
 Were equal Crimes in a Despotick Reign;  
 Both doom'd alike for sportive Tyrants bled,  
 But Subjects starv'd while Savages were fed.  
 Proud *Nimrod* first the bloody Chace began,

A mighty Hunter, and his Prey was Man.  
 Our haughty *Norman* boasts that barb'rous Name,  
 And makes his trembling Slaves the Royal Game.  
 The Fields are ravish'd from th' industrious Swains,  
 From Men their Cities, and from Gods their Fanes:  
 The levell'd Towns with Weeds lie cover'd o'er,  
 The hollow Winds thro' naked Temples roar;  
 Round broken Columns clasping Ivy twin'd;  
 O'er Heaps of Ruins stalk'd the stately Hind;  
 The Fox obscene to gaping Tombs retires,  
 And Wolves with Howling fill the sacred Quires.  
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,  
 Th' Oppressor rul'd Tyrannick where he *durst*,  
 Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his Iron Rod,  
 And treats alike his Vassals and his God.  
 Whom ev'n the *Saxon* spar'd, and bloody *Dane*,  
 The wanton Victims of his *Sport* remain.  
 But see the Man who spacious Regions gave  
 A Waste for Beasts, himself deny'd a Grave!  
 Stretch'd on the Lawn his second Hope survey,  
 At once the Chaser and at once the Prey.  
 Lo *Rufus*, tugging at the deadly Dart,  
 Bleeds in the Forest, like a wounded Hart.  
 Succeeding Monarchs heard the Subjects Cries,  
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful Cottage rise.  
 Then gath'ring Flocks on unknown Mountains fed,  
 O'er sandy Wilds were yellow Harvests spread,  
 The Forests wonder'd at th' unusual Grain,  
 And secret Transports touch'd the conscious Swain.  
 Fair *Liberty*, *Britannia's* Goddess, rears  
 Her chearful Head, and leads the golden Years.

Ye vig'rous Swains! while Youth ferments your Blood,  
 And purer Spirits swell the sprightly Flood,  
 Now range the Hills, the thickest Woods beset,  
 Wind the shrill Horn, or spread the waving Net.  
 When milder Autumn Summer's Heat succeeds,  
 And in the new-shorn Field the Partridge feeds,  
 Before his Lord the ready Spaniel bounds,  
 Panting with Hope, he tries the furrow'd Grounds,  
 But when the tainted Gales the Game betray,  
 Couch'd close he lyes, and meditates the Prey;  
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful Field, beset,

Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling Net.  
 Thus (if small Things we may with great compare)  
 When *Albion* sends her eager Sons to War,  
 Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's Sight, the Host lye down  
 Sudden, before some unsuspecting Town,  
 The Young, the Old, one Instant makes our Prize,  
 And high in Air *Britannia's* Standard flies.

See! from the Brake the whirring Pheasant springs,  
 And mounts exulting on triumphant Wings;  
 Short is his Joy! he feels the fiery Wound,  
 Flutters in Blood, and panting beats the Ground.  
 Ah! what avail his glossie, varying Dyes,  
 His Purple Crest, and Scarlet-circled Eyes,  
 The vivid Green his shining Plumes unfold;  
 His painted Wings, and Breast that flames with Gold?

Nor yet, when moist *Arcturus* clouds the Sky,  
 The Woods and Fields their pleasing Toils deny.  
 To Plains with well-breath'd Beagles we repair,  
 And trace the Mazes of the circling Hare.  
 (Beasts, taught by us, their Fellow Beasts pursue,  
 And learn of Man each other to undo.)  
 With slaught'ring Guns th' unweari'd Fowler roves,  
 When Frosts have whiten'd all the naked Groves;  
 Where Doves in Flocks the leafless Trees o'er shade,  
 And lonely Woodcocks haunt the watry Glade.  
 He lifts the Tube, and levels with his Eye;  
 Strait a short Thunder breaks the frozen Sky.  
 Oft, as in Airy Rings they skim the Heath,  
 The clam'rous Plovers feel the Leaden Death:  
 Oft as the mounting Larks their Notes prepare,  
 They fall, and leave their little Lives in Air.

In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring Shade  
 Where cooling Vapours breathe along the Mead,  
 The patient Fisher takes his silent Stand  
 Intent, his Angle trembling in his Hand;  
 With Looks unmov'd, he hopes the Scaly Breed,  
 And eyes the dancing Cork and bending Reed.  
 Our plenteous Streams a various Race supply;  
 The bright-ey'd Perch with Fins of *Tyrian* Dye,  
 The silver Eel, in shining Volumes roll'd,

The yellow Carp, in Scales bedrop'd with Gold,  
 Swift Trouts, diversify'd with Crimson Stains,  
 And Pykes, the Tyrants of the watry Plains.

Now *Cancer* glows with *Phoebus*' fiery Car;  
 The Youth rush eager to the Sylvan War;  
 Swarm o'er the Lawns, the Forest Walks surround,  
 Rowze the fleet Hart, and chear the opening Hound.  
 Th' impatient Courser pants in ev'ry Vein,  
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant Plain,  
 Hills, Vales, and Floods appear already crost,  
 And ere he starts, a thousand Steps are lost.  
 See! the bold Youth strain up the threatning Steep,  
 Rush thro' the Thickets, down the Vallies sweep,  
 Hang o'er their Coursers Heads with eager Speed,  
 And Earth rolls back beneath the flying Steed.  
 Let old *Arcadia* boast her spacious Plain,  
 Th' Immortal Huntress, and her Virgin Train;  
 Nor envy *Windsor!* since thy Shades have seen  
 As bright a Goddess, and as chast a Queen;  
 Whose Care, like hers, protects the Sylvan Reign,  
 The Earth's fair Light, and Empress of the Main.

Here, as old Bards have sung, *Diana* stray'd  
 Bath'd in the Springs, or sought the cooling Shade;  
 Here arm'd with Silver Bows, in early Dawn,  
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the Dewy Lawn.  
 Above the rest a rural Nymph was fam'd,  
 Thy Offspring, *Thames!* the fair *Lodona* nam'd,  
 (*Lodona*'s Fate, in long Oblivion cast,  
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last)  
 Scarce could the Goddess from her Nymph be known,  
 But by the Crescent and the golden Zone,  
 She scorn'd the Praise of Beauty, and the Care;  
 A Belt her Waste, a Fillet binds her Hair,  
 A painted Quiver on her Shoulder sounds,  
 And with her Dart the flying Deer she wounds.  
 It chanc'd, as eager of the Chace the Maid  
 Beyond the Forest's verdant Limits stray'd,  
*Pan* saw and lov'd, and furious with Desire  
 Pursu'd her Flight; her Flight increas'd his Fire.  
 Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,  
 When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid Sky;

Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves,  
 When thro' the Clouds he drives the trembling Doves;  
 As from the God with fearful Speed she flew,  
 As did the God with equal Speed pursue.  
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the Nymph appears;  
 Now close behind his sounding Steps she hears;  
 And now his Shadow reach'd her as she run,  
 (His Shadow lengthen'd by the setting Sun)  
 And now his shorter Breath with sultry Air  
 Pants on her Neck, and fans her parting Hair.  
 In vain on Father *Thames* she calls for Aid,  
 Nor could *Diana* help her injur'd Maid.  
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;  
 "Ah *Cynthia!* ah—tho' banish'd from thy Train,  
 "Let me, O let me, to the Shades repair,  
 "My native Shades—there weep, and murmur there.  
 She said, and melting as in Tears she lay,  
 In a soft, silver Stream dissolv'd away.  
 The silver Stream her Virgin Coldness keeps,  
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;  
 Still bears the \*Name the hapless Virgin bore,  
 And bathes the Forest where she rang'd before.  
 In her chast Current oft the Goddess laves,  
 And with Celestial Tears augments the Waves.  
 Oft in her Glass the musing Shepherd spies  
 The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies,  
 The watry Landskip of the pendant Woods,  
 And absent Trees that tremble in the Floods;  
 In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are seen,  
 And floating Forests paint the Waves with Green.  
 Thro' the fair Scene rowl slow the lingring Streams,  
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the *Thames*.

Thou too, great Father of the *British* Floods!  
 With joyful Pride survey'st our lofty Woods,  
 Where tow'ring Oaks their spreading Honours rear,  
 And future Navies on thy Banks appear.  
 Not *Neptune's* self from all his Floods receives  
 A wealthier Tribute, than to thine he gives.  
 No Seas so rich, so full no Streams appear,  
 No Lake so gentle, and no Spring so clear.  
 Not fabled *Po* more swells the Poets Lays,  
 While thro' the Skies his shining Current strays,

Than thine, which visits *Windsor's* fam'd Abodes,  
 To grace the Mansion of our earthly Gods.  
 Nor all his Stars a brighter Lustre show,  
 Than the fair Nymphs that gild thy Shore below:  
 Here *Jove* himself, subdu'd by Beauty still,  
 Might change *Olympus* for a nobler Hill.

Happy the Man whom this bright Court approves,  
 His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves;  
 Happy next him who to these Shades retires,  
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires,  
 Whom humbler Joys of home-felt Quiet please,  
 Successive Study, Exercise and Ease.  
 He gathers Health from Herbs the Forest yields,  
 And of their fragrant Physick spoils the Fields:  
 With Chymic Art exalts the Min'ral Pow'rs,  
 And draws the Aromatick Souls of Flow'rs.  
 Now marks the Course of rolling Orbs on high;  
 O'er figur'd Worlds now travels with his Eye.  
 Of ancient Writ unlocks the learned Store,  
 Consults the Dead, and lives past Ages o'er.  
 Or wandring thoughtful in the silent Wood,  
 Attends the Duties of the Wise and Good,  
 T' observe a Mean, be to himself a Friend,  
 To follow Nature, and regard his End.  
 Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal Eyes,  
 Bids his free Soul expatiate in the Skies,  
 Amidst her Kindred Stars familiar roam,  
 Survey the Region, and confess her Home!  
 Such was the Life great *Scipio* once admir'd,  
 Thus *Atticus*, and *Trumbal* thus retir'd

Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess,  
 Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless,  
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes  
 Of Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens;  
 To *Thames's* Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,  
 Or where ye Muses sport on *Cooper's* Hill.  
 (On *Cooper's* Hill eternal Wreaths shall grow,  
 While lasts the Mountain, or while *Thames* shall flow)  
 I seem thro' consecrated Walks to rove,  
 And hear soft Musick dye along the Grove;  
 Led by the Sound I roam from Shade to Shade,



By God-like Poets Venerable made:  
 Here his first Lays Majestick *Denham* sung;  
 There the last Numbers flow'd from *Cowley's* Tongue.  
 O early lost! what Tears the River shed  
 When the sad Pomp along his Banks was led?  
 His drooping Swans on ev'ry Note expire,  
 And on his Willows hung each Muse's Lyre.

Since Fate relentless stop'd their Heav'nly Voice,  
 No more the Forests ring, or Groves rejoice;  
 Who now shall charm the Shades where *Cowley* strung  
 His living Harp, and lofty *Denham* sung?  
 But hark! the Groves rejoice, the Forest rings!  
 Are these reviv'd? or is it *Granville* sings?

'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft Retreats,  
 And call the Muses to their ancient Seats,  
 To paint anew the flow'ry Sylvan Scenes,  
 To crown the Forests with Immortal Greens,  
 Make *Windsor* Hills in lofty Numbers rise,  
 And lift her Turrets nearer to the Skies;  
 To sing those Honours you deserve to wear,  
 And add new Lustre to her Silver *Star*.

Here noble *Surrey* felt the sacred Rage,  
*Surrey*, the *Granville* of a former Age:  
 Matchless his Pen, victorious was his Lance;  
 Bold in the Lists, and graceful in the Dance:  
 In the same Shades the *Cupids* tun'd his Lyre,  
 To the same Notes, of Love, and soft Desire:  
 Fair *Geraldine*, bright Object of his Vow,  
 Then fill'd the Groves, as heav'nly *Myra* now.

Oh wou'dst thou sing what Heroes *Windsor* bore,  
 What Kings first breath'd upon her winding Shore,  
 Or raise old Warriors whose ador'd Remains  
 In weeping Vaults her hallow'd Earth contains!  
 With *Edward's* Acts adorn the shining Page,  
 Stretch his long Triumphs down thro' ev'ry Age,  
 Draw Kings enchain'd; and *Cressi's* glorious Field,  
 The Lillies blazing on the Regal Shield.  
 Then, from her Roofs when *Verrio's* Colours fall,  
 And leave inanimate the naked Wall;

Still in thy Song shou'd vanquish'd *France* appear,  
And bleed for ever under *Britain's* Spear.

Let softer Strains Ill-fated *Henry* mourn,  
And Palms Eternal flourish round his Urn.  
Here o'er the Martyr-King the Marble weeps,  
And fast beside him, once-fear'd *Edward* sleeps:  
Whom not th' extended *Albion* could contain,  
From old *Belerium* to the *German* Main,  
The Grave unites; where ev'n the Great find Rest,  
And blended lie th' Oppressor and th' Opprest!

Make sacred *Charles's* Tomb for ever known,  
(Obscure the Place, and uninscrib'd the Stone)  
Oh Fact accurst! What Tears has *Albion* shed,  
Heav'ns! what new Wounds, and how her old have bled?  
She saw her Sons with purple Deaths expire,  
Her sacred Domes involv'd in rolling Fire.  
A dreadful Series of Intestine Wars,  
In glorious Triumphs, and dishonest Scars.  
At length great *ANNA* said—Let Discord cease!  
She said, the World obey'd, and all was *Peace!*

In that blest Moment, from his Oozy Bed  
Old Father *Thames* advanc'd his rev'rend Head.  
His Tresses dropt with Dews, and o'er the Stream  
His shining Horns diffus'd a golden Gleam:  
Grav'd on his Urn appear'd the Moon, that guides  
His swelling Waters, and alternate Tydes;  
The figur'd Streams in Waves of Silver roll'd,  
And on their Banks *Augusta* rose in Gold.  
Around his Throne the Sea-born Brothers stood,  
That swell with Tributary Urns his Flood.  
First the fam'd Authors of his ancient Name,  
The winding *Isis*, and the fruitful *Tame*:  
The *Kennet* swift, for silver Eels renown'd;  
The *Loddon* slow, with verdant Alders crown'd:  
*Cole*, whose clear Streams his flow'ry Islands lave;  
And chalky *Wey*, that rolls a milky Wave:  
The blue, transparent *Vandalis* appears;  
The gulphy *Lee* his sedgy Tresses rears:  
And sullen *Mole*, that hides his diving Flood;  
And silent *Darent*, stain'd with *Danish* Blood.

High in the midst, upon his Urn reclin'd,  
 (His Sea-green Mantle waving with the Wind)  
 The God appear'd; he turn'd his azure Eyes  
 Where *Windsor*-Domes and pompous Turrets rise,  
 Then bow'd and spoke; the Winds forget to roar,  
 And the hush'd Waves glide softly to the Shore.

Hail Sacred *Peace!* hail long-expected Days,  
 Which *Thames's* Glory to the Stars shall raise!  
 Tho' *Tyber's* Streams immortal *Rome* behold,  
 Tho' foaming *Hermus* swells with Tydes of Gold,  
 From Heav'n it self tho' sev'nfold *Nilus* flows,  
 And Harvests on a hundred Realms bestows;  
 These now no more shall be the Muse's Themes,  
 Lost in my Fame, as in the Sea their Streams.  
 Let *Volga's* Banks with Iron Squadrons shine,  
 And Groves of Lances glitter on the *Rhine*,  
 Let barb'rous *Ganges* arm a servile Train;  
 Be mine the Blessings of a peaceful Reign.  
 No more my Sons shall dye with *British* Blood  
 Red *Iber's* Sands, or *Ister's* foaming Flood;  
 Safe on my Shore each unmolested Swain  
 Shall tend the Flocks, or reap the bearded Grain;  
 The shady Empire shall retain no Trace  
 Of War or Blood, but in the Sylvan Chace,  
 The Trumpets sleep, while chearful Horns are blown,  
 And Arms employ'd on Birds and Beasts alone.  
 Behold! th' ascending *Villa's* on my Side  
 Project long Shadows o'er the Chrystal Tyde.  
 Behold! *Augusta's* glitt'ring Spires increase,  
 And Temples rise, the beauteous Works of Peace.  
 I see, I see where two fair Cities bend  
 Their ample Bow, a new *White-Hall* ascend!  
 There mighty Nations shall inquire their Doom,  
 The World's great Oracle in Times to come;  
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen  
 Once more to bend before a *British* QUEEN.

Thy Trees, fair *Windsor!* now shall leave their Woods,  
 And half thy Forests rush into my Floods,  
 Bear *Britain's* Thunder, and her Cross display,  
 To the bright Regions of the rising Day;  
 Tempt Icy Seas, where scarce the Waters roll,

Where clearer Flames glow round the frozen Pole;  
 Or under Southern Skies exalt their Sails,  
 Led by new Stars, and born by spicy Gales!  
 For me the Balm shall bleed, and Amber flow,  
 The Coral redden, and the Ruby glow,  
 The Pearly Shell its lucid Globe infold,  
 And *Phoebus* warm the ripening Ore to Gold.  
 The Time shall come, when free as Seas or Wind  
 Unbounded *Thames* shall flow for all Mankind,  
 Whole Nations enter with each swelling Tyde,  
 And Oceans join whom they did first divide;  
 Earth's distant Ends our Glory shall behold,  
 And the new World launch forth to seek the Old.  
 Then Ships of uncouth Form shall stem the Tyde,  
 And Feather'd People crowd my wealthy Side,  
 While naked Youth and painted Chiefs admire  
 Our Speech, our Colour, and our strange Attire!  
 Oh stretch thy Reign, fair *Peace!* from Shore to Shore,  
 Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more:  
 Till the freed *Indians* in their native Groves  
 Reap their own Fruits, and woo their Sable Loves,  
*Peru* once more a Race of Kings behold,  
 And other *Mexico's* be roof'd with Gold.  
 Exil'd by Thee from Earth to deepest Hell,  
 In Brazen Bonds shall barb'rous *Discord* dwell:  
 Gigantick *Pride*, pale *Terror*, gloomy *Care*,  
 And mad *Ambition*, shall attend her there.  
 There purple *Vengeance* bath'd in Gore retires,  
 Her Weapons blunted, and extinct her Fires:  
 There hateful *Envy* her own Snakes shall feel,  
 And *Persecution* mourn her broken Wheel:  
 There *Faction* roars, *Rebellion* bites her Chain,  
 And gasping Furies thirst for Blood in vain.

Here cease thy Flight, nor with unhallow'd Lays  
 Touch the fair Fame of *Albion's* Golden Days.  
 The Thoughts of Gods let *Granville's* Verse recite,  
 And bring the Scenes of opening Fate to Light.  
 My humble Muse, in unambitious Strains,  
 Paints the green Forests and the flow'ry Plains,  
 Where Peace descending bids her Olives spring,  
 And scatters Blessings from her Dove-like Wing.  
 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless Days,

Pleas'd in the silent Shade with empty Praise;  
 Enough for me, that to the listning Swains  
 First in these Fields I sung the Sylvan Strains.  
*FINIS.*

#### 4.9.4 From "An Essay on Man"

*To H. St. John Lord Bolingbroke.*

##### **The Design.**

Having proposed to write some pieces of Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) come home to Men's Business and Bosoms, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his Nature and his State; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: there are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice more than advanced the theory of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose, but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: the other may seem odd, but is true, I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: if any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, and leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts

which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable. P.

### **ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.**

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to the Universe.

Of Man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, v.17, etc. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the Creation, agreeable to the general Order of Things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, v.35, etc. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, v.77, etc. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of His dispensations, v.109, etc. V. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the Creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, v.131, etc. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable, v.173, etc. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which cause is a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties, v.207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed, v.233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, v.250. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, v.281, etc., to the end.

### **EPISTLE I.**

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things  
 To low ambition, and the pride of kings.  
 Let us (since life can little more supply  
 Than just to look about us and to die)  
 Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man;  
 A mighty maze! but not without a plan;  
 A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;

Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.  
 Together let us beat this ample field,  
 Try what the open, what the covert yield;  
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore  
 Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;  
 Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,  
 And catch the manners living as they rise;  
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;  
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.  
 I. Say first, of God above, or man below  
 What can we reason, but from what we know?  
 Of man, what see we but his station here,  
 From which to reason, or to which refer?  
 Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known,  
 'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own.  
 He, who through vast immensity can pierce,  
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,  
 Observe how system into system runs,  
 What other planets circle other suns,  
 What varied being peoples every star,  
 May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.  
 But of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,  
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,  
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul  
 Looked through? or can a part contain the whole?  
 Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,  
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?  
 II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,  
 Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?  
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,  
 Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less;  
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made  
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?  
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,  
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?  
 Of systems possible, if 'tis confest  
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,  
 Where all must full or not coherent be,  
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;  
 Then in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,  
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:  
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)  
 Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,  
 May, must be right, as relative to all.  
 In human works, though laboured on with pain,  
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;  
 In God's one single can its end produce;  
 Yet serves to second too some other use.  
 So man, who here seems principal alone,  
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,  
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;  
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains  
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains:  
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,  
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:  
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend  
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end;  
 Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled; and why  
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;  
 Say rather man's as perfect as he ought:  
 His knowledge measured to his state and place;  
 His time a moment, and a point his space.  
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,  
 What matter, soon or late, or here or there?  
 The blest to-day is as completely so,  
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,  
 All but the page prescribed, their present state:  
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:  
 Or who could suffer being here below?  
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.  
 Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,  
 That each may fill the circle, marked by Heaven:  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,  
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly, then; with trembling pinions soar;  
 Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.  
 What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,



But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast:  
 Man never is, but always to be blest:  
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,  
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;  
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;  
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,  
 Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;  
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,  
 Some happier island in the watery waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.  
 To be, contents his natural desire,  
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,  
 Weigh thy opinion against providence;  
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,  
 Say, here He gives too little, there too much;  
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,  
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;  
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,  
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there:  
 Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,  
 Re-judge His justice, be the God of God.  
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;  
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.  
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,  
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.  
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,  
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:  
 And who but wishes to invert the laws  
 Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,  
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "Tis for mine:  
 For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,  
 Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;  
 Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew  
 The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;

For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;  
 For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;  
 Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;  
 My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.”

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,  
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,  
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep  
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?  
 “No, (’tis replied) the first Almighty Cause  
 Acts not by partial, but by general laws;  
 The exceptions few; some change since all began;  
 And what created perfect?”—Why then man?  
 If the great end be human happiness,  
 Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?  
 As much that end a constant course requires  
 Of showers and sunshine, as of man’s desires;  
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,  
 As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.  
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven’s design,  
 Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?  
 Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,  
 Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;  
 Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar’s mind,  
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?  
 From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;  
 Account for moral, as for natural things:  
 Why charge we heaven in those, in these acquit?  
 In both, to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,  
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here;  
 That never air or ocean felt the wind;  
 That never passion discomposed the mind.  
 But all subsists by elemental strife;  
 And passions are the elements of life.  
 The general order, since the whole began,  
 Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,  
 And little less than angel, would be more;  
 Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears  
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears  
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,  
 Say what their use, had he the powers of all?  
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,

The proper organs, proper powers assigned;  
Each seeming want compensated of course,  
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;  
All in exact proportion to the state;  
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.  
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:  
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?  
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,  
Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?  
    The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)  
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;  
No powers of body or of soul to share,  
But what his nature and his state can bear.  
Why has not man a microscopic eye?  
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.  
Say what the use, were finer optics given,  
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?  
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,  
To smart and agonize at every pore?  
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,  
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?  
If Nature thundered in his opening ears,  
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,  
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still  
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill?  
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,  
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?  
VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,  
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:  
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,  
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:  
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,  
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:  
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,  
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:  
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,  
To that which warbles through the vernal wood:  
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!  
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:  
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true  
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?  
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,  
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!

'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier,  
 For ever separate, yet for ever near!  
 Remembrance and reflection how allayed;  
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide:  
 And middle natures, how they long to join,  
 Yet never passed the insuperable line!  
 Without this just gradation, could they be  
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?  
 The powers of all subdued by thee alone,  
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one?  
 VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,  
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.  
 Above, how high, progressive life may go!  
 Around, how wide! how deep extend below?  
 Vast chain of being! which from God began,  
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,  
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
 No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,  
 From thee to nothing. On superior powers  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours:  
 Or in the full creation leave a void,  
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:  
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,  
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll  
 Alike essential to the amazing whole,  
 The least confusion but in one, not all  
 That system only, but the whole must fall.  
 Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,  
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;  
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,  
 Being on being wrecked, and world on world;  
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,  
 And nature tremble to the throne of God.  
 All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?  
 Vile worm!—Oh, madness! pride! impiety!  
 IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,  
 Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?  
 What if the head, the eye, or ear repined  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?  
 Just as absurd for any part to claim  
 To be another, in this general frame:  
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,  
 The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;  
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;  
 Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;  
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,  
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;  
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart:  
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,  
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:  
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;  
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.  
 X. Cease, then, nor order imperfection name:  
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
 Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree  
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.  
 Submit. In this, or any other sphere,  
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:  
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,  
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;  
 All discord, harmony not understood;  
 All partial evil, universal good:  
 And, spite of pride in erring reason's spite,  
 One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

#### 4.9.5 Reading and Review Questions

1. How and to what effect does Pope draw attention to his own artistry? What is his attitude towards his readers? What is his attitude towards himself as a poet? How does this attitude compare with Spenser's or Milton's of themselves as Poets? How do you know?
2. What's the effect, if any, of Pope's deploying his artistry for clear, often didactic, moral purposes? How does this use of art compare to Spenser's or Sydney's
3. How varied and diverse is Pope's poetic style, especially considering his use of the heroic couplet? How suited is the heroic couplet to Pope's imagery, voice, subject-matter, and themes? Why?

4. Like Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Pope reverses perspectives by maximizing the minimal (and vice versa) in *The Rape of the Lock*. To what end, if any, does he put these perspectives?
5. How does Pope depict love, and to what effect? Consider *The Rape of the Lock* and *Eloisa and Abelard*. What is his overall attitude towards emotions? How do we know?

## 4.10 HENRY FIELDING

(1707-1754)

Henry Fielding was a strong student of the classics at Eton. This scholarship would later give design to his novels, works he first described as “comic prose epics,” that is, hybrids that openly declared their artfulness. He took the novel genre into new realms as openly serious and a valuable contribution to the English literary tradition. After graduating from Eton, Fielding entered society under the auspices of his cousin Mary Wortley Montagu, to whom he dedicated his first comedy *Love in Several Masques* (1728). He followed this with numerous other works, including translations, satires, comedies, burlesques (absurd imitations), and farces (broad comedies). His preface to the burlesque *The Tragedy of Tragedies: Or, The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great* (published in 1731) justified his using “lesser” genres like the burlesque. He suggested that his “tragedy” conformed to the tragic dimensions of the epic and exemplified the manner in which tragedies necessarily were written in his unheroic day and age—as comedies and parodies. He thus brought to the drama the shift in genre that Pope brought to poetry with his *Rape of the Lock*.

Fielding extended this shift to prose in his two parodies of Samuel Richardson's epistolary novel *Pamela: Or, Virtue Rewarded* (1740). Fielding's *An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews* (1741) and *Joseph Andrews, and of His Friend Mr. Abraham Adams* parody Richardson's work in which a libertine kidnaps a servant in order to “have his way” with her. The titillating situation, and Pamela's ultimate reward for protecting her virtue (even as she skates between truth-telling and lying to fend off the antagonist Mr. B.), highlighted problematic qualities of



**Image 4.16 | Henry Fielding**

**Artist |** William Hogarth

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the developing novel as genre, such as its depicting wickedness in great detail in order to convert the reader to goodness (as Defoe does in *Moll Flanders*).

Fielding used his experience as a playwright to carefully design his novels. For example, in *Joseph Andrews*, he carefully plotted out individual scenes that have clear beginnings, middles, and ends; also, he gave clearly-identifiable speech to individual characters. He developed these strengths further in his comic novel *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling* (1749). These works include a range of different characters, from merchants and lawyers to aristocrats, landed gentry, and their servants. Fielding himself appears as a character in these works; in *Joseph Andrews*, he clearly identifies himself as the creator of fiction—not masquerading as history or fact—in order to reveal Truth. He does so because “It is a trite but true Observation, that Examples work more forcibly on the Mind than Precepts”

(*Joseph Andrews*). He also includes the Reader as a character, characterizing the reader in multiple ways, as serious, uni-ligal, and more (in at least sixteen different ways). By doing so, he identified the novel genre with comprehensiveness, with a comprehensive range of incidents and characters, in order to convey the fullness of his society.

Fielding came to know his society very well indeed, writing long political essays, taking the bar in 1740, and being appointed as magistrate at Bow Street in 1748 and later as magistrate of Middlesex. His Bow Street Runners were law officers who patrolled the streets, protecting private citizens from thieves and gangs. Through his careful administration, Fielding’s police force would lead to the modern Scotland Yard.



**Image 4.18 | Bow Street Plaque**

**Photographer** | User "Spudgun67"

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### 4.10.1 From *Joseph Andrews*

#### **AUTHOR’S PREFACE.**

As it is possible the mere English reader may have a different idea of romance from the author of these little volumes, and may consequently expect a kind of entertainment not to be found, nor which was even intended, in the following pages, it may not be improper to premise a few words concerning this kind of writing, which I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our language.

The EPIC, as well as the DRAMA, is divided into tragedy and comedy. HOMER, who was the father of this species of poetry, gave us a pattern of both these, though that of the latter kind is entirely lost; which Aristotle tells us, bore the same relation to comedy which his Iliad bears to tragedy. And perhaps, that we have no more instances of it among the writers of antiquity, is owing to the loss of this great pattern, which, had it survived, would have found its imitators equally with the other poems of this great original.

And farther, as this poetry may be tragic or comic, I will not scruple to say it may be likewise either in verse or prose: for though it wants one particular, which the critic enumerates in the constituent parts of an epic poem, namely metre; yet, when any kind of writing contains all its other parts, such as fable, action, characters, sentiments, and diction, and is deficient in metre only, it seems, I think, reasonable to refer it to the epic; at least, as no critic hath thought proper to range it under any other head, or to assign it a particular name to itself.

Thus the Telemachus of the archbishop of Cambray appears to me of the epic kind, as well as the Odyssey of Homer; indeed, it is much fairer and more reasonable to give it a name common with that species from which it differs only in a single instance, than to confound it with those which it resembles in no other. Such are those voluminous works, commonly called Romances, namely, Clelia, Cleopatra, Astraea, Cassandra, the Grand Cyrus, and innumerable others, which contain, as I apprehend, very little instruction or entertainment.

Now, a comic romance is a comic epic poem in prose; differing from comedy, as the serious epic from tragedy: its action being more extended and comprehensive; containing a much larger circle of incidents, and introducing a greater variety of characters. It differs from the serious romance in its fable and action, in this; that as in the one these are grave and solemn, so in the other they are light and ridiculous: it differs in its characters by introducing persons of inferior rank, and consequently, of inferior manners, whereas the grave romance sets the highest before us: lastly, in its sentiments and diction; by preserving the ludicrous instead of the sublime. In the diction, I think, burlesque itself may be sometimes admitted; of which many instances will occur in this work, as in the description of the battles, and some other places, not necessary to be pointed out to the classical reader, for whose entertainment those parodies or burlesque imitations are chiefly calculated.

But though we have sometimes admitted this in our diction, we have carefully excluded it from our sentiments and characters; for there it is never properly introduced, unless in writings of the burlesque kind, which this is not intended to be. Indeed, no two species of writing can differ more widely than the comic and the burlesque; for as the latter is ever the exhibition of what is monstrous and unnatural, and where our delight, if we examine it, arises from the surprizing absurdity, as in appropriating the manners of the highest to the lowest, or *e converso*; so in the former we should ever confine ourselves strictly to nature, from the just imitation of which will flow all the pleasure we can this way convey to a sensible reader. And perhaps there is one reason why a comic writer should of all others be the least



excused for deviating from nature, since it may not be always so easy for a serious poet to meet with the great and the admirable; but life everywhere furnishes an accurate observer with the ridiculous.

I have hinted this little concerning burlesque, because I have often heard that name given to performances which have been truly of the comic kind, from the author's having sometimes admitted it in his diction only; which, as it is the dress of poetry, doth, like the dress of men, establish characters (the one of the whole poem, and the other of the whole man), in vulgar opinion, beyond any of their greater excellences: but surely, a certain drollery in stile, where characters and sentiments are perfectly natural, no more constitutes the burlesque, than an empty pomp and dignity of words, where everything else is mean and low, can entitle any performance to the appellation of the true sublime.

And I apprehend my Lord Shaftesbury's opinion of mere burlesque agrees with mine, when he asserts, There is no such thing to be found in the writings of the ancients. But perhaps I have less abhorrence than he professes for it; and that, not because I have had some little success on the stage this way, but rather as it contributes more to exquisite mirth and laughter than any other; and these are probably more wholesome physic for the mind, and conduce better to purge away spleen, melancholy, and ill affections, than is generally imagined. Nay, I will appeal to common observation, whether the same companies are not found more full of good-humour and benevolence, after they have been sweetened for two or three hours with entertainments of this kind, than when soured by a tragedy or a grave lecture.

But to illustrate all this by another science, in which, perhaps, we shall see the distinction more clearly and plainly, let us examine the works of a comic history painter, with those performances which the Italians call *Caricatura*, where we shall find the true excellence of the former to consist in the exactest copying of nature; insomuch that a judicious eye instantly rejects anything *outré*, any liberty which the painter hath taken with the features of that *alma mater*; whereas in the *Caricatura* we allow all licence—its aim is to exhibit monsters, not men; and all distortions and exaggerations whatever are within its proper province.

Now, what *Caricatura* is in painting, *Burlesque* is in writing; and in the same manner the comic writer and painter correlate to each other. And here I shall observe, that, as in the former the painter seems to have the advantage; so it is in the latter infinitely on the side of the writer; for the Monstrous is much easier to paint than describe, and the Ridiculous to describe than paint.

And though perhaps this latter species doth not in either science so strongly affect and agitate the muscles as the other; yet it will be owned, I believe, that a more rational and useful pleasure arises to us from it. He who should call the ingenious Hogarth a burlesque painter, would, in my opinion, do him very little honour; for sure it is much easier, much less the subject of admiration, to paint a man with a nose, or any other feature, of a preposterous size, or to expose him in some absurd or monstrous attitude, than to express the affections of men on

canvas. It hath been thought a vast commendation of a painter to say his figures seem to breathe; but surely it is a much greater and nobler applause, that they appear to think.

But to return. The Ridiculous only, as I have before said, falls within my province in the present work. Nor will some explanation of this word be thought impertinent by the reader, if he considers how wonderfully it hath been mistaken, even by writers who have professed it: for to what but such a mistake can we attribute the many attempts to ridicule the blackest villainies, and, what is yet worse, the most dreadful calamities? What could exceed the absurdity of an author, who should write the comedy of Nero, with the merry incident of ripping up his mother's belly? or what would give a greater shock to humanity than an attempt to expose the miseries of poverty and distress to ridicule? And yet the reader will not want much learning to suggest such instances to himself.

Besides, it may seem remarkable, that Aristotle, who is so fond and free of definitions, hath not thought proper to define the Ridiculous. Indeed, where he tells us it is proper to comedy, he hath remarked that villany is not its object: but he hath not, as I remember, positively asserted what is. Nor doth the Abbe Bellegarde, who hath written a treatise on this subject, though he shows us many species of it, once trace it to its fountain.

The only source of the true Ridiculous (as it appears to me) is affectation. But though it arises from one spring only, when we consider the infinite streams into which this one branches, we shall presently cease to admire at the copious field it affords to an observer. Now, affectation proceeds from one of these two causes, vanity or hypocrisy: for as vanity puts us on affecting false characters, in order to purchase applause; so hypocrisy sets us on an endeavour to avoid censure, by concealing our vices under an appearance of their opposite virtues. And though these two causes are often confounded (for there is some difficulty in distinguishing them), yet, as they proceed from very different motives, so they are as clearly distinct in their operations: for indeed, the affectation which arises from vanity is nearer to truth than the other, as it hath not that violent repugnancy of nature to struggle with, which that of the hypocrite hath. It may be likewise noted, that affectation doth not imply an absolute negation of those qualities which are affected; and, therefore, though, when it proceeds from hypocrisy, it be nearly allied to deceit; yet when it comes from vanity only, it partakes of the nature of ostentation: for instance, the affectation of liberality in a vain man differs visibly from the same affectation in the avaricious; for though the vain man is not what he would appear, or hath not the virtue he affects, to the degree he would be thought to have it; yet it sits less awkwardly on him than on the avaricious man, who is the very reverse of what he would seem to be.

From the discovery of this affectation arises the Ridiculous, which always strikes the reader with surprize and pleasure; and that in a higher and stronger degree when the affectation arises from hypocrisy, than when from vanity; for to discover any one to be the exact reverse of what he affects, is more surprizing, and

consequently more ridiculous, than to find him a little deficient in the quality he desires the reputation of. I might observe that our Ben Jonson, who of all men understood the Ridiculous the best, hath chiefly used the hypocritical affectation.

Now, from affectation only, the misfortunes and calamities of life, or the imperfections of nature, may become the objects of ridicule. Surely he hath a very ill-framed mind who can look on ugliness, infirmity, or poverty, as ridiculous in themselves: nor do I believe any man living, who meets a dirty fellow riding through the streets in a cart, is struck with an idea of the Ridiculous from it; but if he should see the same figure descend from his coach and six, or bolt from his chair with his hat under his arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with justice. In the same manner, were we to enter a poor house and behold a wretched family shivering with cold and languishing with hunger, it would not incline us to laughter (at least we must have very diabolical natures if it would); but should we discover there a grate, instead of coals, adorned with flowers, empty plate or china dishes on the sideboard, or any other affectation of riches and finery, either on their persons or in their furniture, we might then indeed be excused for ridiculing so fantastical an appearance. Much less are natural imperfections the object of derision; but when ugliness aims at the applause of beauty, or lameness endeavours to display agility, it is then that these unfortunate circumstances, which at first moved our compassion, tend only to raise our mirth.

The poet carries this very far:—

None are for being what they are in fault,  
But for not being what they would be thought.

Where if the metre would suffer the word Ridiculous to close the first line, the thought would be rather more proper. Great vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults, of our pity; but affectation appears to me the only true source of the Ridiculous.

But perhaps it may be objected to me, that I have against my own rules introduced vices, and of a very black kind, into this work. To which I shall answer: first, that it is very difficult to pursue a series of human actions, and keep clear from them. Secondly, that the vices to be found here are rather the accidental consequences of some human frailty or foible, than causes habitually existing in the mind. Thirdly, that they are never set forth as the objects of ridicule, but detestation. Fourthly, that they are never the principal figure at that time on the scene: and, lastly, they never produce the intended evil.

Having thus distinguished Joseph Andrews from the productions of romance writers on the one hand and burlesque writers on the other, and given some few very short hints (for I intended no more) of this species of writing, which I have affirmed to be hitherto unattempted in our language; I shall leave to my good-natured reader to apply my piece to my observations, and will detain him no longer than with a word concerning the characters in this work.

And here I solemnly protest I have no intention to vilify or asperse any one; for though everything is copied from the book of nature, and scarce a character or action produced which I have not taken from my own observations and experience; yet I have used the utmost care to obscure the persons by such different circumstances, degrees, and colours, that it will be impossible to guess at them with any degree of certainty; and if it ever happens otherwise, it is only where the failure characterized is so minute, that it is a foible only which the party himself may laugh at as well as any other.

As to the character of Adams, as it is the most glaring in the whole, so I conceive it is not to be found in any book now extant. It is designed a character of perfect simplicity; and as the goodness of his heart will recommend him to the good-natured, so I hope it will excuse me to the gentlemen of his cloth; for whom, while they are worthy of their sacred order, no man can possibly have a greater respect. They will therefore excuse me, notwithstanding the low adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a clergyman; since no other office could have given him so many opportunities of displaying his worthy inclinations.

## **Book I**

### **Chapter I.**

*Of writing lives in general, and particularly of Pamela; with a word by the bye of Colley Cibber and others.*

It is a trite but true observation, that examples work more forcibly on the mind than precepts: and if this be just in what is odious and blameable, it is more strongly so in what is amiable and praiseworthy. Here emulation most effectually operates upon us, and inspires our imitation in an irresistible manner. A good man therefore is a standing lesson to all his acquaintance, and of far greater use in that narrow circle than a good book.

But as it often happens that the best men are but little known, and consequently cannot extend the usefulness of their examples a great way; the writer may be called in aid to spread their history farther, and to present the amiable pictures to those who have not the happiness of knowing the originals; and so, by communicating such valuable patterns to the world, he may perhaps do a more extensive service to mankind than the person whose life originally afforded the pattern.

In this light I have always regarded those biographers who have recorded the actions of great and worthy persons of both sexes. Not to mention those antient writers which of late days are little read, being written in obsolete, and as they are generally thought, unintelligible languages, such as Plutarch, Nepos, and others which I heard of in my youth; our own language affords many of excellent use and instruction, finely calculated to sow the seeds of virtue in youth, and very easy to be comprehended by persons of moderate capacity. Such as the history of John the

Great, who, by his brave and heroic actions against men of large and athletic bodies, obtained the glorious appellation of the Giant-killer; that of an Earl of Warwick, whose Christian name was Guy; the lives of Argalus and Parthenia; and above all, the history of those seven worthy personages, the Champions of Christendom. In all these delight is mixed with instruction, and the reader is almost as much improved as entertained.

But I pass by these and many others to mention two books lately published, which represent an admirable pattern of the amiable in either sex. The former of these, which deals in male virtue, was written by the great person himself, who lived the life he hath recorded, and is by many thought to have lived such a life only in order to write it. The other is communicated to us by an historian who borrows his lights, as the common method is, from authentic papers and records. The reader, I believe, already conjectures, I mean the lives of Mr Colley Cibber and of Mrs Pamela Andrews. How artfully doth the former, by insinuating that he escaped being promoted to the highest stations in Church and State, teach us a contempt of worldly grandeur! how strongly doth he inculcate an absolute submission to our superiors! Lastly, how completely doth he arm us against so uneasy, so wretched a passion as the fear of shame! how clearly doth he expose the emptiness and vanity of that phantom, reputation!

What the female readers are taught by the memoirs of Mrs Andrews is so well set forth in the excellent essays or letters prefixed to the second and subsequent editions of that work, that it would be here a needless repetition. The authentic history with which I now present the public is an instance of the great good that book is likely to do, and of the prevalence of example which I have just observed: since it will appear that it was by keeping the excellent pattern of his sister's virtues before his eyes, that Mr Joseph Andrews was chiefly enabled to preserve his purity in the midst of such great temptations. I shall only add that this character of male chastity, though doubtless as desirable and becoming in one part of the human species as in the other, is almost the only virtue which the great apologist hath not given himself for the sake of giving the example to his readers.

## **Chapter II.**

*Of Mr Joseph Andrews, his birth, parentage, education, and great endowments; with a word or two concerning ancestors.*

Mr Joseph Andrews, the hero of our ensuing history, was esteemed to be the only son of Gaffar and Gammer Andrews, and brother to the illustrious Pamela, whose virtue is at present so famous. As to his ancestors, we have searched with great diligence, but little success; being unable to trace them farther than his great-grandfather, who, as an elderly person in the parish remembers to have heard his father say, was an excellent cudgel-player. Whether he had any ancestors before this, we must leave to the opinion of our curious reader, finding nothing of

sufficient certainty to rely on. However, we cannot omit inserting an epitaph which an ingenious friend of ours hath communicated:—

Stay, traveller, for underneath this pew  
Lies fast asleep that merry man Andrew:  
When the last day's great sun shall gild the skies,  
Then he shall from his tomb get up and rise.  
Be merry while thou canst: for surely thou  
Shalt shortly be as sad as he is now.

The words are almost out of the stone with antiquity. But it is needless to observe that Andrew here is writ without an *s*, and is, besides, a Christian name. My friend, moreover, conjectures this to have been the founder of that sect of laughing philosophers since called Merry-andrews.

To waive, therefore, a circumstance which, though mentioned in conformity to the exact rules of biography, is not greatly material, I proceed to things of more consequence. Indeed, it is sufficiently certain that he had as many ancestors as the best man living, and, perhaps, if we look five or six hundred years backwards, might be related to some persons of very great figure at present, whose ancestors within half the last century are buried in as great obscurity. But suppose, for argument's sake, we should admit that he had no ancestors at all, but had sprung up, according to the modern phrase, out of a dunghill, as the Athenians pretended they themselves did from the earth, would not this autokopros have been justly entitled to all the praise arising from his own virtues? Would it not be hard that a man who hath no ancestors should therefore be rendered incapable of acquiring honour; when we see so many who have no virtues enjoying the honour of their forefathers? At ten years old (by which time his education was advanced to writing and reading) he was bound an apprentice, according to the statute, to Sir Thomas Booby, an uncle of Mr Booby's by the father's side. Sir Thomas having then an estate in his own hands, the young Andrews was at first employed in what in the country they call keeping birds. His office was to perform the part the ancients assigned to the god Priapus, which deity the moderns call by the name of Jack o' Lent; but his voice being so extremely musical, that it rather allured the birds than terrified them, he was soon transplanted from the fields into the dog-kennel, where he was placed under the huntsman, and made what the sportsmen term whipper-in. For this place likewise the sweetness of his voice disqualified him; the dogs preferring the melody of his chiding to all the alluring notes of the huntsman, who soon became so incensed at it, that he desired Sir Thomas to provide otherwise for him, and constantly laid every fault the dogs were at to the account of the poor boy, who was now transplanted to the stable. Here he soon gave proofs of strength and agility beyond his years, and constantly rode the most spirited and vicious horses to water, with an intrepidity which surprized every one. While he was in this station, he rode several races for Sir Thomas, and this with such expertness and success,

that the neighbouring gentlemen frequently solicited the knight to permit little Joey (for so he was called) to ride their matches. The best gamesters, before they laid their money, always inquired which horse little Joey was to ride; and the bets were rather proportioned by the rider than by the horse himself; especially after he had scornfully refused a considerable bribe to play booty on such an occasion. This extremely raised his character, and so pleased the Lady Booby, that she desired to have him (being now seventeen years of age) for her own footboy.

Joey was now preferred from the stable to attend on his lady, to go on her errands, stand behind her chair, wait at her tea-table, and carry her prayer-book to church; at which place his voice gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself by singing psalms: he behaved likewise in every other respect so well at Divine service, that it recommended him to the notice of Mr Abraham Adams, the curate, who took an opportunity one day, as he was drinking a cup of ale in Sir Thomas's kitchen, to ask the young man several questions concerning religion; with his answers to which he was wonderfully pleased.

### **Chapter III.**

*Of Mr Abraham Adams the curate, Mrs Slipslop the chambermaid, and others.*

Mr Abraham Adams was an excellent scholar. He was a perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages; to which he added a great share of knowledge in the Oriental tongues; and could read and translate French, Italian, and Spanish. He had applied many years to the most severe study, and had treasured up a fund of learning rarely to be met with in a university. He was, besides, a man of good sense, good parts, and good nature; but was at the same time as entirely ignorant of the ways of this world as an infant just entered into it could possibly be. As he had never any intention to deceive, so he never suspected such a design in others. He was generous, friendly, and brave to an excess; but simplicity was his characteristick: he did, no more than Mr Colley Cibber, apprehend any such passions as malice and envy to exist in mankind; which was indeed less remarkable in a country parson than in a gentleman who hath passed his life behind the scenes,—a place which hath been seldom thought the school of innocence, and where a very little observation would have convinced the great apologist that those passions have a real existence in the human mind.

His virtue, and his other qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that at the age of fifty he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.

It was this gentleman, who having, as I have said, observed the singular devotion of young Andrews, had found means to question him concerning several

particulars; as, how many books there were in the New Testament? which were they? how many chapters they contained? and such like: to all which, Mr Adams privately said, he answered much better than Sir Thomas, or two other neighbouring justices of the peace could probably have done.

Mr Adams was wonderfully solicitous to know at what time, and by what opportunity, the youth became acquainted with these matters: Joey told him that he had very early learnt to read and write by the goodness of his father, who, though he had not interest enough to get him into a charity school, because a cousin of his father's landlord did not vote on the right side for a churchwarden in a borough town, yet had been himself at the expense of sixpence a week for his learning. He told him likewise, that ever since he was in Sir Thomas's family he had employed all his hours of leisure in reading good books; that he had read the Bible, the Whole Duty of Man, and Thomas a Kempis; and that as often as he could, without being perceived, he had studied a great good book which lay open in the hall window, where he had read, "as how the devil carried away half a church in sermon-time, without hurting one of the congregation; and as how a field of corn ran away down a hill with all the trees upon it, and covered another man's meadow." This sufficiently assured Mr Adams that the good book meant could be no other than Baker's Chronicle.

The curate, surprized to find such instances of industry and application in a young man who had never met with the least encouragement, asked him, If he did not extremely regret the want of a liberal education, and the not having been born of parents who might have indulged his talents and desire of knowledge? To which he answered, "He hoped he had profited somewhat better from the books he had read than to lament his condition in this world. That, for his part, he was perfectly content with the state to which he was called; that he should endeavour to improve his talent, which was all required of him; but not repine at his own lot, nor envy those of his betters." "Well said, my lad," replied the curate; "and I wish some who have read many more good books, nay, and some who have written good books themselves, had profited so much by them."

Adams had no nearer access to Sir Thomas or my lady than through the waiting-gentlewoman; for Sir Thomas was too apt to estimate men merely by their dress or fortune; and my lady was a woman of gaiety, who had been blest with a town education, and never spoke of any of her country neighbours by any other appellation than that of the brutes. They both regarded the curate as a kind of domestic only, belonging to the parson of the parish, who was at this time at variance with the knight; for the parson had for many years lived in a constant state of civil war, or, which is perhaps as bad, of civil law, with Sir Thomas himself and the tenants of his manor. The foundation of this quarrel was a modus, by setting which aside an advantage of several shillings *per annum* would have accrued to the rector; but he had not yet been able to accomplish his purpose, and had reaped hitherto nothing better from the suits than the pleasure (which he used indeed frequently to say was no small one) of reflecting that he had utterly undone many



of the poor tenants, though he had at the same time greatly impoverished himself.

Mrs Slipslop, the waiting-gentlewoman, being herself the daughter of a curate, preserved some respect for Adams: she professed great regard for his learning, and would frequently dispute with him on points of theology; but always insisted on a deference to be paid to her understanding, as she had been frequently at London, and knew more of the world than a country parson could pretend to.

She had in these disputes a particular advantage over Adams: for she was a mighty affecter of hard words, which she used in such a manner that the parson, who durst not offend her by calling her words in question, was frequently at some loss to guess her meaning, and would have been much less puzzled by an Arabian manuscript.

Adams therefore took an opportunity one day, after a pretty long discourse with her on the essence (or, as she pleased to term it, the incence) of matter, to mention the case of young Andrews; desiring her to recommend him to her lady as a youth very susceptible of learning, and one whose instruction in Latin he would himself undertake; by which means he might be qualified for a higher station than that of a footman; and added, she knew it was in his master's power easily to provide for him in a better manner. He therefore desired that the boy might be left behind under his care.

“La! Mr Adams,” said Mrs Slipslop, “do you think my lady will suffer any preambles about any such matter? She is going to London very concisely, and I am confidous would not leave Joey behind her on any account; for he is one of the genteelst young fellows you may see in a summer's day; and I am confidous she would as soon think of parting with a pair of her grey mares, for she values herself as much on one as the other.” Adams would have interrupted, but she proceeded: “And why is Latin more necessitous for a footman than a gentleman? It is very proper that you clergymen must learn it, because you can't preach without it: but I have heard gentlemen say in London, that it is fit for nobody else. I am confidous my lady would be angry with me for mentioning it; and I shall draw myself into no such delemy.” At which words her lady's bell rung, and Mr Adams was forced to retire; nor could he gain a second opportunity with her before their London journey, which happened a few days afterwards. However, Andrews behaved very thankfully and gratefully to him for his intended kindness, which he told him he never would forget, and at the same time received from the good man many admonitions concerning the regulation of his future conduct, and his perseverance in innocence and industry.

#### **Chapter IV.**

*What happened after their journey to London.*

No sooner was young Andrews arrived at London than he began to scrape an acquaintance with his party-coloured brethren, who endeavoured to make him

despise his former course of life. His hair was cut after the newest fashion, and became his chief care; he went abroad with it all the morning in papers, and drest it out in the afternoon. They could not, however, teach him to game, swear, drink, nor any other genteel vice the town abounded with. He applied most of his leisure hours to music, in which he greatly improved himself; and became so perfect a connoisseur in that art, that he led the opinion of all the other footmen at an opera, and they never condemned or applauded a single song contrary to his approbation or dislike. He was a little too forward in riots at the play-houses and assemblies; and when he attended his lady at church (which was but seldom) he behaved with less seeming devotion than formerly: however, if he was outwardly a pretty fellow, his morals remained entirely uncorrupted, though he was at the same time smarter and genteeler than any of the beaux in town, either in or out of livery.

His lady, who had often said of him that Joey was the handsomest and genteelst footman in the kingdom, but that it was pity he wanted spirit, began now to find that fault no longer; on the contrary, she was frequently heard to cry out, "Ay, there is some life in this fellow." She plainly saw the effects which the town air hath on the soberest constitutions. She would now walk out with him into Hyde Park in a morning, and when tired, which happened almost every minute, would lean on his arm, and converse with him in great familiarity. Whenever she stepped out of her coach, she would take him by the hand, and sometimes, for fear of stumbling, press it very hard; she admitted him to deliver messages at her bedside in a morning, leered at him at table, and indulged him in all those innocent freedoms which women of figure may permit without the least sully of their virtue.

But though their virtue remains unsullied, yet now and then some small arrows will glance on the shadow of it, their reputation; and so it fell out to Lady Booby, who happened to be walking arm-in-arm with Joey one morning in Hyde Park, when Lady Tittle and Lady Tattle came accidentally by in their coach. "Bless me," says Lady Tittle, "can I believe my eyes? Is that Lady Booby?"—"Surely," says Tattle. "But what makes you surprized?"—"Why, is not that her footman?" replied Tittle. At which Tattle laughed, and cried, "An old business, I assure you: is it possible you should not have heard it? The whole town hath known it this half-year." The consequence of this interview was a whisper through a hundred visits, which were separately performed by the two ladies the same afternoon, and might have had a mischievous effect, had it not been stopt by two fresh reputations which were published the day afterwards, and engrossed the whole talk of the town.

But, whatever opinion or suspicion the scandalous inclination of defamers might entertain of Lady Booby's innocent freedoms, it is certain they made no impression on young Andrews, who never offered to encroach beyond the liberties which his lady allowed him,—a behaviour which she imputed to the violent respect he preserved for her, and which served only to heighten a something she began to conceive, and which the next chapter will open a little farther.

**Chapter V.**

*The death of Sir Thomas Booby, with the affectionate and mournful behaviour of his widow, and the great purity of Joseph Andrews.*

At this time an accident happened which put a stop to those agreeable walks, which probably would have soon puffed up the cheeks of Fame, and caused her to blow her brazen trumpet through the town; and this was no other than the death of Sir Thomas Booby, who, departing this life, left his disconsolate lady confined to her house, as closely as if she herself had been attacked by some violent disease. During the first six days the poor lady admitted none but Mrs. Slipslop, and three female friends, who made a party at cards: but on the seventh she ordered Joey, whom, for a good reason, we shall hereafter call JOSEPH, to bring up her tea-kettle. The lady being in bed, called Joseph to her, bade him sit down, and, having accidentally laid her hand on his, she asked him if he had ever been in love. Joseph answered, with some confusion, it was time enough for one so young as himself to think on such things. "As young as you are," replied the lady, "I am convinced you are no stranger to that passion. Come, Joey," says she, "tell me truly, who is the happy girl whose eyes have made a conquest of you?" Joseph returned, that all the women he had ever seen were equally indifferent to him. "Oh then," said the lady, "you are a general lover. Indeed, you handsome fellows, like handsome women, are very long and difficult in fixing; but yet you shall never persuade me that your heart is so insusceptible of affection; I rather impute what you say to your secrecy, a very commendable quality, and what I am far from being angry with you for. Nothing can be more unworthy in a young man, than to betray any intimacies with the ladies." "Ladies! madam," said Joseph, "I am sure I never had the impudence to think of any that deserve that name." "Don't pretend to too much modesty," said she, "for that sometimes may be impertinent: but pray answer me this question. Suppose a lady should happen to like you; suppose she should prefer you to all your sex, and admit you to the same familiarities as you might have hoped for if you had been born her equal, are you certain that no vanity could tempt you to discover her? Answer me honestly, Joseph; have you so much more sense and so much more virtue than you handsome young fellows generally have, who make no scruple of sacrificing our dear reputation to your pride, without considering the great obligation we lay on you by our condescension and confidence? Can you keep a secret, my Joey?" "Madam," says he, "I hope your ladyship can't tax me with ever betraying the secrets of the family; and I hope, if you was to turn me away, I might have that character of you." "I don't intend to turn you away, Joey," said she, and sighed; "I am afraid it is not in my power." She then raised herself a little in her bed, and discovered one of the whitest necks that ever was seen; at which Joseph blushed. "La!" says she, in an affected surprize, "what am I doing? I have trusted myself with a man alone, naked in bed; suppose you should have any wicked intentions upon my honour, how should I defend myself?" Joseph

protested that he never had the least evil design against her. “No,” says she, “perhaps you may not call your designs wicked; and perhaps they are not so.”—He swore they were not. “You misunderstand me,” says she; “I mean if they were against my honour, they may not be wicked; but the world calls them so. But then, say you, the world will never know anything of the matter; yet would not that be trusting to your secrecy? Must not my reputation be then in your power? Would you not then be my master?” Joseph begged her ladyship to be comforted; for that he would never imagine the least wicked thing against her, and that he had rather die a thousand deaths than give her any reason to suspect him. “Yes,” said she, “I must have reason to suspect you. Are you not a man? and, without vanity, I may pretend to some charms. But perhaps you may fear I should prosecute you; indeed I hope you do; and yet Heaven knows I should never have the confidence to appear before a court of justice; and you know, Joey, I am of a forgiving temper. Tell me, Joey, don’t you think I should forgive you?”—“Indeed, madam,” says Joseph, “I will never do anything to disoblige your ladyship.”—“How,” says she, “do you think it would not disoblige me then? Do you think I would willingly suffer you?”—“I don’t understand you, madam,” says Joseph.—“Don’t you?” said she, “then you are either a fool, or pretend to be so; I find I was mistaken in you. So get you downstairs, and never let me see your face again; your pretended innocence cannot impose on me.”—“Madam,” said Joseph, “I would not have your ladyship think any evil of me. I have always endeavoured to be a dutiful servant both to you and my master.”—“O thou villain!” answered my lady; “why didst thou mention the name of that dear man, unless to torment me, to bring his precious memory to my mind?” (and then she burst into a fit of tears.) “Get thee from my sight! I shall never endure thee more.” At which words she turned away from him; and Joseph retreated from the room in a most disconsolate condition, and writ that letter which the reader will find in the next chapter.

## Chapter VI.

*How Joseph Andrews writ a letter to his sister Pamela.*

“TO MRS PAMELA ANDREWS, LIVING WITH SQUIRE BOOBY.

“DEAR SISTER,—Since I received your letter of your good lady’s death, we have had a misfortune of the same kind in our family. My worthy master Sir Thomas died about four days ago; and, what is worse, my poor lady is certainly gone distracted. None of the servants expected her to take it so to heart, because they quarrelled almost every day of their lives: but no more of that, because you know, Pamela, I never loved to tell the secrets of my master’s family; but to be sure you must have known they never loved one another; and I have heard her ladyship wish his honour dead above a thousand times; but nobody knows what it is to lose a friend till they have lost him.

“Don’t tell anybody what I write, because I should not care to have folks say I discover what passes in our family; but if it had not been so great a lady, I should have thought she had had a mind to me. Dear Pamela, don’t tell anybody; but she ordered me to sit down by her bedside, when she was naked in bed; and she held my hand, and talked exactly as a lady does to her sweetheart in a stage-play, which I have seen in Covent Garden, while she wanted him to be no better than he should be.

“If madam be mad, I shall not care for staying long in the family; so I heartily wish you could get me a place, either at the squire’s, or some other neighbouring gentleman’s, unless it be true that you are going to be married to parson Williams, as folks talk, and then I should be very willing to be his clerk; for which you know I am qualified, being able to read and to set a psalm.

“I fancy I shall be discharged very soon; and the moment I am, unless I hear from you, I shall return to my old master’s country-seat, if it be only to see parson Adams, who is the best man in the world. London is a bad place, and there is so little good fellowship, that the next-door neighbours don’t know one another. Pray give my service to all friends that inquire for me. So I rest

“Your loving brother,  
“JOSEPH ANDREWS.”

As soon as Joseph had sealed and directed this letter he walked downstairs, where he met Mrs. Slipslop, with whom we shall take this opportunity to bring the reader a little better acquainted. She was a maiden gentlewoman of about forty-five years of age, who, having made a small slip in her youth, had continued a good maid ever since. She was not at this time remarkably handsome; being very short, and rather too corpulent in body, and somewhat red, with the addition of pimples in the face. Her nose was likewise rather too large, and her eyes too little; nor did she resemble a cow so much in her breath as in two brown globes which she carried before her; one of her legs was also a little shorter than the other, which occasioned her to limp as she walked. This fair creature had long cast the eyes of affection on Joseph, in which she had not met with quite so good success as she probably wished, though, besides the allurements of her native charms, she had given him tea, sweetmeats, wine, and many other delicacies, of which, by keeping the keys, she had the absolute command. Joseph, however, had not returned the least gratitude to all these favours, not even so much as a kiss; though I would not insinuate she was so easily to be satisfied; for surely then he would have been highly blameable. The truth is, she was arrived at an age when she thought she might indulge herself in any liberties with a man, without the danger of bringing a third person into the world to betray them. She imagined that by so long a self-denial she had not only made amends for the small slip of her youth above hinted at, but had likewise laid up a quantity of merit to excuse any future failings. In a word, she resolved to give a loose to her amorous inclinations, and to pay off the debt of pleasure which she found she owed herself, as fast as possible.

With these charms of person, and in this disposition of mind, she encountered poor Joseph at the bottom of the stairs, and asked him if he would drink a glass of

something good this morning. Joseph, whose spirits were not a little cast down, very readily and thankfully accepted the offer; and together they went into a closet, where, having delivered him a full glass of ratafia, and desired him to sit down, Mrs. Slipslop thus began:—

“Sure nothing can be a more simple contract in a woman than to place her affections on a boy. If I had ever thought it would have been my fate, I should have wished to die a thousand deaths rather than live to see that day. If we like a man, the lightest hint sophisticates. Whereas a boy proposes upon us to break through all the regulations of modesty, before we can make any oppression upon him.” Joseph, who did not understand a word she said, answered, “Yes, madam.”— “Yes, madam!” replied Mrs. Slipslop with some warmth, “Do you intend to result my passion? Is it not enough, ungrateful as you are, to make no return to all the favours I have done you; but you must treat me with ironing? Barbarous monster! how have I deserved that my passion should be resulted and treated with ironing?” “Madam,” answered Joseph, “I don’t understand your hard words; but I am certain you have no occasion to call me ungrateful, for, so far from intending you any wrong, I have always loved you as well as if you had been my own mother.” “How, sirrah!” says Mrs. Slipslop in a rage; “your own mother? Do you assinate that I am old enough to be your mother? I don’t know what a stripling may think, but I believe a man would refer me to any green-sickness silly girl whatsoever: but I ought to despise you rather than be angry with you, for referring the conversation of girls to that of a woman of sense.”—“Madam,” says Joseph, “I am sure I have always valued the honour you did me by your conversation, for I know you are a woman of learning.”—“Yes, but, Joseph,” said she, a little softened by the compliment to her learning, “if you had a value for me, you certainly would have found some method of showing it me; for I am convicted you must see the value I have for you. Yes, Joseph, my eyes, whether I would or no, must have declared a passion I cannot conquer.—Oh! Joseph!”

As when a hungry tigress, who long has traversed the woods in fruitless search, sees within the reach of her claws a lamb, she prepares to leap on her prey; or as a voracious pike, of immense size, surveys through the liquid element a roach or gudgeon, which cannot escape her jaws, opens them wide to swallow the little fish; so did Mrs. Slipslop prepare to lay her violent amorous hands on the poor Joseph, when luckily her mistress’s bell rung, and delivered the intended martyr from her clutches. She was obliged to leave him abruptly, and to defer the execution of her purpose till some other time. We shall therefore return to the Lady Booby, and give our reader some account of her behaviour, after she was left by Joseph in a temper of mind not greatly different from that of the inflamed Slipslop.

## Chapter VII.

*Sayings of wise men. A dialogue between the lady and her maid; and a panegyric, or rather satire, on the passion of love, in the sublime style.*

It is the observation of some antient sage, whose name I have forgot, that passions operate differently on the human mind, as diseases on the body, in proportion to the strength or weakness, soundness or rottenness, of the one and the other.

We hope, therefore, a judicious reader will give himself some pains to observe, what we have so greatly laboured to describe, the different operations of this passion of love in the gentle and cultivated mind of the Lady Booby, from those which it effected in the less polished and coarser disposition of Mrs Slipslop.

Another philosopher, whose name also at present escapes my memory, hath somewhere said, that resolutions taken in the absence of the beloved object are very apt to vanish in its presence; on both which wise sayings the following chapter may serve as a comment.

No sooner had Joseph left the room in the manner we have before related than the lady, enraged at her disappointment, began to reflect with severity on her conduct. Her love was now changed to disdain, which pride assisted to torment her. She despised herself for the meanness of her passion, and Joseph for its ill success. However, she had now got the better of it in her own opinion, and determined immediately to dismiss the object. After much tossing and turning in her bed, and many soliloquies, which if we had no better matter for our reader we would give him, she at last rung the bell as above mentioned, and was presently attended by Mrs Slipslop, who was not much better pleased with Joseph than the lady herself.

“Slipslop,” said Lady Booby, “when did you see Joseph?” The poor woman was so surprized at the unexpected sound of his name at so critical a time, that she had the greatest difficulty to conceal the confusion she was under from her mistress; whom she answered, nevertheless, with pretty good confidence, though not entirely void of fear of suspicion, that she had not seen him that morning. “I am afraid,” said Lady Booby, “he is a wild young fellow.”—“That he is,” said Slipslop, “and a wicked one too. To my knowledge he games, drinks, swears, and fights eternally; besides, he is horribly indicted to wenching.”—“Ay!” said the lady, “I never heard that of him.”—“O madam!” answered the other, “he is so lewd a rascal, that if your ladyship keeps him much longer, you will not have one virgin in your house except myself. And yet I can’t conceive what the wenches see in him, to be so foolishly fond as they are; in my eyes, he is as ugly a scarecrow as I ever upheld.”—“Nay,” said the lady, “the boy is well enough.”—“La! ma’am,” cries Slipslop, “I think him the ragmaticallest fellow in the family.”—“Sure, Slipslop,” says she, “you are mistaken: but which of the women do you most suspect?”—“Madam,” says Slipslop, “there is Betty the chambermaid, I am almost convicted, is with child by him.”—“Ay!” says the lady, “then pray pay her her wages instantly. I will keep no such sluts in my family. And as for Joseph, you may discard him too.”—“Would your ladyship have him paid off immediately?” cries Slipslop, “for perhaps, when Betty is gone he may mend: and really the boy is a good servant, and a strong healthy luscious boy enough.”—“This morning,” answered the lady with some vehemence. “I wish, madam,” cries Slipslop, “your ladyship would be

so good as to try him a little longer.”—“I will not have my commands disputed,” said the lady; “sure you are not fond of him yourself?”—“I, madam!” cries Slipslop, reddening, if not blushing, “I should be sorry to think your ladyship had any reason to respect me of fondness for a fellow; and if it be your pleasure, I shall fulfil it with as much reluctance as possible.”—“As little, I suppose you mean,” said the lady; “and so about it instantly.” Mrs. Slipslop went out, and the lady had scarce taken two turns before she fell to knocking and ringing with great violence. Slipslop, who did not travel post haste, soon returned, and was countermanded as to Joseph, but ordered to send Betty about her business without delay. She went out a second time with much greater alacrity than before; when the lady began immediately to accuse herself of want of resolution, and to apprehend the return of her affection, with its pernicious consequences; she therefore applied herself again to the bell, and re-summoned Mrs. Slipslop into her presence; who again returned, and was told by her mistress that she had considered better of the matter, and was absolutely resolved to turn away Joseph; which she ordered her to do immediately. Slipslop, who knew the violence of her lady’s temper, and would not venture her place for any Adonis or Hercules in the universe, left her a third time; which she had no sooner done, than the little god Cupid, fearing he had not yet done the lady’s business, took a fresh arrow with the sharpest point out of his quiver, and shot it directly into her heart; in other and plainer language, the lady’s passion got the better of her reason. She called back Slipslop once more, and told her she had resolved to see the boy, and examine him herself; therefore bid her send him up. This wavering in her mistress’s temper probably put something into the waiting-gentlewoman’s head not necessary to mention to the sagacious reader.

Lady Booby was going to call her back again, but could not prevail with herself. The next consideration therefore was, how she should behave to Joseph when he came in. She resolved to preserve all the dignity of the woman of fashion to her servant, and to indulge herself in this last view of Joseph (for that she was most certainly resolved it should be) at his own expense, by first insulting and then discarding him.

O Love, what monstrous tricks dost thou play with thy votaries of both sexes!  
How dost thou deceive them, and make them deceive themselves! Their follies are thy delight!  
Their sighs make thee laugh, and their pangs are thy merriment!

Not the great Rich, who turns men into monkeys, wheel-barrows, and whatever else best humours his fancy, hath so strangely metamorphosed the human shape; nor the great Cibber, who confounds all number, gender, and breaks through every rule of grammar at his will, hath so distorted the English language as thou dost metamorphose and distort the human senses.

Thou puttest out our eyes, stoppest up our ears, and takest away the power of our nostrils; so that we can neither see the largest object, hear the loudest noise, nor smell the most poignant perfume. Again, when thou pleasest, thou canst make a molehill appear as a mountain, a Jew’s-harp sound like a trumpet, and a daisy smell like a violet. Thou canst make cowardice brave, avarice generous, pride



humble, and cruelty tender-hearted. In short, thou turnest the heart of man inside out, as a juggler doth a petticoat, and bringest whatsoever pleaseth thee out from it. If there be any one who doubts all this, let him read the next chapter.

### Chapter VIII.

*In which, after some very fine writing, the history goes on, and relates the interview between the lady and Joseph; where the latter hath set an example which we despair of seeing followed by his sex in this vicious age.*

Now the rake Hesperus had called for his breeches, and, having well rubbed his drowsy eyes, prepared to dress himself for all night; by whose example his brother rakes on earth likewise leave those beds in which they had slept away the day. Now Thetis, the good housewife, began to put on the pot, in order to regale the good man Phoebus after his daily labours were over. In vulgar language, it was in the evening when Joseph attended his lady's orders.

But as it becomes us to preserve the character of this lady, who is the heroine of our tale; and as we have naturally a wonderful tenderness for that beautiful part of the human species called the fair sex; before we discover too much of her frailty to our reader, it will be proper to give him a lively idea of the vast temptation, which overcame all the efforts of a modest and virtuous mind; and then we humbly hope his good nature will rather pity than condemn the imperfection of human virtue.

Nay, the ladies themselves will, we hope, be induced, by considering the uncommon variety of charms which united in this young man's person, to bridle their rampant passion for chastity, and be at least as mild as their violent modesty and virtue will permit them, in censuring the conduct of a woman who, perhaps, was in her own disposition as chaste as those pure and sanctified virgins who, after a life innocently spent in the gaieties of the town, begin about fifty to attend twice *per diem* at the polite churches and chapels, to return thanks for the grace which preserved them formerly amongst beaux from temptations perhaps less powerful than what now attacked the Lady Booby.

Mr Joseph Andrews was now in the one-and-twentieth year of his age. He was of the highest degree of middle stature; his limbs were put together with great elegance, and no less strength; his legs and thighs were formed in the exactest proportion; his shoulders were broad and brawny, but yet his arm hung so easily, that he had all the symptoms of strength without the least clumsiness. His hair was of a nut-brown colour, and was displayed in wanton ringlets down his back; his forehead was high, his eyes dark, and as full of sweetness as of fire; his nose a little inclined to the Roman; his teeth white and even; his lips full, red, and soft; his beard was only rough on his chin and upper lip; but his cheeks, in which his blood glowed, were overspread with a thick down; his countenance had a tenderness joined with a sensibility inexpressible. Add to this the most perfect neatness in his dress, and an air which, to those who have not seen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility.

Such was the person who now appeared before the lady. She viewed him some time in silence, and twice or thrice before she spoke changed her mind as to the manner in which she should begin. At length she said to him, "Joseph, I am sorry to hear such complaints against you: I am told you behave so rudely to the maids, that they cannot do their business in quiet; I mean those who are not wicked enough to hearken to your solicitations. As to others, they may, perhaps, not call you rude; for there are wicked sluts who make one ashamed of one's own sex, and are as ready to admit any nauseous familiarity as fellows to offer it: nay, there are such in my family, but they shall not stay in it; that impudent trollop who is with child by you is discharged by this time."

As a person who is struck through the heart with a thunderbolt looks extremely surprised, nay, and perhaps is so too—thus the poor Joseph received the false accusation of his mistress; he blushed and looked confounded, which she misinterpreted to be symptoms of his guilt, and thus went on:—

"Come hither, Joseph: another mistress might discard you for these offences; but I have a compassion for your youth, and if I could be certain you would be no more guilty—Consider, child," laying her hand carelessly upon his, "you are a handsome young fellow, and might do better; you might make your fortune." "Madam," said Joseph, "I do assure your ladyship I don't know whether any maid in the house is man or woman." "Oh fie! Joseph," answered the lady, "don't commit another crime in denying the truth. I could pardon the first; but I hate a liar." "Madam," cries Joseph, "I hope your ladyship will not be offended at my asserting my innocence; for, by all that is sacred, I have never offered more than kissing." "Kissing!" said the lady, with great discomposure of countenance, and more redness in her cheeks than anger in her eyes; "do you call that no crime? Kissing, Joseph, is as a prologue to a play. Can I believe a young fellow of your age and complexion will be content with kissing? No, Joseph, there is no woman who grants that but will grant more; and I am deceived greatly in you if you would not put her closely to it. What would you think, Joseph, if I admitted you to kiss me?" Joseph replied he would sooner die than have any such thought. "And yet, Joseph," returned she, "ladies have admitted their footmen to such familiarities; and footmen, I confess to you, much less deserving them; fellows without half your charms—for such might almost excuse the crime. Tell me therefore, Joseph, if I should admit you to such freedom, what would you think of me?—tell me freely." "Madam," said Joseph, "I should think your ladyship condescended a great deal below yourself." "Pugh!" said she; "that I am to answer to myself: but would not you insist on more? Would you be contented with a kiss? Would not your inclinations be all on fire rather by such a favour?" "Madam," said Joseph, "if they were, I hope I should be able to controul them, without suffering them to get the better of my virtue." You have heard, reader, poets talk of the statue of Surprise; you have heard likewise, or else you have heard very little, how Surprise made one of the sons of Croesus speak, though he was dumb. You have seen the faces, in the eighteen-penny gallery, when, through the trap-door, to soft or no music, Mr. Bridgewater, Mr. William Mills, or

some other of ghostly appearance, hath ascended, with a face all pale with powder, and a shirt all bloody with ribbons;—but from none of these, nor from Phidias or Praxiteles, if they should return to life—no, not from the inimitable pencil of my friend Hogarth, could you receive such an idea of surprize as would have entered in at your eyes had they beheld the Lady Booby when those last words issued out from the lips of Joseph. “Your virtue!” said the lady, recovering after a silence of two minutes; “I shall never survive it. Your virtue!—intolerable confidence! Have you the assurance to pretend, that when a lady demeans herself to throw aside the rules of decency, in order to honour you with the highest favour in her power, your virtue should resist her inclination? that, when she had conquered her own virtue, she should find an obstruction in yours?” “Madam,” said Joseph, “I can’t see why her having no virtue should be a reason against my having any; or why, because I am a man, or because I am poor, my virtue must be subservient to her pleasures.” “I am out of patience,” cries the lady: “did ever mortal hear of a man’s virtue? Did ever the greatest or the gravest men pretend to any of this kind? Will magistrates who punish lewdness, or parsons who preach against it, make any scruple of committing it? And can a boy, a stripling, have the confidence to talk of his virtue?” “Madam,” says Joseph, “that boy is the brother of Pamela, and would be ashamed that the chastity of his family, which is preserved in her, should be stained in him. If there are such men as your ladyship mentions, I am sorry for it; and I wish they had an opportunity of reading over those letters which my father hath sent me of my sister Pamela’s; nor do I doubt but such an example would amend them.” “You impudent villain!” cries the lady in a rage; “do you insult me with the follies of my relation, who hath exposed himself all over the country upon your sister’s account? a little vixen, whom I have always wondered my late Lady Booby ever kept in her house. Sirrah! get out of my sight, and prepare to set out this night; for I will order you your wages immediately, and you shall be stripped and turned away.” “Madam,” says Joseph, “I am sorry I have offended your ladyship, I am sure I never intended it.” “Yes, sirrah,” cries she, “you have had the vanity to misconstrue the little innocent freedom I took, in order to try whether what I had heard was true. O’ my conscience, you have had the assurance to imagine I was fond of you myself.” Joseph answered, he had only spoke out of tenderness for his virtue; at which words she flew into a violent passion, and refusing to hear more, ordered him instantly to leave the room.

He was no sooner gone than she burst forth into the following exclamation:—“Whither doth this violent passion hurry us? What meannesses do we submit to from its impulse! Wisely we resist its first and least approaches; for it is then only we can assure ourselves the victory. No woman could ever safely say, so far only will I go. Have I not exposed myself to the refusal of my footman? I cannot bear the reflection.” Upon which she applied herself to the bell, and rung it with infinite more violence than was necessary—the faithful Slipslop attending near at hand: to say the truth, she had conceived a suspicion at her last interview with her mistress, and had waited ever since in the antechamber, having carefully applied her ears to

the keyhole during the whole time that the preceding conversation passed between Joseph and the lady.

### Chapter IX.

*What passed between the lady and Mrs Slipslop; in which we prophesy there are some strokes which every one will not truly comprehend at the first reading.*

“Slipslop,” said the lady, “I find too much reason to believe all thou hast told me of this wicked Joseph; I have determined to part with him instantly; so go you to the steward, and bid him pay his wages.” Slipslop, who had preserved hitherto a distance to her lady—rather out of necessity than inclination—and who thought the knowledge of this secret had thrown down all distinction between them, answered her mistress very pertly—“She wished she knew her own mind; and that she was certain she would call her back again before she was got half-way downstairs.” The lady replied, she had taken a resolution, and was resolved to keep it. “I am sorry for it,” cries Slipslop, “and, if I had known you would have punished the poor lad so severely, you should never have heard a particle of the matter. Here’s a fuss indeed about nothing!” “Nothing!” returned my lady; “do you think I will countenance lewdness in my house?” “If you will turn away every footman,” said Slipslop, “that is a lover of the sport, you must soon open the coach door yourself, or get a set of mophrodites to wait upon you; and I am sure I hated the sight of them even singing in an opera.” “Do as I bid you,” says my lady, “and don’t shock my ears with your beastly language.” “Marry-come-up,” cries Slipslop, “people’s ears are sometimes the nicest part about them.”

The lady, who began to admire the new style in which her waiting-gentlewoman delivered herself, and by the conclusion of her speech suspected somewhat of the truth, called her back, and desired to know what she meant by the extraordinary degree of freedom in which she thought proper to indulge her tongue. “Freedom!” says Slipslop; “I don’t know what you call freedom, madam; servants have tongues as well as their mistresses.” “Yes, and saucy ones too,” answered the lady; “but I assure you I shall bear no such impertinence.” “Impertinence! I don’t know that I am impertinent,” says Slipslop. “Yes, indeed you are,” cries my lady, “and, unless you mend your manners, this house is no place for you.” “Manners!” cries Slipslop; “I never was thought to want manners nor modesty neither; and for places, there are more places than one; and I know what I know.” “What do you know, mistress?” answered the lady. “I am not obliged to tell that to everybody,” says Slipslop, “any more than I am obliged to keep it a secret.” “I desire you would provide yourself,” answered the lady. “With all my heart,” replied the waiting-gentlewoman; and so departed in a passion, and slapped the door after her.

The lady too plainly perceived that her waiting-gentlewoman knew more than she would willingly have had her acquainted with; and this she imputed to Joseph’s

having discovered to her what passed at the first interview. This, therefore, blew up her rage against him, and confirmed her in a resolution of parting with him.

But the dismissing Mrs Slipslop was a point not so easily to be resolved upon. She had the utmost tenderness for her reputation, as she knew on that depended many of the most valuable blessings of life; particularly cards, making curtsies in public places, and, above all, the pleasure of demolishing the reputations of others, in which innocent amusement she had an extraordinary delight. She therefore determined to submit to any insult from a servant, rather than run a risque of losing the title to so many great privileges.

She therefore sent for her steward, Mr Peter Pounce, and ordered him to pay Joseph his wages, to strip off his livery, and to turn him out of the house that evening.

She then called Slipslop up, and, after refreshing her spirits with a small cordial, which she kept in her corset, she began in the following manner:—

“Slipslop, why will you, who know my passionate temper, attempt to provoke me by your answers? I am convinced you are an honest servant, and should be very unwilling to part with you. I believe, likewise, you have found me an indulgent mistress on many occasions, and have as little reason on your side to desire a change. I can’t help being surprized, therefore, that you will take the surest method to offend me—I mean, repeating my words, which you know I have always detested.”

The prudent waiting-gentlewoman had duly weighed the whole matter, and found, on mature deliberation, that a good place in possession was better than one in expectation. As she found her mistress, therefore, inclined to relent, she thought proper also to put on some small condescension, which was as readily accepted; and so the affair was reconciled, all offences forgiven, and a present of a gown and petticoat made her, as an instance of her lady’s future favour.

She offered once or twice to speak in favour of Joseph; but found her lady’s heart so obdurate, that she prudently dropt all such efforts. She considered there were more footmen in the house, and some as stout fellows, though not quite so handsome, as Joseph; besides, the reader hath already seen her tender advances had not met with the encouragement she might have reasonable expected. She thought she had thrown away a great deal of sack and sweetmeats on an ungrateful rascal; and, being a little inclined to the opinion of that female sect, who hold one lusty young fellow to be nearly as good as another lusty young fellow, she at last gave up Joseph and his cause, and, with a triumph over her passion highly commendable, walked off with her present, and with great tranquillity paid a visit to a stone-bottle, which is of sovereign use to a philosophical temper.

She left not her mistress so easy. The poor lady could not reflect without agony that her dear reputation was in the power of her servants. All her comfort as to Joseph was, that she hoped he did not understand her meaning; at least she could say for herself, she had not plainly expressed anything to him; and as to Mrs Slipslop, she imagines she could bribe her to secrecy.

But what hurt her most was, that in reality she had not so entirely conquered her passion; the little god lay lurking in her heart, though anger and disdain so

hood-winked her, that she could not see him. She was a thousand times on the very brink of revoking the sentence she had passed against the poor youth. Love became his advocate, and whispered many things in his favour. Honour likewise endeavoured to vindicate his crime, and Pity to mitigate his punishment. On the other side, Pride and Revenge spoke as loudly against him. And thus the poor lady was tortured with perplexity, opposite passions distracting and tearing her mind different ways.

So have I seen, in the hall of Westminster, where Serjeant Bramble hath been retained on the right side, and Serjeant Puzzle on the left, the balance of opinion (so equal were their fees) alternately incline to either scale. Now Bramble throws in an argument, and Puzzle's scale strikes the beam; again Bramble shares the like fate, overpowered by the weight of Puzzle. Here Bramble hits, there Puzzle strikes; here one has you, there t'other has you; till at last all becomes one scene of confusion in the tortured minds of the hearers; equal wagers are laid on the success, and neither judge nor jury can possibly make anything of the matter; all things are so enveloped by the careful serjeants in doubt and obscurity.

Or, as it happens in the conscience, where honour and honesty pull one way, and a bribe and necessity another.—If it was our present business only to make similes, we could produce many more to this purpose; but a simile (as well as a word) to the wise.—We shall therefore see a little after our hero, for whom the reader is doubtless in some pain.

## Chapter X.

*Joseph writes another letter: his transactions with Mr Peter Pounce, &c., with his departure from Lady Booby.*

The disconsolate Joseph would not have had an understanding sufficient for the principal subject of such a book as this, if he had any longer misunderstood the drift of his mistress; and indeed, that he did not discern it sooner, the reader will be pleased to impute to an unwillingness in him to discover what he must condemn in her as a fault. Having therefore quitted her presence, he retired into his own garret, and entered himself into an ejaculation on the numberless calamities which attended beauty, and the misfortune it was to be handsomer than one's neighbours.

He then sat down, and addressed himself to his sister Pamela in the following words:—

“Dear Sister Pamela,—Hoping you are well, what news have I to tell you! O Pamela! my mistress is fallen in love with me—that is, what great folks call falling in love—she has a mind to ruin me; but I hope I shall have more resolution and more grace than to part with my virtue to any lady upon earth.

“Mr Adams hath often told me, that chastity is as great a virtue in a man as in a woman. He says he never knew any more than his wife, and I shall endeavour to follow his example. Indeed, it is owing entirely to his excellent sermons and advice,

together with your letters, that I have been able to resist a temptation, which, he says, no man complies with, but he repents in this world, or is damned for it in the next; and why should I trust to repentance on my deathbed, since I may die in my sleep? What fine things are good advice and good examples! But I am glad she turned me out of the chamber as she did: for I had once almost forgotten every word parson Adams had ever said to me.

“I don’t doubt, dear sister, but you will have grace to preserve your virtue against all trials; and I beg you earnestly to pray I may be enabled to preserve mine; for truly it is very severely attacked by more than one; but I hope I shall copy your example, and that of Joseph my namesake, and maintain my virtue against all temptations.”

Joseph had not finished his letter, when he was summoned downstairs by Mr Peter Pounce, to receive his wages; for, besides that out of eight pounds a year he allowed his father and mother four, he had been obliged, in order to furnish himself with musical instruments, to apply to the generosity of the aforesaid Peter, who, on urgent occasions, used to advance the servants their wages: not before they were due, but before they were payable; that is, perhaps, half a year after they were due; and this at the moderate premium of fifty per cent, or a little more: by which charitable methods, together with lending money to other people, and even to his own master and mistress, the honest man had, from nothing, in a few years amassed a small sum of twenty thousand pounds or thereabouts.

Joseph having received his little remainder of wages, and having stript off his livery, was forced to borrow a frock and breeches of one of the servants (for he was so beloved in the family, that they would all have lent him anything): and, being told by Peter that he must not stay a moment longer in the house than was necessary to pack up his linen, which he easily did in a very narrow compass, he took a melancholy leave of his fellow-servants, and set out at seven in the evening.

He had proceeded the length of two or three streets, before he absolutely determined with himself whether he should leave the town that night, or, procuring a lodging, wait till the morning. At last, the moon shining very bright helped him to come to a resolution of beginning his journey immediately, to which likewise he had some other inducements; which the reader, without being a conjurer, cannot possibly guess, till we have given him those hints which it may be now proper to open.

## **Chapter XI.**

*Of several new matters not expected.*

It is an observation sometimes made, that to indicate our idea of a simple fellow, we say, he is easily to be seen through: nor do I believe it a more improper denotation of a simple book. Instead of applying this to any particular performance, we chuse rather to remark the contrary in this history, where the

scene opens itself by small degrees; and he is a sagacious reader who can see two chapters before him.

For this reason, we have not hitherto hinted a matter which now seems necessary to be explained; since it may be wondered at, first, that Joseph made such extraordinary haste out of town, which hath been already shewn; and secondly, which will be now shewn, that, instead of proceeding to the habitation of his father and mother, or to his beloved sister Pamela, he chose rather to set out full speed to the Lady Booby's country-seat, which he had left on his journey to London.

Be it known, then, that in the same parish where this seat stood there lived a young girl whom Joseph (though the best of sons and brothers) longed more impatiently to see than his parents or his sister. She was a poor girl, who had formerly been bred up in Sir John's family; whence, a little before the journey to London, she had been discarded by Mrs Slipslop, on account of her extraordinary beauty: for I never could find any other reason.

This young creature (who now lived with a farmer in the parish) had been always beloved by Joseph, and returned his affection. She was two years only younger than our hero. They had been acquainted from their infancy, and had conceived a very early liking for each other; which had grown to such a degree of affection, that Mr Adams had with much ado prevented them from marrying, and persuaded them to wait till a few years' service and thrift had a little improved their experience, and enabled them to live comfortably together.

They followed this good man's advice, as indeed his word was little less than a law in his parish; for as he had shown his parishioners, by an uniform behaviour of thirty-five years' duration, that he had their good entirely at heart, so they consulted him on every occasion, and very seldom acted contrary to his opinion.

Nothing can be imagined more tender than was the parting between these two lovers. A thousand sighs heaved the bosom of Joseph, a thousand tears distilled from the lovely eyes of Fanny (for that was her name). Though her modesty would only suffer her to admit his eager kisses, her violent love made her more than passive in his embraces; and she often pulled him to her breast with a soft pressure, which though perhaps it would not have squeezed an insect to death, caused more emotion in the heart of Joseph than the closest Cornish hug could have done.

The reader may perhaps wonder that so fond a pair should, during a twelvemonth's absence, never converse with one another: indeed, there was but one reason which did or could have prevented them; and this was, that poor Fanny could neither write nor read: nor could she be prevailed upon to transmit the delicacies of her tender and chaste passion by the hands of an amanuensis.

They contented themselves therefore with frequent inquiries after each other's health, with a mutual confidence in each other's fidelity, and the prospect of their future happiness.

Having explained these matters to our reader, and, as far as possible, satisfied all his doubts, we return to honest Joseph, whom we left just set out on his travels by the light of the moon.



Those who have read any romance or poetry, antient or modern, must have been informed that love hath wings: by which they are not to understand, as some young ladies by mistake have done, that a lover can fly; the writers, by this ingenious allegory, intending to insinuate no more than that lovers do not march like horse-guards; in short, that they put the best leg foremost; which our lusty youth, who could walk with any man, did so heartily on this occasion, that within four hours he reached a famous house of hospitality well known to the western traveller. It presents you a lion on the sign-post: and the master, who was christened Timotheus, is commonly called plain Tim. Some have conceived that he hath particularly chosen the lion for his sign, as he doth in countenance greatly resemble that magnanimous beast, though his disposition savours more of the sweetness of the lamb. He is a person well received among all sorts of men, being qualified to render himself agreeable to any; as he is well versed in history and politics, hath a smattering in law and divinity, cracks a good jest, and plays wonderfully well on the French horn.

A violent storm of hail forced Joseph to take shelter in this inn, where he remembered Sir Thomas had dined in his way to town. Joseph had no sooner seated himself by the kitchen fire than Timotheus, observing his livery, began to condole the loss of his late master; who was, he said, his very particular and intimate acquaintance, with whom he had cracked many a merry bottle, ay many a dozen, in his time. He then remarked, that all these things were over now, all passed, and just as if they had never been; and concluded with an excellent observation on the certainty of death, which his wife said was indeed very true. A fellow now arrived at the same inn with two horses, one of which he was leading farther down into the country to meet his master; these he put into the stable, and came and took his place by Joseph's side, who immediately knew him to be the servant of a neighbouring gentleman, who used to visit at their house.

This fellow was likewise forced in by the storm; for he had orders to go twenty miles farther that evening, and luckily on the same road which Joseph himself intended to take. He, therefore, embraced this opportunity of complimenting his friend with his master's horse (notwithstanding he had received express commands to the contrary), which was readily accepted; and so, after they had drank a loving pot, and the storm was over, they set out together.

## **Chapter XII.**

*Containing many surprizing adventures which Joseph Andrews met with on the road, scarce credible to those who have never travelled in a stage-coach.*

Nothing remarkable happened on the road till their arrival at the inn to which the horses were ordered; whither they came about two in the morning. The moon then shone very bright; and Joseph, making his friend a present of a pint of wine, and thanking him for the favour of his horse, notwithstanding all entreaties to the contrary, proceeded on his journey on foot.

He had not gone above two miles, charmed with the hope of shortly seeing his beloved Fanny, when he was met by two fellows in a narrow lane, and ordered to stand and deliver. He readily gave them all the money he had, which was somewhat less than two pounds; and told them he hoped they would be so generous as to return him a few shillings, to defray his charges on his way home.

One of the ruffians answered with an oath, "Yes, we'll give you something presently: but first strip and be d—n'd to you."—"Strip," cried the other, "or I'll blow your brains to the devil." Joseph, remembering that he had borrowed his coat and breeches of a friend, and that he should be ashamed of making any excuse for not returning them, replied, he hoped they would not insist on his clothes, which were not worth much, but consider the coldness of the night. "You are cold, are you, you rascal?" said one of the robbers: "I'll warm you with a vengeance;" and, damning his eyes, snapped a pistol at his head; which he had no sooner done than the other levelled a blow at him with his stick, which Joseph, who was expert at cudgel-playing, caught with his, and returned the favour so successfully on his adversary, that he laid him sprawling at his feet, and at the same instant received a blow from behind, with the butt end of a pistol, from the other villain, which felled him to the ground, and totally deprived him of his senses.

The thief who had been knocked down had now recovered himself; and both together fell to belabouring poor Joseph with their sticks, till they were convinced they had put an end to his miserable being: they then stripped him entirely naked, threw him into a ditch, and departed with their booty.

The poor wretch, who lay motionless a long time, just began to recover his senses as a stage-coach came by. The postillion, hearing a man's groans, stopt his horses, and told the coachman he was certain there was a dead man lying in the ditch, for he heard him groan. "Go on, sirrah," says the coachman; "we are confounded late, and have no time to look after dead men." A lady, who heard what the postillion said, and likewise heard the groan, called eagerly to the coachman to stop and see what was the matter. Upon which he bid the postillion alight, and look into the ditch. He did so, and returned, "that there was a man sitting upright, as naked as ever he was born."—"O J—sus!" cried the lady; "a naked man! Dear coachman, drive on and leave him." Upon this the gentlemen got out of the coach; and Joseph begged them to have mercy upon him: for that he had been robbed and almost beaten to death. "Robbed!" cries an old gentleman: "let us make all the haste imaginable, or we shall be robbed too." A young man who belonged to the law answered, "He wished they had passed by without taking any notice; but that now they might be proved to have been last in his company; if he should die they might be called to some account for his murder. He therefore thought it advisable to save the poor creature's life, for their own sakes, if possible; at least, if he died, to prevent the jury's finding that they fled for it. He was therefore of opinion to take the man into the coach, and carry him to the next inn." The lady insisted, "That he should not come into the coach. That if they lifted him in, she would herself alight: for she had rather stay in that place to all eternity than ride with a naked man." The

coachman objected, "That he could not suffer him to be taken in unless somebody would pay a shilling for his carriage the four miles." Which the two gentlemen refused to do. But the lawyer, who was afraid of some mischief happening to himself, if the wretch was left behind in that condition, saying no man could be too cautious in these matters, and that he remembered very extraordinary cases in the books, threatened the coachman, and bid him deny taking him up at his peril; for that, if he died, he should be indicted for his murder; and if he lived, and brought an action against him, he would willingly take a brief in it. These words had a sensible effect on the coachman, who was well acquainted with the person who spoke them; and the old gentleman above mentioned, thinking the naked man would afford him frequent opportunities of showing his wit to the lady, offered to join with the company in giving a mug of beer for his fare; till, partly alarmed by the threats of the one, and partly by the promises of the other, and being perhaps a little moved with compassion at the poor creature's condition, who stood bleeding and shivering with the cold, he at length agreed; and Joseph was now advancing to the coach, where, seeing the lady, who held the sticks of her fan before her eyes, he absolutely refused, miserable as he was, to enter, unless he was furnished with sufficient covering to prevent giving the least offence to decency—so perfectly modest was this young man; such mighty effects had the spotless example of the amiable Pamela, and the excellent sermons of Mr Adams, wrought upon him.

Though there were several greatcoats about the coach, it was not easy to get over this difficulty which Joseph had started. The two gentlemen complained they were cold, and could not spare a rag; the man of wit saying, with a laugh, that charity began at home; and the coachman, who had two greatcoats spread under him, refused to lend either, lest they should be made bloody: the lady's footman desired to be excused for the same reason, which the lady herself, notwithstanding her abhorrence of a naked man, approved: and it is more than probable poor Joseph, who obstinately adhered to his modest resolution, must have perished, unless the postillion (a lad who hath been since transported for robbing a hen-roost) had voluntarily stript off a greatcoat, his only garment, at the same time swearing a great oath (for which he was rebuked by the passengers), "that he would rather ride in his shirt all his life than suffer a fellow-creature to lie in so miserable a condition."

Joseph, having put on the greatcoat, was lifted into the coach, which now proceeded on its journey. He declared himself almost dead with the cold, which gave the man of wit an occasion to ask the lady if she could not accommodate him with a dram. She answered, with some resentment, "She wondered at his asking her such a question; but assured him she never tasted any such thing."

The lawyer was inquiring into the circumstances of the robbery, when the coach stopt, and one of the ruffians, putting a pistol in, demanded their money of the passengers, who readily gave it them; and the lady, in her fright, delivered up a little silver bottle, of about a half-pint size, which the rogue, clapping it to his mouth, and drinking her health, declared, held some of the best Nantes he had

ever tasted: this the lady afterwards assured the company was the mistake of her maid, for that she had ordered her to fill the bottle with Hungary-water.

As soon as the fellows were departed, the lawyer, who had, it seems, a case of pistols in the seat of the coach, informed the company, that if it had been daylight, and he could have come at his pistols, he would not have submitted to the robbery: he likewise set forth that he had often met highwaymen when he travelled on horseback, but none ever durst attack him; concluding that, if he had not been more afraid for the lady than for himself, he should not have now parted with his money so easily.

As wit is generally observed to love to reside in empty pockets, so the gentleman whose ingenuity we have above remarked, as soon as he had parted with his money, began to grow wonderfully facetious. He made frequent allusions to Adam and Eve, and said many excellent things on figs and fig-leaves; which perhaps gave more offence to Joseph than to any other in the company.

The lawyer likewise made several very pretty jests without departing from his profession. He said, "If Joseph and the lady were alone, he would be more capable of making a conveyance to her, as his affairs were not fettered with any incumbrance; he'd warrant he soon suffered a recovery by a writ of entry, which was the proper way to create heirs in tail; that, for his own part, he would engage to make so firm a settlement in a coach, that there should be no danger of an ejection," with an inundation of the like gibberish, which he continued to vent till the coach arrived at an inn, where one servant-maid only was up, in readiness to attend the coachman, and furnish him with cold meat and a dram. Joseph desired to alight, and that he might have a bed prepared for him, which the maid readily promised to perform; and, being a good-natured wench, and not so squeamish as the lady had been, she clapt a large fagot on the fire, and, furnishing Joseph with a greatcoat belonging to one of the hostlers, desired him to sit down and warm himself whilst she made his bed. The coachman, in the meantime, took an opportunity to call up a surgeon, who lived within a few doors; after which, he reminded his passengers how late they were, and, after they had taken leave of Joseph, hurried them off as fast as he could.

The wench soon got Joseph to bed, and promised to use her interest to borrow him a shirt; but imagining, as she afterwards said, by his being so bloody, that he must be a dead man, she ran with all speed to hasten the surgeon, who was more than half drest, apprehending that the coach had been overturned, and some gentleman or lady hurt. As soon as the wench had informed him at his window that it was a poor foot-passenger who had been stripped of all he had, and almost murdered, he chid her for disturbing him so early, slipped off his clothes again, and very quietly returned to bed and to sleep.

Aurora now began to shew her blooming cheeks over the hills, whilst ten millions of feathered songsters, in jocund chorus, repeated odes a thousand times sweeter than those of our laureat, and sung both the day and the song; when the master of the inn, Mr Tow-wouse, arose, and learning from his maid an account of

the robbery, and the situation of his poor naked guest, he shook his head, and cried, "good-lack-a-day!" and then ordered the girl to carry him one of his own shirts.

Mrs Tow-wouse was just awake, and had stretched out her arms in vain to fold her departed husband, when the maid entered the room. "Who's there? Betty?"—"Yes, madam."—"Where's your master?"—"He's without, madam; he hath sent me for a shirt to lend a poor naked man, who hath been robbed and murdered."—"Touch one if you dare, you slut," said Mrs Tow-wouse: "your master is a pretty sort of a man, to take in naked vagabonds, and clothe them with his own clothes. I shall have no such doings. If you offer to touch anything, I'll throw the chamber-pot at your head. Go, send your master to me."—"Yes, madam," answered Betty. As soon as he came in, she thus began: "What the devil do you mean by this, Mr Tow-wouse? Am I to buy shirts to lend to a set of scabby rascals?"—"My dear," said Mr Tow-wouse, "this is a poor wretch."—"Yes," says she, "I know it is a poor wretch; but what the devil have we to do with poor wretches? The law makes us provide for too many already. We shall have thirty or forty poor wretches in red coats shortly."—"My dear," cries Tow-wouse, "this man hath been robbed of all he hath."—"Well then," said she, "where's his money to pay his reckoning? Why doth not such a fellow go to an alehouse? I shall send him packing as soon as I am up, I assure you."—"My dear," said he, "common charity won't suffer you to do that."—"Common charity, a f—t!" says she, "common charity teaches us to provide for ourselves and our families; and I and mine won't be ruined by your charity, I assure you."—"Well," says he, "my dear, do as you will, when you are up; you know I never contradict you."—"No," says she; "if the devil was to contradict me, I would make the house too hot to hold him."

With such like discourses they consumed near half-an-hour, whilst Betty provided a shirt from the hostler, who was one of her sweethearts, and put it on poor Joseph. The surgeon had likewise at last visited him, and washed and drest his wounds, and was now come to acquaint Mr Tow-wouse that his guest was in such extreme danger of his life, that he scarce saw any hopes of his recovery. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish," cries Mrs Tow-wouse, "you have brought upon us! We are like to have a funeral at our own expense." Tow-wouse (who, notwithstanding his charity, would have given his vote as freely as ever he did at an election, that any other house in the kingdom should have quiet possession of his guest) answered, "My dear, I am not to blame; he was brought hither by the stage-coach, and Betty had put him to bed before I was stirring."—"I'll Betty her," says she.—At which, with half her garments on, the other half under her arm, she sallied out in quest of the unfortunate Betty, whilst Tow-wouse and the surgeon went to pay a visit to poor Joseph, and inquire into the circumstances of this melancholy affair.

### Chapter XIII.

*What happened to Joseph during his sickness at the inn, with the curious discourse between him and Mr Barnabas, the parson of the parish.*

As soon as Joseph had communicated a particular history of the robbery, together with a short account of himself, and his intended journey, he asked the surgeon if he apprehended him to be in any danger: to which the surgeon very honestly answered, "He feared he was; for that his pulse was very exalted and feverish, and, if his fever should prove more than symptomatic, it would be impossible to save him." Joseph, fetching a deep sigh, cried, "Poor Fanny, I would I could have lived to see thee! but God's will be done."

The surgeon then advised him, if he had any worldly affairs to settle, that he would do it as soon as possible; for, though he hoped he might recover, yet he thought himself obliged to acquaint him he was in great danger; and if the malign concoction of his humours should cause a suscitation of his fever, he might soon grow delirious and incapable to make his will. Joseph answered, "That it was impossible for any creature in the universe to be in a poorer condition than himself; for since the robbery he had not one thing of any kind whatever which he could call his own." "I had," said he, "a poor little piece of gold, which they took away, that would have been a comfort to me in all my afflictions; but surely, Fanny, I want nothing to remind me of thee. I have thy dear image in my heart, and no villain can ever tear it thence."

Joseph desired paper and pens, to write a letter, but they were refused him; and he was advised to use all his endeavours to compose himself. They then left him; and Mr Tow-ouse sent to a clergyman to come and administer his good offices to the soul of poor Joseph, since the surgeon despaired of making any successful applications to his body.

Mr Barnabas (for that was the clergyman's name) came as soon as sent for; and, having first drank a dish of tea with the landlady, and afterwards a bowl of punch with the landlord, he walked up to the room where Joseph lay; but, finding him asleep, returned to take the other sneaker; which when he had finished, he again crept softly up to the chamber-door, and, having opened it, heard the sick man talking to himself in the following manner:—

"O most adorable Pamela! most virtuous sister! whose example could alone enable me to withstand all the temptations of riches and beauty, and to preserve my virtue pure and chaste for the arms of my dear Fanny, if it had pleased Heaven that I should ever have come unto them. What riches, or honours, or pleasures, can make us amends for the loss of innocence? Doth not that alone afford us more consolation than all worldly acquisitions? What but innocence and virtue could give any comfort to such a miserable wretch as I am? Yet these can make me prefer this sick and painful bed to all the pleasures I should have found in my lady's. These can make me face death without fear; and though I love my Fanny more than ever man loved a woman, these can teach me to resign myself to the Divine will without repining. O thou delightful charming creature! if Heaven had indulged thee to my arms, the poorest, humblest state would have been a paradise; I could have lived with thee in the lowest cottage without envying the palaces, the dainties, or the riches of any man breathing. But I must leave thee, leave thee for ever, my dearest

angel! I must think of another world; and I heartily pray thou may'st meet comfort in this."—Barnabas thought he had heard enough, so downstairs he went, and told Tow-wouse he could do his guest no service; for that he was very light-headed, and had uttered nothing but a rhapsody of nonsense all the time he stayed in the room.

The surgeon returned in the afternoon, and found his patient in a higher fever, as he said, than when he left him, though not delirious; for, notwithstanding Mr Barnabas's opinion, he had not been once out of his senses since his arrival at the inn.

Mr Barnabas was again sent for, and with much difficulty prevailed on to make another visit. As soon as he entered the room he told Joseph "He was come to pray by him, and to prepare him for another world: in the first place, therefore, he hoped he had repented of all his sins." Joseph answered, "He hoped he had; but there was one thing which he knew not whether he should call a sin; if it was, he feared he should die in the commission of it; and that was, the regret of parting with a young woman whom he loved as tenderly as he did his heart-strings." Barnabas bad him be assured "that any repining at the Divine will was one of the greatest sins he could commit; that he ought to forget all carnal affections, and think of better things." Joseph said, "That neither in this world nor the next he could forget his Fanny; and that the thought, however grievous, of parting from her for ever, was not half so tormenting as the fear of what she would suffer when she knew his misfortune." Barnabas said, "That such fears argued a diffidence and despondence very criminal; that he must divest himself of all human passions, and fix his heart above." Joseph answered, "That was what he desired to do, and should be obliged to him if he would enable him to accomplish it." Barnabas replied, "That must be done by grace." Joseph besought him to discover how he might attain it. Barnabas answered, "By prayer and faith." He then questioned him concerning his forgiveness of the thieves. Joseph answered, "He feared that was more than he could do; for nothing would give him more pleasure than to hear they were taken."—"That," cries Barnabas, "is for the sake of justice."—"Yes," said Joseph, "but if I was to meet them again, I am afraid I should attack them, and kill them too, if I could."—"Doubtless," answered Barnabas, "it is lawful to kill a thief; but can you say you forgive them as a Christian ought?" Joseph desired to know what that forgiveness was. "That is," answered Barnabas, "to forgive them as—as—it is to forgive them as—in short, it is to forgive them as a Christian."—Joseph replied, "He forgave them as much as he could."—"Well, well," said Barnabas, "that will do." He then demanded of him, "If he remembered any more sins unrepented of; and if he did, he desired him to make haste and repent of them as fast as he could, that they might repeat over a few prayers together." Joseph answered, "He could not recollect any great crimes he had been guilty of, and that those he had committed he was sincerely sorry for." Barnabas said that was enough, and then proceeded to prayer with all the expedition he was master of, some company then waiting for him below in the parlour, where the ingredients for punch were all in readiness; but no one would squeeze the oranges till he came.

Joseph complained he was dry, and desired a little tea; which Barnabas reported to Mrs Tow-ouse, who answered, "She had just done drinking it, and could not be slopping all day;" but ordered Betty to carry him up some small beer.

Betty obeyed her mistress's commands; but Joseph, as soon as he had tasted it, said, he feared it would increase his fever, and that he longed very much for tea; to which the good-natured Betty answered, he should have tea, if there was any in the land; she accordingly went and bought him some herself, and attended him with it; where we will leave her and Joseph together for some time, to entertain the reader with other matters.

#### **Chapter XIV.**

*Being very full of adventures which succeeded each other at the inn.*

It was now the dusk of the evening, when a grave person rode into the inn, and, committing his horse to the hostler, went directly into the kitchen, and, having called for a pipe of tobacco, took his place by the fireside, where several other persons were likewise assembled.

The discourse ran altogether on the robbery which was committed the night before, and on the poor wretch who lay above in the dreadful condition in which we have already seen him. Mrs Tow-ouse said, "She wondered what the devil Tom Whipwell meant by bringing such guests to her house, when there were so many alehouses on the road proper for their reception. But she assured him, if he died, the parish should be at the expense of the funeral." She added, "Nothing would serve the fellow's turn but tea, she would assure him." Betty, who was just returned from her charitable office, answered, she believed he was a gentleman, for she never saw a finer skin in her life. "Pox on his skin!" replied Mrs Tow-ouse, "I suppose that is all we are like to have for the reckoning. I desire no such gentlemen should ever call at the Dragon" (which it seems was the sign of the inn).

The gentleman lately arrived discovered a great deal of emotion at the distress of this poor creature, whom he observed to be fallen not into the most compassionate hands. And indeed, if Mrs Tow-ouse had given no utterance to the sweetness of her temper, nature had taken such pains in her countenance, that Hogarth himself never gave more expression to a picture.

Her person was short, thin, and crooked. Her forehead projected in the middle, and thence descended in a declivity to the top of her nose, which was sharp and red, and would have hung over her lips, had not nature turned up the end of it. Her lips were two bits of skin, which, whenever she spoke, she drew together in a purse. Her chin was peaked; and at the upper end of that skin which composed her cheeks, stood two bones, that almost hid a pair of small red eyes. Add to this a voice most wonderfully adapted to the sentiments it was to convey, being both loud and hoarse.



It is not easy to say whether the gentleman had conceived a greater dislike for his landlady or compassion for her unhappy guest. He inquired very earnestly of the surgeon, who was now come into the kitchen, whether he had any hopes of his recovery? He begged him to use all possible means towards it, telling him, "it was the duty of men of all professions to apply their skill gratis for the relief of the poor and necessitous." The surgeon answered, "He should take proper care; but he defied all the surgeons in London to do him any good."—"Pray, sir," said the gentleman, "what are his wounds?"—"Why, do you know anything of wounds?" says the surgeon (winking upon Mrs Tow-ouse).—"Sir, I have a small smattering in surgery," answered the gentleman.—"A smattering—ho, ho, ho!" said the surgeon; "I believe it is a smattering indeed."

The company were all attentive, expecting to hear the doctor, who was what they call a dry fellow, expose the gentleman.

He began therefore with an air of triumph: "I suppose, sir, you have travelled?"—"No, really, sir," said the gentleman.—"Ho! then you have practised in the hospitals perhaps?"—"No, sir."—"Hum! not that neither? Whence, sir, then, if I may be so bold to inquire, have you got your knowledge in surgery?"—"Sir," answered the gentleman, "I do not pretend to much; but the little I know I have from books."—"Books!" cries the doctor. "What, I suppose you have read Galen and Hippocrates!"—"No, sir," said the gentleman.—"How! you understand surgery," answers the doctor, "and not read Galen and Hippocrates?"—"Sir," cries the other, "I believe there are many surgeons who have never read these authors."—"I believe so too," says the doctor, "more shame for them; but, thanks to my education, I have them by heart, and very seldom go without them both in my pocket."—"They are pretty large books," said the gentleman.—"Aye," said the doctor, "I believe I know how large they are better than you." (At which he fell a winking, and the whole company burst into a laugh.)

The doctor pursuing his triumph, asked the gentleman, "If he did not understand physic as well as surgery." "Rather better," answered the gentleman.—"Aye, like enough," cries the doctor, with a wink. "Why, I know a little of physic too."—"I wish I knew half so much," said Tow-ouse, "I'd never wear an apron again."—"Why, I believe, landlord," cries the doctor, "there are few men, though I say it, within twelve miles of the place, that handle a fever better. *Veniente accurrite morbo*: that is my method. I suppose, brother, you understand *Latin*?"—"A little," says the gentleman.—"Aye, and Greek now, I'll warrant you: *Ton dapomibominos poluflosboio Thalasses*. But I have almost forgot these things: I could have repeated Homer by heart once."—"Ifags! the gentleman has caught a traytor," says Mrs Tow-ouse; at which they all fell a laughing.

The gentleman, who had not the least affection for joking, very contentedly suffered the doctor to enjoy his victory, which he did with no small satisfaction; and, having sufficiently sounded his depth, told him, "He was thoroughly convinced of his great learning and abilities; and that he would be obliged to him if he would let him know his opinion of his patient's case above-stairs."—"Sir," says the

doctor, "his case is that of a dead man—the contusion on his head has perforated the internal membrane of the occiput, and divelicated that radical small minute invisible nerve which coheres to the pericranium; and this was attended with a fever at first symptomatic, then pneumatic; and he is at length grown deliriuus, or delirious, as the vulgar express it."

He was proceeding in this learned manner, when a mighty noise interrupted him. Some young fellows in the neighbourhood had taken one of the thieves, and were bringing him into the inn. Betty ran upstairs with this news to Joseph, who begged they might search for a little piece of broken gold, which had a ribband tied to it, and which he could swear to amongst all the hoards of the richest men in the universe.

Notwithstanding the fellow's persisting in his innocence, the mob were very busy in searching him, and presently, among other things, pulled out the piece of gold just mentioned; which Betty no sooner saw than she laid violent hands on it, and conveyed it up to Joseph, who received it with raptures of joy, and, hugging it in his bosom, declared he could now die contented.

Within a few minutes afterwards came in some other fellows, with a bundle which they had found in a ditch, and which was indeed the cloaths which had been stripped off from Joseph, and the other things they had taken from him.

The gentleman no sooner saw the coat than he declared he knew the livery; and, if it had been taken from the poor creature above-stairs, desired he might see him; for that he was very well acquainted with the family to whom that livery belonged.

He was accordingly conducted up by Betty; but what, reader, was the surprise on both sides, when he saw Joseph was the person in bed, and when Joseph discovered the face of his good friend Mr Abraham Adams!

It would be impertinent to insert a discourse which chiefly turned on the relation of matters already well known to the reader; for, as soon as the curate had satisfied Joseph concerning the perfect health of his Fanny, he was on his side very inquisitive into all the particulars which had produced this unfortunate accident.

To return therefore to the kitchen, where a great variety of company were now assembled from all the rooms of the house, as well as the neighbourhood: so much delight do men take in contemplating the countenance of a thief.

Mr Tow-ouse began to rub his hands with pleasure at seeing so large an assembly; who would, he hoped, shortly adjourn into several apartments, in order to discourse over the robbery, and drink a health to all honest men. But Mrs Tow-ouse, whose misfortune it was commonly to see things a little perversely, began to rail at those who brought the fellow into her house; telling her husband, "They were very likely to thrive who kept a house of entertainment for beggars and thieves."

The mob had now finished their search, and could find nothing about the captive likely to prove any evidence; for as to the cloaths, though the mob were very well satisfied with that proof, yet, as the surgeon observed, they could not convict him, because they were not found in his custody; to which Barnabas agreed, and added that these were *bona waviata*, and belonged to the lord of the manor.

“How,” says the surgeon, “do you say these goods belong to the lord of the manor?”—“I do,” cried Barnabas.—“Then I deny it,” says the surgeon: “what can the lord of the manor have to do in the case? Will any one attempt to persuade me that what a man finds is not his own?”—“I have heard,” says an old fellow in the corner, “justice Wise-one say, that, if every man had his right, whatever is found belongs to the king of London.”—“That may be true,” says Barnabas, “in some sense; for the law makes a difference between things stolen and things found; for a thing may be stolen that never is found, and a thing may be found that never was stolen: Now, goods that are both stolen and found are *waviata*; and they belong to the lord of the manor.”—“So the lord of the manor is the receiver of stolen goods,” says the doctor; at which there was an universal laugh, being first begun by himself.

While the prisoner, by persisting in his innocence, had almost (as there was no evidence against him) brought over Barnabas, the surgeon, Tow-ouse, and several others to his side, Betty informed them that they had overlooked a little piece of gold, which she had carried up to the man in bed, and which he offered to swear to amongst a million, aye, amongst ten thousand. This immediately turned the scale against the prisoner, and every one now concluded him guilty. It was resolved, therefore, to keep him secured that night, and early in the morning to carry him before a justice.

## Chapter XV.

*Showing how Mrs Tow-ouse was a little mollified; and how officious Mr Barnabas and the surgeon were to prosecute the thief: with a dissertation accounting for their zeal, and that of many other persons not mentioned in this history.*

Betty told her mistress she believed the man in bed was a greater man than they took him for; for, besides the extreme whiteness of his skin, and the softness of his hands, she observed a very great familiarity between the gentleman and him; and added, she was certain they were intimate acquaintance, if not relations.

This somewhat abated the severity of Mrs Tow-ouse’s countenance. She said, “God forbid she should not discharge the duty of a Christian, since the poor gentleman was brought to her house. She had a natural antipathy to vagabonds; but could pity the misfortunes of a Christian as soon as another.” Tow-ouse said, “If the traveller be a gentleman, though he hath no money about him now, we shall most likely be paid hereafter; so you may begin to score whenever you will.” Mrs Tow-ouse answered, “Hold your simple tongue, and don’t instruct me in my business. I am sure I am sorry for the gentleman’s misfortune with all my heart; and I hope the villain who hath used him so barbarously will be hanged. Betty, go see what he wants. God forbid he should want anything in my house.”

Barnabas and the surgeon went up to Joseph to satisfy themselves concerning the piece of gold; Joseph was with difficulty prevailed upon to show it them, but

would by no entreaties be brought to deliver it out of his own possession. He however attested this to be the same which had been taken from him, and Betty was ready to swear to the finding it on the thief.

The only difficulty that remained was, how to produce this gold before the justice; for as to carrying Joseph himself, it seemed impossible; nor was there any great likelihood of obtaining it from him, for he had fastened it with a ribband to his arm, and solemnly vowed that nothing but irresistible force should ever separate them; in which resolution, Mr Adams, clenching a fist rather less than the knuckle of an ox, declared he would support him.

A dispute arose on this occasion concerning evidence not very necessary to be related here; after which the surgeon dressed Mr Joseph's head, still persisting in the imminent danger in which his patient lay, but concluding, with a very important look, "That he began to have some hopes; that he should send him a sanative soporiferous draught, and would see him in the morning." After which Barnabas and he departed, and left Mr Joseph and Mr Adams together.

Adams informed Joseph of the occasion of this journey which he was making to London, namely, to publish three volumes of sermons; being encouraged, as he said, by an advertisement lately set forth by the society of booksellers, who proposed to purchase any copies offered to them, at a price to be settled by two persons; but though he imagined he should get a considerable sum of money on this occasion, which his family were in urgent need of, he protested he would not leave Joseph in his present condition: finally, he told him, "He had nine shillings and threepence halfpenny in his pocket, which he was welcome to use as he pleased."

This goodness of parson Adams brought tears into Joseph's eyes; he declared, "He had now a second reason to desire life, that he might show his gratitude to such a friend." Adams bade him "be cheerful; for that he plainly saw the surgeon, besides his ignorance, desired to make a merit of curing him, though the wounds in his head, he perceived, were by no means dangerous; that he was convinced he had no fever, and doubted not but he would be able to travel in a day or two."

These words infused a spirit into Joseph; he said, "He found himself very sore from the bruises, but had no reason to think any of his bones injured, or that he had received any harm in his inside, unless that he felt something very odd in his stomach; but he knew not whether that might not arise from not having eaten one morsel for above twenty-four hours." Being then asked if he had any inclination to eat, he answered in the affirmative. Then parson Adams desired him to "name what he had the greatest fancy for; whether a poached egg, or chicken-broth." He answered, "He could eat both very well; but that he seemed to have the greatest appetite for a piece of boiled beef and cabbage."

Adams was pleased with so perfect a confirmation that he had not the least fever, but advised him to a lighter diet for that evening. He accordingly ate either a rabbit or a fowl, I never could with any tolerable certainty discover which; after this he was, by Mrs Tow-ouse's order, conveyed into a better bed and equipped with one of her husband's shirts.

In the morning early, Barnabas and the surgeon came to the inn, in order to see the thief conveyed before the justice. They had consumed the whole night in debating what measures they should take to produce the piece of gold in evidence against him; for they were both extremely zealous in the business, though neither of them were in the least interested in the prosecution; neither of them had ever received any private injury from the fellow, nor had either of them ever been suspected of loving the publick well enough to give them a sermon or a dose of physic for nothing.

To help our reader, therefore, as much as possible to account for this zeal, we must inform him that, as this parish was so unfortunate as to have no lawyer in it, there had been a constant contention between the two doctors, spiritual and physical, concerning their abilities in a science, in which, as neither of them professed it, they had equal pretensions to dispute each other's opinions. These disputes were carried on with great contempt on both sides, and had almost divided the parish; Mr Tow-wouse and one half of the neighbours inclining to the surgeon, and Mrs Tow-wouse with the other half to the parson. The surgeon drew his knowledge from those inestimable fountains, called *The Attorney's Pocket Companion*, and *Mr Jacob's Law-Tables*; Barnabas trusted entirely to *Wood's Institutes*. It happened on this occasion, as was pretty frequently the case, that these two learned men differed about the sufficiency of evidence; the doctor being of opinion that the maid's oath would convict the prisoner without producing the gold; the parson, *é contra, totis viribus*. To display their parts, therefore, before the justice and the parish, was the sole motive which we can discover to this zeal which both of them pretended to have for public justice.

O Vanity! how little is thy force acknowledged, or thy operations discerned! How wantonly dost thou deceive mankind under different disguises! Sometimes thou dost wear the face of pity, sometimes of generosity: nay, thou hast the assurance even to put on those glorious ornaments which belong only to heroic virtue. Thou odious, deformed monster! whom priests have railed at, philosophers despised, and poets ridiculed; is there a wretch so abandoned as to own thee for an acquaintance in public?—yet, how few will refuse to enjoy thee in private? nay, thou art the pursuit of most men through their lives. The greatest villainies are daily practised to please thee; nor is the meanest thief below, or the greatest hero above, thy notice. Thy embraces are often the sole aim and sole reward of the private robbery and the plundered province. It is to pamper up thee, thou harlot, that we attempt to withdraw from others what we do not want, or to withhold from them what they do. All our passions are thy slaves. Avarice itself is often no more than thy handmaid, and even Lust thy pimp. The bully Fear, like a coward, flies before thee, and Joy and Grief hide their heads in thy presence.

I know thou wilt think that whilst I abuse thee I court thee, and that thy love hath inspired me to write this sarcastical panegyric on thee; but thou art deceived: I value thee not of a farthing; nor will it give me any pain if thou shouldst prevail on the reader to censure this digression as arrant nonsense; for know, to thy

confusion, that I have introduced thee for no other purpose than to lengthen out a short chapter, and so I return to my history.

### **Chapter XVI.**

*The escape of the thief. Mr Adams's disappointment. The arrival of two very extraordinary personages, and the introduction of parson Adams to parson Barnabas.*

Barnabas and the surgeon, being returned, as we have said, to the inn, in order to convey the thief before the justice, were greatly concerned to find a small accident had happened, which somewhat disconcerted them; and this was no other than the thief's escape, who had modestly withdrawn himself by night, declining all ostentation, and not chusing, in imitation of some great men, to distinguish himself at the expense of being pointed at.

When the company had retired the evening before, the thief was detained in a room where the constable, and one of the young fellows who took him, were planted as his guard. About the second watch a general complaint of drought was made, both by the prisoner and his keepers. Among whom it was at last agreed that the constable should remain on duty, and the young fellow call up the tapster; in which disposition the latter apprehended not the least danger, as the constable was well armed, and could besides easily summon him back to his assistance, if the prisoner made the least attempt to gain his liberty.

The young fellow had not long left the room before it came into the constable's head that the prisoner might leap on him by surprize, and, thereby preventing him of the use of his weapons, especially the long staff in which he chiefly confided, might reduce the success of a struggle to a equal chance. He wisely, therefore, to prevent this inconvenience, slipt out of the room himself, and locked the door, waiting without with his staff in his hand, ready lifted to fell the unhappy prisoner, if by ill fortune he should attempt to break out.

But human life, as hath been discovered by some great man or other (for I would by no means be understood to affect the honour of making any such discovery), very much resembles a game at chess; for as in the latter, while a gamester is too attentive to secure himself very strongly on one side the board, he is apt to leave an unguarded opening on the other; so doth it often happen in life, and so did it happen on this occasion; for whilst the cautious constable with such wonderful sagacity had possessed himself of the door, he most unhappily forgot the window.

The thief, who played on the other side, no sooner perceived this opening than he began to move that way; and, finding the passage easy, he took with him the young fellow's hat, and without any ceremony stepped into the street and made the best of his way.

The young fellow, returning with a double mug of strong beer, was a little surprized to find the constable at the door; but much more so when, the door being

opened, he perceived the prisoner had made his escape, and which way. He threw down the beer, and, without uttering anything to the constable except a hearty curse or two, he nimbly leapt out of the window, and went again in pursuit of his prey, being very unwilling to lose the reward which he had assured himself of.

The constable hath not been discharged of suspicion on this account; it hath been said that, not being concerned in the taking the thief, he could not have been entitled to any part of the reward if he had been convicted; that the thief had several guineas in his pocket; that it was very unlikely he should have been guilty of such an oversight; that his pretence for leaving the room was absurd; that it was his constant maxim, that a wise man never refused money on any conditions; that at every election he always had sold his vote to both parties, &c.

But, notwithstanding these and many other such allegations, I am sufficiently convinced of his innocence; having been positively assured of it by those who received their informations from his own mouth; which, in the opinion of some moderns, is the best and indeed only evidence.

All the family were now up, and with many others assembled in the kitchen, where Mr Tow-ouse was in some tribulation; the surgeon having declared that by law he was liable to be indicted for the thief's escape, as it was out of his house; he was a little comforted, however, by Mr Barnabas's opinion, that as the escape was by night the indictment would not lie.

Mrs Tow-ouse delivered herself in the following words: "Sure never was such a fool as my husband; would any other person living have left a man in the custody of such a drunken drowsy blockhead as Tom Suckbribe?" (which was the constable's name); "and if he could be indicted without any harm to his wife and children, I should be glad of it." (Then the bell rung in Joseph's room.) "Why Betty, John, Chamberlain, where the devil are you all? Have you no ears, or no conscience, not to tend the sick better? See what the gentleman wants. Why don't you go yourself, Mr Tow-ouse? But any one may die for you; you have no more feeling than a deal board. If a man lived a fortnight in your house without spending a penny, you would never put him in mind of it. See whether he drinks tea or coffee for breakfast." "Yes, my dear," cried Tow-ouse. She then asked the doctor and Mr Barnabas what morning's draught they chose, who answered, they had a pot of cyder-and at the fire; which we will leave them merry over, and return to Joseph.

He had rose pretty early this morning; but, though his wounds were far from threatening any danger, he was so sore with the bruises, that it was impossible for him to think of undertaking a journey yet; Mr Adams, therefore, whose stock was visibly decreased with the expenses of supper and breakfast, and which could not survive that day's scoring, began to consider how it was possible to recruit it. At last he cried, "He had luckily hit on a sure method, and, though it would oblige him to return himself home together with Joseph, it mattered not much." He then sent for Tow-ouse, and, taking him into another room, told him "he wanted to borrow three guineas, for which he would put ample security into his hands." Tow-ouse, who expected a watch, or ring, or something of double the value, answered, "He

believed he could furnish him." Upon which Adams, pointing to his saddle-bag, told him, with a face and voice full of solemnity, "that there were in that bag no less than nine volumes of manuscript sermons, as well worth a hundred pounds as a shilling was worth twelve pence, and that he would deposit one of the volumes in his hands by way of pledge; not doubting but that he would have the honesty to return it on his repayment of the money; for otherwise he must be a very great loser, seeing that every volume would at least bring him ten pounds, as he had been informed by a neighbouring clergyman in the country; for," said he, "as to my own part, having never yet dealt in printing, I do not pretend to ascertain the exact value of such things."

Tow-wouse, who was a little surprized at the pawn, said (and not without some truth), "That he was no judge of the price of such kind of goods; and as for money, he really was very short." Adams answered, "Certainly he would not scruple to lend him three guineas on what was undoubtedly worth at least ten." The landlord replied, "He did not believe he had so much money in the house, and besides, he was to make up a sum. He was very confident the books were of much higher value, and heartily sorry it did not suit him." He then cried out, "Coming sir!" though nobody called; and ran downstairs without any fear of breaking his neck.

Poor Adams was extremely dejected at this disappointment, nor knew he what further stratagem to try. He immediately applied to his pipe, his constant friend and comfort in his afflictions; and, leaning over the rails, he devoted himself to meditation, assisted by the inspiring fumes of tobacco.

He had on a nightcap drawn over his wig, and a short greatcoat, which half covered his cassock—a dress which, added to something comical enough in his countenance, composed a figure likely to attract the eyes of those who were not over given to observation.

Whilst he was smoaking his pipe in this posture, a coach and six, with a numerous attendance, drove into the inn. There alighted from the coach a young fellow and a brace of pointers, after which another young fellow leapt from the box, and shook the former by the hand; and both, together with the dogs, were instantly conducted by Mr Tow-wouse into an apartment; whither as they passed, they entertained themselves with the following short facetious dialogue:—

"You are a pretty fellow for a coachman, Jack!" says he from the coach; "you had almost overturned us just now."—"Pox take you!" says the coachman; "if I had only broke your neck, it would have been saving somebody else the trouble; but I should have been sorry for the pointers."—"Why, you son of a b—," answered the other, "if nobody could shoot better than you, the pointers would be of no use."—"D—n me," says the coachman, "I will shoot with you five guineas a shot."—"You be hanged," says the other; "for five guineas you shall shoot at my a—."—"Done," says the coachman; "I'll pepper you better than ever you was peppered by Jenny Bouncer."—"Pepper your grandmother," says the other: "Here's Tow-wouse will let you shoot at him for a shilling a time."—"I know his honour better," cries Tow-wouse; "I never saw a surer shot at a partridge. Every man misses now and then;



but if I could shoot half as well as his honour, I would desire no better livelihood than I could get by my gun.”—“Pox on you,” said the coachman, “you demolish more game now than your head’s worth. There’s a bitch, Tow-wouse: by G— she never blinked a bird in her life.”—“I have a puppy, not a year old, shall hunt with her for a hundred,” cries the other gentleman.—“Done,” says the coachman: “but you will be pox’d before you make the bett.”—“If you have a mind for a bett,” cries the coachman, “I will match my spotted dog with your white bitch for a hundred, play or pay.”—“Done,” says the other: “and I’ll run Baldface against Slouch with you for another.”—“No,” cries he from the box; “but I’ll venture Miss Jenny against Baldface, or Hannibal either.”—“Go to the devil,” cries he from the coach: “I will make every bett your own way, to be sure! I will match Hannibal with Slouch for a thousand, if you dare; and I say done first.”

They were now arrived; and the reader will be very contented to leave them, and repair to the kitchen; where Barnabas, the surgeon, and an exciseman were smoaking their pipes over some cyder-and; and where the servants, who attended the two noble gentlemen we have just seen alight, were now arrived.

“Tom,” cries one of the footmen, “there’s parson Adams smoaking his pipe in the gallery.”—“Yes,” says Tom; “I pulled off my hat to him, and the parson spoke to me.”

“Is the gentleman a clergyman, then?” says Barnabas (for his cassock had been tied up when he arrived). “Yes, sir,” answered the footman; “and one there be but few like.”—“Aye,” said Barnabas; “if I had known it sooner, I should have desired his company; I would always shew a proper respect for the cloth: but what say you, doctor, shall we adjourn into a room, and invite him to take part of a bowl of punch?”

This proposal was immediately agreed to and executed; and parson Adams accepting the invitation, much civility passed between the two clergymen, who both declared the great honour they had for the cloth. They had not been long together before they entered into a discourse on small tithes, which continued a full hour, without the doctor or exciseman’s having one opportunity to offer a word.

It was then proposed to begin a general conversation, and the exciseman opened on foreign affairs; but a word unluckily dropping from one of them introduced a dissertation on the hardships suffered by the inferior clergy; which, after a long duration, concluded with bringing the nine volumes of sermons on the carpet.

Barnabas greatly discouraged poor Adams; he said, “The age was so wicked, that nobody read sermons: would you think it, Mr Adams?” said he, “I once intended to print a volume of sermons myself, and they had the approbation of two or three bishops; but what do you think a bookseller offered me?”—“Twelve guineas perhaps,” cried Adams.—“Not twelve pence, I assure you,” answered Barnabas: “nay, the dog refused me a Concordance in exchange. At last I offered to give him the printing them, for the sake of dedicating them to that very gentleman who just now drove his own coach into the inn; and, I assure you, he had the impudence to refuse my offer; by which means I lost a good living, that was afterwards given away in exchange for a pointer, to one who—but I will not say anything against the cloth.

So you may guess, Mr Adams, what you are to expect; for if sermons would have gone down, I believe—I will not be vain; but to be concise with you, three bishops said they were the best that ever were writ: but indeed there are a pretty moderate number printed already, and not all sold yet.”—“Pray, sir,” said Adams, “to what do you think the numbers may amount?”—“Sir,” answered Barnabas, “a bookseller told me, he believed five thousand volumes at least.”—“Five thousand?” quoth the surgeon: “What can they be writ upon? I remember when I was a boy, I used to read one Tillotson’s sermons; and, I am sure, if a man practised half so much as is in one of those sermons, he will go to heaven.”—“Doctor,” cried Barnabas, “you have a prophane way of talking, for which I must reprove you. A man can never have his duty too frequently inculcated into him. And as for Tillotson, to be sure he was a good writer, and said things very well; but comparisons are odious; another man may write as well as he—I believe there are some of my sermons,”—and then he applied the candle to his pipe.—“And I believe there are some of my discourses,” cries Adams, “which the bishops would not think totally unworthy of being printed; and I have been informed I might procure a very large sum (indeed an immense one) on them.”—“I doubt that,” answered Barnabas: “however, if you desire to make some money of them, perhaps you may sell them by advertising the manuscript sermons of a clergyman lately deceased, all warranted originals, and never printed. And now I think of it, I should be obliged to you, if there be ever a funeral one among them, to lend it me; for I am this very day to preach a funeral sermon, for which I have not penned a line, though I am to have a double price.”—Adams answered, “He had but one, which he feared would not serve his purpose, being sacred to the memory of a magistrate, who had exerted himself very singularly in the preservation of the morality of his neighbours, insomuch that he had neither alehouse nor lewd woman in the parish where he lived.”—“No,” replied Barnabas, “that will not do quite so well; for the deceased, upon whose virtues I am to harangue, was a little too much addicted to liquor, and publickly kept a mistress.—I believe I must take a common sermon, and trust to my memory to introduce something handsome on him.”—“To your invention rather,” said the doctor: “your memory will be apter to put you out; for no man living remembers anything good of him.”

With such kind of spiritual discourse, they emptied the bowl of punch, paid their reckoning, and separated: Adams and the doctor went up to Joseph, parson Barnabas departed to celebrate the aforesaid deceased, and the exciseman descended into the cellar to gauge the vessels.

Joseph was now ready to sit down to a loin of mutton, and waited for Mr Adams, when he and the doctor came in. The doctor, having felt his pulse and examined his wounds, declared him much better, which he imputed to that sanative soporiferous draught, a medicine “whose virtues,” he said, “were never to be sufficiently extolled.” And great indeed they must be, if Joseph was so much indebted to them as the doctor imagined; since nothing more than those effluvia

which escaped the cork could have contributed to his recovery; for the medicine had stood untouched in the window ever since its arrival.

Joseph passed that day, and the three following, with his friend Adams, in which nothing so remarkable happened as the swift progress of his recovery. As he had an excellent habit of body, his wounds were now almost healed; and his bruises gave him so little uneasiness, that he pressed Mr Adams to let him depart; told him he should never be able to return sufficient thanks for all his favours, but begged that he might no longer delay his journey to London.

Adams, notwithstanding the ignorance, as he conceived it, of Mr Tow-ouse, and the envy (for such he thought it) of Mr Barnabas, had great expectations from his sermons: seeing therefore Joseph in so good a way, he told him he would agree to his setting out the next morning in the stage-coach, that he believed he should have sufficient, after the reckoning paid, to procure him one day's conveyance in it, and afterwards he would be able to get on on foot, or might be favoured with a lift in some neighbour's waggon, especially as there was then to be a fair in the town whither the coach would carry him, to which numbers from his parish resorted— And as to himself, he agreed to proceed to the great city.

They were now walking in the inn-yard, when a fat, fair, short person rode in, and, alighting from his horse, went directly up to Barnabas, who was smoaking his pipe on a bench. The parson and the stranger shook one another very lovingly by the hand, and went into a room together.

The evening now coming on, Joseph retired to his chamber, whither the good Adams accompanied him, and took this opportunity to expatiate on the great mercies God had lately shown him, of which he ought not only to have the deepest inward sense, but likewise to express outward thankfulness for them. They therefore fell both on their knees, and spent a considerable time in prayer and thanksgiving.

They had just finished when Betty came in and told Mr Adams Mr Barnabas desired to speak to him on some business of consequence below-stairs. Joseph desired, if it was likely to detain him long, he would let him know it, that he might go to bed, which Adams promised, and in that case they wished one another good-night.

#### **Chapter XIV.**

*A pleasant discourse between the two parsons and the bookseller, 'which was broke off by an unlucky accident happening in the inn, which produced a dialogue between Mrs Tow-ouse and her maid of no gentle kind.*

As soon as Adams came into the room, Mr Barnabas introduced him to the stranger, who was, he told him, a bookseller, and would be as likely to deal with him for his sermons as any man whatever. Adams, saluting the stranger, answered Barnabas, that he was very much obliged to him; that nothing could be more

convenient, for he had no other business to the great city, and was heartily desirous of returning with the young man, who was just recovered of his misfortune. He then snapt his fingers (as was usual with him), and took two or three turns about the room in an extasy. And to induce the bookseller to be as expeditious as possible, as likewise to offer him a better price for his commodity, he assured them their meeting was extremely lucky to himself; for that he had the most pressing occasion for money at that time, his own being almost spent, and having a friend then in the same inn, who was just recovered from some wounds he had received from robbers, and was in a most indigent condition. “So that nothing,” says he, “could be so opportune for the supplying both our necessities as my making an immediate bargain with you.”

As soon as he had seated himself, the stranger began in these words: “Sir, I do not care absolutely to deny engaging in what my friend Mr Barnabas recommends; but sermons are mere drugs. The trade is so vastly stocked with them, that really, unless they come out with the name of Whitefield or Wesley, or some other such great man, as a bishop, or those sort of people, I don’t care to touch; unless now it was a sermon preached on the 30th of January; or we could say in the title-page, published at the earnest request of the congregation, or the inhabitants; but, truly, for a dry piece of sermons, I had rather be excused; especially as my hands are so full at present. However, sir, as Mr Barnabas mentioned them to me, I will, if you please, take the manuscript with me to town, and send you my opinion of it in a very short time.”

“Oh!” said Adams, “if you desire it, I will read two or three discourses as a specimen.” This Barnabas, who loved sermons no better than a grocer doth figs, immediately objected to, and advised Adams to let the bookseller have his sermons: telling him, “If he gave him a direction, he might be certain of a speedy answer;” adding, he need not scruple trusting them in his possession. “No,” said the bookseller, “if it was a play that had been acted twenty nights together, I believe it would be safe.”

Adams did not at all relish the last expression; he said “he was sorry to hear sermons compared to plays.” “Not by me, I assure you,” cried the bookseller, “though I don’t know whether the licensing act may not shortly bring them to the same footing; but I have formerly known a hundred guineas given for a play.”—“More shame for those who gave it,” cried Barnabas.—“Why so?” said the bookseller, “for they got hundreds by it.”—“But is there no difference between conveying good or ill instructions to mankind?” said Adams: “Would not an honest mind rather lose money by the one, than gain it by the other?”—“If you can find any such, I will not be their hindrance,” answered the bookseller; “but I think those persons who get by preaching sermons are the properest to lose by printing them: for my part, the copy that sells best will be always the best copy in my opinion; I am no enemy to sermons, but because they don’t sell: for I would as soon print one of Whitefield’s as any farce whatever.”

“Whoever prints such heterodox stuff ought to be hanged,” says Barnabas. “Sir,” said he, turning to Adams, “this fellow’s writings (I know not whether you

have seen them) are levelled at the clergy. He would reduce us to the example of the primitive ages, forsooth! and would insinuate to the people that a clergyman ought to be always preaching and praying. He pretends to understand the Scripture literally; and would make mankind believe that the poverty and low estate which was recommended to the Church in its infancy, and was only temporary doctrine adapted to her under persecution, was to be preserved in her flourishing and established state. Sir, the principles of Toland, Woolston, and all the freethinkers, are not calculated to do half the mischief, as those professed by this fellow and his followers.”

“Sir,” answered Adams, “if Mr Whitefield had carried his doctrine no farther than you mention, I should have remained, as I once was, his well-wisher. I am, myself, as great an enemy to the luxury and splendour of the clergy as he can be. I do not, more than he, by the flourishing estate of the Church, understand the palaces, equipages, dress, furniture, rich dainties, and vast fortunes, of her ministers. Surely those things, which savour so strongly of this world, become not the servants of one who professed His kingdom was not of it. But when he began to call nonsense and enthusiasm to his aid, and set up the detestable doctrine of faith against good works, I was his friend no longer; for surely that doctrine was coined in hell; and one would think none but the devil himself could have the confidence to preach it. For can anything be more derogatory to the honour of God than for men to imagine that the all-wise Being will hereafter say to the good and virtuous, ‘Notwithstanding the purity of thy life, notwithstanding that constant rule of virtue and goodness in which you walked upon earth, still, as thou didst not believe everything in the true orthodox manner, thy want of faith shall condemn thee?’ Or, on the other side, can any doctrine have a more pernicious influence on society, than a persuasion that it will be a good plea for the villain at the last day—‘Lord, it is true I never obeyed one of thy commandments, yet punish me not, for I believe them all?’—“I suppose, sir,” said the bookseller, “your sermons are of a different kind.”—“Aye, sir,” said Adams; “the contrary, I thank Heaven, is inculcated in almost every page, or I should belye my own opinion, which hath always been, that a virtuous and good Turk, or heathen, are more acceptable in the sight of their Creator than a vicious and wicked Christian, though his faith was as perfectly orthodox as St Paul’s himself.”—“I wish you success,” says the bookseller, “but must beg to be excused, as my hands are so very full at present; and, indeed, I am afraid you will find a backwardness in the trade to engage in a book which the clergy would be certain to cry down.”—“God forbid,” says Adams, “any books should be propagated which the clergy would cry down; but if you mean by the clergy, some few designing factious men, who have it at heart to establish some favourite schemes at the price of the liberty of mankind, and the very essence of religion, it is not in the power of such persons to decry any book they please; witness that excellent book called, ‘A Plain Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament;’ a book written (if I may venture on the expression) with the pen of an angel, and calculated to restore the true use of Christianity, and of that sacred institution; for what could tend more to the

noble purposes of religion than frequent cheerful meetings among the members of a society, in which they should, in the presence of one another, and in the service of the Supreme Being, make promises of being good, friendly, and benevolent to each other? Now, this excellent book was attacked by a party, but unsuccessfully.” At these words Barnabas fell a-ringing with all the violence imaginable; upon which a servant attending, he bid him “bring a bill immediately; for that he was in company, for aught he knew, with the devil himself; and he expected to hear the Alcoran, the Leviathan, or Woolston commended, if he staid a few minutes longer.” Adams desired, “as he was so much moved at his mentioning a book which he did without apprehending any possibility of offence, that he would be so kind to propose any objections he had to it, which he would endeavour to answer.”—“I propose objections!” said Barnabas, “I never read a syllable in any such wicked book; I never saw it in my life, I assure you.”—Adams was going to answer, when a most hideous uproar began in the inn. Mrs Tow-ouse, Mr Tow-ouse, and Betty, all lifting up their voices together; but Mrs Tow-ouse’s voice, like a bass viol in a concert, was clearly and distinctly distinguished among the rest, and was heard to articulate the following sounds:—“O you damn’d villain! is this the return to all the care I have taken of your family? This the reward of my virtue? Is this the manner in which you behave to one who brought you a fortune, and preferred you to so many matches, all your betters? To abuse my bed, my own bed, with my own servant! but I’ll maul the slut, I’ll tear her nasty eyes out! Was ever such a pitiful dog, to take up with such a mean trollop? If she had been a gentlewoman, like myself, it had been some excuse; but a beggarly, saucy, dirty servant-maid. Get you out of my house, you whore.” To which she added another name, which we do not care to stain our paper with. It was a monosyllable beginning with a b—, and indeed was the same as if she had pronounced the words, she-dog. Which term we shall, to avoid offence, use on this occasion, though indeed both the mistress and maid uttered the above-mentioned b—, a word extremely disgustful to females of the lower sort. Betty had borne all hitherto with patience, and had uttered only lamentations; but the last appellation stung her to the quick. “I am a woman as well as yourself,” she roared out, “and no she-dog; and if I have been a little naughty, I am not the first; if I have been no better than I should be,” cries she, sobbing, “that’s no reason you should call me out of my name; my be-betters are wo-rse than me.”—“Huzzy, huzzy,” says Mrs Tow-ouse, “have you the impudence to answer me? Did I not catch you, you saucy”—and then again repeated the terrible word so odious to female ears. “I can’t bear that name,” answered Betty: “if I have been wicked, I am to answer for it myself in the other world; but I have done nothing that’s unnatural; and I will go out of your house this moment, for I will never be called she-dog by any mistress in England.” Mrs Tow-ouse then armed herself with the spit, but was prevented from executing any dreadful purpose by Mr Adams, who confined her arms with the strength of a wrist which Hercules would not have been ashamed of. Mr Tow-ouse, being caught, as our lawyers express it, with the manner, and having no defence to make, very prudently withdrew himself; and Betty committed herself to

the protection of the hostler, who, though she could not conceive him pleased with what had happened, was, in her opinion, rather a gentler beast than her mistress.

Mrs Tow-wouse, at the intercession of Mr Adams, and finding the enemy vanished, began to compose herself, and at length recovered the usual serenity of her temper, in which we will leave her, to open to the reader the steps which led to a catastrophe, common enough, and comical enough too perhaps, in modern history, yet often fatal to the repose and well-being of families, and the subject of many tragedies, both in life and on the stage.

### **Chapter XVIII.**

*The history of Betty the chambermaid, and an account of what occasioned the violent scene in the preceding chapter.*

Betty, who was the occasion of all this hurry, had some good qualities. She had good-nature, generosity, and compassion, but unfortunately, her constitution was composed of those warm ingredients which, though the purity of courts or nunneries might have happily controuled them, were by no means able to endure the ticklish situation of a chambermaid at an inn; who is daily liable to the solicitations of lovers of all complexions; to the dangerous addresses of fine gentlemen of the army, who sometimes are obliged to reside with them a whole year together; and, above all, are exposed to the caresses of footmen, stage-coachmen, and drawers; all of whom employ the whole artillery of kissing, flattering, bribing, and every other weapon which is to be found in the whole armoury of love, against them.

Betty, who was but one-and-twenty, had now lived three years in this dangerous situation, during which she had escaped pretty well. An ensign of foot was the first person who made an impression on her heart; he did indeed raise a flame in her which required the care of a surgeon to cool.

While she burnt for him, several others burnt for her. Officers of the army, young gentlemen travelling the western circuit, inoffensive squires, and some of graver character, were set a-fire by her charms!

At length, having perfectly recovered the effects of her first unhappy passion, she seemed to have vowed a state of perpetual chastity. She was long deaf to all the sufferings of her lovers, till one day, at a neighbouring fair, the rhetoric of John the hostler, with a new straw hat and a pint of wine, made a second conquest over her.

She did not, however, feel any of those flames on this occasion which had been the consequence of her former amour; nor, indeed, those other ill effects which prudent young women very justly apprehend from too absolute an indulgence to the pressing endearments of their lovers. This latter, perhaps, was a little owing to her not being entirely constant to John, with whom she permitted Tom Whipwell the stage-coachman, and now and then a handsome young traveller, to share her favours.

Mr Tow-ouse had for some time cast the languishing eyes of affection on this young maiden. He had laid hold on every opportunity of saying tender things to her, squeezing her by the hand, and sometimes kissing her lips; for, as the violence of his passion had considerably abated to Mrs Tow-ouse, so, like water, which is stopt from its usual current in one place, it naturally sought a vent in another. Mrs Tow-ouse is thought to have perceived this abatement, and, probably, it added very little to the natural sweetness of her temper; for though she was as true to her husband as the dial to the sun, she was rather more desirous of being shone on, as being more capable of feeling his warmth.

Ever since Joseph's arrival, Betty had conceived an extraordinary liking to him, which discovered itself more and more as he grew better and better; till that fatal evening, when, as she was warming his bed, her passion grew to such a height, and so perfectly mastered both her modesty and her reason, that, after many fruitless hints and sly insinuations, she at last threw down the warming-pan, and, embracing him with great eagerness, swore he was the handsomest creature she had ever seen.

Joseph, in great confusion, leapt from her, and told her he was sorry to see a young woman cast off all regard to modesty; but she had gone too far to recede, and grew so very indecent, that Joseph was obliged, contrary to his inclination, to use some violence to her; and, taking her in his arms, he shut her out of the room, and locked the door.

How ought man to rejoice that his chastity is always in his own power; that, if he hath sufficient strength of mind, he hath always a competent strength of body to defend himself, and cannot, like a poor weak woman, be ravished against his will!

Betty was in the most violent agitation at this disappointment. Rage and lust pulled her heart, as with two strings, two different ways; one moment she thought of stabbing Joseph; the next, of taking him in her arms, and devouring him with kisses; but the latter passion was far more prevalent. Then she thought of revenging his refusal on herself; but, whilst she was engaged in this meditation, happily death presented himself to her in so many shapes, of drowning, hanging, poisoning, &c., that her distracted mind could resolve on none. In this perturbation of spirit, it accidentally occurred to her memory that her master's bed was not made; she therefore went directly to his room, where he happened at that time to be engaged at his bureau. As soon as she saw him, she attempted to retire; but he called her back, and, taking her by the hand, squeezed her so tenderly, at the same time whispering so many soft things into her ears, and then pressed her so closely with his kisses, that the vanquished fair one, whose passions were already raised, and which were not so whimsically capricious that one man only could lay them, though, perhaps, she would have rather preferred that one—the vanquished fair one quietly submitted, I say, to her master's will, who had just attained the accomplishment of his bliss when Mrs Tow-ouse unexpectedly entered the room, and caused all that confusion which we have before seen, and which it is not necessary, at present, to take any farther notice of; since, without the assistance



of a single hint from us, every reader of any speculation or experience, though not married himself, may easily conjecture that it concluded with the discharge of Betty, the submission of Mr Tow-wouse, with some things to be performed on his side by way of gratitude for his wife's goodness in being reconciled to him, with many hearty promises never to offend any more in the like manner; and, lastly, his quietly and contentedly bearing to be reminded of his transgressions, as a kind of penance, once or twice a day during the residue of his life.

## **Book II.**

### **Chapter I.**

#### *Of Divisions in Authors.*

There are certain mysteries or secrets in all trades, from the highest to the lowest, from that of prime-ministering to this of authoring, which are seldom discovered unless to members of the same calling. Among those used by us gentlemen of the latter occupation, I take this of dividing our works into books and chapters to be none of the least considerable. Now, for want of being truly acquainted with this secret, common readers imagine, that by this art of dividing we mean only to swell our works to a much larger bulk than they would otherwise be extended to. These several places therefore in our paper, which are filled with our books and chapters, are understood as so much buckram, stays, and stay-tape in a taylor's bill, serving only to make up the sum total, commonly found at the bottom of our first page and of his last.

But in reality the case is otherwise, and in this as well as all other instances we consult the advantage of our reader, not our own; and indeed, many notable uses arise to him from this method; for, first, those little spaces between our chapters may be looked upon as an inn or resting-place where he may stop and take a glass or any other refreshment as it pleases him. Nay, our fine readers will, perhaps, be scarce able to travel farther than through one of them in a day. As to those vacant pages which are placed between our books, they are to be regarded as those stages where in long journies the traveller stays some time to repose himself, and consider of what he hath seen in the parts he hath already passed through; a consideration which I take the liberty to recommend a little to the reader; for, however swift his capacity may be, I would not advise him to travel through these pages too fast; for if he doth, he may probably miss the seeing some curious productions of nature, which will be observed by the slower and more accurate reader. A volume without any such places of rest resembles the opening of wilds or seas, which tires the eye and fatigues the spirit when entered upon.

Secondly, what are the contents prefixed to every chapter but so many inscriptions over the gates of inns (to continue the same metaphor), informing the reader what entertainment he is to expect, which if he likes not, he may travel on to the next; for, in biography, as we are not tied down to an exact concatenation equally

with other historians, so a chapter or two (for instance, this I am now writing) may be often passed over without any injury to the whole. And in these inscriptions I have been as faithful as possible, not imitating the celebrated Montaigne, who promises you one thing and gives you another; nor some title-page authors, who promise a great deal and produce nothing at all.

There are, besides these more obvious benefits, several others which our readers enjoy from this art of dividing; though perhaps most of them too mysterious to be presently understood by any who are not initiated into the science of authoring. To mention, therefore, but one which is most obvious, it prevents spoiling the beauty of a book by turning down its leaves, a method otherwise necessary to those readers who (though they read with great improvement and advantage) are apt, when they return to their study after half-an-hour's absence, to forget where they left off.

These divisions have the sanction of great antiquity. Homer not only divided his great work into twenty-four books (in compliment perhaps to the twenty-four letters to which he had very particular obligations), but, according to the opinion of some very sagacious critics, hawked them all separately, delivering only one book at a time (probably by subscription). He was the first inventor of the art which hath so long lain dormant, of publishing by numbers; an art now brought to such perfection, that even dictionaries are divided and exhibited piecemeal to the public; nay, one bookseller hath (to encourage learning and ease the public) contrived to give them a dictionary in this divided manner for only fifteen shillings more than it would have cost entire.

Virgil hath given us his poem in twelve books, an argument of his modesty; for by that, doubtless, he would insinuate that he pretends to no more than half the merit of the Greek; for the same reason, our Milton went originally no farther than ten; till, being puffed up by the praise of his friends, he put himself on the same footing with the Roman poet.

I shall not, however, enter so deep into this matter as some very learned criticks have done; who have with infinite labour and acute discernment discovered what books are proper for embellishment, and what require simplicity only, particularly with regard to similes, which I think are now generally agreed to become any book but the first.

I will dismiss this chapter with the following observation: that it becomes an author generally to divide a book, as it does a butcher to joint his meat, for such assistance is of great help to both the reader and the carver. And now, having indulged myself a little, I will endeavour to indulge the curiosity of my reader, who is no doubt impatient to know what he will find in the subsequent chapters of this book.

## **Chapter II.**

*A surprizing instance of Mr Adams's short memory, with the unfortunate consequences which it brought on Joseph.*

Mr Adams and Joseph were now ready to depart different ways, when an accident determined the former to return with his friend, which Tow-ouse, Barnabas, and the bookseller had not been able to do. This accident was, that those sermons, which the parson was travelling to London to publish, were, O my good reader! left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the saddlebags being no other than three shirts, a pair of shoes, and some other necessaries, which Mrs Adams, who thought her husband would want shirts more than sermons on his journey, had carefully provided him.

This discovery was now luckily owing to the presence of Joseph at the opening the saddlebags; who, having heard his friend say he carried with him nine volumes of sermons, and not being of that sect of philosophers who can reduce all the matter of the world into a nutshell, seeing there was no room for them in the bags, where the parson had said they were deposited, had the curiosity to cry out, "Bless me, sir, where are your sermons?" The parson answered, "There, there, child; there they are, under my shirts." Now it happened that he had taken forth his last shirt, and the vehicle remained visibly empty. "Sure, sir," says Joseph, "there is nothing in the bags." Upon which Adams, starting, and testifying some surprize, cried, "Hey! fie, fie upon it! they are not here sure enough. Ay, they are certainly left behind."

Joseph was greatly concerned at the uneasiness which he apprehended his friend must feel from this disappointment; he begged him to pursue his journey, and promised he would himself return with the books to him with the utmost expedition. "No, thank you, child," answered Adams; "it shall not be so. What would it avail me, to tarry in the great city, unless I had my discourses with me, which are *ut ita dicam*, the sole cause, the *aitia monotate* of my peregrination? No, child, as this accident hath happened, I am resolved to return back to my cure, together with you; which indeed my inclination sufficiently leads me to. This disappointment may perhaps be intended for my good." He concluded with a verse out of Theocritus, which signifies no more than that sometimes it rains, and sometimes the sun shines.

Joseph bowed with obedience and thankfulness for the inclination which the parson expressed of returning with him; and now the bill was called for, which, on examination, amounted within a shilling to the sum Mr Adams had in his pocket. Perhaps the reader may wonder how he was able to produce a sufficient sum for so many days: that he may not be surprized, therefore, it cannot be unnecessary to acquaint him that he had borrowed a guinea of a servant belonging to the coach and six, who had been formerly one of his parishioners, and whose master, the owner of the coach, then lived within three miles of him; for so good was the credit of Mr Adams, that even Mr Peter, the Lady Booby's steward, would have lent him a guinea with very little security.

Mr Adams discharged the bill, and they were both setting out, having agreed to ride and tie; a method of travelling much used by persons who have but one horse between them, and is thus performed. The two travellers set out together, one on horseback, the other on foot: now, as it generally happens that he on horseback

outgoes him on foot, the custom is, that, when he arrives at the distance agreed on, he is to dismount, tie the horse to some gate, tree, post, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the horse he unties him, mounts, and gallops on, till, having passed by his fellow-traveller, he likewise arrives at the place of tying. And this is that method of travelling so much in use among our prudent ancestors, who knew that horses had mouths as well as legs, and that they could not use the latter without being at the expense of suffering the beasts themselves to use the former. This was the method in use in those days when, instead of a coach and six, a member of parliament's lady used to mount a pillion behind her husband; and a grave serjeant at law condescended to amble to Westminster on an easy pad, with his clerk kicking his heels behind him.

Adams was now gone some minutes, having insisted on Joseph's beginning the journey on horseback, and Joseph had his foot in the stirrup, when the hostler presented him a bill for the horse's board during his residence at the inn. Joseph said Mr Adams had paid all; but this matter, being referred to Mr Tow-wouse, was by him decided in favour of the hostler, and indeed with truth and justice; for this was a fresh instance of that shortness of memory which did not arise from want of parts, but that continual hurry in which parson Adams was always involved.

Joseph was now reduced to a dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The sum due for horse-meat was twelve shillings (for Adams, who had borrowed the beast of his clerk, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him), and the cash in his pocket amounted to sixpence (for Adams had divided the last shilling with him). Now, though there have been some ingenious persons who have contrived to pay twelve shillings with sixpence, Joseph was not one of them. He had never contracted a debt in his life, and was consequently the less ready at an expedient to extricate himself. Tow-wouse was willing to give him credit till next time, to which Mrs Tow-wouse would probably have consented (for such was Joseph's beauty, that it had made some impression even on that piece of flint which that good woman wore in her bosom by way of heart). Joseph would have found, therefore, very likely the passage free, had he not, when he honestly discovered the nakedness of his pockets, pulled out that little piece of gold which we have mentioned before. This caused Mrs Tow-wouse's eyes to water; she told Joseph she did not conceive a man could want money whilst he had gold in his pocket. Joseph answered he had such a value for that little piece of gold, that he would not part with it for a hundred times the riches which the greatest esquire in the county was worth. "A pretty way, indeed," said Mrs Tow-wouse, "to run in debt, and then refuse to part with your money, because you have a value for it! I never knew any piece of gold of more value than as many shillings as it would change for."—"Not to preserve my life from starving, nor to redeem it from a robber, would I part with this dear piece!" answered Joseph. "What," says Mrs Tow-wouse, "I suppose it was given you by some vile trollop, some miss or other; if it had been the present of a virtuous woman, you would not have had such a value for it. My husband is a fool if he parts with the horse without being paid for him."—"No, no, I can't part with the horse,

indeed, till I have the money," cried Tow-ouse. A resolution highly commended by a lawyer then in the yard, who declared Mr Tow-ouse might justify the detainer.

As we cannot therefore at present get Mr Joseph out of the inn, we shall leave him in it, and carry our reader on after parson Adams, who, his mind being perfectly at ease, fell into a contemplation on a passage in Aeschylus, which entertained him for three miles together, without suffering him once to reflect on his fellow-traveller.

At length, having spun out his thread, and being now at the summit of a hill, he cast his eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not see any sign of Joseph. As he left him ready to mount the horse, he could not apprehend any mischief had happened, neither could he suspect that he missed his way, it being so broad and plain; the only reason which presented itself to him was, that he had met with an acquaintance who had prevailed with him to delay some time in discourse.

He therefore resolved to proceed slowly forwards, not doubting but that he should be shortly overtaken; and soon came to a large water, which, filling the whole road, he saw no method of passing unless by wading through, which he accordingly did up to his middle; but was no sooner got to the other side than he perceived, if he had looked over the hedge, he would have found a footpath capable of conducting him without wetting his shoes.

His surprize at Joseph's not coming up grew now very troublesome: he began to fear he knew not what; and as he determined to move no farther, and, if he did not shortly overtake him, to return back, he wished to find a house of public entertainment where he might dry his clothes and refresh himself with a pint; but, seeing no such (for no other reason than because he did not cast his eyes a hundred yards forwards), he sat himself down on a stile, and pulled out his Aeschylus.

A fellow passing presently by, Adams asked him if he could direct him to an alehouse. The fellow, who had just left it, and perceived the house and sign to be within sight, thinking he had jeered him, and being of a morose temper, bade him follow his nose and be d—n'd. Adams told him he was a saucy jackanapes; upon which the fellow turned about angrily; but, perceiving Adams clench his fist, he thought proper to go on without taking any farther notice.

A horseman, following immediately after, and being asked the same question, answered, "Friend, there is one within a stone's throw; I believe you may see it before you." Adams, lifting up his eyes, cried, "I protest, and so there is;" and, thanking his informer, proceeded directly to it.

### **Chapter III.**

*The opinion of two lawyers concerning the same gentleman, with Mr Adams's inquiry into the religion of his host.*

He had just entered the house, and called for his pint, and seated himself, when two horsemen came to the door, and, fastening their horses to the rails, alighted.

They said there was a violent shower of rain coming on, which they intended to weather there, and went into a little room by themselves, not perceiving Mr Adams.

One of these immediately asked the other, "If he had seen a more comical adventure a great while?" Upon which the other said, "He doubted whether, by law, the landlord could justify detaining the horse for his corn and hay." But the former answered, "Undoubtedly he can; it is an adjudged case, and I have known it tried."

Adams, who, though he was, as the reader may suspect, a little inclined to forgetfulness, never wanted more than a hint to remind him, overhearing their discourse, immediately suggested to himself that this was his own horse, and that he had forgot to pay for him, which, upon inquiry, he was certified of by the gentlemen; who added, that the horse was likely to have more rest than food, unless he was paid for.

The poor parson resolved to return presently to the inn, though he knew no more than Joseph how to procure his horse his liberty; he was, however, prevailed on to stay under covert, till the shower, which was now very violent, was over.

The three travellers then sat down together over a mug of good beer; when Adams, who had observed a gentleman's house as he passed along the road, inquired to whom it belonged; one of the horsemen had no sooner mentioned the owner's name, than the other began to revile him in the most opprobrious terms. The English language scarce affords a single reproachful word, which he did not vent on this occasion. He charged him likewise with many particular facts. He said, "He no more regarded a field of wheat when he was hunting, than he did the highway; that he had injured several poor farmers by trampling their corn under his horse's heels; and if any of them begged him with the utmost submission to refrain, his horsewhip was always ready to do them justice." He said, "That he was the greatest tyrant to the neighbours in every other instance, and would not suffer a farmer to keep a gun, though he might justify it by law; and in his own family so cruel a master, that he never kept a servant a twelvemonth. In his capacity as a justice," continued he, "he behaves so partially, that he commits or acquits just as he is in the humour, without any regard to truth or evidence; the devil may carry any one before him for me; I would rather be tried before some judges, than be a prosecutor before him: if I had an estate in the neighbourhood, I would sell it for half the value rather than live near him."

Adams shook his head, and said, "He was sorry such men were suffered to proceed with impunity, and that riches could set any man above the law." The reviler, a little after, retiring into the yard, the gentleman who had first mentioned his name to Adams began to assure him "that his companion was a prejudiced person. It is true," says he, "perhaps, that he may have sometimes pursued his game over a field of corn, but he hath always made the party ample satisfaction: that so far from tyrannising over his neighbours, or taking away their guns, he himself knew several farmers not qualified, who not only kept guns, but killed game with them; that he was the best of masters to his servants, and several of them had

grown old in his service; that he was the best justice of peace in the kingdom, and, to his certain knowledge, had decided many difficult points, which were referred to him, with the greatest equity and the highest wisdom; and he verily believed, several persons would give a year's purchase more for an estate near him, than under the wings of any other great man." He had just finished his encomium when his companion returned and acquainted him the storm was over. Upon which they presently mounted their horses and departed.

Adams, who was in the utmost anxiety at those different characters of the same person, asked his host if he knew the gentleman: for he began to imagine they had by mistake been speaking of two several gentlemen. "No, no, master," answered the host (a shrewd, cunning fellow); "I know the gentleman very well of whom they have been speaking, as I do the gentlemen who spoke of him. As for riding over other men's corn, to my knowledge he hath not been on horseback these two years. I never heard he did any injury of that kind; and as to making reparation, he is not so free of his money as that comes to neither. Nor did I ever hear of his taking away any man's gun; nay, I know several who have guns in their houses; but as for killing game with them, no man is stricter; and I believe he would ruin any who did. You heard one of the gentlemen say he was the worst master in the world, and the other that he is the best; but for my own part, I know all his servants, and never heard from any of them that he was either one or the other."—"Aye! aye!" says Adams; "and how doth he behave as a justice, pray?"—"Faith, friend," answered the host, "I question whether he is in the commission; the only cause I have heard he hath decided a great while, was one between those very two persons who just went out of this house; and I am sure he determined that justly, for I heard the whole matter."—"Which did He decide it in favour of?" quoth Adams.—"I think I need not answer that question," cried the host, "after the different characters you have heard of him. It is not my business to contradict gentlemen while they are drinking in my house; but I knew neither of them spoke a syllable of truth."—"God forbid!" said Adams, "that men should arrive at such a pitch of wickedness to belye the character of their neighbour from a little private affection, or, what is infinitely worse, a private spite. I rather believe we have mistaken them, and they mean two other persons; for there are many houses on the road."—"Why, prithee, friend," cries the host, "dost thou pretend never to have told a lye in thy life?"—"Never a malicious one, I am certain," answered Adams, "nor with a design to injure the reputation of any man living."—"Pugh! malicious; no, no," replied the host; "not malicious with a design to hang a man, or bring him into trouble; but surely, out of love to oneself, one must speak better of a friend than an enemy."—"Out of love to yourself, you should confine yourself to truth," says Adams, "for by doing otherwise you injure the noblest part of yourself, your immortal soul. I can hardly believe any man such an idiot to risque the loss of that by any trifling gain, and the greatest gain in this world is but dirt in comparison of what shall be revealed hereafter." Upon which the host, taking up the cup, with a smile, drank a health to hereafter; adding, "He was for something present."—"Why," says Adams very gravely, "do not you believe

another world?" To which the host answered, "Yes; he was no atheist."—"And you believe you have an immortal soul?" cries Adams. He answered, "God forbid he should not."—"And heaven and hell?" said the parson. The host then bid him "not to profane; for those were things not to be mentioned nor thought of but in church." Adams asked him, "Why he went to church, if what he learned there had no influence on his conduct in life?" "I go to church," answered the host, "to say my prayers and behave godly."—"And dost not thou," cried Adams, "believe what thou hearest at church?"—"Most part of it, master," returned the host. "And dost not thou then tremble," cries Adams, "at the thought of eternal punishment?"—"As for that, master," said he, "I never once thought about it; but what signifies talking about matters so far off? The mug is out, shall I draw another?"

Whilst he was going for that purpose, a stage-coach drove up to the door. The coachman coming into the house was asked by the mistress what passengers he had in his coach? "A parcel of squinny-gut b—s," says he; "I have a good mind to overturn them; you won't prevail upon them to drink anything, I assure you." Adams asked him, "If he had not seen a young man on horseback on the road" (describing Joseph). "Aye," said the coachman, "a gentlewoman in my coach that is his acquaintance redeemed him and his horse; he would have been here before this time, had not the storm driven him to shelter." "God bless her!" said Adams, in a rapture; nor could he delay walking out to satisfy himself who this charitable woman was; but what was his surprize when he saw his old acquaintance, Madam Slipslop? Hers indeed was not so great, because she had been informed by Joseph that he was on the road. Very civil were the salutations on both sides; and Mrs Slipslop rebuked the hostess for denying the gentleman to be there when she asked for him; but indeed the poor woman had not erred designedly; for Mrs Slipslop asked for a clergyman, and she had unhappily mistaken Adams for a person travelling to a neighbouring fair with the thimble and button, or some other such operation; for he marched in a swinging great but short white coat with black buttons, a short wig, and a hat which, so far from having a black hatband, had nothing black about it.

Joseph was now come up, and Mrs Slipslop would have had him quit his horse to the parson, and come himself into the coach; but he absolutely refused, saying, he thanked Heaven he was well enough recovered to be very able to ride; and added, he hoped he knew his duty better than to ride in a coach while Mr Adams was on horseback.

Mrs Slipslop would have persisted longer, had not a lady in the coach put a short end to the dispute, by refusing to suffer a fellow in a livery to ride in the same coach with herself; so it was at length agreed that Adams should fill the vacant place in the coach, and Joseph should proceed on horseback.

They had not proceeded far before Mrs Slipslop, addressing herself to the parson, spoke thus:—"There hath been a strange alteration in our family, Mr Adams, since Sir Thomas's death." "A strange alteration indeed," says Adams, "as I gather from some hints which have dropped from Joseph."—"Aye," says she, "I



could never have believed it; but the longer one lives in the world, the more one sees. So Joseph hath given you hints." "But of what nature will always remain a perfect secret with me," cries the parson: "he forced me to promise before he would communicate anything. I am indeed concerned to find her ladyship behave in so unbecoming a manner. I always thought her in the main a good lady, and should never have suspected her of thoughts so unworthy a Christian, and with a young lad her own servant." "These things are no secrets to me, I assure you," cries Slipslop, "and I believe they will be none anywhere shortly; for ever since the boy's departure, she hath behaved more like a mad woman than anything else." "Truly, I am heartily concerned," says Adams, "for she was a good sort of a lady. Indeed, I have often wished she had attended a little more constantly at the service, but she hath done a great deal of good in the parish." "O Mr Adams," says Slipslop, "people that don't see all, often know nothing. Many things have been given away in our family, I do assure you, without her knowledge. I have heard you say in the pulpit we ought not to brag; but indeed I can't avoid saying, if she had kept the keys herself, the poor would have wanted many a cordial which I have let them have. As for my late master, he was as worthy a man as ever lived, and would have done infinite good if he had not been controlled; but he loved a quiet life, Heaven rest his soul! I am confident he is there, and enjoys a quiet life, which some folks would not allow him here."—Adams answered, "He had never heard this before, and was mistaken if she herself (for he remembered she used to commend her mistress and blame her master) had not formerly been of another opinion." "I don't know," replied she, "what I might once think; but now I am confidous matters are as I tell you; the world will shortly see who hath been deceived; for my part, I say nothing, but that it is wondersome how some people can carry all things with a grave face."

Thus Mr Adams and she discoursed, till they came opposite to a great house which stood at some distance from the road: a lady in the coach, spying it, cried, "Yonder lives the unfortunate Leonora, if one can justly call a woman unfortunate whom we must own at the same time guilty and the author of her own calamity." This was abundantly sufficient to awaken the curiosity of Mr Adams, as indeed it did that of the whole company, who jointly solicited the lady to acquaint them with Leonora's history, since it seemed, by what she had said, to contain something remarkable.

The lady, who was perfectly well-bred, did not require many entreaties, and having only wished their entertainment might make amends for the company's attention, she began in the following manner.

#### **Chapter IV.**

##### *The history of Leonora, or the unfortunate jilt.*

Leonora was the daughter of a gentleman of fortune; she was tall and well-shaped, with a sprightliness in her countenance which often attracts beyond more regular features joined with an insipid air: nor is this kind of beauty less apt to

deceive than allure; the good humour which it indicates being often mistaken for good nature, and the vivacity for true understanding.

Leonora, who was now at the age of eighteen, lived with an aunt of hers in a town in the north of England. She was an extreme lover of gaiety, and very rarely missed a ball or any other public assembly; where she had frequent opportunities of satisfying a greedy appetite of vanity, with the preference which was given her by the men to almost every other woman present.

Among many young fellows who were particular in their gallantries towards her, Horatio soon distinguished himself in her eyes beyond all his competitors; she danced with more than ordinary gaiety when he happened to be her partner; neither the fairness of the evening, nor the musick of the nightingale, could lengthen her walk like his company. She affected no longer to understand the civilities of others; whilst she inclined so attentive an ear to every compliment of Horatio, that she often smiled even when it was too delicate for her comprehension.

“Pray, madam,” says Adams, “who was this squire Horatio?”

Horatio, says the lady, was a young gentleman of a good family, bred to the law, and had been some few years called to the degree of a barrister. His face and person were such as the generality allowed handsome; but he had a dignity in his air very rarely to be seen. His temper was of the saturnine complexion, and without the least taint of moroseness. He had wit and humour, with an inclination to satire, which he indulged rather too much.

This gentleman, who had contracted the most violent passion for Leonora, was the last person who perceived the probability of its success. The whole town had made the match for him before he himself had drawn a confidence from her actions sufficient to mention his passion to her; for it was his opinion (and perhaps he was there in the right) that it is highly impolitick to talk seriously of love to a woman before you have made such a progress in her affections, that she herself expects and desires to hear it.

But whatever diffidence the fears of a lover may create, which are apt to magnify every favour conferred on a rival, and to see the little advances towards themselves through the other end of the perspective, it was impossible that Horatio’s passion should so blind his discernment as to prevent his conceiving hopes from the behaviour of Leonora, whose fondness for him was now as visible to an indifferent person in their company as his for her.

“I never knew any of these forward sluts come to good” (says the lady who refused Joseph’s entrance into the coach), “nor shall I wonder at anything she doth in the sequel.”

The lady proceeded in her story thus: It was in the midst of a gay conversation in the walks one evening, when Horatio whispered Leonora, that he was desirous to take a turn or two with her in private, for that he had something to communicate to her of great consequence. “Are you sure it is of consequence?” said she, smiling. “I hope,” answered he, “you will think so too, since the whole future happiness of my life must depend on the event.”

Leonora, who very much suspected what was coming, would have deferred it till another time; but Horatio, who had more than half conquered the difficulty of speaking by the first motion, was so very importunate, that she at last yielded, and, leaving the rest of the company, they turned aside into an unfrequented walk.

They had retired far out of the sight of the company, both maintaining a strict silence. At last Horatio made a full stop, and taking Leonora, who stood pale and trembling, gently by the hand, he fetched a deep sigh, and then, looking on her eyes with all the tenderness imaginable, he cried out in a faltering accent, "O Leonora! is it necessary for me to declare to you on what the future happiness of my life must be founded? Must I say there is something belonging to you which is a bar to my happiness, and which unless you will part with, I must be miserable!"—"What can that be?" replied Leonora. "No wonder," said he, "you are surprized that I should make an objection to anything which is yours: yet sure you may guess, since it is the only one which the riches of the world, if they were mine, should purchase for me. Oh, it is that which you must part with to bestow all the rest! Can Leonora, or rather will she, doubt longer? Let me then whisper it in her ears—It is your name, madam. It is by parting with that, by your condescension to be for ever mine, which must at once prevent me from being the most miserable, and will render me the happiest of mankind."

Leonora, covered with blushes, and with as angry a look as she could possibly put on, told him, "That had she suspected what his declaration would have been, he should not have decoyed her from her company, that he had so surprized and frightened her, that she begged him to convey her back as quick as possible;" which he, trembling very near as much as herself, did.

"More fool he," cried Slipslop; "it is a sign he knew very little of our sect."—"Truly, madam," said Adams, "I think you are in the right: I should have insisted to know a piece of her mind, when I had carried matters so far." But Mrs Grave-airs desired the lady to omit all such fulsome stuff in her story, for that it made her sick.

Well then, madam, to be as concise as possible, said the lady, many weeks had not passed after this interview before Horatio and Leonora were what they call on a good footing together. All ceremonies except the last were now over; the writings were now drawn, and everything was in the utmost forwardness preparative to the putting Horatio in possession of all his wishes. I will, if you please, repeat you a letter from each of them, which I have got by heart, and which will give you no small idea of their passion on both sides.

Mrs Grave-airs objected to hearing these letters; but being put to the vote, it was carried against her by all the rest in the coach; parson Adams contending for it with the utmost vehemence.

#### HORATIO TO LEONORA.

"How vain, most adorable creature, is the pursuit of pleasure in the absence of an object to which the mind is entirely devoted, unless it have some relation to that object! I was last night condemned to the society of men of wit and learning, which, however agreeable it might have formerly been to me, now only gave

me a suspicion that they imputed my absence in conversation to the true cause. For which reason, when your engagements forbid me the ecstatic happiness of seeing you, I am always desirous to be alone; since my sentiments for Leonora are so delicate, that I cannot bear the apprehension of another's prying into those delightful endearments with which the warm imagination of a lover will sometimes indulge him, and which I suspect my eyes then betray. To fear this discovery of our thoughts may perhaps appear too ridiculous a nicety to minds not susceptible of all the tendernesses of this delicate passion. And surely we shall suspect there are few such, when we consider that it requires every human virtue to exert itself in its full extent; since the beloved, whose happiness it ultimately respects, may give us charming opportunities of being brave in her defence, generous to her wants, compassionate to her afflictions, grateful to her kindness; and in the same manner, of exercising every other virtue, which he who would not do to any degree, and that with the utmost rapture, can never deserve the name of a lover. It is, therefore, with a view to the delicate modesty of your mind that I cultivate it so purely in my own; and it is that which will sufficiently suggest to you the uneasiness I bear from those liberties, which men to whom the world allow politeness will sometimes give themselves on these occasions.

“Can I tell you with what eagerness I expect the arrival of that blest day, when I shall experience the falsehood of a common assertion, that the greatest human happiness consists in hope? A doctrine which no person had ever stronger reason to believe than myself at present, since none ever tasted such bliss as fires my bosom with the thoughts of spending my future days with such a companion, and that every action of my life will have the glorious satisfaction of conducing to your happiness.”

LEONORA TO HORATIO.

“The refinement of your mind has been so evidently proved by every word and action ever since I had the first pleasure of knowing you, that I thought it impossible my good opinion of Horatio could have been heightened to any additional proof of merit. This very thought was my amusement when I received your last letter, which, when I opened, I confess I was surprized to find the delicate sentiments expressed there so far exceeding what I thought could come even from you (although I know all the generous principles human nature is capable of are centred in your breast), that words cannot paint what I feel on the reflection that my happiness shall be the ultimate end of all your actions.

“Oh, Horatio! what a life must that be, where the meanest domestic cares are sweetened by the pleasing consideration that the man on earth who best deserves, and to whom you are most inclined to give your affections, is to reap either profit or pleasure from all you do! In such a case toils must be turned into diversions, and nothing but the unavoidable inconveniences of life can make us remember that we are mortal.

“If the solitary turn of your thoughts, and the desire of keeping them undiscovered, makes even the conversation of men of wit and learning tedious to you, what anxious hours must I spend, who am condemned by custom to the

conversation of women, whose natural curiosity leads them to pry into all my thoughts, and whose envy can never suffer Horatio's heart to be possessed by any one, without forcing them into malicious designs against the person who is so happy as to possess it! But, indeed, if ever envy can possibly have any excuse, or even alleviation, it is in this case, where the good is so great, and it must be equally natural to all to wish it for themselves; nor am I ashamed to own it: and to your merit, Horatio, I am obliged, that prevents my being in that most uneasy of all the situations I can figure in my imagination, of being led by inclination to love the person whom my own judgment forces me to condemn."

Matters were in so great forwardness between this fond couple, that the day was fixed for their marriage, and was now within a fortnight, when the sessions chanced to be held for that county in a town about twenty miles' distance from that which is the scene of our story. It seems, it is usual for the young gentlemen of the bar to repair to these sessions, not so much for the sake of profit as to show their parts and learn the law of the justices of peace; for which purpose one of the wisest and gravest of all the justices is appointed speaker, or chairman, as they modestly call it, and he reads them a lecture, and instructs them in the true knowledge of the law.

"You are here guilty of a little mistake," says Adams, "which, if you please, I will correct: I have attended at one of these quarter-sessions, where I observed the counsel taught the justices, instead of learning anything of them."

It is not very material, said the lady. Hither repaired Horatio, who, as he hoped by his profession to advance his fortune, which was not at present very large, for the sake of his dear Leonora, he resolved to spare no pains, nor lose any opportunity of improving or advancing himself in it.

The same afternoon in which he left the town, as Leonora stood at her window, a coach and six passed by, which she declared to be the completest, genteelest, prettiest equipage she ever saw; adding these remarkable words, "Oh, I am in love with that equipage!" which, though her friend Florella at that time did not greatly regard, she hath since remembered.

In the evening an assembly was held, which Leonora honoured with her company; but intended to pay her dear Horatio the compliment of refusing to dance in his absence.

Oh, why have not women as good resolution to maintain their vows as they have often good inclinations in making them!

The gentleman who owned the coach and six came to the assembly. His clothes were as remarkably fine as his equipage could be. He soon attracted the eyes of the company; all the smarts, all the silk waistcoats with silver and gold edgings, were eclipsed in an instant.

"Madam," said Adams, "if it be not impertinent, I should be glad to know how this gentleman was drest."

Sir, answered the lady, I have been told he had on a cut velvet coat of a cinnamon colour, lined with a pink satten, embroidered all over with gold; his

waistcoat, which was cloth of silver, was embroidered with gold likewise. I cannot be particular as to the rest of his dress; but it was all in the French fashion, for Bellarmine (that was his name) was just arrived from Paris.

This fine figure did not more entirely engage the eyes of every lady in the assembly than Leonora did his. He had scarce beheld her, but he stood motionless and fixed as a statue, or at least would have done so if good breeding had permitted him. However, he carried it so far before he had power to correct himself, that every person in the room easily discovered where his admiration was settled. The other ladies began to single out their former partners, all perceiving who would be Bellarmine's choice; which they however endeavoured, by all possible means, to prevent: many of them saying to Leonora, "O madam! I suppose we shan't have the pleasure of seeing you dance to-night;" and then crying out, in Bellarmine's hearing, "Oh! Leonora will not dance, I assure you: her partner is not here." One maliciously attempted to prevent her, by sending a disagreeable fellow to ask her, that so she might be obliged either to dance with him, or sit down; but this scheme proved abortive.

Leonora saw herself admired by the fine stranger, and envied by every woman present. Her little heart began to flutter within her, and her head was agitated with a convulsive motion: she seemed as if she would speak to several of her acquaintance, but had nothing to say; for, as she would not mention her present triumph, so she could not disengage her thoughts one moment from the contemplation of it. She had never tasted anything like this happiness. She had before known what it was to torment a single woman; but to be hated and secretly cursed by a whole assembly was a joy reserved for this blessed moment. As this vast profusion of ecstasy had confounded her understanding, so there was nothing so foolish as her behaviour: she played a thousand childish tricks, distorted her person into several shapes, and her face into several laughs, without any reason. In a word, her carriage was as absurd as her desires, which were to affect an insensibility of the stranger's admiration, and at the same time a triumph, from that admiration, over every woman in the room.

In this temper of mind, Bellarmine, having inquired who she was, advanced to her, and with a low bow begged the honour of dancing with her, which she, with as low a curtesy, immediately granted. She danced with him all night, and enjoyed, perhaps, the highest pleasure that she was capable of feeling.

At these words, Adams fetched a deep groan, which frightened the ladies, who told him, "They hoped he was not ill." He answered, "He groaned only for the folly of Leonora."

Leonora retired (continued the lady) about six in the morning, but not to rest. She tumbled and tossed in her bed, with very short intervals of sleep, and those entirely filled with dreams of the equipage and fine clothes she had seen, and the balls, operas, and *ridottos*, which had been the subject of their conversation.

In the afternoon, Bellarmine, in the dear coach and six, came to wait on her. He was indeed charmed with her person, and was, on inquiry, so well pleased with

the circumstances of her father (for he himself, notwithstanding all his finery, was not quite so rich as a Croesus or an Attalus).—"Attalus," says Mr. Adams: "but pray how came you acquainted with these names?" The lady smiled at the question, and proceeded. He was so pleased, I say, that he resolved to make his addresses to her directly. He did so accordingly, and that with so much warmth and briskness, that he quickly baffled her weak repulses, and obliged the lady to refer him to her father, who, she knew, would quickly declare in favour of a coach and six.

Thus what Horatio had by sighs and tears, love and tenderness, been so long obtaining, the French-English Bellarmine with gaiety and gallantry possessed himself of in an instant. In other words, what modesty had employed a full year in raising, impudence demolished in twenty-four hours.

Here Adams groaned a second time; but the ladies, who began to smoke him, took no notice.

From the opening of the assembly till the end of Bellarmine's visit, Leonora had scarce once thought of Horatio; but he now began, though an unwelcome guest, to enter into her mind. She wished she had seen the charming Bellarmine and his charming equipage before matters had gone so far. "Yet why," says she, "should I wish to have seen him before; or what signifies it that I have seen him now? Is not Horatio my lover, almost my husband? Is he not as handsome, nay handsomer than Bellarmine? Aye, but Bellarmine is the genteeler, and the finer man; yes, that he must be allowed. Yes, yes, he is that certainly. But did not I, no longer ago than yesterday, love Horatio more than all the world? Aye, but yesterday I had not seen Bellarmine. But doth not Horatio doat on me, and may he not in despair break his heart if I abandon him? Well, and hath not Bellarmine a heart to break too? Yes, but I promised Horatio first; but that was poor Bellarmine's misfortune; if I had seen him first, I should certainly have preferred him. Did not the dear creature prefer me to every woman in the assembly, when every she was laying out for him? When was it in Horatio's power to give me such an instance of affection? Can he give me an equipage, or any of those things which Bellarmine will make me mistress of? How vast is the difference between being the wife of a poor counsellor and the wife of one of Bellarmine's fortune! If I marry Horatio, I shall triumph over no more than one rival; but by marrying Bellarmine, I shall be the envy of all my acquaintance. What happiness! But can I suffer Horatio to die? for he hath sworn he cannot survive my loss: but perhaps he may not die: if he should, can I prevent it? Must I sacrifice myself to him? besides, Bellarmine may be as miserable for me too." She was thus arguing with herself, when some young ladies called her to the walks, and a little relieved her anxiety for the present.

The next morning Bellarmine breakfasted with her in presence of her aunt, whom he sufficiently informed of his passion for Leonora. He was no sooner withdrawn than the old lady began to advise her niece on this occasion. "You see, child," says she, "what fortune hath thrown in your way; and I hope you will not withstand your own preferment." Leonora, sighing, begged her not to mention any such thing, when she knew her engagements to Horatio. "Engagements to a

fig!" cried the aunt; "you should thank Heaven on your knees that you have it yet in your power to break them. Will any woman hesitate a moment whether she shall ride in a coach or walk on foot all the days of her life? But Bellarmine drives six, and Horatio not even a pair."—"Yes, but, madam, what will the world say?" answered Leonora: "will not they condemn me?"—"The world is always on the side of prudence," cries the aunt, "and would surely condemn you if you sacrificed your interest to any motive whatever. Oh! I know the world very well; and you shew your ignorance, my dear, by your objection. O' my conscience! the world is wiser. I have lived longer in it than you; and I assure you there is not anything worth our regard besides money; nor did I ever know one person who married from other considerations, who did not afterwards heartily repent it. Besides, if we examine the two men, can you prefer a sneaking fellow, who hath been bred at the university, to a fine gentleman just come from his travels. All the world must allow Bellarmine to be a fine gentleman, positively a fine gentleman, and a handsome man."—"Perhaps, madam, I should not doubt, if I knew how to be handsomely off with the other."—"Oh! leave that to me," says the aunt. "You know your father hath not been acquainted with the affair. Indeed, for my part I thought it might do well enough, not dreaming of such an offer; but I'll disengage you: leave me to give the fellow an answer. I warrant you shall have no farther trouble."

Leonora was at length satisfied with her aunt's reasoning; and Bellarmine supping with her that evening, it was agreed he should the next morning go to her father and propose the match, which she consented should be consummated at his return.

The aunt retired soon after supper; and, the lovers being left together, Bellarmine began in the following manner: "Yes, madam; this coat, I assure you, was made at Paris, and I defy the best English taylor even to imitate it. There is not one of them can cut, madam; they can't cut. If you observe how this skirt is turned, and this sleeve: a clumsy English rascal can do nothing like it. Pray, how do you like my liveries?" Leonora answered, "She thought them very pretty."—"All French," says he, "I assure you, except the greatcoats; I never trust anything more than a greatcoat to an Englishman. You know one must encourage our own people what one can, especially as, before I had a place, I was in the country interest, he, he, he! But for myself, I would see the dirty island at the bottom of the sea, rather than wear a single rag of English work about me: and I am sure, after you have made one tour to Paris, you will be of the same opinion with regard to your own clothes. You can't conceive what an addition a French dress would be to your beauty; I positively assure you, at the first opera I saw since I came over, I mistook the English ladies for chambermaids, he, he, he!"

With such sort of polite discourse did the gay Bellarmine entertain his beloved Leonora, when the door opened on a sudden, and Horatio entered the room. Here 'tis impossible to express the surprize of Leonora.

"Poor woman!" says Mrs Slipslop, "what a terrible quandary she must be in!"—"Not at all," says Mrs Grave-airs; "such sluts can never be confounded."—"She



must have then more than Corinthian assurance," said Adams; "aye, more than Lais herself."

A long silence, continued the lady, prevailed in the whole company. If the familiar entrance of Horatio struck the greatest astonishment into Bellarmine, the unexpected presence of Bellarmine no less surprized Horatio. At length Leonora, collecting all the spirit she was mistress of, addressed herself to the latter, and pretended to wonder at the reason of so late a visit. "I should indeed," answered he, "have made some apology for disturbing you at this hour, had not my finding you in company assured me I do not break in upon your repose." Bellarmine rose from his chair, traversed the room in a minuet step, and hummed an opera tune, while Horatio, advancing to Leonora, asked her in a whisper if that gentleman was not a relation of hers; to which she answered with a smile, or rather sneer, "No, he is no relation of mine yet;" adding, "she could not guess the meaning of his question." Horatio told her softly, "It did not arise from jealousy."—"Jealousy! I assure you, it would be very strange in a common acquaintance to give himself any of those airs." These words a little surprized Horatio; but, before he had time to answer, Bellarmine danced up to the lady and told her, "He feared he interrupted some business between her and the gentleman."—"I can have no business," said she, "with the gentleman, nor any other, which need be any secret to you."

"You'll pardon me," said Horatio, "if I desire to know who this gentleman is who is to be entrusted with all our secrets."—"You'll know soon enough," cries Leonora; "but I can't guess what secrets can ever pass between us of such mighty consequence."—"No, madam!" cries Horatio; "I am sure you would not have me understand you in earnest."—"Tis indifferent to me," says she, "how you understand me; but I think so unseasonable a visit is difficult to be understood at all, at least when people find one engaged: though one's servants do not deny one, one may expect a well-bred person should soon take the hint." "Madam," said Horatio, "I did not imagine any engagement with a stranger, as it seems this gentleman is, would have made my visit impertinent, or that any such ceremonies were to be preserved between persons in our situation." "Sure you are in a dream," says she, "or would persuade me that I am in one. I know no pretensions a common acquaintance can have to lay aside the ceremonies of good breeding." "Sure," said he, "I am in a dream; for it is impossible I should be really esteemed a common acquaintance by Leonora, after what has passed between us?" "Passed between us! Do you intend to affront me before this gentleman?" "D—n me, affront the lady," says Bellarmine, cocking his hat, and strutting up to Horatio: "does any man dare affront this lady before me, d—n me?" "Hark'ee, sir," says Horatio, "I would advise you to lay aside that fierce air; for I am mightily deceived if this lady has not a violent desire to get your worship a good drubbing." "Sir," said Bellarmine, "I have the honour to be her protector; and, d—n me, if I understand your meaning." "Sir," answered Horatio, "she is rather your protectress; but give yourself no more airs, for you see I am prepared for you" (shaking his whip at him). "Oh! serviteur tres humble," says Bellarmine: "Je vous entend parfaitement bien." At which time the aunt, who had

heard of Horatio's visit, entered the room, and soon satisfied all his doubts. She convinced him that he was never more awake in his life, and that nothing more extraordinary had happened in his three days' absence than a small alteration in the affections of Leonora; who now burst into tears, and wondered what reason she had given him to use her in so barbarous a manner. Horatio desired Bellarmine to withdraw with him; but the ladies prevented it by laying violent hands on the latter; upon which the former took his leave without any great ceremony, and departed, leaving the lady with his rival to consult for his safety, which Leonora feared her indiscretion might have endangered; but the aunt comforted her with assurances that Horatio would not venture his person against so accomplished a cavalier as Bellarmine, and that, being a lawyer, he would seek revenge in his own way, and the most they had to apprehend from him was an action.

They at length therefore agreed to permit Bellarmine to retire to his lodgings, having first settled all matters relating to the journey which he was to undertake in the morning, and their preparations for the nuptials at his return.

But, alas! as wise men have observed, the seat of valour is not the countenance; and many a grave and plain man will, on a just provocation, betake himself to that mischievous metal, cold iron; while men of a fiercer brow, and sometimes with that emblem of courage, a cockade, will more prudently decline it.

Leonora was waked in the morning, from a visionary coach and six, with the dismal account that Bellarmine was run through the body by Horatio; that he lay languishing at an inn, and the surgeons had declared the wound mortal. She immediately leaped out of the bed, danced about the room in a frantic manner, tore her hair and beat her breast in all the agonies of despair; in which sad condition her aunt, who likewise arose at the news, found her. The good old lady applied her utmost art to comfort her niece. She told her, "While there was life there was hope; but that if he should die her affliction would be of no service to Bellarmine, and would only expose herself, which might, probably, keep her some time without any future offer; that, as matters had happened, her wisest way would be to think no more of Bellarmine, but to endeavour to regain the affections of Horatio." "Speak not to me," cried the disconsolate Leonora; "is it not owing to me that poor Bellarmine has lost his life? Have not these cursed charms (at which words she looked steadfastly in the glass) been the ruin of the most charming man of this age? Can I ever bear to contemplate my own face again (with her eyes still fixed on the glass)? Am I not the murderess of the finest gentleman? No other woman in the town could have made any impression on him." "Never think of things past," cries the aunt: "think of regaining the affections of Horatio." "What reason," said the niece, "have I to hope he would forgive me? No, I have lost him as well as the other, and it was your wicked advice which was the occasion of all; you seduced me, contrary to my inclinations, to abandon poor Horatio (at which words she burst into tears); you prevailed upon me, whether I would or no, to give up my affections for him; had it not been for you, Bellarmine never would have entered into my thoughts; had not his addresses been backed by your persuasions, they

never would have made any impression on me; I should have defied all the fortune and equipage in the world; but it was you, it was you, who got the better of my youth and simplicity, and forced me to lose my dear Horatio for ever.”

The aunt was almost borne down with this torrent of words; she, however, rallied all the strength she could, and, drawing her mouth up in a purse, began: “I am not surprized, niece, at this ingratitude. Those who advise young women for their interest, must always expect such a return: I am convinced my brother will thank me for breaking off your match with Horatio, at any rate.”—“That may not be in your power yet,” answered Leonora, “though it is very ungrateful in you to desire or attempt it, after the presents you have received from him.” (For indeed true it is, that many presents, and some pretty valuable ones, had passed from Horatio to the old lady; but as true it is, that Bellarmine, when he breakfasted with her and her niece, had complimented her with a brilliant from his finger, of much greater value than all she had touched of the other.)

The aunt’s gall was on float to reply, when a servant brought a letter into the room, which Leonora, hearing it came from Bellarmine, with great eagerness opened, and read as follows:—

“MOST DIVINE CREATURE,—The wound which I fear you have heard I received from my rival is not like to be so fatal as those shot into my heart which have been fired from your eyes, tout brilliant. Those are the only cannons by which I am to fall; for my surgeon gives me hopes of being soon able to attend your ruelle; till when, unless you would do me an honour which I have scarce the hardiesse to think of, your absence will be the greatest anguish which can be felt by,

“Madam,

“Avec toute le respecte in the world,

“Your most obedient, most absolute Devote,

“BELLARMINE.”

As soon as Leonora perceived such hopes of Bellarmine’s recovery, and that the gossip Fame had, according to custom, so enlarged his danger, she presently abandoned all further thoughts of Horatio, and was soon reconciled to her aunt, who received her again into favour, with a more Christian forgiveness than we generally meet with. Indeed, it is possible she might be a little alarmed at the hints which her niece had given her concerning the presents. She might apprehend such rumours, should they get abroad, might injure a reputation which, by frequenting church twice a day, and preserving the utmost rigour and strictness in her countenance and behaviour for many years, she had established.

Leonora’s passion returned now for Bellarmine with greater force, after its small relaxation, than ever. She proposed to her aunt to make him a visit in his confinement, which the old lady, with great and commendable prudence, advised her to decline: “For,” says she, “should any accident intervene to prevent your intended match, too forward a behaviour with this lover may injure you in the eyes of others. Every woman, till she is married, ought to consider of, and provide against, the possibility of the affair’s breaking off.” Leonora said, “She should be

indifferent to whatever might happen in such a case; for she had now so absolutely placed her affections on this dear man (so she called him), that, if it was her misfortune to lose him, she should for ever abandon all thoughts of mankind." She, therefore, resolved to visit him, notwithstanding all the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, and that very afternoon executed her resolution.

The lady was proceeding in her story, when the coach drove into the inn where the company were to dine, sorely to the dissatisfaction of Mr Adams, whose ears were the most hungry part about him; he being, as the reader may perhaps guess, of an insatiable curiosity, and heartily desirous of hearing the end of this amour, though he professed he could scarce wish success to a lady of so inconstant a disposition.

## Chapter V.

*A dreadful quarrel which happened at the Inn where the company dined, with its bloody consequences to Mr Adams.*

As soon as the passengers had alighted from the coach, Mr Adams, as was his custom, made directly to the kitchen, where he found Joseph sitting by the fire, and the hostess anointing his leg; for the horse which Mr Adams had borrowed of his clerk had so violent a propensity to kneeling, that one would have thought it had been his trade, as well as his master's; nor would he always give any notice of such his intention; he was often found on his knees when the rider least expected it. This foible, however, was of no great inconvenience to the parson, who was accustomed to it; and, as his legs almost touched the ground when he bestrode the beast, had but a little way to fall, and threw himself forward on such occasions with so much dexterity that he never received any mischief; the horse and he frequently rolling many paces' distance, and afterwards both getting up and meeting as good friends as ever.

Poor Joseph, who had not been used to such kind of cattle, though an excellent horseman, did not so happily disengage himself; but, falling with his leg under the beast, received a violent contusion, to which the good woman was, as we have said, applying a warm hand, with some camphorated spirits, just at the time when the parson entered the kitchen.

He had scarce expressed his concern for Joseph's misfortune before the host likewise entered. He was by no means of Mr Tow-ouse's gentle disposition; and was, indeed, perfect master of his house, and everything in it but his guests.

This surly fellow, who always proportioned his respect to the appearance of a traveller, from "God bless your honour," down to plain "Coming presently," observing his wife on her knees to a footman, cried out, without considering his circumstances, "What a pox is the woman about? why don't you mind the company in the coach? Go and ask them what they will have for dinner." "My dear," says she, "you know they can have nothing but what is at the fire, which will be ready presently; and really the poor young man's leg is very much bruised." At which

words she fell to chafing more violently than before: the bell then happening to ring, he damn'd his wife, and bid her go in to the company, and not stand rubbing there all day, for he did not believe the young fellow's leg was so bad as he pretended; and if it was, within twenty miles he would find a surgeon to cut it off. Upon these words, Adams fetched two strides across the room; and snapping his fingers over his head, muttered aloud, He would excommunicate such a wretch for a farthing, for he believed the devil had more humanity. These words occasioned a dialogue between Adams and the host, in which there were two or three sharp replies, till Joseph bad the latter know how to behave himself to his betters. At which the host (having first strictly surveyed Adams) scornfully repeating the word "betters," flew into a rage, and, telling Joseph he was as able to walk out of his house as he had been to walk into it, offered to lay violent hands on him; which perceiving, Adams dealt him so sound a compliment over his face with his fist, that the blood immediately gushed out of his nose in a stream. The host, being unwilling to be outdone in courtesy, especially by a person of Adams's figure, returned the favour with so much gratitude, that the parson's nostrils began to look a little redder than usual. Upon which he again assailed his antagonist, and with another stroke laid him sprawling on the floor.

The hostess, who was a better wife than so surly a husband deserved, seeing her husband all bloody and stretched along, hastened presently to his assistance, or rather to revenge the blow, which, to all appearance, was the last he would ever receive; when, lo! a pan full of hog's blood, which unluckily stood on the dresser, presented itself first to her hands. She seized it in her fury, and without any reflection, discharged it into the parson's face; and with so good an aim, that much the greater part first saluted his countenance, and trickled thence in so large a current down to his beard, and over his garments, that a more horrible spectacle was hardly to be seen, or even imagined. All which was perceived by Mrs Slipslop, who entered the kitchen at that instant. This good gentlewoman, not being of a temper so extremely cool and patient as perhaps was required to ask many questions on this occasion, flew with great impetuosity at the hostess's cap, which, together with some of her hair, she plucked from her head in a moment, giving her, at the same time, several hearty cuffs in the face; which by frequent practice on the inferior servants, she had learned an excellent knack of delivering with a good grace. Poor Joseph could hardly rise from his chair; the parson was employed in wiping the blood from his eyes, which had entirely blinded him; and the landlord was but just beginning to stir; whilst Mrs Slipslop, holding down the landlady's face with her left hand, made so dexterous an use of her right, that the poor woman began to roar, in a key which alarmed all the company in the inn.

There happened to be in the inn, at this time, besides the ladies who arrived in the stage-coach, the two gentlemen who were present at Mr Tow-ouse's when Joseph was detained for his horse's meat, and whom we have before mentioned to have stopt at the alehouse with Adams. There was likewise a gentleman just returned from his travels to Italy; all whom the horrid outcry of murder presently

brought into the kitchen, where the several combatants were found in the postures already described.

It was now no difficulty to put an end to the fray, the conquerors being satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and the conquered having no appetite to renew the fight. The principal figure, and which engaged the eyes of all, was Adams, who was all over covered with blood, which the whole company concluded to be his own, and consequently imagined him no longer for this world. But the host, who had now recovered from his blow, and was risen from the ground, soon delivered them from this apprehension, by damning his wife for wasting the hog's puddings, and telling her all would have been very well if she had not intermeddled, like a b—as she was; adding, he was very glad the gentlewoman had paid her, though not half what she deserved. The poor woman had indeed fared much the worst; having, besides the unmerciful cuffs received, lost a quantity of hair, which Mrs Slipslop in triumph held in her left hand.

The traveller, addressing himself to Mrs Grave-aire, desired her not to be frightened; for here had been only a little boxing, which he said, to their disgracia, the English were accustomed to: adding, it must be, however, a sight somewhat strange to him, who was just come from Italy; the Italians not being addicted to the cuffardo but bastonza, says he. He then went up to Adams, and telling him he looked like the ghost of Othello, bid him not shake his gory locks at him, for he could not say he did it. Adams very innocently answered, "Sir, I am far from accusing you." He then returned to the lady, and cried, "I find the bloody gentleman is uno insipido del nullo senso. Dammato di me, if I have seen such a spectaculo in my way from Viterbo."

One of the gentlemen having learnt from the host the occasion of this bustle, and being assured by him that Adams had struck the first blow, whispered in his ear, "He'd warrant he would recover."—"Recover! master," said the host, smiling: "yes, yes, I am not afraid of dying with a blow or two neither; I am not such a chicken as that."—"Pugh!" said the gentleman, "I mean you will recover damages in that action which, undoubtedly, you intend to bring, as soon as a writ can be returned from London; for you look like a man of too much spirit and courage to suffer any one to beat you without bringing your action against him: he must be a scandalous fellow indeed who would put up with a drubbing whilst the law is open to revenge it; besides, he hath drawn blood from you, and spoiled your coat; and the jury will give damages for that too. An excellent new coat upon my word; and now not worth a shilling! I don't care," continued he, "to intermeddle in these cases; but you have a right to my evidence; and if I am sworn, I must speak the truth. I saw you sprawling on the floor, and blood gushing from your nostrils. You may take your own opinion; but was I in your circumstances, every drop of my blood should convey an ounce of gold into my pocket: remember I don't advise you to go to law; but if your jury were Christians, they must give swinging damages. That's all."—"Master," cried the host, scratching his head, "I have no stomach to law, I thank you. I have seen enough of that in the parish, where two of my

neighbours have been at law about a house, till they have both lawed themselves into a gaol." At which words he turned about, and began to inquire again after his hog's puddings; nor would it probably have been a sufficient excuse for his wife, that she spilt them in his defence, had not some awe of the company, especially of the Italian traveller, who was a person of great dignity, withheld his rage.

Whilst one of the above-mentioned gentlemen was employed, as we have seen him, on the behalf of the landlord, the other was no less hearty on the side of Mr Adams, whom he advised to bring his action immediately. He said the assault of the wife was in law the assault of the husband, for they were but one person; and he was liable to pay damages, which he said must be considerable, where so bloody a disposition appeared. Adams answered, If it was true that they were but one person, he had assaulted the wife; for he was sorry to own he had struck the husband the first blow. "I am sorry you own it too," cries the gentleman; "for it could not possibly appear to the court; for here was no evidence present but the lame man in the chair, whom I suppose to be your friend, and would consequently say nothing but what made for you."—"How, sir," says Adams, "do you take me for a villain, who would prosecute revenge in cold blood, and use unjustifiable means to obtain it? If you knew me, and my order, I should think you affronted both." At the word order, the gentleman stared (for he was too bloody to be of any modern order of knights); and, turning hastily about, said, "Every man knew his own business."

Matters being now composed, the company retired to their several apartments; the two gentlemen congratulating each other on the success of their good offices in procuring a perfect reconciliation between the contending parties; and the traveller went to his repast, crying, "As the Italian poet says—

'Je voi very well que tutta e pace,  
So send up dinner, good Boniface.'"

The coachman began now to grow importunate with his passengers, whose entrance into the coach was retarded by Miss Grave-airs insisting, against the remonstrance of all the rest, that she would not admit a footman into the coach; for poor Joseph was too lame to mount a horse. A young lady, who was, as it seems, an earl's grand-daughter, begged it with almost tears in her eyes. Mr Adams prayed, and Mrs Slipslop scolded; but all to no purpose. She said, "She would not demean herself to ride with a footman: that there were waggons on the road: that if the master of the coach desired it, she would pay for two places; but would suffer no such fellow to come in."—"Madam," says Slipslop, "I am sure no one can refuse another coming into a stage-coach."—"I don't know, madam," says the lady; "I am not much used to stage-coaches; I seldom travel in them."—"That may be, madam," replied Slipslop; "very good people do; and some people's betters, for aught I know." Miss Grave-airs said, "Some folks might sometimes give their tongues a liberty, to some people that were their betters, which did not become them; for her part, she was not used to converse with servants." Slipslop returned, "Some people kept no servants to converse with; for her part, she thanked Heaven she lived in a family where there were a great many, and had more under her own command

than any poultry little gentlewoman in the kingdom." Miss Grave-airs cried, "She believed her mistress would not encourage such sauciness to her betters."—"My betters," says Slipslop, "who is my betters, pray?"—"I am your betters," answered Miss Grave-airs, "and I'll acquaint your mistress."—At which Mrs Slipslop laughed aloud, and told her, "Her lady was one of the great gentry; and such little poultry gentlewomen as some folks, who travelled in stagecoaches, would not easily come at her."

This smart dialogue between some people and some folks was going on at the coach door when a solemn person, riding into the inn, and seeing Miss Grave-airs, immediately accosted her with "Dear child, how do you?" She presently answered, "O papa, I am glad you have overtaken me."—"So am I," answered he; "for one of our coaches is just at hand; and, there being room for you in it, you shall go no farther in the stage unless you desire it."—"How can you imagine I should desire it?" says she; so, bidding Slipslop ride with her fellow, if she pleased, she took her father by the hand, who was just alighted, and walked with him into a room.

Adams instantly asked the coachman, in a whisper, "If he knew who the gentleman was?" The coachman answered, "He was now a gentleman, and kept his horse and man; but times are altered, master," said he; "I remember when he was no better born than myself."—"Ay! ay!" says Adams. "My father drove the squire's coach," answered he, "when that very man rode postillion; but he is now his steward; and a great gentleman." Adams then snapped his fingers, and cried, "He thought she was some such trollop."

Adams made haste to acquaint Mrs Slipslop with this good news, as he imagined it; but it found a reception different from what he expected. The prudent gentlewoman, who despised the anger of Miss Grave-airs whilst she conceived her the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune, now she heard her alliance with the upper servants of a great family in her neighbourhood, began to fear her interest with the mistress. She wished she had not carried the dispute so far, and began to think of endeavouring to reconcile herself to the young lady before she left the inn; when, luckily, the scene at London, which the reader can scarce have forgotten, presented itself to her mind, and comforted her with such assurance, that she no longer apprehended any enemy with her mistress.

Everything being now adjusted, the company entered the coach, which was just on its departure, when one lady recollected she had left her fan, a second her gloves, a third a snuff-box, and a fourth a smelling-bottle behind her; to find all which occasioned some delay and much swearing to the coachman.

As soon as the coach had left the inn, the women all together fell to the character of Miss Grave-airs; whom one of them declared she had suspected to be some low creature, from the beginning of their journey, and another affirmed she had not even the looks of a gentlewoman: a third warranted she was no better than she should be; and, turning to the lady who had related the story in the coach, said, "Did you ever hear, madam, anything so prudish as her remarks? Well, deliver me from the censoriousness of such a prude." The fourth added, "O madam! all these



creatures are censorious; but for my part, I wonder where the wretch was bred; indeed, I must own I have seldom conversed with these mean kind of people, so that it may appear stranger to me; but to refuse the general desire of a whole company had something in it so astonishing, that, for my part, I own I should hardly believe it if my own ears had not been witnesses to it.”—“Yes, and so handsome a young fellow,” cries Slipslop; “the woman must have no compulsion in her: I believe she is more of a Turk than a Christian; I am certain, if she had any Christian woman’s blood in her veins, the sight of such a young fellow must have warmed it. Indeed, there are some wretched, miserable old objects, that turn one’s stomach; I should not wonder if she had refused such a one; I am as nice as herself, and should have cared no more than herself for the company of stinking old fellows; but, hold up thy head, Joseph, thou art none of those; and she who hath not compulsion for thee is a Myhummetman, and I will maintain it.” This conversation made Joseph uneasy as well as the ladies; who, perceiving the spirits which Mrs Slipslop was in (for indeed she was not a cup too low), began to fear the consequence; one of them therefore desired the lady to conclude the story. “Aye, madam,” said Slipslop, “I beg your ladyship to give us that story you commensated in the morning;” which request that well-bred woman immediately complied with.

## Chapter VI.

### *Conclusion of the unfortunate jilt.*

Leonora, having once broke through the bounds which custom and modesty impose on her sex, soon gave an unbridled indulgence to her passion. Her visits to Bellarmine were more constant, as well as longer, than his surgeon’s: in a word, she became absolutely his nurse; made his water-gruel, administered him his medicines; and, notwithstanding the prudent advice of her aunt to the contrary, almost intirely resided in her wounded lover’s apartment.

The ladies of the town began to take her conduct under consideration: it was the chief topic of discourse at their tea-tables, and was very severely censured by the most part; especially by Lindamira, a lady whose discreet and starch carriage, together with a constant attendance at church three times a day, had utterly defeated many malicious attacks on her own reputation; for such was the envy that Lindamira’s virtue had attracted, that, notwithstanding her own strict behaviour and strict enquiry into the lives of others, she had not been able to escape being the mark of some arrows herself, which, however, did her no injury; a blessing, perhaps, owed by her to the clergy, who were her chief male companions, and with two or three of whom she had been barbarously and unjustly calumniated.

“Not so unjustly neither, perhaps,” says Slipslop; “for the clergy are men, as well as other folks.”

The extreme delicacy of Lindamira’s virtue was cruelly hurt by those freedoms which Leonora allowed herself: she said, “It was an affront to her sex; that she did

not imagine it consistent with any woman's honour to speak to the creature, or to be seen in her company; and that, for her part, she should always refuse to dance at an assembly with her, for fear of contamination by taking her by the hand."

But to return to my story: as soon as Bellarmine was recovered, which was somewhat within a month from his receiving the wound, he set out, according to agreement, for Leonora's father's, in order to propose the match, and settle all matters with him touching settlements, and the like.

A little before his arrival the old gentleman had received an intimation of the affair by the following letter, which I can repeat verbatim, and which, they say, was written neither by Leonora nor her aunt, though it was in a woman's hand. The letter was in these words:—

"SIR,—I am sorry to acquaint you that your daughter, Leonora, hath acted one of the basest as well as most simple parts with a young gentleman to whom she had engaged herself, and whom she hath (pardon the word) jilted for another of inferior fortune, notwithstanding his superior figure. You may take what measures you please on this occasion; I have performed what I thought my duty; as I have, though unknown to you, a very great respect for your family."

The old gentleman did not give himself the trouble to answer this kind epistle; nor did he take any notice of it, after he had read it, till he saw Bellarmine. He was, to say the truth, one of those fathers who look on children as an unhappy consequence of their youthful pleasures; which, as he would have been delighted not to have had attended them, so was he no less pleased with any opportunity to rid himself of the incumbrance. He passed, in the world's language, as an exceeding good father; being not only so rapacious as to rob and plunder all mankind to the utmost of his power, but even to deny himself the conveniencies, and almost necessaries, of life; which his neighbours attributed to a desire of raising immense fortunes for his children: but in fact it was not so; he heaped up money for its own sake only, and looked on his children as his rivals, who were to enjoy his beloved mistress when he was incapable of possessing her, and which he would have been much more charmed with the power of carrying along with him; nor had his children any other security of being his heirs than that the law would constitute them such without a will, and that he had not affection enough for any one living to take the trouble of writing one.

To this gentleman came Bellarmine, on the errand I have mentioned. His person, his equipage, his family, and his estate, seemed to the father to make him an advantageous match for his daughter: he therefore very readily accepted his proposals: but when Bellarmine imagined the principal affair concluded, and began to open the incidental matters of fortune, the old gentleman presently changed his countenance, saying, "He resolved never to marry his daughter on a Smithfield match; that whoever had love for her to take her would, when he died, find her share of his fortune in his coffers; but he had seen such examples of undutifulness happen from the too early generosity of parents, that he had made a vow never to part with a shilling whilst he lived." He commended the saying of

Solomon, "He that spareth the rod spoileth the child;" but added, "he might have likewise asserted, That he that spareth the purse saveth the child." He then ran into a discourse on the extravagance of the youth of the age; whence he launched into a dissertation on horses; and came at length to commend those Bellarmine drove. That fine gentleman, who at another season would have been well enough pleased to dwell a little on that subject, was now very eager to resume the circumstance of fortune. He said, "He had a very high value for the young lady, and would receive her with less than he would any other whatever; but that even his love to her made some regard to worldly matters necessary; for it would be a most distracting sight for him to see her, when he had the honour to be her husband, in less than a coach and six." The old gentleman answered, "Four will do, four will do;" and then took a turn from horses to extravagance and from extravagance to horses, till he came round to the equipage again; whither he was no sooner arrived than Bellarmine brought him back to the point; but all to no purpose; he made his escape from that subject in a minute; till at last the lover declared, "That in the present situation of his affairs it was impossible for him, though he loved Leonora more than tout le monde, to marry her without any fortune." To which the father answered, "He was sorry that his daughter must lose so valuable a match; that, if he had an inclination, at present it was not in his power to advance a shilling; that he had had great losses, and been at great expenses on projects; which, though he had great expectation from them, had yet produced him nothing: that he did not know what might happen hereafter, as on the birth of a son, or such accident; but he would make no promise, or enter into any article, for he would not break his vow for all the daughters in the world."

In short, ladies, to keep you no longer in suspense, Bellarmine, having tried every argument and persuasion which he could invent, and finding them all ineffectual, at length took his leave, but not in order to return to Leonora; he proceeded directly to his own seat, whence, after a few days' stay, he returned to Paris, to the great delight of the French and the honour of the English nation.

But as soon as he arrived at his home he presently despatched a messenger with the following epistle to Leonora:—

"ADORABLE AND CHARMANTE,—I am sorry to have the honour to tell you I am not the heureux person destined for your divine arms. Your papa hath told me so with a politesse not often seen on this side Paris. You may perhaps guess his manner of refusing me. Ah, mon Dieu! You will certainly believe me, madam, incapable myself of delivering this triste message, which I intend to try the French air to cure the consequences of. A jamais! Coeur! Ange! Au diable! If your papa obliges you to a marriage, I hope we shall see you at Paris; till when, the wind that flows from thence will be the warmest dans le monde, for it will consist almost entirely of my sighs. Adieu, ma princesse! Ah, l'amour!

"BELLARMINE."

I shall not attempt, ladies, to describe Leonora's condition when she received this letter. It is a picture of horror, which I should have as little pleasure in drawing

as you in beholding. She immediately left the place where she was the subject of conversation and ridicule, and retired to that house I showed you when I began the story; where she hath ever since led a disconsolate life, and deserves, perhaps, pity for her misfortunes, more than our censure for a behaviour to which the artifices of her aunt very probably contributed, and to which very young women are often rendered too liable by that blameable levity in the education of our sex.

“If I was inclined to pity her,” said a young lady in the coach, “it would be for the loss of Horatio; for I cannot discern any misfortune in her missing such a husband as Bellarmine.”

“Why, I must own,” says Slipslop, “the gentleman was a little false-hearted; but howsumever, it was hard to have two lovers, and get never a husband at all. But pray, madam, what became of Our-asho?”

He remains, said the lady, still unmarried, and hath applied himself so strictly to his business, that he hath raised, I hear, a very considerable fortune. And what is remarkable, they say he never hears the name of Leonora without a sigh, nor hath ever uttered one syllable to charge her with her ill-conduct towards him.

## Chapter VII.

*A very short chapter, in which parson Adams went a great way.*

The lady, having finished her story, received the thanks of the company; and now Joseph, putting his head out of the coach, cried out, “Never believe me if yonder be not our parson Adams walking along without his horse!”—“On my word, and so he is,” says Slipslop: “and as sure as twopence he hath left him behind at the inn.” Indeed, true it is, the parson had exhibited a fresh instance of his absence of mind; for he was so pleased with having got Joseph into the coach, that he never once thought of the beast in the stable; and, finding his legs as nimble as he desired, he sallied out, brandishing a crabstick, and had kept on before the coach, mending and slackening his pace occasionally, so that he had never been much more or less than a quarter of a mile distant from it.

Mrs Slipslop desired the coachman to overtake him, which he attempted, but in vain; for the faster he drove the faster ran the parson, often crying out, “Aye, aye, catch me if you can;” till at length the coachman swore he would as soon attempt to drive after a greyhound, and, giving the parson two or three hearty curses, he cry’d, “Softly, softly, boys,” to his horses, which the civil beasts immediately obeyed.

But we will be more courteous to our reader than he was to Mrs Slipslop; and, leaving the coach and its company to pursue their journey, we will carry our reader on after parson Adams, who stretched forwards without once looking behind him, till, having left the coach full three miles in his rear, he came to a place where, by keeping the extremest track to the right, it was just barely possible for a human creature to miss his way. This track, however, did he keep, as indeed he had a wonderful capacity at these kinds of bare possibilities, and, travelling in it about

three miles over the plain, he arrived at the summit of a hill, whence looking a great way backwards, and perceiving no coach in sight, he sat himself down on the turf, and, pulling out his Aeschylus, determined to wait here for its arrival.

He had not sat long here before a gun going off very near, a little startled him; he looked up and saw a gentleman within a hundred paces taking up a partridge which he had just shot.

Adams stood up and presented a figure to the gentleman which would have moved laughter in many; for his cassock had just again fallen down below his greatcoat, that is to say, it reached his knees, whereas the skirts of his greatcoat descended no lower than half-way down his thighs; but the gentleman's mirth gave way to his surprize at beholding such a personage in such a place.

Adams, advancing to the gentleman, told him he hoped he had good sport, to which the other answered, "Very little."—"I see, sir," says Adams, "you have smote one partridge;" to which the sportsman made no reply, but proceeded to charge his piece.

Whilst the gun was charging, Adams remained in silence, which he at last broke by observing that it was a delightful evening. The gentleman, who had at first sight conceived a very distasteful opinion of the parson, began, on perceiving a book in his hand and smoaking likewise the information of the cassock, to change his thoughts, and made a small advance to conversation on his side by saying, "Sir, I suppose you are not one of these parts?"

Adams immediately told him, "No; that he was a traveller, and invited by the beauty of the evening and the place to repose a little and amuse himself with reading."—"I may as well repose myself too," said the sportsman, "for I have been out this whole afternoon, and the devil a bird have I seen till I came hither."

"Perhaps then the game is not very plenty hereabouts?" cries Adams. "No, sir," said the gentleman: "the soldiers, who are quartered in the neighbourhood, have killed it all."—"It is very probable," cries Adams, "for shooting is their profession."—"Ay, shooting the game," answered the other; "but I don't see they are so forward to shoot our enemies. I don't like that affair of Carthagen; if I had been there, I believe I should have done other-guess things, d—n me: what's a man's life when his country demands it? a man who won't sacrifice his life for his country deserves to be hanged, d—n me." Which words he spoke with so violent a gesture, so loud a voice, so strong an accent, and so fierce a countenance, that he might have frightened a captain of trained bands at the head of his company; but Mr Adams was not greatly subject to fear; he told him intrepidly that he very much approved his virtue, but disliked his swearing, and begged him not to addict himself to so bad a custom, without which he said he might fight as bravely as Achilles did. Indeed he was charmed with this discourse; he told the gentleman he would willingly have gone many miles to have met a man of his generous way of thinking; that, if he pleased to sit down, he should be greatly delighted to commune with him; for, though he was a clergyman, he would himself be ready, if thereto called, to lay down his life for his country.

The gentleman sat down, and Adams by him; and then the latter began, as in the following chapter, a discourse which we have placed by itself, as it is not only the most curious in this but perhaps in any other book.

### **Chapter VIII.**

*A notable dissertation by Mr Abraham Adams; wherein that gentleman appears in a political light.*

“I do assure you, sir” (says he, taking the gentleman by the hand), “I am heartily glad to meet with a man of your kidney; for, though I am a poor parson, I will be bold to say I am an honest man, and would not do an ill thing to be made a bishop; nay, though it hath not fallen in my way to offer so noble a sacrifice, I have not been without opportunities of suffering for the sake of my conscience, I thank Heaven for them; for I have had relations, though I say it, who made some figure in the world; particularly a nephew, who was a shopkeeper and an alderman of a corporation. He was a good lad, and was under my care when a boy; and I believe would do what I bade him to his dying day. Indeed, it looks like extreme vanity in me to affect being a man of such consequence as to have so great an interest in an alderman; but others have thought so too, as manifestly appeared by the rector, whose curate I formerly was, sending for me on the approach of an election, and telling me, if I expected to continue in his cure, that I must bring my nephew to vote for one Colonel Courtly, a gentleman whom I had never heard tidings of till that instant. I told the rector I had no power over my nephew’s vote (God forgive me for such prevarication!); that I supposed he would give it according to his conscience; that I would by no means endeavour to influence him to give it otherwise. He told me it was in vain to equivocate; that he knew I had already spoke to him in favour of esquire Fickle, my neighbour; and, indeed, it was true I had; for it was at a season when the church was in danger, and when all good men expected they knew not what would happen to us all. I then answered boldly, if he thought I had given my promise, he affronted me in proposing any breach of it. Not to be too prolix; I persevered, and so did my nephew, in the esquire’s interest, who was chose chiefly through his means; and so I lost my curacy, Well, sir, but do you think the esquire ever mentioned a word of the church? Ne verbum quidem, ut ita dicam: within two years he got a place, and hath ever since lived in London; where I have been informed (but God forbid I should believe that,) that he never so much as goeth to church. I remained, sir, a considerable time without any cure, and lived a full month on one funeral sermon, which I preached on the indisposition of a clergyman; but this by the bye. At last, when Mr Fickle got his place, Colonel Courtly stood again; and who should make interest for him but Mr Fickle himself! that very identical Mr Fickle, who had formerly told me the colonel was an enemy to both the church and state, had the confidence to sollicit my nephew for him; and the colonel himself offered me to make me chaplain to his regiment, which I

refused in favour of Sir Oliver Hearty, who told us he would sacrifice everything to his country; and I believe he would, except his hunting, which he stuck so close to, that in five years together he went but twice up to parliament; and one of those times, I have been told, never was within sight of the House. However, he was a worthy man, and the best friend I ever had; for, by his interest with a bishop, he got me replaced into my curacy, and gave me eight pounds out of his own pocket to buy me a gown and cassock, and furnish my house. He had our interest while he lived, which was not many years. On his death I had fresh applications made to me; for all the world knew the interest I had with my good nephew, who now was a leading man in the corporation; and Sir Thomas Booby, buying the estate which had been Sir Oliver's, proposed himself a candidate. He was then a young gentleman just come from his travels; and it did me good to hear him discourse on affairs which, for my part, I knew nothing of. If I had been master of a thousand votes he should have had them all. I engaged my nephew in his interest, and he was elected; and a very fine parliament-man he was. They tell me he made speeches of an hour long, and, I have been told, very fine ones; but he could never persuade the parliament to be of his opinion. *Non omnia possumus omnes*. He promised me a living, poor man! and I believe I should have had it, but an accident happened, which was, that my lady had promised it before, unknown to him. This, indeed, I never heard till afterwards; for my nephew, who died about a month before the incumbent, always told me I might be assured of it. Since that time, Sir Thomas, poor man, had always so much business, that he never could find leisure to see me. I believe it was partly my lady's fault too, who did not think my dress good enough for the gentry at her table. However, I must do him the justice to say he never was ungrateful; and I have always found his kitchen, and his cellar too, open to me: many a time, after service on a Sunday—for I preach at four churches—have I recruited my spirits with a glass of his ale. Since my nephew's death, the corporation is in other hands; and I am not a man of that consequence I was formerly. I have now no longer any talents to lay out in the service of my country; and to whom nothing is given, of him can nothing be required. However, on all proper seasons, such as the approach of an election, I throw a suitable dash or two into my sermons; which I have the pleasure to hear is not disagreeable to Sir Thomas and the other honest gentlemen my neighbours, who have all promised me these five years to procure an ordination for a son of mine, who is now near thirty, hath an infinite stock of learning, and is, I thank Heaven, of an unexceptionable life; though, as he was never at an university, the bishop refuses to ordain him. Too much care cannot indeed be taken in admitting any to the sacred office; though I hope he will never act so as to be a disgrace to any order, but will serve his God and his country to the utmost of his power, as I have endeavoured to do before him; nay, and will lay down his life whenever called to that purpose. I am sure I have educated him in those principles; so that I have acquitted my duty, and shall have nothing to answer for on that account. But I do not distrust him, for he is a good boy; and if Providence should throw it in his way

to be of as much consequence in a public light as his father once was, I can answer for him he will use his talents as honestly as I have done.”

### Chapter IX.

*In which the gentleman discants on bravery and heroic virtue, till an unlucky accident puts an end to the discourse.*

The gentleman highly commended Mr Adams for his good resolutions, and told him, “He hoped his son would tread in his steps;” adding, “that if he would not die for his country, he would not be worthy to live in it. I’d make no more of shooting a man that would not die for his country, than—

“Sir,” said he, “I have disinherited a nephew, who is in the army, because he would not exchange his commission and go to the West Indies. I believe the rascal is a coward, though he pretends to be in love forsooth. I would have all such fellows hanged, sir; I would have them hanged.” Adams answered, “That would be too severe; that men did not make themselves; and if fear had too much ascendance in the mind, the man was rather to be pitied than abhorred; that reason and time might teach him to subdue it.” He said, “A man might be a coward at one time, and brave at another. Homer,” says he, “who so well understood and copied Nature, hath taught us this lesson; for Paris fights and Hector runs away. Nay, we have a mighty instance of this in the history of later ages, no longer ago than the 705th year of Rome, when the great Pompey, who had won so many battles and been honoured with so many triumphs, and of whose valour several authors, especially Cicero and Paterculus, have formed such elogiums; this very Pompey left the battle of Pharsalia before he had lost it, and retreated to his tent, where he sat like the most pusillanimous rascal in a fit of despair, and yielded a victory, which was to determine the empire of the world, to Caesar. I am not much travelled in the history of modern times, that is to say, these last thousand years; but those who are can, I make no question, furnish you with parallel instances.” He concluded, therefore, that, had he taken any such hasty resolutions against his nephew, he hoped he would consider better, and retract them. The gentleman answered with great warmth, and talked much of courage and his country, till, perceiving it grew late, he asked Adams, “What place he intended for that night?” He told him, “He waited there for the stage-coach.”—“The stage-coach, sir!” said the gentleman; “they are all passed by long ago. You may see the last yourself almost three miles before us.”—“I protest and so they are,” cries Adams; “then I must make haste and follow them.” The gentleman told him, “he would hardly be able to overtake them; and that, if he did not know his way, he would be in danger of losing himself on the downs, for it would be presently dark; and he might ramble about all night, and perhaps find himself farther from his journey’s end in the morning than he was now.” He advised him, therefore, “to accompany him to his house, which was very little out of his way,” assuring him “that he would find some country fellow in his



parish who would conduct him for sixpence to the city where he was going." Adams accepted this proposal, and on they travelled, the gentleman renewing his discourse on courage, and the infamy of not being ready, at all times, to sacrifice our lives to our country. Night overtook them much about the same time as they arrived near some bushes; whence, on a sudden, they heard the most violent shrieks imaginable in a female voice. Adams offered to snatch the gun out of his companion's hand. "What are you doing?" said he. "Doing!" said Adams; "I am hastening to the assistance of the poor creature whom some villains are murdering." "You are not mad enough, I hope," says the gentleman, trembling: "do you consider this gun is only charged with shot, and that the robbers are most probably furnished with pistols loaded with bullets? This is no business of ours; let us make as much haste as possible out of the way, or we may fall into their hands ourselves." The shrieks now increasing, Adams made no answer, but snapt his fingers, and, brandishing his crabstick, made directly to the place whence the voice issued; and the man of courage made as much expedition towards his own home, whither he escaped in a very short time without once looking behind him; where we will leave him, to contemplate his own bravery, and to censure the want of it in others, and return to the good Adams, who, on coming up to the place whence the noise proceeded, found a woman struggling with a man, who had thrown her on the ground, and had almost overpowered her. The great abilities of Mr Adams were not necessary to have formed a right judgment of this affair on the first sight. He did not, therefore, want the entreaties of the poor wretch to assist her; but, lifting up his crabstick, he immediately levelled a blow at that part of the ravisher's head where, according to the opinion of the ancients, the brains of some persons are deposited, and which he had undoubtedly let forth, had not Nature (who, as wise men have observed, equips all creatures with what is most expedient for them) taken a provident care (as she always doth with those she intends for encounters) to make this part of the head three times as thick as those of ordinary men who are designed to exercise talents which are vulgarly called rational, and for whom, as brains are necessary, she is obliged to leave some room for them in the cavity of the skull; whereas, those ingredients being entirely useless to persons of the heroic calling, she hath an opportunity of thickening the bone, so as to make it less subject to any impression, or liable to be cracked or broken: and indeed, in some who are predestined to the command of armies and empires, she is supposed sometimes to make that part perfectly solid.

As a game cock, when engaged in amorous toying with a hen, if perchance he espies another cock at hand, immediately quits his female, and opposes himself to his rival, so did the ravisher, on the information of the crabstick, immediately leap from the woman and hasten to assail the man. He had no weapons but what Nature had furnished him with. However, he clenched his fist, and presently darted it at that part of Adams's breast where the heart is lodged. Adams staggered at the violence of the blow, when, throwing away his staff, he likewise clenched that fist which we have before commemorated, and would have discharged it

full in the breast of his antagonist, had he not dexterously caught it with his left hand, at the same time darting his head (which some modern heroes of the lower class use, like the battering-ram of the ancients, for a weapon of offence; another reason to admire the cunningness of Nature, in composing it of those impenetrable materials); dashing his head, I say, into the stomach of Adams, he tumbled him on his back; and, not having any regard to the laws of heroism, which would have restrained him from any farther attack on his enemy till he was again on his legs, he threw himself upon him, and, laying hold on the ground with his left hand, he with his right belaboured the body of Adams till he was weary, and indeed till he concluded (to use the language of fighting) “that he had done his business;” or, in the language of poetry, “that he had sent him to the shades below;” in plain English, “that he was dead.”

But Adams, who was no chicken, and could bear a drubbing as well as any boxing champion in the universe, lay still only to watch his opportunity; and now, perceiving his antagonist to pant with his labours, he exerted his utmost force at once, and with such success that he overturned him, and became his superior; when, fixing one of his knees in his breast, he cried out in an exulting voice, “It is my turn now;” and, after a few minutes’ constant application, he gave him so dexterous a blow just under his chin that the fellow no longer retained any motion, and Adams began to fear he had struck him once too often; for he often asserted “he should be concerned to have the blood of even the wicked upon him.”

Adams got up and called aloud to the young woman. “Be of good cheer, damsel,” said he, “you are no longer in danger of your ravisher, who, I am terribly afraid, lies dead at my feet; but God forgive me what I have done in defence of innocence!” The poor wretch, who had been some time in recovering strength enough to rise, and had afterwards, during the engagement, stood trembling, being disabled by fear even from running away, hearing her champion was victorious, came up to him, but not without apprehensions even of her deliverer; which, however, she was soon relieved from by his courteous behaviour and gentle words. They were both standing by the body, which lay motionless on the ground, and which Adams wished to see stir much more than the woman did, when he earnestly begged her to tell him “by what misfortune she came, at such a time of night, into so lonely a place.” She acquainted him, “She was travelling towards London, and had accidentally met with the person from whom he had delivered her, who told her he was likewise on his journey to the same place, and would keep her company; an offer which, suspecting no harm, she had accepted; that he told her they were at a small distance from an inn where she might take up her lodging that evening, and he would show her a nearer way to it than by following the road; that if she had suspected him (which she did not, he spoke so kindly to her), being alone on these downs in the dark, she had no human means to avoid him; that, therefore, she put her whole trust in Providence, and walked on, expecting every moment to arrive at the inn; when on a sudden, being come to those bushes, he desired her to stop, and after some rude kisses, which she resisted, and some entreaties, which she rejected,

he laid violent hands on her, and was attempting to execute his wicked will, when, she thanked G—, he timely came up and prevented him.” Adams encouraged her for saying she had put her whole trust in Providence, and told her, “He doubted not but Providence had sent him to her deliverance, as a reward for that trust. He wished indeed he had not deprived the wicked wretch of life, but G—’s will be done;” said, “He hoped the goodness of his intention would excuse him in the next world, and he trusted in her evidence to acquit him in this.” He was then silent, and began to consider with himself whether it would be properer to make his escape, or to deliver himself into the hands of justice; which meditation ended as the reader will see in the next chapter.

## Chapter X.

*Giving an account of the strange catastrophe of the preceding adventure, which drew poor Adams into fresh calamities; and who the woman was who owed the preservation of her chastity to his victorious arm.*

The silence of Adams, added to the darkness of the night and loneliness of the place, struck dreadful apprehension into the poor woman’s mind; she began to fear as great an enemy in her deliverer as he had delivered her from; and as she had not light enough to discover the age of Adams, and the benevolence visible in his countenance, she suspected he had used her as some very honest men have used their country; and had rescued her out of the hands of one rufian in order to rifle her himself. Such were the suspicions she drew from his silence; but indeed they were ill-grounded. He stood over his vanquished enemy, wisely weighing in his mind the objections which might be made to either of the two methods of proceeding mentioned in the last chapter, his judgment sometimes inclining to the one, and sometimes to the other; for both seemed to him so equally advisable and so equally dangerous, that probably he would have ended his days, at least two or three of them, on that very spot, before he had taken any resolution; at length he lifted up his eyes, and spied a light at a distance, to which he instantly addressed himself with *Heus tu, traveller, heus tu!* He presently heard several voices, and perceived the light approaching toward him. The persons who attended the light began some to laugh, others to sing, and others to hallow, at which the woman testified some fear (for she had concealed her suspicions of the parson himself); but Adams said, “Be of good cheer, damsel, and repose thy trust in the same Providence which hath hitherto protected thee, and never will forsake the innocent.” These people, who now approached, were no other, reader, than a set of young fellows, who came to these bushes in pursuit of a diversion which they call bird-batting. This, if you are ignorant of it (as perhaps if thou hast never travelled beyond Kensington, Islington, Hackney, or the Borough, thou mayst be), I will inform thee, is performed by holding a large clap-net before a lanthorn, and at the same time beating the bushes; for the birds, when they are disturbed from their places of rest, or roost, immediately

make to the light, and so are inticed within the net. Adams immediately told them what happened, and desired them to hold the lanthorn to the face of the man on the ground, for he feared he had smote him fatally. But indeed his fears were frivolous; for the fellow, though he had been stunned by the last blow he received, had long since recovered his senses, and, finding himself quit of Adams, had listened attentively to the discourse between him and the young woman; for whose departure he had patiently waited, that he might likewise withdraw himself, having no longer hopes of succeeding in his desires, which were moreover almost as well cooled by Mr Adams as they could have been by the young woman herself had he obtained his utmost wish. This fellow, who had a readiness at improving any accident, thought he might now play a better part than that of a dead man; and, accordingly, the moment the candle was held to his face he leapt up, and, laying hold on Adams, cried out, "No, villain, I am not dead, though you and your wicked whore might well think me so, after the barbarous cruelties you have exercised on me. Gentlemen," said he, "you are luckily come to the assistance of a poor traveller, who would otherwise have been robbed and murdered by this vile man and woman, who led me hither out of my way from the high-road, and both falling on me have used me as you see." Adams was going to answer, when one of the young fellows cried, "D—n them, let's carry them both before the justice." The poor woman began to tremble, and Adams lifted up his voice, but in vain. Three or four of them laid hands on him; and one holding the lanthorn to his face, they all agreed he had the most villainous countenance they ever beheld; and an attorney's clerk, who was of the company, declared he was sure he had remembered him at the bar. As to the woman, her hair was dishevelled in the struggle, and her nose had bled; so that they could not perceive whether she was handsome or ugly, but they said her fright plainly discovered her guilt. And searching her pockets, as they did those of Adams, for money, which the fellow said he had lost, they found in her pocket a purse with some gold in it, which abundantly convinced them, especially as the fellow offered to swear to it. Mr Adams was found to have no more than one halfpenny about him. This the clerk said "was a great presumption that he was an old offender, by cunningly giving all the booty to the woman." To which all the rest readily assented.

This accident promising them better sport than what they had proposed, they quitted their intention of catching birds, and unanimously resolved to proceed to the justice with the offenders. Being informed what a desperate fellow Adams was, they tied his hands behind him; and, having hid their nets among the bushes, and the lanthorn being carried before them, they placed the two prisoners in their front, and then began their march; Adams not only submitting patiently to his own fate, but comforting and encouraging his companion under her sufferings.

Whilst they were on their way the clerk informed the rest that this adventure would prove a very beneficial one; for that they would all be entitled to their proportions of £80 for apprehending the robbers. This occasioned a contention concerning the parts which they had severally borne in taking them; one insisting

he ought to have the greatest share, for he had first laid his hands on Adams; another claiming a superior part for having first held the lanthorn to the man's face on the ground, by which, he said, "the whole was discovered." The clerk claimed four-fifths of the reward for having proposed to search the prisoners, and likewise the carrying them before the justice: he said, "Indeed, in strict justice, he ought to have the whole." These claims, however, they at last consented to refer to a future decision, but seemed all to agree that the clerk was entitled to a moiety. They then debated what money should be allotted to the young fellow who had been employed only in holding the nets. He very modestly said, "That he did not apprehend any large proportion would fall to his share, but hoped they would allow him something; he desired them to consider that they had assigned their nets to his care, which prevented him from being as forward as any in laying hold of the robbers" (for so those innocent people were called); "that if he had not occupied the nets, some other must;" concluding, however, "that he should be contented with the smallest share imaginable, and should think that rather their bounty than his merit." But they were all unanimous in excluding him from any part whatever, the clerk particularly swearing, "If they gave him a shilling they might do what they pleased with the rest; for he would not concern himself with the affair." This contention was so hot, and so totally engaged the attention of all the parties, that a dexterous nimble thief, had he been in Mr Adams's situation, would have taken care to have given the justice no trouble that evening. Indeed, it required not the art of a Sheppard to escape, especially as the darkness of the night would have so much befriended him; but Adams trusted rather to his innocence than his heels, and, without thinking of flight, which was easy, or resistance (which was impossible, as there were six lusty young fellows, besides the villain himself, present), he walked with perfect resignation the way they thought proper to conduct him.

Adams frequently vented himself in ejaculations during their journey; at last, poor Joseph Andrews occurring to his mind, he could not refrain sighing forth his name, which being heard by his companion in affliction, she cried with some vehemence, "Sure I should know that voice; you cannot certainly, sir, be Mr Abraham Adams?"—"Indeed, damsel," says he, "that is my name; there is something also in your voice which persuades me I have heard it before."—"La! sir," says she, "don't you remember poor Fanny?"—"How, Fanny!" answered Adams: "indeed I very well remember you; what can have brought you hither?"—"I have told you, sir," replied she, "I was travelling towards London; but I thought you mentioned Joseph Andrews; pray what is become of him?"—"I left him, child, this afternoon," said Adams, "in the stage-coach, in his way towards our parish, whither he is going to see you."—"To see me! La, sir," answered Fanny, "sure you jeer me; what should he be going to see me for?"—"Can you ask that?" replied Adams. "I hope, Fanny, you are not inconstant; I assure you he deserves much better of you."—"La! Mr Adams," said she, "what is Mr Joseph to me? I am sure I never had anything to say to him, but as one fellow-servant might to another."—"I am sorry to hear this," said Adams; "a virtuous passion for a young man is what

no woman need be ashamed of. You either do not tell me truth, or you are false to a very worthy man." Adams then told her what had happened at the inn, to which she listened very attentively; and a sigh often escaped from her, notwithstanding her utmost endeavours to the contrary; nor could she prevent herself from asking a thousand questions, which would have assured any one but Adams, who never saw farther into people than they desired to let him, of the truth of a passion she endeavoured to conceal. Indeed, the fact was, that this poor girl, having heard of Joseph's misfortune, by some of the servants belonging to the coach which we have formerly mentioned to have stopt at the inn while the poor youth was confined to his bed, that instant abandoned the cow she was milking, and, taking with her a little bundle of clothes under her arm, and all the money she was worth in her own purse, without consulting any one, immediately set forward in pursuit of one whom, notwithstanding her shyness to the parson, she loved with inexpressible violence, though with the purest and most delicate passion. This shyness, therefore, as we trust it will recommend her character to all our female readers, and not greatly surprize such of our males as are well acquainted with the younger part of the other sex, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to vindicate.

## **Chapter XI.**

*What happened to them while before the justice. A chapter very full of learning.*

Their fellow-travellers were so engaged in the hot dispute concerning the division of the reward for apprehending these innocent people, that they attended very little to their discourse. They were now arrived at the justice's house, and had sent one of his servants in to acquaint his worship that they had taken two robbers and brought them before him. The justice, who was just returned from a fox-chase, and had not yet finished his dinner, ordered them to carry the prisoners into the stable, whither they were attended by all the servants in the house, and all the people in the neighbourhood, who flocked together to see them with as much curiosity as if there was something uncommon to be seen, or that a rogue did not look like other people.

The justice, now being in the height of his mirth and his cups, bethought himself of the prisoners; and, telling his company he believed they should have good sport in their examination, he ordered them into his presence. They had no sooner entered the room than he began to revile them, saying, "That robberies on the highway were now grown so frequent, that people could not sleep safely in their beds, and assured them they both should be made examples of at the ensuing assizes." After he had gone on some time in this manner, he was reminded by his clerk, "That it would be proper to take the depositions of the witnesses against them." Which he bid him do, and he would light his pipe in the meantime. Whilst the clerk was employed in writing down the deposition of the fellow who had pretended to be robbed, the justice employed himself in cracking jests on poor

Fanny, in which he was seconded by all the company at table. One asked, "Whether she was to be indicted for a highwayman?" Another whispered in her ear, "If she had not provided herself a great belly, he was at her service." A third said, "He warranted she was a relation of Turpin." To which one of the company, a great wit, shaking his head, and then his sides, answered, "He believed she was nearer related to Turpis;" at which there was an universal laugh. They were proceeding thus with the poor girl, when somebody, smoking the cassock peeping forth from under the greatcoat of Adams, cried out, "What have we here, a parson?" "How, sirrah," says the justice, "do you go robbing in the dress of a clergyman? let me tell you your habit will not entitle you to the benefit of the clergy." "Yes," said the witty fellow, "he will have one benefit of clergy, he will be exalted above the heads of the people;" at which there was a second laugh. And now the witty spark, seeing his jokes take, began to rise in spirits; and, turning to Adams, challenged him to cap verses, and, provoking him by giving the first blow, he repeated—

*"Molle meum levibus cord est vilebile telis."*

Upon which Adams, with a look full of ineffable contempt, told him, "He deserved scourging for his pronunciation." The witty fellow answered, "What do you deserve, doctor, for not being able to answer the first time? Why, I'll give one, you blockhead, with an S.

*"Si licet, ut fulvum spectatur in ignibus haurum."*

"What, canst not with an M neither? Thou art a pretty fellow for a parson! Why didst not steal some of the parson's Latin as well as his gown?" Another at the table then answered, "If he had, you would have been too hard for him; I remember you at the college a very devil at this sport; I have seen you catch a freshman, for nobody that knew you would engage with you." "I have forgot those things now," cried the wit. "I believe I could have done pretty well formerly. Let's see, what did I end with?—an M again—aye—

*"Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum."*

I could have done it once." "Ah! evil betide you, and so you can now," said the other: "nobody in this country will undertake you." Adams could hold no longer: "Friend," said he, "I have a boy not above eight years old who would instruct thee that the last verse runs thus:—

*"Ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum."*

"I'll hold thee a guinea of that," said the wit, throwing the money on the table. "And I'll go your halves," cries the other. "Done," answered Adams; but upon applying to his pocket he was forced to retract, and own he had no money about him; which set them all a-laughing, and confirmed the triumph of his adversary, which was not moderate, any more than the approbation he met with from the whole company, who told Adams he must go a little longer to school before he attempted to attack that gentleman in Latin.

The clerk, having finished the depositions, as well of the fellow himself, as of those who apprehended the prisoners, delivered them to the justice; who, having sworn the several witnesses without reading a syllable, ordered his clerk to make the mittimus.

Adams then said, "He hoped he should not be condemned unheard." "No, no," cries the justice, "you will be asked what you have to say for yourself when you come on your trial: we are not trying you now; I shall only commit you to gaol: if you can prove your innocence at size, you will be found ignoramus, and so no harm done." "Is it no punishment, sir, for an innocent man to lie several months in gaol?" cries Adams: "I beg you would at least hear me before you sign the mittimus." "What signifies all you can say?" says the justice: "is it not here in black and white against you? I must tell you you are a very impertinent fellow to take up so much of my time. So make haste with his mittimus."

The clerk now acquainted the justice that among other suspicious things, as a penknife, &c., found in Adams's pocket, they had discovered a book written, as he apprehended, in cyphers; for no one could read a word in it. "Ay," says the justice, "the fellow may be more than a common robber, he may be in a plot against the Government. Produce the book." Upon which the poor manuscript of Aeschylus, which Adams had transcribed with his own hand, was brought forth; and the justice, looking at it, shook his head, and, turning to the prisoner, asked the meaning of those cyphers. "Cyphers?" answered Adams, "it is a manuscript of Aeschylus." "Who? who?" said the justice. Adams repeated, "Aeschylus." "That is an outlandish name," cried the clerk. "A fictitious name rather, I believe," said the justice. One of the company declared it looked very much like Greek. "Greek?" said the justice; "why, 'tis all writing." "No," says the other, "I don't positively say it is so; for it is a very long time since I have seen any Greek." "There's one," says he, turning to the parson of the parish, who was present, "will tell us immediately." The parson, taking up the book, and putting on his spectacles and gravity together, muttered some words to himself, and then pronounced aloud—"Ay, indeed, it is a Greek manuscript; a very fine piece of antiquity. I make no doubt but it was stolen from the same clergyman from whom the rogue took the cassock." "What did the rascal mean by his Aeschylus?" says the justice. "Pooh!" answered the doctor, with a contemptuous grin, "do you think that fellow knows anything of this book? Aeschylus! ho! ho! I see now what it is—a manuscript of one of the fathers. I know a nobleman who would give a great deal of money for such a piece of antiquity. Ay, ay, question and answer. The beginning is the catechism in Greek. Ay, ay, Pollaki toi: What's your name?"—"Ay, what's your name?" says the justice to Adams; who answered, "It is Aeschylus, and I will maintain it."—"Oh! it is," says the justice: "make Mr Aeschylus his mittimus. I will teach you to banter me with a false name."

One of the company, having looked steadfastly at Adams, asked him, "If he did not know Lady Booby?" Upon which Adams, presently calling him to mind, answered in a rapture, "O squire! are you there? I believe you will inform his worship I am innocent."—"I can indeed say," replied the squire, "that I am very much surprized to see you in this situation:" and then, addressing himself to the justice, he said, "Sir, I assure you Mr Adams is a clergyman, as he appears, and a gentleman of a very good character. I wish you would enquire a little farther into this affair; for I am convinced of his innocence."—"Nay," says the justice, "if he is a gentleman, and



you are sure he is innocent, I don't desire to commit him, not I: I will commit the woman by herself, and take your bail for the gentleman: look into the book, clerk, and see how it is to take bail—come—and make the mittimus for the woman as fast as you can.”—“Sir,” cries Adams, “I assure you she is as innocent as myself.”—“Perhaps,” said the squire, “there may be some mistake! pray let us hear Mr Adams's relation.”—“With all my heart,” answered the justice; “and give the gentleman a glass to wet his whistle before he begins. I know how to behave myself to gentlemen as well as another. Nobody can say I have committed a gentleman since I have been in the commission.” Adams then began the narrative, in which, though he was very prolix, he was uninterrupted, unless by several hums and hahs of the justice, and his desire to repeat those parts which seemed to him most material. When he had finished, the justice, who, on what the squire had said, believed every syllable of his story on his bare affirmation, notwithstanding the depositions on oath to the contrary, began to let loose several rogues and rascals against the witness, whom he ordered to stand forth, but in vain; the said witness, long since finding what turn matters were likely to take, had privily withdrawn, without attending the issue. The justice now flew into a violent passion, and was hardly prevailed with not to commit the innocent fellows who had been imposed on as well as himself. He swore, “They had best find out the fellow who was guilty of perjury, and bring him before him within two days, or he would bind them all over to their good behaviour.” They all promised to use their best endeavours to that purpose, and were dismissed. Then the justice insisted that Mr Adams should sit down and take a glass with him; and the parson of the parish delivered him back the manuscript without saying a word; nor would Adams, who plainly discerned his ignorance, expose it. As for Fanny, she was, at her own request, recommended to the care of a maid-servant of the house, who helped her to new dress and clean herself.

The company in the parlour had not been long seated before they were alarmed with a horrible uproar from without, where the persons who had apprehended Adams and Fanny had been regaling, according to the custom of the house, with the justice's strong beer. These were all fallen together by the ears, and were cuffing each other without any mercy. The justice himself sallied out, and with the dignity of his presence soon put an end to the fray. On his return into the parlour, he reported, “That the occasion of the quarrel was no other than a dispute to whom, if Adams had been convicted, the greater share of the reward for apprehending him had belonged.” All the company laughed at this, except Adams, who, taking his pipe from his mouth, fetched a deep groan, and said, “He was concerned to see so litigious a temper in men. That he remembered a story something like it in one of the parishes where his cure lay:—There was,” continued he, “a competition between three young fellows for the place of the clerk, which I disposed of, to the best of my abilities, according to merit; that is, I gave it to him who had the happiest knack at setting a psalm. The clerk was no sooner established in his place than a contention began between the two disappointed candidates concerning their excellence; each contending on whom, had they two been the only competitors, my election would

have fallen. This dispute frequently disturbed the congregation, and introduced a discord into the psalmody, till I was forced to silence them both. But, alas! the litigious spirit could not be stifled; and, being no longer able to vent itself in singing, it now broke forth in fighting. It produced many battles (for they were very near a match), and I believe would have ended fatally, had not the death of the clerk given me an opportunity to promote one of them to his place; which presently put an end to the dispute, and entirely reconciled the contending parties." Adams then proceeded to make some philosophical observations on the folly of growing warm in disputes in which neither party is interested. He then applied himself vigorously to smoking; and a long silence ensued, which was at length broke by the justice, who began to sing forth his own praises, and to value himself exceedingly on his nice discernment in the cause which had lately been before him. He was quickly interrupted by Mr Adams, between whom and his worship a dispute now arose, whether he ought not, in strictness of law, to have committed him, the said Adams; in which the latter maintained he ought to have been committed, and the justice as vehemently held he ought not. This had most probably produced a quarrel (for both were very violent and positive in their opinions), had not Fanny accidentally heard that a young fellow was going from the justice's house to the very inn where the stage-coach in which Joseph was, put up. Upon this news, she immediately sent for the parson out of the parlour. Adams, when he found her resolute to go (though she would not own the reason, but pretended she could not bear to see the faces of those who had suspected her of such a crime), was as fully determined to go with her; he accordingly took leave of the justice and company: and so ended a dispute in which the law seemed shamefully to intend to set a magistrate and a divine together by the ears.

## Chapter XII.

*A very delightful adventure, as well to the persons concerned as to the good-natured reader.*

Adams, Fanny, and the guide, set out together about one in the morning, the moon being then just risen. They had not gone above a mile before a most violent storm of rain obliged them to take shelter in an inn, or rather alehouse, where Adams immediately procured himself a good fire, a toast and ale, and a pipe, and began to smoke with great content, utterly forgetting everything that had happened.

Fanny sat likewise down by the fire; but was much more impatient at the storm. She presently engaged the eyes of the host, his wife, the maid of the house, and the young fellow who was their guide; they all conceived they had never seen anything half so handsome; and indeed, reader, if thou art of an amorous hue, I advise thee to skip over the next paragraph; which, to render our history perfect, we are obliged to set down, humbly hoping that we may escape the fate of Pygmalion; for if it should happen to us, or to thee, to be struck with this picture, we should be

perhaps in as helpless a condition as Narcissus, and might say to ourselves, *Quod petis est nusquam*. Or, if the finest features in it should set Lady —'s image before our eyes, we should be still in as bad a situation, and might say to our desires, *Coelum ipsum petimus stultitia*.

Fanny was now in the nineteenth year of her age; she was tall and delicately shaped; but not one of those slender young women who seem rather intended to hang up in the hall of an anatomist than for any other purpose. On the contrary, she was so plump that she seemed bursting through her tight stays, especially in the part which confined her swelling breasts. Nor did her hips want the assistance of a hoop to extend them. The exact shape of her arms denoted the form of those limbs which she concealed; and though they were a little reddened by her labour, yet, if her sleeve slipped above her elbow, or her handkerchief discovered any part of her neck, a whiteness appeared which the finest Italian paint would be unable to reach. Her hair was of a chesnut brown, and nature had been extremely lavish to her of it, which she had cut, and on Sundays used to curl down her neck, in the modern fashion. Her forehead was high, her eyebrows arched, and rather full than otherwise. Her eyes black and sparkling; her nose just inclining to the Roman; her lips red and moist, and her underlip, according to the opinion of the ladies, too pouting. Her teeth were white, but not exactly even. The small-pox had left one only mark on her chin, which was so large, it might have been mistaken for a dimple, had not her left cheek produced one so near a neighbour to it, that the former served only for a foil to the latter. Her complexion was fair, a little injured by the sun, but overspread with such a bloom that the finest ladies would have exchanged all their white for it: add to these a countenance in which, though she was extremely bashful, a sensibility appeared almost incredible; and a sweetness, whenever she smiled, beyond either imitation or description. To conclude all, she had a natural gentility, superior to the acquisition of art, and which surprized all who beheld her.

This lovely creature was sitting by the fire with Adams, when her attention was suddenly engaged by a voice from an inner room, which sung the following song:—

#### THE SONG.

Say, Chloe, where must the swain stray  
 Who is by thy beauties undone?  
 To wash their remembrance away,  
 To what distant Lethe must run?  
 The wretch who is sentenced to die  
 May escape, and leave justice behind;  
 From his country perhaps he may fly,  
 But oh! can he fly from his mind?

O rapture! unthought of before,  
 To be thus of Chloe possess'd;

Nor she, nor no tyrant's hard power,  
Her image can tear from my breast.  
But felt not Narcissus more joy,  
With his eyes he beheld his loved charms?  
Yet what he beheld the fond boy  
More eagerly wish'd in his arms.

How can it thy dear image be  
Which fills thus my bosom with woe?  
Can aught bear resemblance to thee  
Which grief and not joy can bestow?  
This counterfeit snatch from my heart,  
Ye pow'rs, tho' with torment I rave,  
Tho' mortal will prove the fell smart:  
I then shall find rest in my grave.

Ah, see the dear nymph o'er the plain  
Come smiling and tripping along!  
A thousand Loves dance in her train,  
The Graces around her all throng.  
To meet her soft Zephyrus flies,  
And wafts all the sweets from the flowers,  
Ah, rogue I whilst he kisses her eyes,  
More sweets from her breath he devours.

My soul, whilst I gaze, is on fire:  
But her looks were so tender and kind,  
My hope almost reach'd my desire,  
And left lame despair far behind.  
Transported with madness, I flew,  
And eagerly seized on my bliss;  
Her bosom but half she withdrew,  
But half she refused my fond kiss.

Advances like these made me bold;  
I whisper'd her—Love, we're alone.—  
The rest let immortals unfold;  
No language can tell but their own.  
Ah, Chloe, expiring, I cried,  
How long I thy cruelty bore!  
Ah, Strephon, she blushing replied,  
You ne'er was so pressing before.

Adams had been ruminating all this time on a passage in Aeschylus, without attending in the least to the voice, though one of the most melodious that ever was heard, when, casting his eyes on Fanny, he cried out, "Bless us, you look extremely pale!"—"Pale! Mr Adams," says she; "O Jesus!" and fell backwards in her chair. Adams jumped up, flung his Aeschylus into the fire, and fell a-roaring to the people of the house for help. He soon summoned every one into the room, and the songster among the rest; but, O reader! when this nightingale, who was no other than Joseph Andrews himself, saw his beloved Fanny in the situation we have described her, canst thou conceive the agitations of his mind? If thou canst not, waive that meditation to behold his happiness, when, clasping her in his arms, he found life and blood returning into her cheeks: when he saw her open her beloved eyes, and heard her with the softest accent whisper, "Are you Joseph Andrews?"—"Art thou my Fanny?" he answered eagerly: and, pulling her to his heart, he imprinted numberless kisses on her lips, without considering who were present.

If prudes are offended at the lusciousness of this picture, they may take their eyes off from it, and survey parson Adams dancing about the room in a rapture of joy. Some philosophers may perhaps doubt whether he was not the happiest of the three: for the goodness of his heart enjoyed the blessings which were exulting in the breasts of both the other two, together with his own. But we shall leave such disquisitions, as too deep for us, to those who are building some favourite hypothesis, which they will refuse no metaphysical rubbish to erect and support: for our part, we give it clearly on the side of Joseph, whose happiness was not only greater than the parson's, but of longer duration: for as soon as the first tumults of Adams's rapture were over he cast his eyes towards the fire, where Aeschylus lay expiring; and immediately rescued the poor remains, to wit, the sheepskin covering, of his dear friend, which was the work of his own hands, and had been his inseparable companion for upwards of thirty years.

Fanny had no sooner perfectly recovered herself than she began to restrain the impetuosity of her transports; and, reflecting on what she had done and suffered in the presence of so many, she was immediately covered with confusion; and, pushing Joseph gently from her, she begged him to be quiet, nor would admit of either kiss or embrace any longer. Then, seeing Mrs Slipslop, she curtsied, and offered to advance to her; but that high woman would not return her curtsies; but, casting her eyes another way, immediately withdrew into another room, muttering, as she went, she wondered who the creature was.

### **Chapter XIII.**

*A dissertation concerning high people and low people, with Mrs Slipslop's departure in no very good temper of mind, and the evil plight in which she left Adams and his company.*

It will doubtless seem extremely odd to many readers, that Mrs Slipslop, who had lived several years in the same house with Fanny, should, in a short separation, utterly forget her. And indeed the truth is, that she remembered her very well. As we would not willingly, therefore, that anything should appear unnatural in this our history, we will endeavour to explain the reasons of her conduct; nor do we doubt being able to satisfy the most curious reader that Mrs Slipslop did not in the least deviate from the common road in this behaviour; and, indeed, had she done otherwise, she must have descended below herself, and would have very justly been liable to censure.

Be it known then, that the human species are divided into two sorts of people, to wit, high people and low people. As by high people I would not be understood to mean persons literally born higher in their dimensions than the rest of the species, nor metaphorically those of exalted characters or abilities; so by low people I cannot be construed to intend the reverse. High people signify no other than people of fashion, and low people those of no fashion. Now, this word fashion hath by long use lost its original meaning, from which at present it gives us a very different idea; for I am deceived if by persons of fashion we do not generally include a conception of birth and accomplishments superior to the herd of mankind; whereas, in reality, nothing more was originally meant by a person of fashion than a person who drest himself in the fashion of the times; and the word really and truly signifies no more at this day. Now, the world being thus divided into people of fashion and people of no fashion, a fierce contention arose between them; nor would those of one party, to avoid suspicion, be seen publicly to speak to those of the other, though they often held a very good correspondence in private. In this contention it is difficult to say which party succeeded; for, whilst the people of fashion seized several places to their own use, such as courts, assemblies, operas, balls, &c., the people of no fashion, besides one royal place, called his Majesty's Bear-garden, have been in constant possession of all hops, fairs, revels, &c. Two places have been agreed to be divided between them, namely, the church and the playhouse, where they segregate themselves from each other in a remarkable manner; for, as the people of fashion exalt themselves at church over the heads of the people of no fashion, so in the playhouse they abase themselves in the same degree under their feet. This distinction I have never met with any one able to account for: it is sufficient that, so far from looking on each other as brethren in the Christian language, they seem scarce to regard each other as of the same species. This, the terms "strange persons, people one does not know, the creature, wretches, beasts, brutes," and many other appellations evidently demonstrate; which Mrs Slipslop, having often heard her mistress use, thought she had also a right to use in her turn; and perhaps she was not mistaken; for these two parties, especially those bordering nearly on each other, to wit, the lowest of the high, and the highest of the low, often change their parties according to place and time; for those who are people of fashion in one place are often people of no fashion in another. And with regard to time, it may not be unpleasant to survey the picture of dependance like a kind of ladder; as, for

instance; early in the morning arises the postillion, or some other boy, which great families, no more than great ships, are without, and falls to brushing the clothes and cleaning the shoes of John the footman; who, being drest himself, applies his hands to the same labours for Mr Second-hand, the squire's gentleman; the gentleman in the like manner, a little later in the day, attends the squire; the squire is no sooner equipped than he attends the levee of my lord; which is no sooner over than my lord himself is seen at the levee of the favourite, who, after the hour of homage is at an end, appears himself to pay homage to the levee of his sovereign. Nor is there, perhaps, in this whole ladder of dependance, any one step at a greater distance from the other than the first from the second; so that to a philosopher the question might only seem, whether you would chuse to be a great man at six in the morning, or at two in the afternoon. And yet there are scarce two of these who do not think the least familiarity with the persons below them a condescension, and, if they were to go one step farther, a degradation.

And now, reader, I hope thou wilt pardon this long digression, which seemed to me necessary to vindicate the great character of Mrs Slipslop from what low people, who have never seen high people, might think an absurdity; but we who know them must have daily found very high persons know us in one place and not in another, to-day and not to-morrow; all which it is difficult to account for otherwise than I have here endeavoured; and perhaps, if the gods, according to the opinion of some, made men only to laugh at them, there is no part of our behaviour which answers the end of our creation better than this.

But to return to our history: Adams, who knew no more of this than the cat which sat on the table, imagining Mrs Slipslop's memory had been much worse than it really was, followed her into the next room, crying out, "Madam Slipslop, here is one of your old acquaintance; do but see what a fine woman she is grown since she left Lady Booby's service."—"I think I reflect something of her," answered she, with great dignity, "but I can't remember all the inferior servants in our family." She then proceeded to satisfy Adams's curiosity, by telling him, "When she arrived at the inn, she found a chaise ready for her; that, her lady being expected very shortly in the country, she was obliged to make the utmost haste; and, in commensuration of Joseph's lameness, she had taken him with her;" and lastly, "that the excessive virulence of the storm had driven them into the house where he found them." After which, she acquainted Adams with his having left his horse, and exprest some wonder at his having strayed so far out of his way, and at meeting him, as she said, "in the company of that wench, who she feared was no better than she should be."

The horse was no sooner put into Adams's head but he was immediately driven out by this reflection on the character of Fanny. He protested, "He believed there was not a chaster damsel in the universe. I heartily wish, I heartily wish," cried he (snapping his fingers), "that all her betters were as good." He then proceeded to inform her of the accident of their meeting; but when he came to mention the circumstance of delivering her from the rape, she said, "She thought him properer for the army than the clergy; that it did not become a clergyman to lay

violent hands on any one; that he should have rather prayed that she might be strengthened." Adams said, "He was very far from being ashamed of what he had done:" she replied, "Want of shame was not the curricularistic of a clergyman." This dialogue might have probably grown warmer, had not Joseph opportunely entered the room, to ask leave of Madam Slipslop to introduce Fanny: but she positively refused to admit any such trollops, and told him, "She would have been burnt before she would have suffered him to get into a chaise with her, if she had once respected him of having his sluts waylaid on the road for him;" adding, "that Mr Adams acted a very pretty part, and she did not doubt but to see him a bishop." He made the best bow he could, and cried out, "I thank you, madam, for that right-reverend appellation, which I shall take all honest means to deserve."—"Very honest means," returned she, with a sneer, "to bring people together." At these words Adams took two or three strides across the room, when the coachman came to inform Mrs Slipslop, "That the storm was over, and the moon shone very bright." She then sent for Joseph, who was sitting without with his Fanny, and would have had him gone with her; but he peremptorily refused to leave Fanny behind, which threw the good woman into a violent rage. She said, "She would inform her lady what doings were carrying on, and did not doubt but she would rid the parish of all such people;" and concluded a long speech, full of bitterness and very hard words, with some reflections on the clergy not decent to repeat; at last, finding Joseph unmoveable, she flung herself into the chaise, casting a look at Fanny as she went, not unlike that which Cleopatra gives Octavia in the play. To say the truth, she was most disagreeably disappointed by the presence of Fanny: she had, from her first seeing Joseph at the inn, conceived hopes of something which might have been accomplished at an alehouse as well as a palace. Indeed, it is probable Mr Adams had rescued more than Fanny from the clanger of a rape that evening.

When the chaise had carried off the enraged Slipslop, Adams, Joseph, and Fanny assembled over the fire, where they had a great deal of innocent chat, pretty enough; but, as possibly it would not be very entertaining to the reader, we shall hasten to the morning; only observing that none of them went to bed that night. Adams, when he had smoaked three pipes, took a comfortable nap in a great chair, and left the lovers, whose eyes were too well employed to permit any desire of shutting them, to enjoy by themselves, during some hours, an happiness which none of my readers who have never been in love are capable of the least conception of, though we had as many tongues as Homer desired, to describe it with, and which all true lovers will represent to their own minds without the least assistance from us.

Let it suffice then to say, that Fanny, after a thousand entreaties, at last gave up her whole soul to Joseph; and, almost fainting in his arms, with a sigh infinitely softer and sweeter too than any Arabian breeze, she whispered to his lips, which were then close to hers, "O Joseph, you have won me: I will be yours for ever." Joseph, having thanked her on his knees, and embraced her with an eagerness which she now almost returned, leapt up in a rapture, and awakened the parson,



earnestly begging him “that he would that instant join their hands together.” Adams rebuked him for his request, and told him “He would by no means consent to anything contrary to the forms of the Church; that he had no licence, nor indeed would he advise him to obtain one; that the Church had prescribed a form—namely, the publication of banns—with which all good Christians ought to comply, and to the omission of which he attributed the many miseries which befell great folks in marriage;” concluding, “As many as are joined together otherwise than G—’s word doth allow are not joined together by G—, neither is their matrimony lawful.” Fanny agreed with the parson, saying to Joseph, with a blush, “She assured him she would not consent to any such thing, and that she wondered at his offering it.” In which resolution she was comforted and commended by Adams; and Joseph was obliged to wait patiently till after the third publication of the banns, which, however, he obtained the consent of Fanny, in the presence of Adams, to put in at their arrival.

The sun had been now risen some hours, when Joseph, finding his leg surprizingly recovered, proposed to walk forwards; but when they were all ready to set out, an accident a little retarded them. This was no other than the reckoning, which amounted to seven shillings; no great sum if we consider the immense quantity of ale which Mr Adams poured in. Indeed, they had no objection to the reasonableness of the bill, but many to the probability of paying it; for the fellow who had taken poor Fanny’s purse had unluckily forgot to return it. So that the account stood thus:—

	£	S	D
Mr Adams and company, Dr.	0	7	0
In Mr Adams’s pocket	0	0	6½
In Mr Joseph’s	0	0	0
In Mrs Fanny’s	0	0	0
Balance	0	6	5½

They stood silent some few minutes, staring at each other, when Adams whipt out on his toes, and asked the hostess, “If there was no clergyman in that parish?” She answered, “There was.”—“Is he wealthy?” replied he; to which she likewise answered in the affirmative. Adams then snapping his fingers returned overjoyed to his companions, crying out, “Heureka, Heureka;” which not being understood, he told them in plain English, “They need give themselves no trouble, for he had a brother in the parish who would defray the reckoning, and that he would just step to his house and fetch the money, and return to them instantly.”

#### 4.10.2 Reading and Review Questions

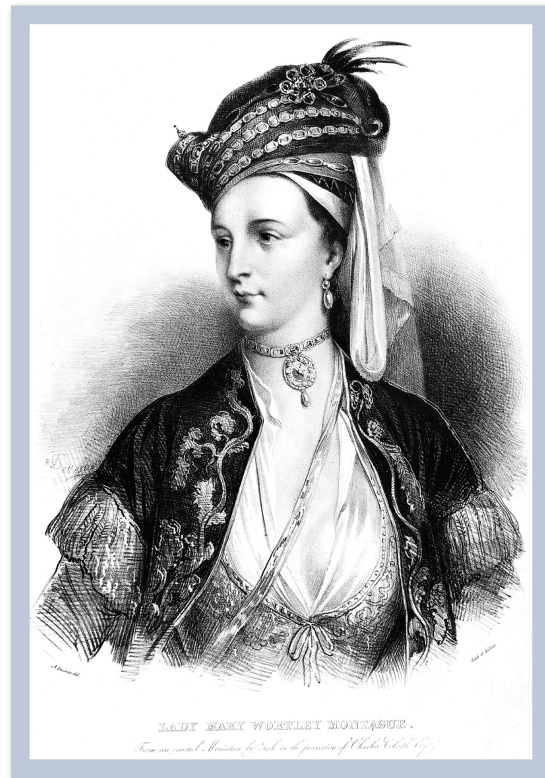
1. *Joseph Andrews* includes a range of characters, from the aristocracy to their servants. How, if at all, does Fielding use the servant class to

- criticize the upper classes? Is Fielding aiming for a change in the social order, do you think? Why, or why not?
2. Why does Fielding address the reader directly? What's the effect of his doing so, do you think?
  3. A number of innocent victims are shown spontaneous malice and wicked behavior in this work. Why? What's Fielding's purpose, do you think?
  4. What purpose does the character of the Peddler serve, do you think? What's the relation of the Peddler to other characters, and to humanity in general?
  5. Coincidence plays a large role in the plot and action of *Joseph Andrews*. Why, do you think? How much, if any, reason and logic does Fielding expect his readers to apply to understanding the plot?

## 4.11 LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

(1698-1762)

Mary Wortley Montagu was daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, 1<sup>st</sup> Duke of Kingston (1655-1726) and Mary Fielding (cousin of novelist Henry Fielding), who died when Montagu was five. As a female, she was tutored at home but was largely self-educated through reading the books in her father's library. She read English and French literature and taught herself Latin so that she could read such classical texts as Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. In 1712, she married an attorney, Edward Montagu. He was elected to parliament, was sent as a peace negotiator to Constantinople, and was the British ambassador to Turkey (1716-18). Montagu joined her husband in Turkey, from which country she wrote remarkable letters describing her life while in the Middle East. She used her distant vantage point to criticize the limits and restraints—including physical restraints—placed upon women in Europe. At the Turkish bath, the women there entreat Montagu to undress for the bath, an invitation she must refuse because



**Image 4.18 | Lady Mary Wortley Montague**

**Artist |** R. Burgess

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of her Western dress: “I was at last forced to open my skirt and show them my stays, which satisfied them very well, for I saw they believed I was so locked up in that machine that it was not in my own power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my husband” (*The Turkish Embassy Letters*: LET XXVI). She used the same technique of contrasts in her *Town Eclogues* (1747), poems modeled after Virgil’s *Eclogues*; they use the pastoral form to comment on the city (or court). Through her travel accounts, in various genres, she made an early contribution to the important genre of the woman explorer.

Separated from her husband in 1739, Montague traveled on the Continent until the year of her death, when she returned to London. A selection of her letters was published a year after she died.

Alexander Pope early admired her, exchanged letters and matched poems with her, though he later satirized her, for instance in “To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,” particularly for her popularizing smallpox inoculation in England. She had observed the practice in Turkey where she had her son inoculated. During a smallpox epidemic in England in 1721, she asked Dr. Charles Maitland to inoculate her daughter against the illness. She then visited several prominent households with her daughter to attest to the safety of the procedure. Conservative thinkers like Pope and anti-inoculationists ridiculed Montagu; though Voltaire, among others, praised her.

Despite being classically opaque, Montagu’s poetry contains some autobiographical elements, for instance, in “Saturday. The Smallpox.” In this poem, she reveals the identity conflict of a woman who has been taught to view herself mainly through her beauty, through her appeal to others (males), but who possesses, values, and attests to internal strengths, such as wit and charm.

#### **4.11.1 From *Turkish Embassy Letters* LET. XXVI.**

To the Lady —.

Adrianople, April 1. O. S. 1717.

I am now got into a new world, where every thing I see appears to me a change of scene; and I write to your ladyship with some content of mind, hoping, at least, that you will find the charms of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me, that I tell you nothing extraordinary. I won’t trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey; but must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish empire, and famous for its hot baths, that are resorted to both for diversion and health. I stopped here one day, on purpose to see them; and, designing to go incognito, I hired a Turkish coach. These voitures are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being so great, that glasses would be very troublesome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch stage-coaches, having wooden lattices painted and gilded; the inside being also painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottos. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, lined with

silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back at pleasure, and thus permits the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not raised.

In one of these covered waggons, I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone, in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these domes joined together, the outmost being less than the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten shillings; and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one paved with marble, and all round it are two raised sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with steams of sulphur proceeding from the baths joining to it, 'twas impossible to stay there with one's cloaths on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers pleased to have.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that shewed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court, where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles, and satirical whispers, that never fail in our assemblies, when any body appears that is not dressed exactly in the fashion. They repeated over and over to me; "Uzelle, pek uzelle," which is nothing but, Charming, very Charming. — The first sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies; and on the second, their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in the state of nature, that is, in plain English, stark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or immodest gesture amongst them. They walked and moved with the same majestic grace, which Milton describes our general mother with. There were many amongst them, as exactly proportioned as ever any goddess was drawn by the pencil of a Guido or Titian, — and most of their skins shiningly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair divided into many tresses, hanging on their shoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly representing the figures of the Graces.

I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I have often made, That if it were the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed. I perceived, that the ladies of the most delicate skins and finest shapes had the greatest share of my admiration, though their faces were sometimes less beautiful than those of their companions. To tell you the truth, I had wickedness enough, to wish secretly, that Mr Gervais could have been there invisible. I fancy it would have very much

improved his art, to see so many fine women naked, in different postures, some in conversation, some working, others drinking coffee or sherbet, and many negligently lying on their cushions, while their slaves (generally pretty girls of seventeen or eighteen) were employed in braiding their hair in several pretty fancies. In short, 'tis the women's coffee-house, where all the news of the town is told, scandal invented, &c. — They generally take this diversion once a-week, and stay there at least four or five hours, without getting cold by immediate coming out of the hot bath into the cold room, which was very surprising to me. The lady, that seemed the most considerable among them, entreated me to sit by her, and would fain have undressed me for the bath. I excused myself with some difficulty. They being however all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt, and shew them my stays; which satisfied them very well; for, I saw, they believed I was locked up in that machine, and that it was not in my own power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my husband, — I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and should have been very glad to pass more time with them; but Mr W— resolving to pursue his journey next morning early, I was in haste to see the ruins of Justinian's church, which did not afford me so agreeable a prospect as I had left, being little more than a heap Of stones.

Adieu, madam, I am sure I have now entertained you with an account of such a sight as you never saw in your life, and what no book of travels could inform you of, as 'tis no less than death for a man to be found in one of these places.

#### 4.11.2 "Constantinople"

(1718)

Give me Great God (said I) a Little Farm  
 in Summer shady, & in Winter warm  
 where a cool spring gives birth to a clear brook  
 By Nature slideing down a mossy Rock  
 Not artfully in Leaden Pipes convey'd  
 Or greatly falling in a Forc'd Cascade  
 Pure & unsully'd winding throu' ye Shade.  
 All bounteous Heaven has added to my Praier  
 Not artfully in Leaden Pipes convey'd  
 a softer Climate and a purer Air.  
 Our Frozen Isle now chilling Winter binds  
 Deform'd by Rains, & rough wth blasting Winds  
 ye wither'd Woods grown white wth hoary Frost  
 by driving storms their scatter'd beautys lost  
 The Trembling birds their leaveless coverts shun  
 And seek in distant Climes a warmer Sun  
 The Water Nymphs their silenced Urns deplore  
 Even Thames benumb'd a River now no more

The barren Meadows give no more delight  
by Glist'ning Snows made painfull to ye Sight.

Here Summer reigns with one Eternal Smile  
And double Harvests bless ye happy Soil.  
Fair, fertile Fields to warm Indulgent Heaven  
Has every Charm of every Season given!  
No Killing Cold deforms ye Beauteous Year  
The springing Flowers no coming Winter Fear  
But as ye Parent Rose decays & dies  
ye Infant Buds wth brighter Colours rise  
And with fresh sweets ye Mother-scent supplys  
Near them the Vi'let glows wth odours blest  
And blooms in more than Tyrian Purple drest  
The rich Jonquils their golden gleam display  
And shine in glories emulateing day.  
These chearfull Groves their living Leaves retain  
The Streams still murmur undefil'd by Rain  
And growing Green adorns ye Fruitfull Plain  
The warbling Kind uninterrupted Sing,  
Warm'd wth Enjoyment of perpetual Spring.  
Here from my Window I at once survey  
The crouded City, & resounding Sea  
In distant Views see Assian Mountains rise  
And Lose their Snowy Summits in ye Skies.  
Above those Mountains high Olympus Tow'rs  
The Parliamental Seat of Heavenly Powers.  
New to ye Sight my ravish'd Eyes admire  
Each guilded Crescent & each Antique Spire  
The Fair Serail where sunk in Idle ease  
The Lazy Monarch melts his thoughtless days  
The Marble Mosques beneath whose Ample Domes  
Fierce Warlike Sultans sleep in peacefull Tombs  
Those lofty Structures once the Christian boast  
Their Names, their Honnours, & their Beautys lost  
Those Altars bright wth Gold, wth Sculpture grac'd  
By barbarous Zeal of savage Foes defac'd  
Convents where Emperors profess'd of old  
The Labour'd Pillars that their Triumphs told.  
Vain Monuments of Men that once were great!  
Sunk, undistinguish'd, by one Common Fate!  
How art thou falln Imperial City, Low!  
Where are thy Hopes of Roman Glory now?

Where are thy Palaces by Prelates rais'd  
 Where priestly Pomp in Purple Lustre blaz'd?  
 So vast, that Youthfull Kings might there reside  
 So Splendid; to content a Patriarchs pride  
 Where Grecian Artists all their skill displayd  
 Before ye happy Sciences decay'd;  
 So vast, that Youthfull Kings might there reside  
 So Splendid; to content a Patriarchs Pride;  
 Convents where Emperors proffess'd of Old,  
 The Labour'd Pillars that their Triumphs told,  
 Vain Monuments of Men that once were great!  
 Sunk, undistinguish'd in one common Fate!

One Little Spot, the small Fenar contains,  
 Of Greek Nobillity, the poor Remains,  
 Where other Helens show like powerfull Charms  
 As once engag'd the Warring World in Arms:  
 Those Names that Roial Auncestry can boast  
 In mean Mechanic Arts obscurely lost  
 Those eyes a second Homer might inspire,  
 fix'd at the Loom, destroy their useless Fire.

Greiv's at a view which strikes vpon my Mind  
 The short liv'd Vanity of Human kind  
 In Gaudy Objects I indulge my Sight,  
 And turn where Eastern Pomp gives gay delight.

See, the vast Train in various Habits dress'd!  
 By the Bright Seymetar and Sable Vest;  
 The Vizier proud, distinguish'd o're the rest!  
 Six slaves in gay Attire his Bridle hold;  
 His Bridle rough with Gems, his Stirups Gold;  
 His Snowy Steed adorn'd with lavish Pride  
 Whole Troops of Soldiers mounted by his Side,  
 These toss the Plumy Crest, Arabian Coursers guide.  
 With awfull Duty all decline their Eyes,  
 No bellowing Shouts of noisy Crouds arise;  
 Silence in solemn State the march attends  
 Till at the dread Divan the slow processions ends.  
 Yet not these Objects all profusely Gay,  
 The Gilded Navy that adorns the Sea,  
 The riseing City in Confusion fair;  
 Magnificently form'd irregular

Where Woods and Palaces at once surprise  
 Gardens, on Gardens, Domes on Domes arise  
 And endless Beauties tire the wandering Eyes,  
 So soothes my Wishes, or so charms my Mind,  
 As this Retreat, secure from Human kind.  
 No Knaves successfull Craft does Spleen excite  
 No Coxcombs tawdry Splendour shocks my Sight;  
 No Mob Alarm awakes my Female Fears,  
 No unrewarded Merit asks my Tears;  
 Nor Praise my Mind, nor Envy hurts my Ear,  
 Even Fame it selfe can hardly reach me here,  
 Impertinence with all her Tattling Train  
 Fair-sounding Flatterys delicious Bane  
 Censorious Folly; Noisy Party Rage;  
 The Thousand with which she must engage  
 Who dare have Virtue in a Vicious Age.

#### 4.11.3 "Town Eclogues: Saturday. The Small Pox"

FLAVIA. THE wretched FLAVIA on her couch reclin'd,  
 Thus breath'd the anguish of a wounded mind;  
 A glass revers'd in her right hand she bore,  
 For now she shun'd the face she sought before.

'How am I chang'd ! alas! how am I grown  
 'A frightful spectre, to myself unknown!  
 'Where's my Complexion ? where the radiant Bloom,  
 'That promis'd happiness for Years to come?  
 'Then with what pleasure I this face survey'd!  
 'To look once more, my visits oft delay'd!  
 'Charm'd with the view, a fresher red would rise,  
 'And a new life shot sparkling from my eyes!

'Ah! faithless glass, my wonted bloom restore;  
 'Alas! I rave, that bloom is now no more!  
 'The greatest good the GODS on men bestow,  
 'Ev'n youth itself, to me is useless now.  
 'There was a time, (oh! that I could forget!)  
 'When opera-tickets pour'd before my feet;  
 'And at the ring, where brightest beauties shine,  
 'The earliest cherries of the spring were mine.  
 'Witness, O Lilly ; and thou, Motteux, tell  
 'How much Japan these eyes have made ye sell.  
 'With what contempt ye you saw me oft despise



'The humble offer of the raffled prize;  
'For at the raffle still the prize I bore,  
'With scorn rejected, or with triumph wore!  
'Now beauty's fled, and presents are no more!

'For me the Patriot has the house forsook,  
'And left debates to catch a passing look:  
'For me the Soldier has soft verses writ;  
'For me the Beau has aim'd to be a Wit.  
'For me the Wit to nonsense was betray'd;  
'The Gamester has for me his dun delay'd,  
'And overseen the card, I would have play'd.  
'The bold and haughty by success made vain,  
'Aw'd by my eyes has trembled to complain:  
'The bashful 'squire touch'd by a wish unknown,  
'Has dar'd to speak with spirit not his own;  
'Fir'd by one wish, all did alike adore;  
'Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more!

'As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,  
'New unaffected scenes of sorrow rise!  
'Far from my sight that killing picture bear,  
'The face disfigure, and the canvas tear!  
'That picture which with pride I us'd to show,  
'The lost resemblance but upbraids me now.  
'And thou, my toilette! where I oft have sat,  
'While hours unheeded pass'd in deep debate,  
'How curls should fall, or where a patch to place:  
'If blue or scarlet best became my face;  
'Now on some happier nymph thy aid bestow;  
'On fairer heads, ye useless jewels glow!  
'No borrow'd lustre can my charms restore;  
'Beauty is fled, and dress is now no more!

'Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye shine;  
'Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine;  
'But midst your triumphs with confusion know,  
'Tis to my ruin all your arms ye owe.  
'Would pitying Heav'n restore my wonted mien,  
'Ye still might move unthought-of and unseen.  
'But oh! how vain, how wretched is the boast  
'Of beauty faded, and of empire lost!

‘What now is left but weeping, to deplore  
 ‘My beauty fled, and empire now no more!

‘Ye, cruel Chymists, what with-held your aid!  
 ‘Could no pomatums save a trembling maid?  
 ‘How false and trifling is that art you boast;  
 ‘No art can give me back my beauty lost.  
 ‘In tears, surrounded by my friends I lay,  
 ‘Mask’d o’er and trembled at the sight of day;  
 ‘MIRMILLO came my fortune to deplore,  
 ‘(A golden headed cane, well carv’d he bore)  
 ‘Cordials, he cried, my spirits must restore:  
 ‘Beauty is fled, and spirit is no more!

‘GALEN, the grave; officious SQUIRT was there,  
 ‘With fruitless grief and unavailing care:  
 ‘MACHAON too, the great MACHAON, known  
 ‘By his red cloak and his superior frown;  
 ‘And why, he cry’d, this grief and this despair?  
 ‘You shall again be well, again be fair;  
 ‘Believe my oath; (with that an oath he swore)  
 ‘False was his oath; my beauty is no more!

‘Cease, hapless maid, no more thy tale pursue,  
 ‘Forsake mankind, and bid the world adieu!  
 ‘Monarchs and beauties rule with equal sway;  
 ‘All strive to serve, and glory to obey:  
 ‘Alike unpitied when depos’d they grow;  
 ‘Men mock the idol of their former vow.

‘Adieu! ye parks! — in some obscure recess,  
 ‘Where gentle streams will weep at my distress,  
 ‘Where no false friend will in my grief take part,  
 ‘And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;  
 ‘There let me live in some deserted place,  
 ‘There hide in shades this lost inglorious face.  
 ‘Ye, operas, circles, I no more must view!  
 ‘My toilette, patches, all the world adieu!

#### **4.11.3 “The Reasons that Induced Dr S to write a Poem call’d the Lady’s Dressing room”**

The Doctor in a clean starch’d band,  
 His Golden Snuff box in his hand,

With care his Di'mond Ring displays  
 And Artfull shews its various Rays,  
 While Grave he stalks down -- -- Street  
 His dearest Betty -- to meet.  
 Long had he waited for this Hour,  
 Nor gain'd Admittance to the Bower,  
 Had jok'd and punn'd, and swore and writ,  
 Try'd all his Galantry and Wit,  
 Had told her oft what part he bore  
 In Oxford's Schemes in days of yore,  
 But Bawdy, Politicks nor Satyr  
 Could move this dull hard hearted Creature.  
 Jenny her Maid could taste a Rhyme  
 And greiv'd to see him lose his Time,  
 Had kindly whisper'd in his Ear,  
 For twice two pound you enter here,  
 My lady vows without that Summ  
 It is in vain you write or come.  
 The Destin'd Offering now he brought  
 And in a paradise of thought  
 With a low Bow approach'd the Dame  
 Who smileing heard him preach his Flame.  
 His Gold she takes (such proofes as these  
 Convince most unbeleiving shees)  
 And in her trunk rose up to lock it  
 (Too wise to trust it in her pocket)  
 And then return'd with Blushing Grace  
 Expects the Doctor's warm Embrace.  
 But now this is the proper place  
 Where morals Stare me in the Face  
 And for the sake of fine Expression  
 I'm forc'd to make a small digression.  
 Alas for wretched Humankind,  
 With Learning Mad, with wisdom blink!  
 The Ox thinks he's for Saddle fit  
 (As long ago Freind Horace writ)  
 And Men their Talents still mistakeing,  
 The stutterer fancys his is speaking.  
 With Admiration oft we see  
 Hard Features heighten'd by Toupée,  
 The Beau affects the Politician,  
 Wit is the citizen's Ambition,  
 Poor Pope Philosophy displays on

With so much Rhime and little reason,  
And thô he argues ne'er so long  
That, all is right, his Head is wrong.  
None strive to know their proper merit  
But strain for Wisdom, Beauty, Spirit,  
And lose the Praise that is their due  
While they've th'impossible in view.  
So have I seen the Injudicious Heir  
To add one Window the whole House impair.  
Instinct the Hound does better teach  
Who never undertook to preach,  
The frighted Hare from Dogs does run  
But not attempts to bear a Gun.  
Here many Noble thoughts occur  
But I prolixity abhor,  
And will persue th'instructive Tale  
To shew the Wise in some things fail.  
The Reverend Lover with surprize  
Peeps in her Bubbys, and her Eyes,  
And kisses both, and trys--and trys.  
The Evening in this Hellish Play,  
Beside his Guineas thrown away,  
Provok'd the Preist to that degree  
he swore, the Fault is not in me.  
Your damn'd Close stool so near my Nose,  
Your Dirty Smock, and Stinking Toes  
Would make a Hercules as tame  
As any Beau that you can name.  
The nymph grown Furious roar'd by God  
The blame lyes all in Sixty odd  
And scornfull pointing to the door  
Cry'd, Fumbler see my Face no more.  
With all my Heart I'll go away  
But nothing done, I'll nothing pay.  
Give back the Money--How, cry'd she,  
[I lock'd it in the Trunk stands there  
And break it open if you dare.]  
Would you palm such a cheat on me!  
For poor 4 pound to roar and bellow,  
Why sure you want some new Prunella?  
[What if your Verses have not sold,  
Must therefore I return your Gold?  
Perhaps your have no better Luck in

The Knack of Rhyming than of --  
 I won't give back one single Crown,  
 To wash your Band, or turn your Gown.]  
 I'll be reveng'd you saucy Quean  
 (Replies the disappointed Dean)  
 I'll so describe your dressing room  
 The very Irish shall not come.  
 She answer'd short, I'm glad you'll write,  
 You'll furnish paper when I shite.

#### 4.11.4 "Epistle from Mrs. Yonge to Her Husband"

Think not this paper comes with vain pretense  
 To move your pity, or to mourn th'offense.  
 Too well I know that hard obdurate heart;  
 No softening mercy there will take my part,  
 Nor can a woman's arguments prevail,  
 When even your patron's wise example fails.  
 But this last privilege I still retain;  
 Th'oppressed and injured always may complain.  
 Too, too severely laws of honor bind  
 The weak submissive sex of womankind.  
 If sighs have gained or force compelled our hand,  
 Deceived by art, or urged by stern command,  
 Whatever motive binds the fatal tie,  
 The judging world expects our constancy.  
 Just heaven! (for sure in heaven does justice reign,  
 Though tricks below that sacred name profane)  
 To you appealing I submit my cause,  
 Nor fear a judgment from impartial laws.  
 All bargains but conditional are made;  
 The purchase void, the creditor unpaid;  
 Defrauded servants are from service free;  
 A wounded slave regains his liberty.  
 For wives ill used no remedy remains,  
 To daily racks condemned, and to eternal chains.  
 From whence is this unjust distinction grown?  
 Are we not formed with passions like your own?  
 Nature with equal fire our souls endued,  
 Our minds as haughty, and as warm our blood;  
 O'er the wide world your pleasures you pursue,  
 The change is justified by something new;  
 But we must sigh in silence -- and be true.  
 Our sex's weakness you expose and blame

(Of every prattling fop the common theme).  
Yet from this weakness you suppose is due  
Sublimier virtue than your Cato knew.  
Had heaven designed us trials so severe,  
It would have formed our tempers then to bear.  
And I have borne (oh what have I not borne!)  
The pang of jealousy, the insults of scorn.  
Wearied at length, I from your sight remove,  
And place my future hopes in secret love.  
In the gay bloom of glowing youth retired,  
I quit the woman's joy to be admired,  
With that small pension your hard heart allows,  
Renounce your fortune, and release your vows.  
To custom (though unjust) so much is due;  
I hide my frailty from the public view.  
My conscience clear, yet sensible of shame,  
My life I hazard, to preserve my fame.  
And I prefer this low inglorious state  
To vile dependence on the thing I hate --  
But you pursue me to this last retreat.  
Dragged into light, my tender crime is shown  
And every circumstance of fondness known.  
Beneath the shelter of the law you stand,  
And urge my ruin with a cruel hand,  
While to my fault thus rigidly severe,  
Tamely submissive to the man you fear.  
This wretched outcast, this abandoned wife,  
Has yet this joy to sweeten shameful life:  
By your mean conduct, infamously loose,  
You are at once my accuser and excuse.  
Let me be damned by the censorious prude  
(stupidly dull, or spiritually lewd),  
My hapless case will surely pity find  
From every just and reasonable mind.  
When to the final sentence I submit,  
The lips condemn me, but their souls acquit.  
No more my husband, to your pleasures go,  
The sweets of your recovered freedom know.  
Go: court the brittle friendship of the great,  
Smile at his board, or at his levee wait;  
And when dismissed, to madam's toilet fly,  
More than her chambermaids, or glasses, lie,  
Tell her how young she looks, how heavenly fair,

Admire the lilies and the roses there.  
 Your high ambition may be gratified,  
 Some cousin of her own be made your bride,  
 And you the father of a glorious race  
 Endowed with Ch-----l's strength and Low---r's face.

#### 4.11.5 Reading and Review Questions

1. What's the effect of Montagu's commenting on the whiteness of the skin of the Turkish ladies in the bath? And of her allusion to Milton's Eve, the mother of all mankind?
2. What values—societal, social, gendered—does Montagu promote in “Constantinople,” and how? What's the effect of the speaker's glancing reference to the Vizier's slaves?
3. Flavia, the speaker of “Saturday. The Smallpox,” has suffered the scarring that smallpox could leave behind. She laments the loss of her beauty. Because of her lost beauty, what else has she lost? What do these consequent losses suggest about a society that values a woman's beauty over her mind and character?
4. Montagu's “On the Reasons that Induced. . .” rebuts Swift's “On a Lady's Dressing Room,” in which an enamored gentleman loses all desire for an actress, once he sees her filthy dressing room and unclean personal sanitary habits. To what does Montagu attribute Swift's poem? In the so-called Battle of the Sexes, to what does she seem to attribute male animosity towards women? Why? How effective, if at all, is her implicit argument?
5. In “The Letter of Mrs. Yonge to Her Husband,” the speaker condemns double standards and laws that men have made and from which they benefit at women's expense. What are the grounds for the speaker's condemnation? How logical are they? Consider the speaker's appeal to reason and fairness. Does her own situation of having committed adultery affect her logic? How, and why?

## 4.12 SAMUEL JOHNSON

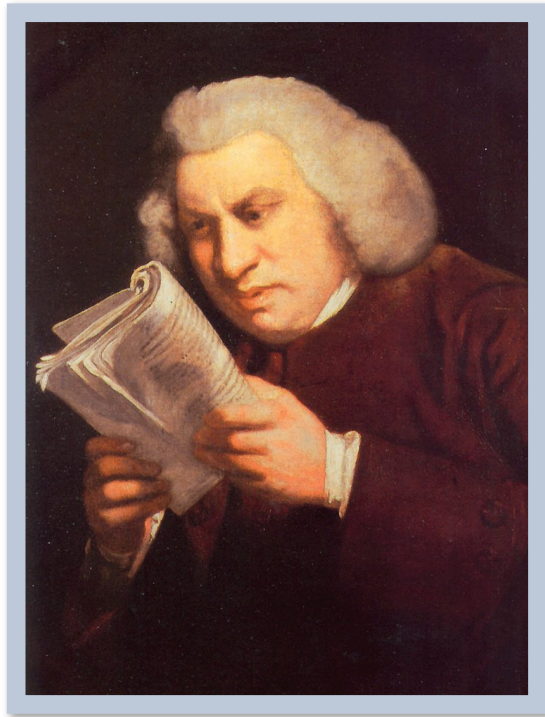
(1709-1784)

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, England to Michael Johnson, a bookseller, and Sarah Ford. Scrofula, a tubercular ailment he caught while still in his infancy, cost Johnson his sight in one eye and hearing in one ear. During his childhood, he took full advantage of his father's stock of books and read voraciously before going on to Lichfield and Stourbridge Grammar Schools. He entered Pembroke College, Oxford but could not afford to take his degree there.

He taught at Market Bosworth School as undermaster, a position that did not suit his temperament. In 1735, he married an older widow, Elizabeth Porter. The money she brought to their marriage allowed Johnson to open his own school, Edial School. Upon its failure, he journeyed to London along with one of his pupils, David Garrick (1717-1779), a man who would become one of the greatest actors of the English stage.

Johnson began his writing career with translations of Father Jerome Lobo's *A Voyage to Abyssinia* (1735). Although Johnson attempted to support himself by writing while in London, he suffered penury and the threat of depression. He wrote reports on parliamentary debates, imagining the exchanges he never witnessed firsthand; what has been called the first critical biography in English on his friend, the poet Richard Savage, in *An Account of the Life of Mr. Richard Savage* (1744); and poetry on the ethical and physical catastrophes to be endured in "London" (1738) and on the futility of desire in this transient world in *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749). In 1747, Johnson hit upon the important and ultimately monumental project of single-handedly writing an English dictionary.

His method of preparing this document was to rely on precedent, context, and illustration provided through quotations amounting in number to around 114,000. After eight years of hard work and conditions of sickness and sorrow—his wife having died in 1752—Johnson produced the *Dictionary of the English Language* (1755), a historic dictionary, remarkable for its meticulousness, scholarship, and, at times, its biased and humorous comments. And it demonstrated the importance



**Image 4.19 | Samuel Johnson**

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and literary significance of the English language, an ongoing goal since Chaucer. It made his reputation—including earning him an honorary doctorate from the University of Dublin and the subsequent honorific of Dr. Johnson—and provided him a steady income, including an annual pension given to him by George III.

Johnson continued to write, blending sweetness and light in his moral (not moralizing) observations on such universal themes as time, vanity, faith, mercy, human encounters, and human happiness in his periodical essays for *The Rambler* (1750-1752), *The Adventurer* (1753-1754), and *The Idler* (1761); his novelistic “moral romance,” *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia* (1759); and his critical edition of the *Works of William Shakespeare*. In his life, he endeavored to model his morality in his actions, charitably inviting into his home poor friends, supporting women’s rights, opposing slavery, founding a literary Club, and maintaining Christian cheer in the face of his own often debilitating depression. The depth and dimension of his character, his wit and acumen, were recorded for posterity in *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* (1791) by James Boswell (1740-1759), an ambitious Scottish writer who, like many such, sought out Johnson and joined his Club, and whom Johnson welcomed to his circle almost as a son. Johnson continued to write throughout his life, despite increasing physical debility. After his death, he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Johnson’s writing is characterized by its balanced, classical style. His use of the periodic sentence (a sentence with the main clause or predicate at its end) characterizes this style in his prose; his use of the heroic couplet, his poetry; and his precise diction, in both. His keen, magisterial eye glanced on events both historical and every day; on concrete, particularized details of his physical surroundings and their transcendence through such higher faculties as reason and imagination, both unclouded but sustained by faith and reliance on authority and rules. He adjures the reader to the same reliance in the closing lines of “The Vanity of Human Wishes:”

Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,  
Which Heav’n may hear, nor deem religion vain.  
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
But leave to Heav’n the measure and the choice,  
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar  
The secret ambush of a specious prayer.  
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,  
Secure whate’er he gives, he gives the best.

(349-56)

### 4.12.1 "London"

#### A Poem In Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal

— — — *Quis ineptæ*  
*Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?*  
 Juv.

Tho' Grief and Fondness in my Breast rebel,  
 When injur'd Thales bids the Town farewell,  
 Yet still my calmer Thoughts his Choice commend,  
 I praise the Hermit, but regret the Friend,  
 Resolved at length, from Vice and London far,  
 To breathe in distant Fields a purer Air,  
 And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,  
 Give to St. David one *true Briton* more.  
 For who would leave, unbrib'd, *Hibernia's* Land,  
 Or change the Rocks of *Scotland* for the *Strand*?  
 There none are swept by sudden Fate away,  
 But all whom Hunger spares, with Age decay:  
 Here Malice, Rapine, Accident, conspire,  
 And now a Rabble Rages, now a Fire;  
 Their Ambush here relentless Ruffians lay,  
 And here the fell Attorney prowls for Prey;  
 Here falling Houses thunder on your Head,  
 And here a female Atheist talks you dead.  
 While Thales waits the Wherry that contains  
 Of dissipated Wealth the small Remains,  
 On *Thames's* Banks, in silent Thought we stood,  
 Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver Flood:  
 Struck with the Seat that gave Eliza Birth,  
 We kneel, and kiss the consecrated Earth;  
 In pleasing Dreams the blissful Age renew,  
 And call Britannia's Glories back to view;  
 Behold her Cross triumphant on the Main,  
 The Guard of Commerce, and the Dread of *Spain*,  
 Ere Masquerades debauch'd, Excise oppress'd,  
 Or *English* Honour grew a standing Jest.  
 A transient Calm the happy Scenes bestow,  
 And for a Moment lull the Sense of Woe.  
 At length awaking, with contemptuous Frown,  
 Indignant Thales eyes the neighb'ring Town.  
 Since Worth, he cries, in these degen'rate Days,  
 Wants ev'n the cheap Reward of empty Praise;

In those curst Walls, devote to Vice and Gain,  
 Since unrewarded Science toils in vain;  
 Since Hope but soothes to double my Distress,  
 And ev'ry Moment leaves my Little less;  
 While yet my steady Steps no Staff sustains,  
 And Life still vig'rous revels in my Veins;  
 Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier Place,  
 Where Honesty and Sense are no Disgrace;  
 Some pleasing Bank where verdant Osiers play,  
 Some peaceful Vale with Nature's Paintings gay;  
 Where once the harass'd Briton found Repose,  
 And safe in Poverty defy'd his Foes;  
 Some secret Cell, ye Pow'rs, indulgent give.  
 Let — live here, for — has learn'd to live.  
 Here let those reign, whom Pensions can incite  
 To vote a Patriot black, a Courtier white;  
 Explain their Country's dear-bought Rights away,  
 And plead for Pirates in the Face of Day;  
 With slavish Tenets taint our poison'd Youth,  
 And lend a Lye the confidence of Truth.  
 Let such raise Palaces, and Manors buy,  
 Collect a Tax, or farm a Lottery,  
 With warbling Eunuchs fill a licens'd Stage,  
 And lull to Servitude a thoughtless Age.  
 Heroes, proceed! What Bounds your Pride shall hold?  
 What Check restrain your Thirst of Pow'r and Gold?  
 Behold rebellious Virtue quite o'erthrown,  
 Behold our Fame, our Wealth, our Lives your own.  
 To such, a groaning Nation's Spoils are giv'n,  
 When publick Crimes inflame the Wrath of Heav'n:  
 But what, my Friend, what Hope remains for me,  
 Who start at Theft, and blush at Perjury?  
 Who scarce forbear, tho' Britain's Court he sing,  
 To pluck a titled Poet's borrow'd Wing;  
 A Statesman's Logic, unconvinc'd can hear,  
 And dare to slumber o'er the *Gazetteer*;  
 Despise a Fool in half his Pension drest,  
 And strive in vain to laugh at *H—y's* jest.  
 Others with softer Smiles, and subtler Art,  
 Can sap the Principles, or taint the Heart;  
 With more Address a Lover's Note convey,  
 Or bribe a Virgin's Innocence away.  
 Well may they rise, while I, whose Rustic Tongue

Ne'er knew to puzzle Right, or varnish Wrong,  
Spurn'd as a Beggar, dreaded as a Spy,  
Live unregarded, unlamented die.  
For what but social Guilt the Friend endears?  
Who shares *Orgilio's* Crimes, his Fortune shares.  
But thou, should tempting Villainy present  
All *Marlb'rough* hoarded, or all *Villiers* spent;  
Turn from the glitt'ring Bribe thy scornful Eye,  
Nor sell for Gold, what Gold could never buy,  
The peaceful Slumber, self-approving Day,  
Unsullied Fame, and Conscience ever gay.  
The cheated Nation's happy Fav'rites, see!  
Mark whom the Great caress, who frown on me!  
London! the needy Villain's gen'ral Home,  
The Common Shore of *Paris* and of *Rome*;  
With eager Thirst, by Folly or by Fate,  
Sucks in the Dregs of each corrupted State.  
Forgive my Transports on a Theme like this,  
I cannot bear a *French* metropolis.  
Illustrious Edward! from the Realms of Day,  
The Land of Heroes and of Saints survey;  
Nor hope the *British* Lineaments to trace,  
The rustic Grandeur, or the surly Grace;  
But lost in thoughtless Ease, and empty Show,  
Behold the Warriour dwindled to a Beau;  
Sense, Freedom, Piety, refin'd away,  
Of France the Mimic, and of Spain the Prey.  
All that at home no more can beg or steal,  
Or like a Gibbet better than a Wheel;  
Hiss'd from the Stage, or hooted from the Court,  
Their Air, their Dress, their Politicks import;  
Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,  
On *Britain's* fond Credulity they prey.  
No gainful Trade their Industry can 'scape,  
They sing, they dance, clean Shoes, or cure a Clap;  
All Sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,  
And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.  
Ah! what avails it, that, from Slav'ry far,  
I drew the Breath of Life in *English* Air;  
Was early taught a *Briton's* Right to prize,  
And lisp the Tale of Henry's Victories;  
If the gull'd Conqueror receives the Chain,  
And what their Armies lost, their Cringes gain?

Studious to please, and ready to submit,  
The supple *Gaul* was born a Parasite:  
Still to his Int'rest true, where'er he goes,  
Wit, Brav'ry, Worth, his lavish Tongue bestows;  
In ev'ry Face a Thousand Graces shine,  
From ev'ry Tongue flows Harmony divine.  
These Arts in vain our rugged Natives try,  
Strain out with fault'ring Diffidence a Lye,  
And get a Kick for awkward Flattery.  
Besides, with Justice, this discerning Age  
Admires their wond'rous Talents for the Stage:  
Well may they venture on the Mimic's art,  
Who play from Morn to Night a borrow'd Part;  
Practis'd their Master's Notions to embrace,  
Repeat his Maxims, and reflect his Face;  
With ev'ry wild Absurdity comply,  
And view each Object with another's Eye;  
To shake with Laughter ere the Jest they hear,  
To pour at Will the counterfeited Tear;  
And as their Patron hints the Cold or Heat,  
To shake in Dog-days, in *December* sweat.  
How, when Competitors like these contend,  
Can surly Virtue hope to fix a Friend?  
Slaves that with serious Impudence beguile,  
And lye without a Blush, without a Smile;  
Exalt each Trifle, ev'ry Vice adore,  
Your Taste in Snuff, your Judgment in a Whore;  
Can *Balbo's* Eloquence applaud, and swear  
He gropes his Breeches with a Monarch's Air.  
For Arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, carest,  
They first invade your Table, then your Breast;  
Explore your Secrets with insidious Art,  
Watch the weak Hour, and ransack all the Heart;  
Then soon your ill-plac'd Confidence repay,  
Commence your Lords, and govern or betray.  
By Numbers here from Shame or Censure free,  
All Crimes are safe, but hated Poverty.  
This, only this, the rigid Law persues,  
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse;  
The sober Trader at a tatter'd Cloak,  
Wakes from his Dream, and labours for a Joke;  
With brisker Air the silken Courtiers gaze,  
And turn the varied Taunt a thousand Ways.

Of all the Griefs that harrass the Distrest,  
Sure the most bitter is a scornful Jest;  
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous Heart,  
Than when a Blockhead's Insult points the Dart.  
Has Heaven reserv'd, in Pity to the Poor,  
No pathless Waste, or undiscover'd Shore?  
No secret Island in the boundless Main?  
No peaceful Desart yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?  
Quick let us rise, the happy Seats explore,  
And bear Oppression's Insolence no more.  
This mournful Truth is ev'ry where confest,  
Slow rises worth, by poverty deprest:  
But here more slow, where all are Slaves to Gold,  
Where Looks are Merchandise, and Smiles are sold,  
Where won by Bribes, by Flatteries implor'd,  
The Groom retails the Favours of his Lord.  
But hark! th' affrighted Crowd's tumultuous Cries  
Roll thro' the Streets, and thunder to the Skies;  
Rais'd from some pleasing Dream of Wealth and Pow'r,  
Some pompous Palace, or some blissful Bow'r,  
Aghast you start, and scarce with aking Sight,  
Sustain th' approaching Fire's tremendous Light;  
Swift from pursuing Horrors take your Way,  
And Leave your little All to Flames a Prey;  
Then thro' the World a wretched Vagrant roam,  
For where can starving Merit find a Home?  
In vain your mournful Narrative disclose,  
While all neglect, and most insult your Woes.  
Should Heaven's just Bolts *Orgilio's* Wealth confound,  
And spread his flaming Palace on the Ground,  
Swift o'er the Land the dismal Rumour flies,  
And publick Mournings pacify the Skies;  
The Laureat Tribe in servile Verse relate,  
How Virtue wars with persecuting Fate;  
With well-feign'd Gratitude the pension's Band  
Refund the Plunder of the begger'd Land.  
See! while he builds, the gaudy Vassals come,  
And crowd with sudden Wealth the rising Dome;  
The Price of Boroughs and of Souls restore,  
And raise his Treasures higher than before.  
Now bless'd with all the Baubles of the Great,  
The polish'd Marble, and the shining Plate,  
*Orgilio* sees the golden Pile aspire,

And hopes from angry Heav'n another Fire.  
Could'st thou resign the Park and Play content,  
For the fair Banks of *Severn* or of *Trent*;  
There might'st thou find some elegant Retreat,  
Some hireling Senator's deserted Seat;  
And stretch thy Prospects o'er the smiling Land,  
For less than rent the Dungeons of the *Strand*;  
There prune thy Walks, support thy drooping Flow'rs,  
Direct thy Rivulets, and twine thy Bow'rs;  
And, while thy Beds a cheap Repast afford,  
Despise the Dainties of a venal Lord:  
There ev'ry Bush with Nature's Music rings,  
There ev'ry Breeze bears Health upon its Wings;  
On all thy Hours Security shall smile,  
And bless thine Evening Walk and Morning Toil.  
Prepare for Death, if here at Night you roam,  
And sign your Will before you sup from Home.  
Some fiery Fop, with new Commission vain,  
Who sleeps on Brambles till he kills his Man;  
Some frolick Drunkard, reeling from a Feast,  
Provokes a Broil, and stabs you for a Jest.  
Yet ev'n these Heroes, mischievously gay,  
Lords of the Street, and Terrors of the Way;  
Flush'd as they are with Folly, Youth and Wine,  
Their prudent Insults to the Poor confine;  
Afar they mark the Flambeau's bright Approach,  
And shun the shining Train, and golden Coach.  
In vain, these Dangers past, your Doors you close,  
And hope the balmy Blessings of Repose:  
Cruel with Guilt, and daring with Despair,  
The midnight Murd'rer bursts the faithless Bar;  
Invades the sacred Hour of silent Rest,  
And plants, unseen, a Dagger in your Breast.  
Scarce can our Fields, such Crowds at *Tyburn* die,  
With Hemp the Gallows and the Fleet supply.  
Propose your Schemes, ye Senatorian Band,  
Whose *Ways and Means* support the sinking Land;  
Lest Ropes be wanting in the tempting Spring,  
To rig another Convoy for the K—g.  
A single Jail, in Alfred's golden Reign,  
Could half the Nation's Criminals contain;  
Fair Justice then, without Constraint ador'd,  
Sustain'd the Ballance, but resign'd the Sword;

No Spies were paid, no *Special Juries* known,  
 Blest Age! But ah! how different from our own!  
 Much could I add, — but see the Boat at hand,  
 The Tide retiring, calls me from the Land:  
 Farewel! — When Youth, and Health, and Fortune spent,  
 Thou fly'st for Refuge to the Wilds of *Kent*;  
 And tir'd like me with Follies and with Crimes,  
 In angry Numbers warn'st succeeding Times;  
 Then shall thy Friend, nor thou refuse his Aid,  
 Still Foe to Vice forsake his *Cambrian* Shade;  
 In Virtue's Cause once more exert his Rage,  
 Thy Satire point, and animate thy Page.

#### 4.12.2 The Vanity of Human Wishes

(1749)

Let Observation with extensive View,  
 Survey Mankind, from China to Peru;  
 Remark each anxious Toil, each eager Strife,  
 And watch the busy Scenes of crowded Life;  
 Then say how Hope and Fear, Desire and Hate,  
 O'er spread with Snares the clouded Maze of Fate,  
 Where wav'ring Man, betray'd by vent'rous Pride,  
 To tread the dreary Paths without a Guide;  
 As treach'rous Phantoms in the Mist delude,  
 Shuns fancied Ills, or chases airy Good.  
 How rarely Reason guides the stubborn Choice,  
 Rules the bold Hand, or prompts the suppliant Voice,  
 How Nations sink, by darling Schemes oppres'd,  
 When Vengeance listens to the Fool's Request.  
 Fate wings with ev'ry Wish th' afflictive Dart,  
 Each Gift of Nature, and each Grace of Art,  
 With fatal Heat impetuous Courage glows,  
 With fatal Sweetness Elocution flows,  
 Impeachment stops the Speaker's pow'rful Breath,  
 And restless Fire precipitates on Death.  
 But scarce observ'd the Knowing and the Bold,  
 Fall in the gen'ral Massacre of Gold;  
 Wide-wasting Pest! that rages unconfin'd,  
 And crowds with Crimes the Records of Mankind,  
 For Gold his Sword the Hireling Ruffian draws,  
 For Gold the hireling Judge distorts the Laws;



Wealth heap'd on Wealth, nor Truth nor Safety buys,  
The Dangers gather as the Treasures rise.

Let Hist'ry tell where rival Kings command,  
And dubious Title shakes the madd'd Land,  
When Statutes glean the Refuse of the Sword,  
How much more safe the Vassal than the Lord,  
Low sculks the Hind beneath the Rage of Pow'r,  
And leaves the bonny Traytor in the Tow'r,  
Untouch'd his Cottage, and his Slumbers sound,  
Tho' Confiscation's Vulturs clang around.

The needy Traveller, serene and gay,  
Walks the wild Heath, and sings his Toil away.  
Does Envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding Joy,  
Encrease his Riches and his Peace destroy,  
New Fears in dire Vicissitude invade,  
The rustling Brake alarms, and quiv'ring Shade,  
Nor Light nor Darkness bring his Pain Relief,  
One shews the Plunder, and one hides the Thief.

Yet still the gen'ral Cry the Skies assails  
And Gain and Grandeur load the tainted Gales;  
Few know the toiling Statesman's Fear or Care,  
Th' insidious Rival and the gaping Heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on Earth,  
With chearful Wisdom and instructive Mirth,  
See motley Life in modern Trappings dress'd,  
And feed with varied Fools th' eternal Jest:  
Thou who couldst laugh where Want enchain'd Caprice,  
Toil crush'd Conceit, and Man was of a Piece;  
Where Wealth unlov'd without a Mourner dy'd;  
And scarce a Sycophant was fed by Pride;  
Where ne'er was known the Form of mock Debate,  
Or seen a new-made Mayor's unwieldy State;  
Where change of Fav'rites made no Change of Laws,  
And Senates heard before they judg'd a Cause;  
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish Tribe,  
Dart the quick Taunt, and edge the piercing Gibe?  
Attentive Truth and Nature to descry,  
And pierce each Scene with Philosophic Eye.  
To thee were solemn Toys or empty Shew,

The Robes of Pleasure and the Veils of Woe:  
 All aid the Farce, and all thy Mirth maintain,  
 Whose Joys are causeless, or whose Grievs are vain.

Such was the Scorn that fill'd the Sage's Mind,  
 Renew'd at ev'ry Glance on Humankind;  
 How just that Scorn ere yet thy Voice declare,  
 Search every State, and canvass ev'ry Pray'r.

Unnumber'd Suppliants croud Preferment's Gate,  
 Athirst for Wealth, and burning to be great;  
 Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant Call,  
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.  
 On ev'ry Stage the Foes of Peace attend,  
 Hate dogs their Flight, and Insult mocks their End.  
 Love ends with Hope, the sinking Statesman's Door  
 Pours in the Morning Worshiper no more;  
 For growing Names the weekly Scribbler lies,  
 To growing Wealth the Dedicator flies,  
 From every Room descends the painted Face,  
 That hung the bright Palladium of the Place,  
 And smok'd in Kitchens, or in Auctions sold,  
 To better Features yields the Frame of Gold;  
 For now no more we trace in ev'ry Line  
 Heroic Worth, Benevolence Divine:  
 The Form distorted justifies the Fall,  
 And Detestation rids th' indignant Wall.

But will not Britain hear the last Appeal,  
 Sign her Foes Doom, or guard her Fav'rites Zeal;  
 Through Freedom's Sons no more Remonstrance rings,  
 Degrading Nobles and controuling Kings;  
 Our supple Tribes repress their Patriot Throats,  
 And ask no Questions but the Price of Votes;  
 With Weekly Libels and Septennial Ale,  
 Their Wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown Dignity, see Wolsey stand,  
 Law in his Voice, and Fortune in his Hand:  
 To him the Church, the Realm, their Pow'rs consign,  
 Thro' him the Rays of regal Bounty shine,  
 Turn'd by his Nod the Stream of Honour flows,  
 His Smile alone Security bestows:

Still to new Heights his restless Wishes tow'r,  
 Claim leads to Claim, and Pow'r advances Pow'r;  
 Till Conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,  
 And Rights submitted, left him none to seize.  
 At length his Sov'reign frowns -- the Train of State  
 Mark the keen Glance, and watch the Sign to hate.  
 Where-e'er he turns he meets a Stranger's Eye,  
 His Suppliants scorn him, and his Followers fly;  
 Now drops at once the Pride of awful State,  
 The golden Canopy, the glitt'ring Plate,  
 The regal Palace, the luxurious Board,  
 The liv'ried Army, and the menial Lord.  
 With Age, with Cares, with Maladies oppress'd,  
 He seeks the Refuge of Monastic Rest.  
 Grief aids Disease, remember'd Folly stings,  
 And his last Sighs reproach the Faith of Kings.

Speak thou, whose Thoughts at humble Peace repine,  
 Shall Wolsey's Wealth, with Wolsey's End be thine?  
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer Pride content,  
 The richest Landlord on the Banks of Trent?  
 For why did Wolsey by the Steps of Fate,  
 On weak Foundations raise th' enormous Weight  
 Why but to sink beneath Misfortune's Blow,  
 With louder Ruin to the Gulphs below?

What gave great Villiers to th' Assassin's Knife,  
 And fixed Disease on Harley's closing life?  
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,  
 By Kings protected and to Kings ally'd?  
 What but their Wish indulg'd in Courts to shine,  
 And Pow'r too great to keep or to resign?

When first the College Rolls receive his Name,  
 The young Enthusiast quits his Ease for Fame;  
 Resistless burns the fever of Renown,  
 Caught from the strong Contagion of the Gown;  
 O'er Bodley's Dome his future Labours spread,  
 And Bacon's Mansion trembles o'er his Head;  
 Are these thy Views? proceed, illustrious Youth,  
 And Virtue guard thee to the Throne of Truth,  
 Yet should thy Soul indulge the gen'rous Heat,  
 Till captive Science yields her last Retreat;

Should Reason guide thee with her brightest Ray,  
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless Day;  
 Should no false Kindness lure to loose Delight,  
 Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;  
 Should tempting Novelty thy Cell refrain,  
 And Sloth's bland Opiates shed their Fumes in vain;  
 Should Beauty blunt on Fops her fatal Dart,  
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd Heart;  
 Should no Disease thy torpid Veins invade,  
 Nor Melancholy's Phantoms haunt thy Shade;  
 Yet hope not Life from Grief or Danger free,  
 Nor think the Doom of Man revers'd for thee:  
 Deign on the passing World to turn thine Eyes,  
 And pause awhile from Learning to be wise;  
 There mark what Ills the Scholar's Life assail,  
 Toil, Envy, Want, the Garret, and the Jail.  
 See Nations slowly wise, and meanly just,  
 To buried Merit raise the tardy Bust.  
 If Dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
 Hear Lydiat's Life, and Galileo's End.

Nor deem, when Learning her lost Prize bestows  
 The glitt'ring Eminence exempt from Foes;  
 See when the Vulgar 'scap'd despis'd or aw'd,  
 Rebellion's vengeful Talons seize on Laud.  
 From meaner Minds, tho' smaller Fines content  
 The plunder'd Palace or sequester'd Rent;  
 Mark'd out by dangerous Parts he meets the Shock,  
 And fatal Learning leads him to the Block:  
 Around his Tomb let Art and Genius weep,  
 But hear his Death, ye Blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal Blazes, the triumphal Show,  
 The ravish'd Standard, and the captive Foe,  
 The Senate's Thanks, the Gazette's pompous Tale,  
 With Force resistless o'er the Brave prevail.  
 Such Bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,  
 For such the steady Romans shook the World;  
 For such in distant Lands the Britons shine,  
 And stain with Blood the Danube or the Rhine;  
 This Pow'r has Praise, that Virtue scarce can warm,  
 Till Fame supplies the universal Charm.  
 Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal Game,

Where wasted Nations raise a single Name,  
 And mortgag'd States their Grandsires Wreaths regret  
 From Age to Age in everlasting Debt;  
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought Right convey  
 To rust on Medals, or on Stones decay.

On what Foundation stands the Warrior's Pride?  
 How just his Hopes let Swedish Charles decide;  
 A Frame of Adamant, a Soul of Fire,  
 No Dangers fright him, and no Labours tire;  
 O'er Love, o'er Force, extends his wide Domain,  
 Unconquer'd Lord of Pleasure and of Pain;  
 No Joys to him pacific Scepters yield,  
 War sounds the Trump, he rushes to the Field;  
 Behold surrounding Kings their Pow'r combine,  
 And One capitulate, and One resign;  
 Peace courts his Hand, but spread her Charms in vain;  
 "Think Nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain,  
 "On Moscow's Walls till Gothic Standards fly,  
 "And all is Mine beneath the Polar Sky."  
 The March begins in Military State,  
 And Nations on his Eye suspended wait;  
 Stern Famine guards the solitary Coast,  
 And Winter barricades the Realms of Frost;  
 He comes, nor Want nor Cold his Course delay;---  
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's Day:  
 The vanquish'd Hero leaves his broken Bands,  
 And shews his Miseries in distant Lands;  
 Condemn'd a needy Supplicant to wait,  
 While Ladies interpose, and Slaves debate.  
 But did not Chance at length her Error mend?  
 Did no subverted Empire mark his End?  
 Did rival Monarchs give the fatal Wound?  
 Or hostile Millions press him to the Ground?  
 His Fall was destin'd to a barren Strand,  
 A petty Fortress, and a dubious Hand;  
 He left the Name, at which the World grew pale,  
 To point a Moral, or adorn a Tale.

All Times their Scenes of pompous Woes afford,  
 From Persia's Tyrant to Bavaria's Lord.  
 In gay Hostility, and barb'rous Pride,  
 With half Mankind embattled at his Side,

Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain Prey,  
And starves exhausted Regions in his Way;  
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his Myriads o'er,  
Till counted Myriads sooth his Pride no more;  
Fresh Praise is try'd till Madness fires his Mind,  
The Waves he lashes, and enchains the Wind;  
New Pow'rs are claim'd, new Pow'rs are still bestowed,  
Till rude Resistance lops the spreading God;  
The daring Greeks deride the Martial Shew,  
And heap their Vallies with the gaudy Foe;  
Th' insulted Sea with humbler Thoughts he gains,  
A single Skiff to speed his Flight remains;  
Th' incumber'd Oar scarce leaves the dreaded Coast  
Through purple Billows and a floating Host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless Hour,  
Tries the dread Summits of Cesarean Pow'r,  
With unexpected Legions bursts away,  
And sees defenceless Realms receive his Sway;  
Short Sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful Charms,  
The Queen, the Beauty, sets the World in Arms;  
From Hill to Hill the Beacons rousing Blaze  
Spreads wide the Hope of Plunder and of Praise;  
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,  
And all the Sons of Ravage croud the War;  
The baffled Prince in Honour's flatt'ring Bloom  
Of hasty Greatness finds the fatal Doom,  
His foes Derision, and his Subjects Blame,  
And steals to Death from Anguish and from Shame.

Enlarge my Life with Multitude of Days,  
In Health, in Sickness, thus the Suppliant prays;  
Hides from himself his State, and shuns to know,  
That Life protracted is protracted Woe.  
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,  
And shuts up all the Passages of Joy:  
In vain their Gifts the bounteous Seasons pour,  
The Fruit autumnal, and the Vernal Flow'r,  
With listless Eyes the Dotard views the Store,  
He views, and wonders that they please no more;  
Now pall the tastless Meats, and joyless Wines,  
And Luxury with Sighs her Slave resigns.  
Approach, ye Minstrels, try the soothing Strain,

And yield the tuneful Lenitives of Pain:  
 No Sounds alas would touch th' impervious Ear,  
 Though dancing Mountains witness'd Orpheus near;  
 Nor Lute nor Lyre his feeble Pow'rs attend,  
 Nor sweeter Musick of a virtuous Friend,  
 But everlasting Dictates croud his Tongue,  
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.  
 The still returning Tale, and ling'ring Jest,  
 Perplex the fawning Niece and pamper'd Guest,  
 While growing Hopes scarce awe the gath'ring Sneer,  
 And scarce a Legacy can bribe to hear;  
 The watchful Guests still hint the last Offence,  
 The Daughter's Petulance, the Son's Expence,  
 Improve his heady Rage with treach'rous Skill,  
 And mould his Passions till they make his Will.

Unnumber'd Maladies each Joint invade,  
 Lay Siege to Life and press the dire Blockade;  
 But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,  
 And dreaded Losses aggravate his Pains;  
 He turns, with anxious Heart and cripled Hands,  
 His Bonds of Debt, and Mortgages of Lands;  
 Or views his Coffers with suspicious Eyes,  
 Unlocks his Gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the Virtues of a temp'rate Prime  
 Bless with an Age exempt from Scorn or Crime;  
 An Age that melts in unperceiv'd Decay,  
 And glides in modest Innocence away;  
 Whose peaceful Day Benevolence endears,  
 Whose Night congratulating Conscience cheers;  
 The gen'ral Fav'rite as the gen'ral Friend:  
 Such Age there is, and who could wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her Load Misfortune flings,  
 To press the weary Minutes flagging Wings:  
 New Sorrow rises as the Day returns,  
 A Sister sickens, or a Daughter mourns.  
 Now Kindred Merit fills the sable Bier,  
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a Tear.  
 Year chases Year, Decay pursues Decay,  
 Still drops some Joy from with'ring Life away;  
 New Forms arise, and different Views engage,

Superfluous lags the Vet'ran on the Stage,  
Till pitying Nature signs the last Release,  
And bids afflicted Worth retire to Peace.

But few there are whom Hours like these await,  
Who set unclouded in the Gulphs of fate.  
From Lydia's monarch should the Search descend,  
By Solon caution'd to regard his End,  
In Life's last Scene what Prodigies surprise,  
Fears of the Brave, and Follies of the Wise?  
From Marlborough's Eyes the Streams of Dotage flow,  
And Swift expires a Driv'ler and a Show.

The teeming Mother, anxious for her Race,  
Begs for each Birth the Fortune of a Face:  
Yet Vane could tell what Ills from Beauty spring;  
And Sedley curs'd the Form that pleas'd a King.  
Ye Nymphs of rosy Lips and radiant Eyes,  
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,  
Whom Joys with soft Varieties invite  
By Day the Frolick, and the Dance by Night,  
Who frown with Vanity, who smile with Art,  
And ask the latest Fashion of the Heart,  
What Care, what Rules your heedless Charms shall save,  
Each Nymph your Rival, and each Youth your Slave?  
An envious Breast with certain Mischief glows,  
And Slaves, the Maxim tells, are always Foes.  
Against your Fame with Fondness Hate combines,  
The Rival batters, and the Lover mines.  
With distant Voice neglected Virtue calls,  
Less heard, and less the faint Remonstrance falls;  
Tir'd with Contempt, she quits the slipp'ry Reign,  
And Pride and Prudence take her Seat in vain.  
In croud at once, where none the Pass defend,  
The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.  
The Guardians yield, by Force superior ply'd;  
By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flatt'ry, Pride.  
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,  
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their Objects find?  
Must dull Suspence corrupt the stagnant Mind?  
Must helpless Man, in Ignorance sedate,



Swim darkling down the Current of his Fate?  
 Must no Dislike alarm, no Wishes rise,  
 No Cries attempt the Mercies of the Skies?  
 Enquirer, cease, Petitions yet remain,  
 Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.  
 Still raise for Good the supplicating Voice,  
 But leave to Heav'n the Measure and the Choice.  
 Safe in his Pow'r, whose Eyes discern afar  
 The secret Ambush of a specious Pray'r.  
 Implore his Aid, in his Decisions rest,  
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.  
 Yet with the Sense of sacred Presence prest,  
 When strong Devotion fills thy glowing Breast,  
 Pour forth thy Fervours for a healthful Mind,  
 Obedient Passions, and a Will resign'd;  
 For Love, which scarce collective Man can fill;  
 For Patience sov'reign o'er transmuted Ill;  
 For Faith, that panting for a happier Seat,  
 Thinks Death kind Nature's Signal of Retreat:  
 These Goods for Man the Laws of Heav'n ordain,  
 These Goods he grants, who grants the Pow'r to gain;  
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the Mind,  
 And makes the Happiness she does not find.

#### 4.12.3 From *Dictionary of the English Language*

(1755)

**art** n.s. [*arte*, Fr. *ars*, Lat.]

1. The power of doing something not taught by nature and instinct; as, to *walk* is natural, to *dance* is an *art*.

*Art is properly an habitual knowledge of certain rules and maxims, by which a man is governed and directed in his actions.* South.

*Blest with each grace of nature and of art.* Pope.

*Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,  
 The last and greatest art, the art to blot.* Pope.

2. A science; as, the liberal *arts*.

*Arts that respect the mind were ever reputed nobler than those that serve the body.* Ben. Johnson's *Discovery*.

3. A trade.

*This observation is afforded us by the art of making sugar.* Boyle.

4. Artfulness; skill; dexterity.

*The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious.* Shak. King Lear.

5. Cunning.

6. Speculation.

*I have as much of this in art as you;  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.* Shakesp. J. Cæsar.

**dictionary** n.s. [*dictionarium*, Latin.] A book containing the words of any language in alphabetical order, with explanations of their meaning; a lexicon; a vocabulary; a word-book.

*Some have delivered the polity of spirits, and left an account that they stand in awe of charms, spells, and conjurations; that they are afraid of letters and characters, notes and dashes, which, set together, do signify nothing; and not only in the dictionary of man, but in the subtler vocabulary of satan.* Brown's Vulgar Errours, b. i. c. 10.

*Is it such a horrible fault to translate simulacra images? I see what a good thing it is to have a good catholick dictionary.* Still.

*An army, or a parliament, is a collection of men; a dictionary, or nomenclature, is a collection of words.* Watts

**etch** n.s. A country word, of which I know not the meaning.

*When they sow their etch crops, they sprinkle a pound or two of clover on an acre.* Mortimer's Husbandry.

*Where you find dunging of land makes it rank, lay dung upon the etch, and sow it with barley.* Mortimer's Husbandry.

**excise** n.s. [*accijs*, Dutch; *excisum*, Latin.] A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.

*The people should pay a ratable tax for their sheep, and an excise for every thing which they should eat.* Hayward.

*Ambitious now to take excise  
Of a more fragrant paradise.* Cleaveland.

*Excise,  
With hundred rows of teeth, the shark exceeds,  
And on all trades like Cassawar she feeds.* Marvel.

*Can hire large houses, and oppress the poor,  
By farm'd excise.* Dryden's Juvenal, Sat. 3.

**pátron** n.s. [*patron*, Fr. *patronus*, Latin.]

1. One who countenances, supports or protects. Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery.

*I'll plead for you, as for my patron.* Shakesp.

*Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name;  
Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd debt,  
Which the great patron only would forget.* Prior.

2. A guardian saint.

*Thou amongst those saints, whom thou do'st see,  
Shall be a saint, and thine own nation's friend  
And patron.* Fairy Queen, b. i.

*St. Michael is mentioned as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken  
by the Christians, as the protector general of our religion.* Dryden.

3. Advocate; defender; vindicator.

*We are no patrons of those things; the best defence whereof is speedy  
redress and amendment.* Hooker, b. ii. s. 1.

*Whether the minds of men have naturally imprinted on them the  
ideas of extension and number, I leave to those who are the patrons of  
innate principles.* Locke.

4. One who has donation of ecclesiastical preferment.

**pénsion** n.s. [*pension*, Fr.] An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.

*A charity bestowed on the education of her young subjects has more  
merit than a thousand pensions to those of a higher fortune.* Addison's  
Guardian, N° 105.

*He has liv'd with the great without flattery, and been a friend to men  
in power without pensions.* Pope.

#### 4.12.4 From *The History of Rasselas*

(1759)

##### Chapter I: Description of a Palace in a Valley

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty Emperor in whose dominions the father of waters begins his course—whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it had long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massive that no man, without the help of engines, could open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrubs, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns, the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with all the necessaries of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the

Emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music, and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hopes that they should pass their lives in blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new scenes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence, raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massive stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century, deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers, who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage; every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper storeys by private galleries, or by subterraneous passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigences of the kingdom, and recorded their accumulations in a book, which was itself concealed in a tower, not entered but by the Emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

## **Chapter II: The Discontent of Rasselas in the Happy Valley**

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man. To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the Happy Valley. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment were the business of every hour, from the dawn of morning to the close of the evening.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom nature had excluded from this seat of tranquillity as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, all but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from the pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him; he rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change, and endeavoured to renew his love of pleasure. He neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the streams, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes. The singularity of his humour made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

“What,” said he, “makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself: he is hungry, and crops the grass; he is thirsty, and drinks the stream; his thirst and hunger are appeased; he is satisfied, and sleeps; he rises again, and is hungry; he is again fed, and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty, like him, but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest. I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry that I may again quicken the attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the luteist and the singer; but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover in me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification; or he has some desire distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy.”

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, “Ye,” said he, “are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity; for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which you are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils

anticipated: surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments.”

With observations like these the Prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacency in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

### **Chapter III: The Wants of Him that Wants Nothing**

On the next day, his old instructor, imagining that he had now made himself acquainted with his disease of mind, was in hope of curing it by counsel, and officiously sought an opportunity of conference, which the Prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford. “Why,” said he, “does this man thus intrude upon me? Shall I never be suffered to forget these lectures, which pleased only while they were new, and to become new again must be forgotten?” He then walked into the wood, and composed himself to his usual meditations; when, before his thoughts had taken any settled form, he perceived his pursuer at his side, and was at first prompted by his impatience to go hastily away; but being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once revered and still loved, he invited him to sit down with him on the bank.

The old man, thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had been lately observed in the Prince, and to inquire why he so often retired from the pleasures of the palace to loneliness and silence. “I fly from pleasure,” said the Prince, “because pleasure has ceased to please: I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others.” “You, sir,” said the sage, “are the first who has complained of misery in the Happy Valley. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. You are here in full possession of all the Emperor of Abyssinia can bestow; here is neither labour to be endured nor danger to be dreaded, yet here is all that labour or danger can procure or purchase. Look round and tell me which of your wants is without supply: if you want nothing, how are you unhappy?”

“That I want nothing,” said the Prince, “or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint: if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would excite endeavour, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountains, or to lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and every moment showed me what I never had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much: give me something to desire.” The old man was

surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. "Sir," said he, "if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state." "Now," said the Prince, "you have given me something to desire. I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness."

#### **Chapter IV: The Prince Continues to Grieve and Muse**

At this time the sound of music proclaimed the hour of repast, and the conversation was concluded. The old man went away sufficiently discontented to find that his reasonings had produced the only conclusion which they were intended to prevent. But in the decline of life, shame and grief are of short duration: whether it be that we bear easily what we have borne long; or that, finding ourselves in age less regarded, we less regard others; or that we look with slight regard upon afflictions to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

The Prince, whose views were extended to a wider space, could not speedily quiet his emotions. He had been before terrified at the length of life which nature promised him, because he considered that in a long time much must be endured: he now rejoiced in his youth, because in many years much might be done. The first beam of hope that had been ever darted into his mind rekindled youth in his cheeks, and doubled the lustre of his eyes. He was fired with the desire of doing something, though he knew not yet, with distinctness, either end or means. He was now no longer gloomy and unsocial; but considering himself as master of a secret stock of happiness, which he could only enjoy by concealing it, he affected to be busy in all the schemes of diversion, and endeavoured to make others pleased with the state of which he himself was weary. But pleasures can never be so multiplied or continued as not to leave much of life unemployed; there were many hours, both of the night and day, which he could spend without suspicion in solitary thought. The load of life was much lightened; he went eagerly into the assemblies, because he supposed the frequency of his presence necessary to the success of his purposes; he retired gladly to privacy, because he had now a subject of thought. His chief amusement was to picture to himself that world which he had never seen, to place himself in various conditions, to be entangled in imaginary difficulties, and to be engaged in wild adventures; but, his benevolence always terminated his projects in the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness.

Thus passed twenty months of the life of Rasselas. He busied himself so intensely in visionary bustle that he forgot his real solitude; and amidst hourly preparations for the various incidents of human affairs, neglected to consider by what means he should mingle with mankind.

One day, as he was sitting on a bank, he feigned to himself an orphan virgin robbed of her little portion by a treacherous lover, and crying after him for restitution. So strongly was the image impressed upon his mind that he started up in the maid's defence, and ran forward to seize the plunderer with all the eagerness



of real pursuit. Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt. Rasselas could not catch the fugitive with his utmost efforts; but, resolving to weary by perseverance him whom he could not surpass in speed, he pressed on till the foot of the mountain stopped his course.

Here he recollected himself, and smiled at his own useless impetuosity. Then raising his eyes to the mountain, "This," said he, "is the fatal obstacle that hinders at once the enjoyment of pleasure and the exercise of virtue. How long is it that my hopes and wishes have flown beyond this boundary of my life, which yet I never have attempted to surmount?"

Struck with this reflection, he sat down to muse, and remembered that since he first resolved to escape from his confinement, the sun had passed twice over him in his annual course. He now felt a degree of regret with which he had never been before acquainted. He considered how much might have been done in the time which had passed, and left nothing real behind it. He compared twenty months with the life of man. "In life," said he, "is not to be counted the ignorance of infancy or imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we soon cease from the power of acting. The true period of human existence may be reasonably estimated at forty years, of which I have mused away the four-and-twentieth part. What I have lost was certain, for I have certainly possessed it; but of twenty months to come, who can assure me?"

The consciousness of his own folly pierced him deeply, and he was long before he could be reconciled to himself. "The rest of my time," said he, "has been lost by the crime or folly of my ancestors, and the absurd institutions of my country; I remember it with disgust, yet without remorse: but the months that have passed since new light darted into my soul, since I formed a scheme of reasonable felicity, have been squandered by my own fault. I have lost that which can never be restored; I have seen the sun rise and set for twenty months, an idle gazer on the light of heaven; in this time the birds have left the nest of their mother, and committed themselves to the woods and to the skies; the kid has forsaken the teat, and learned by degrees to climb the rocks in quest of independent sustenance. I only have made no advances, but am still helpless and ignorant. The moon, by more than twenty changes, admonished me of the flux of life; the stream that rolled before my feet upbraided my inactivity. I sat feasting on intellectual luxury, regardless alike of the examples of the earth and the instructions of the planets. Twenty months are passed: who shall restore them?"

These sorrowful meditations fastened upon his mind; he passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves, and was awakened to more vigorous exertion by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

This was obvious; and Rasselas reproached himself that he had not discovered it—having not known, or not considered, how many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardour to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her. He for a few hours regretted his regret,

and from that time bent his whole mind upon the means of escaping from the Valley of Happiness.

### **Chapter V: The Prince Meditates his Escape**

He now found that it would be very difficult to effect that which it was very easy to suppose effected. When he looked round about him, he saw himself confined by the bars of nature, which had never yet been broken, and by the gate through which none that had once passed it were ever able to return. He was now impatient as an eagle in a grate. He passed week after week in clambering the mountains to see if there was any aperture which the bushes might conceal, but found all the summits inaccessible by their prominence. The iron gate he despaired to open for it was not only secured with all the power of art, but was always watched by successive sentinels, and was, by its position, exposed to the perpetual observation of all the inhabitants.

He then examined the cavern through which the waters of the lake were discharged; and, looking down at a time when the sun shone strongly upon its mouth, he discovered it to be full of broken rocks, which, though they permitted the stream to flow through many narrow passages, would stop any body of solid bulk. He returned discouraged and dejected; but having now known the blessing of hope, resolved never to despair.

In these fruitless researches he spent ten months. The time, however, passed cheerfully away—in the morning he rose with new hope; in the evening applauded his own diligence; and in the night slept soundly after his fatigue. He met a thousand amusements, which beguiled his labour and diversified his thoughts. He discerned the various instincts of animals and properties of plants, and found the place replete with wonders, of which he proposed to solace himself with the contemplation if he should never be able to accomplish his flight—rejoicing that his endeavours, though yet unsuccessful, had supplied him with a source of inexhaustible inquiry. But his original curiosity was not yet abated; he resolved to obtain some knowledge of the ways of men. His wish still continued, but his hope grew less. He ceased to survey any longer the walls of his prison, and spared to search by new toils for interstices which he knew could not be found, yet determined to keep his design always in view, and lay hold on any expedient that time should offer. . . . [Rasselas tries to escape through the assistance of an inventor then turns to a man of learning, Imlac, whose biography is recounted. Imlac shares his views on the highest form of learning, Poetry, and on acts of piety, such as pilgrimage. Rasselas and Imlac consider the means and sources of happiness.]

### **Chapter XIII: The Prince Discovers the Means of Escape**

The Prince now dismissed his favourite to rest; but the narrative of wonders and novelties filled his mind with perturbation. He revolved all that he had heard, and prepared innumerable questions for the morning.

Much of his uneasiness was now removed. He had a friend to whom he could impart his thoughts, and whose experience could assist him in his designs. His heart was no longer condemned to swell with silent vexation. He thought that even the Happy Valley might be endured with such a companion, and that if they could range the world together he should have nothing further to desire.

In a few days the water was discharged, and the ground dried. The Prince and Imlac then walked out together, to converse without the notice of the rest. The Prince, whose thoughts were always on the wing, as he passed by the gate said, with a countenance of sorrow, "Why art thou so strong, and why is man so weak?"

"Man is not weak," answered his companion; "knowledge is more than equivalent to force. The master of mechanics laughs at strength. I can burst the gate, but cannot do it secretly. Some other expedient must be tried."

As they were walking on the side of the mountain they observed that the coney, which the rain had driven from their burrows, had taken shelter among the bushes, and formed holes behind them tending upwards in an oblique line. "It has been the opinion of antiquity," said Imlac, "that human reason borrowed many arts from the instinct of animals; let us, therefore, not think ourselves degraded by learning from the coney. We may escape by piercing the mountain in the same direction. We will begin where the summit hangs over the middle part, and labour upward till we shall issue out beyond the prominence."

The eyes of the Prince, when he heard this proposal, sparkled with joy. The execution was easy and the success certain.

No time was now lost. They hastened early in the morning to choose a place proper for their mine. They clambered with great fatigue among crags and brambles, and returned without having discovered any part that favoured their design. The second and the third day were spent in the same manner, and with the same frustration; but on the fourth day they found a small cavern concealed by a thicket, where they resolved to make their experiment.

Imlac procured instruments proper to hew stone and remove earth, and they fell to their work on the next day with more eagerness than vigour. They were presently exhausted by their efforts, and sat down to pant upon the grass. The Prince for a moment appeared to be discouraged. "Sir," said his companion, "practice will enable us to continue our labour for a longer time. Mark, however, how far we have advanced, and ye will find that our toil will some time have an end. Great works are performed not by strength, but perseverance; yonder palace was raised by single stones, yet you see its height and spaciousness. He that shall walk with vigour three hours a day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe."

They returned to their work day after day, and in a short time found a fissure in the rock, which enabled them to pass far with very little obstruction. This Rasselas considered as a good omen. "Do not disturb your mind," said Imlac, "with other hopes or fears than reason may suggest; if you are pleased with the prognostics of good, you will be terrified likewise with tokens of evil, and your whole life will be

a prey to superstition. Whatever facilitates our work is more than an omen; it is a cause of success. This is one of those pleasing surprises which often happen to active resolution. Many things difficult to design prove easy to performance." . . . [Imlac and Rasselas are joined in their escape by Rasselas's sister Nekayah and her attendant Lady Pekuah.]

### **Chapter XV: The Prince and Princess Leave the Valley, and See Many Wonders**

The Prince and Princess had jewels sufficient to make them rich whenever they came into a place of commerce, which, by Imlac's direction, they hid in their clothes, and on the night of the next full moon all left the valley. The Princess was followed only by a single favourite, who did not know whither she was going.

They clambered through the cavity, and began to go down on the other side. The Princess and her maid turned their eyes toward every part, and seeing nothing to bound their prospect, considered themselves in danger of being lost in a dreary vacuity. They stopped and trembled. "I am almost afraid," said the Princess, "to begin a journey of which I cannot perceive an end, and to venture into this immense plain where I may be approached on every side by men whom I never saw." The Prince felt nearly the same emotions, though he thought it more manly to conceal them.

Imlac smiled at their terrors, and encouraged them to proceed. But the Princess continued irresolute till she had been imperceptibly drawn forward too far to return.

In the morning they found some shepherds in the field, who set some milk and fruits before them. The Princess wondered that she did not see a palace ready for her reception and a table spread with delicacies; but being faint and hungry, she drank the milk and ate the fruits, and thought them of a higher flavour than the products of the valley.

They travelled forward by easy journeys, being all unaccustomed to toil and difficulty, and knowing that, though they might be missed, they could not be pursued. In a few days they came into a more populous region, where Imlac was diverted with the admiration which his companions expressed at the diversity of manners, stations, and employments. Their dress was such as might not bring upon them the suspicion of having anything to conceal; yet the Prince, wherever he came, expected to be obeyed, and the Princess was frightened because those who came into her presence did not prostrate themselves. Imlac was forced to observe them with great vigilance, lest they should betray their rank by their unusual behaviour, and detained them several weeks in the first village to accustom them to the sight of common mortals.

By degrees the royal wanderers were taught to understand that they had for a time laid aside their dignity, and were to expect only such regard as liberality and courtesy could procure. And Imlac having by many admonitions prepared them to endure the tumults of a port and the ruggedness of the commercial race, brought them down to the sea-coast.

The Prince and his sister, to whom everything was new, were gratified equally at all places, and therefore remained for some months at the port without any inclination to pass further. Imlac was content with their stay, because he did not think it safe to expose them, unpractised in the world, to the hazards of a foreign country.

At last he began to fear lest they should be discovered, and proposed to fix a day for their departure. They had no pretensions to judge for themselves, and referred the whole scheme to his direction. He therefore took passage in a ship to Suez, and, when the time came, with great difficulty prevailed on the Princess to enter the vessel.

They had a quick and prosperous voyage, and from Suez travelled by land to Cairo.

### **Chapter XVI: They Enter Cairo and Find Every Man Happy**

As they approached the city, which filled the strangers with astonishment, "This," said Imlac to the Prince, "is the place where travellers and merchants assemble from all corners of the earth. You will here find men of every character and every occupation. Commerce is here honourable. I will act as a merchant, and you shall live as strangers who have no other end of travel than curiosity; it will soon be observed that we are rich. Our reputation will procure us access to all whom we shall desire to know; you shall see all the conditions of humanity, and enable yourselves at leisure to make your CHOICE OF LIFE."

They now entered the town, stunned by the noise and offended by the crowds. Instruction had not yet so prevailed over habit but that they wondered to see themselves pass undistinguished along the streets, and met by the lowest of the people without reverence or notice. The Princess could not at first bear the thought of being levelled with the vulgar, and for some time continued in her chamber, where she was served by her favourite Pekuah, as in the palace of the valley.

Imlac, who understood traffic, sold part of the jewels the next day, and hired a house, which he adorned with such magnificence that he was immediately considered as a merchant of great wealth. His politeness attracted many acquaintances, and his generosity made him courted by many dependants. His companions, not being able to mix in the conversation, could make no discovery of their ignorance or surprise, and were gradually initiated in the world as they gained knowledge of the language.

The Prince had by frequent lectures been taught the use and nature of money; but the ladies could not for a long time comprehend what the merchants did with small pieces of gold and silver, or why things of so little use should be received as an equivalent to the necessaries of life.

They studied the language two years, while Imlac was preparing to set before them the various ranks and conditions of mankind. He grew acquainted with all who had anything uncommon in their fortune or conduct. He frequented the voluptuous and the frugal, the idle and the busy, the merchants and the men of learning.

The Prince now being able to converse with fluency, and having learned the caution necessary to be observed in his intercourse with strangers, began to

accompany Imlac to places of resort, and to enter into all assemblies, that he might make his CHOICE OF LIFE.

For some time he thought choice needless, because all appeared to him really happy. Wherever he went he met gaiety and kindness, and heard the song of joy or the laugh of carelessness. He began to believe that the world overflowed with universal plenty, and that nothing was withheld either from want or merit; that every hand showered liberality and every heart melted with benevolence: "And who then," says he, "will be suffered to be wretched?"

Imlac permitted the pleasing delusion, and was unwilling to crush the hope of inexperience: till one day, having sat awhile silent, "I know not," said the Prince, "what can be the reason that I am more unhappy than any of our friends. I see them perpetually and unalterably cheerful, but feel my own mind restless and uneasy. I am unsatisfied with those pleasures which I seem most to court. I live in the crowds of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself, and am only loud and merry to conceal my sadness."

"Every man," said Imlac, "may by examining his own mind guess what passes in the minds of others. When you feel that your own gaiety is counterfeit, it may justly lead you to suspect that of your companions not to be sincere. Envy is commonly reciprocal. We are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found, and each believes it possessed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself. In the assembly where you passed the last night there appeared such sprightliness of air and volatility of fancy as might have suited beings of a higher order, formed to inhabit serener regions, inaccessible to care or sorrow; yet, believe me, Prince, was there not one who did not dread the moment when solitude should deliver him to the tyranny of reflection."

"This," said the Prince, "may be true of others since it is true of me; yet, whatever be the general infelicity of man, one condition is more happy than another, and wisdom surely directs us to take the least evil in the CHOICE OF LIFE."

"The causes of good and evil," answered Imlac, "are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestable reasons of preference must live and die inquiring and deliberating."

"But, surely," said Rasselas, "the wise men, to whom we listen with reverence and wonder, chose that mode of life for themselves which they thought most likely to make them happy."

"Very few," said the poet, "live by choice. Every man is placed in the present condition by causes which acted without his foresight, and with which he did not always willingly co-operate, and therefore you will rarely meet one who does not think the lot of his neighbour better than his own."

"I am pleased to think," said the Prince, "that my birth has given me at least one advantage over others by enabling me to determine for myself. I have here the world before me. I will review it at leisure: surely happiness is somewhere to

be found.” . . . [Rasselas rejects the heedlessness of youth, and empty rhetoric and hypocrisy of the self-proclaimed learned man; the ignorance of the rustic; the delusions of wealth.]

### **Chapter XXI: The Happiness of Solitude—The Hermit’s History**

They came on the third day, by the direction of the peasants, to the hermit’s cell. It was a cavern in the side of a mountain, overshadowed with palm trees, at such a distance from the cataract that nothing more was heard than a gentle uniform murmur, such as composes the mind to pensive meditation, especially when it was assisted by the wind whistling among the branches. The first rude essay of Nature had been so much improved by human labour that the cave contained several apartments appropriated to different uses, and often afforded lodging to travellers whom darkness or tempests happened to overtake.

The hermit sat on a bench at the door, to enjoy the coolness of the evening. On one side lay a book with pens and paper; on the other mechanical instruments of various kinds. As they approached him unregarded, the Princess observed that he had not the countenance of a man that had found or could teach the way to happiness.

They saluted him with great respect, which he repaid like a man not unaccustomed to the forms of Courts. “My children,” said he, “if you have lost your way, you shall be willingly supplied with such conveniences for the night as this cavern will afford. I have all that Nature requires, and you will not expect delicacies in a hermit’s cell.”

They thanked him; and, entering, were pleased with the neatness and regularity of the place. The hermit set flesh and wine before them, though he fed only upon fruits and water. His discourse was cheerful without levity, and pious without enthusiasm. He soon gained the esteem of his guests, and the Princess repented her hasty censure.

At last Imlac began thus: “I do not now wonder that your reputation is so far extended: we have heard at Cairo of your wisdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the CHOICE OF LIFE.”

“To him that lives well,” answered the hermit, “every form of life is good; nor can I give any other rule for choice than to remove all apparent evil.”

“He will most certainly remove from evil,” said the Prince, “who shall devote himself to that solitude which you have recommended by your example.”

“I have indeed lived fifteen years in solitude,” said the hermit, “but have no desire that my example should gain any imitators. In my youth I professed arms, and was raised by degrees to the highest military rank. I have traversed wide countries at the head of my troops, and seen many battles and sieges. At last, being disgusted by the preferments of a younger officer, and feeling that my vigour was beginning to decay, I resolved to close my life in peace, having found the world full of snares, discord, and misery. I had once escaped from the pursuit of the enemy by

the shelter of this cavern, and therefore chose it for my final residence. I employed artificers to form it into chambers, and stored it with all that I was likely to want.

“For some time after my retreat I rejoiced like a tempest-beaten sailor at his entrance into the harbour, being delighted with the sudden change of the noise and hurry of war to stillness and repose. When the pleasure of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants which grow in the valley, and the minerals which I collected from the rocks. But that inquiry is now grown tasteless and irksome. I have been for some time unsettled and distracted: my mind is disturbed with a thousand perplexities of doubt and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, because I have no opportunities of relaxation or diversion. I am sometimes ashamed to think that I could not secure myself from vice but by retiring from the exercise of virtue, and begin to suspect that I was rather impelled by resentment than led by devotion into solitude. My fancy riots in scenes of folly, and I lament that I have lost so much, and have gained so little. In solitude, if I escape the example of bad men, I want likewise the counsel and conversation of the good. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of society, and resolve to return into the world to-morrow. The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout.”

They heard his resolution with surprise, but after a short pause offered to conduct him to Cairo. He dug up a considerable treasure which he had hid among the rocks, and accompanied them to the city, on which, as he approached it, he gazed with rapture. . . . [Rasselas rejects Nature as the only source of happiness. He and his sister explore a greater variety of lifestyles, including the high (monarchic) and the low (domestic).]

## **Chapter XXVI: The Princess Continues Her Remarks Upon Private Life**

Nekayah, perceiving her brother's attention fixed, proceeded in her narrative.

“In families where there is or is not poverty there is commonly discord. If a kingdom be, as Imlac tells us, a great family, a family likewise is a little kingdom, torn with factions and exposed to revolutions. An unpractised observer expects the love of parents and children to be constant and equal. But this kindness seldom continues beyond the years of infancy; in a short time the children become rivals to their parents. Benefits are allowed by reproaches, and gratitude debased by envy.

“Parents and children seldom act in concert; each child endeavours to appropriate the esteem or the fondness of the parents; and the parents, with yet less temptation, betray each other to their children. Thus, some place their confidence in the father and some in the mother, and by degrees the house is filled with artifices and feuds.

“The opinions of children and parents, of the young and the old, are naturally opposite, by the contrary effects of hope and despondency, of expectation and experience, without crime or folly on either side. The colours of life in youth and age



appear different, as the face of Nature in spring and winter. And how can children credit the assertions of parents which their own eyes show them to be false?

“Few parents act in such a manner as much to enforce their maxims by the credit of their lives. The old man trusts wholly to slow contrivance and gradual progression; the youth expects to force his way by genius, vigour, and precipitance. The old man pays regard to riches, and the youth reverences virtue. The old man deifies prudence; the youth commits himself to magnanimity and chance. The young man, who intends no ill, believes that none is intended, and therefore acts with openness and candour; but his father; having suffered the injuries of fraud, is impelled to suspect and too often allured to practise it. Age looks with anger on the temerity of youth, and youth with contempt on the scrupulosity of age. Thus parents and children for the greatest part live on to love less and less; and if those whom Nature has thus closely united are the torments of each other, where shall we look for tenderness and consolations?”

“Surely,” said the Prince, “you must have been unfortunate in your choice of acquaintance. I am unwilling to believe that the most tender of all relations is thus impeded in its effects by natural necessity.”

“Domestic discord,” answered she, “is not inevitably and fatally necessary, but yet it is not easily avoided. We seldom see that a whole family is virtuous; the good and the evil cannot well agree, and the evil can yet less agree with one another. Even the virtuous fall sometimes to variance, when their virtues are of different kinds and tending to extremes. In general, those parents have most reverence who most deserve it, for he that lives well cannot be despised.

“Many other evils infest private life. Some are the slaves of servants whom they have trusted with their affairs. Some are kept in continual anxiety by the caprice of rich relations, whom they cannot please and dare not offend. Some husbands are imperious and some wives perverse, and, as it is always more easy to do evil than good, though the wisdom or virtue of one can very rarely make many happy, the folly or vice of one makes many miserable.”

“If such be the general effect of marriage,” said the Prince, “I shall for the future think it dangerous to connect my interest with that of another, lest I should be unhappy by my partner’s fault.”

“I have met,” said the Princess, “with many who live single for that reason, but I never found that their prudence ought to raise envy. They dream away their time without friendship, without fondness, and are driven to rid themselves of the day, for which they have no use, by childish amusements or vicious delights. They act as beings under the constant sense of some known inferiority that fills their minds with rancour and their tongues with censure. They are peevish at home and malevolent abroad, and, as the outlaws of human nature, make it their business and their pleasure to disturb that society which debars them from its privileges. To live without feeling or exciting sympathy, to be fortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without tasting the balm of pity, is a state more

gloomy than solitude; it is not retreat but exclusion from mankind. Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.”

“What then is to be done?” said Rasselas. “The more we inquire the less we can resolve. Surely he is most likely to please himself that has no other inclination to regard.” . . . [Even greatness is not exempt from accident and loss.]

### **Chapter XXVIII: Rasselas and Nekayah Continue Their Conversation**

“Dear Princess,” said Rasselas, “you fall into the common errors of exaggeratory declamation, by producing in a familiar disquisition examples of national calamities and scenes of extensive misery which are found in books rather than in the world, and which, as they are horrid, are ordained to be rare. Let us not imagine evils which we do not feel, nor injure life by misrepresentations. I cannot bear that querulous eloquence which threatens every city with a siege like that of Jerusalem, that makes famine attend on every flight of locust, and suspends pestilence on the wing of every blast that issues from the south.

“On necessary and inevitable evils which overwhelm kingdoms at once all disputation is vain; when they happen they must be endured. But it is evident that these bursts of universal distress are more dreaded than felt; thousands and tens of thousands flourish in youth and wither in age, without the knowledge of any other than domestic evils, and share the same pleasures and vexations, whether their kings are mild or cruel, whether the armies of their country pursue their enemies or retreat before them. While Courts are disturbed with intestine competitions and ambassadors are negotiating in foreign countries, the smith still plies his anvil and the husbandman drives his plough forward; the necessaries of life are required and obtained, and the successive business of the season continues to make its wonted revolutions.

“Let us cease to consider what perhaps may never happen, and what, when it shall happen, will laugh at human speculation. We will not endeavour to modify the motions of the elements or to fix the destiny of kingdoms. It is our business to consider what beings like us may perform, each labouring for his own happiness by promoting within his circle, however narrow, the happiness of others.

“Marriage is evidently the dictate of Nature; men and women were made to be the companions of each other, and therefore I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness.”

“I know not,” said the Princess, “whether marriage be more than one of the innumerable modes of human misery. When I see and reckon the various forms of connubial infelicity, the unexpected causes of lasting discord, the diversities of temper, the oppositions of opinion, the rude collisions of contrary desire where both are urged by violent impulses, the obstinate contest of disagreeing virtues where both are supported by consciousness of good intention, I am sometimes disposed to think, with the severer casuists of most nations, that marriage is rather

permitted than approved, and that none, but by the instigation of a passion too much indulged, entangle themselves with indissoluble compact.”

“You seem to forget,” replied Rasselas, “that you have, even now represented celibacy as less happy than marriage. Both conditions may be bad, but they cannot both be worse. Thus it happens, when wrong opinions are entertained, that they mutually destroy each other and leave the mind open to truth.”

“I did not expect,” answered, the Princess, “to hear that imputed to falsehood which is the consequence only of frailty. To the mind, as to the eye, it is difficult to compare with exactness objects vast in their extent and various in their parts. When we see or conceive the whole at once, we readily note the discriminations and decide the preference, but of two systems, of which neither can be surveyed by any human being in its full compass of magnitude and multiplicity of complication, where is the wonder that, judging of the whole by parts, I am alternately affected by one and the other as either presses on my memory or fancy? We differ from ourselves just as we differ from each other when we see only part of the question, as in the multifarious relations of politics and morality, but when we perceive the whole at once, as in numerical computations, all agree in one judgment, and none ever varies in his opinion.”

“Let us not add,” said the Prince, “to the other evils of life the bitterness of controversy, nor endeavour to vie with each other in subtleties of argument. We are employed in a search of which both are equally to enjoy the success or suffer by the miscarriage; it is therefore fit that we assist each other. You surely conclude too hastily from the infelicity of marriage against its institution; will not the misery of life prove equally that life cannot be the gift of Heaven? The world must be peopled by marriage or peopled without it.”

“How the world is to be peopled,” returned Nekayah, “is not my care and need not be yours. I see no danger that the present generation should omit to leave successors behind them; we are not now inquiring for the world, but for ourselves.”

### **Chapter XXIX: The Debate on Marriage**

“The good of the whole,” says Rasselas, “is the same with the good of all its parts. If marriage be best for mankind, it must be evidently best for individuals; or a permanent and necessary duty must be the cause of evil, and some must be inevitably sacrificed to the convenience of others. In the estimate which you have made of the two states, it appears that the incommunities of a single life are in a great measure necessary and certain, but those of the conjugal state accidental and avoidable. I cannot forbear to flatter myself that prudence and benevolence will make marriage happy. The general folly of mankind is the cause of general complaint. What can be expected but disappointment and repentance from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, in the ardour of desire, without judgment, without foresight, without inquiry after conformity of opinions, similarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of sentiment?”

“Such is the common process of marriage. A youth and maiden, meeting by chance or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one another. Having little to divert attention or diversify thought, they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude that they shall be happy together. They marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness before had concealed; they wear out life in altercations, and charge Nature with cruelty.

“From those early marriages proceeds likewise the rivalry of parents and children: the son is eager to enjoy the world before the father is willing to forsake it, and there is hardly room at once for two generations. The daughter begins to bloom before the mother can be content to fade, and neither can forbear to wish for the absence of the other.

“Surely all these evils may be avoided by that deliberation and delay which prudence prescribes to irrevocable choice. In the variety and jollity of youthful pleasures, life may be well enough supported without the help of a partner. Longer time will increase experience, and wider views will allow better opportunities of inquiry and selection; one advantage at least will be certain, the parents will be visibly older than their children.”

“What reason cannot collect,” and Nekayah, “and what experiment has not yet taught, can be known only from the report of others. I have been told that late marriages are not eminently happy. This is a question too important to be neglected; and I have often proposed it to those whose accuracy of remark and comprehensiveness of knowledge made their suffrages worthy of regard. They have generally determined that it is dangerous for a man and woman to suspend their fate upon each other at a time when opinions are fixed and habits are established, when friendships have been contracted on both sides, when life has been planned into method, and the mind has long enjoyed the contemplation of its own prospects.

“It is scarcely possible that two travelling through the world under the conduct of chance should have been both directed to the same path, and it will not often happen that either will quit the track which custom has made pleasing. When the desultory levity of youth has settled into regularity, it is soon succeeded by pride ashamed to yield, or obstinacy delighting to contend. And even though mutual esteem produces mutual desire to please, time itself, as it modifies unchangeably the external mien, determines likewise the direction of the passions, and gives an inflexible rigidity to the manners. Long customs are not easily broken; he that attempts to change the course of his own life very often labours in vain, and how shall we do that for others which we are seldom able to do for ourselves?”

“But surely,” interposed the Prince, “you suppose the chief motive of choice forgotten or neglected. Whenever I shall seek a wife, it shall be my first question whether she be willing to be led by reason.”

“Thus it is,” said Nekayah, “that philosophers are deceived. There are a thousand familiar disputes which reason never can decide; questions that elude investigation, and make logic ridiculous; cases where something must be done,

and where little can be said. Consider the state of mankind, and inquire how few can be supposed to act upon any occasions, whether small or great, with all the reasons of action present to their minds. Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason every morning all the minute details of a domestic day.

“Those who marry at an advanced age will probably escape the encroachments of their children, but in the diminution of this advantage they will be likely to leave them, ignorant and helpless, to a guardian’s mercy; or if that should not happen, they must at least go out of the world before they see those whom they love best either wise or great.

“From their children, if they have less to fear, they have less also to hope; and they lose without equivalent the joys of early love, and the convenience of uniting with manners pliant and minds susceptible of new impressions, which might wear away their dissimilarities by long cohabitation, as soft bodies by continual attrition conform their surfaces to each other.

“I believe it will be found that those who marry late are best pleased with their children, and those who marry early with their partners.”

“The union of these two affections,” said Rasselas, “would produce all that could be wished. Perhaps there is a time when marriage might unite them—a time neither too early for the father nor too late for the husband.”

“Every hour,” answered the Princess, “confirms my prejudice in favour of the position so often uttered by the mouth of Imlac, that ‘Nature sets her gifts on the right hand and on the left.’ Those conditions which flatter hope and attract desire are so constituted that as we approach one we recede from another. There are goods so opposed that we cannot seize both, but by too much prudence may pass between them at too great a distance to reach either. This is often the fate of long consideration; he does nothing who endeavours to do more than is allowed to humanity. Flatter not yourself with contrarieties of pleasure. Of the blessings set before you make your choice, and be content. No man can taste the fruits of autumn while he is delighting his scent with the flowers of the spring; no man can at the same time fill his cup from the source and from the mouth of the Nile.” . . . [They consider monuments to human ingenuity and art, like the pyramids.]

## **Chapter XXXII: They Enter the Pyramid**

Pekuah descended to the tents, and the rest entered the Pyramid. They passed through the galleries, surveyed the vaults of marble, and examined the chest in which the body of the founder is supposed to have been deposited. They then sat down in one of the most spacious chambers to rest awhile before they attempted to return.

“We have now,” said Imlac, “gratified our minds with an exact view of the greatest work of man, except the wall of China.

“Of the wall it is very easy to assign the motive. It secured a wealthy and timorous nation from the incursions of barbarians, whose unskilfulness in the arts

made it easier for them to supply their wants by rapine than by industry, and who from time to time poured in upon the inhabitants of peaceful commerce as vultures descend upon domestic fowl. Their celerity and fierceness made the wall necessary, and their ignorance made it efficacious.

“But for the Pyramids, no reason has ever been given adequate to the cost and labour of the work. The narrowness of the chambers proves that it could afford no retreat from enemies, and treasures might have been repositied at far less expense with equal security. It seems to have been erected only in compliance with that hunger of imagination which preys incessantly upon life, and must be always appeased by some employment. Those who have already all that they can enjoy must enlarge their desires. He that has built for use till use is supplied must begin to build for vanity, and extend his plan to the utmost power of human performance that he may not be soon reduced to form another wish.

“I consider this mighty structure as a monument of the insufficiency of human enjoyments. A king whose power is unlimited, and whose treasures surmount all real and imaginary wants, is compelled to solace, by the erection of a pyramid, the satiety of dominion and tastelessness of pleasures, and to amuse the tediousness of declining life by seeing thousands labouring without end, and one stone, for no purpose, laid upon another. Whoever thou art that, not content with a moderate condition, imaginest happiness in royal magnificence, and drestest that command or riches can feed the appetite of novelty with perpetual gratifications, survey the Pyramids, and confess thy folly!” [Lady Pekuah is kidnapped by Arabs. They try to find her but have no recourse through law or other means. Nekayah almost falls into despair, but time blunts her grief. They find and ransom Pekuah.]

### **Chapter XXXVIII: The Adventures of Lady Pekuah**

“At what time and in what manner I was forced away,” said Pekuah, “your servants have told you. The suddenness of the event struck me with surprise, and I was at first rather stupefied than agitated with any passion of either fear or sorrow. My confusion was increased by the speed and tumult of our flight, while we were followed by the Turks, who, as it seemed, soon despaired to overtake us, or were afraid of those whom they made a show of menacing.

“When the Arabs saw themselves out of danger, they slackened their course; and as I was less harassed by external violence, I began to feel more uneasiness in my mind. After some time we stopped near a spring shaded with trees, in a pleasant meadow, where we were set upon the ground, and offered such refreshments as our masters were partaking. I was suffered to sit with my maids apart from the rest, and none attempted to comfort or insult us. Here I first began to feel the full weight of my misery. The girls sat weeping in silence, and from time to time looked on me for succour. I knew not to what condition we were doomed, nor could conjecture where would be the place of our captivity, or whence to draw any hope of deliverance. I was in the hands of robbers and savages, and had no reason to suppose that their pity was more than their justice, or that they would forbear

the gratification of any ardour of desire or caprice of cruelty. I, however, kissed my maids, and endeavoured to pacify them by remarking that we were yet treated with decency, and that since we were now carried beyond pursuit, there was no danger of violence to our lives.

“When we were to be set again on horseback, my maids clung round me, and refused to be parted; but I commanded them not to irritate those who had us in their power. We travelled the remaining part of the day through an unfrequented and pathless country, and came by moonlight to the side of a hill, where the rest of the troop was stationed. Their tents were pitched and their fires kindled, and our chief was welcomed as a man much beloved by his dependents.

“We were received into a large tent, where we found women who had attended their husbands in the expedition. They set before us the supper which they had provided, and I ate it rather to encourage my maids than to comply with any appetite of my own. When the meat was taken away, they spread the carpets for repose. I was weary, and hoped to find in sleep that remission of distress which nature seldom denies. Ordering myself, therefore, to be undressed, I observed that the women looked very earnestly upon me, not expecting, I suppose, to see me so submissively attended. When my upper vest was taken off, they were apparently struck with the splendour of my clothes, and one of them timorously laid her hand upon the embroidery. She then went out, and in a short time came back with another woman, who seemed to be of higher rank and greater authority. She did, at her entrance, the usual act of reverence, and, taking me by the hand placed me in a smaller tent, spread with finer carpets, where I spent the night quietly with my maids.

“In the morning, as I was sitting on the grass, the chief of the troop came towards me. I rose up to receive him, and he bowed with great respect. ‘Illustrious lady,’ said he, ‘my fortune is better than I had presumed to hope: I am told by my women that I have a princess in my camp.’ ‘Sir,’ answered I, ‘your women have deceived themselves and you; I am not a princess, but an unhappy stranger who intended soon to have left this country, in which I am now to be imprisoned for ever.’ ‘Whoever or whencesoever you are,’ returned the Arab, ‘your dress and that of your servants show your rank to be high and your wealth to be great. Why should you, who can so easily procure your ransom, think yourself in danger of perpetual captivity? The purpose of my incursions is to increase my riches, or, more property, to gather tribute. The sons of Ishmael are the natural and hereditary lords of this part of the continent, which is usurped by late invaders and low-born tyrants, from whom we are compelled to take by the sword what is denied to justice. The violence of war admits no distinction: the lance that is lifted at guilt and power will sometimes fall on innocence and gentleness.’

“‘How little,’ said I, ‘did I expect that yesterday it should have fallen upon me!’

“‘Misfortunes,’ answered the Arab, ‘should always be expected. If the eye of hostility could learn reverence or pity, excellence like yours had been exempt from injury. But the angels of affliction spread their toils alike for the virtuous

and the wicked, for the mighty and the mean. Do not be disconsolate; I am not one of the lawless and cruel rovers of the desert; I know the rules of civil life; I will fix your ransom, give a passport to your messenger, and perform my stipulation with nice punctuality.'

"You will easily believe that I was pleased with his courtesy, and finding that his predominant passion was desire for money, I began now to think my danger less, for I knew that no sum would be thought too great for the release of Pekuah. I told him that he should have no reason to charge me with ingratitude if I was used with kindness, and that any ransom which could be expected for a maid of common rank would be paid, but that he must not persist to rate me as a princess. He said he would consider what he should demand, and then, smiling, bowed and retired.

"Soon after the women came about me, each contending to be more officious than the other, and my maids themselves were served with reverence. We travelled onward by short journeys. On the fourth day the chief told me that my ransom must be two hundred ounces of gold, which I not only promised him, but told him that I would add fifty more if I and my maids were honourably treated.

"I never knew the power of gold before. From that time I was the leader of the troop. The march of every day was longer or shorter as I commanded, and the tents were pitched where I chose to rest. We now had camels and other conveniences for travel; my own women were always at my side, and I amused myself with observing the manners of the vagrant nations, and with viewing remains of ancient edifices, with which these deserted countries appear to have been in some distant age lavishly embellished.

"The chief of the band was a man far from illiterate: he was able to travel by the stars or the compass, and had marked in his erratic expeditions such places as are most worthy the notice of a passenger. He observed to me that buildings are always best preserved in places little frequented and difficult of access; for when once a country declines from its primitive splendour, the more inhabitants are left, the quicker ruin will be made. Walls supply stones more easily than quarries; and palaces and temples will be demolished to make stables of granite and cottages of porphyry."

### **Chapter XXXIX: The Adventures of Lady Pekuah (continued)**

"We wandered about in this manner for some weeks, either, as our chief pretended, for my gratification, or, as I rather suspected, for some convenience of his own. I endeavoured to appear contented where sullenness and resentment would have been of no use, and that endeavour conduced much to the calmness of my mind; but my heart was always with Nekayah, and the troubles of the night much overbalanced the amusements of the day. My women, who threw all their cares upon their mistress, set their minds at ease from the time when they saw me treated with respect, and gave themselves up to the incidental alleviations of our fatigue without solicitude or sorrow. I was pleased with their pleasure, and animated with their confidence. My condition had lost much of its terror,



since I found that the Arab ranged the country merely to get riches. Avarice is a uniform and tractable vice: other intellectual distempers are different in different constitutions of mind; that which soothes the pride of one will offend the pride of another; but to the favour of the covetous there is a ready way—bring money, and nothing is denied.

“At last we came to the dwelling of our chief; a strong and spacious house, built with stone in an island of the Nile, which lies, as I was told, under the tropic. ‘Lady,’ said the Arab, ‘you shall rest after your journey a few weeks in this place, where you are to consider yourself as Sovereign. My occupation is war: I have therefore chosen this obscure residence, from which I can issue unexpected, and to which I can retire unpursued. You may now repose in security: here are few pleasures, but here is no danger.’ He then led me into the inner apartments, and seating me on the richest couch, bowed to the ground.

“His women, who considered me as a rival, looked on me with malignity; but being soon informed that I was a great lady detained only for my ransom, they began to vie with each other in obsequiousness and reverence.

“Being again comforted with new assurances of speedy liberty, I was for some days diverted from impatience by the novelty of the place. The turrets overlooked the country to a great distance, and afforded a view of many windings of the stream. In the day I wandered from one place to another, as the course of the sun varied the splendour of the prospect, and saw many things which I had never seen before. The crocodiles and river-horses are common in this unpeopled region; and I often looked upon them with terror, though I knew they could not hurt me. For some time I expected to see mermaids and tritons, which, as Imlac has told me, the European travellers have stationed in the Nile; but no such beings ever appeared, and the Arab, when I inquired after them, laughed at my credulity.

“At night the Arab always attended me to a tower set apart for celestial observations, where he endeavoured to teach me the names and courses of the stars. I had no great inclination to this study; but an appearance of attention was necessary to please my instructor, who valued himself for his skill, and in a little while I found some employment requisite to beguile the tediousness of time, which was to be passed always amidst the same objects. I was weary of looking in the morning on things from which I had turned away weary in the evening: I therefore was at last willing to observe the stars rather than do nothing, but could not always compose my thoughts, and was very often thinking on Nekayah when others imagined me contemplating the sky. Soon after, the Arab went upon another expedition, and then my only pleasure was to talk with my maids about the accident by which we were carried away, and the happiness we should all enjoy at the end of our captivity.”

“There were women in your Arab’s fortress,” said the Princess; “why did you not make them your companions, enjoy their conversation, and partake their diversions? In a place where they found business or amusement, why should

you alone sit corroded with idle melancholy? or why could not you bear for a few months that condition to which they were condemned for life?"

"The diversions of the women," answered Pekuah, "were only childish play, by which the mind accustomed to stronger operations could not be kept busy. I could do all which they delighted in doing by powers merely sensitive, while my intellectual faculties were flown to Cairo. They ran from room to room, as a bird hops from wire to wire in his cage. They danced for the sake of motion, as lambs frisk in a meadow. One sometimes pretended to be hurt that the rest might be alarmed, or hid herself that another might seek her. Part of their time passed in watching the progress of light bodies that floated on the river, and part in marking the various forms into which clouds broke in the sky.

"Their business was only needlework, in which I and my maids sometimes helped them; but you know that the mind will easily straggle from the fingers, nor will you suspect that captivity and absence from Nekayah could receive solace from silken flowers.

"Nor was much satisfaction to be hoped from their conversation: for of what could they be expected to talk? They had seen nothing, for they had lived from early youth in that narrow spot: of what they had not seen they could have no knowledge, for they could not read. They had no idea but of the few things that were within their view, and had hardly names for anything but their clothes and their food. As I bore a superior character, I was often called to terminate their quarrels, which I decided as equitably as I could. If it could have amused me to hear the complaints of each against the rest, I might have been often detained by long stories; but the motives of their animosity were so small that I could not listen without interrupting the tale."

"How," said Rasselas, "can the Arab, whom you represented as a man of more than common accomplishments, take any pleasure in his seraglio, when it is filled only with women like these? Are they exquisitely beautiful?"

"They do not," said Pekuah, "want that unaffected and ignoble beauty which may subsist without sprightliness or sublimity, without energy of thought or dignity of virtue. But to a man like the Arab such beauty was only a flower casually plucked and carelessly thrown away. Whatever pleasures he might find among them, they were not those of friendship or society. When they were playing about him he looked on them with inattentive superiority; when they vied for his regard he sometimes turned away disgusted. As they had no knowledge, their talk could take nothing from the tediousness of life; as they had no choice, their fondness, or appearance of fondness, excited in him neither pride nor gratitude. He was not exalted in his own esteem by the smiles of a woman who saw no other man, nor was much obliged by that regard of which he could never know the sincerity, and which he might often perceive to be exerted not so much to delight him as to pain a rival. That which he gave, and they received, as love, was only a careless distribution of superfluous time, such love as man can bestow upon that which he despises, such as has neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow."

“You have reason, lady, to think yourself happy,” said Imlac, “that you have been thus easily dismissed. How could a mind, hungry for knowledge, be willing, in an intellectual famine, to lose such a banquet as Pekuah’s conversation?”

“I am inclined to believe,” answered Pekuah, “that he was for some time in suspense; for, notwithstanding his promise, whenever I proposed to despatch a messenger to Cairo he found some excuse for delay. While I was detained in his house he made many incursions into the neighbouring countries, and perhaps he would have refused to discharge me had his plunder been equal to his wishes. He returned always courteous, related his adventures, delighted to hear my observations, and endeavoured to advance my acquaintance with the stars. When I importuned him to send away my letters, he soothed me with professions of honour and sincerity; and when I could be no longer decently denied, put his troop again in motion, and left me to govern in his absence. I was much afflicted by this studied procrastination, and was sometimes afraid that I should be forgotten; that you would leave Cairo, and I must end my days in an island of the Nile.

“I grew at last hopeless and dejected, and cared so little to entertain him, that he for a while more frequently talked with my maids. That he should fall in love with them or with me, might have been equally fatal, and I was not much pleased with the growing friendship. My anxiety was not long, for, as I recovered some degree of cheerfulness, he returned to me, and I could not forbear to despise my former uneasiness.

“He still delayed to send for my ransom, and would perhaps never have determined had not your agent found his way to him. The gold, which he would not fetch, he could not reject when it was offered. He hastened to prepare for our journey hither, like a man delivered from the pain of an intestine conflict. I took leave of my companions in the house, who dismissed me with cold indifference.”

Nekayah having heard her favourite’s relation, rose and embraced her, and Rasselas gave her a hundred ounces of gold, which she presented to the Arab for the fifty that were promised. . . . [Rasselas considers devoting himself to science. Imlac’s description of an astronomer causes Rasselas to pause.]

## **Chapter XLI: The Astronomer Discovers the Cause of His Uneasiness**

“At last the time came when the secret burst his reserve. We were sitting together last night in the turret of his house watching the immersion of a satellite of Jupiter. A sudden tempest clouded the sky and disappointed our observation. We sat awhile silent in the dark, and then he addressed himself to me in these words: ‘Imlac, I have long considered thy friendship as the greatest blessing of my life. Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful. I have found in thee all the qualities requisite for trust—benevolence, experience, and fortitude. I have long discharged an office which I must soon quit at the call of Nature, and shall rejoice in the hour of imbecility and pain to devolve it upon thee.’

“I thought myself honoured by this testimony, and protested that whatever could conduce to his happiness would add likewise to mine.

“Hear, Imlac, what thou wilt not without difficulty credit. I have possessed for five years the regulation of the weather and the distribution of the seasons. The sun has listened to my dictates, and passed from tropic to tropic by my direction; the clouds at my call have poured their waters, and the Nile has overflowed at my command. I have restrained the rage of the dog-star, and mitigated the fervours of the crab. The winds alone, of all the elemental powers, have hitherto refused my authority, and multitudes have perished by equinoctial tempests which I found myself unable to prohibit or restrain. I have administered this great office with exact justice, and made to the different nations of the earth an impartial dividend of rain and sunshine. What must have been the misery of half the globe if I had limited the clouds to particular regions, or confined the sun to either side of the equator?”

### **Chapter XLII: The Opinion of the Astronomer is Explained and Justified**

“I suppose he discovered in me, through the obscurity of the room, some tokens of amazement and doubt, for after a short pause he proceeded thus:-

“Not to be easily credited will neither surprise nor offend me, for I am probably the first of human beings to whom this trust has been imparted. Nor do I know whether to deem this distinction a reward or punishment. Since I have possessed it I have been far less happy than before, and nothing but the consciousness of good intention could have enabled me to support the weariness of unremitted vigilance.’

“How long, sir,’ said I, ‘has this great office been in your hands?’

“About ten years ago,’ said he, ‘my daily observations of the changes of the sky led me to consider whether, if I had the power of the seasons, I could confer greater plenty upon the inhabitants of the earth. This contemplation fastened on my mind, and I sat days and nights in imaginary dominion, pouring upon this country and that the showers of fertility, and seconding every fall of rain with a due proportion of sunshine. I had yet only the will to do good, and did not imagine that I should ever have the power.

“One day as I was looking on the fields withering with heat, I felt in my mind a sudden wish that I could send rain on the southern mountains, and raise the Nile to an inundation. In the hurry of my imagination I commanded rain to fall; and by comparing the time of my command with that of the inundation, I found that the clouds had listened to my lips.’

“Might not some other cause,’ said I, ‘produce this concurrence? The Nile does not always rise on the same day.’

“Do not believe,’ said he, with impatience, ‘that such objections could escape me. I reasoned long against my own conviction, and laboured against truth with the utmost obstinacy. I sometimes suspected myself of madness, and should not have dared to impart this secret but to a man like you, capable of distinguishing the wonderful from the impossible, and the incredible from the false.’

“Why, sir,’ said I, ‘do you call that incredible which you know, or think you know, to be true?’

“Because,’ said he, ‘I cannot prove it by any external evidence; and I know too well the laws of demonstration to think that my conviction ought to influence another, who cannot, like me, be conscious of its force. I therefore shall not attempt to gain credit by disputation. It is sufficient that I feel this power that I have long possessed, and every day exerted it. But the life of man is short; the infirmities of age increase upon me, and the time will soon come when the regulator of the year must mingle with the dust. The care of appointing a successor has long disturbed me; the night and the day have been spent in comparisons of all the characters which have come to my knowledge, and I have yet found none so worthy as thyself.’” [Rasselas decides that the Astronomer suffers from a malady of the mind induced by over-imagination. They encounter a discontented old man but attribute his discontent to age, not experience. Grounding experience in reality, the Astronomer recovers his senses. They pursue sensation in the novel.]

### **Chapter XLVIII: Imlac Discourses on the Nature of the Soul**

“What reason,” said the Prince, “can be given why the Egyptians should thus expensively preserve those carcasses which some nations consume with fire, others lay to mingle with the earth, and all agree to remove from their sight as soon as decent rites can be performed?”

“The original of ancient customs,” said Imlac, “is commonly unknown, for the practice often continues when the cause has ceased; and concerning superstitious ceremonies it is vain to conjecture; for what reason did not dictate, reason cannot explain. I have long believed that the practice of embalming arose only from tenderness to the remains of relations or friends; and to this opinion I am more inclined because it seems impossible that this care should have been general; had all the dead been embalmed, their repositories must in time have been more spacious than the dwellings of the living. I suppose only the rich or honourable were secured from corruption, and the rest left to the course of nature.

“But it is commonly supposed that the Egyptians believed the soul to live as long as the body continued undissolved, and therefore tried this method of eluding death.”

“Could the wise Egyptians,” said Nekayah, “think so grossly of the soul? If the soul could once survive its separation, what could it afterwards receive or suffer from the body?”

“The Egyptians would doubtless think erroneously,” said the astronomer, “in the darkness of heathenism and the first dawn of philosophy. The nature of the soul is still disputed amidst all our opportunities of clearer knowledge; some yet say that it may be material, who, nevertheless, believe it to be immortal.”

“Some,” answered Imlac, “have indeed said that the soul is material, but I can scarcely believe that any man has thought it who knew how to think; for all the conclusions of reason enforce the immateriality of mind, and all the notices of sense and investigations of science concur to prove the unconsciousness of matter.

“It was never supposed that cogitation is inherent in matter, or that every particle is a thinking being. Yet if any part of matter be devoid of thought, what part can we suppose to think? Matter can differ from matter only in form, density, bulk, motion, and direction of motion. To which of these, however varied or combined, can consciousness be annexed? To be round or square, to be solid or fluid, to be great or little, to be moved slowly or swiftly, one way or another, are modes of material existence all equally alien from the nature of cogitation. If matter be once without thought, it can only be made to think by some new modification; but all the modifications which it can admit are equally unconnected with cogitative powers.”

“But the materialists,” said the astronomer, “urge that matter may have qualities with which we are unacquainted.”

“He who will determine,” returned Imlac, “against that which he knows because there may be something which he knows not; he that can set hypothetical possibility against acknowledged certainty, is not to be admitted among reasonable beings. All that we know of matter is, that matter is inert, senseless, and lifeless; and if this conviction cannot be opposed but by referring us to something that we know not, we have all the evidence that human intellect can admit. If that which is known may be overruled by that which is unknown, no being, not omniscient, can arrive at certainty.”

“Yet let us not,” said the astronomer, “too arrogantly limit the Creator’s power.”

“It is no limitation of Omnipotence,” replied the poet, “to suppose that one thing is not consistent with another, that the same proposition cannot be at once true and false, that the same number cannot be even and odd, that cogitation cannot be conferred on that which is created incapable of cogitation.”

“I know not,” said Nekayah, “any great use of this question. Does that immateriality, which in my opinion you have sufficiently proved, necessarily include eternal duration?”

“Of immateriality,” said Imlac, “our ideas are negative, and therefore obscure. Immateriality seems to imply a natural power of perpetual duration as a consequence of exemption from all causes of decay: whatever perishes is destroyed by the solution of its contexture and separation of its parts; nor can we conceive how that which has no parts, and therefore admits no solution, can be naturally corrupted or impaired.”

“I know not,” said Rasselas, “how to conceive anything without extension: what is extended must have parts, and you allow that whatever has parts may be destroyed.”

“Consider your own conceptions,” replied Imlac, “and the difficulty will be less. You will find substance without extension. An ideal form is no less real than material bulk; yet an ideal form has no extension. It is no less certain, when you think on a pyramid, that your mind possesses the idea of a pyramid, than that the pyramid itself is standing. What space does the idea of a pyramid occupy more than the idea of a grain of corn? or how can either idea suffer laceration? As is the effect, such is the cause; as thought, such is the power that thinks, a power impassive and indiscerptible.”

“But the Being,” said Nekayah, “whom I fear to name, the Being which made the soul, can destroy it.”

“He surely can destroy it,” answered Imlac, “since, however imperishable, it receives from a superior nature its power of duration. That it will not perish by any inherent cause of decay or principle of corruption, may be shown by philosophy; but philosophy can tell no more. That it will not be annihilated by Him that made it, we must humbly learn from higher authority.”

The whole assembly stood awhile silent and collected. “Let us return,” said Rasselas, “from this scene of mortality. How gloomy would be these mansions of the dead to him who did not know that he should never die; that what now acts shall continue its agency, and what now thinks shall think on for ever. Those that lie here stretched before us, the wise and the powerful of ancient times, warn us to remember the shortness of our present state; they were perhaps snatched away while they were busy, like us, in the CHOICE OF LIFE.”

“To me,” said the Princess, “the choice of life is become less important; I hope hereafter to think only on the choice of eternity.”

They then hastened out of the caverns, and under the protection of their guard returned to Cairo.

### **Chapter XLIX: The Conclusion, in Which Nothing is Concluded**

It was now the time of the inundation of the Nile. A few days after their visit to the catacombs the river began to rise.

They were confined to their house. The whole region being under water, gave them no invitation to any excursions; and being well supplied with materials for talk, they diverted themselves with comparisons of the different forms of life which they had observed, and with various schemes of happiness which each of them had formed.

Pekuah was never so much charmed with any place as the Convent of St. Anthony, where the Arab restored her to the Princess, and wished only to fill it with pious maidens and to be made prioress of the order. She was weary of expectation and disgust, and would gladly be fixed in some unvariable state.

The Princess thought that, of all sublunary things, knowledge was the best. She desired first to learn all sciences, and then proposed to found a college of learned women, in which she would preside, that, by conversing with the old and educating the young, she might divide her time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom, and raise up for the next age models of prudence and patterns of piety.

The Prince desired a little kingdom in which he might administer justice in his own person and see all the parts of government with his own eyes; but he could never fix the limits of his dominion, and was always adding to the number of his subjects.

Imlac and the astronomer were contented to be driven along the stream of life without directing their course to any particular port.

Of those wishes that they had formed they well knew that none could be obtained. They deliberated awhile what was to be done, and resolved, when the inundation should cease, to return to Abyssinia.

### 4.12.5 Reading and Review Questions

1. What do you think Johnson hopes to achieve with the record of England's decline in "London," and why? How do you know?
2. How, if at all, does Johnson reconcile his biases, for instance, against the French and Spanish, or against female intellectuals, with his bent for truth? How self-aware is he? How do you know?
3. How, if at all, does the style of Johnson's writing affect its sense or meaning? Consider whether or not the stately cadence of the opening lines of "The Vanity of Human Wishes" militate against the poem's observations on human futility. Consider, too, the ringing declamations of the same poem's closing lines.
4. How does Johnson balance fancy, which he often characterizes as self-delusional, with fact, or history, in *Rasselas*? Why and to what end does he fictionalize history?
5. According to Johnson, what, if anything, does life offer, and why? How do you know?

## 4.13 JAMES BOSWELL

(1740-1795)

Born into a prominent Scottish family, James Boswell studied at the University of Edinburgh and studied law at the University of Glasgow. Nevertheless, he diverted from the legal career laid out for him by his father, who was a judge on the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland. He instead sojourned for a time in London, recording his experiences in his *London Journal, 1762-1763* (published in 1950). He made a Grand Tour of Europe, again recording his experiences in his *Boswell on the Grand Tour: Germany and Switzerland, 1764* (published in 1953). While there, he interviewed the great authors and philosophers Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire, giving a first glimpse of his eager interest in the great men of



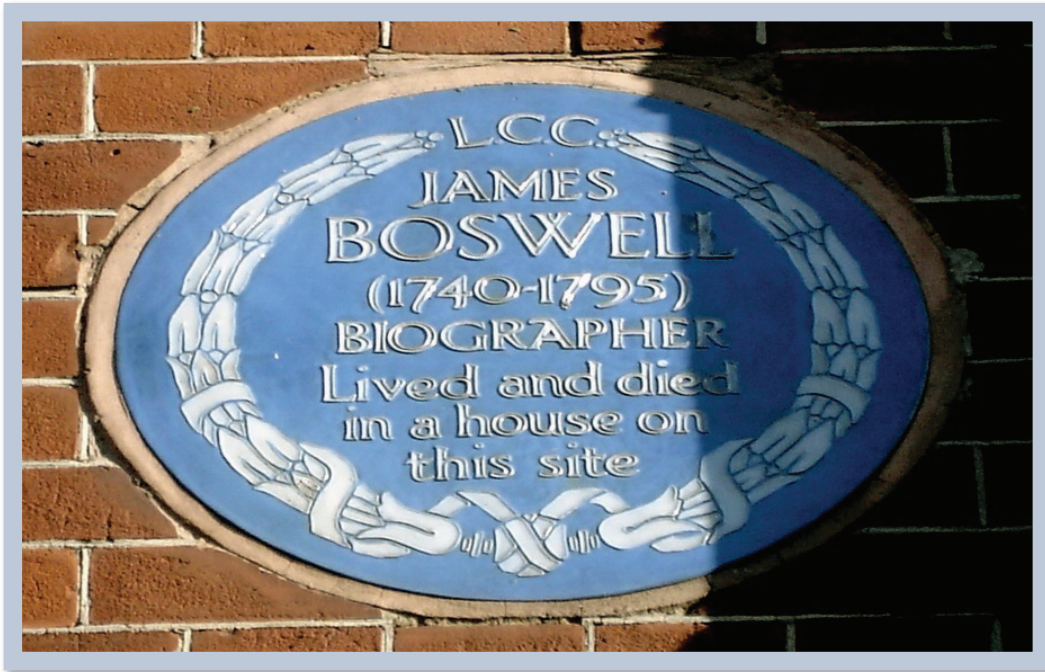
**Image 4.20 | James Boswell**

**Artist |** Joshua Reynolds

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**Image 4.21 | Plaque Outside James Boswell's House**

**Photographer** | Simon Harriyott

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his day. From the diaries he kept while in Europe, Boswell published *An Account of Corsica: The Journal of a Tour to That Island* (1768); his *Boswell on the Grand Tour: Italy, Corsica, and France, 1765-1766* was not published until 1955.

It seems that he made his life the matter of his work. But his greatest work, for which he has gained most renown, ostensibly took the life of Samuel Johnson for its matter. In taking six years to write the greatest, if not the first, biography of the eighteenth century, though, Boswell produced something of an autobiography as well. For he offset his life, his thoughts, his experiences, against those of Samuel Johnson—as well as other such greats as Joshua Reynolds, David Hume, Oliver Goldsmith, David Garrick, and Edward Gibbon. In doing so, he provided a mirror to Samuel Johnson's (often sententious) wit, philosophical morality, sociability, and hospitality—and, by extension, a mirror into historical events, entertainments, and cultural conflicts of Johnson's London. He also contributed to the mixture of genres characterizing prose works, for the journals he published mixed travelogue with periodicals with drama. Later scholars note fiction in these journals, as well, in terms of Boswell's filtering tendencies.

By haunting John Davies's bookshop, a place that Johnson visited regularly, Boswell maneuvered first an introduction and then an invitation to Johnson's home at the Inner Temple. Fully aware of Boswell's recording incidents which he witnessed, Johnson opened not only his home but also his mind and experience to Boswell. They traveled, dined, and frequented clubs together for the last twenty years of Johnson's life. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*

(1775) parallels Boswell's *The Journal of a Tour of the Hebrides, with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* (1785). Letters and interviews with Johnson's acquaintances provide material for the years of Johnson's life to which Boswell was not an immediate witness.

Boswell married his first cousin Margaret Montgomerie; they had five children. Although he never practiced law in England, he was admitted to its bar. He had many friends and experiences of his own—as is amply evidenced in the great store of letters, notes, and journals recovered in the twentieth century and that now comprise the eighteen volumes of Yale's *Editions of the Private Papers of James Boswell*. But he devoted his last years especially to Johnson's biography, publishing it four years before his own death. And in many ways, it could be said that Boswell gave his life to his *Life*.

#### **4.13.1 from *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D.***

(1791)

1763: AETAT. 54.]—This is to me a memorable year; for in it I had the happiness to obtain the acquaintance of that extraordinary man whose memoirs I am now writing; an acquaintance which I shall ever esteem as one of the most fortunate circumstances in my life. Though then but two-and-twenty, I had for several years read his works with delight and instruction, and had the highest reverence for their authour, which had grown up in my fancy into a kind of mysterious veneration, by figuring to myself a state of solemn elevated abstraction, in which I supposed him to live in the immense metropolis of London. Mr. Gentleman, a native of Ireland, who passed some years in Scotland as a player, and as an instructor in the English language, a man whose talents and worth were depressed by misfortunes, had given me a representation of the figure and manner of DICTIONARY JOHNSON! as he was then generally called; and during my first visit to London, which was for three months in 1760, Mr. Derrick the poet, who was Gentleman's friend and countryman, flattered me with hopes that he would introduce me to Johnson, an honour of which I was very ambitious. But he never found an opportunity; which made me doubt that he had promised to do what was not in his power; till Johnson some years afterwards told me, 'Derrick, Sir, might very well have introduced you. I had a kindness for Derrick, and am sorry he is dead.'

In the summer of 1761 Mr. Thomas Sheridan was at Edinburgh, and delivered lectures upon the English Language and Publick Speaking to large and respectable audiences. I was often in his company, and heard him frequently expatiate upon Johnson's extraordinary knowledge, talents, and virtues, repeat his pointed sayings, describe his particularities, and boast of his being his guest sometimes till two or three in the morning. At his house I hoped to have many opportunities of seeing the sage, as Mr. Sheridan obligingly assured me I should not be disappointed.

When I returned to London in the end of 1762, to my surprise and regret I found an irreconcilable difference had taken place between Johnson and Sheridan.

A pension of two hundred pounds a year had been given to Sheridan. Johnson, who, as has been already mentioned, thought slightly of Sheridan's art, upon hearing that he was also pensioned, exclaimed, 'What! have they given HIM a pension? Then it is time for me to give up mine.'

Johnson complained that a man who disliked him repeated his sarcasm to Mr. Sheridan, without telling him what followed, which was, that after a pause he added, 'However, I am glad that Mr. Sheridan has a pension, for he is a very good man.' Sheridan could never forgive this hasty contemptuous expression. It rankled in his mind; and though I informed him of all that Johnson said, and that he would be very glad to meet him amicably, he positively declined repeated offers which I made, and once went off abruptly from a house where he and I were engaged to dine, because he was told that Dr. Johnson was to be there.

This rupture with Sheridan deprived Johnson of one of his most agreeable resources for amusement in his lonely evenings; for Sheridan's well-informed, animated, and bustling mind never suffered conversation to stagnate; and Mrs. Sheridan was a most agreeable companion to an intellectual man. She was sensible, ingenious, unassuming, yet communicative. I recollect, with satisfaction, many pleasing hours which I passed with her under the hospitable roof of her husband, who was to me a very kind friend. Her novel, entitled *Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph*, contains an excellent moral while it inculcates a future state of retribution; and what it teaches is impressed upon the mind by a series of as deep distress as can affect humanity, in the amiable and pious heroine who goes to her grave unrelieved, but resigned, and full of hope of 'heaven's mercy.' Johnson paid her this high compliment upon it: 'I know not, Madam, that you have a right, upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much.'

Mr. Thomas Davies the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russel-street, Covent-garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, (who has been celebrated for her beauty,) though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them, as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door

in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my Lord, it comes.' I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation, which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.'—'From Scotland,' cried Davies roguishly. 'Mr. Johnson, (said I) I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to sooth and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expence of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression 'come from Scotland,' which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: 'What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings.' Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, 'O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you.' 'Sir, (said he, with a stern look,) I have known David Garrick longer than you have done: and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject.' Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited.

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, 'Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well.'

A few days afterwards I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his Chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So upon Tuesday the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His Chambers were on the first floor of No. 1, Inner-Temple-lane, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having 'found the Giant in his den;' an expression, which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself. Dr. Blair had been presented to him by Dr. James Fordyce. At this time the controversy concerning the pieces published by Mr. James Macpherson, as translations of Ossian, was at its height. Johnson had all along denied their authenticity; and, what was still more provoking to their admirers, maintained that they had no merit. The subject having been introduced by Dr. Fordyce, Dr. Blair, relying on the internal evidence of their antiquity, asked Dr. Johnson whether he thought any man of a modern age could have written such poems? Johnson replied, 'Yes, Sir, many men, many women, and many children.' Johnson, at this time, did not know that Dr. Blair had just published a Dissertation, not only defending their authenticity, but seriously ranking them with the poems of Homer and Virgil; and when he was afterwards informed of this circumstance, he expressed some displeasure at Dr. Fordyce's having suggested the topick, and said, 'I am not sorry that they got thus much for their pains. Sir, it was like leading one to talk of a book when the authour is concealed behind the door.'

He received me very courteously; but, it must be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of cloaths looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, 'Nay, don't go.' 'Sir, (said I,) I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you.' He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, 'Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me.' I have preserved the following short minute of what passed this day:—

'Madness frequently discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend Smart shewed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question.'

Concerning this unfortunate poet, Christopher Smart, who was confined in a mad-house, he had, at another time, the following conversation with Dr. Burney:—BURNEY. ‘How does poor Smart do, Sir; is he likely to recover?’ JOHNSON. ‘It seems as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; for he grows fat upon it.’ BURNEY. ‘Perhaps, Sir, that may be from want of exercise.’ JOHNSON. ‘No, Sir; he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was CARRIED back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I’d as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.’—Johnson continued. ‘Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labour; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.’

Talking of Garrick, he said, ‘He is the first man in the world for sprightly conversation.’

When I rose a second time he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me, that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favour me with his company one evening at my lodgings; and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add, that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

I did not visit him again till Monday, June 13, at which time I recollect no part of his conversation, except that when I told him I had been to see Johnson ride upon three horses, he said, ‘Such a man, Sir, should be encouraged; for his performances shew the extent of the human powers in one instance, and thus tend to raise our opinion of the faculties of man. He shews what may be attained by persevering application; so that every man may hope, that by giving as much application, although perhaps he may never ride three horses at a time, or dance upon a wire, yet he may be equally expert in whatever profession he has chosen to pursue.’

He again shook me by the hand at parting, and asked me why I did not come oftener to him. Trusting that I was now in his good graces, I answered, that he had not given me much encouragement, and reminded him of the check I had received from him at our first interview. ‘Poh, poh! (said he, with a complacent smile,) never mind these things. Come to me as often as you can. I shall be glad to see you.’

I had learnt that his place of frequent resort was the Mitre tavern in Fleet-street, where he loved to sit up late, and I begged I might be allowed to pass an evening with him there soon, which he promised I should. A few days afterwards I

met him near Temple-bar, about one o'clock in the morning, and asked if he would then go to the Mitre. 'Sir, (said he) it is too late; they won't let us in. But I'll go with you another night with all my heart.'

A revolution of some importance in my plan of life had just taken place; for instead of procuring a commission in the foot-guards, which was my own inclination, I had, in compliance with my father's wishes, agreed to study the law, and was soon to set out for Utrecht, to hear the lectures of an excellent Civilian in that University, and then to proceed on my travels. Though very desirous of obtaining Dr. Johnson's advice and instructions on the mode of pursuing my studies, I was at this time so occupied, shall I call it? or so dissipated, by the amusements of London, that our next meeting was not till Saturday, June 25, when happening to dine at Clifton's eating-house, in Butcher-row I was surprized to perceive Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London, is well known to many to be particularly unsocial, as there is no Ordinary, or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. 'Why, Sir, (said Johnson,) it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that GOD at first created two kinds of men, one black and another white; or that by the heat of the sun the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue.' What the Irishman said is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions; upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying, 'He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity, unworthy of a man of genius.'

Johnson had not observed that I was in the room. I followed him, however, and he agreed to meet me in the evening at the Mitre. I called on him, and we went thither at nine. We had a good supper, and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle. The orthodox high-church sound of the Mitre,—the figure and manner of the celebrated SAMUEL JOHNSON,—the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced. I find in my journal the following minute of our conversation, which, though it will give but a very faint notion of what passed, is in some degree a valuable record; and it will be curious in this view, as shewing how habitual to his mind were some opinions which appear in his works.

'Colley Cibber, Sir, was by no means a blockhead; but by arrogating to himself too much, he was in danger of losing that degree of estimation to which he was entitled. His friends gave out that he INTENDED his birth-day Odes should be bad:

but that was not the case, Sir; for he kept them many months by him, and a few years before he died he shewed me one of them, with great solicitude to render it as perfect as might be, and I made some corrections, to which he was not very willing to submit. I remember the following couplet in allusion to the King and himself:

*“Perch’d on the eagle’s soaring wing,  
The lowly linnnet loves to sing.”*

Sir, he had heard something of the fabulous tale of the wren sitting upon the eagle’s wing, and he had applied it to a linnnet. Cibber’s familiar style, however, was better than that which Whitehead has assumed. GRAND nonsense is insupportable. Whitehead is but a little man to inscribe verses to players.

‘Sir, I do not think Gray a first-rate poet. He has not a bold imagination, nor much command of words. The obscurity in which he has involved himself will not persuade us that he is sublime. His Elegy in a Church-yard has a happy selection of images, but I don’t like what are called his great things. His Ode which begins

*“Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,  
Confusion on thy banners wait!”*

has been celebrated for its abruptness, and plunging into the subject all at once. But such arts as these have no merit, unless when they are original. We admire them only once; and this abruptness has nothing new in it. We have had it often before. Nay, we have it in the old song of Johnny Armstrong:

*“Is there ever a man in all Scotland  
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,” &c.*

And then, Sir,

*“Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland,  
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call.”*

There, now, you plunge at once into the subject. You have no previous narration to lead you to it. The two next lines in that Ode are, I think, very good:

*“Though fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,  
They mock the air with idle state.”*

Finding him in a placid humour, and wishing to avail myself of the opportunity which I fortunately had of consulting a sage, to hear whose wisdom, I conceived in the ardour of youthful imagination, that men filled with a noble enthusiasm for intellectual improvement would gladly have resorted from distant lands;—I



opened my mind to him ingenuously, and gave him a little sketch of my life, to which he was pleased to listen with great attention.

I acknowledged, that though educated very strictly in the principles of religion, I had for some time been misled into a certain degree of infidelity; but that I was come now to a better way of thinking, and was fully satisfied of the truth of the Christian revelation, though I was not clear as to every point considered to be orthodox. Being at all times a curious examiner of the human mind, and pleased with an undisguised display of what had passed in it, he called to me with warmth, 'Give me your hand; I have taken a liking to you.' He then began to descant upon the force of testimony, and the little we could know of final causes; so that the objections of, why was it so? or why was it not so? ought not to disturb us: adding, that he himself had at one period been guilty of a temporary neglect of religion, but that it was not the result of argument, but mere absence of thought.

After having given credit to reports of his bigotry, I was agreeably surprized when he expressed the following very liberal sentiment, which has the additional value of obviating an objection to our holy religion, founded upon the discordant tenets of Christians themselves: 'For my part, Sir, I think all Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agree in the essential articles, and that their differences are trivial, and rather political than religious.'

We talked of belief in ghosts. He said, 'Sir, I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination, and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think that I saw a form, and heard a voice cry "Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will certainly be punished;" my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I might IMAGINE I thus saw and heard, and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me. But if a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place, and a particular hour, a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing, and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should, in that case, be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me.'

Here it is proper, once for all, to give a true and fair statement of Johnson's way of thinking upon the question, whether departed spirits are ever permitted to appear in this world, or in any way to operate upon human life. He has been ignorantly misrepresented as weakly credulous upon that subject; and, therefore, though I feel an inclination to disdain and treat with silent contempt so foolish a notion concerning my illustrious friend, yet as I find it has gained ground, it is necessary to refute it. The real fact then is, that Johnson had a very philosophical mind, and such a rational respect for testimony, as to make him submit his understanding to what was authentically proved, though he could not comprehend why it was so. Being thus disposed, he was willing to inquire into the truth of any relation of supernatural agency, a general belief of which has prevailed in all nations and ages. But so far was he from being the dupe of implicit faith, that he examined the

matter with a jealous attention, and no man was more ready to refute its falsehood when he had discovered it. Churchill, in his poem entitled *The Ghost*, availed himself of the absurd credulity imputed to Johnson, and drew a caricature of him under the name of 'POMPOSO,' representing him as one of the believers of the story of a Ghost in Cock-lane, which, in the year 1762, had gained very general credit in London. Many of my readers, I am convinced, are to this hour under an impression that Johnson was thus foolishly deceived. It will therefore surprize them a good deal when they are informed upon undoubted authority, that Johnson was one of those by whom the imposture was detected. The story had become so popular, that he thought it should be investigated; and in this research he was assisted by the Reverend Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, the great detector of impostures; who informs me, that after the gentlemen who went and examined into the evidence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrote in their presence an account of it, which was published in the newspapers and *Gentleman's Magazine*, and undeceived the world.

Our conversation proceeded. 'Sir, (said he) I am a friend to subordination, as most conducive to the happiness of society. There is a reciprocal pleasure in governing and being governed.'

'Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an authour, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right.'

I complained to him that I had not yet acquired much knowledge, and asked his advice as to my studies. He said, 'Don't talk of study now. I will give you a plan; but it will require some time to consider of it.' 'It is very good in you (I replied,) to allow me to be with you thus. Had it been foretold to me some years ago that I should pass an evening with the authour of *The Rambler*, how should I have exulted!' What I then expressed, was sincerely from the heart. He was satisfied that it was, and cordially answered, 'Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings and mornings too, together.' We finished a couple of bottles of port, and sat till between one and two in the morning.

As Dr. Oliver Goldsmith will frequently appear in this narrative, I shall endeavour to make my readers in some degree acquainted with his singular character. He was a native of Ireland, and a contemporary with Mr. Burke at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not then give much promise of future celebrity. He, however, observed to Mr. Malone, that 'though he made no great figure in mathematicks, which was a study in much repute there, he could turn an Ode of Horace into English better than any of them.' He afterwards studied physick at Edinburgh, and upon the Continent; and I have been informed, was enabled to pursue his travels on foot, partly by demanding at Universities to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when luckily for him his challenge was not accepted; so that, as I once observed to Dr. Johnson, he DISPUTED his passage through Europe. He then came to England, and was employed successively in the capacities of an usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, and a writer for a

news-paper. He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though, indeed, upon a smaller scale.

At this time I think he had published nothing with his name, though it was pretty generally known that one Dr. Goldsmith was the authour of *An Enquiry into the present State of polite Learning in Europe*, and of *The Citizen of the World*, a series of letters supposed to be written from London by a Chinese. No man had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. 'Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.' His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdi*, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies with their mother on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the *Fantoccini* in London, when those who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed with some warmth, 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself.'

He boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though in the instance he gave he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his *Vicar of Wakefield*. But Johnson informed me, that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. 'And, Sir, (said he,) a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his *Traveller*; and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after *The Traveller* had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money.'

Mrs. Piozzi and Sir John Hawkins have strangely misstated the history of Goldsmith's situation and Johnson's friendly interference, when this novel was sold. I shall give it authentically from Johnson's own exact narration:—'I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as

it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'

My next meeting with Johnson was on Friday the 1st of July, when he and I and Dr. Goldsmith supped together at the Mitre. I was before this time pretty well acquainted with Goldsmith, who was one of the brightest ornaments of the Johnsonian school. Goldsmith's respectful attachment to Johnson was then at its height; for his own literary reputation had not yet distinguished him so much as to excite a vain desire of competition with his great Master. He had increased my admiration of the goodness of Johnson's heart, by incidental remarks in the course of conversation, such as, when I mentioned Mr. Levet, whom he entertained under his roof, 'He is poor and honest, which is recommendation enough to Johnson;' and when I wondered that he was very kind to a man of whom I had heard a very bad character, 'He is now become miserable; and that insures the protection of Johnson.'

He talked very contemptuously of Churchill's poetry, observing, that 'it had a temporary currency, only from its audacity of abuse, and being filled with living names, and that it would sink into oblivion.' I ventured to hint that he was not quite a fair judge, as Churchill had attacked him violently. JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, I am a very fair judge. He did not attack me violently till he found I did not like his poetry; and his attack on me shall not prevent me from continuing to say what I think of him, from an apprehension that it may be ascribed to resentment. No, Sir, I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still. However, I will acknowledge that I have a better opinion of him now, than I once had; for he has shewn more fertility than I expected. To be sure, he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit: he only bears crabs. But, Sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs is better than a tree which produces only a few.'

Let me here apologize for the imperfect manner in which I am obliged to exhibit Johnson's conversation at this period. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, I was so wrapt in admiration of his extraordinary colloquial talents, and so little accustomed to his peculiar mode of expression, that I found it extremely difficult to recollect and record his conversation with its genuine vigour and vivacity. In progress of time, when my mind was, as it were, strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian oether, I could, with much more facility and exactness, carry in my memory and commit to paper the exuberant variety of his wisdom and wit.

At this time MISS Williams, as she was then called, though she did not reside with him in the Temple under his roof, but had lodgings in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, had so much of his attention, that he every night drank tea with her before he went home, however late it might be, and she always sat up for him. This, it may be fairly conjectured, was not alone a proof of his regard for HER, but of his own unwillingness to go into solitude, before that unseasonable hour at which he had habituated himself to expect the oblivion of repose. Dr. Goldsmith, being a privileged man, went with him this night, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoterick over an exoterick disciple of a sage of antiquity, 'I go to Miss Williams.' I confess, I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction.

On Tuesday the 5th of July, I again visited Johnson.

Talking of London, he observed, 'Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists.'

On Wednesday, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, Westminster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as a serious distress. He laughed, and said, 'Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence.'—Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently, with good effect. 'There is nothing (continued he) in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre.'

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre tavern, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman, for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies, and the Reverend Mr. John Ogilvie, who was desirous of being in company with my illustrious friend, while I, in my turn, was proud to have the honour of shewing one of my countrymen upon what easy terms Johnson permitted me to live with him.

Goldsmith, as usual, endeavoured, with too much eagerness, to SHINE, and disputed very warmly with Johnson against the well-known maxim of the British constitution, 'the King can do no wrong;' affirming, that 'what was morally false could not be politically true; and as the King might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he could do wrong.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, you are to

consider, that in our constitution, according to its true principles, the King is the head; he is supreme; he is above every thing, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore, it is, Sir, that we hold the King can do no wrong; that whatever may happen to be wrong in government may not be above our reach, by being ascribed to Majesty. Redress is always to be had against oppression, by punishing the immediate agents. The King, though he should command, cannot force a Judge to condemn a man unjustly; therefore it is the Judge whom we prosecute and punish. Political institutions are formed upon the consideration of what will most frequently tend to the good of the whole, although now and then exceptions may occur. Thus it is better in general that a nation should have a supreme legislative power, although it may at times be abused. And then, Sir, there is this consideration, that if the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.' I mark this animated sentence with peculiar pleasure, as a noble instance of that truly dignified spirit of freedom which ever glowed in his heart, though he was charged with slavish tenets by superficial observers; because he was at all times indignant against that false patriotism, that pretended love of freedom, that unruly restlessness, which is inconsistent with the stable authority of any good government.

'Bayle's Dictionary is a very useful work for those to consult who love the biographical part of literature, which is what I love most.'

Talking of the eminent writers in Queen Anne's reign, he observed, 'I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humour. Mr. Addison was, to be sure, a great man; his learning was not profound; but his morality, his humour, and his elegance of writing, set him very high.'

Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topick of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying, that there was very rich land round Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physick there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed, that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. JOHNSON. 'I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England!' This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those, who admire the rude grandeur of Nature, cannot deny it to Caledonia.

On Saturday, July 9, I found Johnson surrounded with a numerous levee, but have not preserved any part of his conversation. On the 14th we had another evening by ourselves at the Mitre. It happening to be a very rainy night, I made some common-place observations on the relaxation of nerves and depression of spirits which such weather occasioned; adding, however, that it was good for the vegetable creation. Johnson, who, as we have already seen, denied that the

temperature of the air had any influence on the human frame, answered, with a smile of ridicule. 'Why yes, Sir, it is good for vegetables, and for the animals who eat those vegetables, and for the animals who eat those animals.' This observation of his aptly enough introduced a good supper; and I soon forgot, in Johnson's company, the influence of a moist atmosphere.

Feeling myself now quite at ease as his companion, though I had all possible reverence for him, I expressed a regret that I could not be so easy with my father, though he was not much older than Johnson, and certainly however respectable had not more learning and greater abilities to depress me. I asked him the reason of this. JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, I am a man of the world. I live in the world, and I take, in some degree, the colour of the world as it moves along. Your father is a Judge in a remote part of the island, and all his notions are taken from the old world. Besides, Sir, there must always be a struggle between a father and son while one aims at power and the other at independence.'

He enlarged very convincingly upon the excellence of rhyme over blank verse in English poetry. I mentioned to him that Dr. Adam Smith, in his lectures upon composition, when I studied under him in the College of Glasgow, had maintained the same opinion strenuously, and I repeated some of his arguments. JOHNSON. 'Sir, I was once in company with Smith, and we did not take to each other; but had I known that he loved rhyme as much as you tell me he does, I should have HUGGED him.'

'Idleness is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours in a day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge.'

To such a degree of unrestrained frankness had he now accustomed me, that in the course of this evening I talked of the numerous reflections which had been thrown out against him on account of his having accepted a pension from his present Majesty. 'Why, Sir, (said he, with a hearty laugh,) it is a mighty foolish noise that they make. I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit; and now that I have this pension, I am the same man in every respect that I have ever been; I retain the same principles. It is true, that I cannot now curse (smiling) the House of Hanover; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, Sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year.'

There was here, most certainly, an affectation of more Jacobitism than he really had. Yet there is no doubt that at earlier periods he was wont often to exercise both his pleasantry and ingenuity in talking Jacobitism. My much respected friend, Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, has favoured me with the following admirable instance from his Lordship's own recollection. One day, when dining at old Mr.

Langton's where Miss Roberts, his niece, was one of the company, Johnson, with his usual complacent attention to the fair sex, took her by the hand and said, 'My dear, I hope you are a Jacobite.' Old Mr. Langton, who, though a high and steady Tory, was attached to the present Royal Family, seemed offended, and asked Johnson, with great warmth, what he could mean by putting such a question to his niece? 'Why, Sir, (said Johnson) I meant no offence to your niece, I meant her a great compliment. A Jacobite, Sir, believes in the divine right of Kings. He that believes in the divine right of Kings believes in a Divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right of Bishops. He that believes in the divine right of Bishops believes in the divine authority of the Christian religion. Therefore, Sir, a Jacobite is neither an Atheist nor a Deist. That cannot be said of a Whig; for Whiggism is a negation of all principle.'

He advised me, when abroad, to be as much as I could with the Professors in the Universities, and with the Clergy; for from their conversation I might expect the best accounts of every thing in whatever country I should be, with the additional advantage of keeping my learning alive.

It will be observed, that when giving me advice as to my travels, Dr. Johnson did not dwell upon cities, and palaces, and pictures, and shows, and Arcadian scenes. He was of Lord Essex's opinion, who advises his kinsman Roger Earl of Rutland, 'rather to go an hundred miles to speak with one wise man, than five miles to see a fair town.'

I described to him an impudent fellow from Scotland, who affected to be a savage, and railed at all established systems. JOHNSON. 'There is nothing surprizing in this, Sir. He wants to make himself conspicuous. He would tumble in a hogstye, as long as you looked at him and called to him to come out. But let him alone, never mind him, and he'll soon give it over.'

I added, that the same person maintained that there was no distinction between virtue and vice. JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, if the fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honour he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, Sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons.'

He recommended to me to keep a journal of my life, full and unreserved. He said it would be a very good exercise, and would yield me great satisfaction when the particulars were faded from my remembrance. I was uncommonly fortunate in having had a previous coincidence of opinion with him upon this subject, for I had kept such a journal for some time; and it was no small pleasure to me to have this to tell him, and to receive his approbation. He counselled me to keep it private, and said I might surely have a friend who would burn it in case of my death. From this habit I have been enabled to give the world so many anecdotes, which would otherwise have been lost to posterity. I mentioned that I was afraid I put into my journal too many little incidents. JOHNSON. 'There is nothing, Sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.'



Next morning Mr. Dempster happened to call on me, and was so much struck even with the imperfect account which I gave him of Dr. Johnson's conversation, that to his honour be it recorded, when I complained that drinking port and sitting up late with him affected my nerves for some time after, he said, 'One had better be palsied at eighteen than not keep company with such a man.'

On Tuesday, July 18, I found tall Sir Thomas Robinson sitting with Johnson. Sir Thomas said, that the king of Prussia valued himself upon three things;—upon being a hero, a musician, and an authour. JOHNSON. 'Pretty well, Sir, for one man. As to his being an authour, I have not looked at his poetry; but his prose is poor stuff. He writes just as you might suppose Voltaire's footboy to do, who has been his amanuensis. He has such parts as the valet might have, and about as much of the colouring of the style as might be got by transcribing his works.' When I was at Ferney, I repeated this to Voltaire, in order to reconcile him somewhat to Johnson, whom he, in affecting the English mode of expression, had previously characterised as 'a superstitious dog;' but after hearing such a criticism on Frederick the Great, with whom he was then on bad terms, he exclaimed, 'An honest fellow!'

Mr. Levet this day shewed me Dr. Johnson's library, which was contained in two garrets over his Chambers, where Lintot, son of the celebrated bookseller of that name, had formerly his warehouse. I found a number of good books, but very dusty and in great confusion. The floor was strewd with manuscript leaves, in Johnson's own handwriting, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they perhaps might contain portions of *The Rambler* or of *Rasselas*. I observed an apparatus for chymical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond. The place seemed to be very favourable for retirement and meditation. Johnson told me, that he went up thither without mentioning it to his servant, when he wanted to study, secure from interruption; for he would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was. 'A servant's strict regard for truth, (said he) must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial; but few servants are such nice distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for ME, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for HIMSELF.'

Mr. Temple, now vicar of St. Gluvias, Cornwall, who had been my intimate friend for many years, had at this time chambers in Farrar's-buildings, at the bottom of Inner Temple-lane, which he kindly lent me upon my quitting my lodgings, he being to return to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I found them particularly convenient for me, as they were so near Dr. Johnson's.

On Wednesday, July 20, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Dempster, and my uncle Dr. Boswell, who happened to be now in London, supped with me at these Chambers. JOHNSON. 'Pity is not natural to man. Children are always cruel. Savages are always cruel. Pity is acquired and improved by the cultivation of reason. We may have uneasy sensations from seeing a creature in distress, without pity; for we have not pity unless we wish to relieve them. When I am on my way to dine with a friend, and finding it late, have bid the coachman make haste, if I happen to attend when

he whips his horses, I may feel unpleasantly that the animals are put to pain, but I do not wish him to desist. No, Sir, I wish him to drive on.'

Rousseau's treatise on the inequality of mankind was at this time a fashionable topick. It gave rise to an observation by Mr. Dempster, that the advantages of fortune and rank were nothing to a wise man, who ought to value only merit. JOHNSON. 'If man were a savage, living in the woods by himself, this might be true; but in civilized society we all depend upon each other, and our happiness is very much owing to the good opinion of mankind. Now, Sir, in civilized society, external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. Sir, you may analyse this, and say what is there in it? But that will avail you nothing, for it is a part of a general system. Pound St. Paul's Church into atoms, and consider any single atom; it is, to be sure, good for nothing; but, put all these atoms together, and you have St. Paul's Church. So it is with human felicity, which is made up of many ingredients, each of which may be shewn to be very insignificant. In civilized society, personal merit will not serve you so much as money will. Sir, you may make the experiment. Go into the street, and give one man a lecture on morality, and another a shilling, and see which will respect you most. If you wish only to support nature, Sir William Petty fixes your allowance at three pounds a year; but as times are much altered, let us call it six pounds. This sum will fill your belly, shelter you from the weather, and even get you a strong lasting coat, supposing it to be made of good bull's hide. Now, Sir, all beyond this is artificial, and is desired in order to obtain a greater degree of respect from our fellow-creatures. And, Sir, if six hundred pounds a year procure a man more consequence, and, of course, more happiness than six pounds a year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on as far as opulence can be carried. Perhaps he who has a large fortune may not be so happy as he who has a small one; but that must proceed from other causes than from his having the large fortune: for, *coeteris paribus*, he who is rich in a civilized society, must be happier than he who is poor; as riches, if properly used, (and it is a man's own fault if they are not,) must be productive of the highest advantages. Money, to be sure, of itself is of no use; for its only use is to part with it. Rousseau, and all those who deal in paradoxes, are led away by a childish desire of novelty. When I was a boy, I used always to choose the wrong side of a debate, because most ingenious things, that is to say, most new things, could be said upon it. Sir, there is nothing for which you may not muster up more plausible arguments, than those which are urged against wealth and other external advantages. Why, now, there is stealing; why should it be thought a crime? When we consider by what unjust methods property has been often acquired, and that what was unjustly got it must be unjust to keep, where is the harm in one man's taking the property of another from him? Besides, Sir, when we consider the bad use that many people make of their property, and how much better use the thief may make of it, it may be defended as a very allowable practice. Yet, Sir, the experience of mankind has discovered stealing to be so very bad a thing, that they make no scruple to hang a man for it. When I was running about

this town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty; but I was, at the same time, very sorry to be poor. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, shew it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune.—So you hear people talking how miserable a King must be; and yet they all wish to be in his place.’

It was suggested that Kings must be unhappy, because they are deprived of the greatest of all satisfactions, easy and unreserved society. JOHNSON. ‘That is an ill-founded notion. Being a King does not exclude a man from such society. Great Kings have always been social. The King of Prussia, the only great King at present, is very social. Charles the Second, the last King of England who was a man of parts, was social; and our Henrys and Edwards were all social.’

Mr. Dempster having endeavoured to maintain that intrinsic merit OUGHT to make the only distinction amongst mankind. JOHNSON. ‘Why, Sir, mankind have found that this cannot be. How shall we determine the proportion of intrinsic merit? Were that to be the only distinction amongst mankind, we should soon quarrel about the degrees of it. Were all distinctions abolished, the strongest would not long acquiesce, but would endeavour to obtain a superiority by their bodily strength. But, Sir, as subordination is very necessary for society, and contentions for superiority very dangerous, mankind, that is to say, all civilized nations, have settled it upon a plain invariable principle. A man is born to hereditary rank; or his being appointed to certain offices, gives him a certain rank. Subordination tends greatly to human happiness. Were we all upon an equality, we should have no other enjoyment than mere animal pleasure.’

He took care to guard himself against any possible suspicion that his settled principles of reverence for rank and respect for wealth were at all owing to mean or interested motives; for he asserted his own independence as a literary man. ‘No man (said he) who ever lived by literature, has lived more independently than I have done.’ He said he had taken longer time than he needed to have done in composing his Dictionary. He received our compliments upon that great work with complacency, and told us that the Academia della Crusca could scarcely believe that it was done by one man.

At night Mr. Johnson and I supped in a private room at the Turk’s Head coffee-house, in the Strand. ‘I encourage this house (said he;) for the mistress of it is a good civil woman, and has not much business.’

‘Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I don’t like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, Sir, young men have more virtue than old men: they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age: they have more wit and humour and knowledge of life than we had; but then the dogs are not so good scholars. Sir, in my early years I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgement, to be sure, was not so good; but I had all the facts. I remember very

well, when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, “Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.”

He again insisted on the duty of maintaining subordination of rank. ‘Sir, I would no more deprive a nobleman of his respect, than of his money. I consider myself as acting a part in the great system of society, and I do to others as I would have them to do to me. I would behave to a nobleman as I should expect he would behave to me, were I a nobleman and he Sam. Johnson. Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay in this town, a great republican. One day when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, “Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, Madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.” I thus, Sir, shewed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since. Sir, your levellers wish to level DOWN as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling UP to themselves. They would all have some people under them; why not then have some people above them?’ I mentioned a certain authour who disgusted me by his forwardness, and by shewing no deference to noblemen into whose company he was admitted. JOHNSON. ‘Suppose a shoemaker should claim an equality with him, as he does with a Lord; how he would stare. “Why, Sir, do you stare? (says the shoemaker,) I do great service to society. ’Tis true I am paid for doing it; but so are you, Sir: and I am sorry to say it, paid better than I am, for doing something not so necessary. For mankind could do better without your books, than without my shoes.” Thus, Sir, there would be a perpetual struggle for precedence, were there no fixed invariable rules for the distinction of rank, which creates no jealousy, as it is allowed to be accidental.’

He said he would go to the Hebrides with me, when I returned from my travels, unless some very good companion should offer when I was absent, which he did not think probable; adding, ‘There are few people to whom I take so much to as you.’ And when I talked of my leaving England, he said with a very affectionate air, ‘My dear Boswell, I should be very unhappy at parting, did I think we were not to meet again.’ I cannot too often remind my readers, that although such instances of his kindness are doubtless very flattering to me; yet I hope my recording them will be ascribed to a better motive than to vanity; for they afford unquestionable evidence of his tenderness and complacency, which some, while they were forced to acknowledge his great powers, have been so strenuous to deny.

He maintained that a boy at school was the happiest of human beings. I supported a different opinion, from which I have never yet varied, that a man is happier; and I enlarged upon the anxiety and sufferings which are endured at school. JOHNSON. ‘Ah! Sir, a boy’s being flogged is not so severe as a man’s having the hiss of the world against him.’

On Tuesday, July 26, I found Mr. Johnson alone. It was a very wet day, and I again complained of the disagreeable effects of such weather. JOHNSON. ‘Sir, this

is all imagination, which physicians encourage; for man lives in air, as a fish lives in water; so that if the atmosphere press heavy from above, there is an equal resistance from below. To be sure, bad weather is hard upon people who are obliged to be abroad; and men cannot labour so well in the open air in bad weather, as in good: but, Sir, a smith or a taylor, whose work is within doors, will surely do as much in rainy weather, as in fair. Some very delicate frames, indeed, may be affected by wet weather; but not common constitutions.'

We talked of the education of children; and I asked him what he thought was best to teach them first. JOHNSON. 'Sir, it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may stand disputing which is best to put in first, but in the mean time your breech is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learnt them both.'

On Thursday, July 28, we again supped in private at the Turk's Head coffee-house. JOHNSON. 'Swift has a higher reputation than he deserves. His excellence is strong sense; for his humour, though very well, is not remarkably good. I doubt whether *The Tale of a Tub* be his; for he never owned it, and it is much above his usual manner.'

'Thomson, I think, had as much of the poet about him as most writers. Every thing appeared to him through the medium of his favourite pursuit. He could not have viewed those two candles burning but with a poetical eye.'

'As to the Christian religion, Sir, besides the strong evidence which we have for it, there is a balance in its favour from the number of great men who have been convinced of its truth, after a serious consideration of the question. Grotius was an acute man, a lawyer, a man accustomed to examine evidence, and he was convinced. Grotius was not a recluse, but a man of the world, who certainly had no bias to the side of religion. Sir Isaac Newton set out an infidel, and came to be a very firm believer.'

He this evening recommended to me to perambulate Spain. I said it would amuse him to get a letter from me dated at Salamanca. JOHNSON. 'I love the University of Salamanca; for when the Spaniards were in doubt as to the lawfulness of their conquering America, the University of Salamanca gave it as their opinion that it was not lawful.' He spoke this with great emotion, and with that generous warmth which dictated the lines in his *London*, against Spanish encroachment.

I expressed my opinion of my friend Derrick as but a poor writer. JOHNSON. 'To be sure, Sir, he is; but you are to consider that his being a literary man has got for him all that he has. It has made him King of Bath. Sir, he has nothing to say for himself but that he is a writer. Had he not been a writer, he must have been sweeping the crossings in the streets, and asking halfpence from every body that past.'

In justice however, to the memory of Mr. Derrick, who was my first tutor in the ways of London, and shewed me the town in all its variety of departments, both literary and sportive, the particulars of which Dr. Johnson advised me to put in writing, it is proper to mention what Johnson, at a subsequent period, said of him

both as a writer and an editor: 'Sir, I have often said, that if Derrick's letters had been written by one of a more established name, they would have been thought very pretty letters.' And, 'I sent Derrick to Dryden's relations to gather materials for his life; and I believe he got all that I myself should have got.'

Johnson said once to me, 'Sir, I honour Derrick for his presence of mind. One night, when Floyd, another poor authour, was wandering about the streets in the night, he found Derrick fast asleep upon a bulk; upon being suddenly waked, Derrick started up, "My dear Floyd, I am sorry to see you in this destitute state; will you go home with me to MY LODGINGS?"'

I again begged his advice as to my method of study at Utrecht. 'Come, (said he) let us make a day of it. Let us go down to Greenwich and dine, and talk of it there.' The following Saturday was fixed for this excursion.

As we walked along the Strand to-night, arm in arm, a woman of the town accosted us, in the usual enticing manner. 'No, no, my girl, (said Johnson) it won't do.' He, however, did not treat her with harshness, and we talked of the wretched life of such women; and agreed, that much more misery than happiness, upon the whole, is produced by illicit commerce between the sexes.

On Saturday, July 30, Dr. Johnson and I took a sculler at the Temple-stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. JOHNSON. 'Most certainly, Sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, Sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it.' 'And yet, (said I) people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning.' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors.' He then called to the boy, 'What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?' 'Sir, (said the boy,) I would give what I have.' Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, 'Sir, (said he) a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.'

We landed at the Old Swan, and walked to Billingsgate, where we took oars, and moved smoothly along the silver Thames. It was a very fine day. We were entertained with the immense number and variety of ships that were lying at anchor, and with the beautiful country on each side of the river.

I talked of preaching, and of the great success which those called Methodists have. JOHNSON. 'Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people, and which clergymen of genius and learning ought to do from a principle of duty, when it is suited to their congregations; a practice, for which they will be praised by men of sense. To insist against drunkenness as a crime, because it debases reason, the

noblest faculty of man, would be of no service to the common people: but to tell them that they may die in a fit of drunkenness, and shew them how dreadful that would be, cannot fail to make a deep impression. Sir, when your Scotch clergy give up their homely manner, religion will soon decay in that country.' Let this observation, as Johnson meant it, be ever remembered.

I was much pleased to find myself with Johnson at Greenwich, which he celebrates in his London as a favourite scene. I had the poem in my pocket, and read the lines aloud with enthusiasm:

*'On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood:  
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:  
Pleas'd with the seat which gave ELIZA birth,  
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth.'*

Afterwards he entered upon the business of the day, which was to give me his advice as to a course of study.

We walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me, I suppose, by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of Nature, and being more delighted with 'the busy hum of men,' I answered, 'Yes, Sir; but not equal to Fleet-street.' JOHNSON. 'You are right, Sir.'

I am aware that many of my readers may censure my want of taste. Let me, however, shelter myself under the authority of a very fashionable Baronet in the brilliant world, who, on his attention being called to the fragrance of a May evening in the country, observed, 'This may be very well; but, for my part, I prefer the smell of a flambeau at the playhouse.'

We staid so long at Greenwich, that our sail up the river, in our return to London, was by no means so pleasant as in the morning; for the night air was so cold that it made me shiver. I was the more sensible of it from having sat up all the night before, recollecting and writing in my journal what I thought worthy of preservation; an exertion, which, during the first part of my acquaintance with Johnson, I frequently made. I remember having sat up four nights in one week, without being much incommoded in the day time.

Johnson, whose robust frame was not in the least affected by the cold, scolded me, as if my shivering had been a paltry effeminacy, saying, 'Why do you shiver?' Sir William Scott, of the Commons, told me, that when he complained of a headache in the post-chaise, as they were travelling together to Scotland, Johnson treated him in the same manner:

*'At your age, Sir, I had no head-ache.'*

We concluded the day at the Turk's Head coffee-house very socially. He was pleased to listen to a particular account which I gave him of my family, and of its hereditary estate, as to the extent and population of which he asked questions, and made calculations; recommending, at the same time, a liberal kindness to the tenantry, as people over whom the proprietor was placed by Providence. He took

delight in hearing my description of the romantick seat of my ancestors. 'I must be there, Sir, (said he) and we will live in the old castle; and if there is not a room in it remaining, we will build one.' I was highly flattered, but could scarcely indulge a hope that Auchinleck would indeed be honoured by his presence, and celebrated by a description, as it afterwards was, in his *Journey to the Western Islands*.

After we had again talked of my setting out for Holland, he said, 'I must see thee out of England; I will accompany you to Harwich.' I could not find words to express what I felt upon this unexpected and very great mark of his affectionate regard.

Next day, Sunday, July 31, I told him I had been that morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where I had heard a woman preach. JOHNSON. 'Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprized to find it done at all.'

On Tuesday, August 2 (the day of my departure from London having been fixed for the 5th,) Dr. Johnson did me the honour to pass a part of the morning with me at my Chambers. He said, that 'he always felt an inclination to do nothing.' I observed, that it was strange to think that the most indolent man in Britain had written the most laborious work, *The English Dictionary*.

I had now made good my title to be a privileged man, and was carried by him in the evening to drink tea with Miss Williams, whom, though under the misfortune of having lost her sight, I found to be agreeable in conversation; for she had a variety of literature, and expressed herself well; but her peculiar value was the intimacy in which she had long lived with Johnson, by which she was well acquainted with his habits, and knew how to lead him on to talk.

After tea he carried me to what he called his walk, which was a long narrow paved court in the neighbourhood, overshadowed by some trees. There we sauntered a considerable time; and I complained to him that my love of London and of his company was such, that I shrunk almost from the thought of going away, even to travel, which is generally so much desired by young men. He roused me by manly and spirited conversation. He advised me, when settled in any place abroad, to study with an eagerness after knowledge, and to apply to Greek an hour every day; and when I was moving about, to read diligently the great book of mankind.

On Wednesday, August 3, we had our last social evening at the Turk's Head coffee-house, before my setting out for foreign parts. I had the misfortune, before we parted, to irritate him unintentionally. I mentioned to him how common it was in the world to tell absurd stories of him, and to ascribe to him very strange sayings. JOHNSON. 'What do they make me say, Sir?' BOSWELL. 'Why, Sir, as an instance very strange indeed, (laughing heartily as I spoke,) David Hume told me, you said that you would stand before a battery of cannon, to restore the Convocation to its full powers.' Little did I apprehend that he had actually said this: but I was soon convinced of my error; for, with a determined look, he thundered out 'And would I not, Sir? Shall the Presbyterian KIRK of Scotland have its General Assembly, and the Church of England be denied its Convocation?' He was walking up and down the room while I told him the anecdote; but when



he uttered this explosion of high-church zeal, he had come close to my chair, and his eyes flashed with indignation. I bowed to the storm, and diverted the force of it, by leading him to expatiate on the influence which religion derived from maintaining the church with great external respectability.

On Friday, August 5, we set out early in the morning in the Harwich stage coach. A fat elderly gentlewoman, and a young Dutchman, seemed the most inclined among us to conversation. At the inn where we dined, the gentlewoman said that she had done her best to educate her children; and particularly, that she had never suffered them to be a moment idle. JOHNSON. 'I wish, madam, you would educate me too; for I have been an idle fellow all my life.' 'I am sure, Sir, (said she) you have not been idle.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Madam, it is very true; and that gentleman there (pointing to me,) has been idle. He was idle at Edinburgh. His father sent him to Glasgow, where he continued to be idle. He then came to London, where he has been very idle; and now he is going to Utrecht, where he will be as idle as ever. I asked him privately how he could expose me so. JOHNSON. 'Poh, poh! (said he) they knew nothing about you, and will think of it no more.' In the afternoon the gentlewoman talked violently against the Roman Catholics, and of the horrors of the Inquisition. To the utter astonishment of all the passengers but myself, who knew that he could talk upon any side of a question, he defended the Inquisition, and maintained, that 'false doctrine should be checked on its first appearance; that the civil power should unite with the church in punishing those who dared to attack the established religion, and that such only were punished by the Inquisition.' He had in his pocket Pomponius Mela de situ Orbis, in which he read occasionally, and seemed very intent upon ancient geography. Though by no means niggardly, his attention to what was generally right was so minute, that having observed at one of the stages that I ostentatiously gave a shilling to the coachman, when the custom was for each passenger to give only six-pence, he took me aside and scolded me, saying that what I had done would make the coachman dissatisfied with all the rest of the passengers, who gave him no more than his due. This was a just reprimand; for in whatever way a man may indulge his generosity or his vanity in spending his money, for the sake of others he ought not to raise the price of any article for which there is a constant demand.

At supper this night he talked of good eating with uncommon satisfaction. 'Some people (said he,) have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously, and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.' He now appeared to me Jean Bull philosophe, and he was, for the moment, not only serious but vehement. Yet I have heard him, upon other occasions, talk with great contempt of people who were anxious to gratify their palates; and the 206th number of his Rambler is a masterly essay against gulosity. His practice, indeed, I must acknowledge, may be considered as casting the balance of his different opinions upon this subject; for I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at table, he was totally absorbed in the business of the

moment; his looks seemed rivetted to his plate; nor would he, unless when in very high company, say one word, or even pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intensesness, that while in the act of eating, the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible. To those whose sensations were delicate, this could not but be disgusting; and it was doubtless not very suitable to the character of a philosopher, who should be distinguished by self-command. But it must be owned, that Johnson, though he could be rigidly ABSTEMIOUS, was not a TEMPERATE man either in eating or drinking. He could refrain, but he could not use moderately. He told me, that he had fasted two days without inconvenience, and that he had never been hungry but once. They who beheld with wonder how much he eat upon all occasions when his dinner was to his taste, could not easily conceive what he must have meant by hunger; and not only was he remarkable for the extraordinary quantity which he eat, but he was, or affected to be, a man of very nice discernment in the science of cookery. He used to descant critically on the dishes which had been at table where he had dined or supped, and to recollect very minutely what he had liked. I remember, when he was in Scotland, his praising 'Gordon's palates,' (a dish of palates at the Honourable Alexander Gordon's) with a warmth of expression which might have done honour to more important subjects. 'As for Maclaurin's imitation of a MADE DISH, it was a wretched attempt.' He about the same time was so much displeased with the performances of a nobleman's French cook, that he exclaimed with vehemence, 'I'd throw such a rascal into the river, and he then proceeded to alarm a lady at whose house he was to sup, by the following manifesto of his skill: 'I, Madam, who live at a variety of good tables, am a much better judge of cookery, than any person who has a very tolerable cook, but lives much at home; for his palate is gradually adapted to the taste of his cook; whereas, Madam, in trying by a wider range, I can more exquisitely judge.' When invited to dine, even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner was not prepared for him. I have heard him say on such an occasion, 'This was a good dinner enough, to be sure; but it was not a dinner to ASK a man to.' On the other hand, he was wont to express, with great glee, his satisfaction when he had been entertained quite to his mind. One day when we had dined with his neighbour and landlord in Bolt-court, Mr. Allen, the printer, whose old housekeeper had studied his taste in every thing, he pronounced this eulogy: 'Sir, we could not have had a better dinner had there been a Synod of Cooks.'

While we were left by ourselves, after the Dutchman had gone to bed, Dr. Johnson talked of that studied behaviour which many have recommended and practised. He disapproved of it; and said, 'I never considered whether I should be a grave man, or a merry man, but just let inclination, for the time, have its course.'

I teased him with fanciful apprehensions of unhappiness. A moth having fluttered round the candle, and burnt itself, he laid hold of this little incident to

admonish me; saying, with a sly look, and in a solemn but quiet tone, 'That creature was its own tormentor, and I believe its name was BOSWELL.'

Next day we got to Harwich to dinner; and my passage in the packet-boat to Helvoetsluys being secured, and my baggage put on board, we dined at our inn by ourselves. I happened to say it would be terrible if he should not find a speedy opportunity of returning to London, and be confined to so dull a place. JOHNSON. 'Don't Sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters. It would NOT be TERRIBLE, though I WERE to be detained some time here.'

We went and looked at the church, and having gone into it and walked up to the altar, Johnson, whose piety was constant and fervent, sent me to my knees, saying, 'Now that you are going to leave your native country, recommend yourself to the protection of your CREATOR and REDEEMER.'

After we came out of the church, we stood talking for some time together of Bishop Berkeley's ingenious sophistry to prove the non-existence of matter, and that every thing in the universe is merely ideal. I observed, that though we are satisfied his doctrine is not true, it is impossible to refute it. I never shall forget the alacrity with which Johnson answered, striking his foot with mighty force against a large stone, till he rebounded from it, 'I refute it THUS.'

My revered friend walked down with me to the beach, where we embraced and parted with tenderness, and engaged to correspond by letters. I said, 'I hope, Sir, you will not forget me in my absence.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, it is more likely you should forget me, than that I should forget you.' As the vessel put out to sea, I kept my eyes upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner: and at last I perceived him walk back into the town, and he disappeared.

#### 4.13.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. How does his meeting Johnson fulfill Boswell's ambition? What kind of ambition does he possess, do you think?
2. What qualities in Johnson draw Boswell to him? How do you know?
3. How, if at all, does this biography differ from a memoir? How, if at all, does it differ from a diary? Does it compare in any way to Pepys's Diary?
4. How factual is this biography, do you think? What features, if any, give it a sense of factuality? What features, if any, make it seem a work of fiction?
5. How, if at all, does Boswell present himself in this biography?

## 4.14 OLAUDAH EQUIANO

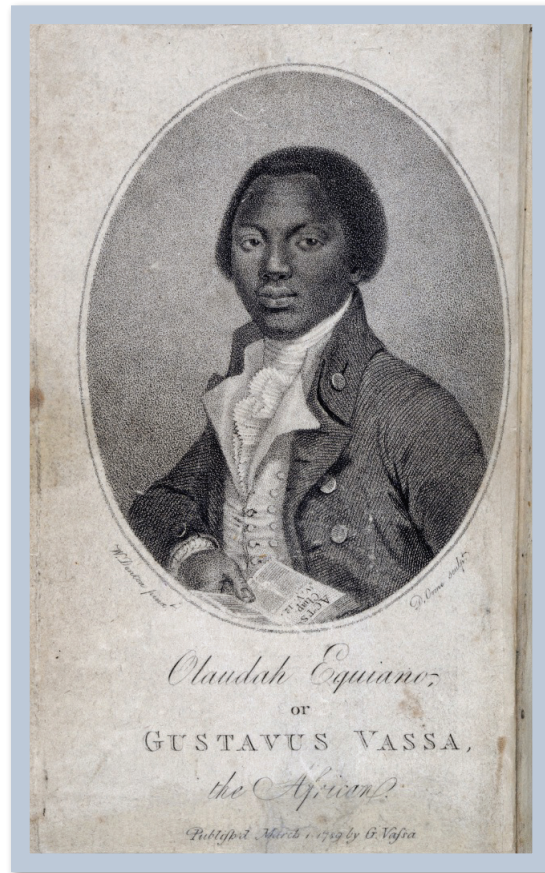
(c. 1745-1797)

Born in Essaka, Kingdom of Benin (now in Nigeria) to an Igbo tribe elder, Olaudah Equiano (at the age of eleven) and his sister were kidnapped, separated, and sold to slave traders. He was transported across the Atlantic to Barbados. Along with other captured Africans, he was put up for auction. Although he was not purchased there, he was sent to Virginia. He was sold in 1754 to Michael Henry Pascal (d. 1786), a British Royal Navy lieutenant.

For the next ten years, Equiano, now called Gustavus Vassa, worked on various ships, including the military warships *Roebuck* and *Namur* and did service as Pascal's valet and by hauling gunpowder during the Seven Years' War with France. Equiano was sent by Pascal to his sister in England, where Equiano learned to read and write in school. He also converted to Christianity in 1759 and was baptized in St. Margaret's, Westminster. His godparents, Pascal's cousins Mary Guerin and Maynard Guerin later attested to details in Equiano's autobiography, including his learning English only after coming to England.

Pascal sold Equiano to Captain James Doran who transported Equiano to Montserrat. There Equiano was sold to Robert King, an American Quaker. Equiano assisted King in his business ventures and was allowed to engage in trade for his own profit. In 1767, Equiano bought his freedom from King for forty pounds, the amount King paid to purchase Equiano. Even as a freedman, he was almost captured as a "runaway slave" and sent to Georgia.

Equiano traveled on scientific expeditions to the Arctic and to Central America as well as on other sailing ventures. He eventually returned to England where he devoted himself to ending the slave trade and the Abolitionist Cause. He exposed for examination and condemnation slave atrocities, including the Zong massacre (1781). Because this slave ship ran low on potable water, its crew threw slaves, who were insured as cargo, overboard in order to cash in on the insurance and



**Image 4.22 | Olaudah Equiano**

**Artist |** Unknown

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save water for the rest of the ship's passengers. In 1789, Equiano published *The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano: Or, Gustavus Vassa, the African*. Now considered one of the first major slave autobiographies in English, it became a bestseller, running through nine editions during his lifetime. It gave firsthand details of slaves chained in ships, whipping, starvation, the division of families, and other horrors committed by so-called Christians. It became a forceful weapon in the fight against slavery, leading to the Slave Trade Act of 1807 which ended the African slave trade for Britain and its colonies. It directly influenced American slave narratives, such as *The Autobiography of Frederick Douglass* (1845) and Harriet Jacobs's *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl* (1861). For this reason, as well as his experiences in America, Equiano is usually considered an American writer. He is included here, though, due to his living in England and his effect on English law and history.

His narrative is characterized by its vivid imagery, humanity, and commitment to Christianity in the face of almost unbearable cruelty and struggle.

#### **4.14.1 from *The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano: Or, Gustavus Vassa, the African***

(1789)

##### **Chap. II**

*The Author's birth and parentage — His being kidnapped with his sister — Their separation — Surprise at meeting again — Are finally separated — Account of the different places and incidents the Author met with till his arrival on the coast — The effect the sight of a slave-ship had on him — He sails for the West-Indies — Horrors of a slave-ship — Arrives at Barbadoes, where the cargo is sold and dispersed.*

. . . My father, besides many slaves, had a numerous family, of which seven lived to grow up, including myself and a sister, who was the only daughter. As I was the youngest of the sons, I became, of course, the greatest favourite with my mother, and was always with her; and she used to take particular pains to form my mind. I was trained up from my earliest years in the arts of agriculture and war: my daily exercise was shooting and throwing javelins; and my mother adorned me with emblems, after the manner of our greatest warriors. In this way I grew up till I was turned the age of eleven, when an end was put to my happiness in the following manner:— Generally, when the grown people in the neighbourhood were gone far in the fields to labour, the children assembled together in some of the neighbours' premises to play, and commonly some of us used to get up a tree to look out for any assailant, or kidnapper that might come upon us; for they sometimes took these opportunities of our parents' absence, to attack and carry off as many as they could seize. One day, as I was watching at the top of a tree in our yard, I saw one of those people come into the yard of our next neighbour but one, to kidnap, there being

many stout young people in it. Immediately, on this, I gave the alarm of the rogue, and he was surrounded by the stoutest of them, who entangled him with cords, so that he could not escape till some of the grown people came and secured him. But, alas! ere long it was my fate to be thus attacked, and to be carried off, when none of the grown people were nigh. One day, when all our people were gone out to their works as usual, and only I and my dear sister were left to mind the house, two men and a woman got over our walls, and in a moment seized us both; and, without giving us time to cry out, or make resistance, they stopped our mouths, tied our hands, and ran off with us into the nearest wood: and continued to carry us as far as they could, till night came on, when we reached a small house, where the robbers halted for refreshment, and spent the night. We were then unbound, but were unable to take any food; and being quite overpowered by fatigue and grief, our only relief was some slumber, which allayed our misfortune for a short time. The next morning we left the house, and continued travelling all the day. For a long time we had kept the woods, but at last we came into a road which I believed I knew. I had now some hopes of being delivered; for we had advanced but a little way before I discovered some people at a distance, on which I began to cry out for their assistance; but my cries had no other effect than to make them tie me faster, and stop my mouth, and then they put me into a large sack. They also stopped my sister's mouth, and tied her hands; and in this manner we proceeded till we were out of the sight of these people.— When we went to rest the following night they offered us some victuals; but we refused them; and the only comfort we had was in being in one another's arms all that night, and bathing each other with our tears. But, alas! we were soon deprived of even the smallest comfort of weeping together. The next day proved a day of greater sorrow than I had yet experienced; for my sister and I were then separated, while we lay clasped in each other's arms; it was in vain that we besought them not to part us: she was torn from me, and immediately carried away, while I was left in a state of distraction not to be described. I cried and grieved continually; and for several days did not eat any thing but what they forced into my mouth. At length, after many days travelling, during which I had often changed masters, I got into the hands of a chieftain, in a very pleasant country. This man had two wives and some children, and they all used me extremely well, and did all they could to comfort me; particularly the first wife, who was something like my mother. Although I was a great many days' journey from my father's house, yet these people spoke exactly the same language with us. This first master of mine, as I may call him, was a smith, and my principal employment was working his bellows, which was the same kind as I had seen in my vicinity. They were in some respects not unlike the stoves here in gentlemen's kitchens; and were covered over with leather; and in the middle of that leather a stick was fixed, and a person stood up and worked it, in the same manner as is done to pump water out of a cask with a hand-pump. I believe it was gold he worked, for it was of a lovely bright yellow colour, and was worn by the women on their wrists and ankles. I was there I suppose about a month, and they at last used to trust me

some little distance from the house. This liberty I used to inquire the way to my own home: and I also sometimes, for the same purpose, went with the maidens, in the cool of the evenings, to bring pitchers of water from the springs for the use of the house. I had also remarked where the sun rose in the morning, and set in the evening, as I had travelled along and I had observed that my father's house was towards the rising of the sun. I therefore determined to seize the first opportunity of making my escape, and to shape my course for that quarter, for I was quite oppressed and weighted down by grief after my mother and friends: and my love of liberty, ever great, was strengthened by the mortifying circumstance of not daring to eat with free-born children, although I was mostly their companion.

—While I was projecting my escape one day, an unlucky event happened, which quite disconcerted my plan, and put an end to my hopes. I used to be sometimes employed in assisting an elderly woman slave to cook and take care of the poultry; and one morning, while I was feeding some chickens, I happened to toss a small pebble at one of them, which hit it on the middle, and directly killed it. The old slave, having soon after missed the chicken, inquired after it; and on my relating the accident (for I told her the truth; because my mother would never suffer me to tell a lie) she flew into a violent passion, threatening that I should suffer for it; and, my master being out, she immediately went and told her mistress what I had done. This alarmed me very much, and I expected an instant correction, which to me was uncommonly dreadful; for I had seldom been beaten at home. I therefore resolved to fly; and accordingly I ran into a thicket that was hard by, and hid myself in the bushes. Soon afterwards my mistress and the slave returned, and, not seeing me, they searched all the house, but, not finding me, and I not making answer when they called to me, they thought I had ran away, and the whole neighbourhood was raised in pursuit of me. In that part of the country (as well as ours) the houses and villages were skirted with woods or shrubberies, and the bushes were so thick, that a man could readily conceal himself in them, so as to elude the strictest search. The neighbours continued the whole day looking for me, and several times many of them came within a few yards of the place where I lay hid. I expected every moment, when I heard a rustling among the trees, to be found out, and punished by my master; but they never discovered me, though they were often so near that I even heard their conjectures as they were looking about for me; and I now learned from them that any attempt to return home would be hopeless. Most of them supposed I had fled towards home; but the distance was so great, and the way so intricate, that they thought I could never reach it, and that I should be lost in the woods. When I heard this I was seized with a violent panic, and abandoned myself to despair. Night too began to approach, and aggravated all my fears. I had before entertained hopes of getting home, and had determined when it should be dark to make the attempt; but I was now convinced it was fruitless, and began to consider that, if possibly I could escape all other animals, I could not those of the human kind; and that, not knowing the way, I must perish in the woods.— Thus was I like the hunted deer:

—“Ev’ry lead, and ev’ry whispering breath  
Convey’d a foe, and ev’ry foe a death.”

I heard frequent rustlings among the leaves; and, being pretty sure they were snakes, I expected every instant to be stung by them.— This increased my anguish; and the horror of my situation became now quite insupportable. I at length quitted the thicket, very faint and hungry, for I had not eaten or drank any thing all the day, and crept to my master’s kitchen, from whence I set out at first, and which was an open shed, and laid myself down in the ashes, with an anxious wish for death to relieve me from all my pains. I was scarcely awake in the morning when the old woman slave, who was the first up, came to light the fire, and saw me in the fire place. She was very much surprised to see me, and could scarcely believe her own eyes. She now promised to intercede for me, and went for her master, who soon after came, and, having slightly reprimanded me, ordered me to be taken care of, and not ill treated.

Soon after this my master’s only daughter and child by his first wife sickened and died, which affected him so much that for some time he was almost frantic, and really would have killed himself had he not been watched and prevented. However, in a small time afterwards he recovered, and I was again sold. I was now carried to the left of the sun’s rising, through many dreary wastes and dismal woods, amidst the hideous roarings of wild beasts.— The people I was sold to used to carry me very often, when I was tired, either on their shoulders or on their backs. I saw many convenient well-built sheds along the roads, at proper distances, to accommodate the merchants and travellers, who lay in those buildings along with their wives, who often accompany them; and they always go well armed.

From the time I left my own nation I always found somebody that understood me till I came to the sea coast. The languages of different nations did not totally differ, nor were they so copious as those of the Europeans, particularly the English. They were therefore easily learned; and, while I was journeying thus through Africa, I acquired two or three different tongues. In this manner I had been travelling for a considerable time, when one evening, to my great surprise, whom should I see brought to the house where I was but my dear sister. As soon as she saw me she gave a loud shriek, and ran into my arms.— I was quite overpowered; neither of us could speak, but, for a considerable time, clung to each other in mutual embraces, unable to do any thing but weep. Our meeting affected all who saw us; and indeed I must acknowledge, in honour of those sable destroyers of human rights that I never met with any ill treatment, or saw any offered to their slaves except tying them, when necessary, to keep them from running away. When these people knew we were brother and sister, they indulged us to be together; and the man, to whom I supposed we belonged, lay with us, he in the middle, while she and I held one another by the hands across his breast all night; and thus for a while we forgot our misfortunes in the joy of being together; but even this small comfort was soon to



have an end; for scarcely had the fatal morning appeared, when she was again torn from me for ever! I was now more miserable, if possible, than before. The small relief which her presence gave me from pain was gone, and the wretchedness of my situation was redoubled by my anxiety after her fate, and my apprehensions lest her sufferings should be greater than mine, when I could not be with her to alleviate them. Yes, thou dear partner of all my childish sports! thou sharer of my joys and sorrows! happy should I have ever esteemed myself to encounter every misery for you, and to procure your freedom by the sacrifice of my own! Though you were early forced from my arms, your image has been always riveted in my heart, from which neither time nor fortune have been able to remove it: so that while the thoughts of your sufferings have damped my prosperity, they have mingled with adversity, and increased its bitterness.— To that heaven which protects the weak from the strong, I commit the care of your innocence and virtues, if they have not already received their full reward; and if your youth and delicacy have not long since fallen victims to the violence of the African trader, the pestilential stench of a Guinea ship, the seasoning in the European colonies, or the lash and lust of a brutal and unrelenting overseer.

I did not long remain after my sister. I was again sold, and carried through a number of places, till, after travelling a considerable time, I came to a town called Timnah, in the most beautiful country I had yet seen in Africa. It was extremely rich, and there were many rivulets which flowed through it; and supplied a large pond in the center of the town, where the people washed. Here I first saw and tasted cocoa nuts, which I thought superior to any nuts I had ever tasted before; and the trees, which were loaded, were also interspersed amongst the houses, which had commodious shades adjoining, and were in the same manner as ours, the insides being neatly plastered and white-washed. Here I also saw and tasted for the first time sugar-cane. Their money consisted of little white shells, the size of the finger-nail: they are known in this country by the name of core. I was sold here for one hundred and seventy-two of them by a merchant who lived and brought me there. I had been about two or three days at his house, when a wealthy widow, a neighbour of his, came there one evening, and brought with her an only son, a young gentleman about my own age and size. Here they saw me; and having taken a fancy to me, I was bought of the merchant, and went home with them. Her house and premises were situated close to one of those rivulets I have mentioned, and were the finest I ever saw in Africa: they were very extensive, and she had a number of slaves to attend her. The next day I was washed and perfumed, and when meal-time came, I was led into the presence of my mistress, and eat and drank before her with her son. This filled me with astonishment: and I could scarce help expressing my surprise that the young gentleman should suffer me, who was bound to eat with him who was free; and not only so, but that he would not at any time either eat or drink till I had taken first because I was the eldest, which was agreeable to our custom. Indeed every thing here, and all their treatment of me, made me forget that I was a slave. The language of these people resembled ours so nearly, that we

understood each other perfectly. They had also the very same customs as we. There were likewise slaves daily to attend us, while my young master and I, with other boys sported with our darts and arrows, as I had been used to do at home. In this resemblance to my former happy fate, I passed about two months, and I now began to think I was to be adopted into the family, and was beginning to be reconciled to my situation, and to forget by degrees my misfortunes, when all at once the delusion vanished; for, without the least previous knowledge, one morning early, while my dear master and companion was still asleep, I was awakened out of my reverie to fresh sorrow, and hurried away even among the uncircumcised.

Thus, at the very moment I dreamed of the greatest happiness, I found myself most miserable: and seemed as if fortune wished to give me this taste of joy only to render the reverse more poignant. The change I now experienced was as painful as it was sudden and unexpected. It was a change indeed from a state of bliss to a scene which is inexpressible by me, as it discovered to me an element I had never before beheld, and till then had no idea of, and wherein such instances of hardship and fatigue continually occurred as I can never reflect on but with horror.

All the nations and people I had hitherto passed through resembled our own in their manners, customs and language but I came at length to a country, the inhabitants of which differed from us in all those particulars. I was very much struck with this difference, especially when I came among a people who did not circumcise, and eat without washing their hands. They cooked also in iron pots, and had European cutlasses and cross bows, which were unknown to us, and fought with their fists among themselves. Their women were not so modest as ours, for they eat, and drank, and slept with their men. But, above all, I was amazed to see no sacrifices or offerings among them. In some of those places the people ornamented themselves with scars, and likewise filed their teeth very sharp. They wanted sometimes to ornament me in the same manner, but I would not suffer them; hoping that I might some time be among a people who did not thus disfigure themselves, as I thought they did. At last, I came to the banks of a large river, which was covered with canoes, in which the people appeared to live with their household utensils and provisions of all kinds. I was beyond measure astonished at this, as I had never before seen any water larger than a pond or a rivulet; and my surprise was mingled with no small fear, when I was put into one of these canoes, and we began to paddle and move along the river. We continued going on thus till night; and, when we came to land, and made fires on the banks, each family by themselves, some dragged their canoes on shore, others staid and cooked in theirs, and lay in them all night. Those on the land had mats, of which they made tents, some in the shape of little houses: In these we slept; and, after the morning meal, we embarked again, and proceeded as before. I was often very much astonished to see some of the women, as well as the men, jump into the water, dive to the bottom, come up again, and swim about. Thus I continued to travel, sometimes by land sometimes by water, through different countries, and various nations, till, at the end of six or seven months after I had been kidnapped, I arrived at the

sea coast. It would be tedious and uninteresting to relate all the incidents which befel me during this journey, and which I have not yet forgotten; of the various lands I passed through, and the manners and customs of all the different people among whom I lived: I shall therefore only observe, that, in all the places where I was, the soil was exceedingly rich; the pomkins, eadas, plantains, yams, &c. &c. were in great abundance, and of incredible size. There were also large quantities of different gums, though not used for any purpose; and every where a great deal of tobacco. The cotton even grew quite wild; and there was plenty of red wood. I saw no mechanics whatever in all the way, except such as I have mentioned. The chief employment in all these countries was agriculture, and both the males and females, as with us, were brought up to it, and trained in the arts of war.

The first object which saluted my eyes when I arrived on the coast was the sea, and a slave-ship, which was then riding at anchor, and waiting for its cargo. These filled me with astonishment, which was soon converted into terror, which I am yet at a loss to describe, nor the then feelings of my mind. When I was carried on board I was immediately handled, and tossed up, to see if I were sound, by some of the crew; and I was now persuaded that I had got into a world of bad spirits, and that they were going to kill me. Their complexions too differing so much from ours, their long hair, and the language they spoke, which was very different from any I had ever heard, united to confirm me in this belief. Indeed, such were the horrors of my views and fears at the moment, that, if ten thousand worlds had been my own, I would have freely parted with them all to have exchanged my condition with that of the meanest slave in my own country. When I looked round the ship too, and saw a large furnace or copper boiling, and a multitude of black people of every description changed together, every one of their countenances expressing dejection and sorrow, I no longer doubted my fate, and, quite overpowered with horror and anguish, I fell motionless on the deck and fainted. When I recovered a little, I found some black people about me, who I believed were some of those who brought me on board, and had been receiving their pay; they talked to me in order to cheer me, but all in vain. I asked them if we were not to be eaten by those white men with horrible looks, red faces, and long hair? They told me I was not; and one of the crew brought me a small portion of spirituous liquour in a wine glass; but, being afraid of him, I would not take it out of his hand. One of the blacks therefore took it from him and gave it to me, and I took a little down my palate, which, instead of reviving me, as they thought it would, threw me into the greatest consternation at the strange feeling it produced having never tasted any such liquor before. Soon after this, the blacks who brought me on board went off, and left me abandoned to despair. I now saw myself deprived of all chance of returning to my native country, or even the least glimpse of hope of gaining the shore, which I now considered as friendly: and even wished for my former slavery, in preference to my present situation, which was filled with horrors of every kind, still heightened by my ignorance of what I was to undergo. I was not long suffered to indulge my grief; I was soon put down under the decks, and there I received such a salutation in my

nostrils as I had never experienced in my life; so that with the loathsomeness of the stench, and crying together, I became so sick and low that I was not able to eat, nor had I the least desire to taste any thing. I now wished for the last friend, Death, to relieve me; but soon, to my grief, two of the white men offered me eatables; and, on my refusing to eat, one of them held me fast by the hands, and laid me across, I think, the windlass, and tied my feet, while the other flogged me severely. I had never experienced any thing of this kind before; and although not being used to the water, I naturally feared that element the first time I saw it; yet, nevertheless, could I have got over the nettings, I would have jumped over the side; but I could not; and, besides, the crew used to watch us very closely who were not chained down to the decks, lest we should leap into the water; and I have seen some of these poor African prisoners, most severely cut for attempting to do so, and hourly whipped for not eating. This indeed was often the case with myself. In a little time after, amongst the poor chained men, I found some of my own nation, which in a small degree gave ease to my mind. I inquired of them what was to be done with us? they give me to understand we were to be carried to these white people's country to work for them. I then was a little revived, and thought, if it were no worse than working, my situation was not so desperate: but still I feared I should be put to death, the white people looked and acted, as I thought, in so savage a manner; for I had never seen among any people such instances of brutal cruelty; and this not only shewn towards us blacks, but also to some of the whites themselves. One white man in particular I saw, when we were permitted to be on deck, flogged so unmercifully, with a large rope near the foremast, that he died in consequence of it; and they tossed him over the side as they would have done a brute. This made me fear these people the more; and I expected nothing less than to be treated in the same manner. I could not help expressing my fears and apprehensions to some of my countrymen: I asked them if these people had no country, but lived in this hollow place the ship? they told me they did not, but came from a distant one. 'Then,' said I, 'how comes it in all our country we never heard of them?' They told me, because they lived so very far off. I then asked, where were their women? had they any like themselves! I was told they had: 'And why,' said I, 'do we not see them?' they answered, because they were left behind. I asked how the vessel could go? they told me they could not tell; but that there were cloth put upon the masts by the help of the ropes I saw, and then the vessel went on; and the white men had some spell or magic they put in the water when they liked in order to stop the vessel. I was exceedingly amazed at this account, and really thought they were spirits. I therefore wished much to be from amongst them, for I expected they would sacrifice me: but my wishes were vain; for we were so quartered that it was impossible for any of us to make our escape. While we staid on the coast I was mostly on deck; and one day, to my great astonishment, I saw one of these vessels coming in with the sails up. As soon as the whites saw it, they gave a great shout, at which we were amazed; and the more so as the vessel appeared larger by approaching nearer. At last she came to anchor in my sight, and when the anchor

was let go, I and my countrymen who saw it were lost in astonishment to observe the vessel stop; and were now convinced it was done by magic. Soon after this the other ship got her boats out, and they came on board of us, and the people of both ships seemed very glad to see each other. Several of the strangers also shook hands with us black people, and made motions with their hands, signifying, I suppose, we were to go to their country; but we did not understand them. At last, when the ship we were in had got in all her cargo they made ready with many fearful noises, and we were all put under deck, so that we could not see how they managed the vessel. But this disappointment was the least of my sorrow. The stench of the hold while we were on the coast was so intolerably loathsome, that it was dangerous to remain there for any time, and some of us had been permitted to stay on the deck for the fresh air; but now that the whole ship's cargo were confined together, it became absolutely pestilential. The closeness of the place, and the heat of the climate, added to the number in the ship, which was so crowded that each had scarcely room to turn himself, almost suffocated us. This produced copious perspiration, from a variety of loathsome smells, and brought on a sickness amongst the slaves, of which many died, thus falling victims to the improvident avarice, as I may call it, of their purchasers. This wretched situation was again aggravated by the galling of the chains, now become insupportable; and the filth of the necessary tubs, into which the children often fell, and were almost suffocated. The shrieks of the women, and the groans of the dying, rendered the whole a scene of horror almost inconceivable. Happily perhaps for myself I was soon reduced so low here that it was thought necessary to keep me almost always on deck; and from my extreme youth I was not put in fetters. In this situation I expected every hour to share the fate of my companions, some of whom were almost daily brought upon deck at the point of death, which I began to hope would soon put an end to my miseries. Often did I think many of the inhabitants of the deep much more happy than myself; I envied them the freedom they enjoyed, and as often wished I could change my condition for theirs. Every circumstance I met with served only to render my state more painful, and heighten my apprehensions and my opinion of the cruelty of the whites. One day they had taken a number of fishes; and when they had killed and satisfied themselves with as many as they thought fit, to our astonishment who were on deck, rather than give any of them to us to eat, as we expected, they tossed the remaining fish into the sea again, although we begged and prayed for some as well as we could, but in vain; and some of my countrymen, being pressed by hunger, took an opportunity, when they thought no one saw them, of trying to get a little privately; but they were discovered, and the attempt procured them some very severe floggings.

One day, when we had a smooth sea, and moderate wind, two of my wearied countrymen, who were chained together (I was near them at the time), preferring death to such a life of misery, somehow made through the nettings, and jumped into the sea; immediately another quite dejected fellow, who, on account of his illness, was suffered to be out of irons, also followed their example; and I believe

many more would very soon have done the same, if they had not been prevented by the ship's crew, who were instantly alarmed. Those of us that were the most active were, in a moment, put down under the deck; and there was such a noise and confusion amongst the people of the ship as I never heard before, to stop her, and get the boat out to go after the slaves. However, two of the wretches were drowned, but they got the other, and afterwards flogged him unmercifully, for thus attempting to prefer death to slavery. In this manner we continued to undergo more hardships than I can now relate; hardships which are inseparable from this accursed trade.— Many a time we were near suffocation, from the want of fresh air, which we were often without for whole days together. This, and the stench of the necessary tubs, carried off many. During our passage I first saw flying fishes, which surprised me very much: they used frequently to fly across the ship, and many of them fell on the deck. I also now first saw the use of the quadrant. I had often with astonishment seen the mariners make observations with it, and I could not think what it meant. They at last took notice of my surprise; and one of them willing to increase it, as well as to gratify my curiosity, made me one day look through it. The clouds appeared to me to be land, which disappeared as they passed along. This heightened my wonder: and I was now more persuaded than ever that I was in another world, and that every thing about me was magic. At last, we came in sight of the island of Barbadoes, at which the whites on board gave a great shout, and made many signs of joy to us. We did not know what to think of this; but, as the vessel drew nearer, we plainly saw the harbour, and other ships of different kinds and sizes: and we soon anchored amongst them off Bridge Town. Many merchants and planters now came on board, though it was in the evening. They put us in separate parcels, and examined us attentively.— They also made us jump, and pointed to the land, signifying we were to go there. We thought by this we should be eaten by these ugly men, as they appeared to us; and when, soon after we were all put down under the deck again, there was much dread and trembling among us, and nothing but bitter cries to be heard all the night from these apprehensions, insomuch that at last the white people got some old slaves from the land to pacify us. They told us we were not to be eaten, but to work, and were soon to go on land, where we should see many of our country people. This report eased us much; and sure enough, soon after we landed, there came to us Africans of all languages. We were conducted immediately to the merchant's yard, where we were all pent up together like so many sheep in a fold, without regard to sex or age. As every object was new to me, every thing I saw filled me with surprise. What struck me first was, that the houses were built with bricks, in stories, and in every other respect different from those I have seen in Africa: but I was still more astonished on seeing people on horseback. I did not know what this could mean; and indeed I thought these people were full of nothing but magical arts. While I was in this astonishment, one of my fellow prisoners spoke to a countryman of his about the horses, who said they were the same kind they had in their country. I understood them, though they were from a distant part of Africa, and I thought

it odd I had not seen any horses there; but afterwards, when I came to converse with different Africans I found they had many horses amongst them, and much larger than those I then saw. We were not many days in the merchant's custody before we were sold after their usual manner, which is this:— On a signal given, (as the beat of a drum), the buyers rush at once into the yard where the slaves are confined, and make choice of that parcel they like best. The noise and clamour with which this is attended, and the eagerness visible in the countenances of the buyers, serve not a little to increase the apprehension of the terrified Africans, who may well be supposed to consider them as the ministers of that destruction to which they think themselves devoted. In this manner, without scruple, are relations and friends separated, most of them never to see each other again. I remember in the vessel in which I was brought over, in the men's apartment, there were several brothers who, in the sale, were sold in different lots; and it was very moving on this occasion to see and hear their cries at parting. O, ye nominal Christians! might not an African ask you, learned you this from your God? who says unto you, Do unto all men as you would men should do unto you. Is it not enough that we are torn from our country and friends to toil for your luxury and lust of gain? Must every tender feeling be likewise sacrifices to your avarice? Are the dearest friends and relations, now rendered more dear by their separation from their kindred, still to be parted from each other, and thus prevented from cheering the gloom of slavery with the small comfort of being together, and mingling their suffering and sorrows? Why are parents to lose their children, brothers their sisters, or husbands their wives? Surely this is a new refinement in cruelty, which, while it has no advantage to atone for it, thus aggravates distress, and adds fresh horrors even to the wretchedness of slavery.

### Chap. III

*The author is carried to Virginia — his distress — Surprise at seeing a picture and a watch — Is bought by Captain Pascal, and sets out for England — His terror during the voyage — Arrives in England — His wonder at a fall of snow — Is sent to Guernsey, and in some time goes on board a ship of war with his master — Some account of the expedition against Louisbourg, under the command of Admiral Boscawen, in 1758.*

I now totally lost the small remains of comfort I had enjoyed in conversing with my countrymen; the women too, who used to wash and take care of me, were all gone different ways, and I never saw one of them afterwards.

I staid in this island for a few days; I believe it could not be above a fortnight; when I and some few more slaves that were not saleable among the rest, from very much fretting, were shipped off in a sloop for North America. On the passage we were better treated than when we were coming from Africa, and we had plenty of rice and fat pork. We were landed up a river, a good way from the sea, about Virginia county, where we saw few or none of our native Africans, and not one soul who could talk to me. I was a few weeks weeding grass and gathering stones in a

plantation, and at last all my companions were distributed different ways, and only myself was left. I was now exceedingly miserable, and thought myself worse off than any of the rest of my companions; for they could talk to each other, but I had no person to speak to that I could understand. In this state I was constantly grieving and pining and wishing for death, rather than any thing else. While I was in this plantation, the gentleman to whom I supposed the estate belonged being unwell, I was one day sent for to his dwelling house to fan him: when I came into the room where he was, I was very much affrighted at some things I saw, and the more so, as I had seen a black woman slave as I came through the house, who was cooking the dinner, and the poor creature was cruelly loaded with various kinds of iron machines: she had one particularly on her head, which locked her mouth so fast that she could scarcely speak, and could not eat nor drink. I was much astonished and shocked at this contrivance, which I afterwards learned was called the iron muzzle. Soon after I had a fan put into my hand, to fan the gentleman while he slept; and so I did indeed with great fear. While he was fast asleep I indulged myself a great deal in looking about the room, which to me appeared very fine and curious. The first object that engaged my attention was a watch which hung on the chimney, and was going. I was quite surprised at the noise it made, and was afraid it would tell the gentleman any thing I might do amiss: and when I immediately after observed a picture hanging in the room, which appeared constantly to look at me, I was still more affrighted, having never seen such things as these before. At one time I thought it was something relative to magic; and not seeing it move, I thought it might be somehow the whites had to keep their great men when they died, and offer them libations as we used to do our friendly spirits. In this state of anxiety I remained till my master awoke, when I was dismissed out of the room, to my no small satisfaction and relief, for I thought that these people were all made of wonders. In this place I was called Jacob; but on board the African snow I was called Michael. I had been some time in this miserable, forlorn, and much dejected state, without having any one to talk to, which made my life a burden, when the kind and unknown hand of the Creator (who in very deed leads the blind in a way they know not) now began to appear, to my comfort; for one day the captain of a merchant ship, called the Industrious Bee, came on some business to my master's house. This gentleman, whose name was Michael Henry Pascal, was a lieutenant in the royal navy, but now commanded this trading ship, which was somewhere in the confines of the county many miles off. While he was at my master's house it happened that he saw me, and liked me so well that he made a purchase of me. I think I have often heard him say he gave thirty or forty pounds sterling for me; but I do not now remember which. However, he meant me for a present to some of his friends in England; and I was sent accordingly from the house of my then master (one Mr. Campbell) to the place where the ship lay, I was conducted on horseback by an elderly black man (a mode of travelling which appeared very odd to me). When I arrived I was carried on board a fine large ship, loaded with tobacco, &c. and just ready to sail for England. I now thought my condition much mended; I



had sails to lie on, and plenty of good victuals to eat; and every body on board used me very kindly, quite contrary to what I had seen of any white people before; I therefore began to think that they were not all of the same disposition. A few days after I was on board we sailed for England. I was still at a loss to conjecture my destiny. By this time, however, I could smatter a little imperfect English; and I wanted to know as well as I could where we were going. Some of the people of the ship used to tell me they were going to carry me back to my own country, and this made me very happy. I was quite rejoiced at the idea of going back; and thought if I should get home what wonders I should have to tell. But I was reserved for another fate, and was soon undeceived when we came within sight of the English coast. When I was on board this ship my captain and master named me Gustavus Vassa. I at that time began to understand him a little, and refused to be called so, and told him as well as I could that I would be called Jacob; but he said I should not, and still called me Gustavus: and when I refused to answer to my new name, which at first I did, it gained me many a cuff; so at length I submitted, and by which name I have been known ever since. The ship had a very long passage; and on that account we had very short allowance of provisions. Towards the last we had only one pound and a half of bread per week, and about the same quantity of meat, and one quart of water a day. We spoke with only one vessel the whole time we were at sea, and but once we caught a few fishes. In our extremities the captain and people told me, in jest, they would kill and eat me, but I thought them in earnest, and was depressed beyond measure, expecting every moment to be my last. While I was in this situation one evening they caught with a good deal of trouble, a large shark, and got it on board. This gladdened my poor heart exceedingly, as I thought it would serve the people to eat instead of their eating me; but very soon, to my astonishment, they cut off a small part of the tail, and tossed the rest over the side. This renewed my consternation; and I did not know what to think of these white people; I very much feared they would kill and eat me. There was on board the ship a young lad who had never been at sea before, about four or five years older than myself: his name was Richard Baker. He was a native of America, had received an excellent education, and was of a most amiable temper. Soon after I went on board he shewed me a great deal of partiality and attention, and in return I grew extremely fond of him. We at length became inseparable; and for the space of two years, he was of very great use to me, and was my constant companion and instructor. Although this dear youth had many slaves of his own, yet he and I have gone through many sufferings together on shipboard; and we have many nights lain in each other's bosoms when we were in great distress. Thus such friendship was cemented between us as we cherished till his death, which to my very great sorrow happened in the year 1759, when he was up the Archipelago, on board his Majesty's ship the Preston: an event which I have never ceased to regret, as I lost at once a kind interpreter, an agreeable companion, and a faithful friend; who, at the age of fifteen, discovered a mind superior to prejudice; and who was not ashamed to notice, to associate with, and to be the friend and instructor of, one who was

ignorant, a stranger of a different complexion, and a slave! My master had lodged in his mother's house in America: he respected him very much, and made him always eat with him in the cabin. He used often to tell him jocularly that he would kill me and eat me. Sometimes he would say to me — the black people were not good to eat, and would ask me if we did not eat people in my country. I said, No: then he said he would kill Dick (as he always called him) first, and afterwards me. Though this hearing relieved my mind a little as to myself, I was alarmed for Dick, and whenever he was called I used to be very much afraid he was to be killed; and I would peep and watch to see if they were going to kill him: nor was I free from this consternation till we made the land. One night we lost a man overboard; and the cries and noise were so great and confused, in stopping the ship, that I, who did not know what was the matter, began, as usual, to be very much afraid, and to think they were going to make an offering with me, and perform some magic; which I still believed they dealt in. As the waves were very high, I thought the Ruler of the seas was angry, and I expected to be offered up to appease him. This filled my mind with agony, and I could not any more that night close my eyes again to rest. However, when day-light appeared, I was a little eased in my mind; but still every time I was called I used to think it was to be killed. Some time after this, we saw some very large fish, which I afterwards found were called grampusses. They looked to me extremely terrible, and made their appearance just at dusk, and were so near as to blow the water on the ship's deck. I believed them to be the rulers of the sea; and, as the white people did not make any offerings at any time, I thought they were angry with them; and, at last, what confirmed my belief was, the wind just then died away, and a calm ensued, and, in consequence of it, the ship stopped going. I supposed that the fish had performed this, and I hid myself in the fore-part of the ship, through fear of being offered up to appease them, every minute peeping and quaking; but my good friend Dick came shortly towards me, and I took an opportunity to ask him, as well as I could, what these fish were? not being able to talk much English, I could but just make him understand my question, and not at all, when I asked him if any offerings were to be made to them? However, he told me these fish would swallow any body; which sufficiently alarmed me. Here he was called away by the captain, who was leaning over the quarter-deck, railing and looking at the fish; and most of the people were busied in getting a barrel of pitch to light, for them to play with. The captain now called me to him, having learned some of my apprehensions from Dick; and having diverted himself and others for some time with my fears, which appeared ludicrous enough in my crying and trembling, he dismissed me. The barrel of pitch was now lighted and put over the side into the water: by this time it was just dark, and the fish went after it; and, to my great joy, I saw them no more.

However, all my alarms began to subside when we got sight of land; and at last the ship arrived at Falmouth, after a passage of thirteen weeks. Every heart on board seemed gladdened on our reaching the shore, and none more than mine. The captain immediately went on shore, and sent on board some fresh provisions,

which we wanted very much: we made good use of them, and our famine was soon turned into feasting, almost without ending. It was about the beginning of the spring 1757 when I arrived in England, and I was near twelve years of age at that time. I was very much struck with the buildings and the pavement of the streets in Falmouth; and, indeed, every object I saw filled me with a new surprise. One morning, when I got upon deck, I saw it covered all over with the snow that fell over-night: as I had never seen any thing of the kind before, I thought it was salt; so I immediately ran down to the mate, and desired him, as well as I could, to come and see how somebody in the night had thrown salt all over the deck. He, knowing what it was, desired me to bring some of it down to him: accordingly I took up a handful of it, which I found very cold indeed; and when I brought it to him he desired me to taste it. I did so, and I was surprised beyond measure. I then asked him what it was? he told me it was snow: but I could not in any wise understand him. He asked me if we had no such thing in my country? and I told him, No. I then asked him the use of it, and who made it; he told me a great man in the heavens, called God: but here again I was to all intents and purposes at a loss to understand him; and the more so, when a little after I saw the air filled with it, in a heavy shower, which fell down on the same day. After this I went to church; and having never been at such a place before, I was again amazed at seeing and hearing the service. I asked all I could about it; and they gave me to understand it was worshipping God, who made us and all things. I was still at a great loss, and soon got into an endless field of inquiries, as well as I was able to speak and ask about things. However, my little friend Dick used to be my best interpreter; for I could make free with him, and he always instructed me with pleasure: and from what I could understand by him of this God, and in seeing these white people did not sell one another as we did, I was much pleased; and in this I thought they were much happier than we Africans. I was astonished at the wisdom of the white people in all things I saw; but was amazed at their not sacrificing or making any offerings, and eating with unwashed hands, and touching the dead. I likewise could not help remarking the particular slenderness of their women, which I did not at first like; and I thought they were not so modest and shamefaced as the African women.

I had often seen my master and Dick employed in reading; and I had great curiosity to talk to the books, as I thought they did; and so to learn how all things had a beginning: for that purpose I have often taken up a book, and have talked to it, and then put my ears to it, when alone, in hopes it would answer me; and I have been very much concerned when I found it remained silent.

My master lodged at the house of a gentleman in Falmouth, who had a fine little daughter about six or seven years of age, and she grew prodigiously fond of me; insomuch that we used to eat together, and had servants to wait on us. I was so much caressed by this family that it often reminded me of the treatment I had received from my little noble African master. After I had been here a few days, I was sent on board of the ship; but the child cried so much after me that nothing could pacify her till I was sent for again. It is ludicrous enough, that I began to fear

I should be betrothed to this young lady; and when my master asked me if I would stay there with her behind him, as he was going away with the ship, which had taken in the tobacco again? I cried immediately, and said I would not leave him. At last, by stealth, one night I was sent on board the ship again; and in a little time we sailed for Guernsey, where she was in part owned by a merchant, one Nicholas Doberry. As I was now amongst a people who had not their faces scarred, like some of the African nations where I had been, I was very glad I did not let them ornament me in that manner when I was with them. When we arrived at Guernsey, my master placed me to board and lodge with one of his mates; who had a wife and family there; and some months afterwards he went to England, and left me in the care of his mate, together with my friend Dick. This mate had a little daughter aged about five or six years, with whom I used to be much delighted. I had often observed that, when her mother washed her face, it looked very rosy; but, when she washed mine, it did not look so; I therefore tried oftentimes myself if I could not by washing make my face of the same colour as my little play-mate (Mary), but it was all in vain; and I now began to be mortified at the difference in our complexions. This woman behaved to me with great kindness and attention; and taught me every thing in the same manner as she did her own child, and indeed in every respect treated me as such. I remained here till the summer of the year 1757, when my master, being appointed first lieutenant of his Majesty's ship the Roebuck, sent for Dick and me, and his old mate: on this we all left Guernsey, and set out for England in a sloop bound for London. As we were coming up towards the Nore, where the Roebuck lay, a man of war's boat came along-side to press our people, on which each man an to hide himself. I was very much frightened at this, though I did not know what it meant, or what to think to do. However, I went and hid myself also under a hencoop. Immediately the press-gang came on board, with their swords drawn, and searched all about, pulled the people out by force, and put them into the boat. At last I was found out also; the man that found me held me up by the heels while they all made their sport of me, I roaring and crying out all the time most lustily; but at last the mate, who was my conductor, seeing this, came to my assistance, and did all he could to pacify me; but to very little purpose, till I had seen the boat go off. Soon afterwards we came to the Nore, where the Roebuck lay; and, to our great joy, my master came on board to us, and brought us to the ship, I was amazed indeed to see the quantity of men and the guns. However my surprise began to diminish, as my knowledge increased; and I ceased to feel those apprehensions and alarms which had taken such strong possession of me when I first came among the Europeans, and for some time after. I began now to pass to an opposite extreme; I was so far from being afraid of any thing new which I saw, that, after I had been some time in this ship, I even began to long for an engagement. My griefs too, which in young minds are not perpetual, were now wearing away; and I soon enjoyed myself pretty well, and felt tolerably easy in my present situation. There was a number of boys on board, which still made it more agreeable; for we were always together, and a great part of our time was spent in play. I remained in

this ship a considerable time, during which we made several cruises, and visited a variety of places; among others we were twice in Holland, and brought over several persons of distinction from it, whose names I do not now remember. On the passage, one day, for the diversion of those gentlemen, all the boys were called on the quarter-deck, and were paired proportionably; and then made to fight, after which the gentlemen gave the combatants from five to nine shillings each. This was the first time I ever fought with a white boy; and I never knew what it was to have a bloody nose before. This made me fight most desperately; I suppose considerably more than an hour; and at last, both of us being weary, we were parted. I had a great deal of this kind of sport afterwards, in which the captain and the ship's company used very much to encourage me. Some time afterwards the ship went to Leith, in Scotland, from thence to the Orkneys; where I was surprised in seeing scarcely any night; and from thence we sailed with a great fleet, full of soldiers, for England. All this time we had never come to an engagement, though we were frequently cruising off the coast of France; during which we chased many vessels, and took in all seventeen prizes. I had been learning many of the manoeuvres of the ship during our cruise; and I was several times made to fire the guns.

One evening, off Havre de Grace; just as it was growing dark, we were standing off shore, and met with a fine large French-built frigate. We got all things immediately ready for fighting, and I now expected I should be gratified in seeing an engagement, which I had so long wished for in vain. But the very moment the word of command was given to fire, we heard those on board the other ship cry 'Haul down the jib;' and in that instant she hoisted English colours. There was instantly with us an amazing cry of — 'Avast!' or 'stop firing!' and I think one or two guns had been let off, but happily they did no mischief. We had hailed them several times; but they not hearing, we received no answer, which was the cause of our firing. The boat was then sent on board of her, and she proved to be the Ambuscade man of war, to my no small disappointment. We returned to Portsmouth, without having been in any action, just at the trial of Admiral Byng (whom I saw several times during it); and my master, having left the ship and gone to London for promotion, Dick and I were put on board the Savage sloop of war, and we went in her to assist in bringing off the St. George man of war, that had run ashore somewhere on the coast. After staying a few weeks on board the Savage, Dick and I were sent on shore at Deal, where we remained some short time, till my master sent for us to London, the place I had long desired exceedingly to see. We therefore both with great pleasure got into a waggon, and came to London, where we were received by Mr. Guerin, a relation of my master. This gentleman had two sisters, very amiable ladies, who took much notice and great care of me. Though I had desired so much to see London, when I arrived in it I was unfortunately unable to gratify my curiosity; for I had at this time the chilblains to such a degree, that I could not stand for several months, and I was obliged to be sent to St. George's Hospital. There I grew so ill, that the doctors wanted to cut my leg off at different times, apprehending a mortification; but I always said

I would rather die than suffer it; and happily (I thank God) I recovered without the operation. After being there several weeks, and just as I had recovered, the small-pox broke out on me, so that I was again confined: and I thought myself now particularly unfortunate. However, I soon recovered again: and by this time my master having been promoted to be first lieutenant of the Preston man of war of fifty guns, then new at Deptford, Dick and I were sent on board her, and soon after we went to Holland to bring over the late Duke of Cumberland to England. While I was in this ship an incident happened, which though trifling, I beg leave to relate, as I could not help taking particular notice of it, and considering it then as a judgement of God. One morning, a young man was looking up to the fore-top, and in a wicked tone, common on ship board, d--n his eyes about something. Just at the moment some small particles of dirt fell into his left eye, and by the evening it was very much inflamed. The next day it grew worse, and within six or seven days he lost it. From this ship my master was appointed a lieutenant on board the Royal George. When he was going he wished me to stay on board the Preston, to learn the French-horn; but the ship being ordered for Turkey, I could not think of leaving my master, to whom I was very warmly attached; and I told him, if he left me behind it would break my heart. This prevailed on him to take me with him; but he left Dick on board the Preston, whom I embraced at parting for the last time. The Royal George was the largest ship I had ever seen; so that when I came on board of her I was surprised at the number of people, men, women, and children, of every denomination; and the largeness of the guns, many of them also of brass, which I had never seen before. Here were also shops or stalls of every kind of goods, and people crying their different commodities about the ship as in a town. To me it appeared a little world, into which I was again cast without a friend, for I had no longer my dear companion Dick. We did not stay long here. My master was not many weeks on board before he got an appointment to be sixth lieutenant of the Namur, which was then at Spithead, fitting up for Vice-Admiral Boscawen, who was going with a large fleet on an expedition against Louisbourg. The crew of the Royal George were turned over to her, and the flag of that gallant Admiral was hoisted on board, the blue at the maintop gallant-mast head. There was a very great fleet of men of war of every description assembled together for this expedition, and I was in hopes soon to have an opportunity of being gratified with a sea-fight. All things now being in readiness, this mighty fleet (for there was also Admiral Cornish's fleet in company, destined for the East Indies) at last weighed anchor, and sailed. The two fleets continued in company for several days, and then parted; Admiral Cornish, in the Lenox, having first saluted our Admiral in the Namur, which he returned. We then steered for America; but, by contrary winds, we were driven off Teneriffe, where I was struck with its noted peak. Its prodigious height, and its form, resembling a sugar loaf, filled me with wonder. We remained in sight of this island some days, and then proceeded for America, which we soon made, and got into a very commodious harbour called St. George, in Halifax, where we had fish in great plenty, and all other fresh provisions. We

were here joined by different men of war and transport ships with soldiers; after which, our fleet being increased to a prodigious number of ships of all kinds, we sailed for Cape Breton in Nova Scotia. We had the good and gallant general Wolfe on board our ship, whose affability made him highly esteemed and beloved by all the men. He often honoured me as well as other boys, with marks of his notice; and saved me once a flogging for fighting a young gentleman. We arrived at Cape Breton in the summer of 1758; and here the soldiers were to be landed, in order to make an attack upon Louisbourg. My master had some part in superintending the landing; and here I was in a small measure gratified in seeing an encounter between our men and the enemy. The French were posted on the shore to receive us, and disputed our landing for a long time: but at last they were driven from their trenches, and a complete landing was effected. Our troops pursued them as far as the town of Louisbourg. In this action many were killed on both sides. One thing remarkable I saw this day;— A lieutenant of the Princess Amelia, who, as well as my master, superintended the landing, was giving the word of command, and while his mouth was open a musket ball went through it, and passed out as his cheek. I had that day in my hand the scalp of an Indian king, who was killed in the engagement: the scalp had been taken off by an Highlander. I saw this king's ornaments too, which were very curious, and made of feathers.

Our land forces laid siege to the town of Louisbourg, while the French men of war were blocked up in the harbour by the fleet, the batteries at the same time playing upon them from the land. This they did with such effect, that one day I saw some of the ships set on fire by the shells from the batteries, and I believe two or three of them were quite burnt. At another time, about fifty boats belonging to the English men of war, commanded by Captain George Balfour of the *Ætna* fireship, and Mr. Laforey, another junior captain, attacked and boarded the only two remaining French men of war in the harbour. They also set fire to a seventy-gun ship, but they brought off a sixty-four, called the *Bienfaisant*. During my stay here I had often an opportunity of being near captain Balfour, who was pleased to notice me and liked me so much that he often asked my master to let him have me, but he would not part with me; and no consideration would have induced me to leave him. At last Louisbourg was taken, and the English men of war came into the harbour before it, to my very great joy, for I had now more liberty of indulging myself, and I went often on shore. When the ships were in the harbour, we had the most beautiful procession on the water I ever saw. All the admirals and captains of the men of war, full dressed, and in their barges, well ornamented with pendants, came alongside of the *Namur*. The Vice-admiral then went on shore in his barge, followed by the other officers in order of seniority, to take possession, as I suppose, of the town and fort. Some time after this, the French governor and his lady, and other persons of note, came on board our ship to dine. On this occasion our ships were dressed with colours of all kinds, from the topgallant-mast head to the deck; and this, with the firing of guns, formed a most grand and magnificent spectacle.

As soon as every thing here was settled, Admiral Boscawen sailed with part of the fleet for England, leaving some ships behind with Rear Admirals Sir Charles

Hardy and Durell. It was now winter; and one evening, during our passage home, about dusk, when we were beginning to look for land, we descried seven sails of large men of war, which stood off shore. Several people on board of our ship said, as the two fleets were (in forty minutes from the first sight) within hail of each other, that they were English men of war; and some of our people even began to name some of the ships. By this time both fleets began to mingle, and our admiral ordered his flag to be hoisted. At that instant, the other fleet, which were French, hoisted their ensigns, and gave us a broadside as they passed by. Nothing could create greater surprise and confusion among us than this. The wind was high, the sea rough, and we had our lower and middle deck guns housed in, so that not a single gun on board was ready to be fired at any of the French ships. However, the Royal William and the Somerset, being our sternmost ships, became a little prepared and each gave the French ships a broadside as they passed by. I afterwards heard this was a French squadron, commanded by Mons. Constans; and certainly had the Frenchman known our condition, and had a mind to fight us, they might have done us great mischief. But we were not long before we were prepared for an engagement. Immediately many things were tossed overboard; the ships were made ready for fighting as soon as possible; and, about ten at night, we had bent a new main-sail, the old one being split. Being now in readiness for fighting, we wore ship, and stood after the French fleet, who were one or two ships in number more than we. However, we gave them chace, and continued pursuing them all night; and at day-light we saw six of them, all large ships of the line, and an English East-Indiaman, a prize they had taken. We chased them all day till between three and four o'clock in the evening, when we came up with, and passed within a musquet shot of one seventy-four gun ship, and the Indiaman also, who now hoisted her colours, but immediately hauled them down again. On this we made a signal for the other ships to take possession of her; and, supposing the man of war would likewise strike, we cheered, but she did not; though, if we had fired into her, from being so near, we must have taken her. To my utter surprise, the Somerset, which was the next ship a-stern of the Namur, made way likewise; and, thinking they were sure of this French ship, they cheered in the same manner, but still continued to follow us. The French Commodore was about a gun-shot a-head of all, running from us with all speed; and about four o'clock he carried his fore-top-mast overboard. This caused another loud cheer with us; and a little after the top-mast came close by us; but to our great surprise, instead of coming up with her, we found she went as fast as ever, if not faster. The sea grew now much smoother; and the wind lulling, the seventy-four gun ship we had passed came again by us in the very same direction, and so near, that we heard her people talk as she went by; yet not a shot was fired on either side; and about five or six o'clock, just as it grew dark, she joined her Commodore. We chased all night: but the next day we were out of sight, so that we saw no more of them; and we only had the old Indiaman (called Carnarvon I think) for our trouble. After this, we stood in for the channel, and soon made the land; and, about the close of the year 1758—9 we got safe to St. Helen's; here the



Namur ran a-ground; and also another large ship a-stern of us; but, by starting our water, and tossing many things over board to lighten her, we got the ships off without any damage. We staid but a short time at Spithead, and then went into Portsmouth harbour to refit; from whence the Admiral went to London; and my master and I soon followed, with a press-gang, as we wanted some hands to complete our complement.

#### CHAP. IV.

*The Author is baptized — Narrowly escapes drowning — goes on an expedition to the Mediterranean — Incidents he met with there — Is witness to an engagement between some English and French ships — A particular account of the celebrated engagement between Admiral Boscawen and Meus. Le Clue, off Cape Logas, in August 1759 — Dreadful explosion of a French ship — The author sails for England — His master appointed to the command of a fire ship — meets a negro boy, from whom he experiences much benevolence — Prepares for an expedition against Belle-Isle — A remarkable story of a disaster which befel his ship — Arrives at Belle Isle — Operations of the landing and siege — The Author's danger and distress, with his manner of extricating himself — Surrender of Belle Isle — Transactions afterwards on the coast of France — Remarkable instance of kidnapping — The Author returns to England — Hears a talk of peace, and expects his freedom — His ship sails for Deptford to be paid off, and when he arrives there he is suddenly seized by his master, and carried forcibly on board a West India ship, and sold.*

It was now between three and four years since I first came to England, a great part of which I had spent at sea; so that I became inured to that service, and began to consider myself as happily situated; for my master treated me always extremely well; and my attachment and gratitude to him were very great. From the various scenes I had beheld on ship-board, I soon grew a stranger to terror of every kind, and was, in that respect, at least almost an Englishman. I have often reflected with surprise that I never felt half the alarm at any of the numerous dangers I have been in, that I was filled with at the first sight of the Europeans, and at every act of theirs, even the most trifling; when I first came among them, and for some time afterwards. That fear, however, which was the effect of my ignorance, wore away as I began to know them. I could now speak English tolerably well, and I perfectly understood every thing that was said. I not only felt myself quite easy with these new countrymen, but relished their society and manners. I no longer looked upon them as spirits, but as men superior to us; and therefore I had the stronger desire to resemble them: to imbibe their spirit, and imitate their manners; I therefore embraced every occasion of improvement; and every new thing that I observed I treasured up in my memory. I had long wished to be able to read and write; and for this purpose I took every opportunity to gain instruction, but had made as yet very little progress. However, when I went to London with my master, I had soon an opportunity of improving myself, which I gladly embraced. Shortly after my arrival,

he sent me to wait upon the Miss Guerins, who had treated me with much kindness when I was there before; and they sent me to school.

While I was attending these ladies, their servants told me I could not go to heaven unless I was baptized. This made me very uneasy; for I had now some faint idea of a future fate: accordingly I communicated my anxiety to the eldest Miss Guerin, with whom I was become a favourite, and pressed her to have me baptized; when, to my great joy, she told me I should. She had formerly asked my master to let me be baptized, but he had refused; however, she now insisted on it; and he, being under some obligation to her brother, complied with her request; so I was baptized in St. Margaret's church, Westminster, in February 1759, by my present name. – The clergyman, at the same time, gave me a book, called a guide to the Indians, written by the Bishop of Sodor and Man. On this occasion, Miss Guerin and her brother did me the honour to stand as godfather and godmother, and afterwards gave me a treat. I used to attend these ladies about the town, in which service I was extremely happy; as I had thus many opportunities of seeing London, which I desired of all things. I was sometimes, however, with my master at his rendezvous-house, which was at the foot of Westminster bridge. Here I used to enjoy myself in playing about the bridge stairs, and often in the watermen's wherries, with the other boys. On one of these occasions there was another boy with me in a wherry, and we went out into the current of the river: while we were there, two more stout boys came to us in another wherry, and abusing us for taking the boat, desired me to get into the other wherry boat. Accordingly I went to get out of the wherry I was in; but just as I had got one of my feet into the other boat, the boys shoved it off, so that I fell into the Thames; and, not being able to swim, I should unavoidably have been drowned, but for the assistance of some watermen, who providentially came to my relief.

. . . Now that I am on this subject, I beg leave to relate another instance or two which strongly raised my belief of the particular interposition of Heaven, and which might not otherwise have found a place here, from their insignificance. I belonged for a few days, in the year 1758, to the Jason, of fifty-four guns, at Plymouth; and one night, when I was on board, a woman, with a child at her breast, fell from the upper deck down into the hold, near the keel. Every one thought that the mother and child must be both dashed to pieces; but, to our great surprise, neither of them was hurt. I myself one day fell headlong from the upper deck of the Ætna down the after-hold, when the ballast was out; and all who saw me fall cried out I was killed; but I received not the least injury. And in the same ship a man fell from the mast-head on the deck without being hurt. In these, and in many more instances, I thought I could plainly trace the hand of God, without whose permission a sparrow cannot fall. I began to raise my fear from man to him alone, and to call daily on his holy name with fear and reverence: and I trust he heard my supplications, and graciously condescended to answer me according to his holy word, and to implant the seeds of piety in me, even one of the meanest of his creatures.

When we had refitted our ship, all things were in readiness for attacking the place, the troops on board the transports were ordered to disembark; and my

master, as a junior captain, had a share in the command of the landing. This was on the 12th of April. The French were drawn up on the shore, and had made every disposition to oppose the landing of our men, only a small part of them this day being able to effect it; most of them, after fighting with great bravery, were cut off; and General Crawford, with a number of others, were taken prisoners. In this day's engagement we had also our lieutenant killed.

On the 21st of April we renewed our efforts to land the men, while all the men of war were stationed along the shore to cover it, and fired at the French batteries and breastworks, from early in the morning till about four o'clock in the evening, when our soldiers effected a safe landing. They immediately attacked the French; and, after a sharp encounter, forced them from the batteries. Before the enemy retreated, they blew up several of them, lest they should fall into our hands. Our men now proceeded to besiege the citadel, and my master was ordered on shore to superintend the landing of all the materials necessary for carrying on the siege; in which service I mostly attended him. While I was there I went about to different parts of the island; and one day, particularly, my curiosity almost cost me my life. I wanted very much to see the mode of charging mortars, and letting off the shells, and for that purpose I went to an English battery that was but very few yards from the walls of the citadel. There indeed I had an opportunity of completely gratifying myself in seeing the whole operation, and that not without running a very great risk, both from the English shells that burst while I was there, but likewise from those of the French. One of the largest of their shells burst within nine or ten yards of me: there was a single rock close by, about the size of a butt; and I got instant shelter under it in time to avoid the fury of the shell. Where it burst the earth was torn in such a manner that two or three butts might easily have gone into the hole it made, and it threw great quantities of stones and dirt to a considerable distance. Three shots were also fired at me, and another boy who was along with me, one of them in particular seemed

“Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage;”

for, with a most dreadful sound, it hissed close by me, and struck a rock at a little distance, which it shattered to pieces. When I saw what perilous circumstances I was in, I attempted to return the nearest way I could find, and thereby I got between the English and the French centinels. An English serjeant, who commanded the outposts, seeing me, and surprised how I came there (which was by stealth along the sea-shore), reprimanded me very severely for it, and instantly took the centinel off his post into custody, for his negligence in suffering me to pass the lines. While I was in this situation I observed at a little distance a French horse belonging to some islanders, which I thought I would now amount, for the greater expedition of getting off. Accordingly, I took some cord which I had about me, and making a kind of bridle of it, I put it around the horse's head, and the tame beast very quietly suffered me to tie him thus and mount him. As soon as I was on the horse's back I

began to kick and beat him, and try every means to make him go quick, but all to very little purpose: I could not drive him out of a slow pace. While I was creeping along, still within reach of the enemy's shot, I met with a servant well mounted on an English horse. I immediately stopped; and, crying, told him my case, and begged of him to help me; and this he effectually did; for, having a fine large whip, he began to lash my horse with it so severely, that he set off full speed with me towards the sea, while I was quite unable to hold or manage him. In this manner I went along till I came to a craggy precipice. I now could not stop my horse; and my mind was filled with apprehensions of my deplorable fate, should he go down the precipice, which he appeared fully disposed to do: I therefore thought I had better throw myself off him at once, which I did immediately, with a great deal of dexterity, and fortunately escaped unhurt. As soon as I found myself at liberty, I made the best of my way for the ship, determined I would not be so fool-hardy again in a hurry.

We continued to besiege the citadel till June, when it surrendered. During the siege I have counted above sixty shells and carcasses in the air at once. When this place was taken I went through the citadel, and in the bomb-proofs under it, which were cut in the solid rock; and I thought it a surprising place both for strength and building: notwithstanding which our shots and shells had made amazing devastation, and ruinous heaps all around it.

After the taking of this island, our ships, with some others commanded by commodore Stanhope in the *Swiftsure*, went to Basse-road, where we blocked up a French fleet. Our ships were there from June till February following; and in that time I saw a great many scenes of war, and stratagems on both sides, to destroy each other's fleet. Sometimes we would attack the French with some ships of the line; at other times with boats; and frequently we made prizes. Once or twice the French attacked us, by throwing shells with their bomb vessels; and one day, as a French vessel was throwing shells at our ships, she broke from her springs behind the Isle of Rhe: the tide being complicated, she came within a gun-shot of the Nassau; but the Nassau could not bring a gun to bear upon her, and thereby the Frenchman got off. We were twice attacked by their fire-floats, which they chained together, and then let them float down with the tide; but each time we sent boats with grapples, and towed them safe out of the fleet.

We had different commanders while we were at this place, Commodores Stanhope, Dennis, Lord Howe &c. From thence, before the Spanish war began, our ship, and the *Wasp* sloop, were sent to St. Sebastian, in Spain, by Commodore Stanhope; and Commodore Dennis afterwards sent our ship as a cartel to Bayonne in France; after which we went in February 1762, to Belle-Isle, and there stayed till the summer, then we left it, and returned to Portsmouth.

After our ship was fitted out again for service, in September she went to Guernsey, where I was very glad to see my old hostess, who was now a widow, and my former little charming companion her daughter. I spent some time here very happily with them, till October, when we had orders to repair to Portsmouth. We

parted from each other with a great deal of affection, and I promised to return soon, and see them again, not knowing what all-powerful fate had determined for me. Our ship having arrived at Portsmouth, we went into the harbour, and remained there till the latter end of November, when we heard great talk about peace; and, to our very great joy, in the beginning of December we had orders to go up to London with our ship to be paid off. We received this news with loud huzzas, and every other demonstration of gladness; and nothing but mirth was to be seen throughout every part of the ship. I too was not without my share of the general joy on this occasion. I thought now of nothing but being freed, and working for myself, and thereby getting money to enable me to get a good education; for I always had a great desire to be able at least to read and write; and while I was on ship-board I had endeavoured to improve myself in both. While I was in the *Ætna* particularly, the captain's clerk taught me to write, and gave me a smattering of arithmetic as far as the rule of three. There was also one Daniel Queen, about forty years of age, a man very well educated, who messed with me on board this ship, and he likewise dressed and attended the captain. Fortunately this man soon became very much attached to me, and took very great pains to instruct me in many things. He taught me to shave and dress hair a little, and also to read in the Bible, explaining many passages to me, which I did not comprehend. I was wonderfully surprised to see the laws and rules of my own country written almost exactly here; a circumstance which I believe tended to impress our manners and customs more deeply on my memory. I used to tell him of this resemblance; and many a time we had sat up the whole night together at this employment. In short he was like a father to me; and some even used to call me after his name; they also styled me the black Christian. Indeed I almost loved him with the affection of a son. Many things I have denied myself that he might have them; and when I used to play at marbles or any other game, and won a few halfpence, or got any other little money, which I did sometimes for shaving any one, I used to buy him a little sugar or tobacco, as far as my stock of money would go. He used to say, that he and I never should part; and that when our ship was paid off, and I was as free as himself or any other man on board, he would instruct me in his business, by which I might gain a good livelihood. This gave me new life and spirits, and my heart burned within me, while I thought the time long till I obtained my freedom: for though my master had not promised it to me, yet besides the assurances I had received that he had no right to detain me, he always treated me with the greatest kindness, and reposed in me an unbounded confidence; he even paid attention to my morals; and would never suffer me to deceive him, or tell lies, of which he used to tell me the consequences; and that if I did so, God would not love me; so that from all this tenderness I had never once supposed, in all my dreams of freedom, that he would think of detaining me any longer than I wished.

In pursuance of our orders we sailed from Portsmouth for the Thames, and arrived at Deptford the 10th of December, where we cast anchor just as it was high water. The ship was up about half an hour, when my master ordered the barge

to be manned; and all in an instant, without having before given me the least reason to suspect any thing of the matter, he forced me into the barge, saying, I was going to leave him, but he would take care I should not. I was so struck with the unexpectedness of this proceeding, that for some time I could not make a reply, only I made an offer to go for my books and chest of clothes, but he swore I should not move out of his sight; and if I did he would cut my throat, at the same time taking his hanger. I began, however, to collect myself: and, plucking up courage, I told him I was free, and he could not by law serve me so. But this only enraged him the more; and he continued to swear, and said he would soon let me know whether he would or not, and at that instant sprung himself into the barge from the ship, to the astonishment and sorrow of all on board. The tide, rather unluckily for me, had just turned downward, so that we quickly fell down the river along with it, till we came among some outward-bound West-Indiamen; for he was resolved to put me on board the first vessel he could get to receive me. The boat's crew who pulled against their will, became quite faint at different times, and would have gone ashore, but he would not let them. Some of them strove then to cheer me, and told me he could not sell me, and that they would stand by me, which revived me a little, and encouraged my hopes; for as they pulled along he asked some vessels to receive me, and they would not. But, just as we had got a little below Gravesend, we came alongside of a ship which was going away the next tide for the West Indies; her name was the Charming Sally Capt. James Doran; and my master went on board and agreed with him for me; and in a little time I was sent for into the cabin. When I came there, Captain Doran asked me if I knew him. I answered that I did not; 'Then,' said he, 'you are now my slave.' I told him my master could not sell me to him, nor to any one else. 'Why,' said he, 'did not your master buy you?' I confessed he did. But I have served him, said I, many years, and he has taken all my wages and prize-money, for I only got one sixpence during the war; besides this I have been baptized; and by the laws of the land no man has a right to sell me: and I added, that I had heard a lawyer, and others at different times, tell my master so. They both then said that those people who told me so were not my friends: but I replied — It was very extraordinary that other people did not know the law as well as they. Upon this Captain Doran said I talked too much English; and if I did not behave myself well, and be quiet, he had a method on board to make me. I was too well convinced of his power over me to doubt what he said: and my former sufferings in the slave-ship presenting themselves to my mind, the recollection of them made me shudder. However, before I retired, I told them that as I could not get any right among men here, I hoped I should hereafter in Heaven; and I immediately left the cabin, filled with resentment and sorrow. The only coat I had with me my master took away with him, and said, 'If your prize-money had been 10,000l. I had a right to it all, and would have taken it.' I had about nine guineas, which during my long sea-faring life, I had scraped together from trifling perquisites and little ventures; and I hid that instant, lest my master should take that from me likewise, still hoping that by some means or other I should make my

escape to the shore, and indeed some of my old shipmates told me not to despair, for they would get me back again; and that, as soon as they could get their pay, they would immediately come to Portsmouth to me, where this ship was going; but, alas! all my hopes were baffled, and the hour of my deliverance was as yet far off. My master, having soon concluded his bargain with the captain, came out of the cabin, and he and his people got into the boat, and put off; I followed them with aching eyes as long as I could, and when they were out of sight I threw myself on the deck, with a heart ready to burst with sorrow and anguish.

## CHAP. V.

*The author's reflections on his situation. — Is deceived by a promise of being delivered. — His despair at sailing for the West Indies. — Arrives at Montserrat, where he sold to Mr. King. — Various interesting instances of oppression, cruelty, and extortion, which the author saw practised upon the slaves in the West-Indies during his captivity, from the year 1763 to 1766. — Address on it to the planters.*

. . . He told me he had got me the very best master in the whole island, with whom I should be as happy as if I were in England, and for that reason he chose to let him have me, though he could sell me to his own brother-in-law for a great deal more money than what he got from this gentleman." Mr. King my new master, then made a reply, and said, the reason he had bought me was on account of my good character; and, as he had not the least doubt of my good behaviour, I should be very well off with him. He also told me he did not live in the West Indies, but at Philadelphia, where he was going soon; and, as I understood something of the rules of arithmetic, when we got there he would put me to school, and fit me for a clerk. This conversation relieved my mind a little, and I left those gentlemen considerably more at ease in myself than when I came to them; and I was very thankful to Captain Doran, and even to my old master, for the character they had given me; a character which I afterwards found of infinite service to me. I went on board again, and took my leave of all my shipmates; and the next day the ship sailed. When she weighed anchor I went to the water side and looked at her with a very wishful and aching heart, and followed her with my eyes until she was totally out of sight. I was so bowed down with grief that I could not hold up my head for many months; and if my new master had not been kind to me, I believe I should have died under it at last. And indeed I soon found that he fully deserved the good character which Captain Doran had given me of him; for he possessed a most amiable disposition and temper, and was very charitable and humane. If any of his slaves behaved amiss, he did not beat or use them ill, but parted with them. This made them afraid of disobliging him; and as he treated his slaves better than any other man on the island, so he was better and more faithfully served by them in return. By this kind treatment I did at last endeavour to compose myself; and with fortitude, though moneyless, determined to face whatever fate had decreed for me. Mr. King soon asked me what I could do; and at the same time said he did not

mean to treat me as a common slave. I told him I knew something of seamanship, and could shave and dress hair pretty well; and I could refine wines, which I had learned on ship board where I had often done it; and that I could write, and understood arithmetic tolerably well as far as the Rule of Three. He then asked me if I knew any thing of gauging; and, on my answering that I did not, he said one of his clerks should teach me to gauge.

Mr. King dealt in all manner of merchandize, and kept from one to six clerks. He loaded many vessels in a year; particularly to Philadelphia, where he was born, and was connected with a great mercantile house in that city. He had, besides many vessels, droppers of different sizes, which used to go about the island and other places to collect rum, sugar, and other goods. I understood pulling and managing those boats very well; and this hard work, which was the first that he set me to, in the sugar seasons, used to be my constant employment. I have rowed the boat, and slaved at the oars, from one hour to sixteen in the twenty-four; during which I had fifteen pence sterling per day to live on, though sometimes only ten pence. However, this was considerably more than was allowed to other slaves that used to work often with me, and belonged to other gentlemen on the island: these poor souls had never more than nine-pence a day, and seldom more than six-pence, from their masters or owners, though they earned them three or four pisterines a day: for it is a common practice in the West Indies, for men to purchase slaves though they have not plantations themselves, in order to let them out to planters and merchants at so much a-piece by the day, and they give what allowance they choose out of this produce of their daily work to their slaves for subsistence; this allowance is often very scanty. My master often gave the owners of these slaves two and a half of these pieces per day, and found the poor fellows in victuals himself, because he thought their owners did not feed them well enough according to the work they did. The slaves used to like this very well, and as they knew my master to be a man of feeling, they were always glad to work for him in preference to any other gentleman; some of whom, after they had been paid for these poor people's labours, would not give them their allowance out of it. Many times have I seen those unfortunate wretches beaten for asking for their pay; and often severely flogged by their owners if they did not bring them their daily or weekly money exactly to the time; though the poor creatures were obliged to wait on the gentlemen they had worked for, sometimes more than half the day, before they could get their pay; and this generally on Sundays, when they wanted the time for themselves. In particular, I knew a countryman of mine, who once did not bring the weekly money directly that it was earned; and though he brought it the same day to his master, yet he was staked to the ground for his pretended negligence, and was just going to receive a hundred lashes, but for a gentleman who begged him of fifty. This poor man was very industrious, and by his frugality had saved so much money, by working on shipboard, that he had got a white man to buy him a boat, unknown to his master. Some time after he had this little estate, the governor wanted a boat to bring his sugar from different parts of the island; and, knowing



this to be a negro-man's boat, he seized upon it for himself, and would not pay the owner a farthing. The man on this went to his master, and complained to him of this act of the governor; but the only satisfaction he received was to be damned very heartily by his master, who asked him how dared any of his negroes to have a boat. If the justly-merited ruin of the governor's fortune could be any gratification to the poor man he had thus robbed, he was not without consolation. Extortion and rapine are poor providers; and some time after this the governor died in the King's Bench, in England, as I was told, in great poverty. The last war favoured this poor negro-man, and he found some means to escape from his Christian master; he came to England, where I saw him afterwards several times. Such treatment as this often drives these miserable wretches to despair, and they run away from their masters at the hazard of their lives. Many of them in this place, unable to get their pay when they have earned it, and fearing to be flogged as usual, if they return home without it run away where they can for shelter, and a reward is often offered to bring them in dead or alive. My master used sometimes in these cases, to agree with their owners, and to settle with them himself; and thereby he saved many of them a flogging.

Once, for a few days, I was let out to fit a vessel, and I had no victuals allowed me by either party; at last I told my master of this treatment, and he took me away from him. In many of these estates, on the different islands where I used to be sent for rum or sugar, they would not deliver it to me, or any other negro; he was therefore obliged to send a white man along with me to those places; and then he used to pay him from six to ten pesterines a day. From being thus employed, during the time I served Mr. King, in going about the different estates on the island, I had all the opportunity I could wish for, to see the dreadful usage of the poor men; usage that reconciled me to my situation, and made me bless God for the hands into which I had fallen.

I had the good fortune to please my master in every department in which he employed me; and there was scarcely any part of his business, or household affairs, in which I was not occasionally engaged. I often supplied the place of a clerk, in receiving and delivering cargoes to the ships, in tending stores, and delivering goods: and, besides this, I used to shave and dress my master when convenient, and care of his horse; and when it was necessary, which was very often, I worked likewise on board of different vessels of his. By these means I became very useful to my master, and saved him, as he used to acknowledge, above a hundred pounds a year. Nor did he scruple to say I was of more advantage to him than any of his clerks; though their usual wages in the West Indies are from sixty to a hundred pounds current a year.

I have sometimes heard it asserted, that a negro cannot earn his master the first cost; but nothing can be further from the truth. I suppose nine tenths of the mechanics throughout the West Indies are negro slaves; and I well know the coopers among them earn two dollars a day; the carpenters the same, and oftentimes more; as also the masons, smiths, and fishermen, &c. and I have known many slaves

whose masters would not take a thousand pounds current for them. But surely this assertion refutes itself; for, if it be true, why do the planters and merchants pay such a price for slaves? And, above all, why do those who make this assertion exclaim the most loudly against the abolition of the slave trade? So much are we blinded, and to such inconsistent arguments are they driven by mistaken interest! I grant, indeed, that slaves are sometimes, by half-feeding, half-cloathing, over-working, and stripes, reduced so low, that they are turned out as unfit for service, and left to perish in the woods, or expire on a dung-hill.

My master was several times offered by different gentlemen one hundred guineas for me; but he always told them he would not sell me, to my great joy: and I used to double my diligence and care for fear of getting into the hands of those men who did not allow a valuable slave the common support of life. Many of them even used to find fault with my master for feeding his slaves so well as he did; although I often went hungry, and an Englishman might think my fare very indifferent; but he used to tell them he always would do it, because the slaves thereby looked better and did more work.

While I was thus employed by my master, I was often a witness to cruelties of every kind, which were exercised on my unhappy fellow slaves. I used frequently to have different cargoes of new negroes in my care for sale; and it was almost a constant practice with our clerks, and other whites, to commit violent depredations on the chastity of the female slaves and these I was, though with reluctance, obliged to submit to at all times, being unable to help them. When we have had some of these slaves on board my master's vessel's to carry them to other islands, or to America, I have known our mates to commit these acts most shamefully, to the disgrace, not of Christians only, but of men. I have even known them gratify their brutal passions with females not ten years old; and these abominations some of them practised to such scandalous excess, that one of our captains discharged the mate and others on that account. And yet in Montserrat I have seen a negro-man staked to the ground, and cut most shockingly, and then his ears cut off bit by bit, because he had been connected with a white woman who was a common prostitute, as if it were no crime to the whites to rob an innocent African girl of her virtue; but most heinous in a black man only to gratify a passion of nature, where the temptation was offered by one of a different colour, though the most abandoned woman of her specie.

One Mr. Drummond told me that he had sold 41,000 negroes, and that he once cut off a negro-man's leg for running away. —I asked him, if the man had died in the operation? How he, as a Christian, could answer for the horrid act before God? And he told me, answering was a thing of another world; what he thought and did were policy. I told him that the Christian doctrine taught us to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. He then said that his scheme had the desired effect — it cured that man and some others of running away.

Another negro man was half hanged, and then burnt, for attempting to poison a cruel overseer. Thus, by repeated cruelties, are the wretches first urged to

despair, and then murdered, because they still retain so much of human nature about them as to wish to put an end to their misery, and retaliate on their tyrants! These overseers are indeed for the most part persons of the worst character of any denomination of men in the West Indies. Unfortunately, many humane gentlemen, by not residing on their estates, are obliged to leave the management of them in the hands of these human butchers, who cut and mangle the slaves in a shocking manner on the most trifling occasions, and altogether treat them in every respect like brutes. They pay no regard to the situation of pregnant women, nor the least attention to the lodging of the field-negroes. Their huts, which ought to be well covered, and the place dry where they take their little repose, are often open sheds, built in damp places; so that, when the poor creatures return tired from the toils of the field, they contract many disorders, from being exposed to the damp air in this uncomfortable state, while they are heated, and their pores are open. This neglect certainly conspires with many others to cause a decrease in the births as well as in the lives of the grown negroes. I can quote many instances of gentlemen who reside on their estates in the West Indies, and then the scene is quite changed; the negroes are treated with lenity and proper care, by which their lives are prolonged, and their masters profited. To the honour of humanity, I knew several gentlemen who managed their estates in this manner; and they found that benevolence was their true interest. And, among many I could mention in several of the islands, I knew one in Montserrat whose slaves looked remarkably well, and never needed any fresh supplies of negroes; and there are many other estates, especially in Barbadoes, which, from such judicious treatment, need no fresh stock of negroes at any time. I have the honour of knowing a most worthy and humane gentleman, who is a native of Barbadoes, and has estates there. This gentleman has written a treatise on the usage of his own slaves, He allows them two hours for refreshment at mid day, and many other indulgencies and comforts, particularly in their lying; and, besides this, he raises more provisions on his estate than they can destroy; so that by these attentions he saves the lives of his negroes, and keeps them healthy, and as happy as the condition of slavery can admit. I myself, as shall appear in the sequel, managed an estate, where, by those attentions, the negroes were uncommonly cheerful and healthy, and did more work by half than by the common mode of treatment they usually do.

For want, therefore, of such care and attention to the poor negroes, and otherwise oppressed as they are, it is no wonder that the decrease should require 20,000 new negroes annually to fill up the vacant places of the dead. Even in Barnadoes, notwithstanding those human exceptions which I have mentioned, and others I am acquainted with, which justly make it quoted as a place where slaves meet with the best treatment, and need fewest recruits of any in the West Indies, yet this island requires 1000 negroes annually to keep up the original stock, which is only 80,000. So that the whole term of a negro's life may be said to be there but sixteen years! and yet the climate here is in every respect the same as that from which they are taken, except in being more wholesome."

Do the British colonies decrease in this manner? And yet what a prodigious difference is there between an English and West India climate.

While I was in Montserrat, I knew a negro man, named Emanuel Sankey, who endeavoured to escape from his miserable bondage by concealing himself on board of a London ship: but fate did not favour the poor oppressed man; for being discovered when the vessel was under sail, he was delivered again to his master. This Christian master immediately pinned the wretch down to the ground at each wrist and ankle, and then took some sticks of sealing-wax, and lighted them, and dropped it all over his back. There was another master who was noted for cruelty, and I believe he had not a slave but what had been cut, and had pieces fairly taken out of the flesh: and after they had been punished thus, he used to make them get into a long wooden box or case he had for that purpose, in which he shut them up during pleasure. It was just about the height and breadth of a man; and the poor wretches had no room when in the case to move.

It was very common in several of the islands, particularly in St. Kitt's, for the slaves to be branded with the initial letters of their master's name, and a load of heavy iron hooks hung about their necks. Indeed, on the most trifling occasions they were loaded with chains, and often other instruments of torture were added. The iron muzzle, thumb-screws, &c are so well known as not to need a description, and were sometimes applied for the slightest faults. I have seen a negro beaten till some of his bones were broken, for only letting a pot boil over. It is not uncommon, after a flogging, to make slaves go on their knees, and thank their owners, and pray, or rather say, God bless them. I have often asked many of the men slaves (who used to go several miles to their wives, and late in the night, after having been wearied with a hard day's labour) why they went so far for wives, and why they did not take them of their own master's negro women, and particularly those who lived together as household slaves? Their answers have ever been — "Because when the master or mistress choose to punish their women, they make the husbands flog their own wives, and that they could not bear to do." Is it surprising that usage like this should drive the poor creatures to despair, and make them seek refuge in death from those evils which render their lives intolerable — while,

"With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
"They view their lamentable lot, and find  
"No rest!"

This they frequently do. A negro man on board a vessel of my master's, while I belonged to her, having been put in irons for some trifling misdemeanor, and kept in that state for some days, being weary of life, took an opportunity of jumping overboard into the sea; however, he was picked up without being drowned. Another, whose life was also a burden to him, resolved to starve himself to death, and refused to eat any victuals: this procured him a severe flogging; and he also, on the first occasion which offered, jumped overboard at Charles Town, but was saved.

Nor is there any greater regard shewn to the little property than there is to the persons and lives of the negroes. I have already related an instance or two of particular oppression out of many which I have witnessed; but the following is frequent in all the islands. The wretched field slaves, after toiling all the day for an unfeeling owner, who gives them but little victuals, steal sometimes a few moments from rest or refreshment to gather some small portion of grass, according as their time will admit. This they commonly tie up in a parcel; either a bit's worth (six-pence) or half a bit's worth; and bring it to town, or to the market to sell. Nothing is more common than for the white people on this occasion to take the grass from them without paying for it; and not only so, but too often also to my knowledge, our clerks, and many others, at the same time, have committed acts of violence on the poor, wretched, and helpless females, whom I have seen for hours stand crying to no purpose, and get no redress or pay of any kin. Is not this one common and crying sin, enough to bring down God's judgment on the islands? He tells us, the oppressor and the oppressed are both in his hands; and if these are not the poor, the broken-hearted, the blind, the captive, the bruised, which our Saviour speaks of, who are they? One of these depredators once, in St. Eustatia, came on board of our vessel, and bought some fowls and pigs of me; and a whole day after his departure with the things, he returned again, and wanted his money back; I refused to give it, and, not seeing my captain on board, he began the common pranks with me; and swore he would even break open my chest and take my money. I therefore expected, as my captain was absent, that he would be as good as his word; and he was just proceeding to strike me, when fortunately a British seaman on board, whose heart had not been debauched by a West India climate, interposed and prevented him. But had the cruel man struck me, I certainly should have defended myself at the hazard of my life; for what is life to a man thus oppressed? He went away, however, swearing; and threatened that whenever he caught me on shore he would shoot me, and pay for me afterwards.

The small account in which the life of a negro is held in the West Indies, is so universally known, that it might seem impertinent to quote the following extract, if some people had not been hardy enough of late to assert, that negroes are on the same footing in that respect as Europeans. By the 329th Act, page 125, of the Assembly of Barbadoes, it is enacted,

'That if any negro, or other slave, under punishment by his master, or his order, for running away, or any other crime or misdemeanor towards his said master, unfortunately shall suffer in life or member, no person whatsoever shall be liable to a fine; but if any man shall out of wantonness, or only of bloody mindedness or cruel intention, wilfully kill a negro or other slave, of his own, he shall pay into the public treasury fifteen pounds sterling.'

And it is the same in most, if not all, of the West India islands. Is not this one of the many acts of the island, which call loudly for redress? And do not the Assembly which enacted it, deserve the appellation of savages and brutes rather than of Christians and men? It is an act at once unmerciful, unjust, and unwise; which for

cruelty would disgrace an assembly of those who are called barbarians; and for its injustice and insanity would shock the morality and common sense of a Samiade or Hottentot. Shocking as this and many other acts of the bloody West India code at first view appear, how is the iniquity of it heightened when we consider to whom it may be extended. Mr. James Tobin, a zealous labourer in the vineyard of slavery, gives an account 'of a French planter of his acquaintance, in the island of Martinico, who shewed him many Mulattoes working in the fields like beasts of burden; and he told Mr. Tobin, these were all the produce of his own loins!'

And I myself have known similar instances. Pray, reader, are these sons and daughters of the French planter less his children by being begotten on black women! And what must be the virtue of those legislators, and the feelings of those fathers, who estimate the lives of their sons, however begotten, at no more than fifteen pounds, though they should be murdered, as the act says, out of watonness and bloody-mindedness! But is not the slave trade entirely at war with the heart of a man? And surely that which is begun, by breaking down the barriers of virtue, involves in its continuance destruction to every principle, and buries all sentiments in ruin!

I have often seen slaves, particularly those who were meagre, in different islands, put into scales and weighed, and then sold from three-pence to six-pence, or nine-pence a pound. My master, however, whose humanity was shocked at this mode, used to sell such by the lump. And at or after a sale, even those negroes born in the islands, it is not uncommon to see taken from their wives, wives taken from their husbands, and children from their parents, and sent off to other islands, and wherever else their merciless lords choose; and probably never more during life see each other! Oftentimes my heart had bled at these partings; when the friends of the departed have been at the water-side, and with sighs and tears have kept their eyes fixed on the vessel till it went out of sight.

A poor Creole negro I knew well, who, after having often been thus transported from island to island, at last resided at Montserrat. This man used to tell me many melancholy tales of himself. Generally, after he had done working for his master, he used to employ his few leisure moments to go a fishing. When he had caught any fish, his master would frequently take them from him without paying him; and at other times some other white people would serve him in the same manner. One day he said to me, very movingly, 'Sometimes when a white man take away my fish, I go to my master, and he get me my right; and when my master by strength take away my fishes, what me must do? I can't go to any body to be righted;' then, said the poor man, looking up above, 'I must look up to God Mighty in the top for right.' This artless tale moved me much, and I could not help feeling the just cause Moses had in redressing his brother against the Egyptian. I exhorted the man to look up still to the God on the top, since there was no redress below. Though I little thought then that I myself should more than once experience such imposition, and need the same exhortation hereafter, in my own transactions in the islands; and that even this poor man and I should some time after suffer together in the same manner, as shall be related hereafter.

Nor was such usage as this confined to particular places or individuals; for, in all the different islands in which I have been (and I have visited no less than fifteen) the treatment of the slaves was nearly the same; so nearly indeed, that the history of an island, or even a plantation, with a few such exceptions as I have mentioned, might serve for a history of the whole. Such a tendency has the slave-trade to debauch men's minds, and harden them to every feeling of humanity! For I will not suppose that the dealers in slaves are born worse than other men — No! it is the fatality of this mistaken avarice, that it corrupts the milk of human kindness, and turns it into gall. And, had the pursuits of those men been different, they might have been as generous, as tender-hearted, and just, as they are unfeeling, rapacious, and cruel. Surely this traffic cannot be good, which spreads like a pestilence, and taints what it touches! which violates that first natural right of mankind, equality and independency, and gives one man a dominion over his fellows which God could never intend! For it raises the owner to a state as far above man as it depresses the slave below it; and, with all the presumption of human pride, sets a distinction between them, immeasurable in extent, and endless duration! Yet how mistaken is the avarice even of the planters! Are slaves more useful by being thus humbled to the condition of brutes, than they would be if suffered to enjoy the privileges of men? The freedom which diffuses health and prosperity throughout Britain answers you — No. When you make men slaves, you deprive them of half their virtue, you set them, in your own conduct, an example of fraud, rapine, and cruelty, and compel them to live with you in a state of war; and yet you complain that they are not honest or faithful! You stupify them with stripes, and think it necessary to keep them in a state of ignorance; and yet you assert that they are incapable of learning; that their minds are such a barren soil or moor, that culture would be lost on them; and that they come from a climate, where nature (though prodigal of her bounties in a degree unknown to yourselves) has left man alone scant and unfinished, and incapable of enjoying the treasures she hath poured out for him! An assertion at once impious and absurd. Why do you use those instruments of torture? Are they fit to be applied by one rational being to another? And are you not struck with shame and mortification, to see the partakers of your nature reduced so low? But, above all, are there no dangers attending this mode of treatment? Are you not hourly in dread of an insurrection? Nor would it be surprising; for when

—“No peace is given  
 “To us enslav'd, but custody severe;  
 “And stripes and arbitrary punishment  
 “Inflicted---What peace can we return  
 “But to our power, hostility and hate;  
 “Untam'd reluctance, and revenge tho' stow,  
 “Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least  
 “May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
 “In doing what we most in suffering feel.”

But, by changing your conduct, and treating your slaves as men, every cause of fear would be banished. They would be faithful, honest, intelligent, and vigorous; and peace, prosperity, and happiness would attend you.

## Chap. VI

*Some account of Brimstone-hill in Montserrat — The author surprised by two earthquakes. — Favourable change in the author's situation — He commences merchant with three-pence — His various success in dealing in the different islands, and America, and the impositions he meets with in his transactions with white people — A curious imposition on human nature — Danger of the surfs in the West Indies — Remarkable instance of kidnapping a free mulatto — The author is nearly murdered by Dr. Perkins, in Savannah.*

. . . While we lay in this place, a very cruel thing happened on board of our sloop, which filled me with horror; though I found afterward such practices were frequent. There was a very clever and decent free young mulatta-man who sailed a long time with us; he had a free woman for his wife, by whom he had a child; and he was then living on shore, and all very happy. Our captain and mate, and other people on board, and several elsewhere, even the natives of Bermudas, then with us, all knew this young man from a child that he was always free, and no one had ever claimed him as their property: however, as might too often overcomes right in these parts, it happened that a Bermudas captain, whose vessel lay there for a few days in the road, came on board us, and seeing the mulatto-man, whose name was Joseph Clipson, he told him he was not free, and that he had orders from his master to bring him to Bermudas. The poor man could not believe the captain to be in earnest; but he was very soon undeceived, his men laying violent hands on him; and although he shewed a certificate of his being born free in St. Kitt's, and most people on board knew that he served his time to boat building, and always passed for a free man, yet he was forcibly taken out of our vessel. He then asked to be carried ashore before the secretary or magistrates, and these infernal invaders of human rights promised him he should; but, instead of that, they carried him on board of the other vessel; and the next day, without giving the poor man any hearing on shore, or suffering him even to see his wife or child, he was carried away, and probably doomed never more in this world to see them again. Nor was this the only instance of this kind of barbarity I was a witness to, I have since seen in Jamaica, and other islands, free men, whom I have known in America, thus villainously trepanned and held in bondage. I have heard of two similar practices even in Philadelphia: and were it not for the benevolence of the quakers in that city, many of the sable race, who now breathe the air of liberty, would, I believe, be groaning indeed under some planter's chains. These things opened my mind to a new scene of horror, to which I had been before a stranger. Hitherto I had thought only slavery dreadful; but the state of a free negro appeared to me now equally so at least, and in some respects even worse, for they live in constant alarm for their liberty, which is but nominal, for they are



universally insulted and plundered, without the possibility of redress; for such is the equity of the West Indian laws, that no free negro's evidence will be admitted in their courts of justice. In this situation, is it surprising that slaves, when mildly treated, should prefer even the misery of slavery to such a mockery of freedom? I was now completely disgusted with the West Indies, and thought I should never be entirely free until I had left them.

“With thoughts like these my anxious boding mind  
“Recall'd those pleasing scenes I left behind;  
“Scenes where fair Liberty, in bright array,  
“Makes darkness bright, and e'en illumines day;  
“Where not complexion, wealth, or station, can  
“Protect the wretch who makes a slave of man.”

I determined to make every exertion to obtain my freedom, and to return to Old England. For this purpose, I thought a knowledge of navigation might be of use to me; for, though I did not intend to run away, unless I should be ill used, yet, in such a case, if I understood navigation, I might attempt my escape in our sloop, which was one of the swiftest sailing vessels in the West Indies, and I could be at no loss for hands to join me: and, if I should make this attempt, I had intended to have gone to England; but this, as I said, was only to be in the event of my meeting with any ill usage. I therefore employed the mate of our vessel to teach me navigation, for which I agreed to give him twenty-four dollars, and actually paid him part of the money down; though, when the captain, some time after, came to know that the mate was to have such a sum for teaching me, he rebuked him, and said it was a shame for him to take any money from me. However, my progress in this useful art was much retarded by the constancy of our work. Had I wished to run away, I did not want opportunities, which frequently presented themselves; and particularly at one time, soon after this. When we were at the island of Guadaloupe, there was a large fleet of merchantmen bound for Old France; and, seamen then being very scarce, they gave from fifteen to twenty pounds a man for the run. Our mate, and all the white sailors, left our vessel on this account, and went on board of the French ships. They would have had me also gone with them, for they regarded me, and swore to protect me if I would go; and, as the fleet was to sail the next day, I really believe I could have got safe to Europe at that time. However, as my master was kind, I would not attempt to leave him; still remembering the old maxim, that “honesty is the best policy,” I suffered them to go without me. Indeed my captain was much afraid of my leaving him and the vessel at that time, as I had so fair an opportunity: but I thank God, this fidelity of mine turned out much to my advantage hereafter, when I did not in the least think of it; and made me so much in favour with the captain, that he used now and then to teach me some parts of navigation himself: but some of our passengers, and others, seeing this, found much fault with him for it, saying, it was a very dangerous thing to let a

negro know navigation; thus I was hindered again in my pursuits. About the latter end of the year 1764, my master bought a larger sloop, called the Prudence about seventy or eighty tons, of which my captain had the command. I went with him into this vessel, and we took a load of new slaves for Georgia and Charles Town. My master now left me entirely to the captain, though he still wished for me to be with him; but I, who always much wished to lose sight of the West Indies, was not a little rejoiced at the thoughts of seeing any other country. Therefore, relying on the goodness of my captain, I got ready all the little venture I could; and, when the vessel was ready, we sailed to my great joy. When we got to our destined places, Georgia and Charles Town, I expected I should have an opportunity of selling my little property to advantage; but here, particularly in Charles Town, I met with buyers, white men, who imposed on me as in other places. Notwithstanding, I was resolved to have fortitude, thinking no lot or trial too hard when kind Heaven is the rewarder.

We soon got loaded again, and returned to Montserrat; and there, among the rest of the islands, I sold my goods well; and in this manner I continued trading during the year 1764; meeting with various scenes of imposition, as usual. After this, my master fitted out his vessel for Philadelphia, in the year 1765; and during the time we were loading her, and getting ready for the voyage, I worked with redoubled alacrity, from the hope of getting money enough by these voyages to buy my freedom, if it should please God; and also to see the city of Philadelphia, which I had heard a great deal about for some years past; besides which, I had always longed to prove my master's promise the first day I came to him. In the midst of these elevated ideas, and while I was about getting my little merchandise in readiness, one Sunday my master sent for me to his house. When I came there I found him and the captain together; and, on my going in, I was struck with astonishment at his telling me he heard that I meant to run away from him when I got to Philadelphia: 'And therefore,' said he, 'I must sell you again: you cost me a great deal of money, no less than forty pounds sterling; and it will not do to lose so much. You are a valuable fellow,' continued he, 'and I can get any day for you one hundred guineas, from many gentlemen in this island. And then he told me of Captain Doran's brother-in-law, a severe master, who ever wanted to buy me to make me his overseer. My captain also said he could get much more than a hundred guineas for me in Carolina. This I knew to be a fact: for the gentleman that wanted to buy me came off several times on board of us, and spoke to me to live with him, and said he would use me well. When I asked what work he would put me to, he said, as I was a sailor, he would make me a captain of one of his rice vessels. But I refused; and fearing, at the same time, by a sudden turn I saw in the captain's temper, he might mean to sell me, I told the gentleman I would not live with him on any condition, and that I certainly would run away with his vessel: but he said he did not fear that as he would catch me again: and then he told me how cruelly he would serve me if I should do so. My captain, however, gave him to understand that I knew something of navigation: so he thought better of it; and, to

my great joy, he went away. I now told my master I did not say I would run away in Philadelphia; neither did I mean it, as he did not use me ill, nor yet the captain: for if they did, I certainly would have made some attempts before now; but as I thought that if it were God's will I ever should be freed it would be so; and, on the contrary, if it was not his will, it would not happen; so I hoped, if ever I was freed, whilst I was used well, it should be by honest means; but as I could not help myself, he must do as he please! I could only hope and trust to the God of heaven; and at that instant my mind was big with inventions, and full of schemes to escape. I then appealed to the captain, whether ever he saw any sign of my making the least attempt to run away; and asked him if I did not always come on board according to the time for which he gave me liberty; and, more particularly, when all our men left us at Guadaloupe, and went on board of the French fleet, and advised me to go with them, whether I might not, and that he could not have got me again. To my no small surprise, and very great joy, the captain confirmed every syllable that I had said, and even more; for he said he had tried different times to see if I would make any attempt of this kind, both at St. Eustatia and in America, and he never found that I made the smallest; but, on the contrary, I always came on board according to his orders; and he did really believe, if I ever meant to run away, that, as I could never have had a better opportunity, I would have done it the night the mate and all the people left our vessel at Guadaloupe. The captain then informed my master, who had been thus impose on by our mate (though I did not know who was my enemy), the reason the mate had for imposing this lie upon him; which was, because I had acquainted the captain of the provisions the mate had given away, or taken out of the vessel. This speech of the captain's was like life to the dead of me, and instantly my soul glorified God; and still more so on hearing my master immediately say that I was a sensible fellow, and he never did intend to use me as a common slave; and that, but for the entreaties of the captain, and his character of me, he would not have let me go from the stores about as I had done; and also, in so doing, he thought by carrying one little thing or other to different places to sell I might make money. That he also intended to encourage me in this, by crediting me with half a puncheon of rum and half a hoghead of sugar at a time; so that, from being careful I might have money enough, in some time, to purchase my freedom; and, when that was the case, I might depend upon it he would let me have it for forty pounds sterling money, which was only the same price he gave for me. This sound gladdened my poor heart beyond measure; though indeed it was no more than the very idea I had formed in my mind of my master long before; and I immediately made him this reply: 'Sir, I always had that very thought of you, indeed I had, and that made me so diligent in serving you.' He then gave me a large piece of silver coin, such as I had never seen or had before, and told me to get ready for the voyage, and he would credit me with a tierce of sugar and another of rum; he also said that he had two amiable sisters in Philadelphia, from whom I might get some necessary things. Upon this my noble captain desired me to go aboard; and, knowing the African mettle, he charged me not to say any thing of this matter to

any body; and he promised that the lying mate should not go with him any more. This was a change indeed; in the same hour to feel the most exquisite pain, and in the turn of a moment the fullest joy. It caused in me such sensations as I was only able to express in my looks; my heart was so overpowered with gratitude, that I could have kissed both of their feet. When I left the room, I immediately went, or rather flew, to the vessel, which being loaded, my master, as good as his word, trusted me with a tierce of rum, and another of sugar; when we sailed, and arrived safe at the elegant city of Philadelphia. I soon sold my goods here pretty well; and in this charming place I found every thing plentiful and cheap.

While I was in this place a very extraordinary occurrence befel me. I had been told one evening of a wise woman, a Mrs. Davis, who revealed secrets, foretold events, &c. I put little faith in this story at first, as I could not conceive that any mortal could foresee the future disposals of Providence, nor did I believe in any other revelation than that of the holy Scriptures; however, I was greatly astonished at seeing this woman in a dream that night, though a person I never before beheld in my life; this made such an impression on me, that I could not get the idea the next day out of my mind, and I then became as anxious to see her as I was before indifferent; accordingly, in the evening, after we left off working, I enquired where she lived, and, being directed to her, to my inexpressible surprise, beheld the very woman in the very same dress she appeared to me to wear in the vision. She immediately told me I had dreamed of her the preceding night; related to me many things that had happened with a correctness that astonished me; and finally told me I should not be long a slave; this was the more agreeable news, as I believed it the more readily from her having so faithfully related the past incidents of my life. She said I should be twice in very great danger of my life within eighteen months, which, if I escaped, I should afterwards go on well; so giving me her blessing, we parted. After staying here some time till our vessel was loaded, and I had bought in my little traffic, we sailed from this agreeable spot for Montserrat, once more to encounter the raging surfs.

We arrived safe at Montserrat, where we discharged our cargo, and I sold my things well. Soon after that we took slaves on board for St. Eustatia, and from thence to Georgia. I had always exerted myself, and did double work, in order to make our voyage as short as possible; and from thus overworking myself while we were at Georgia I caught a fever and ague. I was very ill eleven days, and near dying; eternity was now exceedingly impressed on my mind, and I feared very much that awful event. I prayed the Lord therefore to spare me; and I made a promise in my mind to God, that I would be good if ever I should recover. At length, from having an eminent doctor to attend me, I was restored again to health: and soon after we got the vessel loaded, and set off for Montserrat. During the passage, as I was perfectly restored, and had much business of the vessel to mind, all my endeavours to keep up my integrity, and perform my promise to God, began to fail; and in spite of all I could do, as we drew nearer and nearer to the islands, my resolutions more and more declined, as if the very air of that country or climate seemed fatal to piety.

When we were safe arrived at Montserrat, and I had got ashore, I forgot my former resolutions. — Alas! how prone is the heart to leave that God it wishes to love! and how strongly do the things of this world strike the senses and captivate the soul! — After our vessel was discharged, we soon got her ready, and took in, as usual, some of the poor oppressed natives of Africa, and other negroes; we then set off again for Georgia and Charlestown. We arrived at Georgia, and, having landed part of our cargo, proceeded to Charlestown with the remainder. While we were there I saw the town illuminated. the guns were fired, and bonfires and other demonstrations of joy shewn, on account of the repeal of the stamp-act. Here I disposed of some goods on my own account; the white men burying them with smooth promises and fair words, giving me, however, but very indifferent payment. There was one gentleman particularly who bought a puncheon of rum of me, which gave me a great deal of trouble; and although I used the interest of my friendly captain, I could not obtain any thing for it; for, being a negro man, I could not oblige him to pay me. This vexed me much, not knowing how to act; and I lost some time in seeking after this Christian; and though, when the sabbath came (which the negroes usually make their holiday) I was much inclined to go to public worship, but, instead of that, I was obliged to hire some black men to help me pull a boat across the water to go in quest of this gentleman. When I found him, after much entreaty, both from myself and my worthy captain, he at last paid me in dollars; some of them, however, were copper, and of consequence of no value; but he took advantage of my being a negro man, and obliged me to put up with those or none, although I objected to them. Immediately after, as I was trying to pass them in the market amongst other white men, I was abused for offering to pass bad coin; and though I shewed them the man I had got them from, I was within one minute of being tied up and flogged without either judge or jury; however, by the help of a good pair of heels, I ran off, and so escaped the bastinadoes I should have received. I got on board as fast as I could, but still continued in fear of them until we sailed, which, I thank God, we did not long after; and I have never been amongst them since.

We soon came to Georgia, where we were to complete our landing: and here worse fate than ever attended me: for one Sunday night, as I was with some negroes in their master's yard in the town of Savannah, it happened that their master, one Doctor Perkins, who was a very severe and cruel man, came in drunk; and not liking to see any strange negroes in his yard he, and a ruffian of a white man he had in his service, beset me in an instant, and both of them struck me with the first weapons they could get hold of. I cried out as long as I could for help and mercy; but, though I gave a good account of myself, and he knew my captain, who lodged hard by him, it was to no purpose. They beat and mangled me in a shameful manner, leaving me near dead. I lost so much blood from the wounds I received, that I lay quite motionless, and was so benumbed that I could not feel any thing for many hours. Early in the morning they took me away to the jail. As I did not return to the ship all night, my captain not knowing where I was, and being uneasy that I did not then make my appearance, he made inquiry after me; and, having

found where I was, immediately came to me. And soon as the good man saw me so cut and mangled, he could not forbear weeping; he soon got me out of jail to his lodgings, and immediately sent for the best doctors in the place, who at first declared it as their opinion that I could not recover. My captain, on this, went to all the lawyers in the town for their advice, but they told him they could do nothing for me as I was a negro. He then went to Dr. Perkins, the hero who had vanquished me, and menaced him, swearing he would be revenged of him, and challenged him to fight. But cowardice is ever the companion of cruelty — and the Doctor refused. However, by the skilfulness of one Doctor Brady of that place, I began at last to amend; but, although I was so sore and bad with the wounds I had all over me, that I could not rest in any posture, yet I was in more pain on account of the captain's uneasiness about me than I otherwise should have been. The worthy man nursed and watched me all the hours of the night; and I was, through his attention, and that of the doctor, able to get out of bed in about sixteen or eighteen days. All this time I was very much wanted on board, as I used frequently to go up and down the river for rafts, and other parts of our cargo, and stow them, when the mate was sick or absent. In about four weeks I was able to go on duty; and in a fortnight after, having got in all our landing, our vessel set sail for Montserrat; and in less than three weeks we arrived there safe, towards the end of the year. This ended my adventures in 1765; for I did not leave Montserrat again till the beginning of the following year.

#### **CHAP. VII.**

*The author's disgust at the West Indies — Forms schemes to obtain his freedom — Ludicrous disappointment he and his Captain met with in Georgia — At last, by several successful voyages, he acquires a sum of money sufficient to purchase it — Applies to his master who accepts it, and grants his manumission, to his great joy — He afterwards enters, as a free-man on board one of Mr. King's ships, and sails for Georgia — Impositions on free negroes as usual — his venture of turkies — Sails for Montserrat, and, on his passage, his friend the Captains falls ill and dies.*

. . . We set saild once more for Montserrat, and arrived there safe, but much out of humour with our friend the silversmith. When we had unladen the vessel, and I had sold my venture, finding myself master of about forty-seven pounds — I consulted my true friend, the captain, how I should proceed in offering my master the money for my freedom. He told me to come on a certain morning, when he and my master would be at breakfast together. Accordingly, on that morning, I went, and met the captain there, as he had appointed. When I went in I made my obeisance to my master, and with the money in my hand, and many fears in my heart, I prayed him to be as good as his offer to me, when he was pleased to promise me my freedom as soon as I could purchase it. This speech seemed to confound him; he began to recoil; and my heart sunk that instant within me, 'What! said he, give you your freedom? Why, where did you get the money; Have you got forty pounds

sterling?’ ‘Yes, sir,’ I answered. ‘How did you get it;’ replied he; I told him, ‘Very honestly.’ The captain then said he knew I got the money very honestly, and with much industry, and that I was particularly careful. On which my master replied, I got money much faster than he did; and said he would not have made the promise he did if he had thought I should have got the money so soon. ‘Come, come,’ said my worthy captain, clapping my master on the back, ‘Come. Robert, (which was his name), I think you must let him have his freedom; — you have laid your money out very well; you have received good interest for it all this time, and here is now the principal at last. I know Gustavus had earned you more than one hundred a-year, and he will still save you money, as he will not leave you: Come, Robert, take the money.’ My master then said, he would not be worse than his promise; and, taking the money, told me to go to the Secretary at the Register Office, and get my manumission drawn up. These words of my master were like a voice from heaven to me; in an instant all my trepidation was turned into unuttered bliss; and I most reverently bowed myself with gratitude, unable to express my feelings, but by the overflowing of my eyes, and a heart replete with thanks to God; while my true and worthy friend the captain congratulated us both with a peculiar degree of heartfelt pleasure. As soon as the first transports of my joy were over, and I had expressed my thanks to these my worthy friends in the best manner I was able, I rose with a heart full of affection and reverence, and left the room in order to obey my master’s joyful mandate of going to the Register Officer. As I was leaving the house I called to mind the words of the Psalmist, in the 126th Psalm, and like him, ‘I glorified God in my heart, in whom I trusted.’ These words had been impressed on my mind from the very day I was forced from Deptford to the present hour, and I now saw them, as I thought, fulfilled and verified. My imagination was all rapture as I flew to the Register office: and, in this respect, like the apostle Peter, (whose deliverance from prison was so sudden and extraordinary, that he thought he was in vision), I could scarcely believe I was awake. Heavens! who could do justice to my feelings at this moment? Not conquering heroes themselves, in the midst of a triumph- Not the tender mother who has just regained her long-lost infant, and presses it to her heart — Not the weary hungry mariner, at the sight of the desired friendly port — not the lover, when he once more embraces his beloved mistress, after she has been ravished from his arms! — All within my breast was tumult, wildness, and delirium! My feet scarcely touched the ground, for they were winged with joy, and, like Elijah as he rose to Heaven, they ‘were with lightning sped as I went on.’ Every one I met I told of my happiness, and blazed about the virtue of my amiable master and captain.

When I got to the office, and acquainted the Register with my errand, he congratulated me on the occasion, and told me he would draw up my manumission for half price, which was a guinea. I thanked him for his kindness; and having received it, and paid him, I hastened to my master to get him to sign it, that I might fully be released. Accordingly he signed the manumission that day; so that, before night, I who had been a slave in the morning, trembling at the will of another, now

became my own master, and compleatly free. I thought this was the happiest day I had ever experienced; and my joy was still heightened by the blessings and prayers of many of the sable race, particularly the aged to whom my heart had ever been attached with reverence.

As the form of my manumission has something peculiar in it, and expresses the absolute power and dominion one man claims over his fellow, I shall beg leave to present it before my readers at full length:

Montserrat. — To all men unto whom these presents shall come: I Robert King, of the parish of St. Anthony, in the said island, merchant, send greeting: Know ye, that I the aforesaid Robert King, for, and in consideration of the sum of seventy pounds current money of the said island, to me in hand paid, and to the intent that a negro man slave, named Gustavus Vasa, shall and may become free, have manumitted, emancipated, enfranchised, and set free, and by these presents do manumit, emancipate, enfranchise, and set free the aforesaid negro man-slave named Gustavus Vasa, for ever; hereby giving, granting, and releasing unto him the said Gustavus Vasa, all right, title, dominion, sovereignty and property, which, as lord and master over the aforesaid Gustavus Vasa, I have had, or which I now have, or by any means whatsoever I may or can hereafter possibly have over him the aforesaid Negro, for ever. In witness whereof, I the abovesaid Robert King, have unto these presents set my hand and seal, this tenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-six.

Robert King.

Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of Terry Legay.

Montserrat,

Registered the within manumission, at full length, this eleventh day of July, 1766, in liber D.

Terry Legay, Register

In short, the fair as well as the black people immediately styled me by a new appellation, to me the most desirable in the world, which was freeman, and at the dances I gave, my Georgia superfine blue cloaths made no indifferent appearance, as I thought. Some of the sable females, who formerly stood aloof, now began to relax, and appear less coy, but my heart was still fixed on London, where I hoped to be ere long. So that my worthy captain, and his owner my late master, finding that the bent of my mind was towards London, said to me, 'We hope you won't leave us, but that you will still be with the vessels.' Here gratitude bowed me down; and none but the generous mind can judge of my feelings, struggling between inclination and duty. However, notwithstanding my wish to be in London, I obediently answered my benefactors that I would go on in the vessel, and not leave them; and from that day I was entered on board as an able-bodied sailor, at thirty-six shillings per



month besides what perquisites I could make. My intention was to make a voyage or two, entirely to please these my honoured patrons; but I determined that the year following, if it pleased God, I would see Old England once more, and surprise my old master, Capt. Pascal, who was hourly in my mind; for I still loved him, notwithstanding his usage to me, and I pleased myself with thinking of what he would say when he saw what the Lord had done for me in so short a time, instead of being, as he might perhaps suppose, under the cruel yoke of some planter. With these kinds of reveries I often used to entertain myself, and shorten the time till my return: and now, being as in my original free African state, I embarked on board the Nancy, after having got all things ready for our voyage. In this state of serenity we sailed for St. Eustatia; and having smooth seas and pleasant weather we soon arrived there: after taking our cargo on board, we proceeded to Savannah in Georgia, in August 1766. While we were there, as usual, I used to go for the cargo up the rivers in boats: and when on this business have been frequently beset by Alligators, which were very numerous on that coast and river; and shot many of them when they have been near getting into our boats; which we have with great difficulty sometimes prevented, and have been very much frightened at them. I have seen young ones sold alive in Georgia for six-pence.

During our stay at this place, one evening a slave belonging to Mr. Read, a merchant of Savannah, came near to our vessel, and began to use me very ill. I entreated him, with all the patience I was master of, to desist, as I knew there was a little or no law for a free negro here; but the fellow, instead of taking my advice, persevered in his insults, and even struck me. At this I lost all temper, and fell on him and beat him soundly. The next morning his master came to our vessel as we lay alongside the wharf, and desired me to come ashore that he might have me flogged all round the town, for beating his negro slave. I told him he had insulted me, and had given the provocation by first striking me. I had told my captain also the whole affair that morning, and wished him to have gone alone with me to Mr. Read, to prevent bad consequences; but he said that it did not signify, and if Mr. Read said any thing, he would make matters up, and desired me to go to work, which I accordingly did. The captain being on board when Mr. Read came and applied to him to deliver me up, he said he knew nothing of the matter, I was a free man. I was astonished and frightened at this, and thought I had better keep where I was, than go ashore and be flogged around the town, without judge or jury. I therefore refused to stir; and Mr. Read went away, swearing he would bring all the constables in the town, for he would have me out of the vessel. When he was gone, I thought his threat might prove too true to my sorrow; and I was confirmed in this belief, as well be the many instances I had seen of the treatment of free negroes, as from a fact that had happened within my own knowledge here a short time before.

There was a free black man, a carpenter, that I knew, who for asking a gentleman that he worked for, for the money he had earned, was put into gaol; and afterwards this oppressed man was sent from Georgia, with the false accusations, of an intention to set the gentleman's house on fire, and run away with his slaves.

I was therefore much embarrassed, and very apprehensive of a flogging at least. I dreaded, of all things, the thoughts of being stripped, as I never in my life had the marks of any violence of that kind. At that instant a rage seized my soul, and for a while I determined to resist the first man that should offer to lay violent hands on me, or basely use me without a trial; for I would sooner die like a free man, than suffer myself to be scourged by the hands of ruffians, and my blood drawn like a slave. The captain and others, more cautious, advised me to make haste and conceal myself; for they said Mr. Read was a very spiteful man, and he would soon come on board with constables, and take me. At first I refused this council, being determined to stand my ground; but at length, by the prevailing entreaties of the Captain and Mr. Dixon, with whom he lodged, I went to Mr. Dixon's house, which was a little out of the town, at a place called Yea-ma-chra. I was but just gone, when Mr. Read, with the constables, came for me, and searched the vessel, but not finding me there he swore he would have me dead or alive. I was secreted above five days; however the good character which my Captain always gave me as well as some other gentlemen who also knew me, procured me some friends. At last some of them told my Captain that he did not use me well, in suffering me thus to be imposed upon, and said they would see me redressed, and get me on board some other vessel. My captain, on this, immediately went to Mr. Read, and told him, that ever since I eloped from the vessel, his work had been neglected, and he could not go on with her loading, himself and mate not being well; and, as I had managed things on board for them, my absence must have retarded his voyage, and consequently hurt the owner; he therefore begged of him to forgive me, as he said he never heard any complaint of me before, during the several years I had been with him. After repeated entreaties, Mr Read said I might go to hell, and that he would not meddle with me; on which my Captain came immediately to me at his lodging, and, telling me how pleasantly matters had gone on, desired me to go on board.

Some of my other friends then asked him if he had got the constables warrants from them? the Captain said, No. On this I was desired by them to stay in the house; and they said they would get me on board of some other vessel before the evening. When the Captain heard this, he became almost distracted. He went immediately for the warrants, and, after using every exertion in his power, he at last got them from my hunters; but I had all the expences to pay.

After I had thanked all my friends for their kindness, I went on board again to my work, of which I had always plenty. We were in haste to complete our lading, and were to carry twenty head of cattle with us to the West Indies, where they are a very profitable article. In order to encourage me in working, and to make up for the time I had lost, my Captain promised me the privilege of carrying two bullocks of my own with me; and this made me work with redoubled ardour. As soon as I had got the vessel loaded, in doing which I was obliged to perform the duty of the mate as well as my own work, and when the bullocks were near coming on board, I asked the captain leave to bring my two, according to his promise; but, to my

great surprise, he told me there was no room for them. I then asked him to permit me to take one; but he said he could not. I was a good deal mortified at this usage, and told him I had no notion that he intended thus to impose on me: nor could I think well of any man that was so much worse than his word. On this we had some disagreement, and I gave him to understand that I intended to leave the vessel. At this he appeared to be very much dejected; and our mate, who had been very sickly, and whose duty had long devolved upon me, advised him to persuade me to stay: in consequence of which he spoke very kindly to me, making many fair promises, telling me that as the mate was so sickly, he could not do without me; and that as the safety of the vessel and cargo depended greatly upon me, he therefore hoped that I would not be offended at what had passed between us, and swore he would make up all matters to me when we arrived in the West Indies so I consented to slave on as before. Soon after this, as the bullocks were coming on board, one of them ran at the captain, and butted him so furiously in the breast, that he never recovered of the blow. In order to make me some amends for this treatment about the bullocks, the captain now pressed me very much to take some turkies, and other fowls, with me, and gave me liberty to take as many as I could find room for; but I told him he knew very well I had never carried any turkies before, as I always thought they were such tender birds that they were not fit to cross the seas. However, he continued to press me to buy them for once: and, what seemed very surprising to me, the more I was against it, the more he urged my taking them, insomuch that he ensured me from all loses that might happen by them, and I was prevailed on to take them; but I thought this very strange, as he had never acted so with me before. This, and not being able to dispose of my paper money in any other way, induced me at length to take four dozen. The turkies, however, I was so dissatisfied about, that I determined to make no more voyages to this quarter, nor with this captain; and was very apprehensive that my free voyage would be the very worst I had ever made.

We set sail for Montserrat. The captain and mate had been both complaining of sickness when we sailed, and as we proceeded on our voyage they grew worse. This was about November, and we had not been long at sea before we began to meet with strong northerly gales and rough seas; and in about seven or eight days all the bullocks were near being drowned, and four or five of them died. Our vessel, which had not been tight at first, was much less so now: and, though we were but nine in the whole, including five sailors and myself, yet we were obliged to attend to the pump, every half or three quarters of an hour. The captain and mate came on deck as often as they were able, which was now but seldom; for they declined so fast, that they were not well enough to make observations above four or five times the whole passage. The whole care of the vessel rested therefore upon me; and I was obliged to direct her be mere dint of reason, not being able to work a traverse. The Captain was now very sorry he had not taught me navigation, and protested, if ever he should get well again, he would not fail to do so: but in about seventeen days his illness increased so much, that he was obliged to keep his bed,

continuing sensible, however, till the last, constantly having the owner's interest at heart; for this just and benevolent man ever appeared much concerned about the welfare of what he was intrusted with. When this dear friend found the symptoms of death approaching, he called me by my name; and, when I came to him, he asked (with almost his last breath) if he had ever done me any harm? 'God forbid I should think so,' replied I, 'I should then be the most ungrateful of wretches to the best of benefactors.' While I was thus expressing my affection and sorrow by his bed-side, he expired without saying another word, and the day following we committed his body to the deep. Every man on board loved him, and regretted his death; but I was exceedingly affected at it, and found that I did not know till he was gone, the strength of my regard for him. Indeed I had every reason in the world to be attached to him; for, besides that he was in general mild, affable, generous, faithful, benevolent, and just, he was to me a friend and a father; and had it pleased Providence, that he had died but five months before, I verily believe I should not have obtained my freedom when I did; and it is not improbable that I might not have been able to get it at any rate afterwards.

The captain being dead, the mate came on the deck and made such observations as he was able, but to no purpose. In the course of a few days more, the bullocks that remained, were found dead; and the turkies I had, though on the deck, and exposed to so much wet and bad weather, did well, and I afterwards gained near three hundred per cent on the sale of them; so that in the event it proved a happy circumstance for me that I had not bought the bullocks I intended, for they must have perished with the rest; and I could not help looking on this, otherwise trifling circumstance, as a particular providence of God, and was thankful accordingly. The care of the vessel took up all my time, and engaged my attention entirely. As we were now out of the variable winds, I thought I should not be much puzzled to hit the islands. I was persuaded I steered right for Antigua, which I wished to reach, as the nearest to us; and in the course of nine or ten days we made this island, to our great joy; and the day after we came safe to Montserrat.

Many were surprised when they heard of my conducting the sloop into the port, and I now obtained a new appellation, and was called captain. This elated me not a little, and it was quite flattering to my vanity to be thus styled by as high a title as any sable freeman in this place possessed. When the death of the captain became known, he was much regretted by all who knew him; for he was a man universally respected. At the same time the sable captain lost no fame; for the success I had met with increased the affection of my friends in no small measure; and I was offered, by a gentleman of the place, the command of his sloop to go among the islands, but I refused.

### **CHAP. VIII.**

*The author, to oblige Mr. King, once more embarks for Georgia in the Nancy — A new captain is appointed — They sail, and steer a new course — Three remarkable dreams — The vessel is shipwrecked on the Bahama Banks, but the*

*crew are preserved, principally by the means of the author — He set out from an island, with the captain in a small boat, in quest of a ship — Their distress — Meet with a wrecker — Sail for Providence — Are overtaken again by a terrible storm, and are all near perishing — Arrive at New Providence — The author, after some time sails from thence to Georgia — Meets with another storm, and is obliged to put back and refit — Arrives at Georgia — Meets new impositions — Two white men attempt to kidnap him — Officiates as a parson at a funeral ceremony — bids adieu to Georgia, and sails for Martinico.*

. . . We stayed in New Providence about seventeen or eighteen days; during which time I met with many friends, who gave me encouragement to stay there with them, but I declined it; though, had not my heart been fixed on England, I should have stayed as I liked the place extremely, and there were some free black people here who were very happy, and we passed our time pleasantly together, with the melodious sound of the catguts, under the lime and lemon trees. At length Capt. Phillips hired a sloop to carry him and some of the slaves that he could not sell here, to Georgia; and I agreed to go with him in this vessel, meaning now to take my farewell of that place. When the vessel was ready, we all embarked; and I took my leave of New Providence, not without regret. We sailed about four o'clock in the morning, with a fair wind, for Georgia; and, about eleven o'clock the same morning, a sudden and short gale sprung up and blew away most of our sails; and, as we were still among the keys, in a very few minutes it dashed the sloop against the rocks. Luckily for us the water was deep; and the sea was not so angry; but that, after having for some time laboured hard, and being many in number, we were saved through God's mercy; and, by using our greatest exertions, we got the vessel off. The next day we returned to Providence, where we soon got her again refitted. Some of the people swore that we had spells set upon us, by somebody in Montserrat; and others said that we had witches and wizzards amongst the poor helpless slaves; and that we never should arrive safe at Georgia. But these things did not deter me; I said, 'Let us again face the winds and seas, and swear not, but trust to God, and he will deliver us.' We therefore once more set sail; and with hard labour, in seven days' time arrived safe at Georgia.

After our arrival we went up to the town of Savannah; and the same evening I went to a friend's house to lodge, whose name was Mosa, a black man. We were very happy at meeting each other; and, after supper we had a light till it was between nine and ten o'clock at night. About that time the watch or patrol came by, and, discerning a light in the house, they knocked at the door; we opened it, and they came in and sat down, and drank some punch with us; they also begged some limes of me, as they understood I had some, which I readily gave them. A little after this they told me I must go to the watch-house with them; this surprised me a good deal, after our kindness to them; and I asked them, Why so? They said that all negroes who had a light in their houses after nine o'clock were to be taken into custody, and either pay some dollars, or be flogged. Some of these people knew that I was a free

man but, as the man of the house was not free, and had his master to protect him, they did not take the same liberty with him they did with me. I told them that I was a free man, and just arrived from Providence; that we were not making any noise, and that I was not a stranger in that place, but was very well known there: 'Besides,' said I, 'what will you do with me? — 'That you shall see,' replied they; 'but you must go to the watch-house with us.' Now, whether they meant to get money from me or not, I was at a loss to know; but I thought immediately of the oranges and limes at Santa Cruz: and seeing that nothing would pacify them, I went with them to the watch-house, where I remained during the night. Early the next morning these imposing ruffians flogged a negro man and woman that they had in the watch-house, and then they told me that I must be flogged too; I asked why? and if there was no law for free men? and told them if there was I would have it put in force against them. But this only exasperated them the more, and they instantly swore they would serve me as Doctor Perkins had done; and were going to lay violent hands on me; when one of them, more humane than the rest, said, that as I was a free man they could not justify stripping me by law. I then immediately sent for Dr. Brady, who was known to be an honest and worthy man; and on his coming to my assistance they let me go.

This was not the only disagreeable incident I met with while I was in this place; for, one day, while I was a little way out of the town of Savannah, I was beset by two white men, who meant to play their usual tricks with me in the way of kidnapping. As soon as these men accosted me, one of them said to the other, 'This is the very fellow we are looking for, that you lost:' and the other swore immediately that I was the identical person. On this they made up to me, and were about to handle me; but I told them to be still and keep off, for I had seen those kind of tricks played upon other free blacks, and they must not think to serve me so. At this they paused a little, and one said to the other — it will not do; and the other answered that I talked too good English. I replied, I believed I did; and I had also with me a revengeful stick equal to the occasion; and my mind was likewise good. Happily however it was not used; and, after we had talked together a little in this manner, the rogues left me.

I stayed in Savannah some time, anxiously trying to get to Montserrat once more to see Mr. King, my old master, and then to take a final farewell of the American quarter of the globe. At last I met with a sloop called the Speedwell, Captain John Bunton, which belonged to Grenada, and was bound to Martinico, a French island, with a cargo of rice; and I shipped myself on board of her.

Before I left Georgia, a black woman who had a child lying dead, being very tenacious of the church burial service, and not able to get any white person to perform it, applied to me for that purpose. I told her I was no parson; and, besides, that the service over the dead did not affect the soul. This however did not satisfy her; she still urged me very hard; I therefore complied with her earnest entreaties, and at last consented to act the parson for the first time in my life. As she was much respected, there was a great company both of white and black people at the grave. I

then accordingly assumed my new vocation, and performed the funeral ceremony to the satisfaction of all present; after which I bade adieu to Georgia, and sailed for Martinico. . . .

### CHAP. X.

*The author leaves Dr. Irving, and engages on board a Turkey ship — Account of a black man's being kidnapped on board, and sent to the West Indies, and the author's fruitless endeavours to procure his freedom — Some account of the manner of the author's conversion to the Faith of Jesus Christ.*

. . . It was now early in the spring 1774. I sought for a master, and found a Captain, John Hughes, commander of a ship called Anglicania, fitting out in the river Thames, and bound to Smyrna in Turkey. I shipped myself with him as a steward; at the same time I recommended to him a very clever black man, John Annis, as a cook. This man was on board the ship near two months doing his duty; he had formerly lived many years with Mr. William Kirkpatrick, a gentleman of the island of St. Kitt's, from whom he parted by consent, though he afterwards tried many schemes to inveigle the poor man. He had applied to many captains, who traded to St. Kitt's to trepan him; and when all their attempts and schemes of kidnapping proved abortive, Mr. Kirkpatrick came to our ship at Union stairs, on Easter Monday, April the 4th, with two wherry-boats and six men, having learned that the man was on board; and tied, and forcibly took him away from the ship, in the presence of the crew and the chief mate, who had detained him after he had information to come away. I believe this was a combined piece of business; but, be that as it may, it certainly reflected great disgrace on the mate, and captain also, who, although they had desired the oppressed man to stay on board, yet notwithstanding this vile act on the man who had served him, he did not in the least assist to recover him, or pay me a farthing of his wages, which was about five pounds. I proved the only friend he had, who attempted to regain him his liberty, if possible, having known the want of liberty myself. I sent as soon as I could to Gravesend, and got knowledge of the ship in which he was; but unluckily she had sailed the first tide after he was put on board. My intention was then immediately to apprehend Mr. Kirkpatrick, who was about setting off for Scotland; and, having obtained a habeas corpus for him, and got a tipstaff to go with me to St. Paul's Church yard, where he lived, he, suspecting something of this kind, set a watch to look out. My being known to them obliged me to use the following deception: I whitened my face that they might not know me, and this had the desired effect. He did not go out of his house that night, and next morning I contrived a well-plotted stratagem, notwithstanding he had a gentleman in his house to personate him. My direction to the tipstaff had the desired effect; he got admittance into the house, and conducted him to a judge according to the writ. When he came there, his plea was, that he had not the body in custody, on which he was admitted to bail. I proceeded immediately to that well-known philanthropist, Granville Sharp,

Esq. who received me with the utmost kindness, and gave me every instruction that was needful on the occasion. I left him in full hopes that I should gain the unhappy man his liberty, with the warmest sense of gratitude towards Mr. Sharp for his kindness; but, alas! my attorney proved unfaithful; he took my money, lost me many months employ, and did not do the least good in the cause; and when the poor man arrived at St. Kitt's, he was, according to custom, staked to the ground with four pins through a cord, two on his wrists, and two on his ankles, was cut and flogged most unmercifully, and afterwards loaded cruelly with irons about his neck. I had two very moving letters from him while he was in this situation; and I made attempts to go after him at a great hazard, but was sadly disappointed: I also was told of it by some very respectable families now in London, who saw him in St. Kitt's in the same state, in which he remained till kind death released him out of the hands of his tyrants. During this disagreeable business, I was under strong convictions of sin, and thought that my state was worse than any man's; my mind was unaccountable disturbed; I often wished for death, though, at the same time, convinced I was all together unprepared for that awful summons: suffering much by villains in the late cause, and being much concerned about the state of my soul, these things (but particularly the latter) brought me very low; so that I became a burden to myself, and viewed all things around me as emptiness and vanity, which could give no satisfaction to a troubled conscience. I was again determined to go to Turkey and resolved, at that time, never more to return to England. I engaged as steward on board a Turkeyman the *Wester Hall*, Capt. Lina, but was prevented by means of my late captain Mr. Hughes, and others. All this appeared to be against me, and the only comfort I then experienced was in reading the Holy Scriptures, where I saw that 'there is no new thing under the sun,' Eccles. i. 9. and what was appointed for me I must submit to. Thus I continued to travel in much heaviness, and frequently murmured against the Almighty, particularly in his providential dealings; and, awful to think! I began to blaspheme, and wished often to be any thing but a human being. In these severe conflicts the Lord answered me by awful 'visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed,' Job xxxiii. 15. He was pleased, in much mercy, to give me to see, and in some measure understand, the great and awful scene of the Judgement-day, that 'no unclean person, no unholy thing, can enter into the kingdom of God,' Eph. v. 5. I would then, if it had been possible, have changed my nature with the meanest worm on the earth, and was ready to say to the mountains and rocks, 'fall on me,' Rev. vi. 16. but all in vain. I then, in the greatest agony, requested the divine Creator, that he would grant me a small space of time to repent of my follies and vile iniquities, which I felt was grievous. The Lord, in his manifold mercies, was pleased to grant my request, and being yet in a state of time, my sense of God's mercies were so great on my mind when I awoke, that my strength entirely failed me for many minutes, and I was exceedingly weak. This was the first spiritual mercy I ever was sensible of, and being on praying ground, as soon as I recovered a little strength, and got out of bed and dressed myself I invoked heaven from my inmost soul, and



fervently begged that God would never again permit me to blaspheme his most holy name. The Lord, who is long-suffering, and full of compassion to such poor rebels as we are, condescended to hear and answer. I felt that I was altogether unholy, and saw clearly what a bad use I had made of the faculties I was endowed with: they were given me to glorify God with; I thought, therefore, I had better want them here, and enter into life eternal, than abuse them and be cast unto hell fire. I prayed to be directed, if there were any holier persons than those with whom I was acquainted, that the Lord would point them out to me. I appealed to the searcher of hearts, whether I did not wish to love him more, and serve him better. Notwithstanding all this, the reader may easily discern, if a believer, that I was still in nature's darkness. At length I hated the house in which I lodged, because God's most holy name was blasphemed in it; then I saw the word of God verified, viz. 'Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear.'

I had a great desire to read the Bible the whole day at home; but not having a convenient place for retirement, I left the house in the day, rather than stay amongst the wicked ones; and that day, as I was walking, it pleased God to direct me to a house, where there was an old sea-faring man, who experienced much of the love of God shed abroad in his heart. He began to discourse with me; and, as I desired to love the Lord, his conversation rejoiced me greatly; and indeed I had never heard before the love of Christ to believers set forth in such a manner, and in so clear a point of view. Here I had more questions to put to the man than his time would permit him to answer: and in that memorable hour there came in a Dissenting Minister; he joined our discourse, and asked me some few questions; among others, where I heard the gospel preached? I knew not what he meant by hearing the gospel; I told him I had read the gospel: and he asked me where I went to church, or whether I went at all, or not? To which I replied, 'I attended St. James's, St. Martin's, and St. Ann's, Soho.' — 'So,' said he, 'you are a churchman?' I answered, I was. He then invited me to a love feast at his chapel that evening. I accepted the offer, and thanked him; and soon after he went away. I had some further discourse with the old christian, added to some profitable reading, which made me exceedingly happy. When I left him he reminded me of coming to the feast; I assured him I would be there. Thus we parted, and I weighed over the heavenly conversation that had passed between these two men, which cheered my then heavy and drooping spirit more than any thing I had met with for many months. However, I thought the time long in going to my supposed banquet. I also wished much for the company of these friendly men; their company pleased me much; and I thought the gentleman very kind in asking me, a stranger, to a feast; but how singular did it appear to me, to have it in a chapel! When the wished for hour came I went, and happily the old man was there, who kindly seated me, as he belonged to the place. I was much astonished to see the place filled with people, and no signs of eating and drinking. There were many ministers in the company. At last they began by giving out hymns, and between the singing, the ministers engaged in prayer: in short, I knew not what to make of this sight, having never

seen any thing of the kind in my life before now; Some of the guests began to speak their experience, agreeable to what I read in the Scriptures: much was said by every speaker of the providence of God, and his unspeakable mercies to each of them. This I knew in a great measure, and could most heartily join them. But when they spoke of a future state, they seemed to be altogether certain of their calling and election of God; and that no one could ever separate them from the love of Christ, or pluck them out of his hands. This filled me with utter consternation intermingled with admiration. I was so amazed as not to know what to think of the company; my heart was attracted, and my affections were enlarged; I wished to be as happy as them, and was persuaded in my mind that they were different from the world "that lieth in wickedness," I John v. 19. Their language and singing, &c. did well harmonize; I was entirely overcome, and wished to live and die thus. Lastly, some persons in the place produced some neat baskets full of buns, which they distributed about; and each person communicated with his neighbour, and sipped water out of different mugs, which they handed about to all who were present. This kind of Christian fellowship I had never seen, nor ever thought of seeing on earth; it fully reminded me of what I had read in the Holy Scriptures of the primitive Christians, who loved each other and broke bread; in partaking of it, even from house to house. This entertainment (which lasted about four hours) ended in singing and prayer. It was the first soul-feast I ever was present at. This last twenty-four hours produced me things, spiritual and temporal, sleeping and waking, judgment and mercy, that I could not but admire the goodness of God, in directing the blind, blasphemous sinner in the path that he knew not, even among the just; and instead of judgment he has shewed mercy, and will hear and answer the prayers and supplications of every returning prodigal;

O! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be.

After this I was resolved to win heaven, if possible; and if I perished, I thought it should be at the feet of Jesus, in praying to him for salvation. After having been an eye-witness to some of the happiness which attended those who feared God, I knew not how, with any propriety, to return to my lodgings, where the name of God was continually profaned, at which I felt the greatest horror; I paused in my mind for some time, not knowing what to do; whether to hire a bed elsewhere, or go home again. At last, fearing an evil report might arise, I went home, with a farewell to card-playing and vain-jesting, &c. I saw that time was very short, eternity long, and very near; and I viewed those persons alone blessed who were found ready at midnight-call, or when the Judge of all, both quick and dead, cometh.

The next day I took courage, and went to Holborn, to see my new and worthy acquaintance, the old man, Mr. C—; he, with his wife, a gracious woman, were at work at silk-weaving; they seemed mutually happy, and both quite glad to see me, and I more so to see them. I sat down, and we conversed much about soul matters,

&c. Their discourse was amazingly delightful, edifying, and pleasant. I knew not at last how to leave this agreeable pair, till time summoned me away. As I was going they lent me a little book, entitled, "The Conversion of an Indian." It was in questions and answers. The poor man came over the sea to London, to enquire after the Christian's God, who (through rich mercy) he found, and had not his journey in vain. The above book was of great use to me, and at that time was a means of strengthening my faith; however, in parting, they both invited me to call on them when I pleased. This delighted me, and I took care to make all the improvement from it I could; and so far I thanked God for such company and desires. I prayed that the many evils I felt within might be done away, and that I might be weaned from my former carnal acquaintances. This was quickly heard and answered, and I was soon connected with those whom the Scripture calls the excellent of the earth. I heard the gospel preached, and the thoughts of my heart and actions were laid open by the preachers, and the way of salvation by Christ alone was evidently set forth. Thus I went on happily for near two months; and I once heard during this period, a reverend gentleman Mr. Green, speak of a man who had departed this life in full assurance of his going to glory. I was much astonished at the assertion; and did very deliberately inquire how he could get at this knowledge. I was answered fully, agreeably to what I read in the oracles of truth; and was told also, that if I did not experience the new birth, and the pardon of my sins, thro' the blood of Christ, before I died, I could not enter the kingdom of heaven. I knew not what to think of this report, as I thought I kept eight commandments out of ten; then my worthy interpreter told me I did not do it, nor could I; and he added, that no man ever did or could keep the commandments, without offending in one point. I thought this sounded very strange, and puzzled me much for many weeks; for I thought it a hard saying. I then asked my friend, Mr. L—d, who was a clerk of a chapel, why the commandments of God were given, if we could not be saved by them? To which he replied, 'The law is a school-master to bring us to Christ,' who alone could, and did keep the commandments, and fulfilled all their requirements for his elect people, even those to whom he had given a living faith, and the sins of those chosen vessels were already atoned for and forgiven them whilst living; and if I did not experience the same before my exit, the Lord would say at that great day to me, 'Go, ye cursed,' &c. &c. for God would appear faithful in his judgments to the wicked, as he would be faithful in shewing mercy to those who were ordained to it before the world was; therefore Christ Jesus seemed to be all in all to that man's soul. I was much wounded at this discourse, and brought into such a dilemma as I never expected. I asked him, if he was to die that moment, whether he was sure to enter the kingdom of God; and added, 'Do you know that your sins are forgiven you?' he answered in the affirmative. Then confusion, anger, and discontent seized me, and I staggered much at this sort of doctrine; it brought me to a stand, not knowing which to believe, whether salvation by works, or by faith only in Christ. I requested him to tell me how I might know when my sins were forgiven me. He assured me he could not, and that none but God alone could do this. I told him it was very mysterious;

but he said it was really matter of fact, and quoted many portions of Scripture immediately to the point, to which I could make no reply. He then desired me to pray to God to shew me these things. I answered that I prayed to God every day. He said, 'I perceive you are a churchman.' I answered, I was. He then entreated me to beg of God, to shew me what I was, and the true state of my soul. I thought the prayer very short and odd; so we parted for that time. I weighed all these things well over, and could not help thinking how it was possible for a man to know that his sins were forgiven him in this life. I wished that God would reveal this self-same thing unto me. In a short time after this I went to Westminster chapel; the late Rev. Dr. Peckwell preached from Lam. iii. 39. It was a wonderful sermon; he clearly shewed that a living man had no cause to complain for the punishments of his sins; he evidently justified the Lord in all his dealings with the sons of men; he also shewed the justice of God in the eternal punishment of the wicked and impenitent. The discourse seemed to me like a two-edged sword cutting all ways; it afforded much joy, intermingled with many fears about my soul; and when it was ended, he gave it out that he intended, the ensuing week, to examine all those who meant to attend the Lord's table. Now I thought much of my good works, and, at the same time, was doubtful of my being a proper object to receive the sacrament: I was full of meditation till the day of examining. However, I went to the chapel, and, though much distressed, I addressed the reverend gentleman, thinking, if I was not right, he would endeavour to convince me of it. When I conversed with him, the first thing he asked me was, What I knew of Christ? I told him I believed in him, and had been baptized in his name. 'Then,' said he, 'when were you brought to the knowledge of God; and how were you convinced of sin?' I knew not what he meant by these questions; I told him I kept eight commandments out of ten; but that I sometimes swore on board ship, and sometimes when on shore, and broke the sabbath. He then asked me if I could read; I answered, 'Yes.' — 'Then,' said he, 'do you not read in the Bible, he that offends in one point is guilty of all?' I said, 'Yes.' Then he assured me, that one sin unatoned for was as sufficient to damn a soul, as one leak was to sink a ship. Here I was struck with awe; for the minister exhorted me much, and reminded me of the shortness of time, and the length of eternity, and that no unregenerate soul, or any thing unclean, could enter the kingdom of heaven.

He did not admit me as a communicant; but recommended me to read the scriptures, and hear the word preached; not to neglect fervent prayer to God, who has promised to hear the supplications of those who seek him, with many thanks, and resolved to follow his advice, so far as the Lord would condescend to enable me. During this time I was out of employ, nor was I likely to get a situation suitable for me, which obliged me to go once more to sea. I engaged as steward of a ship called the Hope, Captain Richard Strange, bound from London to Cadiz in Spain. In a short time after I was on board, I heard the name of God much blasphemed, and I feared greatly lest I should catch the horrible infection. I thought if I sinned again, after having life and death set evidently before me, I should certainly go to hell. My mind was uncommonly chagrined, and I murmured much at God's

providential dealings with me, and was discontented with the commandments, that I could not be saved by what I had done; I hated all things, and wished I had never been born; confusion seized me, and I wished to be annihilated. One day I was standing on the very edge of the stern of the ship, thinking to drown myself; but this scripture was instantly impressed on my mind, 'That no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him,' I John iii. 19. Then I paused, and thought myself the unhappiest man living. Again, I was convinced that the Lord was better to me than I deserved; and I was better off in the world than many. After this I began to fear death; I fretted, mourned, and prayed, till I became a burden to others, but more so to myself. At length I concluded to beg my bread on shore, rather than go again to sea amongst a people who feared not God, and I entreated the captain three different times to discharge me; he would not, but each time gave me greater and greater encouragement to continue with him, and all on board shewed me very great civility: notwithstanding all this, I was unwilling to embark again. At last some of my religious friends advised me, by saying it was my lawful calling, consequently it was my duty to obey, and that God was not confined to place, &c. particularly Mr. G. Smith, the governor of Tothill-fields Bridewell, who pitied my case, and read the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews to me, with exhortations. He prayed for me, and I believe that he prevailed on my behalf, as my burden was then greatly removed, and I found a heartfelt resignation to the will of God. The good man gave me a pocket Bible, and Alleine's *Alarm to the Unconverted*. We parted, and the next day I went on board again. We sailed for Spain, and I found favour with the captain. It was the fourth of the month of September when we sailed from London: we had a delightful voyage to Cadiz, where we arrived the twenty-third of the same month. The place is strong, commands a fine prospect, and is very rich. The Spanish galleons frequent that port, and some arrived whilst we were there. I had many opportunities of reading the Scriptures. I wrestled hard with God in fervent prayers, who had declared his word that he would hear the groanings and deep sighs of the poor in spirit. I found this verified to my utter astonishment and comfort in the following manner: On the morning of the 6th of October (I pray you to attend) all that day, I thought that I should either see or hear something supernatural. I had a secret impulse on my mind of something that was to take place, which drove me continually for that time to a throne of grace. It pleased God to enable me to wrestle with him, as Jacob did: I prayed that if sudden death were to happen, and I perished, it might be at Christ's feet.

In the evening of the same day, as I was reading and meditating on the fourth chapter of the Acts, twelfth verse, under the solemn apprehensions of eternity, and reflecting on my past actions, I began to think I had lived a moral life, and that I had a proper ground to believe I had an interest in the divine favour; but still meditating on the subject, not knowing whether salvation was to be had partly for our own good deeds, or solely as the sovereign gift of God:— in this deep consternation the Lord was pleased to break in upon my soul with his bright beams of heavenly light; and in an instant, as it were, removing the veil, and letting light

into a dark place, Isa. xxv. 7. I saw clearly, with the eye of faith, the crucified Saviour bleeding on the cross on Mount Calvary: the Scriptures became an unsealed book, I saw myself as a condemned criminal under the law, which came with its full force to my conscience, and when 'the commandment came sin revived, and I died.' I saw the Lord Jesus Christ in his humiliation, loaded and bearing my reproach, sin and shame. I then clearly perceived, that by the deed of the law no flesh living could be justified. I was then convinced, that by the first Adam sin came, and by the second Adam (the Lord Jesus Christ) all that are saved must be made alive. It was given me at that time to know what it was to be born again, John iii. 5. I saw the eighth chapter to the Romans, and the doctrines of God's decrees verified, agreeable to his eternal, everlasting and unchangeable purposes. The word of God was sweet to my taste, yea sweeter than honey and the honey comb. Christ was revealed to my soul as the chiefest among ten thousand. These heavenly moments were really as life to the dead, and what John calls an earnest of the Spirit. This was indeed unspeakable, and, I firmly believe, undeniable by many. Now every leading providential circumstance that happened to me, from the day I was taken from my parents to that hour, was then, in my view, as if it had but just occurred. I was sensible of the invisible had of God, which guided and protected me when in truth I knew it not: still the Lord pursued me although I slighted and disregarded it; this mercy melted me down. When I considered my poor wretched state, I wept, seeing what a great debtor I was to sovereign free grace. Now the Ethiopian was willing to be saved by Jesus Christ, the sinner's only surety, and also to rely on none other person or thing for salvation. Self was obnoxious, and good works he had none; for it is God that works in us both to will and to do. Oh! the amazing things of that hour can never be told — it was joy in the Holy Ghost! I felt an astonishing change; the burden of sin, the gaping jaws of hell, the fears of death, that weighed me down before, now lost their horror; indeed I thought death would now be the best earthly friend I ever had. Such were my grief and joy, as, I believe, are seldom experienced. I was bathed in tears, and said, What am I, that God should thus look on the vilest of sinners? I felt a deep concern for my mother and friends, which occasioned me to pray with fresh ardour; and, in the abyss of thought, I viewed the unconverted people of the world in a very awful state, being without God and without hope.

It pleased God to pour out on me the spiri of prayer and the grace of supplication, so that in loud acclamations I was enabled to praise and glorify his most holy name. When I got out of the cabin, and told some of the people what the Lord had done for me, alas! who could understand me or believe my report! None but to whom the arm of the Lord was revealed. I became a barbarian to them in talking of the love of Christ: his name was to me as ointment poured forth; indeed it was sweet to my soul, but to them a rock of offence. I thought my case singular, and every hour a day until I came to London, for I much longed to be with some to whom I could tell of the wonders of God's love towards me, and join in prayer to him whom my soul loved and thirsted after. I had uncommon commotions within, such as few can tell aught about. Now the Bible was my only companion and comfort; I prized it

much, with many thanks to God that I could read it for myself, and was not lost to be tossed about or led by man's devices and notions. The worth of a soul cannot be told.— May the Lord give the reader an understanding in this. Whenever I looked into the Bible I saw things new, and many texts were immediately applied to me with great comfort; for I knew that to me was the word of salvation sent. Sure I was that the Spirit which indited the word opened my heart to receive the truth of it as it is in Jesus — that the same Spirit enabled me to act with faith upon the promises which were precious to me, and enabled me to believe to the salvation of my soul. By free grace I was persuaded that I had a part and lot in the first resurrection, and was enlightened with the 'light of the living,' Job xxxiii. 30. I wished for a man of God, with whom I might converse; my soul was like the chariots of Aminadab, Canticles vi. 12. These, among others, were the precious promises that were so powerfully applied to me:

All thing whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive,  
—Matt. xxi. 22.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you,  
—John xiv. 27.

I saw the blessed Redeemer to be the fountain of life, and the well of salvation. I experienced him to be all in all; he had brought me by a way that I knew not, and he had made crooked paths straight. Then in his name I set up his Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto he had helped me: and could say to the sinners about me, Behold what a Saviour I have! Thus I was, by the teaching of that all glorious Deity, the great One in Three, and Three in One, confirmed in the truths of the Bible; those oracles of everlasting truth, on which every soul living must stand or fall eternally, agreeable to Acts iv. 12.

Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but only Jesus Christ.  
May god give the reader a right understanding in these facts!  
To him that believeth, all things are possible, but to them that are unbelieving, nothing is pure,  
—Titus i. 15.

During this period we remained at Cadiz until our ship got laden. We sailed about the 4th of November; and having a good passage, we arrived in London the month following, to my comfort, with heart-felt gratitude to God, for his rich and unspeakable mercies.

On my return, I had but one text which puzzled me, or that the devil endeavoured to buffet me with, viz. Rom. xi. 6. and as I had heard of the Rev. Mr. Romaine, and his great knowledge in the Scriptures, I wished to hear him preach. One day I went

to Blackfriars church, and, to my great satisfaction and surprise, he preached from that very text. He very clearly shewed the difference between human works and free election, which is according to God's sovereign will and pleasure. These glad tidings set me entirely at liberty, and I went out of the church rejoicing, seeing my spots were those of God's children. I went to Westminster chapel, and saw some of my old friends, who were glad when they perceived the wonderful change that the Lord had wrought in me, particularly Mr. G. Smith, my worthy acquaintance, who was a man of a choice spirit, and had great zeal for the Lord's service. I enjoyed his correspondence till he died in the year 1784. I was again examined in that same chapel, and was received into church-fellowship amongst them: I rejoiced in spirit, making melody in my heart to the God of all my mercies. Now my whole wish was to be dissolved, and to be with Christ — but, alas! I must wait mine appointed time.  
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## CHAP. XII.

*Different transactions of the author's life till the present time — His application to the late Bishop of London to be appointed a missionary to Africa — Some account of his share in the conduct of the late expedition to Sierra Leona — Petition to the Queen — His marriage — Conclusion.*

. . . March the 21st, 1788, I had the honour of presenting the Queen with a petition on behalf of my African brethren, which was received most graciously by her Majesty;

To the QUEEN'S Most Excellent Majesty.

Madam

Your Majesty's well known benevolence and humanity embolden me to approach your royal presence, trusting that the obscurity of my situation will not prevent your Majesty from attending to the sufferings for which I plead. Yet I do not solicit your royal pity for my own distress: my sufferings, although numerous, are in a measure forgotten. I supplicate your Majesty's compassion for millions of my African countrymen, who groan under the lash of tyranny in the West Indies.

The oppression and cruelty exercised to the unhappy negroes there, have at length reached the British legislature, and they are now deliberating on its redress; even several persons of property in slaves in the West Indies have petitioned parliament against its continuance, sensible that it is as impolitic as it is unjust and what is inhuman must ever be unwise.

Your majesty's reign has been hitherto distinguished by private acts of benevolence and bounty; surely the more extended the misery is, the greater claim it has to your Majesty's compassion, and the greater must be your majesty's pleasure in administering to its relief.



I presume, therefore, gracious Queen, to implore your interposition with your royal consort, in favour of the wretched Africans; that, by your Majesty's benevolent influence, a period may now be put to their misery; and that they may be raised from the condition of brutes, to which they are at present degraded, to the rights and situation of men, and be admitted to partake of the blessings of his Majesty's happy government; so shall your Majesty enjoy the heart-felt pleasure of procuring happiness to millions, and be rewarded in the grateful prayers of themselves, and of their posterity.

And may the all-bountiful Creator shower on your Majesty, and the Royal Family, every blessing that this world can afford, and every fulness of joy which divine revelation had promised us in the next.

I am your Majesty's most dutiful and devoted servant to command,

GUSTAVUS VASSA,

The oppressed Ethiopian.

No. 53, Baldwin's-Gardens.

The negro consolidated act, made by the assembly of Jamaica last year, and the new act of amendment now in agitation there, contain a proof of the existence of those charges that have been made against the planters relative to the treatment of their slaves.

I hope to have the satisfaction of seeing the renovation of liberty and justice, resting on the British government, to vindicate the honour of our common nature. These are concerns which do not perhaps belong to any particular office: but, to speak more seriously, to every man of sentiment, actions like these are the just and sure foundation of future fame; a reversion, though remote, is coveted by some noble minds as a substantial good. It is upon these grounds that I hope and expect the attention of gentlemen in power. These are designs consonant to the elevation of their rank, and the dignity of their stations; they are ends suitable to the nature of a free and generous government; and, connected with views of empire and dominion, suited to the benevolence and solid merit of the legislature. It is a pursuit of substantial greatness. May the time come — at least the speculation to me is pleasing — when the sable people shall gratefully commemorate the auspicious æra of extensive freedom: then shall those persons particularly be named with praise and honour, who generously proposed and stood forth in the cause of humanity, liberty, and good policy; and brought to the ear of the legislature designs worthy of royal patronage and adoption. May Heaven make the British senators the dispersers of light, liberty and science, to the uttermost parts of the earth: then will be glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will to men. — Glory, honour, peace, &c. to every soul of man that worketh good; to the Britons first, (because to them the gospel is preached), and also to the nations. 'Those that honour their Maker have mercy on the poor.' 'It is righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people: destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity, and the wicked shall fall by their own wickedness.' May the blessings of the Lord be upon the heads of

all those who commiserated the cases of the oppressed negroes, and the fear of God prolong their days; and may their expectations be filled with gladness!

The liberal devise liberal things, and by liberal things shall stand,  
—Isaiah xxxii. 8.

They can say with pious Job,

Did not I weep for him that was in trouble; Was not my soul grieved for the poor?  
—Job xxx. 25.

As the inhuman traffic of slavery is now taken into the consideration of the British legislature, I doubt not, if a system of commerce was established in Africa, the demand for manufactures would most rapidly augment, as the British fashions, manners, customs, &c. In proportion to the civilization, so will be the consumption of British manufactures.

The wear and tare of a continent, nearly twice as large as Europe, and rich in vegetable and mineral productions, is much easier conceived than calculated.

A case in point. — It cost the Aborigines of Britain little or nothing in clothing, &c. The difference between their forefathers and the present generation, in point of consumption, is literally infinite. The supposition is most obvious. It will be equally immense in Africa. — The same cause viz. civilization, will ever have the same effect.

It is trading upon safe grounds. A commercial intercourse with Africa opens an inexhaustible source of wealth to the manufacturing interest of Great Britain, and to all which the slave-trade is an objection.

If I am not misinformed, the manufacturing interest is equal, if not superior to the landed interests, as to the value, for reasons which will soon appear. The abolition of slavery, so diabolical, will give a most rapid extension of manufactures, which is totally and diametrically opposite to what some interested people assert.

The manufactures of this country must will, in the nature and reason of things, have a full and constant employ; by supplying the African markets.

Population, the bowels and surface of Africa, abound in valuable and useful returns; the hidden treasures of centuries will be brought to light and into circulation. Industry, enterprise, and mining, will have their full scope, proportionably as they civilize. In a word, it lays open an endless field of commerce to the British manufacturers and merchant adventurer. The manufacturing interest and the general interests are synonymous. The abolition of slavery would be in reality an universal good.

Tortures, murder, and every other imaginable barbarity and iniquity, are practised upon the poor slaves with impunity. I hope the slave-trade will be abolished. I pray it may be an event at hand. The great body of manufacturers,

uniting in the cause, will considerably facilitate and expedite it; and, as I have already stated, it is most substantially their interest and advantage, and as such the nation's at large, (except those persons concerned in the manufacturing neck-yokes, collars, chains, hand-cuffs, leg-bolts, drags, thumb-screws, iron-muzzles, and coffins; cats, scourges, and other instruments of torture used in the slave-trade). In a short time one sentiment alone will prevail, from motives of interest as well as justice and humanity. Europe contains one hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants. Query. — How many millions doth Africa contain? Supposing the Africans, collectively and individually, to expend 5l. a head in raiment and furniture yearly when civilized, &c. an immensity beyond the reach of imagination!

This I conceive to be a theory founded upon facts, and therefore an infallible one. If the blacks were permitted to remain in their own country, they would double themselves every fifteen years. In proportion to such increase will be the demand for manufactures. Cotton and indigo grow spontaneously in most parts of Africa; a consideration this of no small consequence to the manufacturing towns of Great Britain. It opens a most immense, glorious, and happy prospect — the clothing, &c. of a continent ten thousand miles in circumference, and immensely rich in productions of every denomination in return for manufactures.

Since the first publication of my Narrative, I have been in a great variety of scenes in many parts of Great Britain, Ireland, and Scotland, an account of which might well be added here; but this would swell the volume too much, I shall only observe in general, that, in May 1791, I sailed from Liverpool to Dublin where I was very kindly received, and from thence to Cork, and then travelled over many counties in Ireland. I was every where exceedingly well treated, by persons of all ranks. I found the people extremely hospitable, particularly in Belfast, where I took my passage on board of a vessel for Clyde, on the 29th of January, and arrived at Greenock on the 30th. Soon after I returned to London, where I found persons of note from Holland and Germany, who requested of me to go there; and I was glad to hear that an edition of my Narrative had been printed in both places, also in New York. I remained in London till I heard the debate in the House of Commons on the Slave Trade, April the 2d and 3d. I then went to Soham in Cambridgeshire, and was married on the 7th of April to Miss Cullen, daughter of James and Ann Cullen, late of Ely.

I have only therefore to request the reader's indulgence, and conclude. I am far from the vanity of thinking there is any merit in this Narrative; I hope censure will be suspended, when it is considered that it was written by one who was as unwilling as unable to adorn the plainness of truth by the colouring of imagination. My life and fortune have been extremely chequered, and my adventures various. Even those I have related are considerably abridged. If any incident in this little work should appear uninteresting and trifling to most readers, I can only say, as my excuse for mentioning it, that almost every event in my life made an impression on my mind, and influenced my conduct. I early accustomed my self to look at the hand of God in the minutest occurrence, and to learn from it a lesson of morality

and religion; and in this light every circumstance I have related was to me of importance. After all, what makes any event important, unless by it's observation we become better and wiser, and learn 'to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God!' To those who are possessed of this spirit, there is scarcely any book or incident so trifling that does not afford some profit, while to others the experience of ages seems of no use; and even to pour out to them the treasures of wisdom is throwing the jewels of instruction away.

THE END.

#### 4.14.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. How are Equiano's experiences as a slave unique to him? Do these differences qualify or diminish the significance of his autobiography in terms of Abolitionist efforts? Why, or why not?
2. How, if at all, does Equiano accommodate himself to Western culture? What does he "gain" through this accommodation? What does he "lose?"
3. How, if at all, does Equiano distinguish the way that whites treat each other from the way that whites treat blacks? What behaviors do whites repeat among both groups, and why? What behaviors are different, and why? What's the effect of this difference? How does his treatment of whites and blacks compare with Behn's?
4. What comments does Equiano make on Western institutions, such as the law and Christianity? Why?
5. How, if at all, does life change for Equiano after he purchases his freedom? Why?

#### 4.15 KEY TERMS

- Act of Union
- Anne I
- Anti-Hero
- Audience
- Bill of Rights
- Burlesque
- Deism
- Farce
- George I
- Great Britain
- Jacobite

- Mock Heroic
- The Novel
- Satire
- Periodic Sentence
- Periodical Essay
- Scriblerus Club
- The Spectator
- Tory
- Whig
- William III and Mary II